

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., MAY 28, 1896.

Nebraska was once almost treeless, but now it is a well-wooded state. This is due almost entirely to Arbor day planting.

Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Naples, Moscow, Budapest, Munich, Athens, are the first eight European universities, in the number of students attending courses of lectures, according to the Minerva, the year book for the universities of the world. Harvard is ahead of Oxford and of Cambridge.

In an obituary notice printed in a Kansas City paper, of the late deputy warden of the Missouri state penitentiary, who had held the office more than 40 years, appears the undeniably well-intentioned statement that "Probably no man in Missouri enjoyed a wider acquaintance among the public men over the entire state."

The nicety of the plans for the frequent travels of the Queen of England is shown in the chalk mark drawn across the platforms of stations where the royal traveler will alight for any purpose. This broad white mark is readily seen by the engine driver, and he rigidly toes the line, thus bringing the door of his sovereign's carriage directly opposite the carpet spread for her royal and rheumatic feet.

A statistician has given some interesting figures relative to theatres. Between 1751 and 1895 no fewer than 759 European playhouses were destroyed by fire. The average life of a theatre is found to be twenty-two and a half years. In striking contrast to the comparative short life of a theatre is that of the actor. In spite of late hours, hard work and a Bohemian atmosphere, the average duration of life in the theatrical profession is high.

Greater New York consists of forty-five islands and the New York Dispatch thinks it might be called the Island city. Read the names of some of the larger: Manhattan, Long Island, Staten Island, Hart's Island, City Island, Riker's Island, North Brothers' Island, Seaside, Blackwell's Island, Randall's Island, Ward's Island, Berrian's Island, Governor's Island, Barren Island, Coney Island. Many small ones in Jamaica bay have as large names. One inland island, Marble Hill, near Kingsbridge, has lately been used by the government channelled out through on the Harlem river improvements.

Few old notions have been battered so badly in recent years, asserts the Atlanta Journal, as that early rising is essential to health. Common sense ought to teach people that in some localities it is not only "disrespectful to get up before the sun," as Josh Billings said, but that the air is not so healthful before it has been warmed and cleared by the sun, as it is afterwards. The early rising philosophy has received many hard knocks in recent years, but Dr. S. H. Talcott, of the New York state insane asylum, is particularly severe upon it. He maintains that few things conduce so much to insanity as too early rising. In proof of this notion he points out the relative frequency with which farmers, their wives, sons and daughters become insane, statistics showing that this class are more subject to mental disorder than any other. Naturally, the farmer ought to be the healthiest and sanest of men; his life is tranquil, his food wholesome, he enjoys the continual benefit of the fresh air and has plenty to do. He indulges in none of the dissipation of city life, and therefore, above all other men, should possess the means sans in corpora sano. But he doesn't; and as Dr. Talcott thinks, the reason is because he rises too early. From his most youthful years he begins the habit of turning out of bed before dawn, and, in the opinion of this physician, nothing could be worse for children than to deprive them of the morning sleep, which he considers above all, the sleep of health and beauty. During the year 1894, 370 farmers were committed in New York state as lunatics, a larger ratio than in any other class except laborers, who also rise early. On the other hand, the clergy, the artists, and persons following other professions furnish a small percentage of the patients in the New York asylum.

An Embesment's Crushing Sentence.

Henry Bollin, the embesment Treasurer of Omaha, Neb., has been sentenced to nineteen years in the penitentiary and to pay \$210,000 fine, that being double the amount of...

DECORATION DAY 1896



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 That brave and fallen few. On Fame's eternal camping-ground Their silent tents are spread: And Glory guards, with solemn round, The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance Now swells upon the wind; No 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 or screaming life At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead! Dear as the blood ye gave, No impious footstep 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.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone In deathless song shall tell, When many a vanished year hath flown, The story how ye fell; Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight, Nor Time's remorseless doom, Can dim one ray of holy light That gilds your glorious tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

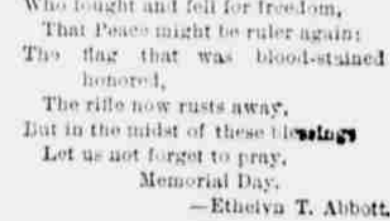
ON MEMORIAL DAY.

