Dr. J. Rhoades,

The Post.

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Poetry.

Make Somebody Glad.

On life's rugged road
As we journey each day,
Far, far more sunshine
Would brighten the way
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will, and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer;
Each day to our lives
Some pleasure 'twould add,
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a word
Of solace and cheer;
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad.

For The Post.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

We were marched a field, and took up our quarters among the hillocks, where there once was a cornfield. Water and mud combined to make the ground an comfortable bed that night.

During the night a large number died. H H. who had complaining some few days, died that night while lying under the same blanket with his father. The morning dawned, and the unhappy parent found his son lifeless by his side.

Smitten with grief, the father sat by his side for several hours. The boy who had shared with him the perils of battle, and had been a companion in all the misfortunes, and miseries of imprisonment.

The father, who had more than once refused to purchase life by dishonor, would set by that son no more. It was indeed agonizing, but harder still the sequel. We went to the officer of the guard, and entreated for permission to bury the body.

This poor boon for the father was refused. We then asked that the father might have the privilege of seeing his son burried. This, too, was refused us. Their ears were deaf to the fathers pleading, their eyes were blind to his tearful sorrow.

The father spread the poor remnants of his handkerchief over the face of his dead son, folded his hands—it was all he could do. With a heart breaking with grief, he turned to have him taken away, never to meet until the glory of a brighter morning should bring them together.

Not daring to look behind lest we should see rough hands stripped the body, we turned, and commenced our march for the prison,—about a third of a mile distant.

At last a "Stockade" similar to that of Andersonville loomed up before us. We were marched through the gates which were closed upon us, to be opened, perhaps, never again during life, this was my solemn impression when the rebels closed the large oaken gates of this new hell-hole. I can assure the many readers of this article, that many were the thoughts of home, and dear friends the first week we were confined in this place of human torture.

We were assigned to a portion of the stockade, and soon set to work to better our condition. The prison, like that of Andersonville, was situated on two hill sides, with a branch of muddy water running through the centre, embracing, in all, about twenty acres.

To prevent tunnelling, on the outside of the stockade a ditch was dug the dirt from which was thrown against the stockade, forming a kind of walk around the entire prison, which brought the top of the stockade breast high to the sentinels, who constantly walked their posts.

These sentinels did not seem to have the fear of Jeff or the confederacy before their eyes, as, when at night the beauty cry went round, the [illegible] o'clock, and all is well," with a poetical flourish of their own—"and old JeTs gone to h—l." "What regiment do you belong to?" I inquired of one of them on the morning of my arrival.

"I belong to the fifth Georgia; Cheatham, he's our adjutant."

I afterwards found out who Cheatham was—a comical, jolly, grayback as ever graced the Confederacy.

Four others, with myself, formed a mess, and commenced constructing a shelter. For this purpose we dug a hole in the hillside, about three feet deep. Two sticks were then set into the ground, across which was placed a third stick to answer for a ridge pole. Over this was stretched an army blanket. The front and rear ends, of course, were open, as we had nothing with which to shut them up.

When it rained, we sometimes shut up one end of our house with our garments. In this grave-like place four human beings lodged, kept their "household and kitchen furniture," and called the place their home. As a matter of course we did not have any spring bottom chairs, no Brussels carpet, no large looking glass adorned our walls. It was a home, but a sad and lonely home to us four men, who were raised in good and comfortable homes, and never knew what want or hunger meant.

We found sufficient wood for cooking purposes by peeling the bark from the stumps of trees, while those who had the implements cut and dug at the stumps for fuel.

A week or two after my arrival, I obtained permission to go outside the prison under guard: and get material for completing our apology for a tent, and returned rejoicing with as much untrimmed pine brush as I could lug along.

We stripped off the pine pins, and put them in the bottom of our house making a very aristocratic bed, which few men in this prison had the pleasure to enjoy. We then patched up the rear end of our tent, with pine limbs, which made altogether quite comfortable quarters, compared with what we had formerly enjoyed.

But we needed all this and more besides, to make up for want of circulation and vitality in our scurvey-stricken bodies, and for the inclemency of a South Carolina winter, which, however sunny the winter is said to be, was still very cold. I never suffered more with cold than at this time.

