The Middleburgh Post.

R. H. HARTE | 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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The Mother in-Law in Real Life.

Who was it, when I wed my wife,
Wished me a long and happy life,
From trouble free, unvexed by strife?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it taught my wife to bake
A loaf of bread or fancy cake
And appetizing dishes make?
My mother-in-law.

Who gave us counsel when we went
Housekeeping, money freely spent
On things for use and ornament?
My mother-in-law.

Who taught my wife to take delight
In making all around her bright,
And meet me with a smile at night?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it when my wife was ill
Bestowed upon her care and skill,
And saved to me a nurse's bill,
My mother-in-law.

Who then my little ones prepared
Each morn for school, who for them cared,
And all their little sorrows shared?
My mother-in-law.

Who was it, when their prayers were said,
So snugly tucked them into bed
And, till they slept, beside them stayed?
My mother in law.

Who comes the first to soothe my woes?
Who loves my friends and hates my foes?
Who buys my children lots of clothes?
My mother-in law.

Who oft to me her aid has lent
To buy the coal and pay the rent?
Who'd gladly see me president?
My mother in-law.

A loving grandmother is she,
A generous friend she's been to me,
Forever honored let her be,
My mother-in-law.

Advantures in India.

You often hear it said of a man that he doesn't seem to know what fear is. He may not, so far as standing up before other men, or facing ordinary dangers, but there are two dangers which no living man can have and hold his nerve very long. I assert this, because it has been my fortune to meet some of the most courageous men of this generation, and I have had opportunities to see their nerve under fire.

There is probably no place in the world where the man-eating shark grows to larger proportions and fiercer, disposition than in the Gulf of Bengal. And in the bays and harbors along the coast the crocodile attains his full size and his temper fully ripens. While I was in the employ of the English mail service in India one of the ideas worked out was speedier transportation. New routes were selected to save distance, and wherever it was possible the rivers were made use. On one occasion I was descending the Little Ragoon River with three natives and the mail bags, when we were hailed from shore by an English hunter who had been camping out among the fierce wild animals and poisonons serpents for seventy days. He was entirely alone, and he had killed five leopards, three tigers, eight large serpents, and much other game. He had several fresh scars to prove a hand-to-hand conflict with a wounded tiger, and the bare fact of his being alone in that country, exposed to almost every danger one clould dream of, was proof that he was a brave man. He had a raft at the bank and was about to cross the stream. After a visit of a quarter of an hour we took him in tow and dropped down a mile. We had just headed for the other bank when I saw a large crocodile rise to the surface just behind the hunter's raft. The man had not entered the boat with us, but was sitting on his traps on the raft. I called to him to shoot the reptile, and he arose and made as pretty a shot as one ever saw, striking the saurian in the eye killing him at once. We were applauding the shot when a dozen of the monsters broke water all about the raft. We had a towrope about forty feet long, and were its full length ahead of the raft. None of the reptiles paid any attention to the boat, but all seemed determined to make a close acquaintance with the raft.

The hunter had a repeating rifle, and he stood on his feet and banged away right and left as coolly as you please. I ordered the men to cease rowing and got out my own rifle, but before I had fired a shot, a monster crocodile climbed upon the side of the light bamboo raft and upset it. We backed water rapidly, and it was not over thirty seconds before boat and raft had bumped. At that same instant the hunter rose beside the boat, and one of the natives pulled him in. While he lay on the bottom of the boat, we rowed about and picked up such of his traps as were afloat. It was very little we saved, as his fire arms had gone to the bottom and his skins and pelts had been swiftly devoured by the crocodiles. When I came to offer the man some spirits his looks had changed, so that I could scarcely believe he was the same man. No one standing on the gallows trap could have been more broken up. He had scarcely swallowed the whiskey when he began to cry, and he insisted that we cover him up in the bottom of the boat. It was a whole fortnight before the man recovered his composure, while his nerve was gone forever. He who had stood with drawn knife awaiting the rush of a tiger, and who carried marks to prove his bravery and his victory, had been totally broken up by an experience of less than two minutes in the water with a dozen crocodiles. It was the feeling that he was helpless, which took his courage away. In the case of the tiger he felt that he had some little show. When he was flung into the water he realized that he had none. I have seen several men hung who 'died game,' and who got the credit of being brave fellows. It is all nonsense to talk about bravery in the face of the hangman. 'Dying game' is either the courage which comes from stimulants furnished by the jailor, or it is false enthusiasm due to the labors of the clergymen for many days past.

