The Post.

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THE P

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Poetry.

Sweet Country Cousins.

How dear to the heart are the sweet country cousins,
When dog days of summer begin to draw near,
When bricks have grown hot and when sunstrokes by dozens
Fill body with anguish and bosom with fear?
The green waving fields and the sweet smeling breezes,
The 'scaping from turmoil to quiet and calm,
The rich, creamy milk which the ready hand seizes,
And e'en the brown cousins who live on the farm;
The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm.

The sweet country cousins! oh, are'nt they a treasure?
How handy to have at the vacation time!
And paying one's board is too costly a pleasure,
When all can be had without spending a dime.
How pleasant to live on rich cream and ripe berries,
Fresh, golden-hued butter and cakes light and warm.
Free use of the horses, the carts and the wherries
Of sweet country cousins who live on the farm!
The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
The sweet country cousins who live on the farm!

How dear are the sweet country cousins in summer!
How fragrant the meadow, romantic the down!
But straightway your faces begin to grow glummer
At thoughts of their visit next winter to town.
The theatre, the concert, the lecture, the money
Expended in tickets? the thought gives a qualm;
The sequel of summer is not quite so funny—
Why don't the sweet cousins remain on their farm?
The brown-visaged cousins, the great awkward cousins,
The clodhopper cousins should stay on their farm.

A Rhyme for the Time.

What shall we do with the horrible flies—
The club-footed, clammy, stick-to-you flies?
Was there e'er such a pest
Come on earth to molest,
Egypt or anywhere under the skies?

Into our ears, if we lie down or rise,
Into our noses, ubiquitous flies,
And never we slap one,
But lo! there come flap one,
Just where the other chap met his surprise.

Into the butter, and into the pies,
Provoking profanity, large in size;
And though, in each milk-plate,
Thousands may meet their fate,
'Tisn't a circumstance unto the flies.

We sit down to write, and try to despise
Their mean circumventions, when some one spies
A spot unprotected—
'Tis quickly selected,
And "claims" made out by the villainous flies.

Fain would we sleep, but 'tis folly that tries;
Some part of our picture is counted a prize.
Then they come in relays,
With a pluck that dismays,
And we talk in Sanscrit, which don't hurt the flies.

Come thou calm night, with thy cooling supplies,
Shut us from torture, and pity our cries—
Give us kind soothing dreams,
For, as far as it seems,
No other refuge is safe from the flies.

—*Wm. Lyle in Rochester Express.*

On the day of victory no weariness is felt.

Talk is cheap but a good example costs something.

True politeness is a tender thought fulness of others.

The best throw with the dice, is to throw them away.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all work and wish.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

Compliments are often nothing more than gilt-edged falsehoods.

Temperance, like religion, must be

For The Post.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

The more the prisoners were abused, the more fondly did their thoughts turn to the old flag, under which they had fought, and which was the symbol of happiness and plenty at home. "We have confidence in our government," was a remark often made in reply to accusations by the rebels that our government did not care whether we starved or not. When I consider that this was the common language of men suffering under miseries rarely, if ever, paralleled in history; *I* cannot be astonished that the Union exists to day.

I feel a conscious joy that there was no act of mine, during a bitter imprisonment, to disgrace that dear old flag. In refering to the North, as distinguished from the South, it was often spoken of as "God's country," and the old flag as "God's flag." Such was the halo of glory with which all its associations seemed surrounded.

Incidents were of such frequent occurrence pathetically illustrative of the prisoners' devotion to the glorious Stars and Stripes, that I will here relate one expression made by a color-Sergeant of one of the regiments captured at Lookout Mountain, who died some time in August.

While his companions were rendering the last services to him—that rude preparation for the grave already described, they discovered his regimental flag, which he had so often borne in battle, wrapped about his person.

