The Middleburgh Post.

T. R. 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

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—:POETRY:—

WOULD WE BE WILLING.

Would we be willing, if the summons came
To countermarch this life, to live the same
Once more?
Say pain and joy, and poverty and wealth,
Good days and dark days, illness and health,
Lived o'er?

The new life just as the old one had been;
To find like friendship and the viler men,
As yesterday?

And would it pay? Life, like a play,
Is relished as we go from day to day—
But stay!

Not many a play is worthy of recall;
The actors one by one come on, and curtains fall;
They go away;

And shifting scenes, and music long and drear
Grates on the list'ner's weary ear,
We dread the play!

And so, as children tire of toys and sleep,
At the close of life comes less and less to keep
Us here alway.

And then so many that have gone before,
And carried hopes to a brighter shore
Are saying, Come!

Those absent ones, with anxious gaze pleading and lighting the darkest ways,
would call us home.

Would we be willing to refuse their prayer
Ah, no! Some day we'll greet them there
Some day!

A FAMOUS FIGHT

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG BY A NOTED CONFEDERATE.

Lieutenant Colonel William H Swallow, of the Army of Northern Virginia, thus relates in the Weekly Times what occurred in his view upon the historic field of Gettysburg:

On the first day of the battle on the Pennsylvania Reserve, under General Reynolds, who fell early in the fight, and the Eleventh Corps, commanded by General Howard, were engaged on the Federal side they numbered probably 25,000 men. On the Confederate side, although General Heath, of Hill's corps, opened the battle with the Pennsylvania Reserved, under General Reynolds, the division of Heath was soon withdrawn and Ewell's corps thrown to the front with early in advance. The Reserves were reinforced by Howard's Eleventh Corps. In the action that followed Howard's forces gradually gave ground before the advancing line of the Confederates and retreated through the town of Gettysburg to a ridge of hills beyond, as already stated.

During the night, while the Eleventh Corps were entrenching themselves behind the town on Cemetery Hill, they were reinforced by the Federal army, numbering in all over a hundred thousand men. The Union line now extended from the Baltimore turnpike, or Cemetery Hill, to Little Round Top mountain, a distance of over two miles, in the direction of Emmetsburg. They held a position formidable by nature and rendered doubly so by the entrenchments thrown up. This new line was confronted by the army of Northern Virginia, composed of the corps of Ewell, Hill and Longstreet. Our division swung into the York pike, below the town, and drew up in front of the Union line that rested on Cemetery Hill. While the division was being placed in position in front of Howard's line one of the brigades threw out a inducement to General Trimble to open up prematurely. But Trimble was on his guard and acted on the sound rule which in war teaches the skilful soldier never to do what the enemy wishes or expects.

To the visitor of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg enters the town from the Baltimore turnpike. Looking to the left he will observe a high signal tower situated about a hundred yards from the road on an elevated ridge sloping gradually to a level surface. On the ridge, running parallel with the Baltimore pike, dense columns of the Federal army had concentrated, principally the Eleventh Corps of General Howard. The first Division of Jackson's old corps, supported by the brigades of Trimble and Gordon were lying directly in their front. The Federal brigade of General Robinson was exactly in front of the Confederate brigade to which the writer was attached.

General Robinson's skill and courage in this action were conspicuously displayed, until he fell with his charger to the ground, both riddled with the bullets in all parts of their bodies. It may be of interest here to state that the General Robinson spoken of is the same gentleman who was elected Secretary of State by Republicans of Ohio last fall.

It has often been said that no man is ever missed. The maxim is not always true. The first opportunity was here presented to engage an enemy by the division under great disadvantages, without the presence of the mighty genius who had guided it, whose name had always been a sure pledge for victory, and who on many hard fought battlesfields had infused into the hearts of his soldiers the heroism of his own fearless and determined spirit. He was well known to all the old soldiers of General Early Division, but had fallen mortally wounded just two months before at Chancellorsville in a fire delivered by his own men. His name was Stonewall Jackson!

