

# The Post

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**THE POST.**  
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### Poetry

#### One Step More.

What though before me it is dark,  
Too dark for me to see?  
I ask but light for one step more:  
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little, humble step I take,  
The gloom clears from the next;  
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,  
I never am perplexed.

And if, sometimes, the mist hangs close  
So close I fear to stray,  
Patient I wait a little while,  
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,  
For mercy veils it so:  
My present steps might harder be,  
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,  
Thorny and hard and steep;  
And, knowing this, my strength  
Might fall through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along  
A smooth and flowery way;  
But, seeing this, I might despise  
The journey of to-day.

Perhaps my journey is very short.  
It may be nearly done;  
And I might tremble at the thought  
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length  
Of road that I must wend,  
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers  
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see  
My journey or its length;  
Assured that, through My Father's love,  
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus, step by step, I onward go,  
Not looking far before;  
Trusting, that I shall always have  
Light for just "one step more."

### REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

The dealing out of rations for a squad of twenty men was an interesting daily performance, spiced with hunger and an anxiety on the part of each to get as much if not more than his comrades.

On such occasions, in my squad John usually officiated with a spoon, dealing around, in regular order, one spoonful of meal and then another, until it was all given out.

At times it of course over an more than even spoonfuls to the whole, sometimes half of us getting one spoonful more than the rest. This was equalized by commencing to deal out the rations where, on the day previous, they left off giving the extra spoonful.

Each man had a number, by which, at ration time, he was known. During such a performance, the meal-bag, or haversack, was the focus of all the twenty eyes interested in its fair distribution.

Dead silence reigned throughout the squad. More solemnity and anxiety could not have been infused into any other transaction of our life than was given to this matter, so near our hearts.

Great interest was usually shown in having the bag, or haversack, in which was contained the mush-meal, well shaken and scraped of its contents.

One day the flour which was issued went but little over three heaping spoonfuls to a man, and hungry eyes were turned to that common centre, the meal-bag. John turned the haversack, shook it, and scraped it, with desperation, knitting his brow, then, looking grimly around on each silent, anxious face, with a twitch at the corners of his mouth, and in a snuffing tone said, "Boys, yer eyes won't have to be very big to be bigger than yer bellies, if they feed as this 'ere fashion very long."

At another time some hungry customers perambled in critically examining the bag (after John had got himself into a sweat in scraping it until not a speck remained which would have proved a temptation to a piskin), to see that it contained no more meal.

John threw the bag towards them, remarking, "If yer can look any meal inter that ere bag, I wish you'd live a look inter my stomach."

As winter advanced, in common with other prisoners, John experienced great trouble from those torturers of our flesh, the vermin. Almost continually during the day he was under personal attack,

gaged in a war of extermination, when, as he expressed it, he raised the black flag, and gave "no quarters" to the enemy. Dunay, a quizzical fellow of our acquaintance, came upon the easy John thus engaged, and remarked, "Now old fellow you seem to be at them about all your time." Yes, said John suspending operations for a while, to scratch his back, "It's a pooty even thing; me and these fellows take turns." "How so?" inquired Dunay. Why, quietly remarked John, with a dril snuffle, "I torment them all day, and they torment me all night." "In that remark, O John, was condensed more vigorous truth than poetical license," remarked D. as he walked away, leaving the undaunted John still at it.

Frank another comrade of mine, shared, in common with the rest of us, a very spare dish, barely enough to subsist on. One day, after being diligently engaged in compressing his breeches around him in order to keep them on, for the want of suspenders for that essential purpose with a long-drawn sigh, shook his head, and remarked, "There's one consolation, if I keep on growing slim in this way, there'll be cloth enough in this pair of breeches to make two pairs, which will certainly give me a full chance for winter." The idea was so amusing that laughter was irrepressible.

On another occasion I noticed my hungry comrade Beckwith eating a suspicious-looking substance, which for a close resemblance to raw dough rather than bread. "What, sick, eating your flour raw?" I inquired, just to see what he would say. "Raw!" exclaimed he, with mingled looks of indignation and humor: "I shouldn't wonder if it was just the thing to stick to my ribs and make me fat."

