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The Post.

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THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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Poetry.

The Death of the Old Year.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his dampers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waXing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of jest and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it We can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Miscellaneous.

The Doomed Building.

The other day a tall, double breasted individual, with a white cheker and white neckerchief on, stepped into the Halifax Custom House and beckoned Mr. Morris over to the corner of the room. Mr. Morris responded promptly, and the "double breasted" man addressed him as follows:

"Were you aware, sir, that this building will be one mass of ruins in twenty minutes time?"

"What are you giving me?" said Mr. Morris.

"I am giving you the straight tip, and if you take my advice in time you will live to thank me for my timely hint."

At this point Mr. Morris began to look serious.

"Do you remember," continued the "double breaster," "about seven years ago, a building in Boston, known as 'Scollays,' tumbled into dust, twenty-five minutes after the inmates were warned?"

"Come to think of it," said Mr. Morris, "I do remember a feeble something about that."

"Well, sir, I was the man who warned the inmates of that building. By so doing I saved forty-seven lives. Every seven years, I save forty-seven lives, and if I had time to-day I would explain to you the different places I saved that number of human beings in, for the last fifty-six years. But your time is short. You have just fifteen minutes left to warn your fellow co-laborers. And, mark me, I depend upon you to warn every soul in this building. How many men are employed in this magnificent structure?"

"Forty-seven in all, I believe."

"Strange, very strange," muttered "white-choker," in a melancholy tone. Then turning to Mr. Morris, imploringly, "I beg of you, my dear sir, to hasten and warn the inmates in time; so good-bye, sir. If you take my advice, in twelve minutes time you will be showering blessings upon me."

Mr. Morris gazed on the stranger as he departed, and proceeded to tell the rest of the clerks all about his interview with this mysterious stranger.

All hands listened intently till Mr. Morris got through, when a Mr. Coman spoke up and said he remembered all about the Scollays building affair, as he was in Boston at the time it happened. Some laughed, while others said it was much too serious, and they skipped out to lunch.

So far a very strange thing has occurred, but it is nevertheless true, that in five minutes after the stranger left there was not a man in that building. All hands got good pay

official time-keeper.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes after time was called wasted away, and yet the doomed building never so much as staggered. One by one the spectators sneaked off, and quiet was again restored.

It may not be out of place just here to remark that, that while the building was getting to tumble, etc., the cash-box in the long room sneaked off with $867 in it.

Speak Gently.

If we could only keep the thought uppermost that perhaps the end of all trouble is at hand, that just ahead lies a point, a breath shall we say, and on the other side is home. I think we should live as Christ's couldn't be. Impossible words and dark looks would never sadden the hearthstone, we would never say to ourselves "this is perhaps the last day." Our children would never cower from our sufferance, or turn weeping from the unkindness of our eyes, could we realize that the time for unkindness is so short. Before the grave shall have closed over the dear one, we would make both ourselves and the world better for having known the departed. How eager we would be to show such an one how we loved, when we realize that the time for loving is so short. Oversights, mistakes, would be forgotten in the light of the fact that we could make amends before the grave and before that dreadful day.

Mothers, remember this: There is a mother to some one every day—the last time we see her we may make her feel what gentle memories we can, the last moments of love and tenderness dear! Let this thought help us to bear with the unruly boys, the soiled and torn garments, the disorderly rooms, the boisterous play. Those of us who have sacred homes dimpled with the cradle mist that can not be lifted; those of us who have kissed for the last time the patient unresponsive lips of one dear to us, have no hope, or these pictures, can tell you that "to-day is worth more than to-morrow," we can not be bidden from the gentle voice of kindness, or the tenderness of thoughtful silence. We would have the hearth and the high ambition for one has only with them.

Indian.

The beauties of the bloom and the grandeur of these cities—is a hollow, unmeaning thing, the fountain of happiness, this is not a dream of the imagination, but a reality. Many of the Indians found east of the Mississippi river are of a very high order of intelligence, and yet a large majority of them are ignorant, superstitious, treacherous, and cruel. Their religion is a mixture of paganism and Christianity. They believe in a Great Spirit, who is the author of all good, and in a bad spirit, who is the author of all evil. They also believe in a future state of existence, where the good will be rewarded and the bad punished. They have a tradition that the Great Spirit made the first man and woman out of clay, and breathed into them the breath of life. They also believe that the Great Spirit made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh. They have a tradition that the Great Spirit made the first man and woman out of clay, and breathed into them the breath of life. They also believe that the Great Spirit made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh.

