The Post.

VOL. 20. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 19, 1882. NO, 9

Advertising Rates.

One column one year,	$60.00
One-half, column, one year,	30.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
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THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening

JEREMIAH CROUSE, Propr

Terms of Subscription,

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or $2.50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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Poetry.

A Tomboy.

She comes! she comes! with song and glee
She leads her train o'er lawn and lea!
And fair and free her wind-blown tress.
Her fleecy scarf, her careless dress,
Her sweet girl-voice, that birdlike sings,
Her merry laugh, that tireless rings
High o'ver those booming sounds of sport—
All hail, wild queen of madcap court!

No daisy chain will this gay girl
E'er weave to deck her dancing curl;
No wreath entwine of bud or bell,
Though both, she wots, become her well;
Not hers to guess of joy or grief
By conning of a holly leaf;
She tells not fortune's smile or frown
By puffs of dandelion down;
No necklace frames of rowen gems,
Nor fragrant, flower-wrought diadems!

No poet she to dose and dream
Long, lazy hours by haunted stream!
If stun'l the brook she'll head her train
And leap it o'er and back again;
Or if her boys will look away
She'll wade it, maybe—I can't say,
Her boys—all boys—around her press
For love of her sweet winsomeness,
And dogs that bark for very glee—
A harum-scarum company!

She's o'er the sea, she's won the wood,
This dainty bud of maidenhood!
Those joyous peals, I trow, bespeak
The gay, glad mirth of hide-and-seek.
As hazel dell and brackened glade
Her graceless bands in turns invade,
Little she recks of rents or shreds,
But boldly breasts the bramble beds

'Tis she has bade them rig the swing,
And wood the fires unhallowed bring;
'Tis she the torch illicit waves,
And leads her troops through murky caves;
'Tis she hath crossed the pine trunk thin,
Tha', rocking, bridges you dark lin—
What joyous cheer and wild hailoo
Hounds on her host to derring-do!

'Tis she has taught those nimble feet
To scatter wide the windrows sweet;
On fragrant hay-ricks led the foe,
And long hours at once laid low,
Yet Farmer Swan, who from the stile
Had watched it all, ne'er ceased to smile—
"God bless her purty face! She be
A regular tomboy, sartinlee!"

After All.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands reddening
In the bloom of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of trumpe;
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper,—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meedows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
And the cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

A darkey's idea of Heaven is one immense melon patch, and no dogs in sight.

The Louisville Courier Journal has so great a dislike for slang that it spoil galvanized "girlvanized."

A little Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied, "One end of him was good."

A Jersey veteran is claiming a pension and seventeen years' arrears on the ground of "chronic laziness, contracted in the army."

Boston has discarded "tress" as a jemintne affix and substituted "trix." We once knew a seamstrix, whose mother was a tailorix, that became quite a poetrix.

"Hannah," said a landlady to her servant, "when there's any bad news always let the boarders know it before dinner. Such little things make a great difference in course of a year."

For The Post.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

Rations for each man per day were for a time as follows: Two heaped spoonfuls of rice, two of flour one of beans, and one of hominy.

I remember it more particularly, as one of my comrades, who acted as squad sergeant, usually divided the rations with a common spoon, (a tea spoon.) Sometimes this estimate would fall short, but rarely, if ever, overrun.

Wood was issued in quantities of about one peice as large as a common club for twenty men per day. And the issue of wood was very irregular Sometimes we would get no wood or weeks.

There was however, a good excuse for this, for all the wood, had to be brought a long distance on the cars, and then brought in teams to the prison grounds.

As there was a scarcity of rolling stock in those parts, this was a better excuse than could be found at Andersonville, where the prison was surrounded by a dense pine forest, containing no doubt thousands of acres of beautiful timber.

Many of the prisoners were destitute of cooking utensils, and could not borrow, and either from want of strength to run round, or getting discouraged by failures, after repeated rebuffs upon application for such favors, the would eat their rations raw, or go without.

A young fellow belonging to a New York Regt, had nothing in which to draw his rations, but a boot-leg, into which he had fitted a wooden bottom. He had no cooking utensils, and ate his rations raw from this boot leg, without a spoon, day after day, uncooked, sometimes stired up with some water.

This miserable being camped on the ground near the place I occupied. *He* scarcely ever lay downat night without wishing that he might never awake. It did, indeed, require more courage to live than to die. At last, after days and nights of lingering torture, his prayers for death were answered.

Near me, one morning, I found his cold and lifeless form stretched upon the ground. He had died, his eyes closed as if in sleep. I noticed something clasped in his hand, and stooped to examine it. *It* was the likeness of a beautiful girl, and on the back was written in a deticate female hand. "To William, from Sarah"—a whole history of love, disappointment, and death, in brief.