Thus it was that starving suffering men, while battling for life, laughed at fate, and threw jokes in the face of famine and wretchedness.

One first entering the Florence prison I saw Beck almost daily. He always met me with the same brave smile, and with a quick, merry sparkle of his fine blue eye. I remember his jocular expression used to be, when we met. "Hey boy! what der you think of this—don't yer! Fall living, perhaps you believe." But there came a change; his steps grew more and more feeble, his blue eyes looked their merry smile no more.

He lived to reach Annapolis, and died without the long—for sight of loved friends and home, where, and among whom he had hoped to lie down and be at rest. This was one more of our number who died for want of food. Brave comrade! poor fellow! I took a last look of farewell! No more shall loved ones gaze upon thy merry, soul-lit face, no more will ring thy light, full hearted laugh through the prison.

How many faces, like his, pale with dreadful suffering, come up like ghosts in households throughout the land, bringing to anguish hearts wails of bitterness and sorrow, which nothing but memory can efface. Pen and words can not describe the untold anguish and suffering the prisoners endured in those charnel houses, in the southern confederacy.

How hard the task, among our northern homes, to forget or forgive those who committed the crimes which mercilessly starved and tortured helpless men and youths, sent from every village of the land!

At Andersonville, Florence, Charleston, and Belle Isle, their bones are an attestation of a stain which no future can ever wash, from the garments of the southern confederacy.

I one day found a comrade of mine intently engaged in stretching the remnants of an old shirt a cross two mud walls, built up like a dog kennel, leaving a space between almost large enough to admit two persons when lying down. Jim was whistling away, as though well satisfied with the manner in which things were progressing, when I remarked that I could not see the use of the old shirt, as it neither would keep out cold, wind or rain.

"Well," said Jim stopping suddenly in his whistling, with a puzzled gaze fixed on his "shabang," then looking up, with a triumphant grin, "I didn't suppose it 'd be!"

won't it stain some of the coarsest of it?"

During a rainy spell at Florence, at one time it became almost impossible to start a fire, and wood produced, at best, little besides smoke. The persistent Jim, under these circumstances, was indefatigable in his efforts to choke down the smoke, and blow up the fire.

Being defeated time after time, at last perseverance was rewarded. The little fire blazed, and Jim's face glowed with eager satisfaction as he held extended over the coals a split canteen, containing a concoction of flour and water, which the poor fellow's stomach was sorely in need of.

He was at the height of satisfaction, when some clumsy fellow, in passing, stumbled and fell, putting out the fire, and sitting in the identical canteen, and on the appetite.

With one blow the prospects of Jim for a supper and a fire had disappeared, and were blasted for the next twelve hours or more.

The strain on his nerves was too much, he burst into tears, and from tears to a discordant wail of chagrin, disappointment, and hunger. But seeing the destroyer of his hopes, venus like, rising from a small sea of paste, his sense of the ludicrous was awakened, and Jim bursting from a howl of sorrow and dismay to laughter, exclaimed, "Old fellow, if you'll set over that fire till it's a es, I'll go halves with you." "I see you are good on a square sit down."

It was often piteous to see men struggling with despondency, hunger, and cold, in an attempt to preserve life. Men whose half-clad bodies were chilled through, were to be seen moving feebly around during the night to keep from freezing, uttering agonizing wails and moans, in an attempt to keep up the circulation, and to retain life in their wasted bodies.

I recollect some naked men out of which the likeness of human beings had been starved, with chattering teeth, groping around in prison, without a shirt to their backs, their gaze idiotic, and their speech confused and incoherent. Staggering feebly, they fell and died by the brook-side and in the sloughs of the quagmire, or by the dead line.

All human language fails to depict these scenes, and their very remembrance chills my blood with horror. No imagination can picture the wretchedness of the hospital at the camp. Not one half of its inmates had their senses; their bodies begrimed with dirt; their limbs swelled, drawn crooked, and discolored with scurvy, or covered with the filth of diarrhoea, they lay often on the bare ground, in the rain, without shelter or blanket to cover their nakedness.

