

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1851.

Volume VIII, Number 19.
Whole Number—383.

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

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,
Issued on Wednesday mornings at Lewisburg,
Union county, Pennsylvania.
TERMS—\$1.00 per year, for each copy in advance;
\$1.75 if paid within three months; \$2.00 if paid within a
year; \$2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cents for
single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less to
be paid in advance. Discontinuance optional with the
Publisher, except when the year is paid up.
ADVERTISEMENTS—Inserted at 50 cents per
square, one week; \$1 four weeks; \$1 a year; two squares,
\$1 for six months; 25 for a year. Monthlies advertise-
ments, not exceeding one fourth of a column, \$10 a year,
JOB WORK, and usual advertisements to be paid for
when inserted or on delivery.
Circulars and notices of general inter-
est, not within the range of party or sectarian contest.
All letters must come post paid, accompanied by the real
address of the writer, to receive attention. If they
relate exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be di-
rected to HENRY C. HICKOK, Editor, and those on
business to O. N. WORDEN, Printer.
Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over
the Post Office.
D. S. WORDEN, Proprietor.

The Nervous Gentleman.

REMINISCENCES BY AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.

The most troublesome patient which a nerv-
ous, fidgety, hypochondriacal gentleman;
and were it not that such patients are rather
profitable, the members of the medical pro-
fession would raise a great outcry upon
the subject, and nerves and nervousness
would be rated bores instead of being at-
tended with great gravity, and prescribed
with great regularity, the "ordinary
medicine" given consisting of bread pills
rolled in magnesia, and effervescent draugh
of *ad libitum*, according to the patient's
credulity and purse. I am a retired physi-
cian now, so I can afford to be a little
candid now and then.

Nearly twenty years ago, there lived in
Bloomsbury Square one of my best patients,
by name Augustus Brown.

Mr. Brown was a gentleman of compe-
tent independence, and of a literary and
virtuous turn of mind. At about forty
years of age, he began to study medicine
a little, and to take care of his health a
great deal. He bought medicine books,
prowled about the wards of hospitals, and
made himself as unhappy as any comfort-
able, middle-aged, single gentleman could
wish to be. I learned these particulars of
him from a friend who recommended him
to me.

When I was first called to attend him,
not knowing that his diseases were all im-
aginary, I was quite taken in for about a
quarter of an hour or so.

I found him lying on his back on the
sofa, the room darkened, and he was
groaning in an extremity of anguish. I
turned to his housekeeper, who had mar-
shalled me in, and said: "What is the
matter with Mr. Brown?"

He heard me, and called out: "What is
the matter—the matter? Oh! oh! oh!
I advanced towards him, and said, I
am sorry to find you so indisposed, sir.
Oh! oh! oh! was his only answer.

Perhaps, I continued, you will have the
kindness to describe your symptoms.

After a few preparatory groans, he com-
menced,—oh! oh! oh!—"you'll scarcely
believe it, but look at my leg; down to
my ankle, I mean. Oh! oh! oh! horrible,
horrible."

I cast my eyes down to his ankle, and
to my surprise, saw that it was tied fast by
a silk handkerchief to the leg of the sofa.

"What is this for?" I said.

"Oh! oh! oh! is his too heavy!"
"Too heavy, sir?"
"Too heavy, sir."

"Ridiculous!"
"Master says, sir, as he's got so heavy
he's obliged to be on the ground floor."

"Tell him I'll be with him immediately."
The boy who had come from Brown's
departed and I felt myself thoroughly posed
by this second extraordinary fancy of Mr.
Augustus Brown.

So much, thought I, for my extreme
cleverness in inventing the preponderating
pills.

I however, lost no time in going to my
eccentric patient. I found him in the
kitchen, lying on his back, in the middle
of the floor, and groaning as usual.

"Oh!—ah!" he cried, when he saw me,
you are come. Oh! oh! oh!
Yes, I said, with difficulty repressing a
smile; I am sorry to hear you are not
quite well, Mr. Brown.

Quite well! Oh! oh! oh!
What is the matter now, sir?
Oh, doctor, those preponderating pills.
Oh! oh! oh!
What of them, sir?
They are too powerful. Much too
strong, sir—awfully strong.

Too strong?
Yes, doctor; they have driven me to
the other extreme.

Indeed?
Yes. You know how dreadfully light I
was; you had, you recollect, to hold me
from shooting out of the window.

Hem! said I.
Well, do you know, he continued, I'm
now altogether as dreadfully dense and
heavy? You see I'm forced to be on a
ground floor, or else I should go through
the boards. Oh! oh! oh!
You must leave off the pills, said I.

