# UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1859.

THE UNION—Established, 1811—Whole No., 2,385.

CHRONICLE—Established, 1813—Whole No., 813.



Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

*Issued Fridays, at Lewisburg, Union Co. Pa.*

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## The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, NOV. 7, 1859.

"Old Charley"—another "Last Slave in Penn'a."

Under the Emancipation Act of 1780, slaves were to be freed at certain times stated, but many chose to retain the *nominal* relation of servant in families where they were well used. "Master has had the marrow—and he shall take care of the dry bones," was an expression frequently used by them. The argument was, that those who had the benefit of their labor in their strength, should now support them in their decrepitude. Often, this deision—which, as a general rule, might be equitable—was a serious burden upon individuals who had never been responsible and never enjoyed the services of those thus entailed upon them for support.

Almost every week, we see notices of the death of the "last slave in the State." Yet there may be many of this class scattered over our counties—hid in some corner, yet living, and cared for. On the 2d day of last month, one such died in Lewisburg, who was generally known as "Charley M'Clure," having been in the family of the late Capt. Alexander M'Clure nearly eighty years. He was purchased at Middletown, at the supposed age of 15, about 1781, and did not claim his freedom. The elder Roan M'Clure, his owner, brought him into Buffaloe Valley before 1790, when—as several old gentlemen inform us—he was a grown-up man. With him was brought a keen slave girl named Kate, who took it into her head to escape into freedom, and was never heard from again. Charley also undertook the same thing, but in his ignorance ran South instead of North—met much worse fare than at his old home—and when found by one of the boys, was glad enough to return. On their way back through the Narrows, a thunder storm threatened, and his young master urged him forward. Charley was tired, and begged that he might ride, and thus both get along faster. But, once mounted, Charley tried the speed of the animal, reached the tavern as soon as possible, and left his master to the tender mercies of the storm and the fleetness of his own feet. That trip finished Charley's aspirations for freedom.

Never a very profitable servant, Charley's glory was in the drum and fife, the cap and sword, and many who are now men, when young received their martial rudimental training under Charley's awkward, semi-fantastic drills, in the times when military parades made the "greatest days" in our country. His mother is believed to have been a native African, but for half a century he knew of no kindred in the wide world. He never learned to read—talked imperfect German and English—seemed to have no conception of Christianity—and from his many singular customs, the strange words he used, and his ludicrous observances, he was probably never freed from the influences of Pagan superstition.

During his last years he was helpless as a child, but was well cared for, and died peacefully after a few hours' illness of no particular disease. He had been called "a hundred years old" for the last dozen years, but did not know his own age. From the best we can learn, he was probably from 90 to 95 years old. He was buried in the Lewisburg Cemetery, in the family ground in the center of which stands a monument to the oldest of the M'Clure's there laid—a venerable matron, of whom we find the following Obituary in *Kennedy's Sunbury and Northumberland Gazette*, for Nov. 1801:

"Departed this life, Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1801, after a short illness, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs. Jean M'Clure, of Buffaloe township, and her remains were interred the next day in the Presbyterian burying ground in Lewisburgh. This venerable old lady, like the fruitful vine, has left a numerous progeny to lament her death, having had 14 children, 110 grand-children, 148 great-grand-children, and 4 great-great-grand children, amounting to 276. Thirty-six of her offspring attended her funeral. She was of an amiable, benevolent and friendly dispostion, and might truly be called a real Christian, who, having gone through her pilgrimage here on earth, might say with the Apostle, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

It would be interesting to state the increase of her descendants during the 58 years since her decease. We send copies of our paper to some of the family as far west as California, all of whom (as well as many old neighbors and acquaintances) will be interested with this memorial of one of the old settlers whose birth reaches back to 1711, and also with this notice of the death of "Charley," the oldest human relic of past ages and of past legal slavery in our region.

FOR THE STAR & CHRONICLE.

### INDIAN SUMMER.

The Spring has gone with op'ning flowers,
Summer with its glory 's passed,
Autumn brown has spread its treasures,
Chilling Winter hastens fast.

But ere the seasons close their round,
Ere a New Year opens glad,
Renewed like youth—like joys once vanished—
In robes of Spring-time, Fall is clad.

