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Poetry.

A Harvest Hymn.

BY WILLIAM LAMBIE.

We have seen the summer's glory on the harvest fields again.
Rejoicing in the sunshine and the pure, refreshing rain,
And in gratitude and gladness we have reaped the golden grain.

We read a peaceful gospel, where the rich and poor are fed;
May the heroes of the harvest fields have blessings on their heads!
Let earth's millions all be grateful for health and daily bread.

We see the God of nature in bounteous love bestowing;
In every year of life, we reap the seed we have been sowing.
Till, our barns are filled with plenty and our cups are overflowing.

We have entered on a calling that will never know defeat;
For honor and for daily bread we work in summer's heat,
Ever reaping golden harvests of the finest of the wheat.

May the days of war and carnage and eternal strife be o'er,
And temperance truth and righteousness extend from shore to shore,
Gathering in the sad and sinful to be pure for evermore!

And when we send the bread of life to nations o'er the sea,
May we praise the Lord with thankfulness for blessings pure and free
In this life, and the better land in age yet to be!

The Little Zouave.

'Twas a little zouave of the firemen sort,
His face powdered blackened, his hair shingled short,
His brawny chest naked, his eyes flashing flame,
As over the red-field of battle he came.

Then o-r-r-r-rack! went his gun
On the banks of Bull Run,
And the great rebel army was lessened by one.

The batteries thundered, the cannon balls flew,
The smoke and the dust hid the soldiers from view;
But whenever the cloud lifted up you might see
The little zouave taking aim at his men.

Then o-r-r-rack went his gun
On the banks of Bull Run,
And put a quietus to some rebel's fan.

The day was a scorching, the men were athirst,
And the little zouave often fluently cursed;
But still he pressed on among shrapnel and shell,
And each time he fired an enemy fell.

For o-r-r-rack went his gun
On the banks of Bull Run,
And every shot told on the dead list before.

The rebel's, astonished, remarked now and then;
'Then red-legged devils fight wus'n our men!'
For they saw that no rebel and traitor could have
One quarter the pluck of the little zouave.

So o-r-r-rack went his gun
On the banks of Bull Run,
Making holes in the rascals to let in the sun.

Still forward, bare-breasted and spilling for fight,
The little zouave battled well for the right,
Perhaps it was lucky he never could know
How our army received a repulse from the foe;

For o-r-r-rack went his gun
On the banks of Bull Run,
A minie ball came, and the zouave was done!

There, prone on the field of his prowess he lay
In the last fading light of the lingering day;
The wound in his forehead was ghastly to see,
But the little zouave had done gloriously!

And his meek gun,
On the shores of Bull Run,
Had settled the hash of a dozen and one!

—ANON.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. BROTHER.

Wood was so scarce, that it was almost impossible to cook our scanty food when it was issued raw, as it was most of the time, in about half of the squads of the prison, who were supposed to have cooking utensils. Every remaining root, where trees had been, was dug out with the rude implements of the prison.

Every stump had claimants, who dug around it and protected their rights from invasion by all the forces left in their weak bodies. This, for men in our condition, was hard and wearisome work, as our implements were mostly iron-plates to the task, under favorable circumstances, stronger men would have had the advantage. The stumps and roots, after they were dug out, were cut up into small bits two and three inches long, and one inch in thickness, very often a great deal smaller.

The tools used to work the wood or roots up, were a jackknife, and often merely a small piece of a blade with no handle. Occasionally an axe would be smuggled into prison by some mysterious means, and its possessor became a kind of a prince who levied a tax upon all the surrounding miserable who acquired its use.

The dead were gathered up by detachments of prisoners, and laid in rows outside of the stockade.

In order to get wood, there was great competition to fill the office of stretcher-bearer, as there was sometimes a chance for such to pick up wood on their return to the stockade. Hence it passed into a saying, "I swapped off a dead man for a some wood."

A stretcher was made for carrying the sick and dead by fastening a blanket to two poles, provided for the purpose, and the rolling up the blanket on the pole until about the width of those of the ordinary construction.

As I have elsewhere related in my narrative, sometimes men feigned to be dead, and were carried out by their comrades, each of the parties deriving advantage by the operation.

