

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.  
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LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1854.

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## 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;  
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to excite party or sectarian passions. The Editor is not  
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publication of any article therein.

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## Blundering by Wholesale.

The following extract from the last  
Bloomburg Star, is erroneous in every im-  
portant particular. We wonder how the  
Editor could innocently string so much  
misrepresentation on one short paragraph:

"The New Berlin people, and in fact all the  
lower end, opposed the subscription by the  
County Commissioners of \$200,000 of the  
people's money to the Susquehanna Railroad, in  
which Lewisburg was interested. To punish  
New Berlin for this, Lewisburg now proposes  
to divide the county, removing the seat of  
justice from New Berlin to Lewisburg for the  
Northern Division, and erecting a new county  
on the South, to be called 'Snyder,' with  
Lewisburg for the county seat."

First. Neither "all" nor half, nor any  
considerable portion of "the New Berlin  
people" opposed the Railroad subscription,  
when proposed, or when the contract was  
made. On the contrary, every New Berlin  
paper which spoke on the subject, openly  
and strongly advocated it—New Berlin  
public meetings—John M. Baum,  
John Swineford, John Seibold, M. Kieck-  
ner, J. Slenker, and all the now opponents  
of the Road, then either actively or silently  
approved it—and in short, but for New  
Berlin interest and influence, the subscrip-  
tion never would have been made. After  
the contract was entered into, John M.  
Baum, Swineford, and others, for party  
purposes, turned tail upon their own offer-  
ings, and hoping to make capital for the  
Democratic party, raised the black banner of  
Repudiation of the contract. They selected  
Col. Philip Ruhl, a former Member of the  
Legislature, as the Independent Repudia-  
tion candidate for County Commissioner,  
and called upon all opponents of the Road  
to vote for him as a test on the Railroad  
question. He was defeated by 718 in the  
county, and by 48 in New Berlin. New  
Berlin was two to one for the Railroad,  
even after Baum, Swineford & Co. had turned  
against it. (Both candidates were Whigs.)  
Since the Division question arose, others  
of New Berlin—but not all—have also  
turned against the Railroad.

Second. "People's money" is in this  
case a demagogic term calculated to mis-  
lead the public. The contract is merely a  
guaranty, and there was no probability  
of success—a possibility that the cent of  
the "people's money" would ever be need-  
ed. The Railroad would be worth to the  
people, thousands more than it could pos-  
sibly cost them. The State Works, whose  
continuance for party-plunder purposes, the  
Star advocates as strongly as it approves  
the Nebraska fraud, takes yearly one hun-  
dred per cent. more of the "people's money"  
than our Railroad could, but there is  
no regard for the "people's money" in the  
case of those works.

Third. That "Lewisburg was interested  
in the Railroad" is true—but not the whole  
truth. New Berlin then felt as much in-  
terest, and made as great efforts, in pro-  
portion, as Lewisburg; and a dozen Town-  
ships were "interested" as well as this  
borough.

Fourth. "To punish New Berlin, Lew-  
isburg proposes," &c. The foundation for  
the Division movement is as old as the  
county. New Berlin and Danville were  
made county seats about the same time,  
and were perhaps central as to population,  
and good sites for county buildings; but  
times have changed, and Bloomsburg has  
become a judicial as it is a business center.  
At the time the present project was started,  
the Railroad hostility was quiet, and the  
immediate occasion of the movement was  
a secret attempt made in New Berlin to  
erect splendid new county buildings by  
the "people's money." The first petitions  
we know of, for the Division, were from  
"the lower end" of the county. So much for  
Lewisburg's punishing New Berlin! An  
Editor who blanders thus upon facts,  
will hardly be a "spiritual medium" to re-  
veal the secret motives of people twenty or  
thirty miles distant!

