

Published every Thursday Evening by JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r.

Terms of Subscription, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

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.

A. W. POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Solingrove Pa.

J. P. CROMMILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Middleburg, Pa.

A. C. SIMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Solingrove Pa.

J. W. KNIGHT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Freeburg, Pa.

W. M. VAN GEZER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Lewisburg, Pa.

GEO. F. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Lewisburg, Pa.

J. M. LINN, A. H. DILL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Lewisburg, Pa.

CHARLES HOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Solingrove Pa.

S. ALLEMAN & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Solingrove Pa.

L. N. MYERS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

H. H. GRIMM, Attorney & Councillor AT-LAW.

GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE.

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Y. H. WAGNER, Esq., JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

GRAYBILL & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.

B. T. PARKS, ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

J. B. SELHEIMER, MANUFACTURER OF HARDWARE.

Iron, Nails, Steel, Leather, Paints, Oils, Coach & Saddlery Ware.

Stoves & Tinware.

The



Post.

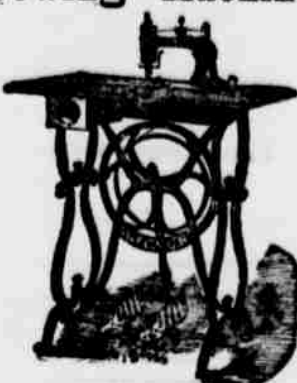
VOL. 12.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 8, 1874.

NO. 27.

A New Idea!

WILSON SHUTTLE Sewing Machine



FOR 50 Dollars!! FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, AND EVERYBODY Buy the World-Renowned WILSON Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

The Highest Premium was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

- Ohio State Fair; Northern Ohio Fair; Amer. Institute, N. Y.; Cincinnati Exposition; Indianapolis Exposition; St. Louis Fair; Louisiana State Fair; Mississippi State Fair; and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE BEST SEWING MACHINES, and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct

COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Felling, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted

ADDRESS, Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. Agent for Snyder County, J. M. FIFE, Paxtonville, Pa.

WILLIAM SPANGLER, MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies & Sulkeys, Beaver Springs, Snyder Co. Pa.

Warrant All Work Manufactured By Me.

Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to on short notice and

Poetry IN THE FALL.

The dear old year is in the wane, The tender year is growing late; Oh, hearts that love, all things are vain; How sabbery standing at the gate!

The chill wind wanders from the north, The frost has stripped the forests bare, And lonely looks the lonesome earth, And dannel clothing we must wear.

White in the early morning lie The frosted paths; souls that aspire With longing look for things more high— Oh, how about that morning fire!

The sun declines toward the line, And days grow short and grief grows long, Our wreaths of faded flowers we twine— And put on boots both stout and strong.

How tender and how passing sweet The days when leaves were bright and green; But now these leaves are 'neath our feet, We've laid our winter parsnips in.

But how we miss the gentle flowers That brightened the long summer noon! The sad mind turns to future hours And heavier coats and pantaloons.

The summer eves with moonlight gray, What tender rows have they heard told To last forever and always— But now the parlia's awful fold.

The old dead life of summer time! For long remembrance doth it plead; We weep and think its death a crime, And wonder how much wood we need.

Alas, how very brief the stay Of every thing the spirit loves! We sigh for all that's passed away, And go to putting up new staves.

But there are hearts that love us still, And many a voice whose music stirs Is left to us our hearts to thrill With, "Husband, how about them furs?"

Select Tale. REBECCA, THE DRUMMEN.

A True Story of the War of 1812. (From St. Nicholas.)

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was a great excitement in the village, it was a British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick up stray coppers as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town down? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war times of 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive them off. Our navy was small, and though we afterwards had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away never to return, at that time they came near enough, and the good people in the village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the Harbor.

