The Post.

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Poetry.

WHY I "REFUSED."

Now let your condemnation halt,
Until I prove where lies the "fault,"
Of which you bitterly accuse.
And censure me when I "refuse"
To risk my lot with one who hints
Of "woman's sins" in public prints.

You talk of "falsehoods," bold, unjust
Of "cruel jest," and "loss of trust,"
Of "scorn for scorn," of "woman's guise,"
Then wonder why I can not prize
Your "spirit proud." Such words but prove
Me right when I withdrew my love.

You say "you're fooled like other men,"
Then learn your lessons over again,
Until you find that manliness,
Would ne'er such bitter taunts express;
Nor censure one who saw revealed
Those "faults" you thought so well concealed.

If you such charges now can make,
You'd double them, or I mistake,
When once you had 'neath your control,
Some loving, gentle, trusting soul,
Who soon would learn when 'twas too late,
That Love was close allied to Hate.

Accept my thanks for favors done,
And mark! the last—the greatest one,
Was when you thus exposed to view,
Those "faults" I long had seen in you,
And thus compels me now to choose,
To tell you why I did "refuse."

For The Post.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

At an early date in the war of the United States, I was Company Physician of Company "C" 78 Regt. P. V. In the month of Sept. 1863. I and eleven men out of different companys of the Regt. were left at Jone's Mill 18 miles west of Chattanooga, with two weeks rations and medicine. The colonel thinking at the end of the two weeks, we would be cured of the chills—and he would send an ambulance back, and if there were men, who were not well enough to join the Regt. the ambulance driver should take us over to Bridgport, at which place, we had a general hospital established, and the well men were to join the Regt, which was camped on Lookout Mountain, After the Regt, left for the top of Lookout mountain I and Dr. Hossack commenced to deal out the Quinie to the men in order to get rid of those anoying chills In about 10 days, we had the chills subdued, and in two weeks the majority were well, able to do any kind of duty—Well the two weeks passed and we saw no ambulance, three weeks passed, and no ambulance made its appearence, we became somewhat alarmed because we were informed that a company of rebel cavelry had been raised or enlisted in the valley we were quartered, and that we were surrendered by the most bitter rebels. On the 28, of Sept. a few days after the battle of Chicamanga, this company of rebel cavelry come into the valley to see their families. They soon found us out and we were all taken prisoners of war—and the same day we were marched across Lookout mountain to Ringold, and there put upon board a train of cars and taken to Atlanta, at which place we were guarded by private citizens until next morning—when they took us out of the Stockaid in the morning, the Rebs, took everything from us we had. They even took the shoes from our feet, hats from our heads—we had nothing left, but what would barely cover our nakedness.

We were marched to the Rail Road and we boarded a train of cars and soon we were on our way to Richmond, arriving at the depot in Richmond, we were formed into line to be marched to Libby prison. We were indeed a hard looking crowed. One would think such a spectacle was calculated to excite pity, but in this case it excited scoffs and derision. Even the children took the tone of their elders, and one little fellow, about six years old, perched exultantly upon a gate, condensed in a single sentence of, "We have got you, you d—d Yankees you" a whole volume of rebel hate and triumph. If we did not then believe ourselves to be that description of a yankee, we had occasion to change our opinion when we arrived at our destination While standing in front of Libby prison an officer rode up [illegible] these rules, the business [illegible] to us, tinselled with gold lace in a most extraordinary manner,—doubtless some officer of the home guard.—and sneering, asked if this was "Falsotaff's army of recruits!" "No," replied I, understanding the insult, "We are not; but here they come;" pointing to a detachment of dilapidated rebels coming around a corner with the shuffling, unmilitary gait which is peculiar to the Johnnies. The officer road away without any more attempts at wit. In the mean time, the sidewalks were lined with citizens who came to see the "yanks" as they would to the exhibition of some strange animal. A very few exhibited any pity. A few women—mostly Irish or German—gave us food at the risk of their lives. We were finally ordered into the prison, and there went through the ceremony of another search. Everything the chivalry took a fancy to was confiscated as contraband, we had nothing more for them, they had taken everything from us at Atlanta. But I did see them take from other men, pocket knifes, combs needles and thread, left the prisoners nothing but what they had on their backs.