On one of my trips up this same river, and a hundred miles from the coast, I camped one night with a party of British officers who were out on a hunt. The leader of the party, and the best shot and bravest man in it, was Major [illegible], a man about 40 years old. He had killed more wild animals than any white man in the province. Armed only with a revolver, he had entered a bungalow in which a murderer was concealed and taken him away from a crowd of his friends and delivered him from justice. On a bet of £25 he had swum the river amid alligators, and he would stand for the rush of a tiger or a spring of a panther with a laugh on his lips. They said of the Major that he did not know what fear was. He, perhaps, thought so himself.

The camp was on the bank of the river, and only a temporary one, and no tents or covers were erected. We sat around the fire until a late hour, smoking and yarning, and when we rolled ourselves up for sleep the Major and I were only about four feet apart, with nothing between us. The camp grew silent at once, and everybody was soon sound asleep. I was just dozing off when I thought I detected the crawl of a snake near me, but, after listening closely for a minute, I concluded that it was a lizzard or insect. The air, the earth, the forests, and the waters of India are full of animal life by day and by night. A camp no sooner grows quiet than wild rats and mice, lizzards, great beetles, and three or four sorts of squirrels begin to prospect around, while night birds circle about and the wolf, fox, jackal, hyena, and other ayimals draw near. Snakes are always to be feared, but if one started up at every suspicious sound he would never get an hour's sleep.

Daylight was just coming when I opened my eyes. I was on my left side, turned toward the Major, and I noticed that he was on his back. Close beside me was a revolver, which I had slipped out of its holster the night before that I might have it handy in case of need. Not another soul in camp was yet aroused, so far as I knew, and I lay listening to the noises in the surrounding forest while daylight continued to grow stronger. I was about to rise, when I suddenly saw the head of a serpent lift itself above Major's breast and wave to and fro. I shut my eyes for a few seconds and then to see the same sight again. I tried it again and again, fearful that I was dozing, and not wishing to believe what I plainly saw. It certainly was the head of a venomous serpent, a species closely resembling the American blacksnake, and as deadly as any serpent in India. It waved its head and darted its tongue for a moment, and then settled back into its coil. As soon as the head went down I felt for my revolver and drew back the hammer. The click! click! alarmed the snake, as I knew it would, but by the time he had elevated his head again I had arm outstretched and the muzzle of the revolver within two feet of him. It was a snap shot and had to be made on the instant, and it was by pure good luck that I sent a bullet through his ugly head. He was writing and flopping about as I sprang up, and was dead as I bent over the Major.

The snake had crept out of the bushes and upon the Major's breast early in the night. It was not more than midnight when the latter awoke and found the serpent coiled up, and he knew that any movement on his part would be certain death. For three hours and a half he had rested on the broad of his back, never moving a muscle, with his eyes wide open, and that serpent's head part of the time waving to and fro within six inches of his face. When I bent over him he was helpless. When we got him off the ground he sank down again and began to weep, and it was fully two hours before he would talk to us. The result of his experience was that he became a perfect physical coward, startled at the slightest noise, and was ready to run from even a house dog.

Gen. Imboden's Story of the Horrors of the Retreat From Gettysburg.

"Late on the night of the 3d of July, 1863," he said, "I got my orders from General Lee. It was a sad interview; he brought me a message from a near friend, Genera Kemper, whom he had left wounded on the battlefield. At Chambersburg not long before, Kemper, Pickett and I had spent the night together. Pickett's tent and as we lay side by side Kemper prophesied that he would die in battle. The message was to remind me of that prophecy and to say it had fallen true. I never saw Lee so overcome as he was that night. He was a man of wonderful equanimity and rarely lost his calmness. At Chancellorsville once, when our side had lost ground, he became excited and wanted to lead Wilcox's division into the fight. The men refused to charge until he retired to the rear. But when he spoke to me, in the dead of the night, of Pickett's grand charge every muscle in his body quivered. The charge failed, undoubtedly, through the shortcoming of Longstreet, who was jealous of his superior, and did not carry out his orders. I think as he should have done. General Lee told me he was about to entrust the wagon train and all his wounded to me. He would send me additional artillery, but could spare me no more men. He ordered me emphatically to keep the order going at all hazzards; and warned me that I would probably be attacked. I had but 2100 men all mounted, a command I had raised myself around my house in the mountains of Virginia. All were hardy mountaineers. There were about 2500 wagons, 10,000 horses and 7,000 wounded men. I stationed companies of my cavalry about every quarter mile throughout the train, every fourth body being more numerous and carrying artillery.

