

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., JULY 24, 1850.

Volume VII, Number 17.
Whole Number—329.

The Lewisburg Chronicle is issued every Wednesday morning at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.
Terms.—\$1.50 per year, for cash actually in advance; \$1.75, paid within three months; \$2 if paid within the year; \$2.50 if not paid before the year expires; single numbers, 5 cents. Subscriptions for six months or less to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher except when the year is paid up.
Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cts per square one week, \$1 for a month, and \$5 for a year; a reduced price for longer advertisements. Two squares, \$7; Mercantile advertisements not exceeding one-fourth of a column, quarterly, \$10. Casual advertisements and Job work to be paid for when handed in or delivered.
All communications by mail must come post-paid, accompanied by the address of the writer, to receive attention. Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department to be directed to H. C. HICKOK, Esq., Editor—and all on business to be addressed to the Publisher.
Office, Market Street between Second and Third—O. N. WORDEN, Printer and Publisher.

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

Soft o'er the mountain's purple brow
Meek twilight draws her shadowy grey;
From tinted woods, and valleys low,
Light's magic color steals away.
Yet still, amid the spreading gloom,
Resplendent glow the western waves
That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves
A zone of light on evening's dove.

On this lone summit let me rest,
And view the forms so fancy dear,
Till on the ocean's darkening breast
The stars of evening tremble clear;
Or the moon's pale orb appear,
Throwing her light of radiance wide,
Far o'er the lightly curling tide.

No sounds o'er silence now prevail,
Save the murmuring brook below,
Or sailor's song borne on the gale,
Or sweet at distance striking slow.

So sweet, so tranquil, may my evening ray
Set to this world—and rise in future day.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Mr. Editor:

I have been anxiously looking for some time past, hoping to find an article from the pen of some eminent Physician on the subject of the propriety of establishing a Medical Society in this county. The State Medical Society was formed in 1848, since which time, many of our sister counties have organized under it. The advantages to be derived from such associations, have been properly presented to the profession, and the public generally; therefore, to enter upon their utility here, would be unnecessary. That an organization of this kind should be made: I suppose there exists no discrepancy of opinion. Yet a kind of apathy seems to be a too prominent characteristic of the profession among us. Societies of philosophy and fine arts, of agriculture and mechanics, are making their impression upon the world, as well as upon individuals, and yet the science of medicine, the most important, seems to "drag its slow length along" without any effort scarcely being made to raise it from its groveling position.

This is a day peculiar for the wide diffusion of knowledge—the spirit of enterprise is abroad in the land—each generation is more active and inquisitive than its predecessor, and the splendid march of mind bids fair greatly to lessen the sum of human evil and meliorate the condition of our race. Men's minds are becoming more liberal as respects the elevation of every professional pursuit, and the enterprise of invention is truly prolific. 'Tis true the old mountains lift their aged heads high up among the clouds as in days of yore, yet these are but mole-hills when struck by man's inventive power, for the iron steed, as it reverberates through its mountain recesses like a thunder bolt goes careering on with a "chariot and a thousand in its train." The lightning's flash as of old, but they are man's post-boy, and they go with a speed too that makes old "Time himself blush and fold his wings to own himself distanced in the race." The fire, the water, the wind, and the waves are all made the servants of man, and still his course is onward; day by day new triumphs are achieved over the elements—well nigh annihilated, so far as it is an obstacle to the intercourse of men, and goodly prospects portend the time approaching when still greater developments shall be made in the scientific world.

The energies of American artists, show no inferiority. Neither does France or England possess the charm of incantation to raise the spirit of enterprise more than our own country, yet proper deference should be shown to age and experience; and here is the only advantage they have in this respect, we are not without the means of counteracting for what an Englishman receives by inheritance and entail, an American will acquire by indomitable energy—Though great perseverance be the American characteristic, yet it must be blushingly acknowledged that the medical profession is composed of less stern material; it takes them so long to appreciate what ought to be comprehended at a glance. Nearly every other association of the day is considered laudable, and active measures are adopted to build them up, and then why so much reluctance shown on the part of those who ought to be in advance of the times rather than behind them?

The State Society has been in session for the third time, and has made repeated calls on delinquent counties to co-operate with it, yet not near a full representation has been secured. Through the American Medical Association, nearly every State in the Union is making efforts at such an organization, and with more or less success, as the intelligence and activity of the profession can be brought to bear upon the subject. This society which has been so long contended for, and for which such great efforts have been made for a universal good, ought not to be suffered to decline while in its infancy, but the profession should be "organized for the protection of its own interest." This effort of physicians to establish a universal interest, is looked upon by the public eye most favorably; then why not take advantage of its popularity, and secure to ourselves the great benefit, and to our friends and the public generally its beneficial results? This Society can be very easily established, I have no doubt, for the mind of the profession is already matured upon it. There are some pre-requisites necessary however, the principal of which is—a time and a place of meeting appointed, then certain other preliminaries arranged, then a great deference for age, science, and experience, I leave the project in the hands of my seniors for its maturity, hoping they may not prove dilatory in its consummation.