Fifth. That "Lewisburg purposes to re-  
move the seat of Justice to Lewisburg,"  
and to make "Solingsgrove a county seat,"  
are equally reckless assertions. Neither  
the petitions for Division, nor the bill which  
passed the Senate, contain any such stipu-  
lations. In the event of a Division, those  
towns will doubtless try to gain these ad-  
vantages, as Bloomsburg has. But the  
location of the seats of justice is to be  
selected by the people of the respective  
counties, by vote, from among such local-  
ities as may bind themselves to erect suit-  
able buildings without using the "people's  
money." What the people may decide upon—  
we appeal to the Editor's personal ex-  
perience—not absolutely certain. Lewis-  
burg is not the Legislature, nor has it the  
control of the people of the proposed new  
counties.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]  
WURZBURG, March 1, 1854.

I gave an account of our  
passage to Liverpool. It was a beautiful  
Sunday morning we entered the Mersey.  
Our minds and bodies were freed from the  
painful anxiety which had oppressed them.  
The effect of this re-union was visible on

every countenance. New friendships had  
been formed and pledged in tears of joy,  
and we were all the better prepared to give  
"merry old England" a hearty greeting.  
I was busily engaged, thinking of child-  
hood's dreams and wondering whether they  
would be realized, when an Englishman  
touching my arm and pointing to the long  
line of magnificent Docks said, "Have you  
anything like that in America?" It was  
truly a beautiful sight to see the triumph  
of labor and ingenuity affording a secure  
haven for the stormy ocean; and the  
forest of masts extended as far as the eye  
could reach along the river. Ships from  
every quarter of the globe were there, bear-  
ing their respective products to the world's  
market-house, and throwing in their mite  
to swell England's wealth. The American  
notices with a thrill of pleasure the prod-  
ucts of his native land, foremost among all;  
countless bales of cotton, pork, grain, tim-  
ber, testify to the immense commerce be-  
tween the two countries.

It being Sunday, the Custom House  
officers were not in attendance to examine  
our trunks, and they were left on board  
until the next morning. As I wended my  
way towards the Waterloo House, my at-  
tention was particularly attracted by the  
enormous dry horses, small elephants,  
and in marked contrast to them were the  
donkeys. I observed a number of very  
beautiful buildings in Liverpool; among  
them were the Custom House, Sailors'  
Home, St. George's Hall, and the Ex-  
change. Here there stands a fine bronze  
allegorical group, to the memory of Lord  
Nelson. The streets of the city are irreg-  
ular, and altogether I was not very favor-  
ably impressed with Liverpool. Its dirty  
streets, its beggars, its sooty atmosphere,  
does by no means compare favorably with  
the regularity and beauty of Philadelphia.  
At the Custom House I lost several of my  
books, English works but American prints.

On Monday afternoon we procured our  
tickets for Birmingham; and as it yet  
wanted some minutes of the time of the  
departure of the cars, I employed them in  
examining the extensive and convenient  
arrangements of the depot. The contrast  
between it and the Pennsylvania Station in  
Philadelphia is great. In a few minutes  
more we had passed through under the  
city, and were hurrying along to the work-  
shop of England. I was every where de-  
lighted with the picturesque beauty of the  
land, the neat cottages, the fine hedged  
fences, the hamlet with its lofty spire, and  
now and then a lordly mansion and exten-  
sive park. I need say nothing of the care-  
fulness manifested on English railroads, as  
you must already be familiar with the fact.  
I shall only mention that the watch seem-  
ing to be well cared for. Their cozy little cot-  
tages are situated along the road at regular  
intervals, and have generally a small gar-  
den attached. I observed a great deal of  
taste displayed in some instances, in the  
arrangement of their plots. Beautiful  
vines were trained up the sides of the  
houses, and abundance of roses in front,  
which were then in full bloom. It was a  
sweet scene, and recalled vividly to my  
memory the tales and romances I had so  
often read of England. We arrived at  
night at Birmingham, and remained until  
the next day, and then were whirled on  
to London. A gentleman pointed out  
Harrow as we passed, a place of classical  
interest, where Lord Byron, with many  
other distinguished Englishmen, was edu-  
cated. We soon had ourselves well quartered  
in London, within a short walk of St.  
Paul's. After having partaken of some  
refreshments, we sauntered out to survey  
the famous work of Sir Christopher Wren.  
It rose in fearless grandeur above the  
neighboring dwellings. There could be  
no mistaking it. The most indifferent  
traveler would pause before that massive  
structure, admiring and praising the stu-  
pendous intellect of the originator. Sir  
Christopher Wren has built his own monu-  
ment, and left his impress on the sands  
of time.