"In the van, where I expected to meet most opposition, I placed my brother, Colonel Imboden, with quite a large force of the 18th Virginia Cavalry. I fully realized that to lose the supply wagons meant ruin to the army, and fearing to leave the details or arrangments to my staff I stayed in Gettysburg until the whole train was in motion to see that my orders where exactly carried out. The column extended seventeen miles. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of July 4, in a drenching rain, I started with my staff, about six in number, to gallop to the head of the train. I have served in plenty of battles, but never before had I realized the horrors of war as I did that night. From every wagon we passed came the cries, shrieks and moans of the wounded. General Lee had kept all the regular ambulances for use with the able-bodied men in the contingency of another battle, and not a wagon had springs. Many had not even straw. In places the road was rocky and men were jolted frightfully every moment. Some swore, some prayed in an agonizing voice for a stop that I could never order.

"So narrow was the road that in places the legs of our horses were bruised by the wagon wheels. On either side, as well as I could judge, were dense woods. The darkness was so intense that mainly the instinct of the horses enabled us to keep the road. Now the storm would increase in violence so that we could not hear each other's voices; again the cries of the wounded would drown them. But advance we must, and I ordered the men as they passed along to throw aside any wagons that became disabled, so as not to delay the others. My brother in the van had instructions to charge and drive forward at all cost any force encountered.

"The road led up the East face of South mountain and over the brow. The descent on the other side was extremely rugged. The rain continued to descend until day-break. The mountain streams were rivers which had to be forded. In other places the mud was knee deep. The horses struggled through it almost to their bellies and several times the escort had to help in extracting cannon mired nearly to the hub. Among the wounded I had two generals, Scales and Pendar. The former is now Governor of North Carolina. Pender was killed a little later at Winchester. These two were near the head of the train. Except them I had no officers higher than a colonel. Starting by the Chambersburg road we presently flanked it and led off to the left along a country by-road. About midnight, while riding with my staff, I was taken with a congestive chill, brought on I think, as much by the horrors I had undergone as by the exposeure. My staff shouted for a doctor and one soon came up. Fortunately one of the men stumbled upon a farm house about that time. I could not keep my saddle. They took me into the house and the doctor injected morphia into my arm. Then I was put on horseback again and hurried forward through the darkness and rain to an ambulace near the front of the line. [illegible] kept watch beside me. I awoke early in the morning from a kind of stupor to hear firing. I jumped to my feet and looked out. A body of Northern cavalry were attacking the train not a stone's throw off. Some of them had stampeded, but my black servant steady as a rock, stood waiting with my horse by the side of the wagon, bridle in hand. A howitzer company passed at a run, with their gun. I yelled to them to stop and made them load with cannister. Looking up the road, I saw my brother coming on the gallop at the head of his 18th Virginia Regiment. We bagged the whole attacking party. A few were killed, none escaped.

"Through the morning of the 5th we met several such attacks as that from the side. My van met no resistance. When at last we reached Williamsport I took possession of the town and turned it into a hospital. The members of my command were thoroughly exhausted. The plight of the wounded was horrible when we came to lift them from the wagons. Without the strength to help themselves and with no one else no look out for them, the shaking of the ride had thrown them into cramped attitudes, so that they lay doubled up. A number had died and stiffened in those attitudes. All were drenched to the skin. Here and there bones, dislocoted during the night, protruded from the skin of the thigh or the skull. Those who lived had not been fed for many hours. All the doctors I had with me at once went to work and did what they could for them. Before I left Gettysburg General Lee gave me a packet, which he instructed me to send forward to Mr. Davis with all possible despatch. This note I had born through all the horrors of the night sown inside the left breast of my coat. I now detailed an officer to carry it to its destination, giving him all necessary authority to impress horses when his own gave out. I have since learned that it was a private preliminary report on the Gettysburg conflict, expressing Lee's opinion that it was a drawn battle, and announcing the intention of withdrawing his army again to Virginia.