It was a fishing-place in those days and the harbor was full of snags and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours, and all the people went out on the cliffs and benches to watch the ship and see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy pit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as the Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Windsor, who was visiting Rebecca, and had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two, the ship tacked and stood off to sea, and then tacked again, and made for shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats around the flats floated, and those in deep water swung around at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore; loaded into hay carts and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers of course were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor so that instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it shine in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing!

Not much use to think of either while that war-ship crossed and

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half a mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish house as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned with sailors, and filled with gray red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their gay uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Windsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the point that entered the harbor.

"Oh! if I only were a man!" cried Rebecca. "What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care I'd fight. I'd use Father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the powder!"

"Yes; and all the boats!"

"It's too bad! isn't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There is not a man to be seen!"

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and drum."

"The drum! How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's—"

"See, the first boat has reached the shore!"

"Isn't it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too—"

"Where is the drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would it do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No, we could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come, let's—"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop is ashore!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like us?"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps—"

"Yes; and we'll—"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor and praying for the country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Son and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but watch and wait and pray.

Not so with the two girls. They meant to do something, and in a fever of excitement they got the drum and took the cracked life from the barren drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out of the back door unnoticed.

They must be careful, or else the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and towards the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and the ship also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south side of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. They took to the water side, and with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could towards the main land. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the split joined the fields and wood.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the old drum and tried the life softly.

"You take the life, Sarah, and I'll drum."

"All right; but we can't stand still. We must march along the shore towards the light."

"Won't they see us?"

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two—one, two!" Drum! drum! drum!!! Squeak! squeak!!! squeak!!! "Forward—march!"

"Ha! ha!"

"The life stopped."

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips."

"Drum! drum!!! drum!!!"

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a sturdy drum, and the sound of a brave vie.

The soldiers in the boat heard the noise and pushed in their work of destruction. The officers ordered every body into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising; they were coming down the point with cannons, to load them off! They would all be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The life changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle," that horrid tune! "Hurk!" The men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore.

In firm silence marched the two girls, plucking over the sharp stones splashing through the puddles. Rebecca, hearing the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the life with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the boats of theirs was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and was his good clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Stamp and clear rang out the drum fire.

Newly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls took a few moments, laughing and trying to disperse the wet sand and splashing and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide.

The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stepped to put out the fires, and the rest pushed the dying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it the sun went down.

The red coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men to open on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. They sent a round shot towards the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and life, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it was wise to retreat in time.

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.

Wet Boots.—A friend writes from Europe: "What an amount of discomfort wet boots entail to be sure; and how well we all recall the frosty efforts we have now and then made to draw on a pair of hard baked ones which were put by the fire over night, they are without stiff and unyielding as horn. Once on, they are a sort of modern stocks, destructive of all comfort and entirely demoralizing the temper. The following simple device will rob the cold wet leathery boot of a shabby winter or Spring evening, of half its promise of discomfort for the next morning. When the boots are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has a great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb the last vestige of it from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot with a tightly fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet night, draw on the boots, and go happily about the day's work. This simple recipe, tender-footed reader, will save you much discomfort, and will make you a tender-hearted reader as you sit with your feet in your soft foot-gear, looking over your paper as you wait for breakfast to be made ready."

Breach of good manners.—For ruin to stare you in the face. If a Bedouin should lose his teeth, would he talk gum Arabic?

"Home, sweet home," as the bee said when he entered his hive.

Carpenter's are like weathercocks—only fixed when they become rusty.

They made a man pray seven hours for stealing a mule in Delaware.

The upshot of the Louisiana revolution has shown that the sword is more than a match for the Pen.

Romance of History.

Counted the Emperor of Germany remarkable for his unsparring punishment of all who crossed his purpose. A quaint but true legend relates that a certain Count Lupold, who was one of those fearing death, fled into remote forest and lived in a hut with his wife. It happened that the Emperor, while hunting, came to the spot and passed the night with them. That night the Count's wife became the mother of a son, and the Emperor dreamed the child then born would be his heir.

