

# The Post.

VOL. 10. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., AUGUST 1, 1872. NO. 20

### Advertising Rates.

One column one year	\$50.00
One-half column, one year	25.00
One-fourth column, one year	15.00
One square (10 lines) one insertion	75
Every additional insertion	60
Professional and Business cards of not more than five lines, per year	5.00
Auditor, Excise, Administrator and Assignee Notice	2.50
Editorial notices per line	15
All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.	

**FAIRMOUNT HOUSE,**  
NEAR THE DEPOT,  
Middleburg, Pa.  
GEORGE GUYER, PROPRIETOR.  
This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and refitted. The commodious—comfortable well supplied with the best market affords and terms moderate.

**BROWN HOUSE,**  
PAXTONVILLE, (Bender Station).  
HENRY BENFER, Proprietor.  
The undersigned adopts this method of informing the public that he has opened a hotel at the above named place, on the road from Middleburg to Gettysburg, and that he is prepared to entertain the public with first class accommodations.

**WALKER HOUSE,**  
McClure City Pa.  
R. D. WALTER Proprietor.  
This new house, newly furnished and is now open to the traveling public. It is located near the depot. No effort will be spared by the proprietor to make the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.

**DAVIS HOUSE,**  
At the Millie, Centre, Snyder & Lewistown R. R. Depot, corner of Water and Dorcas Sts.,  
Lewistown Pa.,  
George Flory & Son, Proprietors.  
Open Day and Night for the accommodation of travelers. A first class Restaurant is attached to the hotel, where meals at all hours can be had. Terms reasonable. 9,45-4f

**BUMGARDNER HOUSE,**  
(Opposite Reading Railroad Depot)  
Harrisburg, Pa.,  
A. E. LANDIS, Proprietor.  
Every effort necessary to insure the comfort of guests will be made. The house has been newly refitted. [oct18, 1871]

**ALLEGHENY HOUSE,**  
Nos. 812 & 814 Market Street,  
(Above Eighth),  
PHILADELPHIA.  
A. Beck, Proprietor.  
Terms \$2.00 Per Day. [j18, 74]

**JOHN H. ARNOLD,**  
Attorney at Law,  
MIDDLEBURG, PA.  
Professional business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. [Feb 9, 7]

**J. THOMPSON BAKER,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Lewistown, Union Co., Pa.  
Can be consulted in the English or German languages. Office—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 8-49y

**SAMUEL H. ORWIG,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
OFFICE, IN WALNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**A. G. HORNBERGER,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Perry Township, Snyder County, Pa.  
Collections, Conveyancing, and all other business pertaining to the office will be promptly attended to. Office near Troutmansville.

**J. C. KRITZER,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Chapman township Snyder Co. Pa.  
Conveyancing, Collecting, and all other business pertaining to his care will be promptly attended to.

**DR. J. W. ROCKEFELLOW,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [June-11]

**A FINE ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST RYE WHISKEY,**  
FOLDRE PEACH WHISKEY,  
BRANDY, GIN, AND SYRUPS  
Just received and for sale at the Eagle Hotel, in Middleburg.  
JOHN A. STAHLNECKER,  
Aug. 18, 1870.

**D. B. SLIPER'S**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
Furniture Warerooms,  
No. 66 NORTH SECOND STREET,  
(Below Arch, West Side).  
Factory and Wholesale Department,  
1003 North 6th Street, above Oxford,  
-8f PHILADELPHIA.

**JACOB P. HOGAR,**  
WITH  
BERROTH, BERGSTRESSER & CO.  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
FISH, PROVISIONS, &c.,  
No. 206 North Wharves, (above Race St.),  
-7-f PHILADELPHIA.