Man and Woman.

Mrs. Roberts, in the Washington Capital, very truthfully remarks: Marrying a man to reform him is like being measured for an umbrella. It may or may not be satisfactory; but you may as well try to make a politician honest as to talk to a woman who loves a man. No matter how worthless he may be, she will believe everything, for him; and would not give a snap for him if she didn't. Not long since on the avenue I saw a man, respectable looking, in a helpless state of intoxication, a policeman on each side of him, taking him to the station house; behind him was his wife, a young, nice-looking, well-dressed woman. She paid no attention to the rabble following or wondering looks of the passers by, but stuck to him, trying to pacify and quiet him. I could not help thinking how little a man would stick by a woman. Man is of the "nobler" sex and a superior being; but he will get a woman in trouble, and then leave her to get out of it the best she can.

For His Wife's Sake.

—A Newark bachelor dropped in the other evening to see a married friend whose wife was absent from home on a prolonged visit. He found him smoking despondently at a cigar nearly a foot long. "Why," asked he breathlessly, where on earth did you get such a preposterous cigar as that?" "Had it built by ——," was the response. "You see, the smoker, explaining my wife believes that I

For The Post.

European Correspondence.

Letter No. 13.

Mt. Blanc.

"Miss Lamar wooes me with his special leave."

sang Byron in the wanderings of *Childe Harold* and in his communion and fascinated every one who has seen it from grand Cæsar to the traveler of the present time. Any one who has gone by rail from Vienna can never forget the first sight of Lake Geneva, coming suddenly upon it, and the whole magnificent scene. The sudden burst of the broad expanse of water, surrounded by mountains, the banks studded with villages and towns, and the whole crowned with the snow-capped Alps, in the distance, is a picture that can never be effaced from the memory. Byron, Geo. Eliot and many other celebrities have written of Chillon, whose white walls and frowning towers rise from the water's edge, and whose dungeons are the scene of suffering and death to many unfortunate men above. In the center of one is a great wooden pillar to which victims were fastened and on the marks of chains are still to be seen. Not far from here a deep hole is pointed out into the water, where the executioners threw the bodies when the executions were over, and when subsequently concealed. The whole place created feelings of wonder and awe as we were glad to get out of it where we could look over the beautiful lake into the deep water beneath. Looking out from the lake we see the little island with the three trees which Byron mentioned.

"And then there was a little isle
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view."

The castle of Chillon in itself contains a wonder but little attention, and were it not that it was immortalized by the genius of Byron, it would be comparatively unknown to English speaking people. It is a mistake to think that Byron's "Prisoner" is the Bonivard who was so long imprisoned here by the Duke of Savoy, and yet we can say:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor and altar—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

If in this connection the reader will turn to the third canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," he will find a beautiful description of all this Lake Geneva region.

Going by train up the Rhone Valley we soon come to the Gorge of the Trient, where this stream cuts through the base of a mountain range and makes its way into the Rhone. In some places the chasm is more than 400 feet high and the perpendicular sides almost meet at the top. A board footpath has been made up it which, suspended from the rock, crosses from side to side, giving many fine views.

Martigny has but one finer gorge. Martigny, at the angle of the Rhone, is the intersection of three great mountain passes, the Simplon to Lake Maggiore in Italy, the Great St. Bernard to Turin, and the Tete-Noire to Chamouny. At the

the road is along the side of the mountain swept by avalanches in early Spring, but these are very rare in Summer, although at long intervals a Traveler loses his life by one. We go up and up until the summit, 6,000 feet above the sea level, is reached. From this point the descent into the valley on the opposite side is very steep and sudden. Then a ride of three or four hours down a winding, dashing stream, at the foot of grand snow-capped mountains, and nearly all the time in sight of glaciers, brings us to the beautiful green valley of Chamouny at the base of Mt. Blanc, amid the grandest scenery which the Alps and all Europe can furnish.

