

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XX.

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO, PENN'A, SEPTEMBER 6, 1883.

NO. LI.

—POETRY—

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn guard,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, no screaming life,
Yet dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And piteous funeral tears have washed
The red stain from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed,
No war's wild notes, no glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight,
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Come down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watch-word of that day
Was, "Victory or Death!"

Editorial correspondence.

GLIMPSES OVER A BATTLE-FIELD.

A TRIP TO THE STATE ENCAMPMENT AT GETTYSBURG—THE FIELD AS IT IS TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE WAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA. Aug. 28th '83.

We boarded the train at Middleburgh, on Friday morning, August 24th, bound for Gettysburg, via Lewistown. We reached Harrisburg at noon and were disappointed in finding the Legislature adjourned until Monday. We could not blame them, for they had not been notified of our arrival. We visited the halls of both houses, however, and found a few straggling members lounging in their easy chairs resting themselves after the many hard unfought battles.

When through examining the law factory we proceeded through the other departments of interest—including the flag-room, where all the regimental colors of the State are displayed—or concealed—which they really are, being so close together that the folds overlap, rendering it impossible to tell the color or condition of the standards representing the various regiments. In a corner of the room is a complete collection of the implements of death used in both armies, the chair on which Gen. Meade sat during the battle of Gettysburg and the musket used by Old John Burns, the citizen-soldier of Gettysburg, etc.

On the afternoon of the next day we joined the excursion over the N. C. R. R. for Gettysburg. The ride along the Susquehanna was a delightful one, but nothing of importance happened excepting the Commander of Middleburgh Post G. A. R., losing his hat. He had stuck his head out of the car window to locate the position of the enemy when he came in contact with a branch of a tree that was going the other way.

When the train rolled in sight of Culp's and Cemetery Hills, cheer after cheer could be heard above the rumble of the train. The old veterans were happy, for it was the first time many had been there since the evening of the last day's fight. The number of men belonging to the Grand Army of the Republic became more and more numerous on the train, and when we reached Gettysburg the pavements, hotel balconies and public thoroughfares were lined with blue uniforms.

Here we are now, on the battlefield of Gettysburg. Twenty years ago its streets that now teemed with a motley crowd of happy people were a scene of carnage. Rebel batteries were planted on every street and raked them with leaden hail and the

country round about echoed with hostile cannon. It was the gloomiest period in the history of the United States. The war which had been carried on for over two years had accomplished comparatively nothing to what was expected. Fredericksburg had echoed defeat to Chancellorsville and the Southern army hoped to prolong the echo to Gettysburg, where they expected to paralyze the North by locating the brunt of battle within its borders. Rumors of foreign intervention became rife and England stood ready to lend succor to the South just so soon as the threatening aspect of foreign powers against itself abated.

Lee had evidently come to stay. He had brought 90,000 comrades to share the prize. They had forgotten, however, that they had now turned the aggressors in place of the defenders—giving the North the advantage they had so long enjoyed and so faithfully improved. He fell upon the Union army one mile west of Gettysburg July 1, 1863 under Gen. Reynolds, and though they exceeded our numbers by two to one they were met by a bold front and every inch disputed over Seminary Ridge back to town, where, huddled in narrow streets and subjected to a raking artillery and infantry fire they fell into confusion which terminated in a complete rout. 1,200 men were captured and the balance took a strong position on Cemetery Hill just south of the town.

During the night the steady tramp, tramp, of the boys brought the happy news of heavy reinforcements. The morning of the second day found both armies about equally matched, numbering about 80,000 men each, with a fair field and fair fight before them. General Meade was now in command of the union forces.

The second day's fight lasted until ten o'clock at night and resulted in heavy losses on both sides without any decided advantage for either army.

The third day's battle opened at four o'clock in the morning and ended at sunset with the confederate army repulsed at all points, having lost 5,000 killed, 23,000 wounded and 8,000 unrounded prisoners. The Union loss was 2,834 killed, 13,713 wounded and 6,643 missing. Thus ended the decisive battle of Gettysburg in triumph of the army of the Potomac.

Lee at once moved his shattered army toward Virginia, followed by Meade as far as the Potomac which had been filled to the brim with heavy rains, but the confederate leader by skillful management kept the nationals at bay until the night of July 13th, when part of his men crossed the river on a slight bridge while the balance linked arms and thus interlaced and steadied they forded the river in a mass, nearly shoulder deep, with the loss of but three men. Meade had ordered an attack on the morning of the 14th, but daylight revealed that the bird had flown, much to the disappointment of the loyal people.