Warm grow the airs with summer, Hill tops are covered with bloom, Voice of the song-bird cometh Out from the thicket's gloom; Move we in all this glory Gently with benedict head, Memors live before us— This is the day of the dead, Memorial Day.

W... After... Blood... Here is the quads of our time In this soft bed of years— Memorial Day, Cover them over with fragrances Of the sweet-scented flowers, Laden with the dews of homage And loving thoughts of ours; Heroes! God bless them forever, Give them eternal peace While from their life of hardships We joy in their glad release, Memorial Day.

Onward we march to the future, Reverer for those brave men Who fought and fell for freedom, That Peace might be ruler again: The flag that was blood-stained is honored, The rifle now rusts away, But in the midst of these blessings Let us not forget to pray, Memorial Day. —Ethelva T. Abbott.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY.



FROM time to time stories are told of women who served as soldiers during the Civil War—but records of the department at Washington are silent concerning most of them. There are two cases well authenticated, and only two, of women, commissioned by the Government who served disguised as men. In "Michigan in the War," a historical sketch of the Michigan regiments which served, carefully compiled by the Adjutant-General, there is an allusion to Frank Thompson, which says: "In Company F, Second Michigan, there enlisted at Flint, Franklin Thompson (or Frank, as usually called), aged twenty, ascertained afterward and about the time he left the regiment to have been a female, and a good looking one at that. She succeeded in concealing her sex most admirably, serving in various campaigns and battles of the regiment as a soldier. She remained with her command until April, 1863, when, it is supposed, she apprehended a disclosure of her sex and deserted."

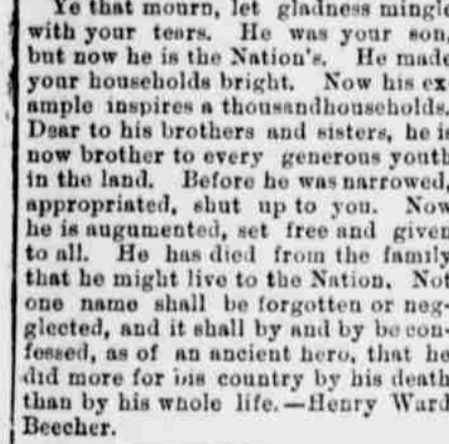
Such in brief is the history which is attached to the record of Sarah E. E. Seelye (born Edmonds) in the war department. She was able to serve two years as a man before she was forced to desert in order to conceal her sex. But she found her way back into the service in another campaign, and served throughout the entire war. She shared all the trials and privations which befell her regiment; participated in the first battle of Bull Run; followed McClellan through the Peninsula campaign, and was never absent from duty while wearing the blue. Her captain said years after the war that she was driven from home by a stepmother when only sixteen years old, and that she adopted male attire and was a publishing house canvasser. He also says she made a tour of Canada, reaching Flint, Mich., in time to enlist. Her sex was never suspected and her desertion was the topic of every camp fire, for Franklin was a great favorite. This, however, for in the most lonely part found the ground still strewn with fragments of letters and papers. She was at the battle of Williamsburg, but was sick when the battle of Fair Oaks occurred. While the army lay in front of Richmond the floods frequently carried away the bridges over the Chickahominy and the young mail carrier was more than once obliged to swim her horse across the swift, running stream. Often she sat in the saddle drenched for hours, sometimes remaining all night by the roadside watching for daylight to pick her way through the dangerous mudholes through which the mule teams had waded. She was in the seven days' fight crossing the peninsula to the James River and more than once barely escaped with her life. At one place she was ordered to procure some stores from a farmhouse, and while there was caught between two fires, the enemy opening up and her comrades responding. She secured the provisions, though, and returned unharmed. After the army went into camp at Harrison's Landing she resumed her old duties of postmaster, and when the army left the peninsula came to Alexandria with her company. The company was sent up the Shenandoah Valley and she went to a hospital. She rejoined her command, though, in time to take part in the second battle of Bull Run. She was at Fredericksburg and at the battle acted as orderly to General O. M. Poe. About the middle of March, 1863, she accompanied her company to Kentucky. Here she was debilitated by the chills and fever. She applied for a furlough, but it was refused, and fearing that her sex might be discovered, she deserted. She reached Oberlin, Ohio, some time in April, and for four weeks wore the costume of a private soldier. Then she went back to petticoats again and has never been in disguise since. Civil life had too few attractions for her, and soon after she returned to hospital duty once more under the auspices of the Christian Commission at Harper's Ferry. She remained in the Department of the Cumberland during the remainder of the war. That she was able to so long hide the secret of her sex has been to soldiers a great wonder. The second authentic case on the records is not so interesting. The heroine was only able to remain in the service sixteen weeks. Her sex was then discovered, she was sent to the hospital and as soon as cured sent home. She enlisted under the name of Charles Freeman. When discovered she refused to give her correct name, and she left the hospital a mystery. Charles Freeman was a member of the Fifty-second Ohio and was sent to the general hospital at Louisville, Ky., November 10, 1862. The diagnosis set against his name was "sexual incompatibility and remittent fever." December 3, 1862, Charles Freeman was discharged "as a woman in disguise as a soldier." In the war department this diagnosis is regarded as