When I reflected that each man among the thousands dying around me had histories similar in their griefs, and loves, and longings for home, and when I considered the bitter pangs of the dying men uncared for, among worse than barbarians, it seemed too much of human misery for contemplation or utterance.

One day, when some Sister of Charity came into the prison limits.—no very agreeable task for a cleanly female,—one of them remarked, in apology for not having got some article which she had undertaken to obtain for one of our number, that the firing was so heavy that it was not safe to venture down in the part of the city where such things were sold. These kindly sisters attended to all alike without ever inquiring our creed, or appearing to think they were doing anything more than a duty. God bless them.

My physical condition a this time was worse than at any time during my captivity. My clothes were in tatters, scurvy had racked my system, so that my teeth were becoming loose in my jaws, that it was difficult for me to eat the most common food. I knew something must be done. I must make contional efforts, or go down to the dogs, death many were suffering around me.

So I used to wonder around camp picking up potato peelings from the mud, and dirt, which some "well-to-do" fellows had thrown away. These I washed, and ate raw, and I have no doubt they did me much good.

Once or twice, I was lucky in obtaining some turnip tops, which I cooked, and enjoyed highly. But there were thousands of hungry men on the lookout for these delicacies as well as myself, and therefore it took continued and perserving efforts for me to get a nibble once a week. This vegetable food checked the scurvy, and kept it at least within bounds.

The hospital was at last moved into one corner of the prison grounds. One day it was rumored that vegetable soup would that day be issued to the sick of the prison. A man who could crawl was not considered sick.

A poor sick fellow near begged me to take his dish and draw some soup for him. This I undertook to do, and after waiting some hours I got the soup, and returned quickly to the sick man. He was sitting on the ground, his hands clasped, and his head upon his knees. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. *I* touched his head—died while sitting waiting for food in this mournful position.

It was quite common for men to die thus suddenly. In my squad I distinctly reccollect of men drawing their rations and in a few hours after, died. I as a matter of hunger, took the dead mans place in eating the soup, for however sorry I was for him, I was to hungry to refrain from relishing the soup.

That afternoon, with a full stomach, I felt like patronizing every body, in the soup line.

About the first of October, we learned from our guard that five or six thousand rebel prisoners had been landed on one of the islands, in possession of our forces, in Charleston harbor, to occupy a stockade built for that purpose. This perhaps, explained the reason why we were not put down under fire ourselves.

I had often when low in health, and restless under the restraints of captivity, turned over in my mind the probabilties of an escape.

The rations of the prison were steadily growing less in quantity, and the extreme negligence or the purposed plans of the rebels kept us frequently for twenty-four hours without food.

Restlessly seeking some mitigation of these sufferings, it appeared to me possible that some dark night I might crawl on my hands and knees through and beyond the guard. There was great danger of being shot, but there were other terrors in prison which would thus be left behind. *I* made a copy of a map of Charleston and vicinity, determined to try my luck the first dark night, favorable to such an undertaking.

My plans were vague and general, the idea of getting to the water, and obtaining something to float upon down the harbor in the night, being uppermost; or, if I did not get a boat or a log, to get into the city, and trust to some of the German people for a suit of clothes, or concealment. At any rate my condition might be bettered, and could scarcely be made worse.

Under the inspiration of these ideas, one rainy night in October, making a confidant of no one, I crawled beyond the guard. I could hear their measured tramp, and one stood so near to me, that I could hear him breathe. Indeed, I thought myself perceived, when he wheeled upon his heel and walked his post in another direction, giving me a good opportunity to creep by.

I got to a safe distance from the sentinels, then rising to my feet, run towards the north part of the fair-ground, forced my way through the dense foliage which enclosed it, when there burst upon my vision with lurid glare and about me, a number of camp fires, around which soldiers gathered. "Halt!" came the sharp salutation, close on my left. I heeded not the command, but run, steering midway between two fires. "Halt!" "Halt!" simultaneously came the order from right and left. Still I ran on, Bang! Bang! bang! bang! rang the report of three or four rifles, aimed true enough for me to hear the angry z-z-z-z-t of the bullets as they whispered death around my ears. Close upon me, and right ahead of me, came the order "Halt!" I halted answering the summons. "Who goes there!" which rapidly followed the command "Halt!" by replying, "a friend." Yank, surrender! laughingly—called out the sentinel. I obeyed promptly, as I heard him bring his musket to a full cock, with an ominous click, and saw uncomfortably near me the gleaming of the polished musket.

All this occurred in less time than I have taken to relate it. "What in dog-gond-ation was yer trying to do?" interogated the Johnny. "Trying to pick up some warm quarters," I responded, as I walked to the fire and commenced warming myself.

"Reckon yer found it durned warm, when the Charleston Guards commenced to blaze at yer, old hors!" laughed my captor, I tried to show my contempt by saying, "O, that's nothing when one is used to it." "I reckon I'd er let day light through yer, before yer got used to it, if you hadn't stopped 'bout as yer did.

