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The Post.

VOL. 18. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 5, 1880. NO. 5

Poetry.

THE LAST ROLL CALL.

Ho! there, sergeant! quick, call the roll!
Fall in, my men, fall in:
This fortune brings the soldier's goal,
War's shock and battle din.
That, smiling! I was not wrong
In thinking Company "C"
Had hearts and nerves as brave and strong
As ever strengthened knee.

All told, sergeant, just eighty-two;
No stragglers lag behind;
Not one whose cheek has changed its hue,
In forming battle-line.
Mark time; keep cool, take ye good care
You keep in line just so.
Don't rush! There's plenty time to spare,
For some here must reap woe.

Hark! listen to that leaden hail;
Cannons belching thunder,
Brisk work or warm, we shall not fail;
Better far go under.
Now, blue and gray, lock close your arms;
Steel 'gainst steel, lead for lead;
Hell's hottest blasts; those rebel swarms
Ride rough-shod o'er our dead.

Huzza again! the battle tide
Recedes again once more;
Hell's gates that yawned but now so wide
Have closed on streams of gore.
What's this? A wound! 'tis but a scratch,
Lieutenant form that line.
I knew my boys would prove a match
For men of any clime.

* * * * *

Ho, sergeant, call the roll again,
What, only twenty-two?
Are these all that's left of my brave men?
I cannot think it true.
Louder, sergeant, perhaps they sleep;
The morn is dark with rain.
See! why even the heavens weep
For pity on the slain.

Burt, Bell and Glyde, Speer, Brooks and Dunn,
They stood by me last night
When Chapman made that rush upon
Our unprotected right.
I'd rather face the cannon's mouth
Than meet Joe's mother's eye,
And tell her he fell in the South;
Great God! it makes me cry.

Sergeant, two and eighty men as brave
Answered at last roll-call
As ever courted soldier's grave
Or laughed at steel and ball.
Sergeant, call once more, I pray.
No answer? That will do;
Tho' you should call till judgment day
There's only twenty-two.

Scarcely enough for one platoon—
For one, where we had four;
Sixty men in youth's full bloom
Lie stiff in battle gore.
Sleeping to-day the last long sleep,
Of brave hearts sternly tried;
Be it ours their mem'ry green to keep
'Till we lie by their side.

* * * * *

The last charge! Reform the line!
You hear the long roll, men,
Strike, drummer! Now, men, mark time;
Twenty-two, try again.
Steady steady! my gallant boys,
As calm as dress parade;
For blinding flash, nor deaf'ning noise
Can make my men afraid.

* * * * *

Old sergeant! no need to call;
All save these are lying,
Mown down, torn by shell and ball,
Wounded, dead and dying.
Seven! they've left me only seven,
And these are sadly worn
Sergeant, they'll call the roll in heaven,
They called it there this morn.

—*Pittsburg Evening Chronicle.*

Select Tale.

Three Times.

"Come, Helen dear, go with us to the meadows to come home with brother John—do!"

And Lily Leslie's voice grew pleading as she watched the sober face of the girl who stood in the door looking down across the cool, green lawn that sloped away from the house toward the river.

"I wish school was not done. Is this what makes you so sober today?" questioned Amy in a whisper, as Lily stood looking wistfully toward the meadows.

Before the young governess could answer, Lily called:

"Will you come, dear Miss Helen, and meet brother John? There he is!"

Helen Arnold shook her head, and the two girls ran down to meet the tall, sturdy young man, who seemed to bring with him the scent of the hay that lay freshly cut in the meadows. The beauty and brightness of the summer seemed doubled as he came across the lawn, listening eagerly to the clear, happy voices of the girls.

Helen Arnold stood in the doorway, waiting with a trembling yearning to unsay the hasty words of yesterday, but he gave her no opportunity, passing in at the side-door and seeming not to notice her.