The varied-tinted, myriad colored
Leaves autumnal shew the ground,
While ling'ring signs of gathered harvests
Smile serenely all around.

Filled the granary and the cellar,
The new sown fields in verdure shine,
Released from toil, aglow with kindness—
Indian Summer's most benign.

Long may her mild reign continue
Sweet and bright and pure as now—
Filled be each board, complete each fireside,
Glad each heart and smooth each brow!

Bounteous! glorious! mystic! joyous!
Sun-set radiance of the year!
Thy days all beauty, eves all rapture—
But too short thy visits here!

Nov. 6, 1859. BERTHA.

### ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

It is a fact—notorious, undoubted, undisputed, incontrovertible—that *William Walker* has time and again projected hostile invasions of countries with whom the United States were at peace, and with whom we had sacred treaties of amity and friendship. We are bound by international laws to prevent or panish any infraction of the law, or hostile invasion of the soil of those countries. Yet Wm. Walker has openly gathered men, money, arms, and ships from the United States, attacked weak neighboring Nations, killed hundreds of innocent men who were defending their own homes, plundered, and abused their people just as as he and his crew were able. He has seduced thoughtless young men, all over the Union, to join his piratical expeditions under large promises of rewards, riches, plunder, and pleasure, and has treated them with as much perfidy as those he has marauded upon. It is safe to say thousands of precious human lives have been sacrificed by this one man, who is in the prime of life, and has no individual wrongs to redress, but whose remorseless ambition is to EXTEND THE AREA OF HUMAN BONDAGE.

How this human fiend has been encouraged and allowed to ravage and curse Central America, is matter of history. The coldness of the Government towards Capt. Paulding, for breaking up the freebooting nest, was as evident as the reproaches heaped upon him by the Slavocracy.

Walker is in this country, in the power of the President, who has sworn to see our National Laws in particular faithfully executed. What honest effort is made to punish this land-pirate—reeking red as he is with the blood of harmless thousands of his victims and of his dupes? He comes and goes in peace—a sham trial, in mockery of justice, is perhaps made by his accomplices in crime—he is acquitted, of course—AND IS INVITED TO DINE WITH THE PRESIDENT!

☞ *His offence is* IN FAVOR *of Slavery!*

*John Brown*, an old man, maddened by the murder of his sons and the harrassing of his neighbors by the Border Ruffians, gathers a handfull of monomaniacs like himself, and takes Harper's Ferry. More of his men are killed than of the other side, and he surrenders. He has shown no evil disposition except on the one point in which his reason is bewildered. But President, Governors, and all the Slave power (with their co-operators at the North) simultaneously require *him* to be tried, in hot haste, while bleeding from his wounds, and confused in mind—with no time to select counsel or arrange for his defence—his sentence is hurriedly pronounced, and he (a crazy old man of sixty years) is to die the most ignominious of deaths!

☞ *His offence is* AGAINST *Slavery.*

### Franklin's War.

The contests between the Connecticut and the Pennsylvania claimants of the lands in Wyoming Valley, brought on open war, bloodshed, and regular offensive and defensive campaigns, between 1760 and 1786. There was rank treason to both governments, as is detailed in Miner's History of Wyoming. The settlers of Vermont having, in forcible resistance to the authorities of New York and New Hampshire—both claiming the territory—been successful ("treason" again!) in setting up an Independent State, *another* was projected in North-Eastern Pennsylvania, in which enterprise Col. John Franklin, Gen. Ethan Allen, Joel Barlow the poet, the Wolcotts of Connecticut, and other eminent men of the day, were concerned. Franklin was arrested, and imprisoned in Philad. as ringleader, and, with many others, could have been convicted of treason, had strict inquisition been made; but, as they had suffered much and there were extenuating circumstances, lenience was exercised towards them. [Those Yankees were probably the spiritual ancestors of Brown, Cook and their handful of crack-brained adherents; but that is no good reason why any mercy should be shown old Brown, even if he had suffered every pang that can wring an old man's heart!]

☞ The following cases were ably contested, and refer to principles of public concern. Believing that our readers, both at home and abroad, would desire to read the reasons upon which the Judge of the Supreme Court base their decisions, we copy them in full.