Libby prison was at on time a Soap and Candle manufactury, three stories high, the rooms were large and poorly ventilated and disgustingly filthy. The dust and tobacco juice of years had gathered in hillocks and ridges over the floor. These apartments were indescribably foul. They had been filled with prisoners who had just been removed to make room for us, and had left behind them all the offal of mortal maladies, weakness and wounds There had been no sweeping or cleaning, but into one of these rooms we were forced, compelled to drink in the suffocating air, the first breath of which caused me to shudder. The room in which I, with about two hundred other Union Soldiers, was placed, was to filthy for description. Here for five days, almost suffocating from want of air, and crowded room, I remained, having rations issued to me only twice a day, in starving quantities, and poor in quality, in fact not fit for any human being to eat. No medical attention was given to the sick, and the horror of our situation Seemed more than could be borne. To such a degree were we crowded, that we were obliged to arrange ourselves in tiers, like pins on paper when we slept at night. constant interference with eachother's sleeping room caused such continued wrangling as to make night and day more like the abode of fiends than one of human beings.

At last onehundred and thirty were taken from this abode of torture, and sent over to Belle Island, which is situated on a bend of the James River, about half a mile west of Richmond.

The river at this point is very swift of current, and full of fantastic groups of rocks and little islands, covered with luxuriant foliage among which the water dashed in sparkling foam. Three bridges span the river between the island and the city. The island contains some forty or fifty superficial acres, rising at the lower extremity, towards Richmond, in a gentle, sandy plain, and upon this was situated the prison camp, consisting of about four acres of the lowest land on the James River, almost on a level with the river, and consequently unhealthy.

Beyond the prison grounds to the westward the island rises into a precipitous bluff, there crowned by strong earthworks, which commanded the river above. The prison grounds were surrounded by a low board railing, around which guards were stationed at intervals of fifteen paces. The guard regulations on this island were very strict. The guard had orders, that no conversation should be carried on between prisoners and guard, and that no prisoner should come within three feet of the railing or embankment which enclosed the prison. But in spite of all the rules and regulations of the Johnies, the irresistible yankee spirit of trade and dicker prevented even the most virtuous gray-back guardians of the prison. Trading over the line on the sly was one of the professions, and all in a short time became more or less expert at that business. The guard had strict orders to shoot or bayonet any one [illegible] these rules, the business [illegible] sometimes became very risky, especially when a new guard was put on duty who knew not the ways of those who were before them on duty, or when some contrary secesh was placed on duty or some one of the Johnie's who had been cheated in a sharp trading speculation. The negotiations between us and the Johnies was conducted on a different plan, from the negotiations of the United States and a foreign country, we did not send Embassadors over to make treaties, &c. but every man done his own business. Any one wishing to trade would hold up, at a safe distance, some article of a tempting nature, making signs that the artcle was to be purchased cheap, until the secesh broke in by inquiring the price.

A watchman being stationed near to give warning of the approach of the rebel officers of the guard, trade would in this wise commence and spread from guard to guard, and very often beyond the guard all along the line. In this manner a whole guard would be reduced from virtue, by these wicked Yankees. High-toped yankee boots, brass buttons and pinckbeck watches were the fascination of the rebs. But the regular commodities of trade on the yankee side were articles of clothing which could ill be afforded, bone rings of prison manufacture, watches, chains, and Jack knives, brass buttons, combs, &c. A jack knife was a tempting thing to hold up. If you did, you generally struck a trade. Even commissioned officers would violate their orders and trade for a jack knife or a pair of boots. In return we got hoe-cake, wood to cook with, apples and sometimes potatoes and tobacco. Occasionally officers from Richmond came into prison, and traded for clothing, and were mean enough sometimes to walk off and not pay for what they purchased

To be Continued.

Down in Florida.

The St. John's river is a queer river, says a Florida correspondent, It is about 150 miles long, from four to ten miles wide, and averages about a foot deep. In the centre, of course, the channel gets to be quite deep. Sometimes it has a depth of 40 feet. Its current runs about a mile a day I persume it would take about 150 days for a cork to float from the source of St John to its mouth. It is salt for fifty miles from its mouth, and brackish for 100 miles. It is full of shad, catfish, frogs, toads, eels, alligators and crawfish. I don't know of any fish or reptile that don't live in the St John's river.

