

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR. O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1854.

VOLUME X--NO. 47. WHOLE NUMBER, 515.

The Lewisburg Chronicle.

An Independent Family Journal. Issued on Friday Mornings, at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania. Terms:—\$1.50 per year, for each copy in advance...

part of the season. There is connected with it a garden and promenade ground exquisitely beautiful.

The hospital in this place, I think well worthy of a passing remark. It is a very extensive building, as well as commodious, and reflects much credit on its patrons. It was founded by Archbishop Ector, the first Archbishop of Wuerzburg, and has an endowment of seven million florins, or nearly three million of dollars.

books, manuscripts, and specimens of writing of different languages and ages; and among them, one of the first books printed. But the most striking object in this city for the visitor is a brazen statue, called "the Bavaria." This is erected upon a pedestal situated about half a mile out of the city, on a little elevation of ground. Its height we were told is sixty feet, and can be seen at a great distance.

facilities by which the Western farmer can now transmit to an Eastern market, has raised the price of wheat to \$1.25 in Milwaukee—the highest price ever paid for that product in this State. Farmers are taking advantage of these prices and the very excellent sleighing, and are teaming their wheat to Stoughton, the present terminus of the Milwaukee & Madison Railroad.

command of Mr. Henry Hickman. We started from Hunt county on the 6th of April last, and took the route for El Paso. We reached Guadalupe Mountains about the 1st of June. There, the Mesquero Apaches stole from us nineteen head of cattle. Six men started in pursuit, but were driven back by the Indians. My husband not being able to travel well with Mr. Hickman's train, he determined to remain at El Paso till the arrival of another party of California emigrants.

My horse was taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing except to torture me. This animal would frequently top me over its head of its own accord, but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the mule by the ears before his eyes. The least would then rear and plunge in the utmost fright, and I would be thrown upon the ground with great violence.

My situation was now distressing beyond all description; I was alone in an Indian country, some hundred miles from the nearest friendly settlements. I was without food, without shelter, and almost without clothing. My body was full of wounds and bruises, and my feet were so swollen that I could hardly stand. Wild beasts were around me, and ravages more wild than boasts, roamed on every hand.

We regret to state that the letters addressed to us, prior to the present, by our young friends in Germany, have not reached our office, although their private letters to their friends arrive quite regularly.—Ed. Chronicle.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

WUERZBURG, Jan. 9, 1854. MR. EDITOR: We are now enjoying a fine January thaw, after having passed through a season of weather so cold, they tell us, that latter years furnish no parallel. During the holidays, we had a temperature of 30° below zero (Fahr. Ther.).

We have recently gained access to an institution here called "The Harmonie," which, take it all in all, affords many advantages, especially to foreigners. It comprises about 900 members, and is conducted similarly to an extensive hotel in one of our cities. None are admitted but members, and one can become a member by advancing a small sum.

But the greatest absurdity and jargon that we have met with, appears in a little German paper. After descending somewhat upon our governmental affairs, he makes the ridiculous assertion, "In the United States, the few rule the whole people, but in Europe the people bear the rule."

Take it all in all, Munich is a very beautiful city, and while there I felt more like being in one of our American cities than in any other since being on the Continent. The air, however, is bad and very unhealthy for foreigners; subject to frequent changes, and cold, piercing fogs. This is said to be owing to the influence of the Alps, a range of which can be seen about sixty miles distant.

From Wisconsin.

MADISON, (Wis.) Feb. 13, 1854. MR. EDITOR: As yet, I have not said anything about the Capital of this State, and as a short description of it may not be amiss, I will make it a part of this letter. The town is built on ground that gently inclines on all sides to the several lakes which surround it, and contains 3,000 to 4,000 inhabitants.

Since I last wrote you, nothing has been done by the Legislature that would be important to your readers. The Maine Law Bill is still held in probation. Mrs. Fonta, of Illinois, an Amazon on the Temperance question, is here. If her lectures produce a good effect, it must be through sympathy. But woman is a curious being, and must be listened to.

PIONEER LIFE.

Indian barbarities, and the sufferings of emigrants, are the subjects which have often thought of as painful realities which have had their day. The following narrative of a most heart-rending captivity and remarkable deliverance of a mere child in years, only two months since, was taken from her own lips by Maj. Carver, and Rev. L. Saura, American Baptist Missionary at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Unable to continue my journey, I returned to El Paso, where I remained until September 8, when I started once more for Texas with my three brothers-in-law, in company with a small party consisting of five Americans and one Mexican. Mr. Hart, who owned and commanded this train, having some business in Texas which required his immediate attention, traveled very rapidly, and I hoped in a few days to be in the midst of my friends.

As we had seen only one Indian on the route who flattered ourselves that we should not be molested by any of the tribes which infest this route. When near the borders of Texas, some of our party stole three animals from Mr. Hart, and ran off. Mr. Hart, anxious to overtake the thieves, started in pursuit, taking with him my eldest brother-in-law, a lad some fourteen years of age, leaving myself, a Mexican, and two boys to follow as rapidly as we could.

My horse was taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing except to torture me. This animal would frequently top me over its head of its own accord, but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the mule by the ears before his eyes.

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After remaining three days in the place where I first concealed myself from the Indians, I went to a grove about half a mile distant and built a little house of bushes and grass. Here I lived nine days. My only food was the blackberries which grew on the bushes around. I quenched my thirst at a spring near by. My wounds pained me exceedingly, and I wanted to a mere skeleton for want of proper nourishment.

The appearance of the peasantry here, does sometimes attract our attention and afford some amusement, as well as excite our benevolence towards them. Some of our friends at home perhaps, are not aware that instead of being scattered over the country by single families and of arms, the peasantry here are collected together in hamlets and cities.

The place of our present location, we find evidently well adapted to study and retirement. The University commands men, material, and means, which affords those desirous of pursuing thoroughly any or all the sciences, advantages decidedly superior. The students at present in all departments number about 700, consisting of almost all classes and ages.

My eldest brother, who was in a ranging company, now came to settle my father's affairs. He secured homes for us with different neighbors, but took the youngest sister, our pet, with him to place her with one of our aunts. One day's journey from where he left us, he was attacked by the winter fever, and died in a week.

Another proof of the infidelity of the law abolishing capital punishment and admitting murder as a bailable offence, was given a few days ago at Stoughton, about fifteen miles from this place. Wm. Murphy, an Irishman, deliberately killed a Norwegian, by beating him on the back of his head with an axe-handle, while the Norwegian was lying helpless upon the ground.

I lived with several neighbors, until last February, when I married Mr. James Wilson, a farmer, just beginning life with a little property, consisting of horses and a cow. He was then but nineteen years of age. We knew but little of life, for I was not yet sixteen. I fear we were young, getting married while we were so young.

Every indignity was offered to my person which the imagination can conceive. And I am at a loss to know how I have lived through the barbarous treatment which was inflicted upon me. Frequently my feelings were so outraged that I was tempted to kill my Indian masters. My indignation burst particularly against the chief, and I thought if I could only cut him to pieces, I could be content.

Two or three days after this we came in sight of a band of Camanches, and as it was not safe for me to be seen by them, I was left behind in a ravine, with the promise that the Mexicans would return for me at night. As they did not fulfil their promise, I started toward their camp; about midnight, while wandering among the bushes, a Camanche Indian passed within twenty steps.