The Middleburgh Post.

T. 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

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Co. Commissioners

—:POETRY:—

ONE DAY IN THE MOON.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

A moon-sprite wandered, one spring-tide night,
Through the boundaries silver-white;
And came by ray-paths to earth, where I
Lay watching the orb in the purple sky.

"Come," she said; and she took my hand,
"I will show thee another land,
Farther it lieth than sea-birds fly,
Higher than mountains than pierce the sky."

Like a spirit, viewless and unconfined,
Rose with her on the midnight wind,
And passed, in a soundless solemn flight,
Through the borderlands of the infinite.

I looked behind on our trackless way,
To where the earth in a black dome lay—
A golden globe, which, as round it wheeled,
The continents one by one revealed.

As Asia vanished in Eastern day,
America flushed in the dawning ray;
And the polar ice-caps, weirdly white,
Scintillated in splendid light.

The dear old planet lessened and waned,
As the outer azure we swiftly gained;
And then—I know not if late or soon,
We came to the country that's called the Moon.

The moon-sprite said it was midnight there,
But a spectral earth-light fell everywhere;
And I gazed around, but could naught discern
Save shadowy mountains, vast and stern.

I saw those mountains and mystic spires
Catch the glimmer of morning's fires.
The shadow fell by magic away,
And the Moon-morn broke to a dawnless day.

Low dead and desolate lay that land!
Close glassy hillocks on every hand;
Miles of volcanic ashes gray
And stony oceans of lava lay.

Nor gleaming glaciers nor sighing pines
Covered those lunar Appennines;
Nor gushing torrents nor tinkling rills
Furrowed the sides of those ancient hills.

Over leagues of scoriac plain did we pass,
And found no flower nor blade of grass.
No tree gave shade, not a wind-breath stirred,
No sound nor echo was ever heard.

Long ere the strange, sad day was done,
The rocks glowed red in the beating sun,
Till every valley and gulf became
A smouldering furnace without a flame.

Like exiled spirits we roamed about
Till the sun dropped down and the fires went out;
Then, grander far than a full moon bright,
The planet Earth rose again in sight.

My heart, how it yearned for that world again,
With its trees and flowers and wind rain!
But the moon-sprite murmured, "Nay, come with me,
And the wondrous Starry Kingdom see."

Again we soared, with the speed of light,
Through space than was vaster than depth or height.
Then blazed by with a blinding glare,
And the rushing of planets was every where.

These abyssmal universes past,
By other systems, more vague, more vast,
My soul was crushed with immensity,
And I cried in anguish, "Oh, pity me!"

* * * * * * *

Faint from out the distance I heard
The thrilling pipe of a matin bird;
And a breath of flowers blew strangely sweet
My slowly-awakening senses to greet.

Then, then, with a tremor of glad surprise,
I opened wide my drowsy eyes
To the gladdest, bloomiest morning of May
That ever chased moonshine and moondreams away.

Complete returns of the French census shows the population to be 5,000,000—an increase of only 500,000 in five years.

The new $1 silver certificates are now sent in sums of $1,000 to each bank making application, and at the same time [illegible]

Written for the Lewisburg Journal by C. H. Shriner.

COUNTY HISTORY.

THE BIG POLITICAL BATTLE IN NEW BERLIN A GENERATION AGO.

DIXON, Ill., Oct. 27th, 1886.

On my recent visit to Union Co., Pa., where I spent over fifty years of my life, I was often reminded by the older citizens of the great fight we had in New Berlin more than a generation ago, about the $200,000 railroad bonds. Thinking that some of your younger readers, of the present generation, might feel an interest in it, I will write you a brief and truthful history of that memorable battle—"to vindicate the truth of history." Something of this kind is needed, for the truth has been grossly perverted, by one historian at least, but not intentionally I feel certain, as that writer was absent from the county during that eventful year, and he made a special request of me to put the truth on record.

The Legislature in 1852 passed a law authorizing County Commissioners to subscribe for stock in order to build railroads, and to issue county bonds to pay for said stock. Jno. Wilt, George Heinbach and Simon Herrold were then County Commissioners. Wilt and Heinbach subscribed for two hundred thousand dollars worth of stock in the "Baltimore & Susquehanna Railroad," of which company Wm. F. Packer, afterwards governor, was president. This road was to go through Lewisburg, where the "Vanderbilt," or Reading road now is. Of course, Lewisburg was deeply interested in this road, for the "North Central" was not then in existence; but the rest of the county, especially that part now constituting "Snyder county," thought they had no interest in the road, and were dead against this subscription. The Hon. Wm. F. Packer, president of the new railroad company, was very popular in Union county, especially with the Democratic party, of which he was called the "War Horse," and he certainly was the most powerful stump speaker I ever heard; and I have heard Clay, Webster, Douglas, Lincoln, Silas Wright, Andy Johnson, and last, though not least, Ellis B. Schnable. Well, Packer was invited to New Berlin to make a speech on the grandeur and glory of railroads in general and especially his Baltimore and Susquehanna road, and its great advantage to Union county. This was, I think, in April, 1852. Packer came and made of course, an able and elegant speech. I was called out after Packer, but only made a few brief remarks, just enough to show that I endorsed all he had said in favor of railroads, but that I was opposed to this $200,000 subscription. I did not try to make a speech, for I did not want to show my insignificance alongside of Packer, but I did want to keep myself all right on the record. I had a great affection for Packer long before he was governor, when he was a mere printer's devil, like myself. In 1849, when he was elected State Senator, against Andrew G. Curtin, then the Whig canidate, now the great Congressman from your district, I canvassed the district with Packer, and it was hard for me to go against his interest, for Packer then was poor. After the meeting he said to me: "Well, you have put yourself on the record now as against this subscription, but don't for my sake do anything more against it." I should have mentioned that I was then holding an office in Philadelphia under Gov. Bigler, which Packer had supported me for, and I repeat it was hard for me to oppose what he thought was his interest; but I was a Democrat from principle and conviction, and I thought, and still think, the law authorizing three county officers to mortgage a whole county, without the consent or knowledge of the people, not only anti-Democratic, but *infamous*. Well, at the instance of that lionhearted old Democrat, "Uncle Billy Forster," who beat Ner Middleswarth for the Legislature 60 years ago, I wrote a call for an "indignation meeting," to be held in New Berlin on the 31st day of July, 1852, to denounce the law and the action of our two County Commissioners, Wilt and Heinbach, for making this subscription for two