**J. B. SELHEIMER,**  
DEALER IN  
HARDWARE,  
Iron, Nails,  
Steel, Leather,  
Paints, Oils,  
Coach & Saddlery Ware  
AND MANUFACTURER OF  
Stoves & Tinware,  
MARKET STREET,  
Lewistown, Penn'a.  
November 2, 1871-4f

**T. J. SMITH,** ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.  
Offers his Professional Services to the public  
Commencing in English and German.

**Select Poetry.**  
**LIBBY PRISON MYM.**  
I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
I am journeying through this world of woe,  
There are no sorrow toll or danger  
In that bright world to which I go.  
Chorus.—I'm going there to see my Father,  
I'm going there no more to roam,  
I'm just a going over Jordan,  
I'm just a going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me  
I know my path is hard and steep  
But heavenly joys lie just before me  
Where God's redeemed their rights keep.  
Chorus.—I'm going there to see my Mother,  
She said she'd meet me when I came  
I'm just a going over Jordan,  
I'm just a going over home.

I feel my sins are all forgiven  
My hopes are fixed on things above,  
I'm going away to that bright home,  
Where all is peace and joy and love.  
Chorus.—I'm going there to see my children,  
I know they near my father's throne,  
I'm just a going over Jordan,  
I'm just a going over home.

I want to sing salvation story  
In concert with the good washed band  
I want to wear a crown of glory  
When I get home to that good land.  
Chorus.—I'm going there to see my classmates,  
There were some before me one by one,  
I'm just a going over Jordan,  
I'm just a going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial  
My body sleep in the old church yard,  
I'll drop the cross of self denial  
And enter on my rich reward.  
Chorus.—I'm going there to see my Savior,  
To sing his praises in heaven's dome,  
I'm just a going over Jordan,  
I'm just a going over home.

**LOOKING TO JESU'S.**  
Yield not to temptation  
For weakness is sin,  
Each victory will help us,  
Some other to win,  
Fight manfully, onward  
Dark passions subdue  
Look ever to Jesus  
He will carry you through.  
Chorus.—Ask the Savior to help you  
Comfort strengthen and keep you  
He is willing to bid you  
He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions,  
Bad language disdain  
Godly words hold ever in reverence  
Nor take it in vain  
Be thoughtful and earnest  
Kind hearted and true,  
Look ever to Jesus  
He will carry you through,  
Chorus.—Ask the Savior to help you, etc.

To him that o'er some  
Good words a crown  
Through faith we shall conquer  
Though often cast down,  
He who is the Savior  
Our strength will renew  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He will carry you through,  
Chorus.—Ask the Savior to help you, etc.

**Home from the War.**  
Just at the close of the Revolutionary War, there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns of Central Massachusetts, a ragged and fore-lorn-looking soldier, coming up the dusty street. He looked about on the corn fields tasseling for the harvest; on the rich bright patches of wheat for the sickle, and on the green potatoe fields, with curious eyes—so, at least, thought Mr. Tomkins, who was walking leisurely behind him, going home from the reaping to his supper. The latter was a stout farmer, dressed in home-made linen trousers, without suspenders, vest or coat. The ragged soldier stopped under the shade of a great sugar-maple, and Mr. Tomkins, over taking him, stopped also.

"Home from the war?" he asked.  
"Just out of the British clutches," replied the man; "I've been a prisoner for years. Can you tell me who lives in the next house?"  
"No," replied Tomkins, "Tomkins lives there. That house and barn used to belong to a comrade of yours, as I suppose; his name was Jones, but he was shot at Bunker Hill, and his widow married again."

The soldier leaned against a tree.  
"What kind of a man is he?" I mean what kind of people are they? Would they be likely to let a poor soldier have something to eat?"  
"If Tomkins is out you will be treated first-rate. Mrs. Tomkins is a nice woman, but he is the smartest cat that ever gnawed a bone. He is a terrible surly neighbor, and he leads her a dog's life. She missed it marrying that fellow; but you see she had a hard time of it with the farm after Jones went of soldiering, and when my son came back and said he was dead—he saw him bleeding to death on the battle-field—she broke right down, and this Tomkins came along and got in to work for her and he laid himself out to do first-rate. He somehow got on the blind side of all of us, and when he offered himself to her, I advised her to have him, and I am sorry I did it. You had better come home with me. I always have a bite for any poor fellow that's fought for his country."