After a good nights rest we are early and ready for the ascent of Montanvert, a spur from which one is a fine view of the Mer de Glace and the glaciers which form it. We climbed slowly up by a winding path cut in the side of the mountain, and after a hard walk of two hours are at the little restaurant at the summit 6,300 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of the mountain is made solely for the fine view it affords of the immense sea of ice which fill all the higher gorges of the Alps, and particularly the Mt. Blanc range. If the reader can imagine a section of a vast river, from 10 to 15 miles in length and from one and a half to four and a half miles wide and of unknown depth, tossed up into waves and then instantly frozen he can get some idea of this great glacier. For ages it has ground its way along this course, pushing the *debris* farther down into the valley until it looks as if a company of giants had been at work carrying the dirt and rocks down from the mountains. At the lower end of the glaciers, the edges for several hundred feet from the shore are so covered with dirt and rocks that it is often difficult to tell with any certainty where the edge of the chasm is. As it advances slowly over the ridges of the bottom of the gorge the glacier is broken up by crevasses which generally extend [illegible]. Many of these are some [illegible] hundreds of feet deep, and are sometimes dropped down one of these crevasses from side to side and seems to be lost in the vastness, and the sound of the fall is no longer heard. On the upper glacier looks like snow ice and is honey-combed by the action of the sun, but a little way down it is solid and very blue. Higher up the glacier seems whiter and more firm, and [illegible] is a dazzling brilliancy, while there are many considerable [illegible] where two [illegible] join. With a guide [illegible] danger in crossing the glacier, as steps are cut in the worst places and the most pointed Alpen stock prevents one from slipping. Only a few days before our visit a German professor from Berlin, slipped [illegible] and was fatally injured. In crossing we clamber over many rods of ground up rock, which formed the edge of the glacier when it was larger and filled up more of the gorge, and up the side of the mountain on the opposite side. We follow this down toward the valley at a considerable height above the glacier, and have constantly changing views of the frozen billows and valleys below us. In half an hour we come to be the terminus of the Mauvais Pas, a path cut in the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, but now so well protected by iron railings that there is not the least danger, unless one is dizzy when at great heights. Most of the way the outer edge of the path is [illegible] and it gives one a far from pleasant feeling to look over the jagged edge and see the certain death on the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below which awaits the poor unfortunate who makes only one misstep. A little farther on we come to the Chapeau, a small house hidden behind projecting rocks so as to be out of the way of danger from avalanche which sweeps down the mountain side in winter and early in Spring. This is situated upon a precipitous cliff, and from it is obtained a fine view up the glacier and at right angles to this whole valley of Chamouny seems to be sunk deep down between the mountains, while the impetuous little stream, the Arve, for a little way seems to forget its haste, and winds lovingly through the green meadows of the valley. Almost at a glance we have the lofty snow covered mountain tops, the great frozen river with its sluggish but powerful current, and nearly 2,000 feet below us the loveliest of green valleys, which looks like a mighty picture by some giant artist set in a frame of great mountains. The view from the Chapeau is one of those which only the Alps can give and which will linger forever in the memory.

Descending a steep path through the wooded hillside we soon come to a little hut from which a short excursion can be made to the end of the glacier and the ice grotto from which the stream under it flows. This has been enlarged by the guides so that it can be seen for some two hundred feet, and [illegible]

low the winding path which leads up the face of the steep mountain on the opposite side. After three hours of hard climbing we reach the little hotel on Mt. Fiegere, which is also 6,000 feet above the sea, from which if we are favored with a clear day we can see the entire Mt Blanc range and Mt. Blanc itself with its vast snow fields from base to summit. All the morning the greater part of the mountain tops had been covered with clouds, but by the time we reached the hotel on Mt. Fiegere late in the afternoon the clouds had broken away and I we had an unobstructed view of the lofty snow white dome of Mt. Blanc, glittering in the full rays of the setting sun. Before us was a view which the wildest flights of our imagination had never conceived. Within sight were literally "Alps piled upon Alps," for we could see at once thirteen mountain peaks, the lowest of which is two miles high, and in the midst, reaching up in the heavens until we can hardly distinguish it from the clouds, towers Mt. Blanc, the monarch of European mountains, three miles high. These mountains are mostly of granite and several of the peaks run up almost as point ed as cathedral spires, so much so that they are called needles.

