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REBEL PRISONS.

First public sentiment of the South forbade to prisoners civilized usage; Second, the inflexible Winder was in general command of all the Confederate prisons, and received orders direct from the chief actors in the rebellion. Winter afterwards died of disease contracted at Florence military prison, and thus practical justice was dealt out. Mr. Christian, the rebel mail agent related to me an instance of General Winder's severity, and moroseness of temper. In some battle around Richmond, a Brigadier-General was captured with other prisoners. Winder stood giving orders for the disposal of the prisoners. The Brigadier-General, in fawning tones, said, "Ah General, what are you going to do with me?" Winder turned around abruptly on his heels, replying in his sharpest tones, "Hang your Sir." Several times I had conversations with Iverson and the Adjutant in relation to the treatment of the prisoners, and in regard to slavery, in which my natural hastiness often got the better of my caution, and I expressed myself pretty freely. The Colonel defended the use of a dead line, saying it was copied from our prison regulations, and very gravely stated that the Federal treatment of rebel prisoners was as bad as theirs. "The treatment," said he, "on both sides is cruel. He instanced the treatment of prisoners at Fort Delaware, and said some of the boys of his regiment had been there, and that they did not get enough to eat, though he admitted it was through the raciality of the officers in charge of the distribution of rations. "They had tents," said I, "yes," said he angrily, "but we don't have any for you, nor for our own men, and closed the conversation by going out. Some of my comrades, engaged in writing on the register with me, said, "Does the colonel has got his mad up, and you'll be sent into the stockade." Iverson stood just outside, overheard the remark, and coming in at the door, indirectly reproved the speaker, by coolly saying, "I never think less of a man who has convictions which are not changed by his circumstances. "I can trust such men." There were no men among the prisoners whom the Colonel had such contempt for as the "Galvanized Yankees." He treated men with severity when they intimated that they wished to "take the oath." He would say roughly to them, "you are traitors on one side—you will turn traitors to us the first chance you get, I can't endure a man who does not fight from principle." To Union men, who belonged to southern states, he was very vindictive and harsh, often calling them d-d traitors, asking them sometimes what they were fighting against their country for? The Colonel's estimate of Yankee integrity and intellect was a very low one. He was very much prejudiced against them, and refused to see that the general physical and mental condition of the prisoners was owing to long suffering. He would sometimes say in my hearing, of some poor creature who had had all his humanity starved out of him, "Now look at him he does not know as much as one of our niggers." I once overheard a conversation between him and a citizen. "Those Yanks," said he, pointing to a squad of prisoners, "are just like our niggers; you can't trust most of them when out of sight." Noticing that I heard him, with true gentlemanly instinct, he stopped in his remarks. When I got a little ahead of him in any remark, he would say, "Sarg't, you are the doggondest stubbornest Yank I have got," or, "you are a heavy dog," and then closed the conversation by walking off, and sneering to himself. An Adjutant Reynolds used to devote his telling humorous incidents, and would ever mimic his favorite traits to all their actions, and as they thought my sayings. Unlike most rebels, he was free from the negro adoration of his race, but would assume it with great drollery when he was

mimicking the "South Carolinians." I will not vouch for the truth of the following incident, which he was in the habit of relating in a manner which would almost have made a man laugh. "I was out the other morning," said he, "and saw a guard drill that knocked all my ideas of that performance. Groups of men were standing around their huge fires—the mornings were quite cold—when one of the South Carolinian officers came up, and pushing away a big fat fellow who had tied a tarred rope into his belt to make it reach around him, said, "Eph, git from afore me, for I'm a cold," and proceeded to warm his rear by elevating his coat tail on his hands. Then looking around upon the groups of men, he said, "Now boys git into two ranks like tater ridges for I see a vein to fling yer into four ranks." After getting them into two ranks, he gave the order to, "right dress; but the line didn't suit him. Eph, especially, gave him trouble. Eph, Eph, stick yer stomach in thar; Tuis Eph endeavored to do; but when his feet were in line his stomach protruded way beyond, and when his stomach was in line his feet were in the rear rank. Getting vexed at this kind of rightdressing, he pulled out his sword, and drew a crooked mark in front of the company, saying, "Goding it, if yer cant rightdress, come up thar that ar scatch; They did this very satisfactorily, when he commenced to drill them. The first order was, "Two ranks inter four ranks, double smart, right quick, git, git!" But in this manoeuvre they got mixed up so bad that it wasn't tried again. No then commenced to drill them in the manual of arms. The person addressed as Eph seemed to take unkindly to this military drill, and his Captain addressed him in pathetic tones of remonstrance: "Eph, Eph A, I've told yer four times to bring that ar gun thar a tote, and yer hain't done it yet, Eph, yer have acted the plum dsgone fool!" Addressing the Sergeant of the relief he said, "Put this 'er Eph on guard near the swamp, where Reynolds won't see him." And, said Reynolds, "without seeing me, away went the relief at route step, with arms in all kinds of positions but the right one. During the second week out on parole, about thirty men belonging to one of our merchantmen, captured just off New York harbor by a rebel cruiser, were brought into prison. Iverson paroled the officers, but turned the common sailors into the prison to take their lack with the prisoners. The officers, who had enough to eat and good clothes, thought outside life about the hardest of anything they ever heard of, and were much surprised when I told them I thought they ought not to grumble, when men inside the stockade were starving. Two officers, Lieutenant Luke and Lieutenant J. Long, were captured while trying to escape from Columbia, and were brought into Florence prison about this time. Lieutenant Long, was captured in the same battle with some of my comrades, and as I was personally acquainted with him, I slyly gave him clothes, and went to the Colonel, at risk of being sent into the stockade again, and interceded for good quarters and food for them, which were given. The last of November, orders came from general Hardee to commence making out parole rolls for the sick and wounded prisoners at Florence, who were to be sent to Charleston, at the rate of two thousand every day or every other day. I, with others, went to work upon these parole rolls. What a joyful day it was to those men, at last they realized that they were going home, and with trembling, eager hands they signed their parole of freedom. I was at work making out these parole rolls, when a poor creature came with tottering steps to the table, and tried to sign his name, "You'll have to write my name, said he; "I'm not the man I was when you and I were captured at Lookout mountains." I looked up and recognized in this shattered wreck of humanity a sergeant who belonged to company G of the 78th Regt. P. V.

