The Post.

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THE POST,
Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Now.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chance so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a noble strife to-day.
Rise! for the day is passing;
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle;
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

For The Post.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

He was my companion from Annapolis to the western part of Pennsylvania, and lives to-day, shattered in health, but not shaken in the resolution to live as long as possible.

Sergeant Cross, another comrade was a man of opposite tendencies, with something of changefulness in his moods and disposition.

He was, perhaps, as noble hearted and brave a fellow as ever stood at a gun.

Elated or depressed easily by good news or the reverse, his was not the temperament to endure the horrors of prison life He sank under it, and, I believe, would have died if I, and several of his comrades would not have talked to him every day, we encouraged him in everything; at times we almost give up in despair, he might at last die amid the despondency and gloom of the prison, but he rallied and come out victorious.

Hassack, died while on his way up North, though he got his parole, he was shattered in mind and body, he roused himself at the prospect of going home, made the effort, and died.

I recollect asking him, at one time, what he thought of the southern chivalry. His answer had in it food for thought, which though it may be indigestable in these lenient times, was the spirit evoked by the barbarous usage of prisoners.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "to one creed, political and religious, to govern my conduct when I get out of this prison dilemma."

"What creed is that?" I inquired, "To hate what they love, and to love what they hate." I shall be sure, then, to be on the right side" If the future is to be a repetition of the past, I think his creed a safe one one for the guidance of the North.

But let us charitably hope that, now the great moral cause of southern inhumanity is removed, wrong ideas may also be revolutionized and supplanted by new ones. At Florence the difficulty of escaping was increased by a deep ditch, already described, encircling the entire prison.

This made tunnelling difficult and unprofitable, as it carried the tunneller at once, but just beyond the stockade, where getting from the ditch would, under any ordinary circumstances, attract or draw the fire of the guard, and made escape an impossibility.

Yet men get out, by bribing the sentinels, and making their escape, with assistance, over the stockade.

One lucky fellow, who was the possessor of a watch, with several others, made his escape in this manner, and succeeded in getting into the Federal lines.

I afterwards met him in the North, accidentally, on the train from Philadelphia to Piltsburg, and he related the particulars of his dangerous adventures. He and his comrades fell in with others who were escaping, formed a party establishing him as their leader, travelled nights, and slept in the woods daytimes.

When set upon by dogs, they killed an entire pack of them, resumed their journey, reached the chain of mountains in North Carolina, and travelled on the teble lands of these elevations. At two or three different times they met white men, and, knowing it to be impossible to trust them,—although they, in each case, protested that they were Union men,—the alternative lay before them of killing them, or disposing of them in some other manner so as not to endanger their own safety.

Therefore they bucked and gagged them securely, and left them in the woods to their fate. Horrible, but to save themselves they were bound to get them out of the way.

It was indeed hard that no other course was left to them, but desperate men, who had endured prison suffering, were in no mood to temporize under such circumstances.

I wish I remembered and could give this man's name and the full details of his escape, as he narrated it to me. It deserves to be put on record. My meeting him, in the manner described, was one of those singular coincidencies which are stranger than the inventions of fiction.

Many such coincidences and meetings occured in my prison life. I will instance a few of them. John C. whom I have mentioned in these pages, was an old comrade in the engineer corps, in which I first become acquainted with him.

From the time of my first capture I had not seen him until I met him at Andersonville. Two men whom I had known at Bell Isle very intimately, I met again during my stay at Savannah, and the second time I saw them was when we embarked on the flag-of truce boat at Charleston I sat down in the only place I could find, looked around at the man next to me, and thought I detected something familiar in his face; thinking him one of my casual acquaintances at once I accosted him, when, to my surprise, he claimed to be one of my old Bell Isle associates.

At one time, in Florence, a German met his brother, whom he had not seen since he left home in the old Country some five years before The month of December was cold and gloomy, its chilly winds wailing through those long, bitter nights, like a requiem for the dead.

The first whitened ground, which lay like a shrowd over the prison; the various dreadful forms of despair, insanity, disease, and death; the shivering, half-clad beings, wandering with plaintive moans and chattering teeth up and down the prison, impress me now with terror, as one of the darkest times of my prison life.

I can never think of that time without thanking God with a full heart, for deliverance. As it is the darkest just before dawn of day, so there is a gleam of circumstances sometimes preceeding the light of happier days.