"Call this a river?" I said to an old alligator killer who was fishing for catfish off the pier at Palatka. "Why, it's a great bay. It's no more a river than Lake Erie is. Lake Erie runs faster than the St. John's river"

"Thar you's wrong agin, stranger She's neither a river nor a bay; she's a cow pasture. Don't you see the cows standing all over the river?"

The man was right, All the cows in Florida seem to congregate in the St. John's. There they stand in the water all day long, slashing the mosquitoes with their tails, while their heads are under water eating grass. It is a strange thing, indeed, to see droves of cattle feeding along a river with their heads under the water. They look like a lot of cattle without heads. They will put even their horns and ears under when the grass lies deep, and keep them under sometimes two minutes.

They get to be as amphibious as a crocodile. A submarine cow pasture is an institution only enjoyed by the State of Firoida

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Young man, the road up hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and they who set stout hearts against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. What was hard to bear will be sweet to remember. If young men would deny themselves, work hard, live hard, and save in their early days, they need not keep their nose to the grind stone all their days as many do. Let them be teetotalers for economy's sake. Water is the strongest drink; it drives mills; it is the drink of lions and horses; and Sampson never drank anything else. The beer, wine and tobacco money will [illegible] build a home and [illegible] their [illegible]

For The Post.

Medical Science—Ancient and Modern

BY DR. R. R. OF MIDDLEBURG.

Ah! could the scroll of past time, representing men and things as they were, be unfolded so that the eye by a rapid glance might hold in review the things which have passed forever. I fear the picture would be too familiar to flatter our pride or vanity. I fear we might still see kings and priests in council, while doctors sit brooding in darkness over a plan to force the admission of their merits upon the public, of whom they are a constituent part. But in tracing the immutable truth written in unfading letters on such an imaginary scroll, I need not trace the history and the external influences of medicine as it started from the mighty conception of hypocrates nor need I tell you how Aesculapius was converted into a god. Physic by the superstitious gratitude of the Greeks, or how the healing art was transmitted down through the Asclepiades, how the wise says consulted the oracles for instruction in prescription. Nor need I refer to the school of Cos and Gnidus, to show you where medical sectarianism first rose. Law Corsoppus appeared both, and built up a new sect called empirics. I need not go back to the foundation of the Alexandrine school, and point out Erasistratus and Herophilus as being eminent in the science during the reign of the Ptolemies; nor need I inform you that from the foundation of that school a continued feud has divided medical men I need not enter into an inquiry to learn wether the Sicilian pysician Acron, or Serapion of Alexandria were the first great propounders of liberal reform. I need hardly review the history of Celsus, Archigathus, Asclepiades—their doctrines or success but it would be desirable to enter into an examination of the methodism of Thenison, a physician of liberal sentiment and expanded views of the art of curing. After Thenison, Thepaius who called himself the conqueror of Physicians, figures darkly on the scroll of fame before us. About this time, the Pneumatic and Episythetic or Eclectic sects became known, each numbering among their members many superior men. In connection with each sect, I may mention the well-known names of Aretus and Archigenes, The former most successful physician of his times. The writing on the scrod of the past is so plain, that I may condense enough remarks in a short period to furnish an outline genealogy of Medical Philosophers, And to show that these men were deserving of notice, I need only refer to the fact, that Galen, a pupil of the Alexandrian school, and the next on the list of great men of the past, actually wrote two hundred volumes, which were text books to the profession for twelve hundred years. Sextus, Surnamed Empiricus, from belonging to the school of that name was next most learned man to Galen, during the reign of the Emperor Aurelius. But medicine began to extend the boundries by which it had heretofore been hemmed in, and we find the Arabians disputing with the Greeks for superiority. The first eminent Arabian physicians of whom we have any account, was an Alexandrian priest called Ahrun, Two centuries after Ahrun, Serapion, of Damascus, became extensively known, yet he met not a little opposition from Akbendi who applied geometrical proportion and musical harmony to doses of medicine. About the same time, Rhazes, the chemist, flourished and was followed by Avicenna the most popular physician of his times; and whose works were regarded as Authority till about two centuries ago. Following these, we see Albucasis, the eminent Surgeon, commanding attention and wielding a popularity almost as great as Avicenna. To the zeal of the Arabians we are indebted for the writings of the Greek physicians. But here ends the science and men of the ancients, and we view through dim clouds the rays of budding scence in Europe, How painful to think that these men, brothers of one profession and age, hated, persecuted, and reviled each other merely for opinion's sake! The glory and renown of the mighty monarchs of gold dust, at whose feet millions of human being bent in supplication, are remembered no more; but the name of Hippocrates, a Galen, and a Avicenna, are written in fiery coronals upon that external banner floating over the temple of fame. Even the fall of the Saracenic school in the 12th, century, to the 15th Europe was wrapped in the most degraded ignorance, caused principally by religious and political influences not necessary to be examined by me. The crusades done much but no more. The wild enthusiasm awakened in Europe in the 12th century prepared the public mind for a ready submission to priest-craft and the titles or Doctor and Monk became blended into one; the priesthood, ever ready to take advantage of the ignorance of the masses, exerted themselves to prevent a spread of knowledge, destorting the practice of Galen into a mere astrological art pretending to do everything by supernatural means. Mondino of Bologna, about the year 1315, introduced into the teachings of the university of which he was professor to study of human Anatomy. About the same time a literary star rose in Britain. This was Gilbert Anglicanus; who, though surrounded by ignorance and superstition, wrote a compound of medicine—since the cured, however, with the [illegible] syllogisms of its age. Harvey better saw the favorable moment, and girding himself in the armour of truth, he touched the tender cords of a million throbbing hearts, vowed to be free in thought or [illegible] dust the Papal throne. [illegible] for assistance to write [illegible] the glad tidings that all was ready—that suffering and degraded humanity was determined to be free in thought and free in speech. The very hills that rose around him sent into his ears an echo that started the lazy monks from their lethargy, and severed the shackles of a million of slaves. The dazzling genius of a Faust began to glimmer and send rays into the dark place of earth, the invention of the printing press. We can see the lightnings and play [illegible] as in the chill would with a wreath of smoke. But Faust caught thought—pattered it upon an imaginary [illegible] and started it upon its longest mission of intelligence. Then the Crusades, the Reformation, and the art of printing prepared the public minds of Europe for the truths of science. Europe thus prepared advanced rapidly. Colleges sprang up simultaneously in a number of places

