

The Middleburgh Post.

H. 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

OL XXII

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO, PENN'A, OCTOBER 15, 1885.

NO 44

POETRY.

IDENT OF A FRENCH CAMP

P. D. of Bloomsburg, sends us following poem by Robert Brown. It is a thing like but superior to "The Fifty Four."

Know we French storm'd Ratisbon
A mile or so away,
A little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms looked behind;
A life balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall,
At once my army-leader Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"
But 'twixt the battery-smokes there
A rider, bound on bonnet
Half-galloping, nor better drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off their flag in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect,
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through;
You looked twice, ere you saw his
brow.

Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's
grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll find him anon,
To see your flag bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed;
his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as shenties
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's
pride

Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire! And his chief beside
Smiling, the boy fell dead."

THE BOY LAUGHED.

A MAN WHOSE IDEA OF SALVATION
MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

The Rev. Mr. Wegnell was a se-
rious religiousist. His idea was that
for Christ should shed out from
the soul every gleam of mirth. No
soft lights played upon the face of
his hearers. Persons who believed
his awful theory would often
shrink in fear. His lurid pictures
of torment. The faces of the Sun-
day-school children grew dark
whenever he entered the room. A
smile would instantly vanish like
a suddenly extinguished light.

"Children," said Mr. Wegnell one
Sunday morning, "I heard some
one laugh just now. It was very
wicked to violate the Lord's day in
that manner. The Lord has His
eye upon you all and those of you
who turn the Sabbath into a day of
jubilee shall be made to feel the
wrath of insulted Jehovah."

This is an extract from one of his
sermons, preached on the occasion
of a revival meeting: "The vapors
arising from scolding hell pervade
this house. Those who come for-
ward and kneel at this bench may
escape damnation but those who
linger amid the false pleasures of
this world must feel the withering
breath of a triumphant devil."

There were many people in the
neighborhood who believed Weg-
nell's doctrine and who thought
that he was one of the greatest
preachers that ever lived, but the
preacher's wife could not, in justice
to herself, share such a belief. The
neighbors said that Mrs. Wegnell
was not a happy woman, and some
of them insinuated that she was not
good enough for him.

One Sunday morning Mrs. Weg-
nell said that she did not feel well
enough to go to church.

Wegnell put down a cup of coffee
which he had just raised to his lips,
sternly looked at his wife and asked:
—"Mary, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I do not feel dis-
posed to go to church to-day."

"Why this sudden rebellion?" he
asked as he frowned at her.

"It is not rebellion. I washed all
day, yesterday and I am really too
tired to go."

"You will never be too tired to
do, Mary."

gospel—good—but I am tired of
listening to magnified woe. In
none of your sermons do you make
use of a pleasant expression, and I
always feel worse when I hear you
preach."

Wegnell arose and left the break-
fast table. With a troubled air he
walked up and down the gallery.
Then, reentering the dining-room,
he said:—

"I am sorry to know that you
have announced yourself as a candi-
date for torment."

"Well," replied the woman with-
out looking up, "I am confident of
one thing. The change will be so
slight that it will not be necessary
to change clothing."

The preacher gasped. "Have
you lost your mind?" he exclaimed.
"Mr. Wegnell, please go away
and leave me alone. You have ev-
er been so anxious about saving my
soul that you have made my life
miserable. You found me when I
was a happy girl."

The preacher, smothering his
rage, replied: "I found you when
you were a gay, sinful girl. You
seemed not to realize your awful
condition. I pitied you and now,
after all, I see that you are blind
to the welfare of your soul."

"Well, I hope that you will not
let it further concern you. This to
me must be a day of rest. Go on to
church and permit me to remain at
home."

"Mary, you must accompany me."
"I cannot."
"Do not tell a lie, woman. You
can."

"Well then, I will not."
"You shall."

As the preacher rode alone, "he
said to himself: "Perhaps I ought
not to have slapped her, but then
she should have understood her
duty."

A little child climbed on to a
fence and laughed.

"You little sinner," said the
preacher, "don't better be praying
for the salvation of your soul."

As the preacher was going home
he was overtaken by a heavy shower
of rain. When he reached home he
was chilled through and through.
The next morning he awoke with a
burning fever. He rapidly grew
worse. His wife faithfully waited
upon him, but she spoke not a word.
He had crushed her spirit—had
broken her heart. The doctors
gave him up. He called his wife
and said:—

"I am going. I have done my
duty as I read the lines. If I have
mistreated you I ask for pardon."

She turned her face from him.
When she looked back, she saw that
he was dead.

A wagon containing the coffin
was slowly drawn along the road. A
little child climbed on to a fence
and laughed.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

BOYS, LISTEN TO THIS.

True as the Gospel is the follow-
ing, said by Robert Collyer, of Chi-
cago:

"It is true that the working, suc-
cessful men of to-day were once
poor, industrious, self-reliant boys
And the same thing will be repeated
—for from the ranks of the hard-
working, economical, temperate and
persevering boys of to-day will eman-
ate the progressive, prominent men
of the future."

