UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

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Jan. 1, 1860. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1860.

Impressions of Visitors.

Since the adjournment of the East Baltimore Conference, we have examined the reports of the correspondents of the Baltimore *Sun* and *American*, and find those in the *Record* considerably more full, and (as the Reporter was here to correct the proof) more authentic in names, dates, &c. "PHILEMON," of the *American*, had time to notice a few things outside of the Conference, and enlarged upon some points. As our people may desire to have some opinions of strangers as sent abroad, we copy a few of his paragraphs, below:

FEB. 29.—The Northern Central cars from your city were crowded to overflowing by the ministers resident there, and those who had collected from circuits and stations on the route. Upon arriving at the Lewisburg station, all kinds of vehicles were in readiness to convey the theological freight over the river, and soon the caravan began to pour along the muddy road, and to disembark on the main street, the villagers lounging in the side walks to see and welcome the clerical visitors. Upon calling at the M. E. Church, (a neat and commodious edifice,) the preachers were furnished with their homes, and in an hour or two were ensconced in them and seated at sumptuous suppers, which were discussed with a relish not unusual to hungry travelers.

Lewisburg is beautifully located on the west bank of the West Branch of the Susquehanna river, at the mouth of the Buffaloe and Penns Valleys, has about 4000 inhabitants, and presents an air of substantiality and wealth rarely to be seen in a small interior town. Its trade is almost entirely agricultural. (Formerly, there was a flourishing boat-yard here, in which more canal boats were manufactured than in any other place in the United States; but on account of some misunderstanding among the proprietors, operations have been suspended.) It is estimated that the aggregate amount of produce annually brought in here, from the luxuriant valleys, is from four to five hundred thousand bushels of grain. As evidence of the public spirit of the inhabitants, a few years since the county agreed to remove the county seat to this village, provided they would build the Court House themselves, which they promptly did, at a cost of $22,000. Other features of the people and town, and topics of interest occurring during the session, I will write you subsequently.

March 1.—I mentioned in my letter yesterday, one instance of the public enterprise of the citizens of this borough. When the Baptists of this State were hesitating to adopt this place as the locality for their University, they came forward and said they would donate $20,000 to the object if they should so desire mine. The decision was promptly made in favor of Lewisburg, and the money quite as promptly paid. I deem this liberality worthy of notice, for instances have occurred in which citizens of towns where institutions are located have crippled them by their adverse and illiberal course. The University building occupies a noble eminence, overlooking the village and river, surrounded by a beautiful dense grove of forest trees. The structure is of brick, and shows to great advantage in approaching the town. Rev. Dr. Loomis, the President, is a scholar, a gentleman and a Christian, and governs the institution with admirable success. He is aided by a corps of proficient Professors. It is with pleasure I refer to the generosity and Christian liberality of these gentlemen in extending their support to the people in accommodating the members of the Conference. In addition, there is also a Female Academy attached to the University, but under a separate faculty of teachers. The building is unusually elegant, and well adapted to the purposes of education. The Baptists have evinced great discretion in the choice of the location of their University. May they have much success in the cause of education!

March 3.—Quite a novel feature was introduced in the proceedings of yesterday. When ten o'clock arrived, the Bishop announced that the order of the day was the administration of the Lord's Supper. He remarked, a day or two since, that it was the wish and determination of the general superintendents to infuse, if possible, more of the religious element into the sessions of annual conferences. This plan was accordingly adopted. It was deeply affecting to behold the ministers in such large numbers thus kneeling together in commemoration of Christ. As soon as the communion was through, a general experience meeting was held, in which the Bishop spoke of the great pleasure with which he participated in such a scene, and invited the aged and young members, and people, males and females, to speak. The excellent John Bowen led off by a concise, positive, yet deeply modest, narrative of his early conversion. Next followed, in succession, the aged William Monroe, for fifty years an itinerant preacher; J. W. Hedges, known and loved in your city, who attributed the "instrumentality of his conversion to the father who had just preceded him;" J. W. Brown, a very young man; John Miller, the "Cincinnatus" of the Conference; the venerable Ewing; James H. Brown, at present pastor of the Whalecat charge, of your city; the venerated John Thomas, converted more than a half century ago, and forty-seven years a minister; R. S. Vinton; H. Slicer; and P. Rescorl. I have rarely ever seen Mr. Slicer so powerfully agitated, his emotional nature having gained the entire mastery. His utterance was indistinct, his frame shook, tears coursed down his cheeks, the strong man bowed. Mr. Slicer, though a man of apparent sternness, has a warm heart, whose pulsations are always true to his friends.