Continued

A look into a girl's room will give one an idea of what kind of a woman she will probably become. A girl who keeps her clothers hung up neatly, whose room is clean alway, will be very apt to make a good wife and a successful woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as to that of others about us. A girl who throws down her things anywhere, will do things in a slovenly, careless way. A girl who does not make bed till after dinner, and she should always make it herself rather than have a servant to do it, and throws her dress or bonnet down in a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If all the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing-room, many unhappy marriages would be saved. Always be as tidy about your person and your room as if your friends could always see you. Get into the habit of order and neatness, and it will come easy in life afterwards.

How they parted: There had been a seeming coolness between the lovers. One day Lottie's schoolmate ventured to refer to the object, and asked her:

"When did you see Jack last?"

"Two weeks ago to-night."

"What was he doing?"

Trying to get over the fence."

Did he appear to be much agitated"

"So greatly," returned Lottie "that it took all the strength of pap's new bull-dog to hold him"

"I declare, I don't know what I shall do, the thermometer varies so," said a New Haven woman. "One day it is as high as forty, and the next it is down to nothing at all. I don't see why thy can't make them permanent, so we shall always know what that bad weather is."

Will She Walk?

Will most of the fashionable New York girls, now that spring has come, take a three mile walk every fine morning from end to end of central park?

No. They will not.

Why not?

Because most fashionable New York girls are not made to go on foot.

Why so?

Because their artificial backs are so high, and the [illegible] and ankles too weak to carry them so far.

How will they get through the park?

They will be hauled through the park by prancing steeds in every variety, which shall keep the occupant carefully from damaging their complexions.

What else would the sun do if they should try to shine on them a little?

It would get into their eyes and through their skins, [illegible] and from tissues into their delicate and lovely brains. It would curse, [illegible] their nerves, strengthen their bones and make more elastic their beautiful joints.

