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# The Post.

VOL. 20. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., SEPTEMBER 7, 1882. NO. 3

**THE POST**  
 Published every Thursday  
**JEREMIAH CROW**  
 Terms of Sale  
 Two Dollars a Year in Advance  
 Single Copies Five Cents  
 Payment in Advance  
 Persons Advertising in this paper are liable for the price of their advertisements.

## Poetry.

**The Bridal Veil.**  
 BY ALICE CAREY.  
 We're married, they say, and you think you've won me,  
 Well, take this veil from my head, and look on me;  
 Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you—  
 I am all as you see, common earth, common dew;  
 Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!  
 Ah! shake out the flimsy thing, fold after fold,  
 And see if you have me to keep and hold—  
 Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sinning—  
 The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—  
 You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm pledged to hold up your praises  
 As the turf at your feet does its handful of daises;  
 That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride,  
 But, mark you if green grass grow on either side,  
 I shall know it, and keeping in body with you,  
 Shall walk in my spirit with my feet on the dew!  
 We're married, oh, pray that our love do not fall!  
 I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil,  
 They are subtle as light—you can understand them,  
 And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them.  
 And spite of all clasping, and spite of all hands,  
 I can slip like a shadow, a dream from your hands.  
 Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me,  
 I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make me—  
 To wear my white veil for a sigh or a cover,  
 As you shall be proven my lord or my lover;  
 A cover for peace that is dead, or a token  
 Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

## PATIENCE.

If your foes torment and taunt you  
 If your foes harass and haunt you,  
 If the world seems dark and dreary—  
 "Wait a wee and dinna weary."  
 If the hopes you fondly cherish,  
 Dashed to earth seem sure to perish,  
 Wait with patience for to-morrow—  
 No man's life is wholly sorrow.  
 If your plans don't work to please you,  
 If the Fates should vex and tease you—  
 If you can be bright and cheery,  
 "Wait a wee and dinna weary."  
 If God gives you leisure, take it  
 "This gift—a blessing make it;  
 Faith in Him no whit abating,  
 Serve his will by patient waiting.

## REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. B. ROTHROCK.  
 Here he turned the offenders over to the prison police, with a short speech, in which he stated, that they had been impartially tried, and found guilty of atrocious murders, and that he left their punishment in the hands of the prisoners of the stockade, they being in such cases provided. He then turned, and followed by his guard, left the prison.  
 The police formed themselves into a hollow square around the gallows; the ropes were arranged, and the guilty man ascended the scaffold steps.  
 Up to this time the murderers did not seem to view the proceedings in a serious light, but rather as a joke. Never dreaming of this being reality. Leave was then given for them to speak, which they did, protesting their innocence, one or two calling upon their companions to do their duty, which properly interpreted, meant that they wished to be released by the police.  
 The ropes were adjusted about their necks, the bags were drawn over their faces, their arms pinioned, a hushed silence pervaded the entire camp, the drop fell, and five of the convicts hung dangling in the air, by their necks, the sixth, nearest the prison gate, sprang at the time the drop fell, broke the