He had placed it secretly there to shield it from traitor hands. He could not bear that his loved symbol of his country's glory should be desecrated by the hands of traitors. Reverently his comrades gazed upon its folds, and silently, with tearful eyes, again restored it, as a fit covering for his noble breast, to be buried with him, here was genuine patriotism. And was a glorious winding sheet for a patriot! Dying men clung to little mementoes, such as a miniature flag, or the badge of their army corps. But it was the general constancy with which men ever clung through all their misery, with love to their country and its cause, which spoke more eloquently than any mere incident of their devotion, and the triumph of principles over circumstances of misery.

Here as in other prisons, a fearful epidemic reigned, termed by old prisoners "Exchange on the brain." Frequent rumors of exchange were circulated designedly by the rebels, for the purpose of quieting desperate men, and preventing the formation of dangerous plots for release and escape.

Often these rumors seemed to have some foundation. Once the priest who had charge of the spiritual development of the prison commander, Wirze, came into prison, and read to a large concourse of prisoners, gathered to hear, extracts from a paper purporting to give news of an exchange about to take place at Savannah. Prisoners coming in from Sherman's army brought news of a raid under Stoneman and McCook.

The next news we heard was, that Stoneman's cavalry was fighting around Macon; and then again it was announced that Stoneman and his whole army was captured and made prisoners of war. This was partially confirmed by men belonging to his force, coming in as captives. They informed us of the siege of Atlanta, and reiterated the former news of an exchange agreed upon; but when and where it was to take place, they had no information.

When Stoneman was raiding towards us, with evident intentions of releasing the prisoners; when rumors came of his having arms for the prisoners.—which I have since ascertained was true.—our hearts beat high with a glorious hope.

Those who had previously had tendencies of exchange on the brain, went fearfully wild with the idea of release in the same place. A few, who had learned by bitter experience how uncertain every thing in Dixie was, while cheered by bright prospects, put but little real confidence in them.

Some pinned their faith and hopes they were unwilling to wait even a day, and when at last they found their hopes and faith disappointed, sunk into despondency from which nothing could arouse them, and died.

Rumors and statements of exchange were so frequently made and backed by evidence which looked plausible, that the prisoners were expectant and despondent by turns during July and August.

These two months were the most terrible of any experienced by the general prisoners. Nine thousand were said to have died during that space of time, wonderful mortality.

I one day in August, no less than one hundred and sixty prisoners died, and the average was over a hundred daily. From the 1st of Feb. to the 16th of September, twelve thousand Federal Soldiers, prisoners of war, were carried from the prison to the dead man's trench and the felon's burial.

Many of the deaths were hastened by despondency. After an usual excitement about exchange,—followed by disappointment, deaths were the most frequent.

Extreme heat, during July and August, was often followed by days dark with intermittent showers On one occasion, during such a period, the ground was rendered so hot by the intense rays of the sun as to blister my feet by mere contact.

This period of heat was followed by rain in such quantities as in a few hours to cause a freshet, which swept away the stockade where the brook entered, and left the prison; and also swept away portions on the north-west side, by the flowing of the water down the hill-side.

Wretched creatures all over the prison were crawling out of holes in the ground, in which they had burrowed, half drowned with the water which had suddenly filled them canteens, plates, bits of wood, blankets, spoons, pails, and hats, were swept away down the hillside, the prisoners frantically rushing after their desertiug goods and habitations.

The only washing some poor fellows got was on such an occasion. It was curious to observe the different manner in which various individuals accepted of such a dispensation. Some laughed, others swore, and abused fate, many screamed, and cried as if mad, while still others crouched in the rian, or saw the whole scene unmoved, as if gazing on a panorama with which they had no concern.

I sat at such times crouching in the rain, my body bent up in a manner to bring my knees, stomach, and head in close proximity, between which were folded and placed my jacket and ragged blanket,—my back exposed to the rain, forming a kind of roof to keep these valuables from the wet.

But all in vain such an effort. The force of the rain, running down the hill-side, continually upset me, by undermining the sand beneath my feet, until at last losing my blanket and philosophy, miserable and grotesque as others, I went rushing and pitching after my tin pail and blanket, caught up, and carried away by the torrent.