All day as Helen Arnold had toiled in the little school room she had thought of John Leslie, and wished (oh, how earnestly) that she had waited before saying that "No" which she did not mean. She began to feel how lonely life could be even among the pleasant sights and sounds of the country, and that her buoyancy and brightness of spirit during the long, happy summer had not been all on account of pleasant and healthy surroundings. She went into the house and up to her room to hide her face as she brooded over unpleasant thoughts. One of life's golden opportunities had been offered her, and she cast it aside, and now it was gone forever. This was the last day the engagement as governess, and he would soon be at home, and he would soon forget her. But perhaps he might give her a chance yet to return a different answer. A blush mantled her pale cheek, and her blue eyes grew strangely dark and bright, as she went to the mirror to arrange the gold brown hair that fell over her neck in graceful clumps. She smiled as she saw reflected the faultless picture, and with a new hope went down to join the family at the evening meal.

John sat in his accustomed seat, very quiet as usual, but his eager eyes drank in the exquisite loveliness of the young girl's face and figure as she came round to her place. Perhaps he read in her downcast, tender eyes the change that had come over her, but he gave her no intimation of it, and after supper when the children romped about her and called brother John to place a wreath of wild flowers upon her head, he showed no signs of embarassment, but talked to her coolly as if she too had been his sister. Helen was a little angry. Is it a wonder? for she thought she had been trifling; and that she never could bear. A fire blazed up in her deep blue eyes, and burned brightly on her soft cheeks. John watched her beautiful face and varying color, and gloried in his triumph; but oh, when was glory bought more dearly? He leaned over her, and touching lightly her soft hand, said:

"Did you mean yes? I know you love me. We shall be very happy."

"Impudent! do I not know my own mind? Love you?"

Anger prompted the words, and as soon as they were uttered she wished they were unsaid; but John Leslie could not know it; if he had, perhaps he could not have forgiven her. *His* face grew pale, and he turned away without a word.

Years passed away, and fortune favored John Leslie. He became a successful merchant, and therefore was a mark for matrimonial speculation; but still he troubled his head not about marriage. At last the pleasant insinuating mammas, who talked to him so quietly and affectionately about the dear girls who were their greatest treasures, got to saying unkind things about the "cross old bachelor" behind his back. Of what use was it to be sure to always behave so prettily to such a reserved old fellow; he seemed to care nothing at all for ladies.

Lily thought surely at her wedding with Dr. Maynard, brother John would come out of the marriageable ladies of her acquaintance happy thereby, and he did; but it was a short lived happiness, for it was a long time before he again left his business.

The truth was—but the ladies did not seem to know it—if John Leslie had wanted to marry any one of them together, he would have asked them

Being well satisfied to let things take their course he did not trouble himself much about what was passing outside of his business, but plodded steadily onward. Now, when he went out to Dr. *Maynard's* he had little Lillian to caress and talk to, as well as her proud and happy mamma, and he went oftener than before, the baby came. One day while baby sat on her uncle's knee, Mrs. Maynard said:

"My old friend Helen Arnold is coming to stay with us John, and I want you to run out as often as you can, for she is so very quiet and reserved that I want to stir her up a little. You need not be afraid of her talking too much, She never does that."

John tossed the baby, and the baby's mother was so pleased to see the little one's delight, that she forgot her brother did not reply. However it was several weeks before he ventured near Dr. Maynard's again. Then it was only after urgent entreaty from Lillian.

"We are so lonely," she wrote. "The doctor is away, and though Helen is the best friend in the world, and baby loves her so dearly, I want you to come out. I miss my dear old mother, John. Do come by the next train. *I* will send to meet you."

Helen Arnold sat at the piano, singing softly, and touching the keys lightly, and Lillian played with baby, and laughed at her cunning ways one minute—the next looked out of the window and fretted at John's delay.

"Dear me, I don't see why he does not come!" and she went to the window for the fifteenth time and had almost begun to imagine something dreadful had happened, when she suddenly whirled around with a cry of delight.

"I was looking at a beautiful picture," said John, in the doorway; and as she sprang forward he caught her in his arms and gave a return for the caresses showered upon him. Before she had time to think of Helen, the baby set up a cry of delight too of course. She was such a knowing child and her frightened mamma took her up, and talking sweet baby talk to her, carried her up to the nursery. After she was quieted and petted a little, she was left with Susan, and Lillian ran down to the drawing room to see "dear, old John," wondering all the time if he would be polite to Helen.

