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ought to be his safeguard against temptation—expense follows expense. If his supplies are stopped, domestic broods destroy his peace; he continues to yield—difficulties thicken around him—he struggles, speculates, hazards his all on the cast of a die—he loses; if he escape positive crime, his mercantile honor and standing, his hopes, his energy—all are gone. This is no fancy figure—would that it were! Let the fate of Webster be a warning to mothers and daughters, as well as husbands and fathers, against the sin of extravagance.—(N. Y. Recorder.)

### The Pride of Ignorance, AND THE PRIDE OF SCIENCE—CONTRASTED.

But, says an objector, the natural philosopher esteems himself inordinately.

Tell me not of the pride of scientific men. We have, it is true, some few cases of the pride of learning; but a multitude of the pride of ignorance.  
The grossly ignorant man, imagining himself placed at the very centre of the earth's fancied plain, and exactly beneath the highest point in heaven's arch, with arms akimbo, struts forth, as the principal occupant of the material universe. This is manifest to common observation. Something like this, also, seen among the different classes in the same school, and in communities, among individuals of different grades of civilization.

An accurate knowledge of men and things, naturally represses pride and advances humility. The diligent student of nature, as he gains a deeper and deeper knowledge of the great book of God's wisdom, goodness and power, necessarily sees all finite glory dwindling and fading; he must see himself, too, depreciating in comparison with the extent and grandeur of the objects which successively occupy his vast and illuminated field of view.

Again, it is evident, that the more we learn of what other men have accomplished, in pursuits and circumstances like our own, and the more clearly we discover how much we depend on others for what we possess and accomplish, the more effectually will (not our pride) our humility be cultivated.

The philosopher is in circumstances peculiarly favorable to make him feel and acknowledge his heavy indebtedness to his predecessors and contemporaries. He can not fail of being convinced, that were any generation of men entirely destitute of transmitted knowledge, they could hardly within the ordinary limits of human life, find time to dress themselves and erect permanent dwellings. They must commence life as savages, and, at death, have nothing better than blankets and wigwags to bequeath to their savage successors. Had not Kepler inherited the avails of Tycho Brahe's labors in descriptive astronomy, it is certain he could never have been distinguished, in physical astronomy, as the legislator of the skies. Without a legacy from his ancestors, even Newton must, comparatively, have been poor, and the scientific wealth amassed and transmitted by Newton and others has been the making of their heirs, now the illustrious philosophers of Europe and America.

But if you chance to meet with a stubborn case of pride in a philosopher, do not hastily dismiss the case as incurable. He can be cured of any extraordinary degree of pride, if he has a breath of the spirit of true philosophy. But do nothing, I beseech you, to lessen his amount of science; rather follow the good old specific of Pope: Give him to drink more deeply. Direct his attention to the treasures of science already amassed. Show him the schools, the laboratories, and observatories, of Europe and the United States of America; show him their libraries whose shelves are bending beneath ponderous tomes, the faithful records of literary and philosophical research; show him the rich gifts of science to agriculture, commerce, and the whole sisterhood of the arts of peace; show him not only what has been accomplished, but show him every enlightened part of the earth, at this moment, busy as a bee-hive, in all the departments of philosophy. Then conduct him into those extensive fields of sober enterprise, which sound philosophy has projected; and you give him the position which Newton held under the conviction, that all which philosophy has done, in comparison with what it is destined to accomplish in ages to come, amounts to nothing more than the examination of a few pebbles and pearls thrown up on the shore of a broad ocean, under the undiminished treasures of its immense bed.

If our patient is not yet recovered, immerse him in the great deep of space. Show him something of the extent of Jehovah's works. Bid him look at himself, and then at the earth, whose extended radius spreads the earth's surface into an apparent plain. Next, equip him with the quick wings of light, putting him upon a rate of traveling equivalent to twenty-four diameters of the earth, in a single second.

### The Forest Burial.

Rest thee, loved one! we have laid thee,  
Where the wild wood maketh shade;  
There perfume the bed we made thee,  
Where we watched thee fade;  
Where we buried thy native dwelling,  
Where we laid thy resting place;  
Beneath the simple sod we bring—  
Four to join the funeral train.

### Life in the West—the Germans.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 22.

In my last notes, dated at Cincinnati, I mentioned in particular the German population of the West, and stated that he had conceived the idea of maintaining their nationality with all its peculiar institutions, customs and religion. Cincinnati is the centre of this new desire, perhaps I may say movement; and the condition and aspirations of the German population in Cincinnati may be taken as a fair specimen of the other German colonies or settlements in the West; and in led in the East also.