Large forces were thrown out to protect the portions of stockade swept away by the flood, and keep the prisoners from desperate attempts at escape. All night under arms these forces were kept in fighting position until the rain stopped, and the stockade was repaired.

Night and day artillery was manned, which commanded the broken portions of the stockade, and every precaution taken against the escape of prisoners. One great good resulted from this freshet. On the hill-side where the stockade had been broken away, a spring was discovered, which supplied an abundance of pure water to us poor wretches, greatly in contrast with the filthy stream which had been our only supply during the summer.

Shortly after the foregoing event *I* became engaged in a tunneling operation which came near proving fatal to its projector. Tunnels did not usually cave in, for these reasons, the top of the earth, after the tunnel passed under the dead-line, was interlaced by roots, and fibers, which formed sufficient adhesive power, in most parts of the stockade, to keep the earth from caving in.

al thing hard and clayey. In this case, however, after we got beyond the stockade, on the outside, we ran into sandy soil, where our misfortunes began.

Two of us were digging in the daytime, when, low, and behold, the tunnel caved in, in our rear, and effectually cut off our retreat into the stockade. Gradually it commenced falling upon us, filling our ears, eyes, and mouths with dirt.

There seemed to be no release from our critical condition, except by digging upward, which we commenced to do with fear and trembling, as that operation was always attended with danger of being buried alive.

Suddenly, down came a mass of earth above us, which did not as we anticipated, bury us so deep, but, that we scrambled out of it, shrieking with terror. The rebel guard at that time, coming around with the relief, rescued us from our awful condition—the only time I was ever glad to see a rebel, or have his assistance.

During the last of August, rude barracks were in process of construction in the upper portion of the new stockade. This looked like preparations for a winter sojourn, and gave us but little comfort, as these buildings consisted of roofs only, on upright posts, and there was no prospect of more than a few being accommodated by these frail shanties.

On the weary, weary, dreadful days dragged slowly along, amid suffering and death in prison. September came Over fifty of my comrades had died since the term of their imprisonment began, which was not so large in proportion to their number, as occurred in other companies captured at the same time with ourselves.

The majority of our mess or squad were veterans—strong men, inured to hardships and exposure by previous experience in camp and the field. Scarcely any of my company died until after the middle of July; The month of August, swept them away by the hundreds. In that month an epidemic of dysentery broke out in camp, and could not be controlled by the crude medicines the rebels had in store to treat sick. The only astringent we had was macerated white-oak bark. One pound of this we would add to a camp-kettleful of water, boil it for ten minutes, then when cool, we would give about a tables spoonful every two hours. This was all the medicine we had at our command to allay the dreadful scourge that disease makes when it appears in the form of an epidemic

Poor boys! *N*oble fellows! As I recall their names, memory brings each face, pale with prison suffering, before me. I cannot have but greater faith in human nature from having known them. Dear comrades! endeared to me by many sufferings! guilty of no crimes; theirs was a death of lingering torture, to which, in comparison, the devices of the inquistion would have been mercy.

Victims of a relentless hatred which has not ceased with the war, your nameless, crowded graves dot the prison burial—ground, and point a solemn moral to the barbarities enacted at Andersonvill the hell holes of rebeldom.

To-day, when the men of Georgia ask the rights they formerly exercised, and among them the right of excluding the negro from the ballot-box. I wonder, wether those patriot bones do not start from their crowded, shallow graves to bear testimony that, while living, every public opinion, and every white man of that locality banded with blood-hounds to prevent their escape, forming a net work of vigilance through which it was almost an impossibility to break, and their only dependance was in the blacks,—the unionists alone of that section,—who harbored them when it was a peril to their lives, and gave them of their food when they had but a bare subsistence for themselves.

You who sit by the quiet firesides and read these records of suffering, reflect, when you hear the clamorings of those who are trying to regain lost power, that they are those who, all over that southern land, by their silence consented, or by action endorsed, the barbarous treatment under which union men lingered, suffered and died amid the tortures of starvation.

Don't Know his History.