There was one circumstance that made the writer feel sad. The Eightysecond Illinois Regiment, Colonel Fred Hecker, was brigaded with General Robinson and in this regiment the writer had a favorite half brother, who commanded a company. Amid the shouts of the army and beating of music the order of Early was received: 'Let the line advance!" The division moved rapidly forward to about half way up the ridge, when a deadly fire from the Eleventh Corps caused it to reel and fall back. A second assault was ordered, when the top of the ridge was reached under a galling fire. Two Confederate brigades on the left of the division pushed on nearly to the turnpike, when Captain Bill Murry, from Winchester, Va., a brave young man whom no danger could frighted, dashed forward with a portion of the Maryland Line and some Virginia troops, and delivered a deadly fire right into the very faces of Schemelfening's German Brigade. But such reckless termerity have but one result. In a moment a volley from Robinson's men laid the brave Vitginian and his companions dead upon the ground. Notwithstanding these apparent advantages and the gallant effort made by General George H Stuart the division began to falter. At this critical juncture General Isaac R. Trimble, the "soldier without fear or reproach," ordered the division to move on to the turnpike.

It was an awful moment. The Eleventh Corps vomited forth one inextinguishedable flame that struck the division like the lightening's fiery scourge. Undismayed by the blood and terrors of the conflict the brave Confederates pushed on. Several Confederate regiments reached the Baltimore turnpike and closed in a grapple for life and death with the bayonet. The curses and shouts of these men could be heard above the sharp quick rattle of the musketry.

Heavy columns of Federal troops were gradually pushed forward by Hancock to reinforce his right wing, and the division was gradually beaten back to the foot of the ridge, and from there retired to a dense wood a short distance beyond.

We had lost heavily and accomplished practically nothing. Many prisoners were taken on both sides. Among those captured from the Union forces was young Captain Emile Frey, of the Eighty-second Illinois, the popular Swiss Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington. He was sent to the rear and taken to Richmond. And now it seemed that all was lost; many brave young men had fallen and slept in death on the cold ground. From every part of the great battle field nothing was received but disappointment. It was late before order was restored and little rest was taken by the division during the night. In fact, the whole night was one of feverish anxiety. During the night a battery was used by the Federal artillerymen upon the wood in which we had lain. The bullets went whistling over our heads and produced feelings far from pleasant.

At daylight in the morning the Yankee boys were still at this amusement, when General Coulsten, Capton Gordon and myself went to a point on the edge of the wood to get a better view of the Federal lines. A ball from a rifled twelve-pounder struck a tree about twenty inches in diameter and passed through it with telling effect. Captain Gordon ran up to the tree, and thrusting his arm through the hole drew out a handful of fine dust, so hot that it is not bearable.

It was evident that another day's work was before us. During the day the division, re-enforced and falling lower down, engaged the enemy with no result. From appearances it was evident that a new move was in progress. A portion of the division was now ordered to the Emmettsburg road to be ready to co-operate with a movement soon to be ordered. Several brigades gallantly cut their way to this point. Lee ordered the division of General George Pickett to move rapidly on the Federal centre and cut it in two. It was, indeed, a last adventure. Before the division charged General Lee undertook to deceive Hancock and Meade by causing an attack to be made on the right and left of the line of battle. The great Confederate General evidently thought, and reasonably so, that by this move the shifting of men to the right and left would weaken the Federal centre and by a bold and dashing attack enable him to cut the Union army in two and drive them from the field. The division moved rapidly forward until they came within grape and canister range of the Federal line, when the Union centre let loose a deadly fire that was sickening in its results. As the smoke cleared away deep gaps could be distinctly seen where the grape and canister did their deadly work. The brave Virginians closed up and renewed the forlorn mission with the same results, repeating it until their ranks were completely decimated. The charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg will go down in history to the remotest ages. It was the closing scene in the greatest battle that has been fought in the world since the birth of Christ. It was the the turning point in a great and eventful struggle that shook both hemispheres by the terrors of the conflict. For devotion to a high sense of military order, for courage and determination in executing, history has recorded no sadder or more heroic picture. After the division of General Pickett had been completely cut to pieces the battle was at an end.