I laughed at him, thinking it best to take things easy, while he called the officer of the guard. "Well, I'll be durned," said he, slapping my shoulder as a compliment, if yer arn't right smart, for a yank, any way." While waiting for the officer of the guard, one of the sentinels gave me a hard cracker, and my captor presented to me a generous slice of "sow-belly," which, I couldn't help thinking, was an ample reward for the risk I had run. The officer of the guard came up, and began to question me as to how I got beyond the sentinels of the prison grounds. "Bribed them," replied I, not caring what answer I made, so long as I did not give him any information.

He looked at me from head to foot, seriously, for a second, then, as if struck with my picturesque costume of rags, he smiled, and chuckled, as if intensely amused, and said, "They must have tooken a mighty slim bribe.

I slept by the warm fire, under guard, that night, and the next morning was sent to the work-house, in the city. This building was of brick, which, I noticed, had been split down, by collision of solid shot or shell, from top to bottom. Under the arched ways of the building, which led from the yard, were two rudely constructed ovens, used by the officers for cooking their food.

In the building were the quarters of Federal officers. The windows were heavily grated. In the yard was a high look-out tower, from which could be seen the jailyard adjoining. I staid here two days, congratulating myself on my improved condition, which, in contrast with the Fair Ground, were very comfortable, though I was not allowed inside of the building, and I was only fearful of being sent back to the Race course. While prying around in the arch ways of the building, I found, in one corner of a dark doorway, a bundle of documents which threw light upon the purpose for which the building had formerly been used, and the manner in which slaves were committed for punishment.

The following is a sample of a few in my possession:—"Master of Workhouse. Receive Jerry, and put him in sol. con. Rob. Rowand Aug. 14, 1856.

And quite a number of the same import. On the morning of the third day, to my great disgust. I was sent to the Fair Ground, under guard. I kept pretty still about my adventures, being a little ashamed of not escaping after so many trials, and my comrades merely remarked that they hadn't seen me around for a day or two, and did not know, but that I had my "toes tied together." That day I hunted up Peter K. who was formerly a comrade in the Regt. and re-formed a kind of partnership, which had been, for a time, suspended to sleep under the same shred of a blanket, cook, hunt vermine together, and take turns watching each other's traps, while one was inquest of potato peelings or drawing rations.

Peter was a good natured fellow, who was accustomed to say of himself, that he could "scarcely draw a breath on rations he drew, and was running down so fast he couldn't run around." He was capable of laughing at any amount of misery, and baffled and held death at arm's length by ingenious devices; and his devil-may-care temperament, which nothing could daunt, and his irrepressible drollery, which would bubble up from the midst of misery, made him a desirable companion, to lighten the loads of dispair which hung around us like a pall of midnight darkness.

To be Continued

How to Spoil a Husband.

Snarl at him.

Pay no attention to household expenses.

Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet.

Tell him as plainly as possible that you married him for a living.

Keep the parlor for company, and don't let him put his foot in it.

Raise a row if he dare to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend.

Get everything the woman next door gets whether you can afford it or not.

Provide any sort of a picked up dinner for him when you don't expect strangers.

Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family.

Let it out sometimes when you are good and mad that you wish you had married some other fellow that you used to go with.

Give him to understand as soon as possible after the honeymoon that kissing is good enough for spooney lovers, but that for married folks it is confoundedly silly. If he takes to kissing the cook or chamber-maid don't be too hard on him.

If he has an extra amount of brain work and comes home with his nervous system all on a stretch—don't try to keep the children quiet. Tell them to make all the noise they want to, and their father is nothing but an old cross patch anyway.

Coleridge's Notes.

Mr. A. Brandl, whose is to write something—we forget what, but probably a monograph—about Coleridge, notes for the benefit of Coleridge students, that the poet's commonplace book of about 1795-98 is preserved in the British Museum, and that it gives some insight into his political views and literary studies. He indicates its contents in a hazy way, and quotes a few isolated extracts which he admires. Here they are:

"Of how many pleasures, of what lasting happiness, is Pain the parent and Woe the womb!

"What we must do, let us love to do. It is a noble chemistry that turns necessity into pleasure.

"Bad means for a good end—I cannot conceive that there be any good road to *Heaven* through Hades.

"Equality—Pity and envy her hand maids.

"The poor and the rich in this resemble each other—they are usually unloving of their children.

"Poetry excites us to artificial feelings—makes us callous to real ones.

"Men anxious for the world—owls that watch all night to catch mice"

Adulteration by Rule.

An Illinois merchant who was taking baking powder in bulk from a Chicago firm called at headquarters, the other day, to say that there was something wrong with the goods.

"I don't think so," was the reply, "we make the best article sold in the West."