Ah, that's all very well, doctor; but
you see the mischief is done. Here's a
weight.

So saying, up went his leg, and down
again with a heavy dab.

What do you think of my case now? he
said. Here is a dreadful situation to be
placed in. Heavier than lead—horrible,
horrible! If I once begin, from my ex-
treme heaviness, to break through the
crust of the earth, where shall I stop? Oh!
oh! oh!

It's rather a serious case, said I; but
there are remedies.

Remedies! you bring me new life.
Yes. You must take some anti-podero-
us draught, and be careful of your diet.
My diet?

Oh! yes you could. There, you see,
I've let go your collar.

But I'm holding on, you perceive, and
it's no little exertion. I begin to think
you don't understand my case.

Oh! yes, I do, said I; you must have a
course of *preponderating pills*.

What? he cried, suddenly dropping his
leg.

Preponderating pills.
I never heard of them.

Very likely.
But, my dear sir, he exclaimed, bolting
up-right.

Dear me, Mr. Brown, I said, you are
better.

No, I ain't—oh! oh! ah!
Well, I can remedy your disease.

You can?
Yes, by the preponderating pills.
They will increase my density, I sup-
pose, by contracting the—absorbents,
and so on.

Exactly.
Astounding! My dear sir, you are the
only medical man that ever understood
my case, and last year, when I was gradu-
ally VITRIFYING—

Gradually what?
Turning into a kind of porcelain—
Oh!

Well, I went to Abernethy, and what
do you think he did—the fool!
I shook my head.

What, he told me to squat down like
a Chinese, and try and have some odd colors
burnt into me, so that by the time I was
finished, I should be a respectable manda-
rin for an old China closet.

Indeed!
Yes; and when I remonstrated he actu-
ally turned me out!—oh! oh! ah!
I flattered myself that I had made a
great hit in Mr. Augustus Brown's case,
by my mention of the preponderating
pills, and I was only astonished at the
amount of credulity upon the subject. I
sent him some extremely mild pills, com-
posed of a common harmless drug, and
waited the result with some degree of pa-
tience, and a considerable degree of expec-
tation.

In a few days a message came to me to
go to Mr. Brown immediately, for he
feared he was sinking fast.

Sinking fast, said I.
Yes, sir.
Is he so weak?
Weak, sir?

Yes; you say he is sinking.
Oh, it is because he is TOO HEAVY!
Too what?
Too heavy, sir.
Ridiculous!

Master says, sir, as he's got so heavy
he's obliged to be on the ground floor.
Tell him I'll be with him immediately.

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It's rather a serious case, said I; but
there are remedies.

Remedies! you bring me new life.
Yes. You must take some anti-podero-
us draught, and be careful of your diet.
My diet?

Yes.
What must I eat?
Mutton, principally.

Very good. Oh, doctor, you are a clever
practitioner. I find you understand my
case. You are the only medical man who
ever took a sensible view of my situation.
Oh! oh! ah!

Now, thought I, as I made up a draught
of distilled water with some vegetable col-
oring matter, for Mr. Augustus Brown;
now I think I have managed this trouble-
some patient pretty well.

Alas! how vain are human anticipations.
Just three nights after, I was roused up
in the middle of my first sleep so violently,
that I thought for a moment that the
house must be on fire. I popped my head
out of window, and asked, Who's there?

Me, was the reply, a very unusual one by
the way, under such circumstances.
Who's me? said I, with a laudable
contempt at the moment for grammar.

Please, sir, Mr. Brown's boy.
Oh! Mr. Augustus Brown?
Yes, sir.

Is he light or heavy this time?
That's gone off, sir!
What, cried I, some new freak?
Please, sir, yes.

Well what?
Master, sir, says as how you must come
directly, cos he's a going to be MERRY-
MERRY-MERRY.

Oh?
MERRY-MERRY, please, sir.
Merry—what?
That's what he called it, sir.

Just try and explain yourself, will you,
my boy?

Why, sir, I think as he means he's go-
ing to be turned into *something else*.

Oh! Metamorphosed.
Something like that, sir, or some other
wild animal.

Tell your master I'll be with him soon.
The boy departed, and with great vexa-
tion, and which even the prospect of my
fee could not subdue, I put on my clothes,
and sallied out to see Mr. Brown's meta-
morphosis.

What put such a thing into his head?
said I to myself. At least, my medicine is
innocent this time.

When I arrived at Bloomsbury Square,
I found the whole house in confusion, and
I was shown into the drawing-room where
sat Mr. Brown in a night-gown and slip-
pers.

