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Social Relations—the Daisy.

BY ELIUB HURRITT.
We had no suspicion that the "Learned blacksmith" was a poet, until meeting with the following extract from his writings; but his establishments his claims as a writer of poetical thoughts, at least:

"You can't go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The beautiful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements.

A little social circle had been formed around that germ-nating daisy. The sun team and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert; and the earth took them to their bosom, and introduced them to the daisy germ; and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed "the wee, weany thing," with an aliment that made it grow.

And when it lifted its eyes toward the sky, they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on. The daisy lifted up its head, and one morning, while the sun was looking upon the dew, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals.

And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky. And all of them that had silver-lined wings came; and birds in black, and gray, and quaker brown came; and the querulous blue-bird, and the courteous yellow-bird came, and each surged a native air at the coronation of that daisy?

Every thing that sung or shone upon that modest flower was a member of that social circle, and conspired to its harmony and added to its music. Heaven, earth, sky and sea, were its companion; and the sun and stars walked hand in hand with it, as kindly as if they never saw another daisy, or had another companion."—Student.

Satanic Literature.

A publishing house in New York, which lately issued an immoral novel, has been compelled, by the censure of the press, to send out a card apologizing for their conduct, assigning as their excuse that they printed the work without reading it, the reputation of the author being so high that they did not imagine he would write anything impure. This compelled retraction may be regarded as a signal triumph of the moral press over the Satanic literature. We learn, in connection with this fact, that what are called the "Bash" newspapers are falling off largely in circulation. It has been a matter of astonishment to us, indeed, that so much patronage was afforded to these corrupt and scandalous journals, novels, and other improper works of the day. We are glad, therefore, to notice this reaction against them. Perhaps there is no position so responsible as that of the editor of a widely-circulated newspaper; for there is none in which he can do so much either to improve or injure the morals of the community. Scarcely the pulpit itself exercises so great an influence. The publishers of immoral books, and the editors of scandalous journals are worse, in some respects, than the felons who are weekly sent from the criminals' dock to the Penitentiary—for they do indefinitely more harm to the State. We hail, therefore, with unmitigated pleasure the decline of Satanic literature.—Evening Bulletin.

CLERICAL CONSISTENCY.—Under presence of a fancied 'divine right,' to censure and browbeat their people—in season and out of season—for the rightful exercise of their own judgment and conscience, in doing this, and that, and the other thing; and then straightway turn a suner-set, and do the very things just before so recklessly condemned. Verily, a model example, this, for the 'rest of mankind.'

LUTHER'S ELOQUENCE.—He grasped the iron trumpet of his mother tongue, the good old Saxon—the language of noble thought and high resolve—and blew a blast that shook the nations from Rome to the Orkneys.

"SIN NO MORE."

BY R. T. CHAMBERLAIN.
"Sin no more, let a worse thing come upon thee."
Art thou young, yet hast not given Deity thy heart, and blown to Heaven's Tarryed till his's more be over? Pass, or ere the boat be driven—Sin no more!

Art thou aged? Seekst thou power? Rank or gold—dost thou desire? Fame to wreath thy wrinkles hoar? Dostard! Death hours o'er thy hour! Sin no more!

Art thou blessed? False joys across thee, And the world's embraces press thee, To its hot heart's cankered core; Waken! Heaven alone can bless thee. Sin no more!

Art thou wretched? Hatha each sorrow Seem its sin to reap its earrow? Turn to Heav'n—repent—adore; Hope new light from Faith can borrow—Sin no more!

May a meek and rapid devotion Fill thy heart, as waves the ocean, Gliding heaven from shore to shore! Then will thy trials—each emotion—Sin no more.

Susquehanna Telegraph Company.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of the "Susquehanna River and North and West Branch Telegraph Company," held at the Montour House, in the Borough of Danville, Montour Co., on Tuesday, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1850, the following persons were elected officers of the said company for the ensuing year:

A. C. GORE, of Philadelphia, President; T. O. VAN ALLEN, Danville, Treasurer; A. F. RUSSELL, Danville, Secretary.

Directors.
C. M. REED, of Erie Co.; Wm. Cameron, Union; Josiah W. Eno, Luzerne; Robert Farries, Lycoming; Gen. Wm. Ayres, Dauphin; W. Murdock, Philadelphia; Dr. A. B. Wilson, Columbia; J. Porter Brasley, Crawford; Peter Baldy, Montour; Sam'l. McCormick, Clinton; Sam'l. R. Wood, Northumberland; S. D. Phelps, Wyoming; Gen. James Irvin, Centre; Benj. Hartshorn, Clearfield.