"General Lee afterwards showed his appreciation of my conduct of the train by putting me in charge of the East Valley District, a position that was assigned but once or twice during the war."

General Imboden said that he was still living in the Virginia mountains about 300 miles beyond his old home. He is now employed in developing the mining and other resources of the country. Last September, by invitation, he visited the region where he had raised his hardy command, and at Rominy and elsewhere he met 700 of his survivors.—*Munyon's Illustrated World.*

March 11 will be mid-Lent, which is to say, that a number of people will be glad it's half over.

Work Among Foreigners.

Martin Luther has often been cited as a patron and apoligist for intemperance and drunkenness, and falsely attribute to him the authorship of the famous German couplet:

"Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Is a fool as long as his life is long."

But Luther was not the author of this bacchanal couplet as so boldly and flauntingly asserted at the parade at the Centennial by the brewers; also, the label representing William Penn as the first brewer in Pennsylvania is refuted by the consistent walk and total abstenance of his followers to this day. These libels on Luther and Penn, as reiterated by the Liquor League, the most powerful agency the devil has in these latter days, must be contradicted.

Martin Luther's celebrated sermon from the text, "Be ye, therefore, sober and watch unto prayer," should be published in tract form and extensively read and distributed. He plainly sets forth the evil drinking customs of his nation in his day, and denounces in bold, uncompromising language the "Sauf Teufel"—Drink Devil." In unmistakable tones, thunderous and awakening, he deplores the drinking habit, and exalts sobriety and righteousness. Personal Liberty and Liquor Leagues, Brewers' Congresses, all irreligious foreigners, who are in the habit of quoting the great reformer as an apologist for this great sin, will find in his sermons, books and life a refutation. It is the foreign-born citizens who come to this, our native land, to seek homes and citizenship that we must Americanize and gospelize! A grand work for the W. C. T. U.'s of the cities, mining and lumbering districts, and everywhere they congregate.

Under our civil and religions institutions it is encouraging indeed to note how rapidly the foreign element becomes assimilated and learns to study the drink problem and law and order from an American point of view. To christianize America is our work, and then settle all questions in the light of our Christian ethics and philosophy, and not leave great national questions to a godless political economy for adjustment. It is not a hopeless task as at first it may seem. In Kansas where the law prohibits, the voting population in 1885 was in round numbers 250,000, of which 50,000 were foreign born; in Iowa 290,000 native voters and over 125,000 foreign born, yet both these states have adopted prohibitory amendments to their constitutions. Rhode Island too would not have had the enactment of this measure without its foreign voters.

It is a well-known fact and much commented upon that one of the foremost leaders in the prohibition party in Ohio, and an uncompromising opponent of the liquor traffic, is a German gentleman of high business standing. I cite these as signs of how America and Christian thought must seize the aliens within our borders. Not all foreigners are anarchists and communists and outlaws. Some of the best citizens who love and maintain and most loudly extol our civil and religious liberties are foreign born.

THE NEW YEAR

The following are some facts about the year 1888, which will soon be at hand:

New year's day will come on Sunday.

The year 1888 will be leap year.

There will be five eclipses of the sun and two of the moon. The eclipses of the sun will be invisible in the United States, but two total eclipses of the moon will be visible. These will occur January 28 and July 22.

Ash Wednesday will come on February 13, thus cutting off "the season" very early.

Fourth of July will come on Wednesday.

Washington's birthday falls on Wednesday, February 22.

March 25, will be Palm Sunday.

March 30, Good Friday.

April, 1, Easter Sunday.

Memorial Day will come on Wednesday, so that there will be three successive legal holidays on that day of the week.

Christmas will come on Tuesday.

Mercury will be the first morning star.

The first Ember day, or the day set apart by church orders for special fasting and prayer, will be February 22. The other months are May, September and December.

Girls can pop the question in 1888.

The year will have one extra night in which J. W—can sit up with his Mary Ann.

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