[From his very brief allusion to the sermon of Rev. H. B. Ridgaway on Sabbath evening, we conclude that gentleman and "Philemon" wear the same clothing.]

(Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.)

From a Student in Europe—No. 7.

European Affairs—More about Student Life—the Weather in Germany.

HEIDELBERG, Feb. 3, 1860.

The world keeps "wagging" much the same as usual, I suppose, and yet, standing here on European soil, it appears to be a somewhat different wag from that which it seemed from the "other side of the water." In America, we look upon the affairs of this side as it were through a glass, and the great distance makes everything a little misty; that is, we scarcely know what to believe and what to reject of the long columns of the "State of Europe" which "our special correspondents" write in return for fat fees. So here we are really at a loss what to believe in regard to the United States—especially at times like this, when every newspaper brings us a different account of the political health of the country, and charges "the present direful state of affairs" to the party opposed to it in politics. Has John Brown's invasion of Gov. Wise's premises actually had the effect to shake the bolts which fasten the Union? or has there not, after all, been a great deal more noise than wool? are questions concerning which we are yet somewhat in doubt. One thing is certain—that the said Governor's chivalry far exceeds his discretion, and that, by his whole conduct in the John Brown affair, and his over valorous speech to certain absconding medical students (reported in full in some of the principal European papers,) he has gained a most unenviable notoriety.

Here, too, there is considerable excitement politically. "The Italian question" is one which deeply concerns Germany in general and the Southern, or more Catholic portion in particular; and as the settlement of that question is yet a matter of doubt, you can imagine the state of feeling which here prevails. Besides, the Concordat which it was supposed the Grand Duke of Baden would try to force upon his people, and in which the most absurd rights are ceded to the Catholics, has brought the excitement to our own doors. In Heidelberg, Freyburg and all through the Grand Duchy, the proposed Concordat meets with the most determined resistance, on the part of the Protestants, and many of the more intelligent portion of the Catholics condemn it in the strongest terms. Petitions and remonstrances against it have been sent into the Capital (Carlsruhe) from all quarters, and although the chief advisers of the Grand Duke are strenuous Catholics in favor of the Concordat, the prospect now is that it will fall to the ground.

Of the University at Heidelberg I have as yet said little. Founded in the fourteenth century, it has passed through the various gradations, of prosperity and decline, to which all Universities seem to be subject—having now a larger, and now a smaller number of students—at one time rising to the highest pitch of eminence, through the renown of its Faculty—again sinking gradually to a third or fourth rate position. For years, the institution has been slowly but surely on the decline, as is the case also with a number of the other German Universities; and it is plain that in the end some of them must give way entirely—leaving the course to those situated in the large cities, such as Berlin and Munich, whose resources enable them to draw to themselves all the highest talent of the country. At present, the whole number of professors and teachers, ordinary, extraordinary, and private, is somewhere between sixty and one hundred, and the number of students, as set down in the Catalogue, six hundred and ten. Law is here the specialty, and in this department Heidelberg occupies perhaps as high a position as any institution in Germany; but one of the principal professors, Mittemaier, is becoming superannuated, and his white hair and beard and failing voice indicate a speedy end of his usefulness. Vangerow, the chief professor in this branch, has probably no superior. In the department of Theology, Kothe, Plitt, and Shenkel are the principal professors—the first of whom, although professedly not orthodox, is really the most prominent, and well known by his writings. As regards his life, he is said to put the so-called "orthodox" to shame. Bunsen, in the branch of Chemistry, has quite a name in Europe, and is said to be much more practical than Liebig, in Munich. His laboratory is a fine large building, erected by government, admirably arranged, and fitted with every convenience for experimenting. Here, in one very large room, are gathered some dozens of students, who, each in his own place, and with his own stock of apparatus, pursues this difficult but interesting science under the direct supervision of Bunsen and his assistants. Hausser, the principal professor of History, has already had several calls to other Universities—among others, to the University of Berlin—and has just refused a call to Jena, for which he is to be honored with a torch-light procession this evening. Besides those already mentioned, I might name others who are more or less distinguished in their particular departments; but enough has been said to give you some idea of the strength of the Faculty, and the advantages which are here offered to students.

