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# The Post.

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**THE POST.**  
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**Poetry.**

**WHITTIER ON LONGFELLOW.**

With a glory of winter sunshine  
 Over his locks of gray,  
 In the old historic mansion,  
 He sat on his last birthday.  
 With his books and his pleasant pictures,  
 And his household and his kin,  
 While a sound as of myriads singing  
 From far and near stole in.  
 It came from his own fair city,  
 From the prairie's boundless plain,  
 From the Golden Gate of sunrise  
 And the cedar woods of Maine.  
 And his heart grew warm within him,  
 And his moistening eyes grew dim,  
 For he knew that his country's children  
 Were singing songs of him.  
 The lays of his life's glad morning,  
 The psalms of his evening time,  
 Whose echoes shall float forever  
 On the winds of every clime—  
 All their beautiful consolations,  
 Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
 Came flowing back to his windows,  
 And sang in the poet's ear.  
 Grateful, but solemn and tender,  
 The music rose and fell,  
 With a joy akin to sadness,  
 And a greeting like a farewell.  
 With a sense of awe, he listened  
 To the voices sweet, and young;  
 The last of earth and the first of heaven  
 Seemed in the songs they sung.  
 And waiting a little longer  
 For the wonderful change to come,  
 He heard the summoning angel  
 Who calls God's children home.  
 And to him, in a holier welcome  
 Was the mystical meaning given  
 Of the words of the blessed Master:  
 "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

**GOOD BYE, PROUD WORLD.**

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Good bye, proud world! I'm going home;  
 Thou art not my friend and I'm not thine.  
 Long through the weary crowds I roam,  
 A river ark on the ocean brim!  
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
 But now, proud world, I'm going home!  
 Good bye to Flattery's fawning face;  
 To Grandeur, with his wise grimace;  
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
 To supple office, low and high;  
 To crowded halls, to court and street;  
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet;  
 To those who go and those who come;  
 Good bye, proud world, I'm going home!  
 I'm going to my own hearthstone,  
 Boomed in yon green hills alone,  
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
 Where groves the frolic fairies planned;  
 Where arches green the livelong day  
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
 And vulgar feet have never trod  
 A spot that's sacred to thought and God.  
 O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome,  
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines  
 Where the evening star so holy shines,  
 I laugh at the lore and pride of man,  
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
 For what are they all in their high conceit,  
 When man in the brush with God may meet.

**REBEL PRISONS.**

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

But something must be done, and that quickly. Seeing ahead of me a live oak, whose branches over hung the brook in which I was running, I sprang and caught the ends of the extending limbs, and with more strength than I had supposed myself to possess, quickly drew myself on a branch, crawled towards the trunk, and went up near the top of the tree out of sight, and had just got my breath when a pack of the dogs, smelling the bushes, howling and yelping in a fearful manner, and snuffing the air, and two men on horses following the dogs, came directly under the tree.  
 Suddenly dogs and men started off in another direction, and I was not sorry to see them take the course they did, I sat in the tree, and heard them when they captured my comrades.  
 Another pack of dogs came around and passed, just to the left of the tree I was perched upon, and I was pleased that my tactics had baffled the men and dogs. I had a good opportunity to observe, from my elevated position, the manner in