"Good gracious!" This was all she said, as she opened the door, aghast. What do you suppose she saw? There was John, brown, handsome John, sitting on the sofa, smiling, and apparently very happy; and Helen Arnold, with a crimson face, sat quietly in the shelter of his arms.

"Come in, Lillian darling, I want to tell you about it. I have proposed," said John.

"Proposed," said his sister.

"Yes, this is the third time," said John.

Lillian laughed, and as she came up to her brother he drew her down beside him. Then he told her all about the affair, and added:

"This time she has not said no; and we will have a happy home, too, will we not, dear Helen?"

And he turned his beaming face from his sister to look at the lovely one upon his shoulder, grown thinner and paler than when he saw her last, but now most sweet and womanly, as he drew the encircling arm closer about her. He did not seem to think there was any danger of a "No," nor did she, judging by the confiding look she gave him at the same time that she said softly:

"I always thought you would ask me again, so I waited."

John's face was but the reflection of the happiness within as he answered:

"It seems a foolish thing to do, but yet I am not sorry that I proposed three times."

Matrimonial Advice.

Marry in your own religion.

Never both be angry at once.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke.

Let self-abnegation be habit of both.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in a family which you have long known.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other.

Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.

Neglect the whole world beside rather than one another.

Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

The very felicity is in the mutual cultivation of usefulness.

Never speak loud to another unless the house is on fire.

Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.

Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

The Second Bid.

At the Larned street horse market not long ago the boy led out a bundle of flesh and bones, and the auctioneer mounted his box and began:

"Hark! What was that? Did somebody say one hundred and fifty dollars, or was it the singing of the wind? Very well—give me a bid. This is a horse. I'll warrant it to be. Detroiters are known the world over as modest men, but don't let that feeling prevent you from making one of the best bargains ever offered in this market. Who bids?"

"Fifteen cents!" called a voice.

"Fifteen cents!" screamed the auctioneer as he wheeled around. "Where are the police? Who dares make that offer? What base caitiff has wormed his way into this crowd to insult me and injure the feelings of this poor animal?"

"Twenty cents!" cried another.

"Ah! that proves that I did not misjudge this crowd when I said it was composed of gentlemen, and the horse is yours. Make change here with the clerk and take your prize away before he falls dead and obstructs the sidewalk."

Gen. Hancock, though a native of Pennsylvania, is really a Missourian. He owns a homestead near St. Louis, which is described as a charmingly picturesque place, near the river, studded with balconies and surrounded by splendid trees. His wife is a Southern lady, and his only son, a Mississippi planter—so that he is in all his applications, political and social, a Southern man. *Is* it any wonder that he is a Democrat, and that his sympathies are entirely Southern?

Three officers of the day: General Garfield, Gen. Arthur and general apathy.—*Dem. ex.* To which you may add two more—General Hancock and general defeat, both Democrats.

The Assassination of Lincoln.

A Thrilling Incident.

The Springfield, (Mass.) *Republican* relates the following thrilling incident connected with the assassination of President Lincoln, in April 1865:

On the morning after the assassination of President Lincoln, a crowd of many thousand people gathered in and around the Wall street Exchange, at New York, to give expression to their sentiments. Speeches were made by Gen. Butler and Daniel S. Dickinson, which worked the crowd into a frenzy. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, the one dead, the other next to dying; one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before that "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago!" They were not allowed to say it again! Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a looped halter pendent from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while "Vengeance!" was the cry. On the right suddenly, the shout rose, "The *World!*" "The *World!*" "The office of the *World!*" "The *World!*" and a movement of perhaps 5,000 or 10,000 turning their faces in the direction of that building, began to be executed. It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police and military would have availed little, or been too late. A telegram had just been received from Washington "Seward is dying." Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. "Another telegram from Washington!" and then in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out:

"Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne! Mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the leading wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a Divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward, never reached it. Demosthenes never equaled it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. Some one inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper, "It is Gen. Garfield, of Ohio!"

Two Laws.

Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice down the country on charges of stealing a mule.

"Wall," said the justice, "De facks in dis case shall be weighed wid carefulness an' ef I hangs yer taint no fault ob mine."

"Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter der ragular justice, but yer see I'se been put on as a special. A special hez de right to make a mouf at do s'prem court ef he chases ter."