Among the pupils gathered here, are Russians, Greeks, Turks, Poles, Swiss, French, English, Americans, Brazilians, Australians, in short, nearly every country in the world is represented. Age appears to form no barrier here to University study, for one meets every day in the lecture-rooms persons ranging from thirty to fifty or sixty years, sitting with the younger students, and apparently enjoying their studentship as much as they. It is no uncommon thing for men of wealth and a literary turn of mind to spend a semester here in listening to lectures on some favorite subject—thus renewing, as it were, their youth.

Living in the neighborhood of Heidelberg, but in no way identified with the University, are several distinguished literary men, of whom I may mention Weber, Gervinus, Schlosser, and Chevalier Bunsen—some of the most prominent of German historians.

Student-life in Heidelberg and all the German University towns, is essentially different from student life in America. The moment the youth is matriculated, he changes, as it were, his whole character, and, in assuming the privileges granted him by his matriculation card, enters a new world, where new pleasures are opened out before him, and new aspirations take possession of his mind. Henceforth, he is a "student," and until the end of his course has a right to look down with the most sovreign contempt on the so-called "philisters" or male population unconnected with the University—drink the most fabulous quantities of beer and wine—draw or lose as much blood as he chooses in "schläger" duels—make love to any number of good-looking servant-maids, beer-house and shop-girls—and study as much or as little, as he pleases.

Don't imagine, however, that all the youth, immediately on their matriculation, enter into such a round of excesses and immoralities, to the neglect of all study and real improvement. The fact is, most of the students who have any considerable means, spend from four to six or eight years at the University, or rather divide that time between several Universities. Coming first from the Gymnasium, where they have been required to study very hard, and where they have gained an excellent education (as far as languages are concerned, much superior to that of our College graduates,) they enter the University, join a Corps or Verbindung, and during the first two or three years study little or none, but spend the whole time in a sort of devil-may-care idleness and dissipation. Then, with a view of getting a government situation, or entering a profession, they go to some other University, keep themselves aloof from the student societies, and get to work with an industry and perseverance as marked as was their previous listlessness. Often, those who were most distinguished for their dissipation, thus become the most studious, and confining themselves to their rooms except during the time of lectures, pore over their books ten, twelve, and even fifteen hours a day; so that, in a couple of years, they are able to take their degree with honor. Many, (particularly the poorer class, who have not more than two or three years at their command) begin their studies with diligence as soon as they go to the University, and, if they join a Verbindung, do not allow this relation to occupy more of their time than is absolutely necessary. *Corps-life* and *study* are altogether incompatible.