which the horses followed the dogs. The men gave the horses a loose rein and they followed the bounds, picking their way through difficult places in the woods and under brush, and sometimes neighing in a manner which would seem to indicate that they loved the sport.  
 The sound of the dogs grew fainter in the distance, until I was left on the tree to my own reflections undisturbed. Here I was, "Forty miles from home and no friends." I had been without sufficient sleep for eight nights and days, almost continually drenched with rain.  
 My hip was badly swollen by travelling; my feet bleeding, stiff and sore from excessive fatigue, and my clothes, by constant intercourse with brambles and cane-brake of the swamps, hung in picturesque tatters around me.  
 Chilled, wet, and almost starved, I got down from the tree paralyzed by sitting with my leg over a branch of the tree, I shook myself, hopped around to get up circulation, congratulated myself warmly on being rather smarter than the rest of my comrades, and then sat down, taking out my note book, in which I had kept a kind of a synopsis of my doings, looked at my map, reckoned up the distance I supposed we had made per day, and the course we had been travelling. I judged myself from five to eight miles from the Chattahoochee River, near west point, below Atlanta. Taking my course by the compass, I made a bee-line for the Chattahoochee River which I determined should settle forever the question between the dogs and myself. I afterwards ascertained that I had not varied five miles in my calculations, which was quite a feather, I thought, in my thinking cap.  
 When the dogs came upon us, it was about nine o'clock, and when I resumed my journey, it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. I had not the slightest idea but that those following the dogs had abandoned further pursuit, and thus I felt easy.  
 I had not gone more than two miles before I heard the dogs on my track, bellowing and yelling like wolves. I now knew my doom was sealed in this undertaking.  
 In vain I looked for a convenient method to get out of this scrape; but the trees were pitch pine, and had no branches nearer than twenty feet from the ground. In this extremity I saw just below me a virginia fence, which I reached, and wrenching a stake from the fence for a club, I drew my coat sleeve down over my left hand, and thrust it out for the first time to the first dog which came up to bite at. He gave one jump at extended hand, and just at that time I let the stake come down upon his ugly old pate in a manner astonishing to the dog, which made him give one prolonged yell, and rub his head among the leaves of the forest, in a way which seemed to take his mind from the business on hand.  
 The next blow imbibed a compliment to the whole pack of dogs who had come yelling and snapping around me; and I laid one quiver-just at the time the man following the dogs hove in sight, and he sang out at the top of his voice: "Let go them that dogs, you yank, and get off the fence."  
 I saw I was cornered, yet I did not feel like being torn to pieces just to oblige the man on horseback. So I replied by laughing at him, at the same time keeping the dogs off by a circular motion of my club, remarking that I should be happy to oblige him under the circumstances but couldn't see the point of letting the dogs take a bite apiece out of my body.  
 I had noticed during this time, that he had been cocking and holing towards me a rusty old revolver, which I mistrusted, by the way he acted, was not loaded.  
 After some parleying, he called the dogs off, remarking, "Well, I reckon yer are kind er tuckered out and I'll gin yer a little spell at brathin';" for which I politely thanked him.  
 After some conversation, in which he confessed that he had torn the seat of his breeches almost off totting around after us, "I learned from him that the dogs were put on our track about two hours after our escape, but, owing to the rainy weather, did not follow us, (ask, and were be'el