"Thank you kindly," returned the soldier; but Mrs. is a distant—a sort of old acquaintance. The fact is, I used to know her first husband, and I guess I will call there."

Mr. Tomkins watched him as he went to the door and knocked, and saw that he was admitted by Mrs. Tomkins. "Some old sweetheart of hers, maybe," said Mr. Tomkins, nodding to himself. "He comes too late, poor woman! She has a hard

time of it now." Then Mr. Tomkins went on to supper, we will go in with the soldier.  
"Could you give a poor soldier a mouthful to eat?" he asked of the pale and nervous woman who opened the door.  
"My husband does not allow me to give any thing to travelers," she said, "but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, and I'll give you some supper, if you will not be long about it," and she wiped her eyes with her blue check apron, and set with alacrity about providing refreshments for the poor man, who had thrown himself in the nearest chair, and with his head leaning on his breast, seemed too tired even to remove his hat from his face.

"I am glad to have you eat, and I would not hurry you for any thing," she said, in a frightened way; "but you'll eat quick, won't you? for I expect every moment he will be in."

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head, as though he belonged to the Society of Friends; but that could not be, for the "Friends" do not go to the wars. He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat—and oh, how long he was about it!

Mrs. Tomkins fidgeted. "Dear me," she said to herself, "if he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tomkins come in and catch him here." She went and looked from the window uneasily, but the soldier, gave no token of his meal coming to an end.

"Now he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those away in his hand. O, dear, how slow he is! has the man no teeth?" At last she said, mildly, "I am very sorry to hurry you, sir, but could you not let me spread some bread and butter, and cut some slices of meat to take away with you? My husband will use abusive language to you if he finds you here."

Before the soldier could reply, footsteps were heard on the door stone at the back door, and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked at the soldier as a savage dog might look. Then he broke out, in a tone between a savage growl and a roar—  
"Hey-dey, Molly, a pretty piece of business! What have I told you time and again, madam? You'll find you had better mind your master. And you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, let me see you clear out of my house and off my land a good deal quicker than you came on the premises."

"Your house! and your land!" exclaimed the soldier, starting suddenly up, erect and tall, and dashing off his hat with a quick, fiery gesture. His eyes flashed with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tomkins. The latter was afraid of him, and his wife had given a sudden shriek when the soldier first started to his feet and flung off his hat, and had sunk trembling and half fainting in a chair, for she recognized him.

"You ha'n't any business to interfere between me and my wife," said Tomkins, cowed by the attitude of the soldier.  
"Your wife!" exclaimed the soldier, with the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing to him with an indignant finger.

"Who are you?" asked Tomkins, with an air of offensiveness.  
"I am Harry Jones, since you ask," replied the soldier, "the owner of this house and this land, which you will leave this very hour! As for Molly," softening his tone as he turned to the woman, now sobbing hysterically, "she shall choose between us."

"O, Harry! sobbed she, while Tomkins stood dumb with astonishment, "take me, save me!"  
With a step he was at her side, holding her in his arms. What do you mean, treating this poor child so? Did you think because she had no earthly protector that there was not a God in Heaven against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tomkins slunk away like a beaten Shanuel.  
The next day had not passed away before every body in the town knew that Harry Jones had come home alive and well, to rescue his much enduring, patient wife from a worse constraint than that of a British prison. "Some old sweetheart of hers, maybe," said Mr. Tomkins, nodding to himself. "He comes too late, poor woman! She has a hard