There are here five corps, or organizations for fighting with the schlager, (a long sword, sharp at the sides and blunt at the end)—Guestphalia, Vandalia, Saxo-Borussia, Suevia, and Helvetia—and these together have perhaps eighty members. They are distinguished from each other by the colors of their caps—generally a combination of two or three, as red and gold, silver and green, &c.—and by the bands worn across their breasts, which correspond to the caps. When not engaged in schlager practice or in attending business meetings of their respective orders, they are usually to be seen in groups in beer or wine houses, in the conditaries (confectionery shops), or perambulating the principal streets in high military boots—many of them accompanied by great spotted boar hounds, and other canine favorites. Each corps has its "kneipe" or society-hall in some beer-house, where all the members collect on stated evenings, say two or three times a week, to drink beer, sing, and indulge in general merriment. Three hundred is put down as the average number of duels or "measures" occurring between members of the different Corps each semester; and, judging from the number of scarred faces which one meets on the streets, the number is scarcely exaggerated. In half the cases, perhaps, there is no actual provocation, but a challenge is given for the sake of having a trial of skill; and often one Corps challenges another to send two or three members against the same number of its own. Persons belonging to the same Corps dare not fight each other. This sort of life is very expensive, and, as said before, perfectly irreconcilable with study—indeed, many of the corps members scarcely pretend to set foot in the University building, except to matriculate, and to go before the officers to answer to the charge of a breach of the laws.

There are also here a number of Verbindungs, or student societies, which do not hold dueling as their principal business, and pretend to a higher degree of morality than the Corps. One or two of them forbid all dueling; another, the largest, permits its members to accept or give challenges only when the case is laid before the whole society and approved; another, the next most influential, allows its members to fight as much as they please—but under no circumstances dare persons in the same Verbindung "measure" with each other. These Verbindungs also have their kneipes, but, in addition to their meetings for beer-drinking, singing, and other social purposes, they have also meetings, for literary exercises, after the manner of our societies at home. The members all wear caps and bands of their society colors, and many of them (as also many of the students belonging to no organization) indulge in the luxury of military boots. Between the Corps and Verbindungs, there exists the deadliest hatred, but as the former dare not fight with the latter, the Verbindungs being institutions of recent origin, and therefore not considered as honorable enough, this hatred produces no very bad consequences. Collisions with canes and fists are out of the question, being punishable with long confinement in the University prison, if not with suspension or expulsion.

On Sunday, Jan. 15, our streets were enlivened by the "Kappenfahrt" or procession of the "Narrhalla"—a foolish society embracing in its membership some very respectable business men of the city. All the members were dressed in fools' caps of red and yellow, masks, and wigs, and rode on horseback or in open carriages, accompanied by a band of music, to the "Hausacker"—a wine and beer-house about half a mile up the Neckar—where a number of silly performances took place. The procession was quite large, and the flags and other decorations quite beautiful; but the whole thing seemed exceedingly ridiculous—which, however, was just what the members intended it should be.

We have just had a considerable fall of snow, but in the streets it melted as fast as it came down, taking away all hope of sleighing. The hills, and open land are still covered, to a depth of several inches.

T. C.

HERE AND THERE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGE.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

What no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What no thought hath never been
In her noblest flights conferred—
This hath God prepared in store
For his people evermore.

When the shaded pilgrim-land
Fades before my closing eye,
Then revealed on either hand
Heaven's own scenery shall lie;
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly land-scapes, calmly bright,
Life's pure river, murmuring low,
Forms of loveliness and light
Lost to earth long time ago—
Yes, my own, lamented long—
Shine amid the angel throng!

Many a joyful sight was given,
Many a lovely vision here,
Hill and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile, affliction's tear;
These were shadows, sent in love,
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky;
Long hushed voices blend again
Sweetly in that welcome strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall;
Yet creation travail groans
Ever sadly sighed through all;
There no discord jars the air—
Harmony is perfect there!

When this aching heart shall rest,
All its busy pulses o'er,
From her mortal robes undrest
Shall my spirit upwards soar;
Then shall pure, unmingled joy,
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
Often came to soothe my breast,
Hours of deep and holy calm,
Earnests of eternal rest;
But the bliss was here unknown
Which shall there be all my own.

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
Of that wondrous land above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light, and all is love;
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

What a Boy's Pocket Contained.

