

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.

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POETRY.

Nobody Knows but Mother.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only soothe;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darlings may not weather
The storms of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father,
For that sweetest gift a mother's love,
Nobody can—but mother.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Bartholdi Statue

The land that, from the rule of kings,
In freeing us, itself made free,
Our Old World Sister, to us brings
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty.

Unlike the shafts of Egypt's sands
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,
On Freedom's soil with freeman's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee
Once more a debt of love we owe;
In peace beneath thy Fleur de lis,
We had a later Roshambau!

Rise, stately symbol! holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch
uplit!

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be.
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Suave far, shine free, a guiding light
To Reason's way and Virtue's aim,
A lightning flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name!

—John G. Whittier.

LAND PIRATE OF THE WAR.

From the Harrisburg Telegram.

The name of John Singleton Mosby, the guerilla chieftain, does not occupy a bright and shining page in war history. As a rule, historians have considered him beneath the notice of their pens, but it is a fact that his land pirate of the rebellion, with a command numbering not over 700 bushwackers, of about the same caliber and murderous disposition as their leader, managed to harass the union lines to such an extent that it required an array of as many thousands to keep his predatory band in a partial subjection.

Recently I traveled over that section of Virginia known in war times as Mosby's confederacy, which, coupled with the experience of meeting him in several skirmishes during the winter and spring of 1863, led me to look up the record of this "gentleman of the road," who threatened to lecture, the change of administration having deprived him of his political soft snap is minister to Hong Kong. It will be remembered that during 1864 Mosby was not as fresh as usual, either the presence of Sheridan in the valley or other causes having made him timid. The other causes are somewhat startling if true. While in Leesburg I met a captain of the late C. S. A., who assured me that the daring bushwacker was in the employ and pay of the United States government at that time, a fact which could be proven by examining the records in the adjutant general's office. The captain, who requested his name to be withheld so as not to be honest in his assertion, and judging from Mosby's record, it would not be surprising to find him a traitor to the confederate cause he claimed to love so well. One thing is very queer, that after his murderous career of three years, laying in ambush to kill union soldiers, killing sleeping men, and men who had become separated from their commands, ditching trains and killing helpless non-combatants for the sake of plunder and loot, and doing other acts that brave and chivalrous men despise, he was quickly pardoned by General Grant at the very

time that General Hancock had offered a reward of \$5,000 for him, dead or alive, and shortly thereafter taken into the confidence and esteem of the leaders of the party in power. The pardoning of Mosby is the only act that soldiers censure Grant for. It was a thorn in their side and ever will be while memory lasts. General Whitaker, of Custer's staff, places this brigand in about the right category, "sneak thief." Custer's men as a rule held him and his "Partisan rangers" in the same estimation. A great many ex-union soldiers would like to do justice to Mosby, but the majority of them think it can only be done with a shot gun.

Of Mosby's daring and recklessness there can be no discount, and had he elected to serve the "lost cause" according to the principles of modern warfare, he might have earned as honorable distinction as Wade Hampton or J. E. B. Stuart, as a cavalry leader. He was crafty and as bloodthirsty as a wild beast. When his command had murdered some union soldiers he was happy. If they failed to spill gore, he was disheartened and would slink away for days from his command and seek consolation from Laura Ratcliffe, the sanctiest "society" spy in all Fauquier. Mosby has recently been furnishing a series of articles to patent inside newspapers, on his raids, and they are written in his usual bragadoecio vein. He claims that pistols are the salvation of cavalry. He considers the saber an useless affair. Sabers weren't much use to his command to be sure. Men who hide behind rocks and trees to kill some one, haven't any use for swords, but to brave men who fight openly, "the cold steel" is the stuff to give to the foe. By it courage, mettle, dash and superiority as soldiers have always been measured, and always will, in honorable warfare. Mosby had a few brave

men in his command, however, and among these was Captain Mountjoy. This officer was possessed of humane instincts, and was a fighter. He defeated and captured Captain Blazer and his picket command of 100 men, who were expressly detailed to capture Mosby. Mountjoy was killed shortly afterwards and Mosby's command was rendered of little further account by his death. In Virginia Mosby is not held in very great esteem. He is blamed for the devastation of the valley by Sheridan, the citizens claiming that it was done in revenge for the guerilla's depredations.

In November, 1864, Captain Richards, of Mosby's bushwackers, captured fifteen of Custer's men between Middletown and Strasburg. The captured men were taken by Dr. Lowers through Asby's gap and left in charge of Jimmy Chilton, a resident of the Blue ridge. The men were treated nicely by Chilton for several days, but their tranquility was ruddy and painfully disturbed by the entrance of two rangers, who demanded of the prisoners to whom command they belonged. Several promptly responded: "We belong to Custer's division."

