LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1851.

Volume VIII., Number 35.
Whole Number---399.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

Issued on Wednesday mornings at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, for each actually 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 handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square, one week, $1 four weeks, $5 a year; two squares, $1 for six months, $7 for a year. Mercantile advertisements, not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year.

JOB WORK and casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

COMMUNICATIONS solicited on all subjects of general interest 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. ☞Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

NEW. Just at the confluence of the Chemung and the North Branch of the Susquehanna, lies the prettiest little village in Northern Pennsylvania. The writer once had *typeical* acquaintance with many cultivated minds in that vicinity, whose contributions in prose and verse rank high in the annals of periodical literature. One of their latest productions we copy below, and believe it will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all who have ever left a "home" worth remembering. We find it in the *Waverley Luminary*, a neat weekly journal recently started at *Waverley, N. Y.*, just over the State Line, three miles above Athens. W.

Lines written on the Eve of Departure from Home.

My soul is sad to-night—is full of sorrow!
Adown my cheek drops fast the burning tear;
For when the blessed sun shall rise to-morrow,
I must depart, my talking is not heard;
And now the thought, to banish from the fair one
Comes the sad thought, "thou will return no more!"

The cricket's voice, with like soul-stirring measure,
Hath oft hath cheered me in my lonely hour,
Now seems to sound a funeral dirge around the hearth's enclosure—
A hard'ning on my soul of crushing power;
As if—from a changing fortune to deplore—
In mockery singing, "he returns no more!"

You sky that lendest me fair in beauty o'er me,
You stars that seem like tears above the eye,
You moon that brings all cherished forms before me,
On whose mild face all eyes have mused with mine—
With all their charms, I fear will ne'er return
Their glories lost—though a "return no more."

Reclined upon the stone, the wakeful sleeping,
At eve I listened to the morn-ring dove—
O'er my sad soul ten thousand memories crowding—
Till I was fain with joy and grief to weep!
For all along that eve, entranced, I drank
There seems to float, "thou will returns no more!"

I love my home, my father, and my mother,
I love the very air we've breathed so long;
I love my friend, my sister, and my brother—
Love's fount, unfathomed, twined so hard and strong!
Yes, love doth ever from my heart's fount pour,
Though it still murmurs, "he returns no more."

Returns no more! perhaps my home's sweet vision,
Where "sun and moon and stars" still sweetly shine,
Ere long may be like morning mist deported,
Or fading light, at closing day's declining;
And though I travel hence my native shore,
"My home" to me perchance may be "no more."

But home on earth, what is it but the shadow
Of that eternal Home in realms above,
Where each dear child, on earth a wanderer ever,
Finds father, mother, in THE FATHER'S love!
Landed in safety on that blessed shore,
How full of joy, that I "return no more!"

ATHENS, Oct. 1851.

Allopathy vs. Homœpathy.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

My wife, like all excellent housewives, has a passion for doctoring. In fact, unless I misjudge her, she is rather pleased than otherwise when I and the children are a little ailing, since it gives her an opportunity to administer her medicines and watch the miraculous cures effected.

When we first married, she was a devout Allopathist. Thompsonianism was a popular hobby, at that time; but my wife escaped the infection; indeed she hated the new school so consistently that once I came near dying of cholera, for she refused to administer the prescription, because it tasted like Number Six.

In those good old days it was a treat to see her apothecary shop, as I called the cupboard, in our bed chamber, where she kept her medicines. The shelves were choked up with boxes, full of plasters and powders; while rows of phials, of all sizes, and duly labeled, covered the walls. I often thought, that if I ever had to break, I could begin the world afresh as an apothecary, with the contents in that cupboard; for there was everything in it necessary to a complete stock in trade, from antimonial wine for the children to arsenic for the rats.