"Do the best you can for me, Judge."

"Dat's what I'se gwine ter do. I'se got two kinds ob law in dis court, de Arkansaw an' de Texas law. I generally gius a man de right to choose fur his sef. Now what law does yer want, de Texas or de Arkansas."

"I believe I'll take the Arkansas."

"Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur stealin' de mule"—

"Thank you, Judge."

"An' hang yer for killin' de man."

"I believe, Judge, that I'll take the Texas."

"Wall, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man"—

"You have a good heart, Judge."

"An' hang yer fur stealin' de mule. I'll jis take 'casion heah ter remark dat de only difference between de two laws is der way yer state de case."

Man's lot is not a happy one. No sooner is he free from his mother's apron strings and slipper than he becomes the slave of some tyrant in pink and white, and marries. His wife then bosses him until a baby comes along, and then the baby bosses the whole family.

The greatest deeds often create the least sensation. A penny dropped on a collection plate will make more noise than a five dollar bill.

Some Leading Questions.

A young man who looked as if he had a heap of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear outwardly calm, put a five dollar bill on the desk of a lawyer the other day and said:

"I want to ask you a few leading questions."

"Go ahead," was the reply, as the money was quickly thrust out of sight.

"If I am engaged to a girl and I go back on her, what can she do?"

"Sue you for breach of promise."

"But if she goes back on me what can I do?"

"Hunt up another."

"Um! Suppose I have presented her with a two dollar fan, a pair of bracelets, a parasol and a ring?"

"Then she's so much ahead."

"If I believe her infatuation for another is but a passing whim and I flourish a revolver and talk of suicide, what then?"

"Her father will probably pick you up and drop you into the first mud-puddle."

"Um! Suppose I had presented her mother, with a twenty shilling umbrella?"

"Then she'll keep dry."

"And her brother with an accordeon?"

"Then he'll worry the neighbors."

"Then suppose, sir, I had, for the purpose of making myself solid with the old man presented him with sixteen dollars' worth of water-logs?"

"He'll set them upon you if you have any troubles."

"Um! Have I no redress?"

"Yes, sir, go and lick the prairie ranger who has stolen away your girl's affections."

"I'll do it!"

"Glad to hear it. I'll defend your case for twenty dollars."

"Um!"

"Um!"

"Come to think of it he's a bigger man than I am."

"Then let him lick you, and I'll make it cost him fifty dollars."

"Um! I'll think of it."

"Um! Office hours from eight a. m. to six p. m."

And the young man troubled with inward agitation took himself out.

Would You.

Would you keep your rosy complexion, wear thick soled shoes.

Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with airs and pretences.

Would you have others respect your opinions, hold and never disown them yourself.

Would you have good health, go out in the sunshine. Sickness is worse than freckles.

Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.

Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be solitary exacting.

Would you gain the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of your employer.

Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions.

Would you sleep well and have a good appetite attend to your business.

Would you have the respect of men, never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar conversation.

The keeper of a lighthouse holds a high position in the world.

The society lady never sheds tears, She knows enough to keep her powder dry.

Since the introduction of false teeth the ratio of good-looking women has increased sixty per cent.

General Hancock is said to be a Democratic valentine because he was born on the 14th of February.

Fourth of July had no right to come on Sunday, and it wouldn't if almanac makers had any patriotism.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like a child who sings at night when he is afraid.

Life is but a scow; marriage is a double team; youth wedded to old age is a tandem; an old bachelor is a sulky.

As we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves, we should see to it that our neighbor is a charming young woman.

A Philadelphia woman too tender-hearted to whip her child punishes him by placing green cucumbers within his reach.

An enterprising census taker has discovered that one woman didn't know what her husband does. There are a great many women that way.

"Leaves have their time to fall," said the small boy under the tea-table, when he knocked the leg out and the tea things came tumbling down on him.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when everybody thinks himself somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

A poet says: "Love holds me so! I would that I could go! I flutter up and down, and to and fro! In vain—love holds me so!" Eat a raw onion just before you go to see her, and she will loosen her grasp and throw [illegible] window.

The Boy—The Circus

The small boy looketh upon the circus poster when it is red, white and blue; and becometh intoxicated with delight.