I left my writing to another clerk while I helped the poor fellow to my log hut, and gave him warm drink and food, and my blanket to lie on. The poor fellow tried to thank me, but broke down, crying like a child. He was not very coherent in his speech. He could only say repeatedly, "Do you think we are going home?" I answered him of the fact, and left him to resume my duties. Afterwards, when I returned, he was gone. He must have died on the way to Charleston, as I could never ascertain that he reached home. Day after day I wrote on the parole rolls, trying to see my way clear to get away with the sick and wounded. Men were hourly dying before headquarters. He took me and several friends out with him, and gave us quarters in Roper Hospital, which were good, and we enjoyed very much. While at this hospital I came upon some letters. One of them was addressed to the board of Physicians in charge, asking what disposal was to be made of the hospital if the City fall into Federal hands. This letter was dated just at the time of our first attack on Charleston, and shows that the rebels were not so confident at that time of withstanding the assault as they afterwards were. We had been in Charleston three days, anxiously waiting, when the fog, which had been very dense, cleared away, and orders for our removal, together with ambulances, came to the hospital to move the sick to the flag-of-truce boat. Those not able to walk were brought out and laid on the sidewalks where some of the poor fellows died. Hoff, one of my companions, died thus. "It is hard," said he sorrowfully. They were the last words he uttered. Poor fellow had a family at home, and was almost ready to go and see them could not bare up any longer under the cruel treatment he received from southern chivalry. Shame! Shame! While these men lay gasping on the sidewalk, a woman came to the red-headed Surgeon, who superintended their removal, and asked permission to give the poor sick fellows some soup she had for them. He rebuked her severely, saying, "If you have any such thing to give away, give it to our boys, down on the island. You show," said he. "What side you are on." Her reply was, "Anything for humanity's sake, doctor; let me give these poor starving fellows something to eat." While she was thus occupying the attention of this Confederate fool and tyrant, she had sent some children around on the flank, who provided the sick with soup and gruel. The Surgeon raved when he found out, that he was entirely out-flanked and out-witted by a woman, who had more humane feeling, than a whole regiment of such fellows like the nabob of a doctor. About three o'clock that afternoon we were again on the wharf, near the flag-of-truce boat. What a joyful moment! yet it seemed too good to be true, we could not realize the fact. We, who had been so used to being deceived, were incredulous to the last moment. Very, very often, we heard news, that now we were to be exchanged, but sad news in a few days later—knocked the bottom out of all the good news we heard a few days sooner. As we stood on the wharf, the commissary whom I have mentioned came up to me, and shaking hands, said in a tremulous undertone, "I'd give anything to be in your place, going to Western Pennsylvania. Dear, proud old Pennsylvania! thy children can never, wherever their footsteps wonder, forget thee! At last we sailed down the harbor were in sight of our dear old flag—at last were lashed to our receiving ship, were on board, and thank God for his mercy, were again under the folds of the old flag. How our tormented eyes gazed at its folds, and we, with solemn, sobbing voices, said, "Thank God! Thank God! for our miraculous deliverance." The link that bound us to the terrible past was broken; the gaunt forms, the famine-stricken faces of those who survived, and the torturing memories they will ever have of those dark days of death and despair, almost how cruel and merciless were those who had charge of rebel prisons. I arrived at Annapolis on the 4th of December 1864, and was soon at home with my family and friends, where upon my arrival, I was broken down, and barely able to take exercise.