Another sharp practice was, for four men to carry out a dead man, and only two return with the stretcher, which gave the other two men a chance for escape, and the two men with the stretcher at the same time had a chance to gather wood; thus conferring mutual benefits.

Nothing of this kind could be of long duration in practice, for by some means or method the Johnnies soon became posted in all our sharp dodges.

It was said, I know not with how much truth, every batch of prisoners sent into the pen were accompanied by a spy in U. S. blue, whom the others naturally trusted as a comrade. He found out all the secrets of the squad and reported them to Wiers.

This, doubtless, will account for very much seeming treachery among our own men. It does not seem possible that any amount of misery could induce comrades to betray one another, even for food.

I classed traitors as follows: First bounty jumpers; second, enlisted prison convicts; third, men who dug tunnels for the purpose of discovering them to the rebels, gaining thereby an extra ration; fourth, spies sent into the prison by the authorities.

Inside the stockade, near the gate was often the scene of wildest horror. Here would be gathered together in the morning, waiting to pass out of the gate to the booths on the outside, where medicines were distributed, the sick, creeping, often, upon their hands and knees, and those to sick to creep, where borne by feeble, staggering companions. Here, also, would be gathered the stretcher-bearers with the burdens of dead; all waiting, in a densely packed throng of thousands, often in the rain, or sultry tropical sun, where not a breath of air stirred to revive the fainting sick or well. It was a rule that no one, however sick, could be prescribed for or receive medicine unless first carried to the doctor.

As it could never be ascertained on what day or hour medicines were given, because the stockade doctors, so we called them, were very un-

tend to their business, so day after day these suffering thousands would be turned away without medicines, after waiting for hours in the intense heat of the meridian sun. Often the sick, were abandoned by those who carried them, and would be left near the gateway, in the intense heat, where no air could reach them, and thus uncared for, would die.

This arose not so much from the want of feeling of comrades as from their inability to actually care for them. Those who bore stretchers of-ten fell fainting, and died in that throng of waiting misery.

One day in July twenty or more men died in less than four hours among the crowd of living, dead, and lying around the prison gate.

The numbers who went to the hospital outside corresponded with the numbers who died in this throng daily. A police force of the prison dictated, with clubs, who were to pass first through the gate. The dead took the preference, followed by the sick on stretchers. Few of this throng got medicines. A great mass of the sick, rather than suffer the jamming and crowding, and rather than witness these depressing scenes of horror, remained, without trying to obtain what they came for; since, to pass through this truly horrible ordeal, to go through, or stand among this crowd of dead, sick, and dying, was worse than the suffering it was intended to alleviate.

I consider myself rather a tough specimen of a prisoner, but, after waiting, without success, for four successive hours, yes, for successive mornings, to get out my comrade for medicine, I became confident, if I persisted, I should be "carried out with my toes tied together" (which, in prison language, meant dead.)

Imagine two or three thousand men struggling, suffering, crowding together, to get through the gate,—all forms of death, disease, and sickness crowded and jammed together. Here the dead were crowded and jostled against the sick, and the sick, in their turn, jostling against and overturning the dead and dying, a spectacle horrible to behold, especially among a set of men, who professed to be intelligent.

But it appeared all or nearly all men, who were confined in this hell-hole of a stockade for some time, lost their manhood, and forgot the training received at home.

From first to last, the system of dispensing medicines was productive of more suffering than it relieved. At such gatherings the stench arising from the dead and dying was dreadful enough to make well men sick; while the sight of men sick and dying, under the circumstances described, was sufficient to depress the strongest heart and mind with terror. The man pined, famine-stricken, dirt-clothed countenance of the poor sufferers, the disgusting spectacle of dead men with unclosed eyes and drooping jaws, the eyes and face swarming with vermin, combined to make the scene one of the most intense horrors ever gazed upon by mortal eyes.

One of my Regiment, a private of company G, was carried for two successive mornings to this gathering of human woe, and on the third morning he died, lying in the hot sun, without an effort being made by the surgeons and attendants to obtain shelter for him.