Good night, Mr. Brown, said I.
He shook his head: Doctor, oh! oh! ah!
Well, sir?
You have done it, at last.

Done what?
Me, sir, me—Augustus Brown, Esq.
As how, sir?
What directions did you give me when
you were last here? Yes; now, don't
cavil.

Certainly not. I told you to take the
pills I would send you.

Well, sir; and what else, sir?
I told you to attend to your diet.

But what did you tell me to eat?
Mutton.
Ah!
Well, Mr. Brown, what of all that?
Mutton?
Yes, mutton.

Well, doctor, I have eaten mutton. I
must have taken mutton for breakfast,
mutton for luncheon, mutton for dinner,
mutton for tea, and, sir, I took mutton for
supper.

I could not, for my life, suppress a
smile, and it put Mr. Brown quite in a
rage.

So, he cried, you laugh, do you?
Nay, my good sir—
Don't good sir me—you laughed sir.
Very well.

Oh! it's very well, is it? Well, doc-
tor, what do you suppose has been the re-
sult of all this mutton, oh, sir? I wait
your answer.

A great demand for sheep, said I, smil-
ing.
Don't smile, he cried.

Well, then, seriously speaking, Mr.
Brown, I do not apprehend any particular
result.

You don't.
Then I do.
So I presume. But may I ask what,
Mr. Brown?

You may, sir?
Ma—s—s—
What?
Ma—s—s—
Are you mad, or joking?

Neither, doctor, but I've eaten so much
mutton that you see, as a natural result, I
am in process of becoming a sheep.

Mr. Brown, said I.
Ma—s—s—, he replied.
Sir?
Ma—s—s—
Let me tell you, once for all—
Ma—s—s—
You are the unhappy victim—

I know it. Ma—s—s—
Of self-delusion.
Eh?
Self-delusion, I repeat, Mr. Brown.

What, sir?
You are a nervous hypochondriac, sir.
I am no such thing, sir.
You are, Mr. Brown. Your complaints
are delusions, the creatures of your own
fancy.

You don't understand my case, sir.
Perfectly I do.
You are a fool! (I smiled) an idiot, sir!

Delusion, indeed! Ma—s—s—oh—oh—
ah! (I laughed outright)
Leave my house, ignoramus! he cried.

Thus ended my first connection with
Mr. Augustus Brown, the nervous gentle-
man, whom, however, I attended for many
years afterwards.

JOHN G. SAXE, a Lawyer and Whig Editor somewhere in Vermont, thus hits off (in a recent Collegiate Address) the grandiloquence of our "4th of July-ars."

Let the bold skeptic who denies our worth,
Just bear it proved on any "Glorious Fourth,"
When patriot tongues the thrilling tale rehearse
In grand orations, or reciting verse;
When poor John Bull beholds his marines sink
Before the blast, his swelling floods of ink,
And vents his wrath, till all around is blue,
To see his armies yearly fogged anew;
While honest Dutchmen, "round the speaker's stand,
Forget, for once, their dear-loved father-land;
And thrifty Colonians blow the tale
That gives them freedom at so cheap a rate,
And with equal fervor "la baptême"
And not a haube for the boon to pay;
And Gallia's children prudently relieve
Their bursting looms with so good a "give"
For "St. America" as when their voices swell
With equal glory for "la baptême";
And staid ones of Erin's blessed Isle
Grow patriotic in the Celtic style,
And, all for friendship, brine each other's eyes,
As when St. Patrick claims the sacrifice,
While thronging Tankens, all intent to hear
As if the speaker were an auctioneer,
Swell with the throng, till every mother's son
Feels all his country's magnitude his own.

The Potato in Ireland.

In a work entitled "Annals of the Famine
in Ireland," by Mrs. A. Nicholson, we
find the following interesting extracts.
The writer traveled through Ireland during
the famine of 1847, 1848, and 1849, and
what she says is from actual observation:

ATTACHMENT TO THE POTATO.

A brother of Theobald Mathew had
planted a field of twenty-seven acres, in
almost certain faith that they would not
be blasted; for weeks they flourished, and
promised to yield an abundant crop. The
poor people in the neighborhood were
blessing the good God for the beautiful
patch of the "kind gentleman," and
seemed as happy as though they were rip-
ening for their own use. They had been
known to go and look into the field, and
take off their hats, and in humble adora-
tion bless the name of God, for his great
mercy in sending them the potato again.

This was their usual practice when they
saw a field looking vigorous. But in one
night the spoiler came—this beautiful
field in the morning had, in isolated spots,
the withering touch of the fatal disease.