As the same dream occurs twice, he was greatly troubled, and the next morning he commanded a troop of his servants to kill the child. They took it away, but being moved to compassion by its smiles, they placed it under a tree, and brought back a hawk's heart to the Emperor. A peasant girl, passing by, saw the child, found the child and took it home to his wife, and adopted it as his own.

Afterward the Emperor being with the Duke and his wife, he was a forest, and the Emperor, the father of the boy, who was then present, began to suspect that the victim had escaped. Being confined in the opinion, he took him into his service as a page, and then sent him with a letter to the Emperor, in which he charged her upon pain of his displeasure, to take the boy, put to death. The youth set out, and after seven days came to a certain Priest's house, who received him with great hospitality. The Priest was struck by his comely air, and by his traveling so far. While he slept he looked at the letter and discovered the incredible fate that awaited him, so crumpled the writing, he substituted these words:

"This is the youth whom I have chosen as the husband of my daughter. I charge you to give her to him quickly."

Next morning the father, unable to read, and not knowing the contents of the letter, sent him to his daughter's room, and she, reading the letter, immediately fled to the priest, and hid herself in a cave.

"Remember me when you are engaged,"

"The boy only laughed, extending his hand, and they parted. On a sixth day he discovered his letter, and so well did the stringing succeed, that when the emperor wrote, somewhat later, to ask if his bride had then arrived, the emperor was delighted with great joy, as he had dreamed. The emperor hardly believed himself when he read the letter. Mending his horse, he rode off immediately, and with great speed to his daughter's room. On his arrival the emperor presented, their daughter and son-in-law. For a long time the emperor seemed lost in astonishment and uncertainty what to do. At length nature prevailed, and he exclaimed:

"The will of Heaven cannot be resisted!"

Then he compelled the two spouses to reveal what they had done, and the count to come from the Black Forest and receive back his son with peace from the emperor, who left him as he had, and who succeeded him as Henry II. On the spot in the forest where the child was born, was erected afterward the noble monastery of Arnsberg.

A Strong Will.

Some years ago a fine suit occurred in West, growing out of the destruction of a quantity of corn, belonging to a Mr. Wilson, by horses owned by a Mr. Brown. The latter owned eight horses, and Wilson declared that they were all in his debt, and that, consequently, the horses were his. Brown protested that he didn't believe any of his horses were in Wilson's debt, but Henry, at all, certainly not, named one or two, and therefore the damage could not have been as great as represented.

Wilson had a witness on his side named Jerry Fisher, not a very bright young man, but noted for having a wonderful imagination. He came in late, and had not a very distinct idea as to how the case stood, but he had a very vague notion that it was for Wilson's interest to make the number of legs appear large as possible.

When he took the witness stand he was questioned by Wilson's lawyer, who asked:

"Jerry, did you see the legs in Mr. Wilson's corn field on the day in question?"

"Yes, sir, I did," replied Jerry.

"Do you know exactly how many there were?"

"No, I didn't count 'em; but I'll take my oath there wasn't less than thirty."

The consternation of Wilson and his lawyer, at this unexpected reply, may be imagined; and it was lessened when Brown's lawyer arose and said:

"Your honor, as my client has only eight legs, it is very evident that those which destroyed Mr. Wilson's corn belonged to some one else, and I ask judgment for the defendant."

The court granted the request, and poor Wilson, by having too strong a witness, lost the case.

Prayer is the Rachel of the soul, by which it draws water out of the wells of salvation; it is the hallowed pathway by which the spirit of man reaches its God; it is the carrier dove of communication between the Christian and his Father.

Advertising Rates.

Table with advertising rates: One column one year, \$70.00; One-half column one year, \$30.00; One-fourth column one year, \$15.00; One square (10 lines) 1 insertion, 75; Every additional insertion, 50; Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines per year, 5.00; Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices, 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.

A Perilous Balloon Voyage.