From that moment the fortunes of the South began to decline, until it culminated in the final surrender. It is true, great battles were afterwards fought and gained by the Southern armies, but they were barren victories. Our brigade attempted to reach our old position, but the excitement was so great that it was no easy matter. We were on the edge of the town where the Emmettsburg road meets the turnpike. The housetops, church steeples and outhouses were filled with sharpshooters. The main thoroughfare through the place was crowded with ambulances filled with dead and wounded. It was while attempting to pass the brigade over the Baltimore turnpike and around the town to the York pike that I was shot through the body and captured.

The battlefield of Gettysburg will always be a hallowed spot to the American people. In itself it is a place of great natural beauty. Everything that money and art could effect has been done to adorn Cemetery Hill and to perpetuate a spot, beneath whose ensanguined dust, so many heroes lie buried.

A little brown sugar thrown upon roasting coffee keeps the aroma from getting away.

Some young men's heads are like timber. Nothing permanent can be made of them while they are full of sap.

The potatoes, introduced in England in 1600, was first eaten as a sweetmeat, stewed in sack wine and

THE PAIN OF BEING HANGED.

Dr. Taylor states that "death from hanging appears to take place very rapidly and without causing any suffering to the person." Prof. Tidy also speaks of the painless nature of death from hanging, while Professor Haughton, in his paper read before the surgical society of Dublin, says that "the old system of taking a convict's life by suffocation is inhumanly painful, unnecessarily prolonged and revolting to those whose duty it is to be present."

Those who speak of the painless nature of death by strangulation arrive at this conclusion from the fact that many cases of suicide are not completely suspended, and that if they wished they could easily relieve the constriction by assuming the erect posture, and in other cases of recovery from attempted suicide by hanging there is no recollection of any suffering. It should be remembered, however, that there is a great difference between the mental attitude of the suicide and one who is about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. In the former case he is regardless, and perhaps also not very sensitive, of a little suffering, while in the latter every nerve is braced up to resist the inevitable result.

Moreover, in those cases of recovery the loss of recollection of suffering does not prove that there was none. It might almost as well be said that because in many cases of recovery from meningitis there was no remembrance of any suffering, therefore there was none. No doubt, the pain in hanging can under no circumstances be very acute, yet when we see a culprit heaving his chest and almost raising the whole body in his struggles for breath, we must conclude that there is at least a considerable amount of mental torture.

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

There were half a dozen old fellows sitting on the bench in a public park talking upon various subjects and finally they began to tell stories as to the wonderful feats and presence of mind they had witnessed.

One old gentleman told of the building of a mill in New York state where a number of upright posts had to be put in about six feet of water with the end resting on the rocky bottom. In lowering one of these posts, the end became entangled in the coat-tail of a man in the boat, who was steadying it, and took him to the bottom; but before he could get untangled, he was pinned fast under nearly sixty feet of water.

"With wonderful presence of mind" said the story teller, "he slipped out of his coat and came up. His coat remained under the post."

A lean lank looking fellow who had been listening came up, saying:

"That's a remarkable incident, but nothing to what I saw in Milwaukee Bay about thirty year."

"What was it? Tell!" exclaimed all the party at once.

"I was out in a boat with a friend. We had taken our guns along to shoot ducks, if any should happen along, which was a common thing in those days. Well, we hadn't been there long before I, in some way, lost my powder-horn overboard, and it sunk in thirty feet of water. There it lay on the bottom in plain sight. My friend said he would dive for it. I tried to persuade him not to, but he was determined. I noticed he didn't take off his powder-horn, and before I could call attention to it he was in the water. I waited about twenty minutes—"

"Twenty minutes!" they all at once exclaimed.