The rebel adjutant came into camp one day, looking up clerks to work upon a register of the prisoners, a copy of which was to be sent to our government in return for a like compliment conferred by them. I wrote my name and detachment and handed it to the officer of the guard.

In the afternoon, an orderly came into prison, and inquired for me.

I accompanied him to the Colonel's quarter's which was a log house, in which was a fire place and two or three pine tables. At one of these sat a youngish, rather under middle sized man, dressed in gray.

He looked at me with surprise, and said, with something of pity in his voice, "My poor fellow, can you write?" I took up a pen, which lay upon the table, and wrote upon a slip of paper a simple sentence signing my name, rank, &c.

The Colonel drew it towards him, looked it over a moment, and said pleasantly, "Very good; that will do. Go into the prison and get your traps, and I will set you to work." "I have no traps," said I. "No cooking dishes?" "No." It appeared to strike him as very strange. "Well," said he, "I'll feed you well out here." "I cannot agree to do writing," said I, "except for the prison."

He looked at me with an angry look and said, abruptly, "What difference does it make to you?" I said nothing "Well, well, your yankeeism shall be respected, sir, said he, something I did not expect from him, but after all the tyranny placed over us, we sometimes met a gentelman among the rebels. But they were few and far between, like angel's visits.

I signed a parole of honor, agreeing not to go beyond prescribed limits without a pass. That evening I got a glorious supper of fresh beef and white bread; of which, however, I did not dare to eat as much as I wished for fear of the consequences

I slept in the Adjutant's cabin before a fire, and certainly thought myself altogether a lucky fellow. The next morning Adjutant Reynolds of the tenth Georgia, gave me from his wardrobe a shirt and a pair of drawers, which I considered very clever in one who had so poor a supply himself.

Said he, apologetically, "I did have quite a lot of clothes when I came here, but I gave them all away to the bloody yanks who were running around ther" (pointing to the prison) "like yourself."

I sent my former wardrobe into the prison to one of my comrades, and thus disposed of my vermin, or most of them at least.

Still I had no shoes, or any other article of clothing, except the said drawers and shirt, but they were woolen and warm, and I tingled all over with pleasant sensations from having again a full stomach and warm clothes. I went at once to work making up a dead registry.

This register showed, when completed, that over seventeen hundred Federal soldiers, prisoners of war, had died in this prison since its establishment, the last of September, 1864.

The prison had never numbered over fifteen thousand men, and a portion of the time five thousand would have covered the number contained therein. Many of the dead were marked, "Unknown."

What a burden of sorrows, disappointed hopes, and miseries were embodied in that word. Their names, their history all unknown, uncared-for, they died. Some mother, wife, father, or sister mourns them, or vainly waits for their coming.

Each sound of footsteps at the door may cause their hearts throb with expectancy, but no more in life shall they behold those faces which once gladdened the household. "Sick and in prison," they died unknown.

Another lot of goods came from the sanitary commission, via Charleston, for distribution among prisoners during the middle of October. A guard was placed over them, and a Federal officer, who by mistake had got into prison, was taken out and paroled for the purpose of taking charge of and distributing the goods among the prisoners.

Boxes also came through for several prisoners. The instructions were, that all boxes should be examined, to see that they contained nothing contraband. The Colonel commanding undertook the task.

The first box opened had a little pocket bible, and on the fly-leaf was written the name of the prisoner, with the words "From your mother." As if this incident had aroused some tender recollections of his own home, the Colonel turned quickly away, saying, "Put on the cover again, and let the poor boy have his box just as his mother packed it."

Of the Sanitary Commission, goods were sent, so that I got a good suit myself, and had a chance to send my drawers, and shirt into prison for some of my friends, who were naked. The Colonel an Adjutant were very jealous of any of the paroled men having communication with the other prisoners.

I had now been out at work on the register over a week, getting enough to eat, if I had dared to eat it. I had to exercise continual vigilance in regard to eating, and nothing but the most absolute self-control enabled me to keep from eating too much. I had, had experience of this kind before, when released from Belle Isle, which was of great value to me.