ed his hands, ran swiftly, was pursued, beaten over the head with a club, and recaptured, when the rope was again adjusted, his protestations of innocence were unheeded, and he was pushed from the drop, and hung with his comrades in gall.  
 Thus ended the lesson of retribution, that put a stop to murders in prison, and broke up a gang of bountiful jumping desperadoes.  
 Let me here record, in justice to a man who has since met a similar fate in retribution for crimes committed against Union prisoners, that I and many others of the prison were grateful to Capt. Wirze for the privilege afforded us, to enable us to give the accused a fair, impartial trial. I have purposely avoided, in these pages, heaping unnecessary odium upon the head of one who, though guilty, I have good reasons to suppose was only the executive of a system devised by men high in rebel authority, and from whose orders no inferior could deviate.  
 There never was hanging conducted in a more orderly manner. There was no clamor of voices, but silence and decorum befitting such a scene. Thirty or forty thousand men were its witnesses.  
 Thence forward raiding and flanking were of rare occurrence, and the police became one of the establishments of the prison. That the police done much to punish offenders and preserve order, cannot be denied. They were mostly of the class denominated "rooghs," selected for their physical rather than their mental qualifications, and in some instances became a greater evil, than that which they were instituted to correct. They levied a tax upon all trading stands, and occupations in the prison, cut gilled men over the heads for small faults, and whipped them upon the bare back, with a cat of nine tails, most of whom, however, deserved the punishment inflicted. Yet they would not tolerate any injustice done by others than themselves, unless they were well paid for arresting offenders.  
 Reserving to themselves the right of doing injustice and committing abuses, they governed the camp, and corrected all other abuses but their own. So that the police force became a regular nuisance and a mockery.  
 I am sorry to record, that in Florence (S.C.) military prison, when I was acting chief of police, this kind of police force became for a while, degraded tools in the hands of the rebels, they whipped men at the command upon the bare back for digging tunnels, &c. for which duty service they were rewarded with extra rations.  
 I have entered thus particularly into details which were useful, that the general reader should have, and that he may realize in some degree the position of a prisoner at Andersonville, and to show, that anything originally devised for our welfare might be perverted to our misery.  
 It was in July that I first noticed negro prisoners among us, though they were, doubtless, there previous to that time. Scarcely any of them but were victims of atrocious amputations performed by rebel surgeons. It was said that none of the prisoners were captured except the wounded.  
 Those in the prison were mostly New England men. Some of them had been captured at the charge on Fort Wagner, when Colonel Shaw was killed, and at the battle of Olustee, Florida. I observed in the negro prisoners a commendable trait of cleanliness. Indeed, I may say, their clothes were, on an average, cleaner and better patched than those of other prisoners of the stockade.  
 Through exposure to the sun and rain, they wore much blacker than the common Southern negroes, and many wore the exclamations of surprise among the guard of this fact. "The blackest niggers I ever saw," was the common expression on seeing them.  
 I have said the negroes were mostly wounded and mutilated; when there had been a case of amputation, it had been performed in such a manner as to twist and distort the limb out of shape.  
 When a negro was placed in a squad among white men, it was usually accompanied with the injunction, addressed to the Sergeant of the squad, "Make the nigger

lick him, or report him to me, and I will knock hell out of him."  
 I never knew an instance, however, where a sergeant required of a black man, any service not usually allotted to others.  
 Understanding that there was a major of colored troops in prison, I hunted him up, and found Major Archibald Bogle, who was formerly a Lieut. in the 17th Mass. Infantry. He was captured at Olustee, after being severely wounded in several places. He informed me that he formerly lived in Melrose Mass. Since he came into the rebel pen, he had been refused all medical and surgical treatment, though the prisoners detailed as hospital stewards had covertly afforded him aid, and dressed his wounds. He wore his uniform, and freely declared himself an officer of negro troops—a fact which all officers of negroes were not willing to own, by reason of the hard treatment received therefrom by the rebels.  
 His was an instance of the fact, that a true gentleman remains the same amidst the most squalid misery and accumulated misfortunes. His intercourse with others was dignified, courteous, and urbane, as if in command of his regiment, there were many in prison, as there always has been in our army, who professed to despise negro troops, and have a contempt for their officers. Major Bogle was, at one time, I was informed, compelled to mess with his negroes; yet he always maintained his gentlemanly bearing and self-respect, and commanded the respect of others amid all the accumulated misery of the "prison pen." Such were my impressions of Major Bogle.  
 Many loose statements have been made in print indicating that officers were as common among prisoners at Andersonville as enlisted men. With the exception of Major Bogle, there were no commissioned officers intentionally placed in Andersonville. Others were there by their own acts; but the prison was intended for enlisted men only.  
 At any time an officer of white troops could be sent to Macon, or some other officers prison, by merely making a plain statement of facts, which looked plausible to the rebels. So much is required to be said, as there seems to be a great misunderstanding in relation to this matter, and it is my desire to write such a history, and give such descriptions of the different prisons, that those who were prisoners at the time with myself will be the ones most ready to testify to the truth of these pictures, crudely drawn with pen and ink.  
 Major Bogle, at one time, was engaged in tunnelling operation, in which plotted to release all the prisoners in the stockade. It failed through the treason of some one in the secret, though it came mighty near being a success.  
 About the time I became acquainted with him, an extensive plot was formed to break the stockade. Over two thousand men were pledged to risk their lives upon an effort to release the prisoners of the stockade. Here seemed the choice before us, to die without an effort, amid all the misery of the prison pen, or to die with our hands uplifted to strike one blow at our enemies, before death, in an attempt to liberate ourselves and starving comrades. To no reasonable man did this appear at that time to be any hope for life, but in that way, I went into the project. I am willing to confess at this day, having full confidence in our ability to achieve the desired result, and with a feeling that it was better to die in such an attempt than to die a miserable, loathsome death by gradual starvation. Acting in concert, we set ourselves at work, and dug tunnels up to the Stockade; then the tunnel branched off at right angles, running parallel with the stockade, a shoulder of earth being left as a temporary support, so that when a rush was made against the walls from the outside, it would be thrown down in the places thus mined. In this manner three portions of the stockade walls were undermined—at last, or at least I have reason to suppose so, although I was engaged in digging and engineering on but one of these places.