There are 50,000 European Germans in Cincinnati, which is nearly if not quite one third of the whole population. They reside in the northern part of the city between the canal and the hills. So thoroughly is this section of the city German, that if a native of Germany could fall asleep in his own country and awake up in this part of Cincinnati, he would still believe himself in the Father Land. Up to the present time, the Germans in Cincinnati have been very industrious and frugal and have acquired property rapidly. It is frequently remarked, that they will be the owners of the property of the city in ten or twenty years. They own a great amount of real estate now. But within a few years they have become somewhat prodigal in pleasure expenditures, and this may impair their industry and thrift, and totally change their worldly prospects. Time will test this.

But while these Germans are thus thrifty as to other matters, their morals and religious condition is deplorable. Not that they do not outwardly acknowledge the Bible and religion, but they so interpret the one and practice the other as to make their subsidiary to their free morals and manner. And the influence of this state of things is becoming visible on the American population. The Protestant idea of the Sabbath, is gradually giving way to the Roman Catholic idea of its being a day of recreation and mirth. With this change in the observance of the Sabbath will come a train of evils heretofore but little known in our country, and which will change our National character.

While in Cincinnati I obtained some accurate information from a well educated German Protestant Minister long resident there. He says:

### THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

Let me go to my home in the far-distant West,  
To the scene of my childhood in innocuous bliss,  
Where the tall cedars wave and the bright waters flow,  
Where my father reposes—let me go, let me go!

Let me go to the spot where the catamount plays,  
Where oft I have sported in boyhood's bright days,  
And gazed my poor mother, whose heart will overflow  
At the sight of her child—let me go, let me go!

Let me go to my old, by whose hall-bordered side  
I have sported so often in the arms of my pride,  
And exulted to conquer the innocent foe—  
To my father, the Chief, let me go, let me go!

And O let me go to my fishing-rod maid,  
Who taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade,  
Whose heart, like the dew's, leaps as pure as the snow,  
To the bosom it loves—let me go, let me go!

And O let me go to my wild forest-home,  
No more from its life-giving pleasures to roam;  
To the grove of the glen, let my ashes lie low—  
To my home in the woods let me go, let me go!

L. B. WOODRUFF.

### SEEKING THE GIRLS.—

The annexed queer entry is "said" to be copied from the Diary of John Adams, recently published. We always used to think John was "some pumpkins," but as he speaks so slightly of the girls, we doubt whether he was "any thing to brag of," after all. However he got married at last, and that was some attainment:

"Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday—All spent in absolute idleness, or (which is worse) gallanting the girls."

### A POWERFUL DOSE.—

Hahnemann's favorite method of giving homoeopathic remedies was by putting a pellet of sugar of milk, as large as a mustard seed or the head of a pin, moistened with the decillionth of a grain, or thirtieth dilution of the expressed juice of some medicinal plant, in a little vial, and allowing the patient to take one smell, or at most two, every seven or fourteen days.

The new three cent pieces which Congress did not authorize, and which of course were not issued, have received the commendations of the press in all parts of the country for their great beauty and convenience. The story of their issue was coined by an editor from his own brain, and (like many other issues of the same mint) is entirely spurious.

### The Entertainment by the Government of Great Britain of a Project for the Establishment of a powerful line of steam vessels between that country and the African coast, ostensibly for the conveyance of a monthly mail and the more effectual checking of the slave traffic, is strong proof, we think, of the value that the commerce between the two countries is capable of becoming. It may, in addition, be regarded as corroborative of the justice of the position taken by the advocates of a mail steamer line between this country and Africa. We are by no means disposed to look invidiously on the enterprising spirit exhibited abroad for securing a closer connection with a country, the great mercantile wealth of which is yet, comparatively speaking, untouched. This spirit should have on us no other than a stimulating effect. Besides, for years, if not ages to come, the trade with Africa can admit of no very close competition. The promised vastness of this trade, whilst excluding all idea of monopoly, must continue to exist to new enterprise by its unlimited rewards. It is unnecessary that we should exhibit statistics to show how largely England has benefited by her persevering though frequently interrupted communication with the interior parts of that great continent; nor to make plain how, with better knowledge and more ready means of a cross-oceanic risks will be remembered that the Congressional committee to whom the question of establishing mail steamers between this country and Africa was referred, advertised in their report to the aid its adoption would afford in the consummation of the plans of the Colonization Society. On the intimate relation between the one and the other, it was supposed that a good part of the required success was dependent. It is something singular that the colored race—those in reality most interested in the future destinies of Africa—should be so lightly affected by the evidences continually being presented in favor of colonization. He will do a service to this country as well as Africa, who shall do anything to open the eyes of the colored race to the advantages of emigration to the fertile and, to them, congenial shores of Africa.—Nat. Int.