The ground plot of the Cathedral occu-  
pies a space equal to 2 acres, 16 perches  
and 70 feet. The whole is surrounded by  
a dwarf stone wall, surmounted by a mag-  
nificent cast iron balustrade. Before the  
west front and within the balustrade, is a  
statue of Queen Ann; at the base are fig-  
ures representing America, Britannia,  
Gallia, Hibernia. The exterior beauty of  
the building itself has been much dimi-  
nished by the coal smoke, which envelops  
the city like a thick fog. The statues of  
the Apostles, which adorn the west front,  
have been much injured by the action of  
the weather. It was the time of morning  
service when we entered St. Paul's stupen-  
dous dome, and the vespers were not in  
attendance. While waiting, I amused my-  
self in trying in vain to distinguish the  
paintings of Sir James Thornhill, in the  
cupola. The dust has been allowed to col-  
lect upon them for years until now they  
are almost undistinguishable. I was hap-  
py to see, a few days since, that these  
paintings are being restored. They repre-

sent events in the life of St. Paul—his  
conversion, the judgment of Elymas, the  
conversion of the jailor, preaching before  
the Athenians, the Ephesians burning  
their magical books, his defence before  
Agrippa, and his shipwreck near Melita.  
After service we were conducted through  
the building—up to the bell, and down to  
the vaults. On the Golden Gallery, when  
weather is fine and the day clear, there is  
a fine view of the city; but these requisites,  
I believe, do not often occur in London, at  
least I did not have them, as the smoke  
and fog were so thick that I could hardly  
see twenty feet beyond me. I shall re-  
serve describing the Geometrical Stairs,  
Whispering Gallery, Library, &c., for an-  
other letter. A word, however, in regard  
to the Monumental Sculptures. They are  
erected in honor of some of England's  
greatest men, and are generally classic and  
elegant, although the one to Genl. Ross  
has a slight error in the inscription, as it  
states that he fell in a successful attack  
upon the American lines at Baltimore. In  
the vaults lie the bones of Nelson and  
West, and a host of distinguished painters.  
Requiescat in pace.

The next place we visited, was West-  
minster Abbey. It has more attractions  
for me than any other place in London,  
and I can say less about it. So many as-  
sociations are connected with its monu-  
ments, that I forgot England's gratitude  
in England's history. Here her kings  
were crowned, and here for many genera-  
tions they were buried. The Poet's Cor-  
ner is one of the most interesting spots in  
the Abbey. But I must leave you to  
Washington Irving, or Addison's descrip-  
tion of this venerable building, for further  
information. Providence permitting, I  
shall visit it again, and while away an  
hour or more in Henry the Seventh's  
Chapel and the Poet's Corner.