### County Buildings and Bond Cases.

Decisions of the Supreme Court.

*Seebold vs. Spitler*
*do vs. Oldt.* } Appeal from Union Co

Opinion of the Court—Read, J.

By an act of the 22d March, 1813, part of Northumberland county was erected into a separate county called Union, and the several courts of the new county, were to be held in the town of Mifflinburg, until a court house should be erected as therein directed, and should be there held at said court house; three Commissioners, appointed by the Governor to fix upon a proper and convenient site for a court house, prison and county offices within said county, and, by a written report to the Governor were to certify, describe and limit the site or lot of land, which they shall have chosen for the purpose aforesaid, and the Commissioners of the county, to be elected at the next general election, were authorised to take assurance to them and their successors in office, of such lot or piece of ground, thus approved, for the purpose of erecting thereon a court house, jail, and offices for the safe keeping of the records, and they were also authorised to assess, levy and collect, in the manner directed for raising county rates and levies, a sufficient sum to defray the expenses thereof. Christopher Seebold was the owner of a five acre tract of land in New Berlin, and the Commissioners appointed by the Governor, in their written report of the 20th June, 1813, fixed on two and a half acres, part of this tract, as a proper and convenient site for a court house, prison, and county offices within the county of Union. The circumstances of the case clearly show that Mr. Seebold must have made an offer of this portion of his land as a site, for subscriptions were taken up, in New Berlin and different parts of the county, to defray the expense of erecting a court house on the ground. The court house was built, principally by these subscriptions, Mr. Seebold contributing one or two hundred dollars, and a farther advance of four hundred and sixty dollars, above the amount subscribed, was subsequently repaid by the county of Union.

The court house being still unfinished, although built upon the faith that the two and a half acres were to be conveyed to the county Commissioners, the Legislature on the 8th March, 1815, passed a supplement to the first act, enacting that from and after the first Monday of May next, the several courts for the county of Union shall be opened and held in the town of New Berlin, and it shall be the duty of the several officers who by law are obliged to hold their offices in the county town, to move their respective offices to the said town of New Berlin, on or before the said first Monday of May, "Provided that a full and sufficient deed, in fee simple, for the court house and lot wherein the same shall have been erected, shall on or before the first Monday of April next, be tendered to the Commissioners of the said county, on the payment of sixty-seven cents by them." Accordingly, on the 28th March, 1815, Christopher Seebold and wife executed a Deed to the Commissioners of Union county for the said two and a half acres, for the consideration of sixty-seven cents, which was actually paid, as appears by the original order on the Treasurer of the county, and his receipts thereof endorsed thereon. The grant in the premises is to the Commissioners by name and their successors in office, Commissioners of the county of Union "in trust for use of the said county in fee simple" of the land described by metes and bounds, together with the brick court house thereon erected; and the habendum uses the same language; so that there is no other use or trust declared than that for the county of Union in fee simple, making it in fact, the absolute equitable owner of the whole estate in the lands. It will be seen that the Deeds passed not only the marked lots which belonged to Mr. Seebold, but the brick court house built by citizens of the county of Union, upon the clear understanding that the lands and its valuable erections were to be conveyed to the use of the county, without restriction, condition or limitation. It never could have entered into their calculations, that in any event the court house and all the county improvements on the lot should become the property of Mr. Seebold or heirs, by any forced constructions of the terms employed by the grantor in conveying his and their interests in the land and building.

The second storey of the court house was not quite finished, and it was fitted up for the offices at the expense of the county. New Market street was laid out, through the county lot, and a part of the same was reconveyed to Seebold in exchange for another lot of his lying north of the lot, on which the jail was to be erected. The exchange was mutually beneficial, the strip conveyed to Seebold giving a front to his other lots on the street. Upon the court house lot, the county erected valuable buildings for the accommodation of the county officers, and on the jail lot, composed of part of the original purchase and the exchanged piece of land, the Commissioners built a county jail costing about four thousand dollars. The exchange was made under the authority of an act passed in February, 1817, which empowered the Commissioners of the county of Union, to sell and convey to Christopher Seebold a part of a lot of ground situate in the town of New Berlin in the county of Union lying north of Market street in said town, "for which the said Christopher Seebold gave a Deed in fee simple to the Commissioners of the county aforesaid for public use," reserving a sufficient portion thereof on the north-east corner of Market street of sufficient front to erect a jail thereon, "Provided that the said Christopher Seebold convey unto the said Commissioners or their successors in office, a sufficient quantity for a jail yard, bounded on the north by where the jail is to be erected in the said town." On the 6th January, 1818, in pursuance of this act of Assembly, Christopher Seebold and wife conveyed the jail yard lot to the Commissioners, by name and their successors in office, in trust for the use of the county of Union, and the habendum is unto the said Commissioners of Union county and to their successors in office in trust for the use of the county of Union for ever. Mr. Seebold took possession of the strip of land given him in exchange.