### Product of California.

It is supposed that California has sent into the world during the past two years, full One Hundred and Fifty Millions of Dollars in gold dust, which was scattered thus:

Shipped to the United States	\$30,000,000
Taken to Oregon by miners	10,000,000
Taken to Mexico by miners	20,000,000
Taken to England, overland	15,000,000
Taken to England via Panama	20,000,000
Shipped to England via Cape Horn	10,000,000
Shipped to South America	25,000,000
Shipped to Sandwich Islands	5,000,000
Shipped to other parts of the world	10,000,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$150,000,000</b>

It would seem from this that but a small portion of the product has, up to this time, reached the United States. Uncle Sam has shaken the tree, while "the rest of mankind" has picked up the fruit. How much California has cost Uncle Sam and his children, is unknown—probably not a less sum in all (outlay and waste) than Two Hundred Millions of Dollars.

### New Use of the Telegraph.

It gives notice of storms! Thus, the telegraph at Chicago and Toledo notifies shipmasters at Cleveland and Buffalo, and also on Lake Ontario, of the approach of a north-west storm. The result is practically of great importance. A hurricane storm traverses the atmosphere at about the rate of a carrier pigeon, namely, sixty miles an hour. A vessel in the port of New York, about to sail for New Orleans, may be telegraphed, twenty hours in advance, that a south-west storm is advancing on the coast from the Gulf of Mexico. Thus dangers may be known and avoided. We are only on the threshold of the real, substantial advantages which may be rendered by the electro telegraph.

### Texas as it is.

The state of Texas, and in West Texas, is rather lamentable, as seen by the following remarks in a letter from one of the Boundary Commission, dated at San Antonio de Bexar:

"This once Spanish town, situated on the Gonsaloupe, expelled its original settlers, and, by an act, forbade them any privilege of settlement within its vicinity. Since the last Mayor was murdered by the inhabitants, in a town-riot, or some petty legal affair, no one has sought the office, the authority of which can not be enforced."

"The few white women that dwell in these hovels are like automatons, with no life-like or muscular action, and whose empty sounding words are as the hollow workings of a broken sucker in a pump-handle over a dry well."

### Astounding Freak of Nature.

On last Friday a week, an old lady aged 81 years, died at Lawrenceville, says the Pittsburg Journal, of a disease of the bowels. Prior to her death, it was discovered that a tumor existed in her abdomen, and after death, a post mortem examination was held, and a bony substance of an oval shape was removed. Upon sawing thro' it was discovered that the ossified covering was but thin, and that within it was contained a fully developed female child. So perfectly formed was the child in all its parts, that no difficulty, whatever, was found in deciding upon its sex at once, and from facts afterwards learned, the woman must have carried it for forty years!

The circumstances which sustain this supposition are these: Her niece, with whom she lived up to the time of her death, distinctly recollects that at one time, her aunt supposed herself to be enceinte, and went so far as to make all the preliminary preparations for the expected little stranger; but, to the astonishment of all the infant was never born. About this time her husband died, and from that period until her death, her general health was good.

### Written Handbills.

It seems strange, yet it is nevertheless true, that there are many persons who yet continue to advertise their vendues and public sales by written notices. Such persons are about as far behind the times as the man who would attempt to take his wheat to Philadelphia or Baltimore, with his own team, simply because he would have to pay a small sum as toll and freight on the canal or railroad. A printed handbill strikes the right at once, and literally speaking, we may say "he who runs may read," while none out of every ten can not read, even a legible hand, without some trouble. There never was a better illustration of the "pennywise and pound foolish" system, than these written advertisements. We have known a number of instances where certain articles which were much in demand were unnecessarily sacrificed by this false idea of economy. One more bidder may make a difference that would pay the printer ten times over.

### A Solar Lamp.

TAKEN BY THE INDIANS TO BE THE MOON.

A few years since, an American officer was stationed at a fort near one of the northern lakes. During the long winter months and his wife were indeed very happy, for there were whites enough in the neighborhood to make a pleasant circle, and the Indians were exceedingly friendly; but the first Summer evening when Mrs. B. raised her low windows, and hung aside the curtains, to let in the fresh air, placed her little table in the middle of the white floor, and lighted her petty solar lamp, brought from her home with so much care, and the instrument was sitting in the door looking out upon the forest, peaceful as the shadow that lay on the ground, the pair were startled by the appearance of many Indians, thrusting their dark visages in at every window, and running hurriedly past the door, looking in and pointing upward to the sky, and clapping their hands and laughing with signs all mysterious as the object of their visit; until, overcome with wonder and delight, they exclaimed: "Wessayah! Wessayah! she has caught a moon! she has caught a moon!"

### How very True!

An excellent writer in Hunt's Magazine enumerates the following causes of failures among business men:—1. The leading one is an ambition to be rich—by grasping too much, it defeats itself. 2. Another cause is an aversion to labor. 3. The third cause is an impatient desire to enjoy the luxuries of life before the right to them has been acquired in any way. 4. Another cause arises from the want of some deeper principle for the distinguishing between right and wrong, than a mere nod to what is established as honorable in the society in which one happens to live.