One more place, intimately connected  
with the history of England from the time  
of the Norman Conqueror, shall I mention,  
and I have done with London for the pre-  
sent. It is the Tower, whose gray turrets  
can not fail to arrest the attention of the  
most careless voyager on the Thames. Its  
disual water gate, through which from age  
to age the beautiful and majestic, the wise  
and brave, have passed, never to return,  
must impress the beholder with some tran-  
sient touch of human feeling. In the long  
line of victims—victims of policy or private  
hate—two illustrious figures stand emi-  
nently prominent among the crowd of Syd-  
neys, Howards and Plantagenets, both  
Queens, mother and child—Anna Boleyn  
and her daughter Elizabeth. Their shadow-  
ed faces have fallen athwart your wall—their  
feet have pressed your stairs—and that  
gloomy archway has covered their heads.  
Hear the tyrant's wife as she kneels on  
the cold stair and humbly prays that God  
would help her, "as she was not guilty of  
the thing of which she stood accused;" and  
his haughty daughter, proud of her race  
and prouder of her innocence sprung upon  
the step with the air of a conqueror, saying,  
"Here landeth as true a subject, being a  
prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and  
before thee, O God! I speak it!" These  
are but individuals, selected from out the  
ground proselyte. The youthful, lovely  
and learned Lady Jane Grey passed beneath  
that arch—Catherine Howard and Rus-  
sell, Bacon and Leicester and Essex and  
More and Southampton, (Shakespeare's  
Northman), and Henry Vane, (Milton's  
Vane), and Stafford and Monmouth, names  
in which a nation's history is expressed.

History and romance have united in  
making this ancient pile, one of the most  
interesting to the Englishman and his de-  
scendants. It stands a monument of tumul-  
tuous times and uncontrolled passions in  
the midst of modern dwellings—surround-  
ed by the refinement and civilization of  
modern life. Whilst regarding its hoary  
walls, the mind instantly rolls the wheel of  
time centuries back, when the conquering  
Northman, trampling upon Saxon rights  
—deluging the land in Saxon blood, reared  
this "Zwing Uri" to protect his iron rule  
and awe into submission that liberty-loving  
race. From his time until that of Charles  
II. it was a royal palace, having been  
strengthened from time to time by addi-  
tional walls and towers. I entered its pre-  
cincts with singular emotions, but was  
suddenly made aware of my existing in the  
nineteenth century, by a demand upon my  
purse for a shilling. This having been  
satisfactorily arranged, I was shown into  
the waiting room, to be conducted by the  
warden at the proper time. A number of  
persons were in waiting, among them were  
two who particularly attracted my atten-  
tion. The one a middle aged man, the  
other in the prime of life. The elder seemed  
familarly acquainted with every spot in  
London. He talked much and all listened.  
His air of superiority was not disagreeable  
as it was mingled with a nonchalance which  
rendered it rather attractive and amusing.  
He evidently felt perfectly at ease and con-  
tent, and I would have testified to his be-  
ing a Londoner of years standing. The

younger, his companion, and to whom he  
principally addressed his conversation, was  
a young man of prepossessing appearance,  
with a clear bright eye, lofty forehead and  
well knit form, and was altogether the per-  
sonification of genius and enterprise. The  
don't care expression in his eye rendered  
him still more interesting, as it showed his  
willingness and readiness to execute, what  
he planned, at all hazards.

A wadded dress in the costume of sol-  
diers of the days of Henry the Eighth soon  
presented himself, and we were conducted  
through the armory, where there was an  
abundance of implements of war, ancient  
and modern, and a great number of ethiops  
on horseback, in suits of armor. A num-  
ber of instruments of torture, and also the  
block and axe which were used at the de-  
capitation of three Scottish lords, were ex-  
hibited. We visited the cell of Sir Walter  
Raleigh, ten feet long and eight wide, here  
he is said to have written his History of the  
World. I read a number of inscriptions  
upon the walls of the prison chambers,  
made by those who were incarcerated. The  
crown jewels, which are kept in the Tower  
are splendid, and are estimated to be worth  
15,000,000 of dollars. In and around St.  
Peter's Chapel rests the dust of some of  
England's best and worst blood. In front  
of the Chapel is the world-renowned place  
of execution, Tower Green. It was but a  
step from the block to the grave. The old  
walls of St. Peter's still stand, but inside  
it has been modernized. I wished very  
much to enter the vaults but the man who  
kept the keys was not at home. We were  
taken through the White Tower, up the  
stair-case, where Richard III is said to have  
been buried the murdered Princes, the St.  
John's Chapel, the council room where the  
kings held their court at the Tower, and  
where Richard III ordered Lord Hastings  
to instant execution in front of St. Peter's  
Chapel, and up to the roof. After leaving  
the armory, our party had dwindled into  
five persons, two beside ourselves—the two  
before mentioned. The elder had made  
himself perspicuous through the whole tour.  
With the air of an instructor he compared,  
admired, and criticised. He spoke of every  
thing as if he had seen it a hundred times,  
and he was right. He pointed out a room,  
that I ascertained that he and his  
companions were my countrymen making  
the tour of England. I met them again  
in the Tunnel, bid them good bye, and the  
next day hurried on to Dover.