This Company have already erected their line from Danville to Berwick, thence by Hazleton to Wilks-Barre and Pittston. The different officers on the line are now doing a very good business. We understand it is their intention at an early day to extend the line from Danville to Lake Erie, by Northumberland, Lewisburg, Milton, Williamsport, Jersey Shore, Lock Haven, Bellefonte, Clearfield, Brookville and Mendville, to Erie, there connecting with the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and all the western and south-western lines, provided that the citizens along the line will subscribe the amount of stock, required for its construction. If the citizens of Northumberland, Lewisburg and Milton, fail to subscribe the requisite amount of stock, then the line will go via Muncy to Williamsport, &c. The officers are confident that the stock, of this company will be a profitable investment, while at the same time it gives all the towns having stations, the advantage of direct communication with the Atlantic cities, and all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

This line, so far as made, is built in the most substantial and durable manner, with standing the most violent storms, while other lines have been shattered.—Danville Intelligencer.

From "History of Denominations in the United States."
History of the Omish or Amish Church.

pecting these matters is true, (doctrines which we deem improper to mention, but an account of which may be found by referring to article Anabaptist, in the Encyclopedia Americana;) but it is well known to all acquainted with the written or works of Menno Simon, that if his written declarations are to be received as an evidence of his opinions, then the said charges are entirely gratuitous, and without foundation in fact. The Mennonites have also been charged with having originated with the Anabaptists of Munster, and have frequently been confounded with the followers of Bockhold, John of Leyden, and David Joris. This charge is equally and totally incorrect. It is not denied that many of those who had been misled by those fanatics, ultimately joined the Mennonites; but they were not admitted into their society until they had wholly repudiated the wild and fanatical notions of the Munsterites. The many, and often bitter, controversies which took place during the time of the Reformation, not only between Catholic and Protestant writers, but often between the Protestants themselves, added to the fact that the history of the Mennonites has hitherto been written by the writers of other sects, readily account for the misstatements and incorrect accounts respecting the origin, history, and religious opinions of the Mennonites.

The name Amish or Omish was derived from Jacob Amen, a native of Amenthal, in Switzerland, a rigid Mennonite preacher of the seventeenth century; but that he was not the founder of the sect will be evident from the fact, that the society who are in the United States wrongfully called Amish or Omish, still rigidly adhere to the Confession of Faith which was adopted at Dortrecht, in Holland, A.D. 1632. (before the time of Jacob Amen,) by a General Assembly of ministers of the Religious denomination who were at that time and in that place called Mennonites, (after Menno Simon, an eminent preacher and native of Frieslandt in Holland,) but who were, (as has been well established by writers of the seventeenth century,) prior to that time, at different periods, known by the names of Heerickens, Petrosbrasians, and Waldenses. The number of the milder Mennonites in the United States is computed at 120,000, while that of the rigid Mennonites is not supposed to exceed 5000.

DODGE'S ELOPEMENT.
BY FALCONBRIDGE.
[The hero of the following narrative is Ossian E. Dodge, the celebrated Boston Vocalist who paid \$625, for the first ticket to Jenny Lind's first concert in Boston.]

Dodge, the eccentric and unequalled delineator; or, as the ladies call him, the "incomparably ugly man," appeared "on change" again last week and the next evening after his appearance, Milliken's fashionable saloon—Dodge's head quarters, was at an early hour densely crowded with the "members of the order," to listen to the rib tickling account of the many incidents ever to be met with in the life of a Concert Singer.

Many a time, and oft, have we shaken our sides with uncontrollable laughter, as the tormenting sentences of dry and spontaneous wit, fell from the lips of the joker, as unconcerned and as careless as drops of spray from the overhanging cliffs at Niagara.

But few, however, of the many rich things related by him in our presence have left the laughter as, like the following;—but in order to be fully appreciated, the readers should see Dodge tell the story.

Dodge, some years ago—about the time he quit teaching the art of wax-fruit and flower-making, and, fortunately, took up that of concerting, at which profession he has, according to repute, amassed an independent fortune—made a break across the mountains, and one fine morning found himself in the city of Cincinnati.

Here he took passage in the afterward unlucky steamer the B—S—, bound down to Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez and New Orleans.

The boat was densely crowded, being stowed full on deck with agricultural implements, horses, cord-wood, Dutch emigrants, and other hardware; while the cabin overhead was filled up with trunks, band-boxes, carpet-bags, umbrellas, gals and blunders, men and women, and such like playthings.