The days were unusually quite warm but, from sundown to ten o'clock in the morning, it was, to our poorly clad, emaciated bodies, bitterly cold.

My clothes, which I already described, were full of holes, and my feet were bare. The frost in the mornings were like snow on the ground, and often, through fear of freezing or being chilled to death, longing, through intense suffering, for morning to make its appearance.

Often in the dead hours of midnight, I walked the frosty ground, pierced with the sharp winds, which mercilessly sought out every hole in my scanty wardrobe, and the next day took my revenge by sleeping in the sunshine to make up for lost sleep.

From the day of my arrival in this camp, I commenced making use of hard wood-ashes and water to clean and rinse my mouth, and soon had the satisfaction to know that it was counteracting the effects of the scurvy.

Our rations at this place were very scant, and very poor in quality. Our divisions for the issue of rations were the same as at Andersonville. In no place did prisoners suffer so intensely, and yet in no prison was the commanding officer so inclined to make no comfortable.

Nothing, however, short of a complete change in their mode of living could now benefit the majority of the prisoners. Because hundreds of the men were too far gone to be revived by food alone.

A large number of men, after a few weeks confinement, were paroled to remain outside of the prison during the day to cut wood for the use of the camp, while our police were urged by the colonel commanding into building log shelters for those who were sick and could not help themselves, and made to keep the prison clean and orderly. This was a step in the right direction, but here the thing ended, the shelters were never built.

As it was impossible to obtain water without going into the mud and water knee-deep before getting to the branch or brook, which was the only supply of the prison, there were men who made a business of obtaining water for others, the common fee for getting water was a "chew of tobacco."

"Who wants a pail or canteen of water for a chew of tobacco?" was as common a clamor as "Have a hack?" "Have a hack Sir?" at our metropolitan railroad station.

Near the brook a hundred, or more men would be gathered, who would feel repaid for half a day's waiting, wading, &c, with one or two diminutive chews of tobacco.

Sometimes might be seen men around camp selling the proceeds of these labors for rations. During the summer we had been annoyed with flies, mosquitos, fleas, and all such kindred plagues.

As cold weather advanced, we got clear of these plagues; but a greater annoyance, set in, little dreamed of. These vermin, (lice) not troublesome in warm weather, now, as the cold set in, took the benefit of the warmth of our bodies, swarming from our almost worn out blankets, and the ground upon our persons.

Night or day there was no peace with them; they would not keep still. Scratching only pleased them; for, when the skin was once scratched through, they went to work devouring the flesh. The results were frightful, loathsome sores, in which gangrene would start up, and the unhappy person would lose his life. I have seen sick persons whose flesh was eaten almost to the bone. I am, however unable to say wether the vermin ate the flesh, or only produced the irritation followed by scratching, which may have caused the sores.

But I rather incline to the belief, that the sore was first caused by scratching, and then the vermin done the balance of the incurable work.

However disgusting such details, it is necessary that I should record them in order that the general reader may understand our condition, but again I will here remark, that pen nor words can describe the usage we received from the hands of rebels, this is saying a great deal, but is nevertheless the Gods truth.

At Florence the police organization, as I have intimated, was again revived under Big Peter as "chief of police." Their offices consisted in seeing the police duties of the camp, guarding against the perpetration of nuisances, consisting shelter, procuring fuel for those not able to help themselves, and the carrying out of the dead.

Under these arrangments, the camp became clean and orderly, wood was more regularly divided and dealt out, and the dead were more decently cared for than before.

There can be no disputing this organization accomplished much good. But even this organization was perverted into a tool of the rebels for detecting the work on tunnels, punishing those who dug them, by thirty stripes upon the bare back with a cat-o'nine-tails.

"Big Pete" become prostrated with a fever, a gigantic, ignorant brute, with neither the good sense, good humor, nor the disposition to deal justly, which were charcteristics of Big Pete, took his, place as "chief of police," and under his misrule cowardly acts were perpetrated upon prisoners.

Those who incurred the displeasure of the rebels, or their tool, the "Chief," were tied to a whipping-post, and were mercilessly punished upon the back with that classic instrument, a cat-o'nine-tails.