As I have a great deference for age, science, and experience, I leave the project in the hands of my seniors for its maturity, hoping they may not prove dilatory in its consummation.

A SCION OF THE CRAFT.
M'Kee's Falls, July 12, 1850.

Be chary of personal jests: better lose your best joke than your poorest friend.

President Taylor.

The New York Evangelist of the 11th inst. (a religious paper) thus analyzes the character and position of the late President.

The intelligence which it is our oppressive duty to send forth this week, of the sudden decease of our Chief Magistrate, will awaken in all hearts a sense of sorrow, and in most, many serious forebodings of the future. At this juncture of political affairs, when the knowledge of his virtues had begun to awaken the sentiments of an unaffected esteem, and the experience of his Roman firmness, manly wisdom and impartial patriotism had inspired confidence where it was most needed—when it seemed as if Providence, in placing unexpectedly over us, a man peculiarly adapted by his personal characteristics and his local relations, to meet and to conduct to successful issues, by far the most perilous and perplexed crisis of our history, was giving us a pledge of that abounding favor which has been the glory of our annals, and is the only hope of our future—when the rage and turmoil of sectional jealousies and political strifes and ambitious plottings would seem to yield to no restraints but those of Executive firmness and power—when the prominent want in the councils of the nation was felt to be just the dignified forbearance, the strong common sense, and the universal confidence which distinguished him—the removal, we say, at such a juncture, of such a President, without warning or preparation, can not but be regarded as a Divine judgment, the severity of whose stroke justifies apprehensions for the future.

The life of Gen. Taylor, though it appeared to be somewhat compensated by the history of his modest bravery, and the reports of his disinterestedness and ability, was not calculated to secure at once the confidence of Christian men. The successful soldier, the life in the camp, amidst the dissoluteness and brutalizing influences of war, were not the qualities in which such men would naturally discern the wise, peaceful and impartial statesman. With a majority of religious men, at the North particularly, the election of Gen. Taylor as an ascertainment good. His exertions in the system of slavery, were also circumstances that gave but little promise in respect to the great issues which it was foreseen must chiefly engage his thoughts and test his conduct. But slowly and surely, the country at large has learned to justify the popular choice and to regard his advent to the Presidential chair as one of those tokens of a Divine goodness, which have their pre-eminence value in their unexpectedness. It was discerned that he had peculiar and timely qualities for the present crisis. Though a slaveholder, he was above the sectional preferences which that relation often produces in the greatest minds; though a soldier by profession, he was eminently a man of peace, and determined upon a peaceful course; though ungifted with great powers of statesmanship, he exhibited those sterling traits of broad common sense, honest insight, and invincible energy, which are often infinitely better than what the world calls talent and statesmanship, and which were especially fitted to exert a wholesome influence at the present time. And above all and over all, there was a transparent sincerity and disinterestedness, a manly honor and truth, and a kindness of heart which no partisan bitterness ever dared to assail, and which gave to his other qualities the vitality and moral force that ever accompany virtue. The country was indulging a hope, stronger than it was aware of, that in his honesty, patriotism and firmness, we were to have our exodus from the perils of the all-engrossing and all-periling question of the day.

But he is gone. For wise reasons, God has suddenly and darkly frowned upon us. We know not what or how much it may mean. We know not into what new perplexities and confusions it may throw this vital question. Whatever may be the instincts or the principles of his successor, there are many reasons to fear that the best intentions will be in him unavailing. It is no reproach to him to say he lacks the moral power of position, character, personal popularity and energy of the late President. We ought to discern the Sovereign in this dispensation of Providence. We ought to take to heart the great truth of dependence on God. The event is full of admonition and warning, which we trust every occasion will be taken to urge upon the popular mind.

They divide the time pretty evenly in the House of Representatives between raising points of order and raising the dandruff of every decent man who reads their proceedings.

A bottle of Egyptian perfume, 2000 years old, is preserved at the Alawick Museum, England, and still retains its odor.

A Scene in Boston.

A half-score or more of Irish women have lately taken their stands at the Park street corner of the Mall, where with a few oranges and other fruits placed upon some temporary table or box, they remain from morning until night, perhaps clearing by their small sales from one to two shillings per day. They are mostly old women, who can do nothing else for a living, and are patronized more from charity than from the tempting appearance of their goods.