The boat shoved out, fired her swivel, and away she headed down stream, while her old pipes breathed forth a cook, cook, which fairly caused the surrounding hills to echo again.

After supper, Dodge having, by letter of introduction, made the acquaintance of a very useful personage, the captain of the boat, they, arm in arm, took a peep in the ladies' saloon; it was quite full, and one of the ladies was playing a piano elegantly, while some others, having a greater taste for vocal than instrumental music, were humming over a few of the late fashionable

productions of Balfe, Glover, Dempster, and other eminent composers.

The Captain and Dodge stood for some time in respectful silence, when the lady at the piano very politely requested aid to assist her in that glorious, soul-exhilarating, never-dying old duet, the "Canadian Boat Song."

This was Dodge's cue; he very readily stepped forward, and begged permission to lead off.

"If you please, sir," said the lady, whose angelic voice, Dodge vows, nearly took away his breath. Our hero pitched into the "Boatman" like a load of coal, and says that, united with the angelic voice of the Mississippi nightingale, he fairly made "Rome howl."

After the Boatman, came a few selections from the Operas lately published; and the night now being far advanced, to wind up, Dodge was obliged to favor the ladies with a description of his trip to Niagara Falls.

"Old fellow," says the Captain, meeting Dodge in the social hall about mid-night; "you got along swimmingly among the ladies—why, you sing like a bird."

"O yes I sing a little," says Dodge.

"And, egad, you thumbed that lady's guitar into fits!"

"Well, I ran-her guess I did torture it some," replied Dodge; "but tell me, Captain, who is that lady dressed in black, that sings like a nightingale, and plays with the finish and perfection of a professor?"

The Captain (being a noted wag, and the terror of all jokers on the Mississippi river,) suddenly conceived the idea of setting the Yankee with a joke which should come "high" among the New Englanders, in ages to come, as a model "fell."

"That lady, my dear fellow, is a—widow!"

"You don't say so!" says Dodge.

"Yes, but I do, though, and, more than that, she's rich! rich as mud, sir—rich as mud! worth seventy-five thousand dollars! young and beautiful, into the bargain!—a good chance for a Yankee boy, just commencing in life like you, sir!"

"She's certainly very beautiful," says Dodge.

"Beautiful as an angel!" says the Captain.

"Unequaled on the river," rejoined the Captain; "sir, she sings like seraph!"

"How long has she been a widow?" inquired Dodge.

"A little over a year now, since her Captain was placed under the sod."

"Ah! then her husband was a Captain, was he?" says Dodge.

"Yes, he was a Captain, but he got blowed up, poor fellow! This steam-boating is a risky business for a man that cares anything about life, sir! risky business; but then if you get the widow, and you can do it, sir, like a knife, if you only cotton up strong enough, for she likes you already; I saw it in her eye—you can retire on some large plantation, and spend the rest of your days in indescribable and unbounded luxury."

"Well, Captain, hang me, if I ain't a mid-to spread myself for the young widow, and try my hand at courting for the first time in my life."

"Go it, my boy, I'll back you with all my influence; if I wasn't already a married man, I'd surely go in for that charming woman; but you'll win—young—good looking!"

"Don't, don't, if you please Captain."

"Hang it, Dodge, don't be so modest!"

"But, Captain, gas, soap, putty—think of my feelings!"

"Then you sing and play like a book; the widow loves music, she loves music to distraction; and now, my boy, strike while the iron is hot! Why, sir, if I could sing and lead the guitar equal to you, I'd—"

"Hold on, Captain, hold on; I understand all about that; but now tell me about the young and beautiful widow; give me her name, age, and residence."

"Her name," replied the Captain, "Amarantha Bronson; age, about twenty-four; residence, New Orleans, and as we shall probably be about ten days running down, you'll have a fine chance to exert yourself; so now take my advice, and make the best use of your time."

"I will," says Dodge, and he didn't do anything else; for, always having an eye open, his suspicions were aroused by the Captain's attempt at flattery, and his seeming disinterested endeavors to bring about a hasty removal of love for the young and accomplished and really beautiful lady, who, he felt, he had for a time, and a

Being naturally of a generous and lively turn of mind, he was soon obliged to acknowledge to himself, that the "infernal Yankee" had outwitted him, and that after all, if his wife had received that attention, promised in the letter, it would be better not to make a fool of himself, by a great plunge and show, but handsomely acknowledge that he had been whipped by his own weapons; return the vocalist the amount of his fare, and then present him with a life-ticket for the steamer B. S., current at all seasons of the year.