As it was, I scarcely passed a day without intensely griping pains and vomiting, my stomach being to weak. At this time, too, I began to have my first symptoms of paralysis, and often collapsed into a heap which walking along, by my legs giving way from under me, and I was for six long weeks laying up, that I was entirely helpless. They even had to feed me with a spoon, and attend me like a child, in the fifth week, the paralysis affected my tounge, and langs, at which time I thought my bones must be left on south soil.

But I have an extraordinary amount of tenacity of life, so that I was at last enabled to counteract the disease, and am to day a living monument of sounthern cruelty and barbarity.

During my second week on parole two rebel mail agents came to Florence, with about thirty thousand letters for the different prisons in the confederacy. As the prisoners had been shifted around so much since their imprisonment, it was impossible to tell exactly where to take those letters too.

I was set to work to help distribute these letters, and look up the names on the register. Often the persons would be found to be dead; whereupon Colonel instructed me to write to their friends, informing them of the sad fact.

While thus at work, it had never occured to me that there might be letterst for myself, until I came to two addressed to me. These letters informed me that all my friends were well, and though they were rather old, they encouraged me, and thereby relieved many anxieties.

Certainly, thought I, if fortune favors in this manner, I shall get out of prison before the war is over Receiving these letters revived passionate longings for home and friends, which had been crushed for months under the accumulating miseries and mere struggle for foot hold upon life.

The office where I wrote and lodged was the quarters of Lieut. Col. Iverson, which I have once described in these pages. Paper was a scarce commodity, and we were not expetsed to make a very generous use of it.

Reynolds the rebel Adjutant, had before the war been a cashier in a bank. He was very kind to his Yankee boys, as he termed us, and was quite an able business man. The Adjutant had taken most of the young boys, from the prison, and put them into a camp by themselves, providing them with much better rations than the stockade prisoners got.

In this manner, about one hundred boys, from twelve to fifteen years ago, were cared for, he was a generous man. He had one or two fine-looking fellows around the office whom he made great pets of.

The Adjutant was very droll and humorous sometimes, and was never so happy as when he could get Frank Hoff and another Yankee boy at dancing, or singing negro or comic songs.

He bravely told the women down in the village, that these boys were Yankee girls, and at one time he so completely hambagged them into the belief, that, prompted by curiosity, these Secesh dames or fools one one day made a visit to the prison headquarters, and commenced quizzing the Adjutant about his supposed girls, when he, who had instructed the boys what to say, had their hair parted in the middle, and introduced them at the headquarters.

The women asked the boys "Be you Yankee girls?" "Yes, ma'ma," was the answer. "Whe e do youens stop at nights?" "O right in here with the Adjutant." Whereupon each Secesh dame took her snuff stick, which she had sat chewing, from her mouth, and sat in blank amazement, and when the Adjutant was out, said among themselves, "This Reynolds is a dreffel man."

These women afterwards wished to look over the stockade at the prisoners, and were so lost to all christian feeling and decency as to say, as they saw the emaciated forms of human bodies in the prison, "Good enough for them Yanks; they needu't have cum'd down to fit we'uns." Reynolds was a humane and generous fellow, generous is his impulses, yet a rebel of the darkest dye, for all that.

"God ding it," he used to say the Yanks have got a powerful spite gainst us, and we have got everything 'gainst them, and the best way is to fight until it is knocked out of each other."

I often had a chance of seeing the "five Georgia," and other rebel regiments in line. Their dress was a medley of all dry-goods in the Confederacy, and their drill in the manual of arms embraced every description of infantry tactics from Scott to Hardee.

Some of the rebel privates one day passed headquarters, and said one to the other, "Good quarters, arn't thar, Jim?" "yes," responded Jim, "and full of them devilish Yanks." The Adjutant heard the remark, and turned to me, and said, "you see how jealous our folks are when we do any kindness for you Yanks." I have no doubt that Iverson and the Adj't. had to put up with many insulting remarks from rebel soldiers and citizens.

When it was known they showed mercy or favor to the starving dying thousands under their charge. "To tell the truth," said Reynolds, "I wouldn't have one of you Yanks to work on that register, but my rebs have no tact for business, why not say at once they are to confounded dumb, and can not write their own names, he said, "they can fight like the devil, but don't take to reading or writing, or such things."

This was a blank acknowledgement of the superiority of the Yankees in point of inteligence. It was full as rare too see a Yankee private who could not write, as it was to see a rebel who could.