Hundreds died in this uncared-for manner, which was of too frequent occurrence to be noticed or noted, it had become an every day occurrence, and men did not talk about it as they did at first. One would naturally suppose that spectacles of this kind would excite in hardened hearts emotions of pity and remorse; but the southern chivalry gazed upon these scenes daily, unmoved, often remarking, "Good enough for the damned yanks."

Neither were the dead and dying exempt from their abuse and foul epithets. I have seen a dying man rudely tumbled from the stretcher on which he lay, without the slightest heed being given to his pleading entreaties for pity. O! such inhuman treatment is an enlightened country, it is possible any person has lost all his manhood, in order to take out his vengeance on a helpless dying man.

One of the soldiers, I was

sick man upon a stretcher; his shrunken face and hands were covered with filth, and begrimed with pitch-pine smoke of the prison; he had no clothing upon his wasted body save a pair of army drawers, which had once been white. Otherwise diarrhoea had rendered his condition too dreadful to be described to ears polite, or even to be gazed upon.

One of the prison officers at that time crowded through the throng of the sick and the dead; while doing so, he forcibly pushed against this poor miserable creature, who was uttering plaintive moans and cries for mercy to which no heed was given. In the scuffle which followed, the dying man was overturned, and, as he lay gasping in his last trembling agonies, the same officer and attendant passed again that way, and rudely thrust him with his foot from his path, saying, "one more yank, is gone to the devil."

Sitting this afternoon in my office, and cheered by civilized comforts, I can not suppress a chill of horror and creeping sensations of shivering terror at its mere remembrance. Such occurrences happened almost every day, too horrible not to be noticed, I only cite this solitary instance, of an unknown dying man, among the suffering thousands of the prison pen, as an example of the fiendish hate and malice which possessed these patriots of the Union even when the doors of death were closed upon their starved, unburied forms. Carrying away the dead to their final rest was but a horror in keeping with the scenes I described, and a fitting climax to the life of misery which ended in the prison.

To be Continued.

A Minister's Cow.

An exchange tells this story of a clergyman's experience and how it ended:

Some years ago there lived in Central New York a very worthy and respectable divine known as Father Gross. He had a hired man named Isaac, who always obeyed orders without question.

Father Gross bought a cow one day which proved refractory when milked, refusing to surrender the lactical fluid, although Isaac used all the persuasion of which he was master. He finally reported her delinquency to his master.

"Well, Isaac," said he, "go to the barn and get those pieces of new rope."

Isaac obeyed; the cow was driven into the stable, tied with a piece of rope, when the dominie came out armed with a knife.

"Now," he exclaimed to Isaac, "I will get on the cow's back and you tie my feet beneath her, then you go on with your milking, and with your milking, and with my weight on her back she must give down her milk."

Isaac obeyed. The feet were tied and the milking commenced.

But bossy objected, and plunged wildly about. The stable was low, and the dominie's head was fearfully bumped. "Oh, Isaac," bawled he, "cut the rope."

Isaac seized the knife and cut—not the rope which tied the master's feet, but the one which tied the cow. The stable gate was open, also the yard gate.

Away darted the frantic cow, the terrified man on her back helplessly roaring:

"Stop her, stop her!" While madly careering down the road he met a parishioner, who excitedly exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Gross, where are you going?"

"Only God and this cow know!" groaned he, "I don't."

The animal was finally caught and the man released, much frightened but unhurt.

It was an Irish pilot, who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbor, replied, with confidence: "I do yer honor, ivery one av them. 'That's wan," he added, calmly as the ship struck it, filled, and sank.

"What have you been doing since I last saw you?" "I've been attending a course of free lectures." "A course of free lectures?" "Yes, I was married a while after

Sarah Wasn't There.

Charles Shaw, of the Detroit Opera House, was grinning at the window of the box office the other day, when in walked a chap with an agricultural bronze on his face, and asked:

"Does any one perform, here?" "Oh, yes." "This afternoon?" "No; to-night."

"How much to see 'em?" "Well, I can give you a seat for half a dollar, and you can hold your girl on your lap."

"Wouldn't anybody laugh?" "Not much! We don't allow any laughing in this house."

"Well, maybe we'll come. Has this theater ever burned up?" "Never."

"Any danger of fire on the stage?" "Not a bit."

"Any pickpockets around?" "None."

