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THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

By "NOTES."

In an attack on the Tawarunas by a predatory detach-
ment of a hostile tribe, the virgin daughter of an old
settler was taken captive. During the march of the
returning victors, she managed to elude their vigilance,
and make a considerable distance before her flight was
discovered. She was pursued till she reached the stream
on whose bank her canoe was drawn up, and had been
left by her own hands. Springing into it, she sought to
force herself beyond the reach of her pursuers; but they,
dashing in after her, intercepted her with their arrows;
and she, preferring death to captivity, leaped from the
side of her canoe, and disappeared in the waters.
Swiftly flies an Indian maid
A trace her native hills.
When the rays of golden light
illuminate the hills,
Like the tiger that roars,
Above the wave, unshaken,
Springs she on with fury step—
This Tawaruna maiden.
Bright her robe of azure that,
Reflected from the skies,
Lightly leaves her moorings
In the foam of the rapids.
Now above the frothing crests,
She snags the chords that bind her;
Hark! she leaves the savage yell;
The foe is close behind her.
Swift as thought the trackless air
The hind her pathway traces,
Ere she sees the panting crew—
With low and bounding gait;
Springs she to the light canoe,
And paddles down the river.
Like a score of tigers flew,
They dash with onward sweep,
Think around the maiden's boat,
The flares of arrows fly,
With her knees bowing from fear,
She leaps the waves before her;
The waters fill the arms above
The lovely Tawaruna.
Lewistown, May, 1851.

BOX and COX.

A Capital Humorous Story.

[Concluded.]

'No such thing, sir,' said Cox, with

dignity, 'I repeat, sir—no such thing,

but my wife—I mean my intended

wife—happened to be the proprietor of a

considerable number of bathing machines.'

'Ha! where?' interrupted Box, sud-

denly grasping Cox by the arm.

'Why, at a favorite watering place.

How curious you are!

'Not at all, Well?' said Box, again

seated.

'Consequently, in the bathing season—

which, luckily, is a rather long one—we

see but little of each other; but as that

is now over, I am daily indulging in the

expectation of being blessed with the sight

of my beloved. Are you married, sir?

added Cox, anxiously.

'Me?' said Box, with much dryness,

'why—not exactly.'

'Ah—a happy bachelor?

'Eh? Why—not precisely.'

'Oh! a widower,' said Cox, gravely.

'Why—no, not absolutely.'

Cox looked. 'You'll excuse me, sir,'

said he, 'but, at present, I don't exactly

comprehend how you can help being one

of the three.'

'Not help it?'

'No, sir—not you, nor any other man

alive.'

'Ah,' said Box, seriously, 'that may

be, but I'm not alive.'

'Not—' began Cox, pushing back his

chair; 'you'll excuse me, sir—but I don't

like joking on such subjects.'

'I'm joking, sir,' replied Box,

strangely. 'I've been defunct for the last

three years!'

'Will you be quiet, sir?' shouted Cox.

'If you won't believe me,' replied Box,

'I'll refer you to a very large, numerous,

and respectable circle of disconsolate

friends.'

'My dear sir—my very dear sir,' said

Cox, eagerly, 'if there does exist any in-

genious contrivance whereby a man on the

eve of matrimony can leave this world, and

yet stay in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know

it.'

'Oh,' said Box, examining Cox, 'then

'So was I!'

'My infatuated widow offered to pur-

chase my discharge, on condition that I'd

lead her to the altar.'

'So was I!'

'My infatuated widow offered to pur-

chase my discharge, on condition that I'd

lead her to the altar.'

'Just my case!'

'I hesitated—at last, consented.'

'I consented at once, but not without

some hesitation.'

'Well, sir,' continued Box, with deep

emotion, 'the day for the happy ceremony

at length drew near—in fact, too near to

be pleasant; whereupon, I wasn't worthy

to possess her, and told her so—when in-

stead of being flattered by the compliment,

she flew upon me like a tiger of the female

gender—I rejoined—when suddenly some-

thing whizzed past me, within an inch of

my ear, and shivering to atoms against the

carriage-piece! It was the sloop-basin. I

retaliated with a tea-cup—we parted—and

the next morning I was served with a no-

tice of action for breach of promise.'

'Well, sir.'

'Well, sir,' resumed Box, breathing

hard, 'ruin stared me in the face—the

action proceeded against me with gigantic

strides—I took a desperate resolution—I

left my home early one morning, with one

suit of clothes on my back, and another in

the bundle, under my arms—arrived on the

cliffs—opened my bundle—deposited the

suit of clothes on the very verge of the

precipice—took one look down into the

yawning gulph beneath me—and—walked

off in an opposite direction!'

'Dear me,' said Cox, astonished; 'I

think I begin to have some slight per-

ception of your meaning. Ingenious creature!

You disappeared—the suit of clothes was

found—'

'Precisely—and, in one of the pockets

of the coat, or the waistcoat, or the pant-

aloons—I forget which—there also was

found a strip of paper with these affecting

farewell words: "This is thy work, O,

Penelope Ann!'

'Penelope Ann?' gasped Cox, seizing

Box by the arm.

'Penelope Ann!' observed Box, distinct-

ly. 'Originally widow of William Wiggins?'

'Widow of William Wiggins.'

'Proprietor of bathing machines?'

'Proprietor-of-bathing machines.'

'At Margate?'

'At Ramsgate.'

'It must be she!' exclaimed Cox. 'And

you, sir—you are the long lost, lamented

Box!'

'I am!'

'And I, sir, was about to marry the in-

teresting creature you so cruelly deceived!'