for a long time at Flint River, but that, by taking two sets of dogs, and placing them in opposite sides of the river, they finally regained our trail. Not knowing we had a compass, they were surprised at the almost bee-line we had struck in the woods of a strange country.  
 After repeated requests for me to "git into the path," which I told him I had no inclination to follow until I was rested, I finally complied.  
 "Wall, I'll be dot rot," said he laughing, "you take it as cool as though you had caught me, instead of my catching you."  
 He was anxious for me to go afore him, I preferred to walk "aft," however I then told him I wished to walk as near him as possible, in hopes that he might get off his guard, and I might have the pleasure of helping him from his saddle by a quick lift of his leg, and thus gain the horse to pursue my travels under more favorable circumstances. But no such chance occurred.  
 He informed me that he smelt a "pretty big rat," and had his eyes open tight, "and I suppose he also had his powder dry."  
 I was desperate, in spite of my seeming good nature, and went on the back track with as much reluctance as would a cat dragged by the tail over a carpet. I was once almost in act of seizing his foot, when he caught my eye, and said:  
 No yer don't; yer needn't try yer yankee tricks on me.  
 Thereafter he kept me under range of his rusty revolver, and he would not allow me to come within ten feet of him. We soon reached the road and rejoined our companions, who were waiting at a cross-road with their captors.  
 I was informed, in my travels back to the stockade, that the men employed in hunting us were all men who had been detailed from their regiments for that purpose. My captor, the head hunter told me that he had done nothing for eighteen years but hunt "niggers." For every escaping yankee caught, he shared equally with others thirty dollars.  
 On excursions of this kind, they sometimes killed men, but that was seldom done unless they had had whiskey in the crowd.  
 He informed me that my being captured was mere accident, as he had been out to a settlement to forage for something to eat, when returning, he had run upon my trail, and followed it up. His dogs wore he said, the best trained of any in Georgia, and would follow "nothing but humans." He used me very well indeed, and during the journey back to the stockade shared with me the food he purchased, and invited me to sit with him at table. He also paid me a rather doubtful compliment by saying:  
 "I yer were a nigger, I would't take three thousand dollars for yer." D—m the compliment.  
 After a long wearisome march backward of seventy-five miles, in which we had to keep up with horses and mules, we arrived again at the stockade headquarters.  
 "Ab, py Got! you is to tam yankee who get away once before last I was the first salutation of old Wirze; and then, turning to the hunter, he said, "Vall, did you make de dogs pite in goat, dis tam yankee." If I must, I will," said the hunter; and I expect he did, for I saw several, who were recaptured after that, frightfully bitten by the dogs.  
 After taking my name and detachment I belonged to in prison, he turned savagely around to me and said:  
 "Voll vat you tink I do mit you."  
 "I am in hopes; I replied, assuming the first position of a soldier, you will put a ball and chain on me, and anchor me out here somewhere where I can get fresh air."  
 "Ah you tam yankee, you likes it tuss you."  
 Sergeant, take dis man to de stockade."  
 Back I went to my comrades, among whom my blanket, and some other things left behind had almost bred a quarrel. They were quite surprised to see me, and were glad that I had brought with me pitch-pine wood, which, through the kindness of Sergeant Smith, I was permitted to bring into prison.  
 On the whole though my clothes were torn in shreds, and I was scratched with briars and a bitten by the dogs, my health was better

orally than when I left the prison. It was not long before I was tunnelling again, with what result will hereafter be related.  
 To be Continued.  
**Pearls of Thought.**  
 Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none.  
 Trust not the polished stone or smooth-tongued stranger; both are slippery.  
 He that hears much and speaks none at all, shall be welcome in both tower and hall.  
 He that is afraid of leaves ransin't come in the woods.  
 He that is born of a hen must scratch for a living.  
 He that kills a man when he is drunk must be hanged when he is sober.  
 He that makes a good war hath peace.  
 I defy all felters though they were made of gold.  
 I heard so and so is half a lie.  
 He who will not be counselled cannot be helped.  
 He who would stop every man's mouth must have a good deal of meal.  
 He who would avoid the sun must avoid the occasion of it.  
 He who will venture nothing must not get on horseback.  
 He that lies down with dogs must rise up with fess.  
 He that lives in hope dances without a minstrel.  
 He who would be rich in one year is hanged at six month's end.  
 He who would be well spoken of himself must speak no ill of others.  
 He who would cheat the devil must rise early in the morning.  
 He who would have a hare for his breakfast must hunt over night.  
 He that trusts nobody is never deceived.  
 He who understands most is other men's master.  
 He who will avenge every affront means not to live long.  
 He who will be his own master often has a fool for his scholar.  
 He who would deceive the fox must rise botimes.  
 He who will have no revenge let him leave it to God.  
 He who would make a door of gold must knock to a nail every day.  
 He who would have a mule without faults must keep none.  
 He who would thrive must ask leave of his wife.  
 He whose house is tiled with glass must not throw stones at his neighbors.  
 Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.  
 Anticipated pleasures, in point of substance, are on a par with the joys of dreamland.  
 Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self command is the main elegance.  
 If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call.  
 Many an honest man stands in need of help that has not the courage to ask it.  
 Many a christian sheds oceans of tears for the heathen abroad but fails to see those at home.  
 Judicious charity is commendable, but one had better be his own almoner.  
 Wounds and hardships provoke our courage, and when our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are commonly at the best.  
 The man whose thoughts, motives, aspirations and feelings are all devoted to himself is the poorest judge as to the effect of his own actions on other men.  
 Men are like an old-fashioned country wagon. When loaded, everything works well and smoothly; with nothing in, it rattles so it can be heard for miles.  
 Much of the success in fruit growing hinges upon watching for and effectually fighting the many insect enemies.  
 Six quarts of soot to a hoghead of water makes a serviceable manure for watering forced plants and shrubs.  
 Baron Liebig says: "The only method by which you can possibly advanced develop agriculture is by experiments; this is the only plan, for there is no branch of industry so completely built up by experiment as agriculture."