Some idea of the excitemet then existing may be formed by the language used in this call, which was mild and polite when compared with the language used in the speeches at the township meetings, held preparatory to the great meeting in New Berlin: "All opposed to the secret, underhanded, midnight manner by which Union county is to be *mortgaged* to the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Co., are requested to meet in New Berlin, on Saturday, the 31st day of July," &c. a series of township meetings were held to prepare for the great meeting in New Berlin. These township meetings were larger than county meetings are generally, and when the day came for the great meeting, the whole county turned out *en masse*, men, women and children, especially from what is now Snyder county. Only one man, it is said, was left in Lewisburg, and perhaps not 100 in the county, who did not attend the meeting. Excitement ran mountain high, and the wonder is that no lives were lost. Col. Robert Barber was made president of the meeting. He stood upon the Mifflinburg band wagon and said, "fellow citizens." Then Joeph Casey, afterward Chief Justice of the United States Court of Claims rose up alongside of Barber and said, "I nominate Ner Middleswarth for president of this meeting." Barber than called on the anti-bond men to follow him and organize in front of the old jail. Middleswarth began to speak, but only got as far as "fellow citizens," when the band wagon on which he stood, began to move, and away it went, faster and faster. I was standing on the side step of the wagon when it started and climbed on the seat alongside of Middleswarth, as we turned the first corner. "Old Ner" saw me and said: "Charley, God only knows where we are going, but I expect straight into Penna creek." By this time we were at the top of the hill, at the foot of which was the big dam on Penns creek, into which our party (who had ran off with the wagon) intended to plunge the wagon in order to "duck" old Ner, but our friends then first saw me on the wagon, and not wanting to "duck" me, they turned the corner, ran down the street and hauled up in front of Aurand's hotel, when Middleswarth leaped from the wagon and returned to the Lewisburg men, who organized in front of the old court house, where speeches were made by Hon. George F. Miller, Casey and others, in favor of the bonds, and resolutions passed endorsing them, &c. This meeting, be it remembered, was composed only of the Lewisburg men, and a few others in the immediate vicinity of Lewisburg, and these resolutions are set forth in the "Annals of Buffalo Valley," by John B. Linn, as the voice of Union county, whereas it was only the voice of the Lewisburg men, presided over by Hon Ner. Middleswarth, and the meeting was composed, at the outside, of not over four hundred men, while the real Union county meeting, presided over by Col. Robert Barber, was composed of over three thousand men, by actual count, as they marched in procession at this vast meeting, in front of the old Aurand Hotel, (now the residence of Dr. Wilson's family.) The Hon. Isaac Slenker and Chas. H. Shriner made speeches against the bonds, and strong resolutions were passed denouncing them as a fraud on Union county. I took these resolutions to Philadelphia and had them published in the leading papers of that city. Also in the New York city papers as the voice of the freemen of Union Co., and the result of the great meeting was that the bonds and the subscription were as "dumb as a mackerel" from that day.

Out of this meeting grew the division of Union county, the "bribery prosecutions" against certain men for bribing George Heinbach to sign the bonds, the election of Ner Middlesworth to Congress, in line of George F. Miller, who resigned his claims to, and gave his influence to Mr. Middleswarth, in order to get him to preside over the "Lewisburg meeting" in the mistaken hope that his name and popularity would carry the "South side," now Snyder county, for the bonds. Also an amendment to the old Constitution of the State grew from this meeting, forbidding any county from making any subscription to the stock of any railroad company, unless the people of the county should first vote for it. This was the death blow to the bonds. Then came the tug of war to get the people to vote for the bonds, and then the law suits to force the collection of the bonds, which I have not time nor space to write up now, but will do so if you desire it.

The Legislature of 1853 was flooded with petitions from all parts of the county, praying for the repeal of the law authorizing the subscription, and the Legislature of course, had to repeal the law, but the friends of the bonds had procured the passage of a law providing that if the people would vote the bonds they should be paid. The friends of the measure had control of the election in the county, and they had the election held in every township in the county, and they had every man who could be induced to do so, vote for the bonds, even men who had never been seen before for years, were induced to come out and vote for the bonds, and they were then carried to the polls and voted for the bonds, and they were then hurried away out of the county to prevent their being taken back to vote against the bonds. The majority in favor of the bonds was then so large that they could not be counted for some days, but they were counted and the bonds were declared carried by a majority of about 300. The friends of the bonds then had the Commissioners call a meeting of the bondholders to meet in Lewisburg to elect a president and other officers of the road, and to order the Commissioners to subscribe the stock to the road, and issue the bonds of the county in payment of the stock, which was done. The bondholders then had the Commissioners call a meeting of the citizens of the county