### Which is the Fool.

A gentleman, in the habit of occasionally using intoxicating drinks, took up an able temperance address and set down in his family to peruse it. He read it through, without saying a word, when he exclaimed, "This man is a fool, or I am!" He then read it again, and when again he had finished it, a second time he exclaimed, "This man is a fool, or I am!" A third time he read it with still greater care, and as he finished the last sentence, exclaimed, "I am the fool!" and never tasted a drop of ardent spirits afterwards.

### A Dog's Tail.

A writer in a New York paper thus unravels the philosophy of a rather twisted subject. We subscribe to his dog mas:

"There is a great deal of philosophy in a dog's tail. It is as great a telegraph as a dog's tail. If a dog is pleased, his tail is immediately in a wag-gish humor; if he is afraid, it slopes; if angry, it sticks out. You can tell the character and disposition of a dog by his tail, as well as Fowler can decipher yours from the bumps."

### A Free Translation.

A very smart, precocious youth, in one of the Latin schools of Boston, coming to the passage, "Quis custodiet custodes?" in one of his daily recitations, astounded his teacher by translating it, "Who shall have custody of the custards?"

### A Fruit Cultivator of Clarkmont county, Ohio,

is said to have realized a profit of more than \$10,000 during the past season from the sale of peaches.

stormy and rainy weather. The ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in producing pleasure by music, singing, and dramatic efforts; the drinks and eatables were also of the best kind. Hurray for New Germany!"

### Great Suffering on the Plains.

From the North American.

\$700 offered for a Cup of Water and reward—\$40 per Pound—the Cholera on Platte River.

STOCKTON, Cal., Sept. 20, 1850.

I have just conversed with a gentleman from New York, who, with three of his brothers, arrived here yesterday, after a four months' journey across the country. He states that about 70,000 persons are on the road now. The four brothers started with two six mule teams, plenty of provisions, clothing, money, &c., and arrived at Stockton with the loss of almost everything.

He states that on both branches of the Platte the Cholera prevailed to a horrible extent, hundreds dying daily. The waters of the Platte are thick and muddy, and he attributes the escape of his party from sickness to their precautions in boiling the water or coffee before drinking. The graves of emigrants, he says, were thick at every camping place near the Platte. In crossing the Great Basin this side of the Great Salt Lake, their sufferings were indescribable.

"The sand was knee deep, the sun broiling hot; not a tree was to be seen; there was no water, and their provisions were all gone. Fortunately, after passing over about 100 miles of this hideous desert, they had come across a man who had gone 40 miles further, found a good spring and returned with two barrels of water. The water he first sold for \$1 per gallon, then \$1 per quart, then \$10 per pint, and as the emigrants came along, each almost choked to death and completely exhausted, his prices raised, and no man could have borne within the power of a poor emigrant was refused to be paid. When the water was nearly all gone, a man came along who for three whole days and nights had drunk but a half a pint of fluid. He was almost dead, and begged for some water. The answer was, 'I have not enough to last myself and animals back to the Spring.' \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000, was offered in succession for one little cup full of water, and the dealer refused it. The wretched emigrant threw down \$700, all he had in the world, and by main force grasped the cup and quenched his thirst."

This statement seems incredible; but my informant is a man of intelligence and probity, and his word can not be doubted. Soon after leaving the water trader, the party came across a company who had a little flour, which they would not part with until the offer of \$40 per pound tempted them to sell. One lb. of flour was sold for eight hundred dollars, and glad enough was the purchaser to get it. Upon arriving at Carson's river, they found provisions plenty, but very high. Flour was \$250 per lb. A single meal of two small pies, coffee, and some pilot bread, cost them \$11 per man. Provisions, it was expected, would soon be much lower on Carson's river, as many informants met immense trains of provisions on the way from this valley. Whilst crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains, the party was enveloped in a snow storm, and at the last passed the snow fell six or seven inches on one night. This pass is not over 150 feet in width, and is on the side of a steep declivity. Above the road the rock towers almost perpendicularly, 250 ft, whilst below it is almost equally abrupt. At the bottom was seen innumerable carcasses of mules, cattle, and wild animals. My informant says it is the almost universal opinion at Carson's river that not one third of the emigration can cross the Sierra Nevada mountains before the winter sets in and renders the road impassable. He thinks they can winter very well in Carson's valley. His party expected to meet with, and thought they were provided for, every hard-ship. He says he has traveled extensively through Europe, but no scenery there equals in sublimity and beauty many of the views on the land route across this continent. Nevertheless, he declares he would give all he possessed in the world or all he hopes to possess, if he could only banish from his memory the many horrors he felt and witnessed on his terrible journey.

Yours, truly,  
G P W.

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