The balloon which was recently announced to have been lost, with two occupants, has been heard from. It started from Calais, France, and what befel it is thus told by M. Durand, the aeronaut: At 7.55 P. M. on Monday, August 31, being anxious that the ascent should not be put off until the following day, and fearing that we should have the same weather, and so be obliged to put off the ascent a second time, I took advantage of the south wind to attempt to go in the air, under the pretext of having a captive ascent merely; but I resolved to avail myself of this trial, which was to have taken us to England. My wife, being with me and all being ready, I told the people who were holding the ropes of the balloon to let go and let the same time I got the hand of a soldier, there being twenty-five soldiers in attendance upon me. The balloon went up and the acclamations of the crowd, and for the space of 300 yards went in a northerly direction; but upon being about 1000 feet high our course changed to the northeast, and shortly afterward we saw the French and English light houses at sea, and we seemed to be going more towards England than toward France. There were no vessels to be seen at sea, and night was coming on. I felt that in that case I should be compelled to make a long voyage, and I must economize my ballast, and I decided to pass the night watching the extremity of the rope 77 yards long, and every time it touched the water I threw out a very small quantity of ballast. At 4 A. M. just before sunrise, I threw all the light ballast out, and discovered that during the night I had been driven in a northerly direction. Not knowing the distance I was from the nearest land, and fearful of being driven by another current to the northern sea, I resolved to lower myself to a level which I perceived many of all sizes below me, being then a mile high, I descended so as to get down, and rounded 5 o'clock I succeeded. The lower current of the wind was blowing northwest. It is impossible to describe my extreme thirst, and my poor wife, when I tried to console her by telling her that we were going in the right direction, did not give course. I showed her two vessels in the direction we were following, and I could not understand that we were trying to get stopped by one of them. Of the slight breeze of ballast I had taken with me I had only five pounds left, and I should have been able, if not left to continue my journey for 13 or 14 hours, I noticed that the smallest of the vessels, a fishing smack, manoeuvred and tried to cross my path. The sea was very rough in fact. Without any fear, I opened the valve and descended until the ropes were trailing in the water, and in an instant we were past the vessel. The crew of the smack, however, launched their small boat, and two men rowed it toward us. It was then 6 o'clock, and seeing the good will of the fishermen to come to help us, I resolved to stop the speed of the balloon by springing the valve until the sea filled with water, and this would give more resistance to the progress of the balloon. However, when I turned round I could not see the vessel. From that time forward the waves broke upon the balloon, overcame us with water, but still the balloon resisted, and my fear then was that the balloon might burst, in which case we should naturally have been lost. At 7 o'clock we again sighted the smack on the horizon, and she that was pursuing us, and by degrees we noticed that she came closer to us. The coil was very awkward, and our limbs were becoming benumbed, my strength was failing us, and the hope of being overtaken by the smack was the only thing that gave strength to our arms to hold on. My wife's limbs were benumbed, and at each jerk of the balloon she became weaker and weaker. The smack continued to approach us, and was now within 500 yards. I pointed it out to my wife, and that renewed her courage. What was more trying was being obliged to hold her in my arms. The smack was then very near us, and I raised myself on the ropes and saluted our sailors. They saw us, and launched their boat, being about two hundred yards ahead of us. The small boat was manned by the master (William Oxley) and the mate. They came near to the car and took hold of the rope. At this time their boat was nearly sinking on account of the strong jerks of the balloon, but they did not lose courage, and, taking hold of my wife's hand, who was like a corpse, they dragged her as best they could in their boat. I saw the danger they were in, and I began to cut the ropes that were following the balloon. I had cut the greater part of them when I was dashed against the boat and let myself fall into it. I like my wife, lay helpless at the bottom of the boat. The men let go the ropes of the car, and the balloon rushed off with a mighty speed towards Norway. The boat returned to the smack, and we were pulled on board and taken into the cabin, where a good fire did not fail to bring us round. We have only to express our thanks to the men for their care and kindness, those good sailors showed us during the voyage to Grimsby, which lasted until 8 A. M. this morning.—Public Ledger.