

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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NO 11

POETRY

THE OLD CANOE

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide,
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the stern has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er the other,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;

While busy back and forth between
The spider weaves his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the muddering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower,

While many a blossom of liveliest hue,
Springs up from the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light winds play with the boat as will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time

That meet and part in the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

—Gen. Albert Pike.

A STRANGE CASE

During the many weeks that Parly and Sherman faced each other along the Opequan, says "Ex-robber" in the Detroit Free Press, I was a high private in a Confederate infantry regiment. About two weeks previous to the battle which drove us beyond Winchester, my company was ordered to the front to do picket duty along a certain line. Sheridan was even then become aggressive, and his pickets were crowding us all along the front. At the spot where I relieved the old picket the Federals occupied a post not over ten rods away, and during the daytime the conversation would run about as follows:

"Hello! Johnny!"
"Hello! Yack!"
"How long are you going to be there?"
"All winter."
"Bet you ten to one!"
"Why?"
"Cause we are going to drive you out in a few days. Better get your knapsacks packed."
"You be hanged."
"See if we don't do it!"
I went on at 10 o'clock at night, and my orders were very strict. It was a starlight night, and between me and the Yankee picket was open ground—a portion of an old field. A dog could not cross it without being discovered. I was not to give an alarm unless convinced that the enemy was preparing for some move, and I was not to fire my musket except more than one person was seen advancing across the field. So sure as one single musket was discharged the fire would run up and down both lines for a mile or so, and the reliefs would be turned out and a hubbub raised which could not be quieted for an hour.

It was a very still night. The whippoorwill were singing along the Opequan, and from every bunch of grass came the notes of catbirds and crickets. At about 11 o'clock, while I sat for a moment on a fallen log, looking straight across the field, a man suddenly stepped out of the cover of the woods on the far side and began advancing toward me. I caught the shine of the starlight on his musket at once, and immediately made up my mind that he was a Federal picket. Indeed, who else could he be? He was exactly opposite me, and he advanced at a slow and measured pace, with his musket at a "carry."

As soon as the man stepped out I

AWAKENING HIS COMING.

Zanesville for the past eight weeks has been undergoing a powerful religious revival. At the Second Street Methodist Church alone 143 persons have professed religion. At the conclusion of the sermon a few evenings ago a remarkably impressive scene occurred. The altar was well filled by a number of persons seeking salvation; and a number of those who had been invited to come forward and speak a word of consolation to the mourners were standing close by, occasionally tending forward to whisper the praises of Jehovah in the ear of the repentant sinner. The auditorium was filled with a vast multitude, scores of whom were compelled to stand up.

"Let us all now pray," said the Rev. Mr. Keene. "Let every one pray. God will visit us to-night. Let every one bend the knee or bow the head, and in silent meditation watch the approach of the Holy Spirit. This will be a glorious evening, for Christ will be here, I feel it."

Three minutes of the silence of the death chamber ensued. Everybody, eight hundred, nine hundred, perhaps a thousand people, saints and sinners alike, were on their knees or bowing their heads, awaiting the footfall of the coming guest. So quiet was it that the wail of the light, as it consumed itself through the hundreds of jets of flaming gas, could almost be heard. In the midst of this awful silence the minister whispered slowly, pausing a moment after each sentence: "He is coming, I hear His footfall. Nearer and nearer He approaches. [A pause.] Nearer and nearer He approaches. [A pause.] O Jesus hasten Thy coming. We are dying! Fast dying! Get here in time to save us! Make the channel clear for us! [A pause.] I see a rift in the clouds."

At the slow and solemn utterance of these words the very atmosphere seemed to undergo a change. It appeared to grow healthier, sweeter, fresher, more buoyant, like the air of a fresh-born freedom, gentle as heaven's special zephyr, like the breath of an angel.

Again the preacher whispers: "O Jesus, we want to entertain Thee tonight as our special guest. Baptize us with the fire of Thy consuming love."

A pause.
"He comes."
A moment's silence.
"He is knocking at the door."
Profound silence for a few seconds.

"Let Him in," says the preacher, and a deeper and deadlier silence than ever succeeds, broken by the loud and glad shout: "He is here! Jesus is here! Holy Spirit, welcome! A thousand welcomes! Bless these mourning souls and this waiting congregation!"

Not a breath, not a whisper is then heard, as all are yet engaged in silent prayer, but the scene is indescribable. Let him who can paint the quietude of nothing. One imagines that he hears the footsteps of Him upon whom they are waiting passing up and down the aisles and through the pews, shaking the jewels of eternal brightness from off the branches of the Tree of Life to fall on every head, and as they light a soul is bedecked for everlasting life. Pearls of priceless value are given away for the asking. The repentant tear is crystallized and placed in the coronet of saints to glint and sparkle forever. The fountain of unending joy has broke forth and flows unobstructed through a soul that is cleansed. An immaculate creation is absorbing the sighs of the sorrowing. A pardoning spirit is triumphantly bearing the weight of sin from the soul of the believer. It is a Bible triumph: "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Ten minutes have elapsed. The cherubim and seraphim have sung their songs of praise and rejoicing and all at once the assemblage arises, and with one accord unite in singing: Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

It was a solemn scene, and full of dramatic power and sublimity.

"All men are born free and equal, but the difficulty is that some are born equal to half a dozen others."

Wonderful Cures.
W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Buckle's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always.

Sold by G. M. Shindel.

A BULGARIAN STORY.

Bulgarian women are not models of conjugal fidelity. But in a country where everybody is subject to butterfly fancies the husbands are but little distressed by their wives' weakness, and when a woman shows a preference for another man the divorce proceedings are carried through in a perfectly friendly way, and the divorced trips off and gets married to her second choice. The first husband cordially congratulates him and her, and perhaps even sends them a wedding present with his best wishes. Everything is quite pleasant. Later on she may have another husband, and yet another, but the same friendly relations are still preserved.—Daily Paper.