One of the office kids left the door open and he managed to blow in. He had been skirmishing on the outside for some time, and improved the first favorable opportunity to make his presence felt.

"Lend me a quarter, boss," he said. "I'm looking for money from the east, but the draft don't seem to get around as soon as I expected. I will be——"

"That don't wash. Take it to the Chinese opium den. Are you a journalist?"

"Well, no. I've been pretty low down in this world; have seen what you might call northwest side of the shag back hickory, but, honesty, I never was a journalist. *I*'ve worked in a slaughter house, and dug ditches in the swamp lands of Illinois, and blackened boots and tended a Turkish bath room but I never was a journalist. No, I——"

"We've nothing to-day for you."

"Boss, I just believe if you knew my past history you would feel impelled to negotiate this loan of a quarter. Only a quarter of a dollar, I've had an eventful career, boss, sure as you are a foot high. My mother——"

"Haven't time to listen to your biography."

"No? That's what I thought. Well, you see my mother died when I was only a two-year old; and when I was three my father was knocked off an oyster sloop by the main boom when she was a jibling in Chesapeake bay. That jumbed me out onto the woods all alone at a very tender age, and since then I've had to rustle like a dead cottonwood in a blizzard. Well—"

"Now say, if you don't go out we'll get the foreman to fire you through the roof."

"Yes; we. I got in with an Italian organ grinding family in New York, and being small of my age and small featured, they dyed my face and hands, sewed a tail on to me, rigged me out in a red dress skirt and blue polonaise, and passed me off for a monkey. You wouldn't think that to look at me now, would you?"

"If you don't——"

"Well, of course I outgrew all such nonsense as that, and got to go to school for a couple of months, and played with the very kids who used to put pennies in my cap when I was a monkey. When I got some bigger I shipped as a slush cook on a whaling brig, and was gone three years, taking in a mighty sight more ocean travel and experience than we did whales. When *I* came to settle up with the captain he figured the account, "An ought's an ought, and two's two; there ain't any oil coming to you; so I was landed in Baltimore without a sou markee in in my jeans. What did I do then?——"

"Now if——"

"Why, you see there was a circus in town with a gorgeous old managerie, and the manager of the concern had lost his elephant trainer—run off with the clown's wife—and as *I* had seen some elephant training in Calcutta where we laid in for repairs for a couple of months, I struck him for a job, and old Bombastic the best trick elephant which ever appeared before the crowned heads of Europe was turned over to me. The old hide-bound cuss and me got along firstate and we showed all over the north west. One of his star tricks was for me to lie down and he'd walk over me. Well, one day some sneak of a canvass man gave him a quart of whiskey mixed in about two pounds of sugar, and when the afternoon performance came on Bombastic was so blind, crazy drunk that he stepped on that hand and mashed it thinner than a greenback newspaper. Looks bad, don't it? There is a whole temperance lecture and a prohibition amendment to the constitution in that paw. Since then I've never touched a drop of liquor, and never will. Come, boss, I know my nose rather gives me away, but if you'd had the erysipelas for three years and a half straight beat, your nose would suggest a bad break at some time of your life or other. Lend me a quarter, and I'll make it all right."

The *Check* scribe, for a variety of reasons which space forbids rehearsing just now, threw him a two bit piece with the hole plugged up. The forfinger, snapped it up to the ceiling, caught it in his mouth and suddenly shook it out of his sleeve.

"That's one of my little legerdemaingags. Always like to give value received. Good day. See you subsequently."

He must have worked somebody else for another, quarter, for when the *Check* man wearily closed his labors for the day, and sought his summer villa, he stumbled over the elephant trainer lying dead drunk on the side walk, and smashed the other hand. Spirits were hovering near but they were not the spirits of just men made perfect.—*Check*

Wise Words.

Half the ills we heard in our hearts are ills because we heard them.

Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening.

Grant men and geniuses find their true places in times of great events.

Troubles borrowed and stolen out-number by far all others in the world.

The means to promote any end are as necessary as the end to be promoted.

It is easy look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from it.

He who lives only to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when he dies.