It used to be, in those times, if I complained of headache: "My dear, you are bilious: take half a dozen of these pills; or a dose of calomel now, with some jalap before you go to bed, will cure you, depend upon it." If I had a hoarseness, she would say: "Flaxseed tea is the very thing for you." If the cold was in my head, it was: "Take this warm punch to-night, I'll cover you up with blankets." And if a quinzy was the complaint: "Bless me," she would cry, "your woollen stocking, wrapped around your throat, will put all to rights: mother used to say a woollen stocking was sovereign for sore throat, especially if it had been worn about a week."

But the rise of Homœpathy has quite unsettled my good wife's notions. For a long time she fought against the innovation: then she grew doubtful about its being so very bad; then she began to experiment with it; and finally she became a convert, out and out. I still cling to the old school myself, for I dislike change, and magnesia especially agrees with me; besides, I like to get the worth of my money in medicine as in other things. But ever since her quarrel with our family physician which I am about to relate, Mrs. Jones has doctored herself and her children Homœopathically. As they don't die, but eat as much butcher's beef as ever, I'm inclined to think that their favorite pills are not injuring them much. Perhaps, however, the mischief is being done by slow decay. It is certain that Mrs. Jones grows thinner and paler yearly, nor do I see that the nerves of the dear sufferer improve, with all her pulsatilla. But to my story.

My wife was still doubtful whether to turn Homœpathist or cling to the old school, at the time that Harry, our fourth and youngest, was born. On similar auspicious occasions she had been accustomed to employ her mother's family physician, partly because he had presided at her own "first appearance" on this sublunary sphere, and partly because Dr. Moses was regarded as infallible by nine-tenths of the married ladies of the town. But latterly, in other ailments, she had been consulting a Homœpathic physician. However, precedent carried the day; and Dr. Moses, as usual, was summoned.

Things went charmingly for more than a fortnight. The splendid bays of Dr. Moses, which had at first, stopped daily at our door, began to make their appearance only occasionally; and, in fact, my wife considered herself well, and dressed accordingly, each day, in her most becoming cap and wrapper, in order to see company. She was in the full tide of receiving visits, and hearing all the latest gossip, and, in general, enjoying herself excessively, as well as looking remarkably well in consequence, when our second youngest, little Mary, fell ill, and it was feared of the scarlet fever.

For once in my life I now ventured to interfere in the choice of a physician.

"I think, my dear," I said, "that you had better let Dr. Moses prescribe. He hates a Homœpathist, you know, as he hates poison. Our darling is not very ill, and if the disease is taken in time——"

"How you do talk, Jones," interrupted my wife. "If there's anything the Homœpathists are sovereign in, its in scarlet fever. Mind, I don't say they're best in all diseases: in some disorders the old school, perhaps, is superior; but in scarlet fever, or sore-throats of any kind, they're working wonders."

"But if Dr. Moses hears of it——"

"He can't hear of it. Mary shall be kept up in the nursery; and let me catch either of the girls telling."

It was of no use to remonstrate, or, if it had been, my wife's nerves in her then delicate state of health, could not have endured such a shock. I said no more, and Dr. Dilution was summoned.

The disease proved to be scarlatina of a mild type, and the patient was already nearly well, when Mrs. Jones was attacked by headache. A headache was one of the ailments for which, in her opinion, Homœpathy was "sovereign:" and accordingly, when Dr. Dilution paid his morning visit to Mary, she sent for him to give her something for her head.

In the afternoon the headache, though better, was still annoying; and Dr. Dilution was again applied to. He had just administered a few pellets, clasped his pocket-case of medicines, and gained the hall in his retreat, when the front door opened and Dr. Moses appeared.

The two physicians knew each other by sight, though they were not on speaking terms. But, at thus meeting face to face, civility required some mutual courtesies. Dr. Moses contented himself with a cold nod and a glance of infinite disdain; the younger practitioner, however, who was quite willing to share where the other wished to monopolize, thought this a good opportunity to concilitate, and bowing low, said, blandly,

"I have just left our patient, doctor. A slight nervous derangement, nothing more: will be better in the morning, as I think you will say."