Under an act of 22d March, 1855, the county of Union was divided, by the erection of a new county called Snyder, and the seat of justice in Union county was removed from New Berlin to Lewisburg; and on the 8th April, 1857, the Legislature passed an Act of Assembly appointing Trustees to sell the public buildings in New Berlin belonging to the county, and, after deducting the costs of sale, to divide the proceeds equally between the counties of Union and Snyder. The Trustees advertised the court house, jail, and other buildings and land belonging to the county, for sale, and the Plaintiff's heirs of Christopher Seebold, deceased, brought two Ejectments, one for the lot on which the court house and offices were erected, containing an acre and a quarter, and the other for the jail lot and jail erected on it, containing one fourth of an acre; alleging, that, inasmuch as the courts were no longer held in New Berlin, nor the jail used for the confinement of prisoners, that both lots, with all the buildings upon them, reverted back to them as the heirs of the original grantor. Both cases were argued together, and as the same leading principle governs each of them, they will be considered together.

The provision in the act of 8th March, 1815, is that a full and sufficient Deed, in fee simple, shall be tendered to the Commissioners, and no conveyance for any less estate or for a limited fee, clogged and confined with conditions or qualifications of any sort, would have fulfilled the requirements of the Legislature. Accordingly, the grantors use, in strict conformity to the Legislative will, the very same clear and expressive language in the Deed to the county Commissioners, which gave to the county of Union, an absolute estate in fee simple. But it is said there was no valuable consideration for this conveyance. This is a mistake, for the Legislature fixed the price, which was accepted by Mr. Seebold, and received by him in full, having been paid to him, under an Order by the Commissioners of the county on the county Treasurer, in the usual form. (Kerlin vs Campbell, 3d Harris, 500.) Any other construction would make the Deed a fraud upon the citizens who erected the court house, and upon the county that erected afterwards the county offices and the county jail, by a large expenditure of the county funds.

It would, indeed, be a strange result, that, after forty years' uninterrupted possession by the county of Union, under a conveyance from the ancestor in fee simple, it should be found, that when under the sanction of the Legislature, these lots and buildings are to be sold as the property of the county of Union for the benefit of all those residing within her ancient limits, that they belong to the heirs of Christopher Seebold, a man who neither erected the court house, county offices, or jail. Could it have been contemplated by any one, that these individuals, by any virtue of any residuary or remaining interest of any kind left in their ancestor, should become the only legitimate occupants of the jail and public buildings of the county of Union?

This can not be the law, and we are therefore of opinion, that, whether with or without the parol evidence introduced upon the trial, the Plaintiffs were not entitled to recover in either case. The case of the jail lot is perhaps stronger than the other, as part of it was conveyed in exchange for a portion of the first lot in pursuance of a special act of the Legislature and the transaction was especially beneficial to their ancestor.

Judgment affirmed in both cases.

*Sterner vs. Palmer*
*Penny vs. do* } Appeal from Union Co.

Opinion of the Court—Lowrie, C.J.

The Counsel for the Deft. below very properly concede that the causes were rightly decided, if the joint and several bond of $50,000 given by the Defts. and others, is a valid, legal obligation; and it seems to us clear that it is. Having a positive law to give it validity, we look not for a consideration to support it. Everything in it points to the Act for the erection of the County Buildings, for its origin. It is a subscription for the purpose of the Act. Its form is of no consequence, for the Act prescribes no form, and its substantial effect is quite apparent and appropriate. Evidently, the principal subscription was suspected to be inadequate, and the Bond was given to cover the deficiency that might arise. It is a subscription within the meaning of the Act, given and received as such, and used to influence the votes of the people; and the obligors are severally liable on it. They have arranged their respective shares, and given their notes, and are in law bound to pay them. Let the judgment in each case be affirmed, and the records remitted.