Could the scenes occurring in prison be depicted and understood by North in all their horror and barbarity, the spirit of revenge would, fear, have aroused, and have gone forth in a war of retaliation and extermination against the southern murderers.

How hard, alas! it is to comprehend scenes of wretchedness which elsewhere have no known parallel in the history of suffering men.

I have never seen a description given of the effects upon the human system of a meager diet of entirely one kind of food. At Florence no vegetable food was ever issued, or meat, with these exceptional cases, to any but hospital inmates.

Our rations had more variety than we obtained at Andersonville, usually consisting of wheat flour, hominy, rice, or Indian meal. Dr. Haulin, in his learned dissertation on Andersonville, assumes that to the scarcity of food were entirely owing those aggravated forms of scurvy with which the prison was reeking.

This, no doubt, contributed in producing them, by weakening the system and giving less power to the body to throw off the influence of disease; but, in my opinion, it was the entire absence of vegetable food together with want of variety, which caused such unusually dreadful cases of scurvy. Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Typhoid Fever. The most fatal disease the human flesh is heir too.

The tendency of scurvy to bring out old diseases, and to reproduce and render chronic any weakness to which the system had a previous tendency, is also, I think, a well established fact, as one of its effects.

A comrade informed me one morning that F. was dying. I visited him, and found him suffering from scurvy, but not an extraordinary case. I disturbed the calmness of his face.

It was strange to see the comrade of his lips, and the scurvy-

tion of his limbs, that could be detected his great suffering. His hands were poor and wasted seeming to be, simply a parhed skin drawn over angular bones.

"Do you think you will live through it?" I asked him. "Yes, I know I shall live as long as any one who does not get more rations than I do."

I did not believe him at the time; but, in spite of my unbelief, he lived, and, I think is still living. He had a philosophy of his own in economizing life, in other words he was endowed with a vast amount of tenacity of life. He did not allow any passion or excitement to use up his vitality.

He had a system of exercises and seemingly, was engrossed with profound reflections on his condition studying himself and his circumstances to solve the problem of how he could best prolong life.

I once asked him if he got downhearted at the prospects for himself. His reply was an index to his character: "No—there'd be no use in that;" as if his inflexible will controlled even the action of his mind, in the one purpose of living let things come as they may.

Men of this iron mould were rare. It was uncommon, indeed, as a phenomenon, to see one possessing such steady unflinching nerves while battling for a foothold on life.

Sergeant W. Camp was a man who had something of this composition in his character and body. Always quiet, determined, and undemonstrative, he took the hardships of prison life with dogged grimness of purpose,—as if to extract all the life there was from the food to be had, and infuse it into bone and muscle, for the purpose of endurance.

It was this calm, ceaseless persistence and inflexible purpose which were requisite qualities for carrying men through the quick-sands of death which surrounded us on every side. When Camp first came to Florence, he was sent to gather wood for the prison. The guards did not have their muskets loaded that day, and had they been, they were nearly as liable to go off the wrong end as the right one.

Noticing all these facts, Camp commenced to organize "for a break."

Suddenly to the surprise of the Johnnies, about half of their prisoners filed quietly under another direction, as if acting under orders; and so I suppose they were—from Camp.

By the time the grayback sentinels began to understand the Yankee trick, the prisoners mentioned had scattered in all directions through the woods, and were not attentive to the repeated invitation of their guardian graybacks to "halt, thar!"

It must have shocked the Johnnies, ideas of propriety to see the Yanks scampering off with so little notice of what was said to them.

Camp was out on the "rampage" two or three weeks, but was finally captured in the vicinity of Wilmington. He had found friends among the black men, evidences of which he carried on his person, in the shape of some increase of flesh, and in a full set of coarse gray clothes and a shirt, made I judge from an old piece of carpet.

He came into prison with the same stoical demeanor and persistence of purpose standing out on his face—that of living and enduring to get home; which, it is needless to say, he achieved.