Dr. Moses paused, turned around, and measuring the speaker from head to foot, with his eyes, said,

"Our patien? Pray explain yourself, sir."

And, as he spoke, he drew himself up, like another autocrat, and gazed superbly down on Dr. Dilution.

"Yes, doctor, our patient," replied the latter, still more conciliatingly, "Mrs. Jones."

"Mrs. Jones?"

"Certainly, doctor."

"Mrs. Smith Jones?"

"Yes, doctor."

"The lady of the house?"

"Of course, doctor."

The eyes of Dr. Moses flashed fire. His empire, however often disputed in public, had never yet been assailed in one of it's fortresses.

"Sir," he said at last, proudly, elevating himself to his full height, "since you are the physician here, I am of no use. Give my compliments to Mrs. Jones, and tell her so. Good evening, sir."

He bowed profoundly as he spoke, left the hall, and immediately drove off, nor since that hour has he crossed my threshold. My wife is now a confirmed Homœpathist.

"He needn't have gone off," she said, when I ventured to remind her of the warning I had given, "in such a huff. Can't a body take a pill without asking his leave? He needn't be afraid I'll ask him to come here again: I wouldn't have him to prescribe for a sick kitten."

Fortunately I have not, since this occurrence, required a physician. Once, indeed, being a little ailing, I consented to take nux vomica, at the urgent request of Mrs. Jones. My disease, I must confess, disappeared, but in its stead came a nervous paralysis, which I did not get rid of until I had drunk half a bottle of port wine. Whether the nux vomica produced the paralysis, or whether the wine removed it, are questions which Mrs. Jones and I debate to this day: though, to be candid, the victory is generally her's; for as the subject is one on which her enthusiastic nature is apt to become over-excited, I usually give in out of respect to her nerves. —*Peterson's Magazine.*

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who with a truthful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee;
Speak not the cold and careless words
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breathe one thought whose bitter tone
Distrust might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud—
However light it be—
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He has a friend in thee;
And do not send him from thy side,
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look and sunny smile
That mark a happy breast.

Oh, teach him *this* should be his aim—
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns,
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm,
Where doeth the noise of strife—
Thus, doing good and blessing all,
To spend the whole of life:

To love with pure affection deep
All creatures, great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus so thee is given—
To rear a spirit fit to be
The habitant of heaven!

From the Hollidaysburg Register.

To the Friends of Temperance.

The friends of Temperance at this place, submit to their fellow citizens throughout the State, the following form of Petition to the Legislature, hoping that the mode of action proposed to rid our land of intemperance—this curse of our race—will be favorably received and acted on in every part of our State. They believe that the mode proposed is the only practicable one to exterminate the great evil referred to. They believe that mere Legislative action alone, if it could be obtained, (which is extremely doubtful,) would not be effectual, and would be a mere throwing of firebrands, a source of continuous strife, among the people; for one Legislature could and would, for all time, be asked to repeal what a previous one had passed on the subject. While on the other hand it is believed that no one with any semblance of propriety, could object to this great and important question being finally decided by the whole people.

It is desired and hoped that this form of Petition may be published in every Newspaper in the State, so that the friends of the Temperance cause—the friends of their fellow man—in every township, town, borough, district and city, who approve of this mode of action, may have their attention directed to it, and an opportunity of copying it, in substance or in form, and signing and sending on their Petitions to the next Legislature at its meeting.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

The undersigned, residents of in said Commonwealth, respectfully represent—That your Petitioners assuming, that every society and government has a right to protect itself against any great and general evil, by the adoption of such fundamental laws as will most effectually prevent it; and that the true republican principle is, that all great and vitally important questions should be submitted to the whole people, in their paramount sovereignty, where the same can be conveniently done, are admitted political axioms; and believing that the use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by persons in health, resulting as it does, in a large portion of our community, in every part of the State, becoming habitually intemperate, and yearly causing the utter ruin, in body and in soul, in reputation, family and property, of thousands and tens of thousands of our citizens, is a great moral, social and political evil; that the use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by persons in health (however small the quantity,) is always, to some extent, injurious, (physically, morally and by way of example,) and never beneficial; and that the only effectual mode of putting an end to this great evil, is by absolutely prohibiting the existence of the present *facilities* to obtain intoxicating liquors—to remove the *temptation* altogether.