the gem of the hospital records. These two are the only cases of women, disguised as men, entering the army that are known on the records. There may be more, but if so, the department knows them not.—Chicago Record.

They Are Not Dead.

How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that died for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garned. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be ere long in every village and in every neighborhood a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements decay them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow under more sacred inspirations whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public. Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host; that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses about the orator's lips. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? What mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son, but now he is the Nation's. He made your households bright. Now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free and given to all. He has died from the family that he might live to the Nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by and by be confessed, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Where Sheridan Sleeps. Arlington Cemetery at Washington, always beautiful, is especially lovely in the pleasant month of May. Here rests General Phillip H. Sheridan and many another hero of the war. Sheridan's grave is completely covered with ivy, so carefully trimmed that its shape is distinctly marked in the short grass, although there is lit-



GENERAL SHERIDAN'S GRAVE.

tle or no mound. At the head of the grave stands the monument erected by Mrs. Sheridan, a pyramidal piece of granite, bearing on its front in bronze a medallion portrait of Sheridan's bust, showing his medals, the face looking south, the likeness remarkably good, the medallion being super-imposed on a graceful flag. Below it in large, plain letters is the single word "Sheridan." His monument is always the center of attraction for visitors on Decoration Day.

Memorial Day Observances.

Memorial Day seems to have lost many of its features of sorrow. Not funeral dirges only do the bands play, but lively marches, ringing martial tunes and patriotic airs as well. Many of the thousand flags which float in the soft May breeze wave proudly from the highest points of their staffs and not at half mast. A simple knot of crape on the unfurled banners is the only emblem of sorrow. There is more of triumph, and joyful hope, and holy peace than of sorrow in the speeches. Time, which has effaced from the bloodiest battlefields of the awful fratricidal contest all traces of the dreadful wave of war, with its jetsam of sorrow and jetsam of corpses, has soothed the troubled souls of the bereaved. The sun of glory which shines above the dead dries the tears shed for them.—Chicago Mail.

Memorial Day.

Flutter of flag and beat of drum And the sound of marching feet, And in long procession the soldiers To the call of the bugles sweet. And the marching soldiers stop at last Where their sleeping comrades lie, The men whose battles have long been fought, Who dared for the land to die. Children, quick with your gathered flowers, Scatter them far and near; They who were fathers and brothers once Are peacefully resting here.

Flutter of banner and beat of drum And the bugle's solemn call, In grand procession the soldiers come— And God is over us all! —Harper's Round Table.

The coliseum of Rome was built to accommodate 100,000 spectators.



The Poetic Muse.