For what is it that carrieth more joy to the heart of the small boy than a dead wall covered with circus posters?

Echo might answer, a deadhead ticket covered with the legend "Admit One."

And as the boy gazeth on the pictures of indescribable animals, and upon the impossible antics of lightly clothed men and women, his imagination maketh all the pictures realities and he is willing to stake his reputation as a champion marble player that the coming circus is the best in the world.

And he longeth to go.

So he is joined by other boys of his age, and they all gaze upon the posters and drink in the beauties thereof.

And they marvel among themselves.

And one boy sayeth he has never seen so wonderful a display of circus pictures. And they soon fall to speculating among themselves as to whether each performer really doeth all the things which he is represented as doing.

And another one sayeth he has seen as wonderful performances as are pictured out on the posters.

But his companions laugh him to scorn.

So it cometh to pass that the boy who hath seen all these things is forced to hold his peace, providing he has not already departed, for verily the majority ruleth among the boys.

Soon the all important question cometh up regarding the prospects for crawling under the canvas, and they wax enthusiastic, and in their minds they are all in the circus on the front seat, each one having found a good place to crawl under.

But soon one of their number recollecteth the fact that he was once caught in the act, and as he dilates on the strength of the canvas men in general, and the one who collared him in particular, the courage of the group oozes out of their individual finger ends.

But the company adopteth preamble and resolutions to the effect that it is necessary that each boy attend the circus.

And one layeth out a route in his neighborhood, and woe unto the piece of old iron which his fingers clutches, for verily in the end it contributeth to the circus fund.

Any man who hath ever been a small boy knoweth these things to be true.

The Gypsy King.—King Stanley the ruler of all the gypsies in this country, lives in the midst of a settlement of his people near Dayton, Ohio. *His* daughter, who was to become Queen at his death, has lost her heritage by eloping with a man not a gypsy.

At Lincoln, Lincoln county, New *Mexico*, on the 3d inst., a young man named *Harrison* was arrested and locked up for being intoxicated. At night a mob broke into the jail and killed the Deputy Sheriff, and again on the night of the 5th, they broke into the jail, took out a prisoner and hang him.

Noise is a tonic to some people, but what is one man's roast beef is another man's strychnine.

The only truly happy inhabitants of tenement houses in this weather are mosquitoes, bed bugs and cats.

Sometimes very small men frustrate important enterprises, just as a block of wood or pebble throws the train off the track.

The disposition which man has to kill snakes comes from his better nature, but was originally designed for the destruction of soul serpents.

They are trying lady ushers in some of the churches in Chicago, but they are not a success. Even a lady with a new bonnet is seated way back.

The reason more umbrellas than watermelons are stolen is thought to be because the thief doesn't have to plug the umbrella. *It* is always ripe.

A bass drum well played can cover up the poor notes of the cornet players quite successfully. This is why the poorest brass bands have the loudest bass drum.

Benj. J. Bortrie shot and killed his brother-in-law, Henry W. Shouse, cashier of the Merchants' Bank of Easton, at *Honesdale*, Pa., on Friday night. He is under arrest.

Down at Milford, Del., the other day a woman laid her infant on the back porch while she went over to a neighbor's. A pig in the sty near at hand broke out and ate off both the babe's feet.

New York fashionable ladies entrust the care of their little children to nurses, but they take care of and dress their pet dogs themselves. The animals are too precious to be handled [illegible]

THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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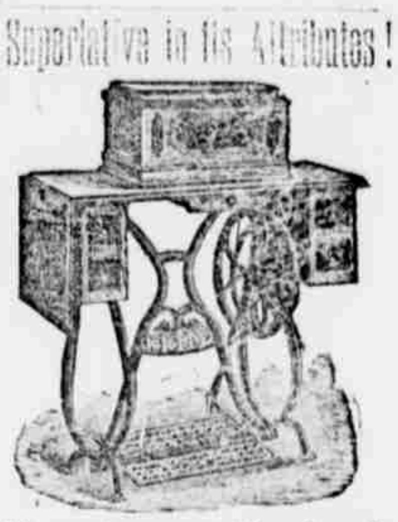

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