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. 10. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., APRIL 11, 1872. NO. 4

Select Poetry.

FLOWERS.

BY A. A. R.

Flowers of Spring-time, at your waking
Hailed by childhood's raptured eyes,
All the sylvan landscape making
Beauteous with your varied dyes;
Once again ye breathe your story
As ye open at our feet,
Of the earth's approaching glory,
Flowers of Spring time, ye are sweet!

Flowers of Summer, blooming brightly,
'Neath a sky of radiant blue,
Kissed by sunbeams, watered nightly
By the sweet reviving dew;
Nature's lavish hand has crowned you
With a beauty high and rare,
Blighting frosts have never found you—
Flowers of Summer, ye are fair!

Flowers of Autumn, proudly blowing;
Lo, our garden-beds are gay
With your colors rich and glowing,
Soon to fade and pass away;
Like the clouds at eve that cluster,
Shedding back the sunset light,
With a fair an' fleeting lustre,
Flowers of Autumn, ye are bright!

Flowers of Winter, smiling near us,
Heedless of the stormy blast,
Few but faithful, ye would cheer us
When the sunny days are past,
Many a gloomy path ye brighten
Where the chilling shadows rest—
Many a weary heart ye lighten,
Flowers of Winter, ye are best!

The Vine and the Violet.

A vine and violet side by side,
Grew up by the gardner's cottage wall:
The vine spread forth in her beauty and pride,
And her twining tendrils were over all.

While hardly dacing to lift up her eyes,
Half hidden, the violet bloomed alone,
And wondered in innocent mete surprise,
That her queenly neighbor so great had grown.

But the vine said, "Idler to tarry there,
Where only the bug and the beetle drum,
In folly; but climb to the sunlit air,
Where the the birds and butterflies dancing come.

"Ah! surely, my loitering little friend,
You will shrink when the master comes this way
When I from my glorious height will bend,
And my royal fruitage before him lay."

But lo! when the lord of the manor came,
He, leaving the vine that had grown so tall,
The violet tenderly bore away,
To bloom in his beautiful castle hall.

O! truly the Master judges aright,
When, passing us over who boast our worth,
He blesses the lowly ones hid from sight—
The silent doers—the meek of earth.

NOT GUILTY.

A SCENE IN COURT.

I shall never forget my first vision of William Denton. It was in the court-house at Little-Rock, Arkansas, in the summer of 1834. The occasion itself possessed a terrible interest, well calculated to fix in the memory all its circumstances. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and very beautiful girl on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude eagerly watched the door for the expected advent, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose remarkable appearance rivited universal attention. Here is his portrait done as accurately as pen can sketch it.

A figure tall, lean, sinewy and straight as an arrow; a brow massive soaring, and smooth as polished marble, intersected by a large blue vein forked like the tongue of a serpent; eyes reddish yellow, resembling a wrathful eagle's—as brilliant, as fearfully piercing; and finally, a mouth slight, cold and sneering—the living embodiment of unbreathed curses! He was habited in leather, ornamented, after the fashion of Indiad costume, with beads of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way proudly and slowly through the throng, and seemingly altogether unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon that that needed explanation, the singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king taking his throne, seated himself within the bar, crowded as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several whom, it was known, esteemed themselves far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the disdainful countenance and outlandish garb of the stranger excited especially the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members, began a suppressed titter, which soon grew louder and swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice.

Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it. Turning his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look of infinite scorn, he ejaculated the single word—"Savages!"

No pen can describe the unspeakable malice, the defiant force which he threw into that term; no language can express the infernal furore of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that seared his quivering lips, laying horrible emphasis on the latter s both at the beginning and ending of the word. It was a mixed growl, intermediate betwixt the growl of a red tiger and the hiss of a rattlesnake—"*Sneapes!*" It cured everybody of the disposition to laugh.

The general gaze, however, was then diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive even a cynic mad, for hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination and heart: a gleaming picture, enamelled with fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the shell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. We might feel it in the flashes of her countenance, clear as sunlight, brilliant as the iris; in the classic contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut with an artist's chisel; in her hair of rich ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in her eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, dreamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air, in her figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so frank, so serene, so like starlight, and yet thrilling the soul as a shock of electricity.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calmly took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court could scarcely repress from swelling into defening cheers. The murmur was followed by a loud unearthly groan from a solitary bosom, as of some one in mortal angnish. All eyes were centered on the stranger, and all were struck with surprise and wonder, for his features writhed as if in torture—that his rain of tears could not assuage. But what could be the cause of this sudden emotion? Could any connection exist between him, the apparently rude hunter, and that fairy girl, more beautiful than a blossom of summer, and in countenance celestial as a star?