Life. A warmth, a glow, a light; Smoldering embers, night. A seed, a bud, a bloom; A pod, a shell, a tomb. A spring, a summer, fall; A frost, a snow, a pall. A quiver, a motion, breath; A sigh, a sigh, then death. —Sigel Koush, in New York Sun.

To the Lilly—Purity's Emblem.

Sweet Lilly, Purity In thee shines forth; No snows of North Thy whiteness match; Not sun rays catch thee. Effulgence equals to thine own; Modestly bending In whatever direction blown, Charming blending Royal staidness with yielding grace, Thou of all flowers art Queen, I ween, Thou of the spotless race. —C. C. Martin, in New York Suburban Weekly.

Time's Tyranny.

O, when my love is far away, Why dost thou linger, laden footed? Why dost thou torture me, O Time, By halting here as tho' thou'rt rooted To this one spot? I'd swear I've watched A whole age thro', while thou didst linger, E'er pointing to the self-same hour With cold, outstretched, unfriendly finger! But when my love is here, O Time, When every breath has heaven in it, O, then thou'lt span a whole hour's space While we have counted scarce a minute! Thus, thou, thy wiles, war' gainst love, And must so long as man may let thee; Yet, still he bath for to love, O Time, pray how can man forget thee? —Mary Norton Bradford, in Boston Globe.

When the Singer is Dead.

Bright is the ring of words When the right man rings them, Fair the fall of songs When the singer sings them. Still they are caroled and said— On wings they are carried— After the singer is dead, And the maker buried. Low as the singer lies In the field of heather, Songs of his fashion bring The swains together, And when the west is red With the sunset embers, The lover lingers and sings And the maid remembers. —R. L. Stev.

God's Miracle of May.

There came a message to the vine, A whisper to the tree, The blue-bird saw the secret sign And merrily sang he! And like a silver string the brook Trembled with music sweet— Enchanting notes in every nook For echo to repeat.

A magic touch transformed the fields.

Greater each hour they grew, Until they shone like burnished shields All jeweled o'er with dew. Scattered upon the forest floor A million bits of bloom Greated fragrance forth thro' morning doors Into the day's bright room. Then bud by bud the vine confessed The secret it had heard, And in the leaves the azure-breast Sang the delightful word: Glad flowers upspring amid the grass And flung their banners gay, And suddenly it came to pass— God's miracle of May! —R. L. Stev.

On the Diamond.

The crack of the bat and the whizz of the ball, And the umpire's fognhorn shout Will now be heard, and on every hand Good men will be striking out. The pitcher will tie himself into a knot With a double twist on his face, And the ball will come in, with a swooshing curve, And a batter will fall from grace. The catcher will stand in his armor of mail With a bustle strapped over his head, And when a foul pops up over his head He will struggle to see where it is. The coaches will hug up as close as they dare To the base lines, and cheer up their With hoarse cries of "Go it, Tim! Kelly, slide!" And "Now you're off! Come back! Way out at right field, with the sun in your eyes! A player will put up his hand; The ball will come sailing along through the sky— He'll muff it—then hear the grand While Murphy at short—blast him for it! As a screaming hot liner spins by, Will put out his hand, and by mere chance, Will gather it in on the fly! Then, oh! what a howl from the bleachers will rise! And Murphy will take off his hat, As if 'twere the commonest every-day hat, To capture balls hot from the pitcher's arm.

Yes, the crack of the bat, and the whizz of the ball, And the umpire's fognhorn cry Will now be heard, And the cheering, Well, we'll talk about that by and by. —Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Real Fire is Invisible.

No eye, says a scientific writer, ever sees real fire. The flames, in strange, fantastic forms, or twenty inches upward from the fire, and with it is a good deal of sooty smoke. The sooty smoke of the flames are one and the same, only a difference of temperature, soot which forms the flame is the heat, and a particle of carbon real fire we do not see. The carbon atoms become burned, eaten up by the combustion, they are invisible, burning three pounds of the heated state of which flame, the fire work is done in pounds of oxygen. The oxygen does not see. The carbon is only before it is burned; and the burning is eleven pounds of oxygen and carbon combined.

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