"Every man doing any sort of
work in Chicago to-day was raised a
poor man's son and had to fight his
way to his place. Not one of them,
as I can ascertain, was a rich man's
son, and had a good time when he
was a boy. All boys should grow
strong as a steel bar, fighting their
way on to an education, and then,
when they were ready, plunge into
life with that traditional half dollar,
and a little bundle tied up in a red
handkerchief, as all great men start-
I tell you that in five and twenty
years, when most of us that are in
our middle age have gone to our
retribution, the men of mark in this
country will not be sons of those
whose fathers can give them all they
wish for, and ten times more than
they ought to have, but will be those
who are brought up in farm houses
or cottages, cutting their way thro'
the thickest hindrances of every
sort, and all the browns alone be-
cause of this metropolis will be as help-
ing to bring out the noble men."

Opportunity smiles but once.

PRENTISS AND MARMADUKE.

At the panorama of the battle of
Shiloh in this city a few days ago
a small, shriveled-up man made him-
self conspicuous by going around the
place sniveling dolorously. He
did not appear to be more than five
feet high. He was dressed all in
black and his attenuated form and
gray whiskers gave him a peculiarly
grotesque appearance. He seemed
to be greatly interested in the pano-
rama, and as he moved from one
point of view to another he groaned
and wept copiously. A tall, raw-
boned man approached him; he wore
gray clothes and a military
appearance of a Missionary away
from home on a holiday.

"Reckon you were at Shiloh, eh,
stranger?" asked the tall, raw-boned
man.

"Yes," replied the small, shriveled
up man, "and I shall never forget it;
it was the toughest battle of the
war."

"I was there," said the tall, raw-
boned man, "and my regiment was
drawn up right over yonder where
you see that clump of trees."

"You were a rebel, then?"

"I was a confederate," replied the
tall, raw-boned man, "and I did
some right smart fighting among
that clump of trees that day."

"I remember it well," said the
small, shriveled-up man, "for I was
a federal soldier, and the toughest
scrimmage in all that battle was just
among that clump of trees."

"Prentiss was the Yankee Gen-
eral," remarked the tall, raw-boned
man, "and I'd have given a pretty
to have seen him that day. But, dog-
on me, the little cuss kept out of
sight, and we came to the conclu-
sion he was hidin' back in the
rear some whar."

"Our boys were after Marmaduke,"
said the small, shriveled-up man, "for
he was the rebel general and had
bothered us a great deal. But we
could get no glimpse of him—he was
too sharp to come to the front, and
he was lucky for him, too."

"Oh, but what a scrimmage it
was!" said the tall, raw-boned man.
"How the sabers clashed and how
the minies whistled!" cried the
small, shriveled-up man.

The panorama brought back the
old time with all the vividness of
yesterday's occurrence. The two men
were filled with a strange yet beau-
tiful enthusiasm.

"Stranger," cried the tall, raw-
boned man, "we fought each other
like devils that day, and we fought
to kill. But the war's over now and
we ain't soldiers any longer—gimme
your hand!"

"With pleasure," said the small,
shriveled-up man, and the two clasped
hands.

"What might be your name?" in-
quired the tall, raw-boned man.

"I am General B. M. Prentiss,"
said the small, shriveled-up man.

"The — you say!" exclaimed the
tall, raw-boned man.

"Yes," reaffirmed the small, shriveled
up man, "I am General John S.
Marmaduke."—*Chicago News.*

"Have you any kids?" inquired a
young lady of the new clerk in a
glove store. "Not yet," said the
clerk, with a blush; "I have been
married but three weeks."

It was a very old Spanish writer,
says the *Toledo Blade*, who said
that "a woman is quite perfect and
absolute in beauty if she has thirty
good points." Here they are:

Three things white—The skin, the
teeth, the hands.

FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece
of iron, which in its rough state
isn't worth much, nor is it of very
much use, but the more processes it
is put through the more valuable it
becomes. A bar of iron that is on-
ly worth \$5 in its natural state is
worth \$12 when it is made into
horse-shoes, and after it goes through
the different processes, it is made
into needles, its value is increased to
\$354. Made into penknife blades
it would be worth \$3,000, and into
balance spring for watches \$250,000.
Just think of that, boys, a piece of
iron that is comparatively worthless
can be developed into such valuable
material! But the iron has to go
through a great deal of hammering
and beating and rolling and pound-
ing and polishing, and so if you are
to become useful and educated men,
you must go through a long course
study and training. The more time
you spend in hard study the better
material you will make. The iron
doesn't have to go through half as
much to be made into horse shoes
as it does to be converted into deli-
cate watch-springs, but think how
much less valuable it is. Which would
you rather be, horse-shoe or watch-
spring? It depends on yourselves.
You can become whichever you will.
This is your time of preparation for
manhood. Don't think that I would
have you settle down to hard study
all the time without any intervals
for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to
see boys have a good time, and I
would be very sorry to have you
grow old before your time, but you
have ample opportunity for study
and play, too, and I don't want you
to neglect the former for the sake of
the latter.—*Christian at Work.*

PRESIDENTIAL HEADS.