The "Compass Plant."—Rev. Mr. Harbaugh, in the *Guardian*, states that on the Western Prairies is to be found a plant (somewhat resembling the thistle) whose leaves always point due North and South, and thus afford to travelers a compass of much utility. It has often guided bewildered travelers, savage and civilized, and is quite a curiosity.

*From the Atlantic Monthly.*

### "Bringing Our Sheaves With Us."

The time for toil has passed, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest-eve,
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Lost of the laborers, thy feet I gain
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master! behold my sheaves!

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late;
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat:
Brambles and flowers, dry stocks and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know those blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall Thy fragrance and Thy beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew:
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

[Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.]

### From a Student in Europe—No. 2.

Frankfort-on-Main, Oct., 1859.

LONDON TO BERLIN, via HAMBURG.

On Wednesday morning, Sept. 28, I found myself, with quite a number of other passengers, on board the steamer "John Bull," bound for Hamburg. At eleven o'clock, we started down the Thames, in company with several steamers bound for different ports, and soon had left the busy piers of London behind, and the towering dome of St. Paul's, with its gilded cross, was lost in smoke and distance.

Notwithstanding the age and unprepossessing appearance of our vessel, she proved a good sailor, and, long before any of the companions with which she started out, she had passed the Nore, and was standing out into the German Ocean. Here, as we turned from the "beaten track" towards the northeast, we could learn something of the immense trade carried on between London and the rest of the world. A dense line of ships, bearing the flags of various nations, and extending as far as the eye could reach, were making for or leaving the mouth of the Thames. A grander spectacle, or one better calculated to impress mankind with a true idea of the blessedness of peace, I believe I have never witnessed.

Before night had wholly closed upon us, the low outline of the English shore had sunk below the horizon, and we were moving through the "waste of waters." Early next morning, we came in view of the islands which line the Dutch coast, along which we ran all day, passing the mouth of the Zuyder Zee about eleven o'clock, and sometimes coming so near to land that we could distinguish churches and villages without the aid of the glass. An hour or two before midnight, a pilot came on board, and under his guidance we entered the mouth of the Elbe expecting to reach Hamburg early in the morning. But before we had proceeded far up the river, it became so dark that the pilot judged it unsafe to advance further on account of the scarcity of light-ships, and, the captain coinciding in his opinion, the anchor was dropped. A little later, the sky became clearer, and we proceeded on our way. There was little of interest to be seen in going up the Elbe, for the greater part of the distance, the banks being low and flat, and presenting a monotonous succession of awkward wind-mills, hay-stacks, and one-storey peasant houses. At the Stade, our anchor was again dropped—this time, only a few yards from the steamer "Hammonia," of the Hamburg line, just arrived from New York. The Stade is a little village, on the Hanover bank, where the *tolls* for the *use* of the *river* are paid, and where there is a ridiculous show of little cannon which could scarcely stop an oyster-scow. While here, the captain told a story of Gen. Cass and his daughters, who, he said, made the trip with him from Hamburg to London, many years ago, on their return from Russia, where the young ladies had had the felicity of seeing and kissing a live emperor. The anchor being dropped for the purpose of settling the toll, the young ladies, pointing to the Stade, inquired, "What country is that?" "That," said the old Michigander, "is the place where they make kings for England."

About two o'clock, the tide became high enough to allow us to proceed, and we moved up towards the city, along the left shore, which was high, and covered with a wealth of beautiful country-seats, churches, and shrubbery, that made it seem a perfect Paradise. At half past three, we were amongst the shipping of Hamburg, and surrounded by a fleet of little boats, each propelled by a single rower, ready to take ourselves and luggage ashore. Here the passengers parted, having spent two or three days very pleasantly together, and enjoyed one of the finest passages that the "John Bull" had ever made. Contrary to what I have heard of it before, the North Sea was so calm that there was not a severe case of sea-sickness on board our vessel during the whole trip. Among the chief cabin passengers, was Carl Peterson, who had just returned with Capt. M'Clintock from the search for Sir John Franklin, and who had also been out with the Dellaven expedition, and afterwards with that of Dr. Kane. He is a native of Copenhagen, short, stoutly built, with a full round face, expressive of health and honesty, and very unassuming in his manners. He was going home to see his wife and children, after an absence of two or three years. His narrations of Arctic life and adventure, were very interesting, especially as his experience amid the "frozen wastes" had been so long and varied.