In a few days the rich extensive crop
would not pay the laborer for his toil in
gathering it. All was over, and in silent
despondency each one submitted to the
stroke. The "still small voice" seemed to
say, "Be still, and know that I am God."

It was something for which man could not
reprove his brother; and he dared not re-
proach his God. "And what," said an
old woman, sitting by her vegetable stall,
"old become of us miserable bodies, if
God Almighty had sent the blast on us
and left the potato?"

This was in the Autumn of 1845, when
but a partial failure took place—the blast
had not yet fallen on man; but it did fall,
and swept them down as grass before the
mower's scythe, yet not one of the victims,
through long months of starvation, was
heard to murmur against God. They
thanked his holy name, both when they
saw the potato grow in luxuriance, and
when they saw it dried, as by a scorching
heat. It was one of the most touching
striking features of the famine, to see a
family looking into a withered patch, which
the day before looked promising, and hear
the exclamations of wonder and praise,
weeping and thanksgiving, mingled to-
gether, "He's sent the blast, blessed be
his holy name." "His blessing will be done
—and we're all poor sinners," &c. They
literally and practically carried out the
principle of one in ancient days, who said,
"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in
Him;" for though year after year they saw
the root on which they and their fathers
had lived, melt away, yet they could not
be persuaded but that the good God would
give them the potato again; and in 1846-
7-8-9, when each successive year had pro-
duced the same if not worse effects, they
yet persisted in saving, oftentimes by
stealth, some part of a sound potato, to
keep it from the hungry mouths of their
children, that they might put it in the
ground, and "Praise God we will have the
potato again," would be the persevering
reply to all expostulation. So wedded are
they to this root, that notwithstanding
many know and deeply feel that it has been

their rod of oppression, yet they emphati-
cally "kiss the rod, and Him that hath ap-
pointed it," and could a decree now go
forth that the potato should be restored to
its pristine soundness and health, and that
the present generation and their posterity
for ever should feed on this root exclu-
sively, and have work six days a week, at
fourpence or sixpence a day, there would
be a universal jubilee kept throughout moun-
tain and glen, and bonfires from hill top
to bog would extinguish the light of moon
and star, for many a joyful night. And
let it be expected by those who would do
good to Ireland, and elevate her in the
scale of being, that it will be many a long
year before the sickle will be as joyfully
and heartily worked as the spade. This
spade has a thousand associations, entwining
in and about the hearts of parent and
child, which no other instrument of hus-
bandry can claim; it has cut the turf that
lighted up the mud-wall cabin, and boiled
the "blessed potato;" it has dug the pit in
front of the cabin for the duck pond, it
has piled the manureheap at the corner,
mountain high; it has planted the ridge
which furnished their daily bread; it has
made the ditch, and repaired the road; it
has stood by the hearth or door through
many a dark and stormy night, to guard
the little stack for the cow against the
title gatherer; it has been a fireside and
field companion; and above all, and over
all, it has measured and hollowed out many
a last sleeping bed for a darling child, a
beloved husband or wife, and in the dark
days of the famine it has often been the
only companion to accompany the father,
mother, husband, wife, or child, who has
had the corpse of a hunger stricken rela-
tive in a sack or tied to the back, to con-
vey it to the dread unconfined pit, where
are tumbled, in horrid confusion, the star-
ved dead of all ages.

The Farmer.

From the People's Own.
Drilling Wheat.

Messrs. Editors:—Having a little
leisure, and being desirous of saying some-
thing that would be of benefit to the Farm-
ers of this county, I will take the pre-
sumption to intrude upon your columns,
and the patience of your farmer readers for
a brief space, whilst I shall endeavor to
show them the advantages of Drill Hus-
bandry over the old system. In doing so,
I am not actuated by the vain thought that
I am wiser than my neighbors, but will
merely say what I have learned from the
truthful teaching of that sage instructor,
experience.

In England and in China, where the
population is very dense, and where every
inch of ground is cultivated to the best ad-
vantage, drilling is very fully and exten-
sively practiced. But we need not go so
far from home for evidence of its superi-
ority. In our sister States of Pennsylvania
and Delaware, it has been practiced for
several years with signal success. In the
counties of Lancaster and Chester in
Penn'a, and in New Castle in Delaware,
it has almost entirely superseded the old
plan. And why? Surely it must have
some advantages over the old system, or
those keen-eyed, money-saving farmers of
Lancaster would not adopt it. From Dr.
Noble, of New Castle county, Delaware,
where farming is carried to a greater per-
fection than perhaps anywhere else in the
United States, we have published facts,
sustained by the sworn certificates of dis-
interested persons, clearly showing the
superiority of drilling wheat over broad-
casting. The result of his experience was
that, in his crops, averaging from 28 to 35
bushels per acre, the drilled wheat pro-
duced from 7 to 8 bushels per acre more
than the broadcast.

