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# The Post.

VOL. 15. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 18, 1877. NO. 22.

**THE POST.**  
 Published every Thursday Evening  
**JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r**  
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 Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.  
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**Poetry.**

**The Home Concert.**  
 Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye,  
 I've had a wonderful visit here;  
 Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could  
 Away from all that my heart holds dear.  
 Maybe I've been a trifle rough—  
 A little nervous—just as you will say—  
 And very likely I've missed the hint  
 Of your city polish day by day.  
 But somehow, Tom, thought he some old root  
 Sheltered as both was we were born,  
 And the same dear mother-love watched us both,  
 Plucking our childish grief and sorrow,  
 Yet you are almost a stranger now;  
 Your ways and mine are as far apart  
 As though we never had thrown our arms  
 About each other with loving heart.  
 Your city home is a palace, Tom;  
 Your wife and children are fair to see;  
 You couldn't break in the little one,  
 The little home, that belongs to you,  
 And I am lost in your grand large house,  
 And dazed with the wealth on every side,  
 And I hardly know but that I am  
 In the midst of so much stately pride.  
 Yes, the concert was grand last night,  
 The singing splendid, but, do you know,  
 My heart kept longing, the evening through,  
 For another concert, so sweet and low,  
 That maybe it wouldn't please the ear  
 Of one so cultured and grand as you;  
 But in its music—just as you will say—  
 My heart and thoughts must ever be true.  
 I shot my eyes in the hall last night  
 From the clank of the music-heard me,  
 And close to my heart this vision came—  
 The same sweet picture I always see;  
 In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,  
 Half in shadow and half in sun,  
 A mother chanting low lullaby,  
 Rocking to rest her little one.  
 And soft and sweet as the music fell  
 From the mother's lips, I heard the cry  
 Of my baby girl, with drowsy tongue,  
 She echoed the song with "Doo-oo-oo."  
 They were they came, the mother and babe,  
 My wife and child, by the cottage door,  
 At I TRAY is the concert, brother Tom,  
 My ears are longing to hear once more.  
 So now good-bye, and I wish you well,  
 And many a year of health and joy,  
 You were born to be rich and gay,  
 I am content to be poor and plain.  
 And I go back to my common home,  
 With a love that absence has strengthened  
 And a heart that is ever true.  
 Back the concert all my own—  
 Mother's singing and baby's cry,  
 —M. D. SNYDER IN HANCOCK'S MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER.

**Select Tale.**

**How Marion Got his Rifles**

The close of the year 1780 was a sad year for America. The British held the country from Charleston to the upper Santee, and in order to complete their conquest had established a chain of posts through the State, each of which was strongly fortified and defended by a good garrison. Organized resistance to the British there was none. On the American side the principal actors in the struggle were the men who composed the famous 'light brigade' of General Marion.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high river swamp, as it is called in the Carolinas, and was surrounded on the three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. Here Marion had his camp. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to range the enemy's granaries, or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat, he had no fear of pursuit.

In the city of Charleston, the despotism of the British was at its height; the proud spirit of people of that capital were held down by a grinding tyranny. Many of them were still open and uncompromising in their hostility to the English, while others, thinking they could best serve the cause in that way affected a hearty submission to the conquerors, and were seemingly the most loyal of all the King George's subjects. Yet, while the English saw this and congratulated themselves upon the good effect it would have on the colonists, these very 'loyalists' kept the American commanders constantly informed of all that passed within the British lines, and many a disaster of the English was in this way directly attributable to them.

One of these persons was a lady of fine social position and great wealth. Indeed, there were few persons in all Charleston over whose submission to the crown the British were more elated than they were over that of Mrs. Annie Garden. She was a young and beautiful widow, just twenty five, and for several years had been the standing toast of beaux of the Carolinas. When the British took the city, she was one of the first to submit to the king, and since her house had been the favorite gathering place of the redoubt gentry, many of Mrs. Garden's friends, who were staunch patriots to the last, quietly cut her acquaintance, and shook their heads in silent indignation when her name was mentioned, and when they dared speak at all it was only to condemn the widow's treachery. In the camp of Marion, however, there was one cheek that blushed with pride and not with shame when the lady's name was mentioned; and as for General Marion himself, he could have told tales that would have startled the widow's Charleston friends, had it been safe to do so.

While Marion was creating so great an excitement beyond the gates of Charleston, Mrs. Garden resolved to give a ball. Preparations were made on an extensive scale, and the loyal element of the city was in high feather. The splendid mansion of the young widow was dressed with flowers from cellar to garret, and blazed with lights on the evening appointed for the assembly, and the band of the garrison discovered every music to the assembled crowd.

The celebrated band at its first sight, which stood near the entrance, was ordered, and a young

**A Thrilling Narrative.**

In the fall of 1845, I was traveling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow travelers were two gentlemen and a lady. The older gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he appeared fifty, in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual.—He conversed freely on different topics until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change on his countenance. His eyes lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious, the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration and with a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the dizzy height, and clutched my arm tightly with both hands he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady with the instinctiveness of her sex. I sprinkled a little on his face, and he became more composed; but it was not until he had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beyond, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the quiet, placid dignity that I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to that lady," said he, with a bland smile and a gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation, and to my fellow-traveler also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler thus proceeded.