**Pithy, Pointed Sayings.**  
 National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius.  
 Under our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasures.  
 There is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.  
 Fame? How we profess to despise it, and yet how we run after it.  
 Afflictions are blessings to us when we can bless God for the afflictions.  
 They who do good with what they have shall have more with which to do good.  
 We waste our time in moments, our money in shillings, and our happiness in trifles.  
 Take care of all that belongs to God, and he will take care of all that belongs to you.  
 More bashfulness without merit is awkward, and merit without modesty is insolent.  
 Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.  
 There is nothing like having a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature, and insures your success.  
 Let friendship creep gently to a height, if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.  
 None are more industrious in publishing blemishes in others than those whose characters are alike impeachable.  
 Among all the diseases of the mind there is not one more epidemic or more pernicious than the love of flattery.  
 Human nature appears a very deformed or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights on which it is viewed.  
 "Eternity has no gray hairs." The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.  
**A Wise Choice.**  
 A good minister, whom we will name, while sitting at the dinner table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years:  
 "Father, I have been thinking if I could only have one wish of mine what I would choose."  
 "To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be? Be careful, Charley."  
 He made his choice, thoughtfully: first, of a good character; second, of good health; third, of a good education.  
 His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things are held in great esteem among mankind.  
 "I have thought of all that," said he, "but if I have a good conscience and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that shall be of any use to me, and everything else will come along in its right place."  
 A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it, and profit by it.  
**How He Was Wounded.**  
 The average Washington claim agent is not a man to be disturbed by any scruples of conscience.  
 "You say you were wounded during the late war?"  
 "That's what I said," returned the applicant for a pension.  
 "Do you remember what year it was?"  
 "1864, I think."  
 "Where were you wounded?"  
 "In the wrist."  
 "Was it a minnie ball?"  
 "Not exactly. Her name was Minnie, but it was a corset bone that wounded me."  
 "All right," exclaimed the agent, "we'll call it a bayonet stab." And to-day the corset-boned veteran is occupying a lucrative place on Uncle Sam's pension roll.  
 Scions, it is claimed, carry with them the boring year of the tree from which they were taken.  
 By growing deeply-rooted crops as part of the rotation—the subsoil is made to contribute to the general fertility.  
 Sheep are excellent agents for ridding land of thistles, as they crop them off as fast as they shoot out of the ground.