Washington's hair was long and
gray.

Garfield was bald and his hair of
a semiblonde color.

John Tyler was fine-haired, and
he was a fine looking man.

Jefferson had red hair and we are
told that he was freckled.

President Lincoln did not pay
much attention to his hair, and
most of his pictures represent it as
rather long. It was dark and
wavy.

John Adams wore a wig and his
son, John Quincy Adams, had the
whitest head which ever rested on
the pillows of the White House.

Some of Jefferson's portraits rep-
resent him with his hair banged in
front and coming down over his
forehead in the style of the dude of
to-day.

President Arthur had dark hair,
which was growing gray when he
left the White House. He kept it
well combed back from his face and
wore it short.

President Cleveland's hair is
brown and thin. He wears it short
and combs it up from his forehead.

His head is bald at the crown, and
its baldness is said to be daily in-
creasing.

Frank Pierce had thick curly hair
which fell down upon his forehead,
and James Buchanan kept his gray
head well trimmed, combing his
hair so as to show to the full his
high, open brow.

Polt patterned after Jackson in
combing his hair straight back with
hardly a part, and both Fillmore
and Taylor parted their hair on the
left side of the head, while Frank
Pierce parted his boldly on the
right.

Every one knows how Jackson's
hair stood up all over his head as
straight and stiff as the quills of a
porcupine, but all are not aware
that he was as gray as a badger dur-
ing his presidential term, and his
hair was as fine as the thinnest
strands of spun silver.

COLONELS, MAJORS, OR JUDGES.

"Well, I've looked the thing over
pretty thoroughly, and I've sized up
a good many of the men who are
most frequently called by high-
sounding titles, and I've got a plan
by which I can designate every man
of title as soon as I lay my eyes on
him. Now, mind, there are so many
honorable exceptions, but if you
would like to know how to tell a
man with a title, so as to address
him just right, the first thing I'll
tell you to do. And mind! it's a
pretty dangerous thing to call a man
by a title below the grade to which
he thinks he belongs."

"I really would like to have the
recipe."

"All right. When you see a little,
insignificant-looking man taking long
strides, and wearing a plug hat, if
he's over 30 years you address him
as 'Captain.'"

"If he's very stout, and has a plain
red nose, and smells of bad whiskey
and a cob pipe, he's a 'Major.'"

"If the man is large framed, or
only very tall, and has a red face
and a very red nose with a wart up-
on the side of it, you will be dead
safe in calling him 'Colonel.'"

"Now if the man is large or, as I
said before, only tall and has a gray
mustache or beard, drinks his whis-
key straight, and a good, big drink
at that; if he has a loud voice and a
red nose with two warts upon it, he's
a 'General,' every time, and don't
you ever seem to forget the fact!"

"Judges are a little harder to
place. Any man who has practiced
in a Justice's court or has been a
Justice or a clerk for a Justice of
the Peace can with perfect safety be
addressed as 'Judge.'"

"So you think you've got it all
down fine, do you, sir?"

"Well, you bet your life, Colonel!"
—*Denver Tribune Republican.*

A powerful sermon was once
preached on justifiable anger, from
the text, "I am fearfully and won-
derfully made," reading the word
made, mad, arguing that it is right
to get mad, because the Bible
says, "I am fearfully and won-
derfully mad." This man made no
greater mistake than his brother,
who preached on "skin worms," from
the passage of Job: "after my skin,
worms shall destroy the flesh," as-
serting that Job had "skin worms,"
because he spoke of his "skin worms."

Another preached very fervently and
impressively on the sin of playing
marbles, because the Savior says:
"Marble (marvel) not, my brethren."

He missed the sense as widely, not
understanding what he read, as the
other who pitched into the Knight
Templars, proving from the Bible
that no Knight can be saved, for the
Bible says that "there shall be no
night there," in heaven.

New York is the wealthiest State
in the Union; Pennsylvania comes
next, followed by Illinois, third.

The Abyssinian alphabet consists
of 208 characters, each of which is
written distinctly and separately.

Paper is taking the place of wood
in the manufacture of lead pencils.
Gas pipes are also made of paper.

A sexton in Plymouth, Mass., late-
ly deceased, dug no fewer than 3,250
graves.

A Georgia man has a hen twenty
years old caring for a large brood of
little chickens of her own hatching.

The Chinese in New York have
published an almanac. It looks like
a fire-cracker label, and is as large
a barn door.

A third set of teeth is reported re-
cently to have been cut by a ninety-
six year old colored resident of Folk
county, Georgia.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.



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