"Then," said the guerillas, "you are to be hung. Come along." The announcement caused a terrible shock, but the men were calm and resolved to die. The execution took place at Reesertown, and the following description of the event was given to a Telegram reporter by a resident of Warrentown, who was present: The men were drawn up in line with some other prisoners, numbering in all twenty-seven. Sam Chapman, one of Mosby's officers, was detailed to superintend the sad affair and Mosby looked stolidly on, the lines in his hard, cruel mouth showing determination. The prisoners were drawn up in single rank and each one was given a bit of paper. Seven only were numbered. They were all placed in a hat and each prisoner was required to draw forth one of them. Those who drew blanks were to be sent to Libby prison, at Richmond, but those who drew the fatal numbers were doomed to dishonorable death. Firmness, with his closed lips and unquailing eye; and stolid indifference, but fear was not there. With his ashen cheek and trembling lips, the condemned men were at once apart and closely guarded.

A young drummer-boy appeared to Mosby to save his life. But Mosby said, "No, the drum excites men to battle," but he afterwards relented, through Captain Mountjoy's earnest appeal. The prisoners were again ordered in line to draw for a man to take the drummer boy's place. A lieutenant drew the death ticket this time. The condemned men were ordered to fall in line, and were taken from thence through Asby's gap to Rosemont, on the edge of Barryville, where the sentences were executed. The lieutenant's life was saved by Captain Mountjoy on account of Freemasonry. Mosby, who was not a Mason reprimanded Captain Mountjoy for his action in saving the lieutenant. Three of the men were hung and the others shot. One Michigan cavalryman laughed at his executioners, as they adjusted the noose about his neck, saying: "For this cowardly act on your part I have one satisfaction, for every man you murder here to-day Custer will kill twenty bushwackers." The last prisoner called upon to suffer the penalty escaped. When he was led up to the tree he struck the guard who held him by the collar, a blow which felled him to the ground, rushed past him, and screened by the misty dawn was soon lost to view.

In Mosby's narratives he is continually relating how a half-dozen of his men were constantly capturing whole companies of the union cavalrymen. A little anecdote or description of a running fight that Lieutenant Ferris, of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, had with some of his men near Stephenson's depot will show how true are his yarns of military raids. Ferris was seen by about twenty of Mosby's men to pass rapidly from Colonel Bonham's house to the stable which was situated in the corner of the yard. Two of Mosby's men made a demand for his surrender.

"Never," said Ferris, "I will surrender." The firing then began, and although the "rebs" were begirt with pistols, Ferris's unerring aim laid seven of the guerilla low. He then seized one of the wounded Johnnie's horses and escaped. Two of the "rangers" were killed while in pursuit. Among the men Ferris killed was George Murray Gill, a wealthy Baltimorean's son and graduate from Princeton college. He was one of almost numberless incidents, where a squad of Mosby's men were whipped by one union soldier.

Mosby may find the lecture field profitable, but I advise him to steer clear of the state of Michigan. There are still living some of Custer's old brigade, who might feel disposed to make his sojourn unpleasant. For the careless and unfeeling manner in which he allowed the body of Captain Morgan and his dead comrades to be stripped of their clothing at Upperville, this article, while just and true, is only a partial payment.

SAM A. PAINE.

Sealed Obscene Letters.

Judge Sabin, of the United States district court, in Galveston, Texas, made a ruling upon a question of a good deal of general interest. The United States grand jury at its recent sitting returned an indictment against a young German, Carl Frietsche, for sending obscene literature through the mails. Frietsche was courting a young German woman in the city who lived with her married sister. Not satisfied with Frietsche, the married sister forbade his visits to the house, whereupon he wrote her several scurrilous letters about the younger sister. This led to his arrest and indictment. The case came up for trial last week. The evidence developed the fact that the obscene letters were sealed, and the court ruled that, inasmuch as the obscene matter was sealed and sent by one person to another through the medium of the mails, there was no violation of the federal statutes. Judge Sabin is the third United States judge to sustain the above ruling, while some fifteen federal courts have ruled directly to the contrary. The question, therefore, seems unsettled, and is now before the supreme court of the United States for final adjudication.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.

Wealth of the Presidents.

Of the earlier presidents, Washington was the wealthiest. When he died his estate had a moderate valuation was worth \$300,000. Adams was a poor man, but independent in his last years, thanks to the good management of his wife. Jefferson was wealthy when he became president, but lost his property and died insolvent. His house was sold, and his daughter was saved from want by the generosity of South Carolina, which gave her \$30,000. Congress bought his library, and with the proceeds his debts were paid. All of his descendants are poor.

Madison left a handsome property, and was wealthy when president. Congress bought his manuscript papers, paying \$30,000 for them. Mrs. Madison's son, Payne Todd, squandered her property, and in a few years after her husband's death she was poor. His estate was valued at \$280,000 in 1816.

James Monroe died insolvent. He sold his Virginia estate after the death of his wife, and died in New York.

John Quincy Adams left \$50,000. Andrew Jackson, was a rich man for his day. The Hermitage, which he left to his adopted son, is now the property of the state.

Martin Van Buren left a fine estate valued at \$300,000.

James K. Polk left about half this amount, and as he had no children to make use of it, his widow has enjoyed it since his death.

John Tyler was not a rich man, though he owned a fine farm in Virginia and a number of slaves. He had a large family and was so long in public life that he went to the White House poor. What he saved in office enabled him to live in comfort afterwards. His second wife had means, and their eight children were well educated.

Franklin Pierce left no child to inherit his property, which was valued at \$50,000.