'Eh? Then you are Cox,' said Box,

starting up.

'I am!'

'Ha! I heard of it—I congratulate you—

I give you joy,' said Box, madly. 'And

now I think I'll take a stroll.'

'No you don't!' returned Cox, stopping

him. 'I'll not lose sight of you till I have

restored you to the arms of your intended.'

'My intended! You mean your in-

tended.'

'No, sir—yours!'

'How can she be my intended, now that

I'm drowned?'

'You're no such thing, sir, and I prefer

presenting you to Penelope Ann.'

'I've no wish to be introduced to your

intended.'

'My intended? How can that be, sir?

Mrs. Bouncer departed.

'I say, sir,' said Box, after a pause.

'Well, sir?'

'What's your dispassionate opinion of

duelling, sir?'

'I think it is a barbarous practice, sir.'

'So do I, sir. To be sure, I don't so

much object to it when the pistols are not

loaded.'

'No,' said Cox, pacing the room. 'I

dare say that does make a slight differ-

ence.'

'And yet, sir,' argued Box, 'on the

other hand—doesn't it strike you as rather

a waste of time, for two people to keep

firing pistols at each other, with nothing

in 'em?'

'No, sir; not more than any other

harmless recreation.'

'I say,' said Box, after a thought, 'why

do you object to marry Penelope Ann?'

'Because, as I've already observed, I

can't abide her! You'll be happy with

her.'

'Happy?' said Box, tenderly. 'Me!'

'With the consciousness that I have de-

prived you of such a treasure? No, no, Cox.'

'Don't think of me, Box; I shall be

amplifiedly rewarded by the knowledge of

my Box's happiness.'

'Now, don't be absurd.'

'Then don't you be ridiculous, sir.'

'I won't have her.'

'Stay!' said Box, suddenly, 'suppose

we draw lots for her. She's a fat woman,

there's lots of her, and why shouldn't we

draw lots for her?'

'That's fair enough, Mr. Box.'

'Or,' said Box, carelessly, 'what say you

to dice, sir?'

'With all my heart. Dice by all means,'

said Cox, eagerly, feeling in his pocket for

a pair.

'That's lucky,' thought Box. 'I've got a

pair here, that, somehow or other, always

throws sixes.'

'Well, sir,' said Cox, producing his

lucky dice.

'Now then, sir,' said Box.

'Will you lead off, sir?'

'As you please, sir. The lowest throw,

of course, wins Penelope Ann.'

'Very well, sir.'

'Sixes,' said Box, throwing.

'That's not a bad throw of yours, sir,'

said Cox, throwing, 'Sixes.'

'That's a pretty good one of yours, sir,'

said Box, throwing, 'Sixes.'

And Box and Cox continued to throw

sixes for some length of time, paused, and

surveyed each other.

'Those are not bad dice of ours, sir,'

observed Cox.

'Yours seem rather good ones, sir,' re-

marked Cox.

'Suppose we change, sir?'

'Very well, sir.'

'Sixes!' said Box, throwing.

'Sixes!' said Cox, throwing.

'Pooh!' said Box, flinging down the

dice. 'It's perfectly absurd, you going on

throwing sixes in this sort of way, sir.'

'No you don't!' returned Cox, stopping

him. 'I'll not lose sight of you till I have

restored you to the arms of your intended.'

'My intended! You mean your in-

tended.'

'No, sir—yours!'

'How can she be my intended, now that

I'm drowned?'

'You're no such thing, sir, and I prefer

presenting you to Penelope Ann.'

'I've no wish to be introduced to your

intended.'

'Doubtless a tender epistle from Penel-

ope Ann!' said Box, becoming excited.

'Then read it, sir,' said Cox, handing it

over.

'Me, sir?' said Box.

'Of course. You don't suppose I'm go-

ing to read a letter from your intended?'

'My intended!' said Box. 'Pshaw! its

addressed to you—COX—Cox!'

'That C. is a B., sir!'

'Nonsense! Fracture the seal!'

'There!' said Cox, opening the letter

and reading it. 'Goodness gracious!'

'Gracious goodness!' said Box, snatch-

ing it.

'Margate,' said Cox, snatching it back,

and reading aloud:

'Sir—I hasten to convey to you the intelligence

of a melancholy accident which has befallen you

of your intended wife—'

'He means your intended!'

'No—yours!' persisted Box, impatiently.

'How can that be? You proposed to

her first!'

'Yes, but then you—now don't let us

begin again. Go on!'

'Poor Mrs. Wiggins,' resumed Cox, 'went

out for a short excursion in a sail boat—a sud-

den and violent squall soon afterwards took

place, which it is supposed upset her, as she

was found, two days after, keel upwards.'

'Poor woman!' breathed Box.

'No, sir, the boat,' said Cox, and then

resumed:

'As her man of business, I immediately pro-

ceeded to examine her papers, among which I

soon discovered her will, bequeathing her entire

property to her intended husband!'

Box and Cox looked at each other, and

gradually burst into tears!

'Generous, ill fated being!' said Box.

'And to think that I tossed up for such

a woman!' said Cox, sobbing.

'When I remember that I staked such

a woman on—on the—hazard of a die!

blubbered Box.

'I am sure, Box, I can't sufficiently

thank you for your sympathy,' said Cox.

'And I'm sure, Cox, you couldn't feel

more if she had been your own intended!'

'My own intended!' cried Cox. 'She

was my own intended!'

'Your intended!' said Box with contempt.

'Come, I like that. Didn't you very pro-