An urchin of seven summer's growth invited his mamma, the other day, to repair a slight accident to a pantaloon pocket, and to do this it became necessary to upset the contents thereof upon the floor, an inventory of which we proceeded to note down as follows:

India rubber, a bottle cork, an old gas burner, one nine pin, a part of an exploded fire cracker, an old match box, one old envelope, a bag of marbles, one hickory nut, a piece of silk cord, several pieces of twine and strings, the lid of an old pill box, pieces of chestnut hull, a piece of tin, a piece of gingerbread, some pieces of fancy colored paper, two old nails, a small picture book, a slate pencil, a broken jew's-harp, the remains of a pocket handkerchief, a penny whistle, a piece of shoe string, two grains of corn, a pocket knife-handle, half a peach stone, two spotted chicken feathers, a piece of brick bat, a spinning top, a dead mouse, an assortment of buttons, with crumbs of bread, candy, and a mixture of sand, pebbles and dirt generally.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The Highland Mother.

A Highland widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach before evening the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her in paying her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. (I was following the same wild and lonely path, when I first heard the story I am going to tell you.) The mountain track, after leaving the small village by the seashore, where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighboring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half way up a rugged mountain side, and entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes amid masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveler, by a zigzag ascent, to a narrow gorge which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices. Overhead is a strip of blue sky, and all below is dark and gloomy.

From this mountain pass, the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, indeed. But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor had threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even then be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is heard except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of an eagle as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning gave promise of a lovely day. But, before noon, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle with black squalls the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May, (that storm is still remembered as the "great May storm;") the wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier and faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock. Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew, that, a mile beyond it, there was a mountain shielding which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. The return home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of rock which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. Crouching beneath a projecting rock, she pressed her child to her trembling bosom.—The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. Evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child, her only child, was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But, whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded at the best but a miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing, and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern.—And now she resolves at all hazards to brave the storm, and return home in order to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Clasping her infant to her heart, and covering its face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down to sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

The night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from the clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain top, while a thousand water falls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon, they discovered the child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love. Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection was uttered, from enthusiastic, sorrowing Highland hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation sought to improve, for their souls' good, an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away. That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingered in many a retired glen. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was a communion Sabbath. The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of "that love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapped around him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with love and gratitude too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if over these memorials of the Savior's sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and adoring gratitude?"

A few days after this, a message was sent, by a dying man, requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hands and gazing intently on his face, said, "You do not know, you can not recognize me. But I know you, and I knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath, I entered your church, the church of my countrymen, where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son."

Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried: "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never did I forget that mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory; and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old church yard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this; until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Savior in giving himself for me, a poor, lost, hell deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the minister's hand close to his breast he added: "It was God who made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit in making me see as I never saw before, the love of the Savior. I see it, I believe it: I have found deliverance in old age, where I found it in my childhood, in the cleft of the rock, but it is the Rock of Ages!"

And, clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervor: "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yes, they may forget; yet will I not forget Thee!"—*Rev. Norman M'Leod, M.D.*

The Speech of the Day.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says of Senator Seward's speech:

"Webster, or Clay, or Calhoun, never spoke in a more august presence—never enchained a more potential, a more intelligent, or a more attentive audience. Senators, in their curule chairs, listened with fixed attention; though Jeff. Davis appeared to be reading a paper at one time, it was evident that he was drinking in the conservative sentiment against which his treasonable plots can make no headway. Back of them, stood a majority of the Representatives from the North and from the South, forming an intellectual back ground. Above, and around the hall, were the packed galleries, with dense crowds in the surrounding halls, wherever an open door offered a chance to catch a glimpse of the speaker. It was a subject for the pencil of an artist, and the occasion will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present."

RASCALLY DECEPTION.—The Reading so-called Democratic Convention, passed a resolution in favor of Protection to American Industry, while every Representative from this State in Congress polled his vote for a Free Trade Speaker, who would have appointed a Committee opposed to Protection to American Industry! This is equal to the "Polk, Dallas and the Tariff of 1842" swindle practiced upon the people in 1844.

Silver and Superstition.