President Buchanan was worth \$250,000, which he gave to his nieces and nephews.

Abraham Lincoln's estate was valued at \$75,000.

Andrew Johnson had \$150,000 when he left the White House. A part of this amount was lost by the failure of the Freedman's bank.

President Grant never had money until he became lieutenant general. His salary and the generous gifts of his friends made him a millionaire. All of his property was lost in the Grant-Ward failure. His wife is independent again through the sale of his book.

Hayes is very wealthy. The gifts to Mrs. Garfield made her rich. Her husband left a small property, worth not more than \$10,000.

Ex-president Arthur was worth about \$100,000.

Cleveland has about the same amount.—[N. Y. Sun.

EGGS BY WEIGHT.

Isn't it strange that we buy and sell eggs by number instead of by weight? Number does not show their value; weight does. Some eggs weigh twice as much as others. What justice or business sagacity is there in paying the same price for one as for the other? Is not the farmer who sells a large egg for the same price that his neighbor sells a small one cheated? And is not the buyer of the small egg cheated? Just as well might butter be sold by rolls, the small roll bringing as much as the large one. We do not buy or sell butter by the number of rolls, or meat by the number of pieces, or cheese by number; nor should we sell eggs by number. If eggs were bought and sold by weight, the value of certain breeds of fowls would be changed. Now the breed that furnishes the greatest number of eggs is the most profitable; then it would be the breed that furnished the greatest weight. Some breeds are remarkable for the smallness of their eggs; such breeds would suffer in popularity, while the fowls that lay large eggs would gain. This would work only justice, however, to the fowls, as it would to their owners and the consumers. Clearly eggs should be sold by weight. Then why does not every one insist upon it?—[American Agriculturist.

Funeral of a Fire Worshiper.

When the medical attendant decides that a Parsee can not recover, a priest is sent for, who approaches the bed and repeats various texts from the Zend-Avesta calculated to afford consolation to the dying man. Prayers are also said for the forgiveness of his sins. When he dies, a funeral sermon is preached, exhorting the friends of the deceased to live pure and holy lives that they may meet him in paradise. They are reminded that they must one day be called from this world to the presence of God to give a full account of their deeds here, and as they do not know how soon that may be, they are urged to be prepared for death, and to meet it with resignation and willingness. Riches, wealth, influence and friends will have no avail in the next world. Those who desire to reach the eternal paradise must spend their days here in helliness and prayer, and in doing good to their fellow-creatures. The sermon lasts about an hour and concludes with the words, "May God have mercy on the dead!"

The body is brought down to the ground floor (where it was born), washed, perfumed, wrapped in a white sheet, and placed upon an iron bier. A dog is brought to gaze at the dead face of his master to drive away evil spirits. Several priests attend, and repeat prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed and that it may safely reach its destination, which it is supposed to do on the fourth day after death. The relatives and friends all bow low in token of respect, and the Nasasalar clad in pure white garments (which are always furnished new for every funeral), raise the bier and bear the body from the house, while the mourners utter loud cries and lamentations. Priest in full dress lead the procession, in which are only the relatives and friends of the deceased.

They are dressed in white, and walk two by two, each couple joined by holding a white handkerchief between them.

When the bearers reach the path leading to the door of the tower, they place the bier upon the ground and uncover the face of the dead, that the friends may take a last look and all reverently bow, after which the mourners turn back, and enter one of the Sagri, and pray for the departed spirit. The bearers proceed to the tower and unlocking the door, carry the burden within, and quickly lay it uncovered in one of the receptacles. In two minutes they appear with the empty bier and white sheet, and the door is no sooner closed behind them than numerous vultures, that have been sitting almost motionless in a circle on the edge of the parapet, swoop down upon the body, and in a few minutes return and lazily settle themselves again, having left nothing behind but a skeleton. The bearers, on leaving the tower, proceed to a building shaped like a huge barrel, where they bathe and change their polluted funeral garb and casting it aside upon a receptacle of stone prepared for the purpose. None of these garments can leave the garden lest they carry contamination with them.

The skeleton is left to be bleached and washed by sun and rain, and when three or four weeks have passed, the same bearers return, and with gloved hands and instruments like tongs drop the bones into their last resting place, the central well.

The peculiar duties of the Nasasalar are considered so inseparable from defilement that, forming a distinct class, they are compelled to live quite apart from the rest of the community, and as a partial compensation for their isolation they are liberally paid for their services.—[Harper's Bazar.

The Tallest Chimney in the World.

A paragraph was recently published describing the Mechnernich lead works in Germany as having the tallest chimney in the world. This is an error. A taller chimney is that of Joseph Townsend at Port Dundas, Glasgow, Scotland, built in 1857-8-9. The foundation consists of thirty courses of brick work, the lowermost course forty-seven feet in diameter. The height above the foundation is 454 feet. The diameter at the base is thirty-two feet and thirteen feet six inches at the top. A nine-inch lining built inside, distinct from the chimney, with a space between the walls is carried up to a height of sixty feet. Mr. Corbet was the builder. Brick foundations are used in building tall chimneys.—[Detroit Free Press.

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