At Dover I visited the Castle. On its  
turrets there is an extensive and beautiful  
view, being elevated almost perpendicular  
five hundred feet above the level of the sea,  
that leaves the base of the cliff on which  
it stands. Within the keep is the famous  
well 400 feet deep, which Harold was ob-  
liged to surrender to the Duke of Normandy.  
The foundations of this Castle date back  
to the time of Caesar. To the south of the  
Castle is the cliff of Shakespeare memory,  
which he describes in his tragedy of King  
Lear in the lines commencing

"There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully on the confined deep."

The next day we crossed to Calais, went  
on to Ghent Brussels, remained there over  
Sunday, and there took our seats for Col-  
ogne. My hotel at Cologne was upon the  
Rhine—the river of poetry, romance and  
song. As I looked at it from my window,  
I thought in one respect it resembled my  
native land. They both are grand illus-  
trations of the progressive power. The  
little rivulet that takes its rise among eter-  
nal snow and mountain solitudes that the  
reckless chamois hunter could dam up with  
one tramp of his foot, winding its way  
down the ice clad Alpine peak it flows on  
a great flood between vine-clad hills and  
castilion crags, until swollen by twelve  
thousand tributaries it pours its waters into  
the ocean

A single drop upon the sea,  
Is the rivulet's low gush,  
The rivulet's low gush,  
And back the mighty sea:

If there is a fairy spot in the world, to be  
pointed out by man it is somewhere upon  
the Rhine. Here the last remains of an  
almost extinct spiritual race still hold their  
midnight revels. The siren Lorelei still  
sits on her rocky precipice, but her songs  
no longer allure the careless mariner, and  
as the steambot goes puffing along she  
shrinks aghast, forgets to sing her low sweet  
melody. Roland still frowns from his lofty  
eminence and ruined Castle, cursing the  
tourists. The two brothers still about their  
bold defiance, and the Bishop's wall is heard  
upon the midnight blast, as in his solitary  
Tower, he in vain attempts to fling from  
him, the myriads of vermin that make a  
dainty meal of his wasted form. The Nan's  
white head yet waves over the Lake of  
Liebenstein, and Charlemagne blesses the  
vines of Rudesheim. But these giants and  
fairies are becoming less and less, and at  
their grand council last fall, a few anac-  
on their decided intention of emigrating to  
America via Bremen. In my next letter  
I shall continue the account of my journey,  
by giving you a description of the Rhine.

Yours,  
B.

## Newspaper History.

The venerable Editor of the first Re-  
ligious Newspaper in the world, is still  
living, and has recently published the fol-  
lowing interesting chapter of periodical  
literature:

"EDITORIAL LABORS.—At a meeting  
of editors and publishers in Boston, on the  
22d of February, I was requested by the  
President of the meeting, (Hon. Nathan  
Hale), as I had been the longest in the  
profession, to give some reminiscences of  
my experience and observation. I did so  
—and a brief sketch of some of my remarks  
was given in the Transcript. As there were  
some inaccuracies as to dates in the sketch,  
I will here state them more correctly.