Other parts of the Union have their fevers and excitements, and why, pray, should not we? There *is* an exitement, and that a fierce one, around and about the ancient village of Berrysburg. It is not Rock oil, nor the Gratztown railroad, nor iron, nor coal, nor yet gold—but, SILVER.

Popular tradition recounts to all the wondering youngsters the existence of a money coiner, who had, many years ago, a den in one of the little valleys somewhere between Lykens Valley and Stony Creek, the exact locality being not very definitely mentioned. Some accounts make him out a counterfeiter, others a miner and refiner of pure silver, which, for convenience sake, he put up in the form of current coin. After making and concealing in various localities many barrels of the glittering stuff, he disappeared, and with him went the knowledge of the silver mine and of his hiding places. Many a heavy stone has been overturned on those hills, in the full expectation of finding a decayed cask whose mouldering staves would expose the treasure ready for use.

Another account, more tragic in its details, goes back beyond the old coiner. The Indians had a knowledge of the silver mine, and after many a lengthy powwow an old hunter bribed the last Indian, by a promise of his rifle, to show him the vein of silver ore. There being but the single rifle in the party, motives of economy and prudence induced the hunter to shoot his guide through the head immediately after becoming possessed of the coveted secret. The legend does not mention any immense fortune reaped by the murderer from his discovery, but, at all events, he died, or was shot, and with him, too, disappeared the great secret.

Frequent relatings of these legends found some wiseacre listeners, who, being ignorant enough to believe anything which had a spice of the supernatural about it, pondered these things until they believed it all implicitly. Ultimately, having resolved themselves into the Berrysburg Silver Mining Association, they procured the services of a young man who was endowed with magic powers, and who, by the use of a small glass, (the *ord spiegel* of the olden magicians) could look through the bowels of the "rock ribbed earth" and spy out the lurking places of nature's valuables. Next in order, a lease was taken of the rock country belonging to the Dauphin & Susquehanna Coal Company. Seeking out, by proper signs, lucky nights, the company held several nocturnal sessions on the hills. At last, they discovered the rock under which, at a certain distance, was the portal to their treasure-house; but just then, when it seemed almost within their grasp, it was discovered, that, through some blunder in their calculations, the night was not propitious, and it was concluded to adjourn until a more convenient season.

Subsequently, it was discovered by a long course of profound reasoning, that the ghost of the departed red-skin kept watch and ward over his ravished secret, and that the only way to remove him was to invoke the spirit of the hunter, and induce him to enact again in the spirit world the unwitnessed tragedy, and thus effectually abolish the Indian ghost. For this purpose, the home magicians were powerless, and a special medium was imported from somewhere out West. The company met, full of faith and interest, and formed a spiritual circle in an old cabin away from civilization. It was a dark, but starlit night, clear, and cold, and the light soughings of the wind among the pine trees were typical of the failing breath of the then closing year. Midnight's mystic hour was appointed for the appearance of this messenger from the spirit land of the past. As the hour approached, that silent circle became more and more engrossed in the intensity of interest. Just as the last hour of night was trembling into the first hour of the morning, even the light wind without fell to a dead calm, a sound was heard approaching, and the thought "he comes," was audible in the beating of their quickened hearts. "Shoot! for God's sake! shoot!" in thrilling tones broke on their startled ears—the cry of a faint-hearted member, who knew another was armed. Of course, the "charm was broken," and the company is now awaiting a propitious moment for the resumption of its conjurations!

The above is not by any means a fancy sketch. There may be errors of details, but the main statements are facts—strong, disgusting, humiliating facts. The subject requires the pen of a satirist to do it justice—we have only repeated the facts as given to us.—*Journal*, (Lykens, Dauphin Co., Pa.)

Great Consolation!

A Rhode Island gentleman, who shall be nameless, not long ago married a lady reputed to be rich, who not only turned out to be poor, but some seven hundred dollars in debt, which he had to pay. She assured him, however, that the debt was contracted for dry goods, which she bought to captivate him!