But now to our experience. The writer
of this, long since impressed with the idea
that our old system of sowing wheat was
radically wrong, was determined as soon
as he could do so, to obtain a drill. This he
did two years ago, and the result of his
experience has fully confirmed him in his
previously formed opinions. He reasoned
in this wise: If we plant one grain of
wheat, it should bring us one stalk, and
that stalk one head, containing 50 grains.
Now this is low, for one grain almost in-
variably brings 3 or 4 stalks, and often
many more. But to show more clearly
the strength of our position, we will make
it as low as possible. If then we get for
every grain we sow, one head containing
30 grains, we get 30 for 1. But is such
the case in our old practice of sowing
wheat? No! and I am sorry to say very
far from it. I have, for a number of
years, kept a regular account of my crops
harvested, and the seed sown to produce
that harvest. For 10 years, from 1839
to 1848, inclusive, the average yield for
wheat sown broadcast, has been 7 1/2 to 1
sown, which was 15 per acre, assuming 2
bushels to have been sown per acre.

In 1843 it was as low as 5 to 1, and in
1848 as high as 11 to 1. Now, if, as we
have shown, 30 to 1 can be raised at the
lowest rate we can put it, and our data
show a yield of only 7 1/2 to 1, I ask where
is the enormous loss? Certainly the greater
part of it is in the manner of putting
in the seed. When put in with the plow,
some is covered so deep that the influence
of the sun and air never reach it, and it
rots. Some is put in so shallow that in
the winter it is frozen out, and also lost.

Whilst but a small portion that happens
to be in the right place remains to repay
the husbandman for his arduous labor.
But when planted with the Drill the case
is different. Being planted at a regular
depth, comparatively none is lost, and be-
ing in the bottom of the furrow, the action
of the frost in winter tends to feed it with
the crumbling earth, thereby cultivating it.

My drilled wheat last year, that was un-
injured by the fly, from 1 1/2 sown per acre,
produced me 15 to 1. Now this is consid-
erably above the broadcast. This year it
promises much better. I knew a lot last
year which was drilled, that produced 22
to 1 sown, without manure. But the ad-
vantage of drilling is not only in the in-
creased proportionate yield, but also in the
saving of seed and labor, which is a consid-
erable item. In seeding 100 acres with
the drill, you save from 50 to 75 bushels
of wheat in the seed; you save the trouble
of furrowing out your ground, of sowing
your wheat, of above ploughs, and of the
extra force required to shovel it in. With
the drill, after the ground is ploughed and
harrowed, one man, a boy and two horses
will put in 7 or 8 acres a day, and that can
be done whilst the plows are going on some
other field.

In conclusion, let me advise any Farmer
who doubts what I have said, to procure a
good drill and try it fairly—not only once,
but several times, and my word for it, he
will never quit it. But my advice is, get

Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind's second concert at Roches-
ter, was as before fully attended, and gave
general satisfaction. The premiums at the
auction sale of tickets, amounted to
\$2,500, which goes to charities.

A propos—we learn that Madlle Lind
made her appearance on foot in the streets
of Auburn several times, while in that
city—and because she could do so without
the annoyance of a train of followers. She
visited the prison, also, and was conducted
through the shops, occasionally speaking
encouraging words to the convicts, who
were permitted by the keeper, under the
relaxation of the rules to reply. In one
of the shops, a convict, aware of her pres-
ence, sent round a shaving among his fel-
lows upon which her name was written
with chalk. The kind interest she exhib-
ited in their behalf, seemed to touch the
hearts of not a few of them. Madlle Lind
also visited Owaseo Lake, famous for its
echo. She sang the echo song there, and
was enchanted with the precision with
which her own notes came down to her—
Albany Argus.

AN INCIDENT.—Yesterday morning a
number of fine looking Indians, men and
women, were favored with an interview by
Jenny Lind, in her apartments at the
Eagle Hotel, where she sung several of
her most admired songs, greatly to the
delight of the children of the forest. The
melody of the "Nightingale" was over-
heard in the street, and in a few minutes
a crowd of several hundred people had col-
lected in front of the Eagle to catch as well
as they might, her witching notes.—*Roch.
American.*

A Scene in Court.