How simple this is, and how pleasant. Witness Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown of Bulgaria. (Brown is not a Bulgarian name, but it will answer the purpose of this tale.) Mr. Brown is reading and smoking. Enter Mrs. Brown just returned from a ball.

"Ah, Tom," she says, with a yawn, "do you know this life is getting very monotonous?"

"So, my dear? I hadn't noticed it."

"Yes, I think it is. And then I met such a delightful man this evening. I wish you'd get me a divorce Tom."

"Why, certainly, Mary, I'll get one to-morrow."

"If it's going to be any trouble, Tom, I'll see to it myself."

Tom drops his paper, and kisses her affectionately.

"Why, my dear, aren't you my wife? Of course; and I'll be a brute to refuse a little favor like that. Besides, it's no trouble. I'll just drop in on my way down to the office and procure one."

"Always my dear obliging little hubby. I'll be so much indebted to you."

"Oh, don't mention it—a mere nothing. When will you be married again?"

"Well, let me see. You'll get a divorce for me in the morning. How would to-morrow afternoon do?"

"Well, I have some rather important business to attend to then, and couldn't be present. Suppose you make it to-morrow evening. I could have a wedding present for you by that time, you know."

"To-morrow evening let it be then."

"I suppose we can consider it all settled now."

"Yes, I see nothing to the contrary."

Then, after a moment's silence: "Will you excuse me a little while, darling? I wish to run over and see Mrs. Black."

After the expiration of half an hour he returns and remarks:

"Will you have a few minutes to spare after your wedding to-morrow evening?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then perhaps you'd like to drop in and see me married?"

"I thank you, yes. I would be more than pleased. Is it Mrs. Black?"

"It is."

"What becomes of Mr. Black?"

"Oh, I had a talk with him, and he said he'd walk down with me to-morrow when I go for the divorce for you and get one for his wife."

The following morning as Tom is about to leave for the office, his wife puts her arms around his neck and says:

"Well, good bye, Tom. You've been a good husband to me—the best I ever had. I'll be sorry to lose you, Tom. Perhaps some time we'll marry again."

"It may be, Mary. By the way who was your last husband?"

"George Fern."

"And do you think I am a better husband than he is?"

"Indeed I do."

"Really, Mary, that's quite a compliment. Most of my wives have considered George the most attractive and charming husband in the country."

On his way down town Tom meets Mr. Black and another gentleman.

"Tom," says Black, "permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. Downes. Mr. Downes is the gentleman who is to marry your wife this evening."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Downes," replied Tom cordially. "I congratulate you most heartily. Mrs. Brown, I know, will make you a most agreeable and charming wife. Really she is a delightful woman. Black I suppose you'll drop around when I marry your wife this evening."

BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

Delivered at the grave of John Brown at North Elba, Dec. 8, 1885.

How feeble words seem here! How can I hope to utter what your hearts are full of? I fear to disturb the harmony which his life breathes round this home. One and another of you, his neighbors, say, "I have known him ten years." "I have known him ten years." It seems to me as if he had none of us known him. How our admiring, loving wonder has grown, day by day, as he has unfolded trait after trait of earnest, brave, tender, Christian life!

We see him walking with radiant, serene face to the scaffold, and I think what an iron heart, what devoted faith! We take up his letters, beginning with, "My dear wife and children, every one,"—his limp on his way to the scaffold, and his that negro child, and this iron heart seems all tenderness. Marvelous old man!

Your neighbor farmer went, surrounded by his household, to tell the slaves there were still hearts and right arms still ready and nerved for their service. How resolutely each stood at his forlorn post, meeting death cheerfully, till that master voice said, "It is enough."

He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass are the ones we appreciate the least. History will date Virginia's emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills it looks green for months, a year or two. Still it is timber—not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system; it only breathes—it does not live—hereafter.

God make us all worthy of him whose dust we lay among these hills he loved. Here he buried himself and went forth to battle. Fuller success than his heart ever dreamed of, God granted him. He sleeps in the blessing of the crushed and the poor, and we believe more firmly in virtue, now that such a man has lived. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope.—Woodell Phillips.

Lieut. Owen, in *Camp and Battery*, says that when the Confederate army marched through Frederick no one knew of the "Barbara Froelich" incident, but there was one incident they did know of. "On a small gallery stood a buxom young lady, with laughing black eyes, watching the scene before her. On her breast she had pinned a small flag, the Stars and Stripes. This was observed and some soldier sang out: "Look hiar, miss, better take that flag down; we're awful fond of charging breastworks!" This was carried down the line amid shouts of laughter. The little lady laughed herself, but stood by her colors."

The largest sale of thoroughbred horses ever held in this country was held on Saturday a week at Rome, N. J., on the farm of P. Leitchard. One of them, Dew Drop, brought \$23,000, and the entire lot, twenty-seven of them brought \$110,050.

An Entertaining, Reliable House.
G. M. Shindel can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

"Thanks, yes, if you'll come around afterward and see me wedded to Downe's wife."
"Suppose we three make the rounds together."

Just compare the beauty and simplicity of this divorce law with the quarrels, scandals and newspaper publicity of the one in vogue in this country. Is not the Bulgarian easier to refresh? Evidently we have not learned the first rudiments of the true theory of divorce.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, PENN'A, R. R. DIVISION. Time Table, In effect April 6, 1885.

Train Leave Lock Haven Junction 7:15 a.m., 3:45 p.m., 1:15 p.m. For Philadelphia and the West.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE.

Philadelphia and Erie R. R. Division, NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

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D. R. E. W. TOOL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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