It is easier to get a man fighting against all the world than to make him fight with himself.

Make no more vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strenght, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

Wheat Maxims in Small Compass.

The following information about wheat growing has been condensed and is growing the rounds in various journals:

1. The best soil for wheat is rich clay loam.

2. Wheat likes a good, big, soft bed.

3. Clover turned under makes just such a bed,

4. The best seed is oily, heavy, plump and clean,

5. About two inches is the best depth for sowing the seed.

6. The drill puts in the seed better and cheaper than broadcasting.

7. From the middle of Septemt or to the last of October is the best time for sowing.

8. *D*rilled, one bushel of seed per acre; if sown broadcast, two bushels per acre.

9. One heavy rolling after sowing does much good.

10. For flour, cut when the grain begins to harden; for seed, not until it has hardened.

When the rider in the guise of a drunken spectator staggered into a circus ring at Marquette, Mich., and the ring master went through with the usual foolery of ejecting him, incidentally remarking that no policemen were even present when order needed to be restored, a German officer hustled the performer off to jail, in spite of all protests and explanations, "A choke is a choke," he but ven a man zay vere is de bolice, and vy don'd dey arrest dat drunk man, den de Marquette bolice is in dot vicinidy, and don'd you forgot id, Mr. Circus, I bed you.

"Who are you?" asked the magistrate of the dirty faced little waif who stood trembling in the dock.

"I'm a child of sorror," whimpered the urchin.

What are you sorrow about?"

"Nothin' much, only dad and mother got mad, and fight six nights out of a week. But dad gets licked every time and I'm sorry, 'cause it's so rough on dad."

A *H*amilton, Ont., clergyman was fined $1 for kissing a young woman in his church.

Somebody has written a history of pice but it is not a pious work.

There is no one study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but golden

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 a fever while these tr usually accompany often affects the s general lassit panied by lo sleeplessne and a hi son aff er an ses flesh day until he becom mere skeleton, a shad of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the door of the system is thrown open to nervous 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, 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, intermittent fevers, want of appethe, 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.

PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

THE undersigned offers at private sale, the following described Real Estate to wit: A Farm situate in Franklin twp., Snyder Co., Pa. ½ mile west of Middleburg, containing

108 Acres

of the best lime stone land, whereon are erected a good frame dwelling house, barn, and other outbuildings—well of good water near the door, flowing water on the farm—thriving young orchard of choice fruit trees Farm in a high state of cultivation. Terms easy Address,

JOSEPH WALTER,

Feb. 22, '82. Middleburg, Pa

SAMUEL SCHRADER,

Centreville, Snyder county, Pa.,

Is Agent for LANCE & YARGER'S

MARBLE WORKS,

located at MIFFLINBURG, Pa. All persons wishing to procure MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, in fact anything in the Marble line should not fail to call on Mr. Schrader and see styles and learn prices. June 8, '82.1f.

AGood Salary!

and traveling expenses is what every successful salesman will receive who engages with us. Any man of pluck, energy and reliability can succeed. We offer special inducements beyond any other firm. Success brings you PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT and GOOD WAGES. Particulars furnished on application. Address (with stamp) stating age.

D. F. ATTWOOD & CO.,
Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y.

Aug. 3, 4m.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anyth'ng else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 A'y'r and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Cost Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co Augusta, Maine.

MARBLE WORK

LEWISBURG, PA.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE

MONUMENTS,

Tombstones, Statues, Urns, Vases LAMBS, for Children's Graves, *Posts, Lintels, Tabletops, Marble and Slate Mantels, &c.*

All those who desire to purchase tombstones anything else manufactured at the above mentioned marble works, should consult the undersigned agent, before purchasing elsewhere.

SAMUEL BOWEN, Agt.

July 15 '75-tf Middleburg, Sdy Co. Pa

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the receipt for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, BEN. VANDELF & 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 make known to his 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, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St Williamsburgh, N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence.

JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.

Feb 16, 1y.

WE keep on hand all kinds of Blanks such as Notes,