**The Pretzel.**  
 This delicious fruit grows best in the shade, the shade of a beer garden being preferred. It is ripe a birth, and is ready to eat as soon as it is picked. In north Germany, where the benighted people do not know any better, the pretzel is called "kringle." This is enough to spoil the pretzel, only that it is impossible.  
 The pretzel is always planted on free lunch counters. There is more nutrition in a barrel of sawdust than there is in a clothes basket full of pretzels. But the pretzel is muer the dryer of the two. The genuine pretzel has a heart like a mar- yard, and the hide is varnished to keep it dry. It is varnished with hot lye, and sprinkled with salt and aniseed to give it tone.  
 Before it assumes the expression so familiar to the lovers of this perennial fruit, the pretzel is about the size of a garter snake. After it is tied up in that intricate knot which makes the eater wonder where to take his first bite, no man can guess at its length. Enough is known, however, to warrant scientific authorities in saying that if a man should swallow a pretzel whole, and it should suddenly straighten out in him, it would kill him in a minute. It is not possible, however, for a man to eat a pretzel hole. You can eat all the rest of it, but while there is more hole than pretzel to begin with, yet the more you eat the pretzel, the more hole there is left.  
 John Horning, of Baltimore, baked the first pretzels ever baked in America, fifty years ago. It is believed that some of them are the same pretzels set out on the lunch counter to day.  
 The pretzel, however, is of German origin, and was first made in that happy land.  
 Colonel Ingersoll, however, denies this. He says there is no evidence, in the formation or external structure of the pretzel, of a ruling intelligence, and he had rather be a peasant and wear wooden shoes, than be worth a million dollars, and manacled to the dust by the clanking chains of a blinded priestcraft that laid its fingers, livid with hate, upon his throat and bade him accept the hideous superstition that the pretzel was made by human hands. He says he rather hails with glad eyes and unfeeling brain the plain, grand truth that the pretzel sprang full grown from the limitless realms of the illuminable infinite, like Atlas from the brain of Pericles. But for infidels, he says, to-day there would be no pretzels.  
 The Colonel's thoughts on these metaphysical questions are deep and beautiful. But they are very much like the pretzel; you can't tell which is the front end.  
 The pretzel is eaten. Why, nobody seems to understand. When first introduced in this country, huckmen used them for snaffle rings, but by and by people got to eating them, and it has been a popular custom ever since. The soberer the man is, the fewer pretzels he eats, and conversely—  
 The market value of the pretzel is one hundred and fifty for a dollar. They got started at this, and have never varied from it very much. As an article of food it isn't worth quite so much as that; probably not by a hundred and fifty.  
 After a man has lost all his teeth, it is a hollow mockery, a withering sarcasm, and an ineffaceable stain upon the name hospitality, to offer him a pretzel.—Burdette.  
 "When did George Washington die?" asked an Aquia teacher of a large boy.  
 "Is he dead?" was the astonished reply.  
 "Why, it is not more than six months ago that they were celebrating his birthday, and now he is dead. It's a bad year for children. I reckon his folks let him eat something that didn't agree with him."  
 Johnny remarked that his father and mother were Christians, but they were always ugly on Sundays. He thought they were mad at wicked people.  
 There are some people so sordid that they swap off a few thousand years of immortality in the next world for a little more cash in this world.

## Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.  
 The only sure remedy yet found is Brown's Iron Bitters, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.  
 This is why Brown's Iron Bitters will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.  
 103 S. Paca St., Baltimore, Md., Nov. 26, 1881.  
 I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.  
 J. McCawley.

**Brown's Iron Bitters** is not a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

**The Carpenter Organ**  
 were first manufactured as early as 1850 at Westchester, N. Y. For a number of years the late Governor Cassatt (now Vice and Federal Officer) have been located at  
 Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.,  
 With Branch Offices and Warehouses in  
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 Sentances of Tone in every road.  
 Tunability in every climate.  
 Perfectness in every detail of manufacture.  
 Are Characteristic of the CARPENTER ORGAN.  
 Warranted for EIGHT YEARS.  
 MOST RELIABLE DEALERS sell the Carpenter Organ, but if you do not have them to show you, write direct to the factory for a Catalogue and information as to where you can see them.  
**OVER 100 STYLES.**  
 Ranging in price from \$20.00 to \$1,500.00 and over.  
 A beautiful tone, and perfect construction, the finest ever published, SENT FREE to intending purchasers. Address or call upon  
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 All those who desire to purchase tombstones anything else manufactured at the above named marble works, should consult the undersigned agent, before purchasing elsewhere.  
 SAMUEL DOWEN, Sr.  
 July 10, 1882. Middleburg, Snyder Co. Pa.

**PIMPLES.**  
 I will mail (free) the receipt for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Freckles, Pimples and Blemishes, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address enclosing 3c. to BEN. VANDELVEY & CO., 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

**TO CONSUMPTIVES.**  
 The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to share the benefit with fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Coughs, Colic, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address E. J. WILSON, 124 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

**ERRORS OF YOUTH.**  
 (GENTLEMEN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Declivity, and all the effects of youthful indiscretions, will for the sake of their future health, and free to all who read it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing to JOHN B. OGDEN, 12 Cedar St., N. Y. Feb. 15, 1877.

We keep on hand all kinds of Blanks such as Notes, Cheques, money, Warrants, Licenses, Subscriptions, &c.