Sergeant Phineous, of a Pennsylvania regiment, had once been instrumental in bringing this big ugly brute before the prison tribunal at Andersonville for the murder of one of his company or regimental boys.

On some trivial excuse, the cheif brought Phenious to the whipping post and, before even a form of trial was through with, and while yet in his hands were pinioned behind him struck him repeatedly in the face with his clinched fist.

It was only through the instrumentality of Lieutenant Barret, of the prison, that he got a trial, and, nothing being proved against him, he was released.

Sergeant Phineous then said he would have justice; and I only wonder that S. has never since been brought to trial for his brutal outrages against prisoners.

In November the cold became so intense, our rations so inadequate for the maintenance of health, the prospects of an exchange before the close of the war so vague, and the chances for life so uncertain, that the strongest heart recoiled at thoughts of the future.

Broken down in health and spirits they cast dispairingly around them in search of some means by which to escape from the impending doom which threatened them.

Terrible were those days and nights of torture and death, from which there seemed no release. Most of the prisoners whose hearts had been buoyed so long by hope of exchange, parole, or deliverance by raids from our forces, now sank into despondency.

Taking advantage of this hopelessness among the prisoners, a recruiting station for the confederate army was opened near the stockade, the officers of which came into prison for recruits.

There were some among us so hopeless, so lost to every feeling but hunger, that they bartered their honor for food, and took the oath of allegiance to the rotten and detested confederacy.

Let those who blame them consider that these men had been suffering the torments of Andersonville Belle Island, Salisbury, Charleston, and Millen, for many dreary months, and now before them was a hopeless winter, without clothes to cover their nakedness, food sufficient to preserve health, or blankets to wrap them in at night.

Some consider an oath taken at such a time not binding, went out only to risk their in an escape. Fonny a boy fifteen years of age, had no blanket or cooking utensils. He was continually obliged to beg for the use of them from some one who had them as his own.

In his destitution, he had to walk nights to keep from being chilled completely through, which with men in prison, was usually followed by death.

His life was crowded with inexpressible misery. For weeks brave Tommy endured these miseries. He had refused at Charleston to go out and work; but at last the tempter prevailed; he went out, took the oath, had enough to eat for one week and was shot, it was said, while trying to escape the next week, thus ended the life of a brave young man, who stood it as long as he could without clothes and food.

Many men rather chose death, than stain their lips with the dishonor of such an oath. Phenoous, whom I have twice before mentioned, had it urged upon him thus to save his life. His answer was, "My boy is dead. I shall go with the boy." Simple words, yet heroic.

"Death rather than dishonor" has been sublimely uttered by orators and novelists, but never was its import so heroically realized as in many instances like those daily occuring in prison. I was, however, grieved sometimes to see men in comparatively good health going out take the oath for the confederacy, men who possessed a blanket or an overcoat.

A few men of my regiment, were of this number, in spite of promises made to me a few moments before. When my back was turned they went out to the recruiting officer. So great was the indignation of the prisoners at the conduct of such men, that the rebels had to continually protect them by a guard.

The rebels had no respect for such of our men who took the oath, and distinguished them from the genuine gray-backs, by the significant term of "Galvanized yanks." It was true that a few under terrible suffering, with death looking them in their faces, took the oath as the last hope of life.

Yet I cannot be amazed at the general constancy with which starving men repudiated such conduct while surrounded by suffering and death.

There are but few instances recorded where men exposed to such temptations so resolutely acted, suffered, and died for the right. The hero who gives his life for a cause, while shouts of comrades cheer his heart, thrilling with grand emotions, is looked upon with admiration.

But he who suffers gradual starvation, temptation, and despair, for many, many weary months, and at last seal his devotion with death, is he not the truest hero? Many a one lies to day in his prison grave, which bears no name or mark to tell how he died, or what he suffered, or how true he was to the cause for which he renounced home, happiness, and life; but a greatful nation will recognize and remember in coming time the devotion which has done so much to perpetuate and preserve national life and honor.

To be Continued.

Law Points.

An authority to buy real estate must be in writing.

A writing admitting a balance due is not assignable.

A witness subpoened to attend court cannot be arrested by capias.

An intentional destruction of a note by a party thereto avoids it.