We could almost look down upon the Mer de Glace opposite us, and within sight we counted nine great glaciers which reached down into the valley and as many smaller ones, which came only part way down the mountain slopes. In the foreground and more than half a mile below us lies the green valley of Chamouny and its little village, with the road and the stream winding through the green fields so far away that they look almost like ribbons. At times parts of the mountain range, or the summit of the mountains would be covered by clouds, and occasionally the dome of Mt. Blanc bright with sun light would appear above the clouds. After enjoying the wonderful view for more than an hour we descend and reach our hotel at six o'clock.

During the day we have made on foot [illegible] miles of mountain traveling, have climbed two peaks, each 6,000 feet high. The reader can get some idea of what it is to [illegible] only up these two mountains, by thinking of going up a pair of stairs 1,000 steps high, or going up and down a pair of ordinary house stairs about 300 times in one day. It was the hardest days work I ever did in my life.

There are six competing lines of stages from Chamouny to Geneva, a distance of 30 miles, and so sharp is the competition between them that the fare to Geneva had fallen from twenty-five to three francs. These great coaches are each drawn by from three to six horses, and make the distance down in six hours.—Much of the road is cut through rocks, and walled up at the side. I think I never saw so fine a carriage road, or one with such a good road bed and grade. And indeed the fine roads over nearly all Europe are a wonder to Americans. Most of them are graded almost as carefully as railroads and the wagon track is covered with broken stone.

The upper part of the road is through a rough country, but the ten miles nearest Geneva is in a rich and well cultivated region. I should remember this ride as one of the pleasantest of my trip if it were not that a 'native' smoking a 'long nine' made of the most villainous tobacco which ever grew, sat on the seat in front of me, and gave me most of the way this wretched second hand tobacco smoke. All over the continent almost every man smokes and drinks beer or wine, and the presence of ladies is not considered a restraint to either.

Geneva, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the lake, is one of the most important cities in Switzerland, and contains more foreign residents than any other. It is mentioned by Cæsar in the first books of his *Gallic War* and from that time has been a place of importance. It has a large number of watch and jewelry establishments, and extensively manufactures music boxes, and carved work. On a clear day one can get a fine view of Mt. Blanc from the quay in front of the Hotel de Russie. In Geneva and along the lake there are a large number of English hotels and ladies' boarding schools. On our former visit we attended Pierre Hyacinth's church, but some one else conducted the service. We however saw him and his American wife as they left the church.

While in Geneva we were awakened very early one morning by an unearthly noise under our window. Our first impression was that half a dozen full brass bands had come to give us a serenade, but on looking out we could see only a market woman with a little wagon and a donkey about the size of a four weeks old calf. The woman seemed to be remonstrating with the animal and enforcing her arguments with [illegible] upon his long ears. He was snatching on each side of the [illegible] which only a donkey can, and which cannot be [illegible]

made which seemed astonishing that such wonderful vocal powers could be wrapped up in so small a brown skin, and the longer his powerful argument continued the more my wonders grew, and to this day I cannot hear a donkey address an audience or speak to a friend a couple of miles away without being filled with awe at the wonderful manner in which he seems to be constructed. Until I heard this Geneva donkey I never half realized what must have been the interview between Baalim and the beast on which he road, or what was signified when 'the ass opened his mouth and spake.'

We will bring this long letter to a close by asking our readers to get a through ticket via. Mt. Cenis tunnel for Naples, 800 miles away, where we hope they will be sufficiently recovered from the long ride of two days and night without the comforts of a sleeping car, to go with us to the buried city of *Pompeii*, and make the ascent of Vesuvius.

O. R. Buchanan.

Number Seven in the Bible.