One day, not long since, one of these old women became quite ill from exposure to the sun, and probably from want of proper nourishment, and was forced to leave her stand, and seat herself against the iron railings of the common, in the shade. A little bright eyed girl of thirteen summers, saw her limp to the spot, and also observed the anxious eye of the old woman directed towards her little store of oranges, nuts and candy—"Never mind those, ma'am," she said, "I'll go and get there till you are better, and sell for you."

The little miss, dressed with much taste and richness, with an air that indicated most unmistakably the class to which she belonged, sat down upon the rough box, behind the Irish woman's stand, assuming all the importance of a young saleswoman. She had never sold anything before in her life; but people began to stop and wonder what it meant to see the fair and beautiful child in that singular situation.

The story was soon told to the bystanders, who had only to point to the poor woman. In a moment, every one was seized with a very extraordinary desire for an orange, a handful of nuts, or some candy; and our little beauty could hardly serve them fast enough. Many, utterly refusing any change, gave her a penny, a dime, or a sixpence for a penny's worth of nuts or candy. It was all accomplished very quickly, though the little girl was somewhat disconcerted, and had to be encouraged by a whisper, now and then, from one who need not be named, for she was not accustomed to a crowd.

The table was soon swept, and we saw her, with her hands clasped, and her eyes half the saints of the calendar to bless the kind hearted child.—[Merry's Museum.

President Fillmore.

Millard Fillmore, who by the death of Gen. Taylor has become President of the United States, is a native of New York. He was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga Co., (of the true Whig stock of Bennington, Vt.) on the 7th of January, 1800, and is therefore fifty years of age. His father Nathaniel Fillmore, is a farmer, and is still living in Erie county, New York. In early life, Mr. Fillmore devoted four years to a mechanical pursuit, and during the whole of that period, occupied all his leisure hours in reading and study. At the age of nineteen, he attracted the notice of Judge Wood, of Cayuga county, who took him into his office. In 1821, he removed to Buffalo, and entered a law office, teaching for his maintenance until the year 1823, when he was licensed to practise in the Court of Common Pleas. In 1827, he was admitted an attorney of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. In 1829 he was elected member of the Assembly from Erie county, and was twice re-elected. He was elected to Congress in the fall of 1832, and after the expiration of his term resumed the practice of his profession. In 1836 he was again sent to Congress, and was subsequently re-elected for another term. During this session, he was placed at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means. In 1844, he was nominated by the Whig party as their candidate for Governor. In 1847 he was elected Comptroller of the State. In 1848 he was elected Vice President of the United States. On the 4th of March, 1849, he entered upon the duties of the office, and on the 10th inst was sworn in as President.

Mr. Fillmore was married in 1826 to Abigail Powers, the youngest child of Rev. Lemuel Powers. She is still living, and is described as a lady of great worth, modest and unobtrusive in her deportment, and highly esteemed for her many virtues. They have but two children. The oldest, a son, is a young man of about twenty-one years of age, who has just entered upon the practice of law in Buffalo. He is said to be about eighteen years of age. Her accomplishments are many and varied, and her independent, self-reliant character is exhibited in the fact that she is now, or was very recently, a teacher in one of the free public schools in Buffalo. She is one of the women of whom the Republic has much more reason to be proud than of all the gaudy women of fashion, who often show as much scorn for school teachers as they do ignorance of the true qualities of a republican character. Such a family will do honor to the White House.

Hon. Saul L. Southard of New Jersey was the successor of Mr. Tyler in the Chair of the Senate on the death of Gen. Harrison. Mr. Southard is since deceased.

COMPREHENSIVE.—The Lewistown Gazette of the 5th inst. says: "Our society too is composed of all classes; and big bugs and little bugs, the handsome, indifferent, and ugly, the genteel and snobby—can all be suited to their tastes. We have also a large number of handsome girls, some of whom know how to knit and darn, and would doubtless make excellent wives for those wanting a better half—while others know nothing beyond sweeping or dusting a parlor, and if an opportunity would offer could without question help any nabob to spend the means. Why, then, not come to Lewistown? We are sure, very sure, that no town along the blue Juniata can vie with us in any respect, or present one-half the inducement to visitors that we can."

DROWNED.—A young man named Macbride, in the employ of Messrs. Curtin, was accidentally drowned on Monday afternoon, in the first Lock below this borough. The flat on which he was engaged had entered the lock, upward bound, and in opening the wicket he fell in and was carried by the force of the water through the wicket into the lock and under the flat, from which situation he was not recovered until too late for resuscitation.—[Belleville Whig, July 17, 1850.

As you would save the strength and wind of a horse, drive slow up hill; and as you value your own and the life of the horse, drive slow down hill. But on level ground, if you must drive fast, draw a taut rein and "let him side."