Hamburg being a free city, there was no examination of baggage, nor demanding of passports; and, merely reporting my trunk at the Custom House on the way to the wharf, I was allowed to enter the city. Immediately, a host of curious things claimed my attention. The streets are cut up by canals running in every direction, for the convenience of trade, so that to some extent the place corresponds with the descriptions of Venice: but, instead of gay gondolas bearing richly dressed people, the waters here are filled with blackened barges laden with coal and every variety of freight. The old part of the city consists mainly of antiquated Dutch houses, with the gable ends to the streets, running up to the height of six and seven storeys, and so built that each storey, beginning with the highest, projects over the next, eight inches or a foot. The fronts are mostly taken up by windows, giving them a light and cheerful appearance; and as many of the lower storeys are used for shops, they of course have a large amount of show-room. The new part is built in much the same style as our American cities, the houses being high and bright-looking, the sidewalks good, and the streets of a respectable width. There is much diversity in the dress of the inhabitants, and some of the costumes—particularly those of the market-women and maids of all work—are ridiculous. Everywhere, one hears the clatter of wooden-*sole*d shoes, but these are worn only by the lowest classes. The *wooden* shoe appears to have gone entirely out of use. On the faces of many of the people, the veins are distinctly marked, giving them a repulsive aspect; but whether it is more an evidence of health than of beer-drinking—this redness of the face—I can not say. It is a peculiarity that I have not noticed in any other part of Germany, to anything like the same extent. The higher class of people look and dress like those of England and America; the ladies wear a little plainer fabrics, perhaps, and perhaps the gentlemen have greater breadth of countenance, and more developement of moustache. There are many soldiers scattered through the city, but they are rather shabby-looking fellows, and for what purpose they are there, is to me a mystery. They appeared to be mostly Prussians.

As there are no libraries or public institutions of any account in Hamburg, it required only a few hours to see all that is most interesting there; and, accordingly, I left it, the same night, for Berlin. Of course, it was impossible to see anything of the country between these places, on account of the darkness, but it is said to be very uninteresting. At the Berlin station, which we reached about five in the morning, there is an examination of luggage, but it is not required to show passports; and the examination is a mere show, as I was permitted to pass on merely unlocking my trunk.

Berlin is a beautiful city, containing nearly half a million inhabitants, many fine buildings, picture galleries, &c., and swarming with soldiery. Although I visited some of the principal objects of interest there, such as the national collections of paintings, &c., I will not attempt to give any account of them until after my return to that city. While there, I saw the funeral procession of Carl Ritter, a prominent professor in the University of Berlin, and well known throughout the world by his writings on physical Geography. The papers all spoke very highly of him, and, judging from what I read and saw, his loss is much deplored.

But my letter is spinning out to unpardonable length, and although away behindhand in my writing, I will have to stop. I came to Frankfort by way of Leipzig, halting there a couple days to see the great Fair...Of the Fair, and the journey hither, again...I have been spending several days with Drs. Coar and Read, both Pennsylvanians, living together here in Bockenheim, which is separated from Frankfort, by an iron-gate—open, of course...To-morrow, I expect to be in Heidelberg, ready to go to work.

Yours, very truly, T. C.

### What a Vermont Jury Did.

N.Y. *Tribune:* "The Grand Jury of Chittendon County have indicted the Vermont Agricultural Society as a nuisance. The ground of the indictment is, that said Society has violated the law against horse-racing." This is certainly a step in the right direction, and if it be followed by prompt and unfaltering action, may be successful in obliterating one disgraceful feature of most agricultural societies for the past few years. Shall not this example be followed in other sections, and the vice of horce-racing receive its just deserts?