How are these poor helpless girls to get this needed tonic into them when this ball of day is ready to give it without money and without price?

By taking pills and powders at $5 per [illegible]

[illegible]

Could [illegible] in Central Park yesterday?

Perhaps fifty

How many on horseback?

Perhaps one hundred.

Where were the rest?

They were at home, breathing may be sewer gas or carpet and brass-brac dust, or they were on Broadway, or on Fourteenth street, breathing St. Patrick's day in the morning dust, or they were packed in air tainted street cars, breathing all sorts of dust.

What may be seen on any fine day in the public gardens of Vienna and Berlin?

There may be seen many elegantly dressed ladies sitting four hours under the trees or in the sunshine, sewing, knitting or reading.

And then?

And then at 4 or 5 o'clock, they dine at another garden in the open air, while a large orchestra pours through trumpet and bugles and fiddles and flutes music into their ears, and all about visitors of flowers, shrubbery, trees, statues and fountains are poured into their ears as while they leisurely place the foaming Culmbacher or Pilsner, with the nourishing kalbsbrod or wiener schnitzel, within reach of their digestive apparatus.

And how do they look?

They seem robust and healthy, and the bloom on their cheeks looks as if it had struck in and had come to stay.

And why are they thus robust and healthy?

Because they live so much out of doors and breathe pure air, and pure air is pure life and pure food.

Well, what is the matter with us that makes 800 people die in one week in New York?

Maybe it is because science does not keep pace with civilization, and because maybe our closely built, crammed together civilization knocks down more pints than it sets up, and sends so many of us to Greenwood cemetery, which, during the past year, according to the annual report, has shown such cheering and gratifying evidence of prosperity through the sale of the narrow houses prepared for all the living.

It is remarkable how many things are good for rheumatism. Celery is said to be a cure for it, and ditto lemons, and also several other simple things, including the sting of a bee And we have just discovered that the bite of a mad dog is also a sure cure for the complaint—much more effective than the sting of a bee. When a man dies of hydrophobia he is never again hard to complain of rheumatic attacks.

There is a man named Ice in the penitentiary of West Virginia. He froze on to somebody else's property.

THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSS, Prop'r

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☞ Persons filling and using paper addressed to others become subscribers and are liable for the price of the paper.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.

In the matter of the estate of Jonas Eisenhart, dec'd.

To Daniel Eisenhart, Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; William [illegible] hart, Sprunkle Mills, Jefferson Co., Pa.; John Eisenhart, Stillson, Cherokee Co., Kansas; Franklin Eisenhart, Chapman, Snyder Co., Pa.; Emanuel Eisenhart, Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Jonathan Eisenhart, Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Lewis E. Eisenhart, Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Caroline Eyster, Herndon, North'd Co., Pa.; Mary, intermarried with John Dehl, of Elkhart Co., Ind.; Harriet, intermarried with William S. Snyder, Shenandoah, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Matilda Shankweiler, intermarried with [illegible] Co., Pa.; Hiram Shankweiler, Mark E. Shankweiler, William Shankweiler, Mary Shankweiler, intermarried with Charles Wilhelmot, Cecilia Shankweiler, a minor intermarried with Robert Gardner, who has for her guardian Edward Brosman, Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Jacob Shankweiler, a minor who has for his guardian E. G. Eisenhart, of Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Mary Thomas I. intermarried with [illegible] Rohrer; Richard Thomas and William Thomas, both minors and who have for their guardian E. G. Seidel, all of Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Mary Kuiper and Agnes Kuiper, both minors and have for their guardian E. G. Eisenhart, of Shamokin, North'd Co., Pa.; Frank Seidel, intermarried with Henry Beistel, of Shenandoah Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Heirs and legal representatives of Jonas Eisenhart, late of Chapman twp. Snyder county Pa., dec'd.

You are hereby notified that by virtue of a writ of inquisition issued out of the Orphans Court of Snyder county, and to me directed that an inquest will be held on the premises of the said Jonas Eisenhart, dec'd, in Chapman twp., on MONDAY, MAY 1, 1882, at 8 o'clock A. M., to make partition or valuation of the Real Estate of the said deceased, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

DAVID REICHL, Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, Middleburg, March 16, '82.