While distributing the mail, of which I have spoken, the reble general. Winder, made his appearance at the prison. He was a man apparently about thirty years of age, dressed in home spun Secesh citizens clothes, butter-nut coat, gray pants, tall, spare and straight in figure, with an austere expression of face, a firm set mouth, a large Roman nose, like a parrot's peak, and a cold stony, stern eye.

I overheard a conversation, which took place on the morning of his arrival, between him and Col. Iverson who stood just under the cabin window, near where I was writing.

Said Wider, in sharp, abrupt tones, "Col. Iverson, I can't have all these Yankees running around outside the prison. What are they doing?" The Colonel explained that it was necessary, in order to provide with wood, and to erect shelter for the sick.

"No necessity," said Winder, abruptly, to which Iverson responded in a tone of remonstrance and entirely, "General, the prisoners, in spite of all I have done, or can do, are starving" Let them starve then;" said Winder, in sharp, angry tones, putting a stop to further conversation.

In about an hour afterwards, Iverson came in with a pale, anxious, troubled look upon his handsome features, and walking nervously back and forth in the office, gave the Adjutant instructions to write the order sending back all the paroled men except those at work in the office, and a few others, to the prison, there to rock out a miserable existance.

I mention this incident, as I think it furnishes the key to the general inhumanity with which prisoners were uniformly treated in all these rebel hell-holes. To be turned into the stockade meant death and sure death. Why men would cry like children if you just mention the stockade to them. It was a horror above all horrors.

To be Continued.

THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES.

It sounds very poetical to say "the good old times," but if we should be strictly truthful, having an eye upon the actual rather than upon the sentimental, we should be more inclined to designate them as the "mean old times" especially if by some powerful freak of nature, we should be taken up and set back among the days that fell to the lot of those who were men and women when our grand-parents were little children. It is no wonder that Benjamin Franklin, with his prophetic vision, wished it had been his destiny to be born two or three centuries later. Think of the journeys then requiring days, that may now be accomplished in as many hours, and with far more comfort. Think of sitting in church winter after winter without cheerful light of a fire; save that which was kindled in the imagination by the glowing eloquence of the preacher, as he described the torments of the damned. Think of paying or fifty dollars a year for a newspaper, and think, also, of the begg l little sheet and all its meager qualities. Think of living without a friction match in the house or a carpet, or gaslight or sewing machine, or doing without over-shoes and umbrellas, and a thousand other things that we call necessities It is startling to consider the multitude of things, small and great, that we possess which contribute to our comfort, our welfare, our ease, our enjoyment, that were utterly unknown to our innocent grandfathers and never could have entered their dreams The spirit of progress consults our convenience and multiplies advantages in over direction enhancing the charms of life, diminishing its pains and inviting us to welcome and enjoy its innumerable gifts.

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 *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADDISON PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

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.

L. OBRIER BARBER. H. CLAY 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. 21, '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, '80tf.

DR. J. F. KANAWEL
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Centreille, 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 o 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 '71.

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 in 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 Bomgardner 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. 26 '79. 1 y. Proprietor.

CENTREVILLE HOTEL,
(Late Mrs. Weaver's.)
Centerville Snyder Co., Pa.
PETER HARTMAN, Proprietor.
This long established and well known house having been purchased by the undersigned, invites a share of the public patronage.
PETER HARTMAN
April, 6, 1871.

WANTED, SALESMEN.
To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Unequaled facilities. Experience not required. Salary and expenses paid. Address of Fitch Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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 powders. 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 5c. stamp, BEN VANDELF & CO., 12 Lansley 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, Frank 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 Heroic Hunter Desperate Adventures! Narrow Escapes! Wonderful shooting and Ridiculous Wildlife in the Far West! 100 Illustrations! Fightings, Scouts, Hunters and Guides. A true historical work of thrilling adventures on the plains, and in western progress and civilization. Fights with Indians! Grand Heroic Hunter Desperate Adventures! Narrow Escapes! Wonderful shooting and Ridiculous Wildlife in the Far West! 100 Illustrations! Fightings, Scouts, Hunters and Guides. A great book for Agents. Outsells everything. 548 pages, price $2.00. Agent's complete outfit 50 cents. Outfit and copy for $2.00. Write at once for agency, or terms and illustrated circulars. [illegible] Chicago, Ill. [illegible] Hartford, Conn.