The work of burying the 8,000 confederate dead was a herculean task, and owing to many being in such an advanced state of decomposition, they were buried in slight ditches, in the fields or gardens, or by the roadside just where they were found, and the visitor frequently finds human bones along the banks of brooklets and in newly ploughed fields. Everything shows the traces of war. The people do not seem to have recovered that enterprising spirit with which they were accredited before the war. Some fields have not been ploughed since the war, and scarcely a house but what is scarred with bullets, while some of the old fences that stood twenty years ago have rails with eight and ten bullet holes through them, rendering it a great field for relic hunters. Driving through the country you are met at every farm house by children carrying cigar boxes full of grape-shot, minnie balls and pieces of shells, tormenting you to buy until you wish they had been shot in another direction. The balls sell from one cent to \$12.00 a piece. The former price being paid for the common minnie ball and the latter for a solid shot from an English gun, the missile weighing about thirty pounds, a foot long, with converse grooves on the sides. The gun was placed on the extreme right of Seminary Ridge and threw its shot with great accuracy into the Union fort-

fications on Little Round Top, four miles distant.

The State encampment of the Grand Army is the leading feature of interest in the town at present, but to outsiders it appears a stale affair. The soldiers sit and discuss old scenes and at times become very earnest and elaborate in their arguments. We overheard one comrad disputing another on a certain point, when the first comrad jumped up and exclaimed:

"I guess I should know. I was there, and when Lee opened his heavy guns on us I huggled so close to old mother Earth that I rubbed a hole in the ground with my nose. Go along down and I will show you the educational hole!"

The encampment is located on Cemetery Hill and nearly a thousand white tents greet the eyes of the visitor as he emerges out of town on the Baltimore Pike. All the earth-works remain as they were at the time of the battle, and cannons commanding the field around are still in position. Boards locating the position of the various commands are seen in every direction, while a number of tablets are erected every year designating the spot where heroes fell. The only General who seems to have been neglected is General Reynolds, who commanded the first corps in the first day and was shot dead by a rebel sharp shooter about half a mile west of the Seminary building. The exact place where he fell is in dispute, and the board locating the spot is frequently changed from tree to tree, probably to allow the relic hunters a chance to cut canes from the tree under which Reynolds fell.

The National Cemetery is the principal object of interest to the citizen. It contains seventeen acres of land situated on Cemetery Hill, the scene of some of the most terrific fighting. The grounds are semi-circular form—each body pointing toward a common centre—the location of the monument. The number of dead buried here are 3,575—978 of these are unknown. Pennsylvania furnished 535 of the known dead.

At the entrance to the cemetery the visitor is confronted by a magnificent statue of General Reynolds, a braver man than whom never drew a sword. In the centre of the grounds is the National Monument. It is of light grey granite, sixty feet high and twenty-five feet square at the base, and is surmounted by a white marble statue of the Genus of Liberty, holding in her right hand the victorious wreath, and clasping in her left the pedestal, supporting four allegorical figures representing WAR, HISTORY, PEACE and PLENTY.

The entire cemetery is lined and spotted with evergreens, rendering it one of the most beautiful burial places the Nation could have selected for its heroic dead, whose blood has sealed a covenant in the eyes of God that our flag should not come down.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead! Dear is the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

T. H. H.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.

He who swims securely down the stream of self confidence is in danger of being drowned in the whirlpool of presumption.

A new post office in the South is called Langtry. It is hoped that it will not be true to its name, and cause the mails to go astray.

A Peruvian living in Milan has made a clock entirely out of bread. In this country many persons are trying to make bread out of paper, but they have only been partially successful. They complain that subscribers won't pay up.

A complimentary vote is something that is thrown at a man to make him feel bad because he is not quite popular enough to be elected.

It is said that Dr. O. W. Holmes has used the same pair of razors for fifty years. This statement, if true, proves two things: Mrs. Holmes is exempt from corns, and she has an oyster knife in the house.

WILLIAM YOUNG VICTIMIZED.

The Phila. "Press" contains the following account of the way in which William Young, recently of Middleburgh, was fixed up by western sharpers:

Waukesha, Wis., Aug. 14.—The fact has just leaked out that William Young, president of a bank at Reading, Pa., has just been fleeced of a considerable amount of money by confidence men. It appears that last Wednesday Mr. Young arrived here and went into stylish quarters at the Fountain House. On Thursday afternoon a fine-looking young man approached Mr. Young. "Mr. Young, of Reading," said the stranger, traveling and have not seen anybody from home in weeks," and the young man informed Mr. Young that he was a son of Henry S. Eckert, president of the Second National Bank of Reading. He asked affectionately for news, and about Mr. Young's son, who is cashier in his father's bank, and other people in Reading. The two men separated agreeing to meet Friday morning at the Silurian Springs.