"My father, Nathaniel Willis, began his  
publication of the Independent Chronicle in  
the same building where Benjamin Frank-  
lin worked as a printer, in Court street,  
corner of Franklin Avenue, Boston, June,  
1776. He continued to conduct that pa-  
per till 1784, embracing the whole period  
of the war for Independence. A file of its  
papers I now possess. He removed to  
Martinsburg, Va., soon after, and in 1790  
commenced the publication of the Patriot  
Guardian, (which I commenced typeset-  
ting), and which he continued till the year  
1809, when he removed to Guilford, Ohio,  
where he published the State Gazette, the  
first paper in the then North-Western Ter-  
ritory. How long he continued that paper  
I do not know, but I have preserved a few  
numbers of both papers. My father died  
in Ohio, several years ago. I worked in  
my father's office in Virginia until April,  
1796, when I returned to Boston, in my  
10th year, and entered as an apprentice in  
the office of the Independent Chronicle, with  
Adams and Rhoads, the successors of my  
father on that paper. A small volume of  
the "Life of Franklin" gave me the spirit  
of emigration to Boston at that time. I  
continued to work there until September,  
1830, when, in my 23d year, I was invited  
to Portland, Maine, and commenced the  
Eastern Argus. After publishing that pa-  
per several years, I returned to Boston in  
1812, the trying period of the second British  
war. Here I published books and  
pamphlets until January, 1816, when, in  
my 36th year, I commenced the publica-  
tion of the Boston Recorder, which I con-  
tinued until January, 1844. In June,  
1827, in my 47th year, I commenced the  
Youth's Companion—conducting both papers  
in the same office seventeen years. The  
Companion is now 27 years old, and I am 73

three successive generations, three persons  
of the same name should be engaged in  
publishing each of them three new-papers,  
all within the time of American Indepen-  
dence. My father published the Indepen-  
dent Chronicle, the Patriot Guardian, and  
the State Gazette—I have published the  
Eastern Argus, the Boston Recorder, and  
the Youth's Companion—and my son, Na-  
thaniel Parker Willis, has published the  
New York Mirror, the Corsair, and the  
Home Journal.

"My long experience as Publisher and  
Editor, has convinced me that it is a po-  
sition of great responsibility—that it is im-  
possible to please everybody—that it is  
best to conduct in such a way as to have  
a conscience void of offence towards God  
and man—that industry, economy, perse-  
verance, and self-reliance are the surest  
helpers—that, like woman's work, it is  
never done, every hour has its appropriate  
work—and that it requires a strong mind,  
in a strong body, in order to live long in  
such treadmill work. Editors should be  
kind and courteous towards each other,  
avoiding personalities and abuse, treat each  
other as brethren, and allowing others the  
same rights which they claim for them-  
selves. Every publication influences thou-  
sands of minds, and that influence should  
be salutary, for time and eternity.

"The improvements in printing within  
seventy years have been great. The screw  
press and the sheep-skin balls are super-  
seded by the power press and the roller;  
but type-setting is still done by human  
hands, and editorials must still be conceiv-  
ed by human heads. May those hands and  
heads, now so usefully and honorably em-  
ployed, be amply remunerated by a con-  
sciousness of doing good, and a well-filled  
purse, before old age incapacitates them  
for enjoyment, and the public forget their  
unwearied services—and then, may the  
"rest" above be the reward of all your  
toil."  
NATHANIEL WILLIS.  
Boston, March, 1834.

So it appears there have been three Na-  
thaniel Willis' in a direct line, each of  
which have established three newspapers.  
N. P. Willis, Richard S. Willis, and "Fanny  
Fern," are children of the venerable  
Nathaniel Willis.

Small Change.

The director of the Mint in Philadel-  
phia, advertises that "there are tons of  
silver change and small gold pieces," in  
the mint, ready for distribution. Every  
Bank in the city pays it out freely. Why  
is it so scarce then, here in the country?  
Because merchants go to the City, buy  
gold, not to bring back small change.  
Let every man who has a V or an X by  
him, and wants Change, send it to the city  
by my friend, and get change. We should  
soon have plenty if we took proper mea-  
sures. The United States does not dis-  
tribute Coinage, and Banks would find it  
very expensive. The people must distrib-  
ute for themselves those "tons" of change.  
Let the papers pass around this intima-  
tion.

Spades vs. Bayonets.