Your Petitioners pray, that in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, an amendment be submitted to the qualified electors of the State, at the earliest possible period, prohibiting the sale, within the State, of all intoxicating liquors, as and for beverage, and requiring the Legislature, at its first session after the adoption of this Amendment and from time to time thereafter, to pass such laws as shall carry this provision into effectual operation.

Dancing.

We did not design writing on this subject, and should not, had not our mind been led to it by an ungenerous *slur* upon churches and professors of religion, which we lately saw quoted in one of our city papers, from the pen of a lady of some celebrity as a newspaper writer. She says,

"The more deeply a church or individual becomes steeped in the spirit of money grabbing, the more abhorrence they have for dancing."

This is *false*. The more charity, benevolence, and true piety, there is in a church or individual, the more they abhor all dissipating amusements—going to balls, dancing, and the like. "True religion, is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." How are we to keep ourselves "unspotted from the world," if we do not keep ourselves from vain and foolish amusements? We are not to be conformed to the fashion of the world—and where is the fashion of the world if it is not in the ballroom? Now, when professors speak against attending balls and dancing, they are only upholding their principles as they understand them from the Bible, and are not "hypocritically canting," as the writer calls it. The more true piety there is in a church, the more charity and benevolence there will be, and less love of money, and more abhorrence to dancing, theatres, circusses, and such places of amusement.

"Show us a wealthy deacon's wife who will higgle with a poor widow to get washing done for twelve and a half cents a dozen, and we will show you one who will take a spasm over the iniquities of a cotillion."

We never, in all our experience, knew such a deacon's wife, although there may be some; but we *have* known many ball-going gentry who did not pay their washerwoman at all, and some that have run away from their boarding-house, kept by a poor widow, without paying a cent for months, and the same night attend a fashionable ball while the poor woman was suffering for her board money; and some who have stolen money from a sick father to gratify their love for dancing and the theatre, and who never gave a cent to any benevolent object in their lives. This is the kind of society she upholds.

"There is no place we should go with a subscription paper for a charitable object, with more hope of success, than to a social party where all were dancing to the music of two good violins and a trombone."

Very likely; for she appears to have no part or lot with the church-going part of society, and consequently never carried a subscription paper among them, and therefore has no right to condemn them untried. Who are the benevolent part of the community? We will give the following illustration:

We left the fashionable city in which we were born, and went to a country village to school. There was in that place a fashionable dancing school, and very few, if any benevolent societies, and the poor were sent to the miserable alms-house, except those whom the churches supported. That village was visited by a revival of religion, and the scene changed. People who had been enemies for years, became friends; charitable and benevolent societies were formed; the poor were relieved and had their children clothed and sent to school. The people were willing to give, not only their money, but their ornaments, to support their charity and benevolence. The dancing schools and the balls, what became of them? They died off, for want of supporters; and in their stead arose the Dorcas Society, Bible and Missionary Societies, and many other benevolent organizations. This shows that professors were generous, and yet they could not countenance ball and dancing.

"Whenever any one begins to lecture on dancing, we suspect him or her of being a worshiper of mammon."

Your *suspicions* are as false as the rest of your article, for we neither worship mammon or fashion, yet we deprecate balls, dancing, theatres, and all amusements of similar character, for good reasons which we need not give now.

If you, Mrs. S., wish to dance, do so, but have the generosity not to ridicule those who do not believe with you.—*Valley Farmer.*

The Historical Society.