lay dead, and dying around us. The rebel commissary came in the evening to the work house yard, I inquired of him when we should be sent to our transports. His answer was encouraging; and in course of conversation he asked me when I belonged to Pennsylvania. I inquired what part, "Allegheny county" was the reply. I was acquainted there, and soon found I knew several of his friends and relations. He took me and several friends out with him, and gave us quarters in Roper Hospital, which were good, and we enjoyed very much. While at this hospital I came upon some letters. One of them was addressed to the board of Physicians in charge, asking what disposal was to be made of the hospital if the City fall into Federal hands. This letter was dated just at the time of our first attack on Charleston, and shows that the rebels were not so confident at that time of withstanding the assault as they afterwards were. We had been in Charleston three days, anxiously waiting, when the fog, which had been very dense, cleared away, and orders for our removal, together with ambulances, came to the hospital to move the sick to the flag-of-truce boat. Those not able to walk were brought out and laid on the sidewalks where some of the poor fellows died. Hoff, one of my companions, died thus. "It is hard," said he sorrowfully. They were the last words he uttered. Poor fellow had a family at home, and was almost ready to go and see them could not bare up any longer under the cruel treatment he received from southern chivalry. Shame! Shame! While these men lay gasping on the sidewalk, a woman came to the red-headed Surgeon, who superintended their removal, and asked permission to give the poor sick fellows some soup she had for them. He rebuked her severely, saying, "If you have any such thing to give away, give it to our boys, down on the island. You show," said he. "What side you are on." Her reply was, "Anything for humanity's sake, doctor; let me give these poor starving fellows something to eat." While she was thus occupying the attention of this Confederate fool and tyrant, she had sent some children around on the flank, who provided the sick with soup and gruel. The Surgeon raved when he found out, that he was entirely out-flanked and out-witted by a woman, who had more humane feeling, than a whole regiment of such fellows like the nabob of a doctor. About three o'clock that afternoon we were again on the wharf, near the flag-of-truce boat. What a joyful moment! yet it seemed too good to be true, we could not realize the fact. We, who had been so used to being deceived, were incredulous to the last moment. Very, very often, we heard news, that now we were to be exchanged, but sad news in a few days later—knocked the bottom out of all the good news we heard a few days sooner. As we stood on the wharf, the commissary whom I have mentioned came up to me, and shaking hands, said in a tremulous undertone, "I'd give anything to be in your place, going to Western Pennsylvania. Dear, proud old Pennsylvania! thy children can never, wherever their footsteps wonder, forget thee! At last we sailed down the harbor were in sight of our dear old flag—at last were lashed to our receiving ship, were on board, and thank God for his mercy, were again under the folds of the old flag. How our tormented eyes gazed at its folds, and we, with solemn, sobbing voices, said, "Thank God! Thank God! for our miraculous deliverance." The link that bound us to the terrible past was broken; the gaunt forms, the famine-stricken faces of those who survived, and the torturing memories they will ever have of those dark days of death and despair, almost how cruel and merciless were those who had charge of rebel prisons. I arrived at Annapolis on the 4th of December 1864, and was soon at home with my family and friends, where upon my arrival, I was broken down, and barely able to take exercise.

To-day, though broken down in health, and may never fully recover I record these sufferings as a remembrance to coming generations, and dedicate these pages to the memory of the living and the dead, who in the "great struggle" have suffered or died in prison, and upon well fought battle fields, for our country's preservation and honor. Looking back over the past, I can hardly imagine how I managed to live through fourteen long months of confinement in rebel prisons. But I knew I must not give way, if I hoped to live. Sometimes I was barely able to crawl down to the brook to wash my body, and the water was often so filthy, that it was not agreeable to use for bathing. But by applying water and friction to the body, its effects were marvelous, for good. The Doctors had some home-made medicines which they would give to those who were about dying. But the best medicine for the prisoners, was after all food. But wholesome, nutritious food was harder to get than medicines—and the consequence of not having food over 120 to 180 men were carried out of the stockade every morning dead, who had died for want of something to eat. To be Continued. Curious Bible Facts. The learned Prince of Granada heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown, for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the place of Skulls Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years of his incarceration: In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times, the word Jehovah 6,855 times and the word I Reverend but once, and that in the 9th verse of the 1st Psalm. The 8th verse of the xxvii. Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the viii. chapter of Esther is the longest verse; 35th verse of xi. chapter of St. John is the shortest. In the cvii. Psalm there are four verses alike, the 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st. Each verse of xxxiii. Psalm end alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The xxxvii. chapter of Isaiah and xix. chapter of Kings are alike. The word girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3d verse iii. chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The xxvi. chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the xxiii. Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are John xv. chapter and 12th verse, John vi. chapter and 37th verse, St. Mathew xi. chapter and 28th verse, and the xxvii. Psalm, 4th verse. The 2nd verse of the ix. chapter of Isaiah is one for the new convert. All who flatter themselves with vain boasts of their perfectness should learn the vi. chapter of St. Mathew. All humbly should learn the vi. chapter of St. Luke, from the 20th verse to the end. The Newer Arithmetic. If it costs five dollars to make use of one oath in New Jersey, how much will it cost a man to swear all day in Iowa? A merchant finds himself with \$300 in bad debts on hand, and he divides the amount to make fifty of his best customers foot the bill. How much did each one have to pay? A political candidate promises the position of market clerk to 320 different friends and after his election gives the place to his uncle. Find words in which to express the feelings of the 320. If it takes eight dollars worth of coal to one fifteen-cent house-plant through the winter, how much coal will it take to carry ten of the plants through the season? In a city of 100,000 people there are 2,000 men who carry umbrellas and ganes on their shoulders without reference to pedestrians. If a man kicks sixteen of those chaps per day,

