

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

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Poetry.

Believe Me. Believe me, when I tell thee, darling, that my heart is warm and true.

Select Tale.

The Quaker Detective. We were five passengers in a light-colored hack, and a Quaker and myself on the front.

than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by action, when a shrill whistle was heard, and immediately the coach stopped, and two faces hideously blackened, presented themselves, one at each window.

whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look nearly so middle-aged with his grey off—was the chief. The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken possession of a seat in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenseless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the bit of paper already mentioned.

other cities. Later, the New York banks, with one exception, suspended, and a few days later the Boston banks did the same. James Buchanan, Democrat, was President, and during his term the bloodiest civil war ever known to the world was organized against free labor.

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