"I think we ought to have a more perfect understanding," continued the dealer. "Now, then, you adulterate before you send to me, then I adulterate before *I* ship, then the retail er adulterates before hesells, and the consumer can't be blamed for growling. *I* wanted to see if we couldn't agree on some schedule to be followed."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, suppose you put in 10 per cent, of chalk, then I put in 20 per cent. of whiting, then the retailers put in 30 per cent. of flour; that gives the consumer 40 per cent. of baking powder, and unless he's a born hog he'll be perfectly satifisd. You see, if you adulterate 50 per cent. on the start, and the retailer adulterates as much as both together, it's mighty hard for the consumer to tell whether he's investing in baking powder or putty; we must give him something for his money, if it's only chalk.

A new drama brought out in London contains drunkenness, a wedding, a forgery, a murder, a railroad collision, a financial panic, a riot, the wrecking of a bark, starvation and arson. The author evidently thought he had introduced all the crimes in the catalogue, but he forgot the river and barbor bill.

Physicians, &c.

J. WINFIELD SAMPSELL,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa
Offers his professional services to the public. May 19, '82.

H. H. BORDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
BEAVERTOWN, PA.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Beavertown and vicinity. Apr. 6, '82.

L. GRIER BARBER. G. ED. HASSINGER.
BARBER & HASSINGER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Offer their professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Office a few doors West of the Court House, in Arnold's building. Oct. 6, 1881.

DR. J. Y. SHINDEL,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Middleburg, Pa
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Mar. 23, '82.

DR MARAND ROTHROCK,
Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.
Graduate of Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons. Offers his professional service to the public. Speaks English and German. March, 17, 1881. tf.

H. J. SMITH,
Physician & Surgeon,
(Beaver Springs, Snyder County, Pa.
Offers his professional services to the public Office on Main street. June 12 '79.

DR. J. O. WAGNER,
Physician and Surgeon.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Aug. 5, 1880.

DR. J. P. KANAWEL
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa
Offers his professional services to the public. 6-58.

H. J. ECKBERT,
SURGEON DENTIST,
ECKBERT'S BLOCK,
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.
Professional business promptly attended to. May 22, '79.

PERCIVAL HERMANN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Kratzerville and vicinity. Aug 29, 7

DR. A. M. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Sept. 4, '79.

B. F. VAN BUSKIRK,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Selinsgrove, Penn'a.

ISAAC BEAVER,
Surgeon Dentist!
Middleburg, Snyder County, Pa.
OFFICE IN FRANKLIN HOUSE, NEAR THE DEPOT
Everything belonging to the profession done to the best manner. All work warranted. Terms moderate.
He will also attend to business every two weeks at Centreville, Troxelville, Beavertown, Adamsburg and Paxtonville.

Hotels.

The Kimgardner House
Harrisburg, Pa.
D. S. MASSER, - - - Proprietor.
☞This House has been Re-furnished and will be kept in the best Pennsylvania Style. Good Liquors, Good Cigars and Charges very Moderate. March 9, '82. tf.

BOARDING HOUSE.
THE Undersigned would respectfully inform the travelling public, business men, witnesses and jurors in attendance at our Courts that he has made ample preparations for their accommodation and will endeavor to entertain his patrons in good style at the most reasonable rates, Boarding House a few doors west of the Court House.
GABRIEL BEAVER.
Apr. 21 '79. 1 y. Proprietor.

CENTREVILLE HOTEL,
(Late Mrs. Weaver's.)
Centerville Snyder Co., Pa.
PETER HARTMAN, Proprietor.
This long established and well known hotel having been purchased by the undersigned, invites a share of the public patronage.
PETER HARTMAN
April, 6, 1881.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL.
JOHN B. FOCKLER, Prop'r.
Selinsgrove, Pa.
This Hotel is pleasantly located in the "square," and is a very desirable place for travelers to stop. The best of accommodations at Low rates. Persons stopping once will be sure to call again. The best of liquor in the bar
☞A first class Restaurant in connection w/ the Hotel. Apr. 19, '76.

Merchants' House.
413 & 415
NORTH THIRD STREET, PHIL'A PA.
Terms --$1.50 per day.
HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r.
C. W. SPAHN, Clerk Apr. 1, '75.

J. B. SELHEIMER
DEALER IN
HARDWARE
Iron, Nails,
Steel, Leather,
Paints, Oils,
Coach & Saddler Ware
AND MANUFACTURER OF
Stoves & Tinware
MARKET STREET,
Lewisiown, Penn'a
Nov. 2, '75.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y. Aug. 17, 1882 1y.

JOHN F. ZECHMAN,
UNDERTAKER,
Troxelville, Snyder county, Pa.
Undertaking in all its branches promptly attended to. March 15, '79.

GOID Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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 VANDELFA 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 Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all 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, 47 Cedar St. N. Y
Feb 16, 1y.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day 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. Neither business will suit you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.