To be Continued.

Obstinate and vicious horses, by having their attention removed from the object on which their mind is bent, can be made much more tractable than they otherwise would be. Some are very difficult to shoe showing a disposition to bite and kick whenever the shoe touches them. A few grains of etheral oil of parsley dropped on a bank relief and placed before the nose of the horse, it is said never fails to quiet his irritable disposition and make him for the time being peacefully manageable.

A girl from Cincinnati kept on growing fat, and fat, and fat, though she dieted on beetles.

For several days she tried to catch all the disposal matches.

Till the doctor said she'd better stop her hands.

in a majority of cases, produced death, was only one of the aggravations of this disease, seizing upon that portion of the physical system which was weakest. Scurvy in the mouth produced scurvy in the bowels, which was followed by a general disorder of those functions. Old diseases, which were supposed to be eradicated, were revived by its influences, such was its tendency to seize upon the weakness of the system. I claim I have in these matters a scientific knowledge; and having been a witness to its workings in thousands of cases. I make this statement as a result of my observations on the subject, in order to inform the public, of the murderous proceedings against true and loyal men, who, our government were rather lenient in releasing from a state of slavery and bondage.

It is true that starvation and mental despondency blended with so many forms of physical horror as to make it difficult to trace the distinct action of any particular disease.

At Florence as at Andersonville the combination of them all produced feeble-mindedness and very often insanity, which never partook in their character of ferocity, but were rather characterized by timidity of demeanor and incoherence of speech, in which were mingled often piteous tones of entreaty, low and tremulous with weakness; Sometimes gleams of intelligence lighting the stony eye, or thrilling the voice with a wail of hopeless despair. No pen can picture or language express it, only those who are familiar, to their sorrow, with these scenes, will recognize the full import of my written history of those abominable places of starvation, and human suffering of those who were so unlucky as to fall into rebel hands.

I seldom recall, willingly, those pictures of wretchedness; but they are too indelibly impressed upon memory, by the fierce brand of suffering, to be forgotten.

Those sad, wailing voices, those clanking restless hands, those pined out, despairing or meaningless faces—all unbidden come back to me, with the horror of reality.

Perhaps it might be better to let such memories slumber in their prison houses; but they seem to rise reproachfully, and bid me speak. I am almost glad that language fails to convey half my meaning, for the hearts of parents and kindred would freeze with terror and wrath could they see those loved ones in all their hopeless wretchedness as I seen them. Poor fellows.

Revenge is not tolerated in the light of our high, ennobling civilization; but when I behold the south, stricken and suffering from fire famine, and the sword, as one of the results of the awful civil contest just closed they are in a manner getting their rewards and I seem to see the hand of God's retribution seeking out and visiting her crimes with chastisement. If in coming times, as in the past, the south shall sin against the moral ideas of the age, or if we, as then, become participants in her crimes, so shall we reap, with her, the punishment of those crimes.

There was a phase of character developed by prison life which was neither joyous nor sad in its outward expression, seemingly a quiet bracing of every nerve, and the concentration of all the powers of mind and body against disease and death, in which men neither laughed, nor smiled, nor cried, nor could anything move them from their imperious calmness of demeanor.

Not even exciting rumor of exchange, or prospect of speedy deliverance, seemed to start them from their impenetrable pacidity.

I imbued with a quite inflexibility of purpose,—and that to live,—they calculated every chance of life in each moment of time, yet never seemed to feel disappointment or passion. Like a rock in mid-ocean, lashed by the storm, they stood unmoved by the passions and longings that swayed and actuated the great mass of tortured mortality. I recall to mind one of this mould of character.

A girl from Cincinnati kept on growing fat, and fat, and fat, though she dieted on beetles.

For several days she tried to catch all the disposal matches.

Till the doctor said she'd better stop her hands.

### Physicians, &c.

**J. WINFIELD SAMUELSON,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centerville and vicinity. Apr. 5, '82.

**H. B. BORDNER,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
DRAVERTOWN, PA.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Dravertown and vicinity. Apr. 5, '82.