Promptly at the hour and the place named they met again. The stranger was in buggy and begged Mr. Young to get in and take an airing. He did so, and they started for Bethesda Park, which Mr. Young had not yet seen. When near the foot of main street, the stranger remarked that he had bought some lottery tickets, and guessed that he would see if they had drawn anything, so he halted in front of the widow Jones's house, and the two went in. They were ushered into rooms, the only furniture of which was a wooden table, on which were a special drawing chart and a bunch of numbered cards. A man at the table said the stranger's ticket had won \$1,000, but the stranger had owned only one-tenth of it, so he would be given \$100.

Mr. Young saw a pile of bills a foot deep, and play began. Now his companion was \$500 ahead, and then again penniless. He jumped from the table in a frenzied state and wanted the lottery man to take his note, "No sir," up and down the floor the young stranger walked, picturing the horror of an exposure, and the sorrow of his respected father and mother, and the coolness of his frightened friends. Light came at last. The lottery man would take the note of Mr. Young, a bank president, and save Mr. Young's friend. The latter gave a note for \$1500 for security, for seventy days, and the stranger gave a note for \$1500 to Mr. Young for sixty days.

Mr. Young began investigating, and found that he had been swindled. On Saturday he informed the Sheriff, and before night the agreeable young stranger was in the cooler.

When the case was called to-day Mr. Young was nowhere to be found and the prisoner was held until 2 o'clock for the appearance of his accusers, but at 2 o'clock no complaint came, and the prisoner was discharged. An hour later Young came steaming into the Justice's office and inquired for the prisoner. His surprise and chagrin when he found he had been discharged because of his non-appearance may be imagined.

He explained that a friend of Eckert took him out of town on the promise that he get the \$1500 note and in that way freed Eckert, and he discovered, too late, that he was victimized, simply to keep him away from the court-room until the prisoner should be discharged. An effort was made to re-arrest Eckert, but he had left the town.

Always possessed of a devil's printing office.

According to the Cincinnati "Enquirer" a tramp refused to saw wood for his dinner, giving as a reason that he was bitterly opposed to the destruction of our forests and would do nothing to encourage that kind of business. And he walked off picking his teeth.

While a doctor was visiting a sick woman in Rowlandville, Penn., two children poured a pint of molasses into his silk hat, which he didn't notice until he put the tile on his head. Language cannot describe his feelings, but it is said that he will petition the next legislature to pass a bill making it a criminal offense for a child to be born under any years of age.

HOW TO FORECAST WEATHER.

The Farmers' Club of the American Institute has issued the following rules for foretelling the weather:

1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress to a region of fair weather.
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather to a region where a storm is forming.
6. Where cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northeast there will be rain inside of twenty-four hours, no matter how could it is.
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southeast, there will be a cold rainstorm on the morrow, if it be in summer, and if it be in winter there will be a snow-storm.
8. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north, the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.
9. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within one thousand miles of you.
10. Whenever heavy white frost occurs a storm is forming within one thousand miles north or northwest of you.

A DUTCH RECIPE WHICH COST \$10 A LINE

We paid \$10 a line for the following recipe how to succeed in life, and Herr Hans Yager has receipted for it: Peen goot, your brayers say every dime you dem forgot. Peen hardt vorkin' like der rich old mans mit der grafe one feet in. Get up from ped on top der ann, und den you pottes see what you done der day all through. Gone der meal-shore yourself to. Dot vas der most imbertonest ding from dem shillern vhat vas to gome—fouf cent gaster oil or seema tee dem safe many dollers. Ne-for outstey lader as vhen you home gome—on dot pinnes der frau selange her whole nadure and got so mad like a she teufel. Don't debt run into; it vas petter onf you valk in und out run. Lif in vone room andf you so many chillern got you most two rooms haf-it vas petter to gravel oop and slump oop und fall down. Peen demperate-trink noding stronger as peer. Look on anoder viannens, not; for onf you dot do, dey looks at you, und dem vas pizun look some dollers. Don't peen afraid you shillern got, like dem Yankee viannens—onf your fadder und mutter peen frucht fon dot yor don't vas here to mit beasure lif und trink lager beer. Make friend mit eferyoddy—vone enemy wurster as four hundred friends. Don't in dar church box pad lesser as fouf cent—dose vonecedd man make der bookkeeper in-heaven madder as ter teufel, und him eferydimes selange a hundred times more on der own side und nodings on der pay side.— [Kentucky State Journal.]

Physicians, &c.

J. W. SAMPEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and vicinity. Aug. 2, '83.

G. EDGAR HASSINGER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Middleburgh and vicinity. Office two doors west of Washington house. July 12, '83.

I. GRIER BARBER,
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Middleburgh, Penn'a.
Office opposite U. S. Church.

H. H. BORDNER,
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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, '83.

H. J. SMITH,
Physician & Surgeon.
Offers his professional services to the public. Office on Main street. June 12, '83.

DR. J. O. WAGNER,
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Professional business promptly attended to. May 22, '83.

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DR. A. M. SMITH,
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