time of it now." Then Mr. Tomkins went on to supper, we will go in with the soldier.  
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**Terrible Domestic Tragedy in Rockport, Ohio.**  
The Cleveland Leader says: On Sunday the 14th ult., one of the most terrible tragedies that ever occurred in this vicinity was perpetrated in Rockport township, about ten miles from this city, where a woman named Esther Southworth, wife of Henry Southworth, in a fit of mental aberration, took the lives of her three boys, aged respectively ten, seven and five, after which she made an attempt to take her own life. Mr. Southworth, the husband, upon whom this crushing blow has fallen, was absent from home Sunday, until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he returned and upon entering the house found his three children lying upon the parlor floor, cold in death, while upon a lounge or sofa in the hall was the prostrate form of his wife, covered with blood from the ghastly wound in her throat, while near by lay a common table knife with which she had evidently inflicted the wounds upon herself. Horror struck by the sight, he spoke to her, but obtained no reply, though from a slight motion of the body he saw she was not dead, and hastening to the house of her father, gave the alarm, and in a short time a large number of persons had assembled at the scene of the tragedy. Medical aid was at once summoned, and physicians from Berea, Dover and this city arrived within a few hours of the discovery, but their services were of little avail, and at a late hour Sunday night it was apparent that the unfortunate woman could not live but a short time, the throat being badly lacerated and the wind pipe partially severed, while the loss of blood was very great, as the appearance of the hall where she had committed the deed and laid down afterwards, indicated. There is but little question that this murder and probable suicide was prompted by a disordered brain, as Mrs. Southworth has been out of health for several years past, and at times suffered greatly from depression of spirits. Especially had this been the case since she last had an infant child the early part of the present year, and her relatives have been advised by medical authorities to keep a close watch upon her, lest she should do harm to herself and others. She had performed her household duties of late, but had remarked to her friends once at least that "she was only a trifle and had a notion to kill herself and children." Notwithstanding these remarks there were none who thought the really entertained such an idea, and no watch was kept upon her actions.

The children were last seen alive about Sunday noon playing upon the premises, and when found by the agonized father, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, lay side by side upon the parlor floor, a pillow beneath each of their heads, while their hands were folded over their breasts and covered with a napkin, showing that their mother had awaited their death, then calmly arranged their bodies after the usual manner in cases of death. As no wounds nor bruises were found upon the bodies, it was evident that poison had been used to destroy the children, though of what character had not been determined up to Sunday night.

Two letters were found in the parlor where lay the dead boys, one of which was written before the murder of the children, and in which she accuses her husband of unkindness and cruelty, and declaring that life had become unbearable, while the other which was written after her children had been killed, contained words of farewell to her relatives and friends, and was commenced by the words, "My children are now in heaven."

It seems from an examination of the house that the unhappy woman had cut her throat while standing before a mirror in the dining room, for a large pool of blood was found upon the floor there, and upon a chair near by was a dull case-knife covered with blood. Splashes of blood led them from the dining room to the bed-room, where she had taken a sheet from the bed, and with it tried to conceal the largest pool of blood upon the dining-room floor, after which she went to the sofa in the hall and laid down where she was discovered.

Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, finding a large pile of paving stones opposite to his door, on his returning home one afternoon in his carriage swore hastily at the parlor, and desired him to move them. "Where shall I take them to?" asked the Abernethy. "To hell!" said the character surgeon. Paddy leant upon his rammer and looking up in his face, said with an arch smile: "If it's I better take them to heaven?—are they'd be more out of your honor's way."

A Phoenixville editor remembers seeing a young lady "around a six mile road, in just four hours and forty five minutes. This was before he was married, and the night was a beautiful moonlight one. Since getting joined in the bands of wedlock, he can travel over that road with his wife in less than one hour and thirty minutes. It is sad to think how "fast" some men become after getting married.