### "Sic Semper Tyrannis,"

("Thus always to Tyrants,") is the motto on the Virginia coat of arms, and at the editorial head of nearly every newspaper in the Commonwealth. This State Seal represents a shockingly short-skirted lady (the goddess of Liberty) with one of John Brown's pikes in one hand and a short sword in the other, one foot on the prostrate form of a man, his crown off, and broken coffles and chains by his side. The whole is held in the beak of an Eagle.

Now, whether the sundered shackles are from the erect or prone form, is not clear, but *somebody's* chains are gone, sure. There is a woful look of an F. F. V. about the fellow that's down; and the woman so scantily dressed is as fair and decently clad as many female slaves in the Old Dominion.

Of course, most of the slaves are illiterate, and there are 60,000 or 70,000 adult whites also, in Virginia, who can not read print or writing; but *all can read pictures.* Yet, here—thrust every week into the faces of newspaper readers, blazoned on their flags, ornamenting their most prominent official papers, and everywhere meeting the eyes of blacks and whites—is a silent, ceaseless suggestor of the "irrepressible conflict," well calculated to excite more insurrections than all the John Browns, the Tribunes, and "the Chronicle cliques" in the land. The stupidest negro can scan and comprehend a picture. There it is—*somebody* has overthrown some one else, with deadly weapons—manacles are broken asunder, and thrown off—and a happy, freed woman, is exulting with her foot on the neck of a tyrannical man. If the slave learns that the proud figure represents Liberty, and the prostrate one an Oppressor—if he knows that "Sic semper tyrannis" teaches to act "*Thus always to Tyrants*"—the impression is deepened.

"Old Virginia" will have to alter her coat of arms, and suppress such an "incendiary print"—frown down such "inflammatory doctrine"—or Slavedom will soon be "down upon her." The Abolitionists could not invent or disseminate a "firebrand publication" of more concentrated power to arouse and inflame a conquered and down-trodden race!

### Sound Doctrine.

Hallow Eve, in Lock Haven, was celebrated by a party who pride themselves on being "some of the b'hoys," by drunken, riotous conduct in the streets, until a late hour of night. Tearing down fences, steps, ornamental trees, defacing and removing signs, and otherwise wantonly and maliciously destroying the property of several of our citizens, appeared to be their chief delight and employment. Six or seven of these same froward lads were however very properly called to an account for their misconduct on the following morning, having been arraigned before J. B. Wagner, Esq., who held them in $300 bonds for their appearance at the next Court, where we trust they will receive that punishment which their bad conduct so richly merits.

While we profess to be a sympathizing lover of boys, always pleased to see them happy, cheerful and gladsome, always unhappy to see them cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth, or any of the rights and customs to which they are entitled, yet we are equally apprehensive, and have frequently been pained and greatly alarmed at the outrageous deportment exhibited by some of this class. It is an alarming state of things when people can not retire for the night without an assurance of being awakened in the morning to behold their buildings and fences laid in waste, and property destroyed, which, with their own hands and means they have labored long and diligently to cultivate and rear. It is high time, when boys have thrown off all paternal restraint, that the strong arm of the law should be brought to bear upon such conduct. We were pleased to know that parents of some of the boys refused to bail them, but are disposed to let them be properly punished, and we trust they will be made examples which will be a warning to others.

We would again entreat all boys that would be happy and respected, to refrain from spending their precious time in idleness, and in the streets, especially after nightfall. It is ruinous both to your health and morals. Under the cover of night, in an unhealthy and excited state of mind, you are most certain to acquire profane, vulgar, and obscene practices, criminal sentiments, and a lawless and riotous bearing that will certainly destroy all confidence or esteem for you by the wise and good, and render you suited to the society of the dissolute, and make of you at last criminal men. Rather seek the company of the virtuous and good, and the pleasures of your own fire-side, for they will be far more enduring, and the society of a sister or mother of more profit to you than the rude and profligate. Read some good book, and thereby improve your time by storing your mind with knowledge for future usefulness, and resist the temptations which idlers hold out to you—and your youthful hours will glide away pleasantly, you will become respected and happy, and will never regret reading these lines we have penned for your benefit.—*Lock Haven Democrat.*