"Does anybody peddle lemonade?" "No."

"Any prize packages given out?" "No."

"Take a half dollar with a hole in it?" "Yes."

"What kind of a play is it?" "It's tragedy."

"Tragedy? Tuen that laya me out! Sarah was to a circus last year, where some one hit a feller who crawled under the canvas, with a neck yoke, and she fainted so dead away that they had to unbutton her corset and jerk off her shoes. Let her see a play where fellers are jabbing with pitchforks, knocking down with crowbars and slicing each other up with swords, and she'd tumble kerplunk and stop the show dead still. I hope you'll do well and all that, but I don't bring no Sarah to see no tragedy, and don't you forget it!" She fainted on me once, and my hair turned gray at the rate of a bushel a minute!—Detroit Free Press.

Won the Wager.

Says the Detroit Free Press: Fred Flasher and Miss Florentia Plounee were discussing the mental power of controlling thought. Said Flasher:

"I will give you a pair of gloves if you can think of positively nothing for five minutes, and still be awake."

"Done," she responded. "Five minutes passed. 'I've won the glove!' she exclaimed.

"How did you manage to think of nothing for the whole five minutes?" he asked, eagerly.

"I fastened my mind firmly on your mustache and kept it there," she replied, triumphantly.

The referee awarded her the gloves.

He had lost his knife, and they asked him the usual question. "Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," he replied, of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places to kill time."

We once suggested to a butcher that he put his scales where the customers could see the dial, not necessarily for publication but merely as a pledge of good faith. "Oh, yes," he replied, scornfully, "I suppose after a while, when you buy a five-cent soup bone, you will expect me to put on my swallow-tail Sunday coat and my stovepipe hat, hire the finest hack in town and a brass band, go in procession to your shanty and deliver the soup bone. We assured him he was mistaken; that no such idea had ever entered our head; but we never afterward enriched him with any more suggestions how to acquire the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens."

A woman who waits along time for her husband to return from the lodge has an object in view, and more than likely another in her hand.

Only the General Manager.

At a station on one of the railroads the train had arrived and departed when the station agent was approached by a quiet, well-dressed man, smoking a cigar, who said:

"Keep you pretty busy here?" "Yum," was the joky reply. "Business on the increase?" "Yum," again.

"Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after a turn on the platform.

"Nobody else runs it," groined the agent. "Have you a got a pate t car coupler?"

"Oh, no."

"I was going to tell you to get together with it if you had. Want special freight rate, I suppose?" "No sir."

"I don't give any passes." "I don't want any."

"Waiting for the next train?" "Not particularly."

"Want to charter a car?" "No."

The agent left him on the platform and entered his office and busied himself for half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked:

"What is the salary of a position like this?"

"That's my business," was the prompt reply.

"What's the income from this station?"

"Ask the baggage man."

"Your name is—, isn't it?" "Suppose it is?"

"Oh, nothing much—only I'm the general manager of the line and I'd like to know how business is."

Nine Hints for Writing.

The attempt to decipher handwriting resembling the hieroglyphics on the obelisk is one of the vexatone of business men. The most aggravating experience in this line falls to the lot of those employed in the government departments at Washington, and in postoffices, telegraph, newspaper and similar public establishments where miscellaneous mails are naturally larger than in private lines of business.

The Pomman's Art Journal, commenting on "Bad Writing," in an illustrated article of that title, lays down the following rules for avoiding illegible penmanship.

1st. All unnecessary, superfluous or flourished lines must be omitted.

2d. No capital letters or words should be joined together.

MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the door is opened to other and more serious diseases. The body weak and enfeebled absorbs no nourishment, but subsisting upon itself, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their routine work, specifically become disordered, and distillation and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially indigestion, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable dealers in medicines, price, \$1 per bottle.

Be sure and get the genuine BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Take no other.

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TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To a person who does 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 by Coughs, Catarrhs, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address to: JOHN B. GIDLEN, 10 Cedar St., N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH. A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Old Age, and all the effects of that affliction, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the same. He has been cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing to: JOHN B. GIDLEN, 10 Cedar St., N. Y. Feb. 15, 1877.

Keep all hand all kinds of Blanks such as Notes, &c.