break through the South side, near the gate, and capture the reserve of the guard; another to break through on the north side, and making a circuit of the stockade, capture the guard thorough; another party, breaking through on the south-west side, near the gate, was to capture the rebel artillery near headquarters and use it according to circumstances, and make as sure capture of rebel officers, as was possible; while prisoners outside, under detail, were to cut the telegraph wires. This achieved, prisoners were to be liberated, rations equally distributed, the cars seized, ammunition and arms placed in the hands of "the organization," and then, raiding through rebel country, seize upon horses, mules, and other transportation, and effect an escape to the Gulf. Such were our plans generally. All was pronounced ready for the grand assault, and we were waiting with trembling hands, and expectancy, when a proclamation was read in prison, and posted in conspicuous places, stating that such a plan was known to be organized, and the commandant of the prison had full knowledge of all its details, even to the names of those concerned; and that if we persisted in carrying out the plan, there would be great blood-shed which he wished to avert. Such, in substance, was a proclamation signed by Capt. Wirze. We had been betrayed by one who, we supposed, from every motive of interest, would keep the secret. A r. cry was posted at various places, with men in position to use it; twice shots were fired over the heads of prisoners in crowds, while white flags were placed all over the prison as signals for their artillery.

## To be Continued.

## The Contrast.

The Burlington Hawkeye thus discourses in a "lay sermon" preached for the benefit of those who are perpetually contrasting the present unfavorably with the past:  
 "Dearly beloved, so there are men in Burlington this very Sabbath morning who sigh for 'the good old time' when our times surpass those of Solomon more than his days surpassed the years of Egyptian bondage. You can buy a box of matches to-day for five cents, while Solomon's throne of ivory and gold couldn't have bought one match. The Queen of Sheba thought Solomon's wisdom and greatness were beyond comprehension; what would she say could she only have beheld a ray engine of the Burlington and Northwestern narrow gauge? The weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred three score and six talents of gold, but with all of it he couldn't buy a common hard coal base burner. He had fourteen chariots and twelve thousand horsemen, yet he couldn't telegraph to Hiram that he wanted a cedar raft as soon as it could be shipped, and he couldn't give his messenger a horse that could trot in 2:30. There wasn't a newspaper nor a printing press in his kingdom so he didn't know what it was to write 'dimes' and have it printed 'diners.' There are conveniences to-day in the county almshouse that Solomon had to go without. We can buy a watch to-day for twenty dollars—yes, for five dollars—that couldn't have been bought with his kingdom. We haven't so many wives as he had, but we have better children, much better, indeed, for while Solomon had the theory of training children all right, he never put it into practice in his own family."  
 An exchange puts it in the following terse language: "The idea that a person must save all he makes to get rich has ruined more persons than it ever made respectable and useful members of society. No more pitiable objects can be found in any community than the men that hoard up all they make and live only for self."  
 It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. "Zackly so; and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them."  
 Scientific men in Japan are dis-

## Who Should not be a Wife.

Has that woman a will to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin to gether a buttonless shirt bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoked tea and watery potatoes six days in seven? Has she a call to be a wife who dits with every other man she meets and reserves her frown for her home and fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable card papers, a soiled dressing-gown and shoes down at the heel? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighed naught in the balance with her next-door neighbor's laces curtain or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who on a journey for pleasure leaving her husband to toil in a close office.

## Anxious to be Posted.

At the second battle of Bull Run a recruit who had just joined a New York regiment turned around upon his captain as an order was given, and asked:  
 "Say, Cap, what are you going to do now?"  
 "Move by the flank to the left of the regiment," was the reply.  
 "All right—just as soon move as not."  
 After the company had held its new position for a quarter of an hour there came another order, and the recruit asked:  
 "Say, Cap, which way now?"  
 "Going to advance."  
 "All right, I'm with you."  
 The company moved forward with the line and was presently hotly engaged with Jackson's men. They had not been at it over five minutes when the recruit slid up to the captain and shouted:  
 "Say, Cap, holler as loud as you can and let's see if I can hear you."  
 "What in thunder do you mean?"  
 "Back into line with!" shouted the officer.  
 "All right, Cap, all right! The reason I wanted you to holler was to see if I could hear your voice when you ordered a retreat! It's all right—I guess I can hear it if them rebels don't bring up any more guns."