how long would it take to get round to the last batch? A lady pays seven dollars for a pair of fashionable shoes and endures fourteen dollars worth of agony for every mile she walks. How much agony would she endure if walking three weeks? If a man finds seventeen inches carried rope in one plug of tobacco how many inches will he find if twenty-two plugs? If it is as a fall of twenty eigh feet from a post at tree to break boy's arm, how far must he fall to break his neck? On a certain political ticket at fourteen candidates; each candidate is the victim of 526 lies. What is the total number of lies?—Detroit Free Press. Physicians, &c. J. WINFIELD SAMPSELL, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. May 19, '82. H. H. BORDNER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BEAVERTOWN, PA. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. April 5, '82. BARBER & HASSINGER, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, Offer their professional services to the citizens of Middleburg and vicinity. Office a few feet West of the Court House, in Arnold's building. Oct. 3, 1881. DR. J. Y. SHENDEL, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Middleburg, Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Mar. 21, '82. DR. MARAND ROTHROCK, Fremont, Snyder county, Pa. Graduate of Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. March 17, 1881. H. J. SMITH, Physician & Surgeon, Beaver Springs, Snyder County, Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. June 12, '82. DR. J. O. WAGNER, Physician and Surgeon, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Aug. 5, '82. DR. J. F. KANAWEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the public. 6-25. H. J. ECKBERT, SURGEON DENTIST, SCHMIDT'S BLOCK, Solingsgrove, Penna. Professional business promptly attended to. May 2, '82. PERCIVAL HERMANN, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Centreville, Snyder Co., Pa. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and vicinity. Aug. 29, '82. DR. A. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Adamsburg and vicinity. Sept. 4, '82. B. F. VAN BUSKIRK, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Solingsgrove, Penna. ISAAC BEAVER, Surgeon Dentist! Middleburg, Snyder County, Pa. Office in FRANKLIN REAR THE DEPOT Everything belonging to the profession done to the best manner. All work warranted. Terms moderate. He will also attend to business every two weeks at Centreville, Treble's, Beaver-town, Adamsburg and Paxtonville. Hotels. The Baumgardner House Harrisburg, Pa. D. S. MASSER, Proprietor. BOARDING HOUSE. THE undersigned would respectfully inform the travelling public, business men, witnesses and jurors in attendance at our Court that he has made ample preparation for their accommodation and will endeavor to secure for them the best of food and the most comfortable rooms. Boarding House a few doors West of the Court House. GABRIEL DEANER, Proprietor. CENTREVILLE HOTEL, (Late Mrs. Weaver's), Centreville Snyder Co., Pa. PETER HARTMAN, Proprietor. This long established and well known house has been purchased by the undersigned, and is now under the management of Peter Hartman. April 5, 1882. WANTED - SALESMEN. To increase for the sale of Newburgh Compound. No experience required. Salary and expenses paid. For full particulars apply to Newburgh Compound, W. & S. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y.

The Secret

Of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less. By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained. I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything ate me down, and I could not get on my feet. I have tried everything recommended, but have not seen the result of a dose of physicians, but got so well until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel now as if I were a new man. I am getting much stronger, and my appetite is a valued engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. STEWART, 75 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 3.

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PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

THE undersigned offers at private sale, the following described Real Estate for sale: A Farm situate in Franklin Co., Pa., 1/2 mile West of Middleburg, containing 108 Acres of the best limestone land, whereon are erected a good frame dwelling house, barn, and other outbuildings—all well repaired. It is a good flowing water on the farm—irrigating young orchard of choice fruit trees. Eggs in a high state of cultivation. Terms easy and liberal. For full particulars apply to J. W. WALKER, Middleburg, Pa. Feb. 22, '82.

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