The judge turned to the prisoner—"Emma Greenleaf, the court has been informed that your counsel Colonel Liston, is sick and cannot attend. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and clear as the song of the skylark—"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, *to be sick*; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause and the rest wept. On the instant, however, the leather-robed stranger, whose aspect had previously excited so much merriment, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded several inches from the floor, uttered a wild shriek, and then stood pale and trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from the grave. All, now, could perceive that there must be some mysterious connection between the two and the scene assumed the profound interest of a genuine romance. The stranger addressed the court in accents as sonorous as the tone of an organ—"May it please your honor, I will defend the legal rights of the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is immaterial and irrelievant," replied the stranger with a sneer, "as your statutes entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" asked the judge.

"Let her speak for herself said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

"What is your name, as it must be placed on record?" interrogated the judge.

"William Denton," said the stranger.

The case immediately progressed. We will briefly epitomise the substance of the evidence. About twelve months previously the defendant had arrived in the town, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a small room back of her shop and all alone, she prepared the various articles of her trade with unwearied toil and consumate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest, and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to escape notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which to often, and to the poor and friendless, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by those gay fire flies of fashion, the business of whose life is everywhere seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all alike with unutterable scorn and loathing.

Among the disappointed admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had every thing to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family at once opulent, influential, and disappointed. He was himself licentious, brave, and revengeful, and a duelist of established and terrible fame. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma and had shared the fate of all her other woers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on christmas night, 1833, the people of Little-Rock were startled by a loud scream, as of some one in mortal terror; while following that, with hardly an interval, came successive reports of fire-arms—one, two, three—a dozen deafening explosions. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds emanated, and pushed back the unfastened door. A dreadful scene was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, and her lips parted with an awful smile! And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with shot, lay the all dreaded duellist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence—"tell my mother that I am dead and gone to h-ll!" and instantly expired.

"In God's name, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it!" said the beautiful milliner, in her sweet silent accents. "I did it to save my honor!"

Such is a brief abstract of the essential circumstances, developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleadings began.

First of all, Fowler, Pike, and Ashley, (all famous lawyers at that time in the south-west) spoke in succession for the prosecution. They about equally partitioned their eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her advocate, covering the latter with such sarcastic wit, raillery, and ridicule as made it a doubt whether he or his client was the party then on trial. As to Denton, however, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or in slumber.

When his time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took a position almost touching the foreman of the jury, he then commenced in a whisper, but in a whisper so wild, peculiar, and indescribably distinct as to fill the hall from floor to galleries.

At the outset he dealt in pure logic, analyzing and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of crystal, through which the innocence of his client shone luminous as a sunbeam, while the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction. The thrilling whisper and concentrated argument, and language simple as a child's, had satisfied the demands of the intellect, and this, too, in only twenty minutes. It was like the work of a mathematical demonstration.

He then changed his posture so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and like a raging lion, rushed upon his adversaries, tearing and rending their sophistry into fragments. His sallow face glowing like a red hot iron, the forked blue vein swelled and wreathed, on his brow, his eyes resembled live coals, and his voice was the clangor of a trumpet. I never before or since, listened to such appalling denunciation. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows. It was like Jove himself hurling thunderbolts in the shuddering eyes of inferior gods. And yet in the highest temper of his fury he seemed wonderfully calm. He employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long bony finger directly in the pallid faces of his legal foes. He painted their venality and unmanly baseness in coalescing for money to crush a friendless female, till a shout of stifled wrath broke from the multitude, and some of the sworn penal cried "Shame!" And thus the orator had carried another point—had aroused a perfect storm of indignation against the persecutors—and this also in twenty minutes.

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral dirge and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with special applications in the case of his client, till half the audience wept like children.

But it was in the peroration that he reached the zenith both of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair appeared to stand on end; his nerves shook as with palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger spread apart and a quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word hell embodied the elements of all horror. It was a wail of immesurable despair—a wild howl of infinite torture. No language can depict its effect on all who heard it. Men groaned, women shrieked, and one poor mother was borne away in convulsions. The entire speech occupied but an hour.

The jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box, and three tremendous cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the court-house from dome to cornerstone, testifying the joy of the people. At the same moment the beautiful milliner bounded to her feet and clasped the triumphant advocate in her arms, exclaiming—"Oh, my husband! my dear husband!"

Denton smiled, seized her hand, whispered a word in her ear, and the two left the bar together, proceeding to the landing, and embarked on a steamboat bound for New Orleans. It seems that they had previously parted on account of his causeless jealousy, after which she assumed a false name and came to Little Rock. How he learned her danger. I could never ascertain.

They returned to Texas. The husband was a cononel in the revolution, and escaped its perils only to fall the next year in a terrible fight with the Camanches. A new country in the cross timbers, a country of wild woods romantic as his own eloquence, and of sun-bright prairie beautiful as his own Emma's sweet face, commemorates his name—the name of a transcendant star that set too soon, which had now been the first luminary in the political sky of Texas, if not in the circle of the whole Union, for he was nature's Demosthenes of the western woods!

Romance in Real Life.

The "romance in real life," known as the celebrated Tichborne case which has been running in the English courts for so long a time, has had a sudden but not altogether unexpected *denouement*. The man, Arthur Orton, who claimed to be Roger Tichborne and heir to the immense estates of that family, has abandoned his cause, an act which has led to his arrest for purjury. This *cause celebre* has attracted world wide attention, involving, as it did, a baronetcy and an annual rent roll of £150,000. The evidence at first was very contradictory, but latterly it all assumed one color, and that against the pretender.

The particulars of the case are these: Roger Charles Tichborne was a young English gentleman, whose mother was a French lady with whom he lived in France until his fifteenth year. Then he was placed in the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst, and several years after procured a commission in a cavalry regiment. He unfortunately fell in love with his cousin, but her father objecting to this proceeding, he left the service and the country and went abroad; but the vessel he sailed in was never heard from. His mother could not believe that her son was dead, and advertised for intelligence concerning him. After years of waiting, she received a letter purporting to be from her son then in Australia. Presently he retured home and was recognized by her and others as her son. She died, and he commenced a suit for the Tichborne property whose annual rental amounted to $150,000. Many believe that the claimant is the real heir, but the old servants of the family are shy of him. He finds hosts of friends to loan him money. His case looks promising. At last Sir John Coleredge cross-examines him, and finds that he knows nothing of French, nothing of Roger's College life and companions, in fact nothing in particular about anything. Add to this the further development that his real name is Arthor Orton, that he has been both butcher and horse thief, and a jail bird into the bargain, and we have as daring an attempt of an adventurer to snatch a name and a fortune as history records any instance of. The wonder is that he came so near succeeding in his attempt, but the greater wonder that, coming so near, his attempt should have miscarried.

Keep the Gate Shut.

At English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field which he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post before the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in the determination not to open the gate. After a while one, of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones: My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through. The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission." Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but the world. And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: Hurrah, hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington.—*Christian Weekly.*

Run Him Out.

The moral to the following, told by the sufferer, is too apparent to mention. Young ladies will hereafter run their little brothers out when gentlemen call; I'm certain that I wished somebody would spank the young rascal. We talked of mountains, hills, vales and cataracts—I believe I said materialls, when the boy spoke up and said: "Why, sister's got a trunk full of them up stairs; pa says they are made of hoss hair." The revelation struck terror into me, and blushes into the cheeks of my fair companion. It began to be very apparent to me that I must be more guarded in what I said, lest the boy might slip in his remarks in uncalled for places; in fact, I turned my conversation to him, and told him he ought to go home with me and see what nice chickens we had in the country. Unluckily I mentioned a yoke of calves my brother owned. The word calves ruined all. The little one looked up and said: "Sister's got a dozen pair of them, but she don't wear 'em only when she goes up town on windy days."

"Leave the room, you unmannerly little wretch!" exclaimed Emily; leave immediately."

"I know what you want me to leave the room for," replied he; you can't full me; you want to sit on that man's lap and kiss him like you did Bill Simmons the other day; you can't fool me, I jes tell you. Gim me some candy like he did and I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian bend that you're smart. Guess I know a thing or two. I'm mad at you anyhow, because papa would have bought me a top yesterday, if it hadn't been for getting them curls, dog on yer! You needn't turn so red in the face, cause I can see the paint. There ain't no use in winking with that glass eye of your'n, for I ain't goin' out o' here, now that's what's the matter with the purps. I don't care if you are twenty eight years old, you ain't no beau o' mine."