A party to a suit cannot be arrested while attending court, in any action for debt.

An alien having his domicil in this State is not exempt from taxation for military purposes.

A lawyer cannot maintain an action for counsel fees, unless there is an express contract.

A book account cannot be assigned so that the assignee can sue thereon in his own name.

A master may recover the value of the apprentice's service for his unexpired term from one who abducts him.

Tearing off the seals of a mortgage or even its entire distruction, by an unauthorized person, will not cancel it.

The owner of lands is responsible for damages arising from an area unprotected opening into a public footway.

An assignment of rent after it is due, will not convey any right of suit to the assignee, nor divest the lessor of his right.

Untying and removing a horse from a public hitching post, when done by any one without authority, amounts to trespass.

If a person intoxicated fell asleep in his wagon, and his horse ran away he would be liable for all damages arising therefrom.

A female cannot be arrested in a civil suit in this State for fraud, but she may be attached for contempt for non-payment of costs.

It is a debatable point of law, whether striking a horse attached to a carriage in which a person is sitting is an assault on the person.

A party whose goods are unlawfully distrained for rent, does not forfeit or waive any legal right by not claiming the goods when the distress is made.

The owner of a steam boiler, which he has in use on his own property is not responsible in the absence of negligence, for the damage done by its bursting.

A bank is not liable for the loss by burglary of valuables deposited in the vault of the bank, and no compensation paid therefor, when the effects of the bank are kept in the same vault,

Unjustly and unlawfully refusing to apply money or property to the satisfaction of a judgment or execution is a fraud, and the party injured may procure the arrest of the defendant.

When a person voluntarily pays money that could not be collected by legal process, but which in justice ought to be paid, it cannot be recovered, but where money is paid by compulsion, as excessive freight charges on a railroad, it can be recovered, by law.

The owner of a passage boat, who has the management, disposition and direction of the same who advertises it for passage and receives the passage and receives the passage money, is liable for all unlawful acts misdemeanors and negligence of the hands on board, in the ordinary course of business.

A tax collector receives a check in payment of taxes on a certain lot, and gives a receipt. The receipt was shown to a purchaser of the lot as evidence that the taxes were paid. The check was not paid and the city enforced the tax against the property in the hands of the purchaser. The purchaser sues the collector. Held, that such puchaser could not maintain an action against the collector for the loss sustained by him.

Physicians, &c.

J. WINFIELD SAMPSELL,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa
Offers his professional services to the public. May 16, '82.

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

I. ORIER BARBER. D. ED. HASSINGER.
BARBER & HASSINGER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Offer their professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Office a few door 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. 2, '67.

DR MARAND ROTHROCK,
Fremont, Snyder county, Pa.
Graduate of Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeon. 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, '80 tf.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa
Offers his professional services to the public. 6—38.

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 26,'7

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

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

ISAAC BEAVER,
Surgeon Dentist!
Middleburg, Snyder County, Pa.
OFFICE IN FRANKLIN 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 Bumgardner 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. 21'78. 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, 1871.

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. Its table is furnished with the best of accommodations at Low rates. For those stopping once will be sure to call again. The best of liquor in the bar.
A first class Restaurant in connection with the Hotel. Apr. 19, '78.

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, '78.

J. B. SELHEIMER
DEALER IN
HARDWARE
Iron, Nails,
Steel, Leather,
Paints, Oils,
Coach & Saddler Ware
AND MANUFACTURER OF
Stoves & Tinware
MARKET STREET,
Lewistown, Penn'a
Nov. 2, '78.

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

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.

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., 13 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, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.
Feb 16, 1y.

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

Agents Wanted for
HEROES OF THE PLAINS,
BY J. W. BUELL,
Embracing the Lives and Wonderful Adventures of Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Capt. Payne, Capt. Jack, Texas Jack, California Joe, and other celebrated Indian Fighters, Scouts, Hunters and Guides. A true historical work of thrilling adventures on the plains, and in western progress and civilization. Fights with Indians! Grand Buffalo Hunts! Desperate Adventures! Narrow Escapes! Wonderful Shooting and Riding! Wild Life in the Far West! 100 Illustrations! 10 Fightings