**The Declaration of Independence.**  
—Mr. Jefferson used to relate, with much merriment, that the final signing of the declaration of Independence was hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near the hall in which the debates were then held was a lively stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of honorable members. Handkerchiefs in hand they lashed the flies with such vigor as they could command on a July afternoon; but the annoyance came at length so extreme as to render them impatient at delay, and they made haste to bring the momentous business to a conclusion. After such a long and severe strain upon their minds, members seem to have indulged in many a jocular observation as they stood around the table. Tradition has it that when John Hancock had affixed his magnificent signature to the paper he said: "There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles!" Tradition, also, will never relinquish the pleasure of repeating that, when Mr. Hancock reminded the members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin was ready with his "Yes, me must indeed all hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately." And this may have suggested to the portly Harrison—a "luxurious, heavy gentleman," as John Adams described him—his remark to slender Eldridge Gerry, that when the hanging came he should have the advantage, for poor Gerry, would be kicked in the air long after it was all over with himself. French critics censure Shakespeare for mixing buffoonery with scenes of the deepest tragic of interest. But here we find one of the most important assemblies ever convened, at the supreme moment of its existence, while performing the act which gives it its rank among deliberate bodies, crackling jokes, and hurrying up to the stable to sign, in order to get away from the flies. It is precisely so that Shakespeare would have imagined the scene.—From Parton's Life of Jefferson.

**An Animal Educator.**  
Scott Bissett was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1731. He was an humble shoemaker, and perhaps no person in modern times ever achieved so much success in animal training. He removed from Scotland to London where he married a woman who brought him some property. Then, turning to a broker, he accumulated until 1759, when his attention was turned to the training and teaching of animals, birds and fishes. Bissett bought a horse and dog, and succeeded beyond his expectations in teaching them to execute various feats. He next purchased two monkeys, which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope, and one would hold a candle in one paw, and turn the barrel organ with the other, while his companion danced. He next taught three cats to do many wonderful things; to sit before music books and equal notes pitched to different keys. He advertised a "Cats Opera" in the Haymarket theatre, and successfully carried on his programme, the cats accurately fulfilling all the parts. He pocketed some thousands by these performances. He next

taught a leveret and several species of birds to spell the name of any person in the company, and to distinguish the hour of the day or night. Six turkey cooks were next rendered amenable to a country dance, and after six month's teaching he trained a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog, and having harked the floor and blackened his claws, he made it trace out the name of any given person in the company. He was equally successful in teaching goldfinches. After some reverses we find Bissett in Dublin, about 1770, showing his different animals; and, again making some money, he purchased a public house in Belfast, determining to give up animal training. Growing restless, his taste returns, and he commences to train and teach animals once more. He begins with a dog and cat, and perfecting these in their lessons he selects the most obstinate of the brute creation, an Irish pig to experiment upon. The teaching of this unruly animal almost wearied out Bissett's patience, and he was about giving up the task in despair when he thought himself of a new way of taming the young pig. After sixteen months of unwearied perseverance, he at last was rewarded by instilling a little reason into the pig's unreasoning cranium, thus proving that pigs can not only see the wind by common belief, but that they can be made useful in "raising the wind." During the teaching of his pig, Bissett used to keep young young pigs under his shoemaker's seat while he worked. In 1783 Bissett brought his "learned pig" into Dublin, procured the leave of the lord mayor for his exhibition, and carried the city by storm. It was trained to be as docile and as obedient as a spaniel, and was taught to spell names, cast up accounts, tell exactly the hours, minutes and seconds, to kneel and make his obeisance to the company, and do various other feats. Some petty officer, half armed with authority, broke into Bissett's room, assaulted the poor unoffending exhibitor, broke and destroyed everything, and drew his sword to kill the wondrous animal. Poor Bissett pleaded hard for the chief magistrate's leave, but he was threatened that if he offended any more with his daring performances he would be dragged to prison. Only it was a little late in the era, it is probable poor Bissett would have suffered at the stake for witchcraft. After the brake up of Bissett's shop, his anguish of mind produced an illness from which he never effectually recovered, and he soon afterwards died of a broken heart.

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