About the time the Captain was raging the widest, Dodge was explaining to his fair companion the manner in which her lawful lord had compromised her honor and dignity by representing her as a widow and the proper person to receive the addresses of young men. Little by little the vocalist revealed the complicated plot from beginning to end, until the whole was brought plainly to light.

The lady trembled, wept violently for a few moments, and finally wound up with a merry laugh, exclaiming—

"O woe! he be angry for a few minutes! But he's a noble soul, and will, in half-an-hour afterward, be willing and happy to forgive and forget; but he shan't forget as long as I have a tongue to hector him!—But, Mr. Dodge, hadn't we better have the driver hurry! For the Captain will return immediately on the receipt of your note, I know he will; for, oh, sir, we are very fond of each other—indeed we are."

Dodge ordered the driver to increase his speed, and if he should discover a steamer coming up the river, to immediately inform them.

"D's one comin' now, Massa," immediately replied the driver.

"What's her name?" inquired Dodge.

In due time they are returned, and the girls are told to come next day, after their work has been examined. They go next day for their pay, and are then told that their work was not well done—that the cloth was spoiled—that they can not have their pay, and that the dollar which they deposited will be kept to pay for the cloth they have spoiled. Thus those men get the work for nothing and make a dollar beside; and next day they advertise as before, "500 girls wanted"—and go through the same operation. And this system is systematically pursued, the Courier says, from week to week, throughout the year, by many est. b'iments which transact an immense amount of business with the trading public; and what is still worse, those villainous frauds are not dealt with legally, because magistrates are unwilling to offend the wealthy and influential parties against whom the complaints are made, at the instance of the friendless and moneyless females from whom they come. A fine set of public magistrates, and a nice sense of justice!

The British in India.

It is customary for the British newspapers, whenever they can find a shadow of an excuse for it, to assail this country in the most unmeasured terms. Indeed they are so eager to point out the mote in our eye, that they continually forget the beam in their own. When Scott was at Vera Cruz they were indignant that he should bombard the town, though he had given the women and children fair notice, several days before, or quit. They forgot the conduct of Wellington at San Sebast, where the city was delivered up to sack, and where the most horrible atrocities were perpetrated by the British troops. The fact is, John Bull is very ready to censure other people's conduct, but not apt to mend his own. At present he is disgracing himself in India. Since the close of the Sikh war, the troops there have fallen into a state of such disorder that Sir Charles Napier, their late commander, has more than once called them a disgrace to humanity. Lately, at Alipore, a native village resented some insults to its women. In revenge for this the officers permitted a reckless mob of soldiers to sack the place. Houses were pulled down; women publicly and ignominiously stripped; the rings which females there wear in their noses were forcibly torn away; and one young woman whose condition should have made her an object of peculiar sympathy, was brutally run through with a bayonet, so that she died. These atrocities are hitherto unparalleled, at least in this nineteenth century. After this we wish to hear no more about American affairs from our transatlantic neighbors. It will not do for the British press, with such black stains on the national character, to lecture other powers for comparatively venial offences. Much less will it answer for that press to misrepresent fair dealing into foul, and then denounce crimes never committed.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Appropriation Bill.

The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill passed by Congress just before its adjournment, amounts in the aggregate to nearly eight millions—nearly double the usual amount. The following is a recapitulation of its items:

Expenses of Congress,	\$786,000 23
Library, Annals of Congress, &c.	50,300 00
President and Vice President,	31,000 00
State Department,	71,210 00
Treasury Department, proper,	389,520 00
Interior Department,	221,507 75
War Department,	127,610 00
Navy Department,	87,825 00
Post Office Department,	96,740 00
United States Mints,	211,527 00
Territories,	188,400 00
Judiciary,	662,657 00
Light Houses,	579,076 41
Marine Hospitals,	162,308 42
Relief of American Seamen,	125,000 00
Surveys of Public Lands,	349,759 46
Diplomatic,	326,000 00
Miscellaneous,	2,289,467 75
Total, Civil & Diplomatic Bill,	7,769,208 73

THE LETTER H.—A young Collegian was one day contending with the Rev. Rowland Hill, as to the utility of the letter H. "Of what use is it," said he, "before a vowel? it begins no word in which, if followed by a vowel, it might not be omitted without any detriment to the sound. In your own name, for example, it might as well have been left out."

"I beg your pardon," replied Rowland, "its omission would have been to me of very serious consequence, as, but for the H, I should have been ill all my lifetime."

A keg of butter taken from the wreck of a steamer sunk twenty years ago in a Mississippi, has been recovered, and found to be as sweet as the day it was made.

A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."