"At the age of eighteen, and I fear (he smiled) light of head, a fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage like this; only more cumbersome.—The other passengers were few, only three in all, one gray-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a bewitching creature a bout seventeen and his son about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention. The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became mutually pleased with each other, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the windows, excited an exclamation from my companion, that I knew how the night passed. Presently there came a low rumbling sound; accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents and angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees. I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks flew away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for my fair companion. I thought of the more hair-breaths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray root of a tempest torn tree, restive horse or a careless driver, any of these might hurl us from our sublimity existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady as I withdrew my head from the window. 'How I love a sudden storm! There is something grand about the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encountered a storm like this but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in Jura, recurs to mind. But are we on the mountain yet?'

"Yes, we have begun the ascent." "It is not said to be dangerous?" "By no means," I replied in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight so that we could enjoy the scenery." "But what's that?" she covered her eyes from a sheet of lightning that illustrated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of thunder instantly succeeded, there was a heavy volume of rain coming down as each thunder burst, and with the deeper agony breaking upon our ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my fellow traveler became pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, she hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountains." "I reason we are," was the unobscured reply. With instinctive activity, I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the moaning of an animal, borne past me by the swift winds of tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained

**Parson's Wonderful Memory.**

Richard Porson had a remarkable memory. Being one day in the shop of Priestly, the bookseller, a gentleman came in and asked for a particular edition of Demosthenes. Priestly did not possess it; and as the gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, Porson inquired if he wanted to consult any particular page. The gentleman mentioned a quotation of which he was in search, when Porson opened the Aldine edition of Demosthenes, and after turning over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage. On another occasion he happened to be in a stage-coach; presently there entered into it a young grandure with two ladies. This young gentleman endeavored to make himself seem very learned; presently quoting a Greek passage, which he said was from Euripides. The Greek scholar, who was dozing at the other end of the coach, awoke at the familiar sounds and drawing a copy of Euripides from the folds of his cloak, politely asked him to favor him with the passage. The student could not; and the ladies began to titter. Reddening, the youth said on second thoughts, the passage, he was sure, was in Sophocles. Porson thereupon produced a copy of Sophocles, and again asked him to favor him with the passage. The undergraduate again failed; the ladies tittered again. "Catch me!" said he, "if I ever quote Greek in a coach again." Stung by the laughter of his fellow passengers, he said: "I recollect that the passage is in Aeschylus." His inexorable tormentor, diving again in the capacious folds of his cloak, produced a copy of Aeschylus, and again asked him to favor him with the passage. The undergraduate again failed; the ladies tittered again. "Catch me!" said he, "if I ever quote Greek in a coach again." Stung by the laughter of his fellow passengers, he said: "I recollect that the passage is in Aeschylus." His inexorable tormentor, diving again in the capacious folds of his cloak, produced a copy of Aeschylus, and again asked him to favor him with the passage. The undergraduate again failed; the ladies tittered again.

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AT THE  
**New York Fancy Store,**  
 (In Holmes' new building, opposite the Keystone Hotel.)  
**MARKET ST., SELINGROVE, PA.**

A LARGER STOCK OF  
**DRY GOODS, NOTIONS & FANCY GOODS**  
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would most respectfully announce to the public that I have just opened the largest and most complete assortment of **DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS**, ever brought to this county.

**LARGE VARIETY OF FELT SKIRTS, HOISERY, GLOVES, SHAWLS, A FULL LINE OF THE BEST**

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A Full Line of **LADIES CLOAKS** which I selected with care as to price and quality. My Dry Goods Department embraces all the staple goods such as

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In short my Stock is full and complete in everything appertaining to my line.

Everybody is invited to call and examine my goods. Courteous attention given to all who may favor me with a call.

Oct. 16, '73. Respectfully,  
**S. WEIS.**

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**Great Bargains!**

FOR CASH OR PRODUCE BY  
 the undersigned Assignee, of  
**HOWARD I. ROMIG**  
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The Stock Consists partly of  
**FALL AND WINTER GOODS,**  
 Such as Cloths, Cassimers, Kentucky Jeans, Cottonades of every style and quality, also

**Ladies' Dress Goods, Sliks**  
 ALL WOOL DELAINS, Merinos, Poplins, &c. at all prices and very cheap.  
**HATS AND CAPS, Carpets, Floor, Table, and Stair Oil Cloth.**

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 Hardware, Queensware, Tin and Glassware Wood and Willowware, Coffees Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Teas of all kinds, and at Low Prices, Cigars & Tobacco, Fish & Salt, Wholesale and Retail.  
**COAL, COAL, COAL,** SHAMOKIN & WILKESBARRE.  
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**Ayer's Hair Vigor,**  
 For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and thickness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling out, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

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 ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
 Selingsrove, Pa.

Offers his professional services to the public. All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office one door above the New Lutheran Church, July, 4th '72.

**J. THOMPSON BAKER,**  
 Attorney-at-Law,  
 Lewisburg, Union Co., Pa.

Can be consulted in the English and German languages. OFFICE—Market Street, opposite Walls Smith & Co's Store 8 49y

**DR. J. F. KANAWEL,**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
 Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Offers his professional services to the public. 6-381f

**FAIRMOUNT HOUSE,**  
 NEAR THE DEPOT,  
 Middleburg, Pa.  
 IRVIN SMITH, PROPRIETOR.

This house is in close proximity to the depot and has lately been rebuilt and refitted. Rooms commodious—the table well supplied with the best market affords —and terms moderate. He also keeps a first class livery, where horses, buggies, &c., can be had at all times and at reasonable rates. apr41f '77.

**DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,**  
 SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,  
 Middleburg, Pa.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. [March 21, '67]

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 Justice of the Peace,  
 Beavertown, Snyder Co., Pa.

All kinds of collection made on liberal terms. Promptly attends to all business intrusted to his care. (June 20, '73) if

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**Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,**  
 Practical and Analytical Chemists.  
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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