Signor Fagnani, an Italian gentleman, took a sketch of the head and face of Gen. Taylor, just before he was placed in the coffin. No cast was taken, the family being unwilling that the skin should be disfigured, as it would probably be, by that process.

An exchange is out against "the credit system." Of course it can't grumble if other papers hook its articles.

THE HUMBLE DEAD.

Eulogies are written upon the deceased President, and he deserves them all. But of the thousand pens busy in commemorating his virtues, how few were diverted into an allusion to the obscure hundreds who met death by flood and fire, at the destruction of the ill-fated "Griffith;" how very few to the recent calamity in this city, by which the early-headed boy and blooming girl, the vigorous man, the aged and the infirm, were hurried into eternity. Such is the fate of the undistinguished and lowly. The bravest and the best are soon forgotten. We mourn them when first we hear their summons to the grave. Those who love them shed tears to their memory, and popular gratitude crowds their burial. Probably affection lingers by the tomb when the crowd has gone; but they are soon comparatively forgotten. If this is so with the great, how much more truly may the same picture be drawn of the humble dead! Contemplate the catastrophe of Tuesday. The mechanic at his desk bears the dread tocsin sound and runs to save his little tenement; but sees his wife and children buried in a fiery grave. Children returning from school see their parents perish before their eyes. The afflicted mother, the fond sister, the brave brother, hurled into eternity, by a fearful explosion. This is a scene to remember, not to forget. Gen. TAYLOR dies with the green laurels on his brow full of years and full of honors, with fame and fortune equal to his highest ambition. Honor him; deplore his death; canonize his name; but at the same time pause before the other event which demands your sympathy and awakens your reflections. Let us not prove the selfishness of our nature anew by carrying this exclusive adulation of power to that grave, which laughs at titles, and asserts the final equality of all.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The whole mission of the gospel is to remove error, to heal evil, to seek out and to save the straying sheep, and not to excite wrath and bitterness, to exercise tyranny, to malign, persecute and destroy. Men, indeed, have transformed it into a sword; but the gospel in its own legitimate character and influence, is only peace on earth and good will among men.

Good!

An Irishman had taken to reading his Bible. "And indeed it is true, and a blessed book it is."

"But," said the priest, "you are an ignorant man, and you ought not to read the Bible."

"Well," said Pat, "but your reverence must prove that before I'll give up reading my Bible."

And so the priest turned to the place where it reads, "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word."

"There," said the priest, "you are a babe, and you ought to go to somebody who can tell you what the sincere milk of the word is."

Pat was a milkman and he replied, "Your reverence, I was sick and employed a man to carry my milk, and he cheated me—he put water in it; and how do I know (saving your reverence,) but the priest may do the same?"

The priest was discomfited, and said, "Well, Pat, I see you're not quite so much of a babe as I thought you. You may read your Bible, but don't show it to your neighbors."

"Indeed your reverence," says Pat, "I've one cow that I know gives good milk; and while my neighbor has none, sure I'll give him a part of it whether your reverence likes it or not."

"I wansich to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to the clerk of a shipping office.

"Well," said the clerk, pen in hand "what's your name?"

"It ish Hans Vanansmann underdaunseaneyemendymitehenschipfeldmitschupprondromp!" said Dutchy, gravely spitting out his old quid, and taking a fresh one.

"Heavens!" said the astonished clerk, "I can't write that. Look a-her, Mister, what is it in English—do you know?"

"Yaw, Ich does. It is Yon Smid."

The poor clerk fainted.

BOYS! DO YOU HEAR THAT?—Most men seem to consider their school learning as if it were like a tadpole's tale, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

Parents, preachers, pedagogues, keep your temper—"molasses will catch more flies than vinegar."

An Army of Monkeys.

A NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE.
"They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"

"Oh, no," answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they can not leap the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain—you shall see." The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the comadreja or ridgetailed tribe.

One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigued parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several of the comadreas—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the arroyo.

At length they all collected around a tall cotton wood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and 20 or 30 of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly around the neck and forearm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his forepaws upon the ground.

As the monkey increased, the lowest monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain!

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was a question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the point d'appui on the other side was much lower down, and number one with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soured into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another guided him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost link now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared.—[Captain Reid's Adventures in Southern Mexico.]

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.—Germany has produced clocks, ghost stories, and printing; France, cooks, capons, compliments. Russia, mad emperors and hemp. Africa, ivory and ebony—blacks. England, roast beef, pudding and beer, and the blessings of conquest, taxation and good advice.—[*London Weekly Times.*

And America has produced pumpkins, dollars, the Fourth of July, the "peculiar institution," "manifest destiny," and "Bunkum" politicians.

When is music like vegetables? When there are two beats in one measure.