"That's the exact time, my friends, I held my watch in my hand, and timed him. After twenty minutes I began to get a little nervous, and I looked over the boat; and what do you think I saw!"

"I suppose your friend laid on the bottom of the lake drowned," ventured one.

"No; you are wrong. Here is where he showed his presence of mind and dirty, thieving disposition. There he sat on the bottom of the lake, pouring the powder out of my horn into his own and whistling. That's what I consider a remarkable incident of a man's presence of mind."

No reply was made by any of the up, looking suspiciously at the story teller, and left him alone master of the situation.

THE BELLE OF MOUNTAIN DEW.

Miss Bettie Smith, of Fentress county, Tenn., who was arrested on the charge of illicit distilling, is said to be handsome and accomplished.

When Miss Smith was arranged before the United States Court at Nashville she conducted herself with grace and dignity that the polite old judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow.

"Miss Smith," said the judge, "to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me."

"It does me, too, judge."

"How old are you?"

"Judge you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. I am two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months and still speaks well of her husband. Now how old am I?"

"I cannot tell."

"I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency."

"Why did you go into the business of illicit distilling?"

"Because I wanted to make whiskey."

"I suppose so. How long have you been a distiller?"

"Ever since I was sixteen years old."

"When were you sixteen years old."

"The year my father died."

"What year was that?"

"The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas."

"Miss Smith, you are a woman but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Remember that if convicted of this awful charge, you will be sent to the penitentiary. What did you do with the whiskey you made?"

"Sold it."

"Who bought it?"

"Well, judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all. Some time ago, a party of gentlemen came out into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whiskey, but found it difficult to buy any. After a while I told a man if he would put his jug down on a dollar and go away he might, when he came back, find the jug full of whiskey. He did so."

Would you know the man?"

"Oh, yes sir; I recognized him in a moment. You are the man, judge."

MARRIAGE IN INDIA

A Hindo lady has been making a remarkable contribution in the *Times* to the discussion going on about the status of her sex in India. Every woman on the death of her husband, even a child husband, is condemned to perpetual windowhood. A man can marry a second wife at the death of his first one, and any number of wives at one and the same time. All the boys and girls in India are betrothed indissolubly almost as soon as they are born, and are brought together in physical union by the time they have completed their 12th or 13th year. At the age of eight at latest a husband must be found for every girl.

The butcher should always be placed on joint committees.

A girl should marry for protection instead of for revenue only.

A dentist does not always have fair sailing. Sometimes he runs against a snag.

The Mohammedans have ninety nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."

A Limberger cheese man at Watertown, N. Y., has failed. His assets are strong.

All men love the past, young men love the future, but if you want to tickle a girl's fancy, give her a present.

An eastern authoress asks; "Can my Lady stick closer than a husband?" A porous plaster can crowd him for the honors, dear madam.

The best, most enduring home happiness is founded upon Christian love and principle, and that is the sweetest earthly habitation in which Jesus is owned and peace rules.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in*

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Court Proclamation

WHEREAS the Hon. Joseph C Rucher President Judge of the 16th etal District composed of the counties of Snyder Union and Mifflin and Samuel A. Wetzel and Jacob A. Smith, Esqr. Associate Judges in and for Snyder county have issued their precept bearing date the 20th day of July A. D 1885, to me directed for the holding of an Orphans court a court of Common Pleas, court of Oyer and Terminer and General court of Quarter Sessions of the peace at Middleburgh for the county of Snyder, on the 4th Monday being the 28th day of Sept. 1885, and continue one week.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for the county of Snyder, to appear in their proper persons with their rolls records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances to those things to their offices and in their behalf pertain to be done and witnesses and persons prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any persons are required to be then and there attending and not departing without leave at their peril. Justices are requested to be punctually their attendance at the appointed time agreeably to notice.

Given under my hand and seal at the Sheriff's office in Middleburg, the 13th day of Aug. A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eighty five.

NER B. MIDDLESWARTH, Sheriff.

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