In seven days a dove was sent.
Every seven days the land rested.
Jacob served seven years for Rachel.
Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.
Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.
On the seventh day God ended his work.
The golden candlestick had seven branches.
Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban.
Every seventh year the law was read to the people.
Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.
On the seventh day Noah's ark touched the ground.
Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.
On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days in their tents.
Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams as an atonement.
A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of blasted corn.
In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh day they marched around seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.
In the Revelation we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angles and seven-headed monster.

A Scrap.—Among the papers of a young man who was recently married in Bradford was found the following scrap, to wit:

Things to be done this afternoon before the wedding:
Get some keys to fit valise.
Engage carriage for train.
Get license to marry.
Get shaved and hair trimmed a little.
Sew buttons on black pants and get a pair of suspenders.
Buy a bottle of perfumery.
Be sure to wash feet well!

This is the season when the girl whose stern father has kicked her lover outdoors packs up a few things, writes an eight page letter to her mother, drops a clothes line from her chamber window, and at midnight, when silence reigns, raises the sash, sees how dark it is, and jumps into bed as fast as she can.—*Free Press.*

When a Nevada miner is overcome by the heat and begins to kink up in his bowels and grow delirious, his brother miners just carry him off and rub the knots out of him with a pick-handle. Rough but effective.

A devoted husband says that the phonograph is simply a machine that "talks back," and that he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.

They were having a snarl, and she asked him if there was anything in the past he would like to recall. He heartily answered, "Yes, the day you first refused me."

A boarding-house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak points being her coffee and the strong points the butter.

A Pennsylvania paper boasts that the State raises one-fifth of all the rye produced in the country. In liquor form as high as the

A new cannon [illegible] tested in the Krupp Bredelar, which [illegible] pense of $150 a [illegible]

When a boy [illegible] sit on his mother's [illegible] in business for [illegible] somebody else on [illegible]

It is the [illegible] boat is viewed [illegible]

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Manufacturer of and dealer in
FURNITURE,
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Selinsgrove and vicinity, that he manufactures to order and keeps constantly on hand
CHAIRS OF ALL KINDS, AND
Furniture of every Description
at the very lowest price. He respectfully invites an examination of
BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, TABLES, SOFA
LOUNGES, STANDS, CHAIRS, &c.
☞A special invitation is extended to newly married folks to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere.
LEVI RELLER
Selinsgrove, April 16, 870-tf

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.
Trains leave Lewistown Junction as follows
MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.

Pittsburgh Express	1 00 a. m.
Pacific Express	6 20 a. m.
Way Passenger	10 43 a. m.
Mail	4 00 p. m.
Fast Line	8 39 p. m.
EASTWARD.	
Philadelphia Express	12 30 a. m.
Pacific Express	10 00 a. m.
Johnstown Express	11 04 a. m.
Mail	5 40 p. m.
Atlantic Express	9 40 p. m.

The Fast Line, Way Passenger and the Pacific Express west, and the Pacific and Atlantic Express east run daily.
Way trains leave stations in Mifflin county as follows:

	WESTWARD. a. m.	p. m.	EASTWARD. a. m.	p. m.
Granville	10 53	4 07	10 55	8 26
Anderson's	10 57	4 10	10 52	8 27
Longfellow	11 01	4 18	10 48	8 30
M'Veytown	11 14	4 27	10 34	8 40
Manayunk	11 25	4 37	10 25	8 52
Vineyard	11 30	4 42	10 19	8 58
N. Hamilton	11 40	4 52	10 10	9 07

The Pacific Express west on 1 be flagged at McVeytown at 6 45 a. m. and th Atlantic Express east at 8 28 p. m.

GEORGE B. BENFER.
County Surveyor.
Kratzerville, Snyder County Penn'a.
—o—
Surveying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public's patronage solicited.
July 25th, '78, pd.

YOU WILL BE SORRY
—o—
if you replace that old Pump with a new one and do not first carefully examine the
Buckeye Force Pump.
The Buckeye is the very latest improvement in Pumps. It is constructed with [illegible] which make it very easy to operate. Those who are in need of a good Pump, and desire to get the best, will always find the Buckeye among our leading articles. Call and see it at the store of [illegible] Market Square, Selinsgrove. Work Reliable, and Price Low.
FIRE ENGINE
If you really do want some protection of property, you can obtain one [illegible]
Centennial Premium.