**G. D. HANSHOR,**  
**BARBER & HASSINGER,**  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,  
Offers 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,  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Office a few doors West of the Court House, in Arnold's Building. Mar. 21, '82.

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

**H. J. SMITH,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Offers his professional services to the public. Office on Main street. June 12, '82.

**DR. J. O. WAGNER,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Aug. 5, '82.

**DR. J. F. KANAWEL,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the public. Office on Main street. June 12, '82.

**H. J. ECKBERT,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Offers his professional services to the public. Office on Main street. June 12, '82.

**PERCIVAL HERMANN,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Centerville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centerville and vicinity. Aug. 29, '82.

**DR. A. M. SMITH,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Sept. 4, '82.

**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, in the best manner. All work warranted. Terms moderate.  
He will also attend to business every two weeks at Centerville, Traylor's Building, Adamsburg and Paxtonville.

### Hotels.

**The Beeward at Large**  
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.

**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, Proprietor.  
Apr. 27, '82.

**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, holds a share of the public patronage.  
PETER HARTMAN  
April 9, 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. The best of accommodations at low rates. For stopping overnight will be sure to call again. The best of liquor to the bar.  
Apr. 19, '82.

**Merchants' House,**  
413 & 415  
NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILA PA  
Terms—\$1.50 per day.  
HENRY SPAHN, Prop'r.  
C. W. SPAHN, Clerk. Apr. 1, '82.

**J. B. SELHEIMER**  
DEALER IN  
**HARDWARE**  
Iron, Nails,  
Steel, Leather,  
Paints, Oils,  
Coach & Saddle Ware  
AND MANUFACTURER OF  
**Stoves & Tinware**  
MARKET STREET,  
LOWISWATER, PA.  
Opposite the Court House.

### PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition, and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

Brown's Iron Bitters will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively the best.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eustaw St., Baltimore, Md., Feb. 27, 1882.

Genl.—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and was so much benefited that I purchased a bottle for my child, who was suffering from a severe case of indigestion. Having lost three children by the same disease, I was loath to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken more than a dozen bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend, and now is quite restored to former health. A little child, who had shown signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "I have seen you," and when informed that the child had taken more than a dozen bottles, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADAM FLETCHER.

Brown's Iron Bitters effects a cure in Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.



### ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. No adulteration! It makes the ordinary cake, and cannot be sold in competition with it. It is the best, short weight, clean and beautiful. Also in tin for producing a light, porous loaf, or a light, porous cake. Address: BAKER'S POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST. N. Y. Aug. 17, 1882.

### PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the receipt for a simple cure for Pimples that will remove them from the face, neck, chest and back. It is the best, short weight, clean and beautiful. Also in tin for producing a light, porous loaf, or a light, porous cake. Address: BAKER'S POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST. N. Y. Aug. 17, 1882.

### ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from ANXIOUS DEBILITY, PHENASTIC HEADACHE, and all the evils of youthful debility, will for the sake of suffering humanity send free to all who send him a letter of introduction for making the simple remedy which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing to perfect confidence.

JOHN B. GODDEN, 42 Cedar St. N. Y. Feb. 16, '82.

### PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

The undersigned offers at private sale, the following described Real Estate to wit: A Farm situate in Franklin Co., Pa., 1/2 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—fruiting young orchard of choice fruits and trees in a high state of cultivation. Terms easy. Address, JOSEPH MIDDLEBURG, Pa. Feb. 22, '82.

### Agents Wanted for HEROES OF THE PLAINS.

BY J. W. HUELL.

Embracing the Lives and Wonderful Adventures of Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Capt. Fyffe, Capt. Jack, Texas John Slaughter, Joe and other celebrated Indian Fighters, Scouts, Hunters and Soldiers. A true historical work of thrilling adventures. The plans, and in western progress and illustrations. Publish with Indian and other illustrations. Bound in cloth. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address: J. W. HUELL, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.