The extent of our public land possessions, and the possibilities of the development by emigration, are indicated in current news despatches. The Dundee Land Company of Scotland is to buy 150,000 acres in Arkansas, and has already closed the purchase of 44,000 acres of timber lands. In Minnesota a sale has been made of 50,000 acres whereon to colonize a number of Danish families, who are on their way to their new homes, with others to follow. Such facts give one a vivid idea of the growth and vigor of the West and South. The story is spread with ever increasing swiftness and fullness in all and the wonderful drama goes on with a constantly accelerated interest. The movement of emigration into the South and Southwest is peculiarly significant. It was long ago predicted as an inevitable consequence of returning tranquility and of educational and news facilities and sanguine men see the dawning of their day of triumph.

John Saunders went from Kentucky to the West forty years ago, swearing that his betrothed, whom he left behind, should not see him until he was a millionaire. Last week he balanced his books in Montana, and, finding himself worth a million of dollars, he set out for Kentucky, where the train were made one. The groom was 68 and the bride 64 years of age.

Keep your hand and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones find no room to enter.  
 To repent without weeping, one's

## The Newer Arithmetic.

What is the exact number of constables, and how many law suits can a wide-awake officer provoke in a year?  
 A merchant who has a stock valued at \$8,000 advertises that he will dispose of it at one-fourth off. How much does he make?  
 A plumber who does sixteen cents worth of repairing desires to charge for four pounds of solder in bill. Please suggest how it can be done without injury to his system.  
 A citizen has a cow which gives six quarts of milk per day, while his sales foot up nine quarts. There is nothing for the student to find in this case. Simply turn on the water.  
 A grocer has a horse which he asserts can trot a mile in 2:40. He puts him on the track under a watch and finds his best gate to be 3:25. What was the difference between the grocer's estimate and the watch, and why did he wallop the poor horse all the way home?  
 A father at his death left \$12,000 for the benefit of his only son 14 years, 8 months and 12 days old, the money to be paid him when 21 years of age, with interest at six per cent. How much money did the lawyers leave for the boy?

## He Wanted a Position.

A man applied, not long since, to the mayor of Austin for employment on the police force.  
 "Have you had any experience arresting desperate characters?"  
 "None of that in mine."  
 "Are you a good detective?"  
 "Not much. I'm not sharp enough for that. The reason I'm out of money is because some scoundrel picked my pocket."  
 "Well, in the name of Heaven what sort of service did you expect to render on the police?"  
 "Well, draw'd out the applicant. 'I thought you might need a reliable, steady man to report any leakages in the water mains.'"—*Texas Sciftings.*  
 "I knowed right off you were a Christian, sah. No man in do drug business 'cept a foller ob do Lord would hang out sich a sign as you has got. Hit shows you am a Christian fast, and a pizen-mixer after wards. I was just 'bout it out. Hit am do best advice ober I got in a drug store."  
 "What sign are you talking about, Uncle?" asked the somewhat bewildered druggist.  
 "Dat ar," said the old man, pointing to a placard on the wall, which read: "Tasteless Medicines." "Dat ar am do best advice in do world—'fast less medicines.' I neber had tasted no medicines, nobow, and dat am do chief reason I see alive and kickin' yet. But you am do fast Christian druggist ober I struck, and the old man strolled out just in time to avoid stopping with his head a package of hair restorer that the infuriated druggist hurled after him.  
 "What is the devil?" asked a Sunday school teacher of the new boy who was quite small. "I don't know what it is, but it can't run as fast as yep, can." "How do you know the devil can't run fast?" "Because I heard pa say that he always catches the devil when he comes home late at night from the lodge."  
 "How is it," said a slim specimen to a portly German friend, "that I can't get a big stomach like yours?" "Dat was an easy job," replied the portly citizen, "don't you ever see do carpenters building houses? Yah. Vell you don't see dem put no bay windows on schmoke houses, ain't it? Dat was do difference."

## MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fight. 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 disease is then open to serious dangers. The body weak and enfeebled absorbs no nutriment, 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, speedily become disordered, and dissolution 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, 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 druggists in medicine, price, \$1 per bottle.  
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