On Saturday, the 8th inst., the Historical Society of this State celebrated the one hundred and sixty-ninth anniversary of the landing of William Penn upon our shores. This celebration took place at Chester, as being the most appropriate place, it being the spot where Penn first landed on the 29th of October, (old style) 1682, which according to the new style, makes it the 8th day of November.

The ceremonies were commenced at half past 12 o'clock, by the members of the Society present proceeding in a body from the steamboat landing to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where the oration was delivered by Edward Armstrong, Esq., the Recording Secretary of the Society. Mr. Armstrong's oration was a masterly effort, and one which showed much learning and research. The subject was "Penn as a Legislator." We refrain from giving any sketch of it, as it will be published entire. After it was concluded, the Society proceeded to the scene of Penn's landing and the site of the house he first dwelt in after his arrival. This was the "Old Essex House," the property of Robert Wade, a strict member of the Society of Quakers, and a staunch friend of Penn's. It is now owned by John M. Broomall and John P. Crozer. Through the kindness of these gentlemen the Society were permitted to plant upon the bank of the river a couple of young pine trees in commemoration of this anniversary. In this ceremony all present participated.

Mr. Broomall gave some interesting information respecting the old site of the house and grounds He stated that the original well upon the premises, which had long been traditionally celebrated for the purity and sweetness of its water, had been lately discovered. It was found covered over and filled up with dirt and rubbish. The grass surrounding this spot was of a different color from any on the place, for which cause it was called, by the neighbors, the "Witches kitchen," and by others the "Faries' ball room." This well is considered the first dug by English settlers in the country. It still yields delightfully cool water.—*Evening Argus.*

New Cure for Consumption.

The Mobile Tribune directs attention to a new cure of consumption described in the New Orleans Medical Register, by Professor Stone, on the virtues of the "Phosphate of Lime in scrofula and other depraved states of the system," which is of some moment. It was suggested by an essay in the London Lancet, on the "physical pathology of the oxalate and phosphate of lime, and their relation to the formation of cells.

"The conclusions of the author (says Professor Stone) are based upon careful chemical research and results from the use of the remedy. His researches show that in man, as well as in vegetables and inferior animals, phosphate of lime as well as albumen and fat is abundantly essential for the formation of cells, and he considers that many of the pathological states of the system depended upon a deficiency of this salt. The affections in which it is advised are ulcerations dependant upon general dyserasia, and not a mere local affection; infantile atrophy; in those suffering from rickets and consequent diarrhœa and tuberculous diseases, particularly of the lungs in early stages."

Struck by this article, Professor Stone tested it, and he thus describes three cases in which virtues were very obvious. The first was that of a slave, who was admitted to the Professor's Infirmary in July, with a disease of the nose, the whole system showing great progress in scrofulous decay. The usual remedies were unsuccessfully applied until August, when cod-liver oil was used, but the disorganization of the stomach was increased by it. The phosphate of lime was then applied—eight grains, three times a day. Its good effects were soon apparent. It and the oil were therefore administered together, and the patient soon was restored to health.

The second case is that of a young lady, aged 24. Her disease was one of "unmixed phthisis, which might have been expected to terminate in the course of a few months," fatally. The upper parts of both lungs were beginning to soften. The case was evidently a bad one. The treatment of cod-liver oil was at first used, but without marked improvement. The phosphate of lime was then administered with the oil, and the result, as in the case of the negro, was soon apparent. The patient was rapidly getting well.

The third case was that of a child, seven years of age, in which the phosphate of lime was used with complete success.

Whatever can alleviate or prove a curative to this dreadful disease—a disease which claims more victims than any other in our city, and in the whole of the Eastern and Middle States, has great claims upon public attention. Of course we can not do anything more than present the above statements; we have no opinion to give but this, that we remember having heard, twenty years ago, of lime, in the form of egg shells, being prescribed successfully in two cases of consumption.

They have an invention on the Western railroads for allaying the dust. On our roads we have men employed expressly to make people "down with their dust."

Will Secession, strengthen Slavery?

During the earlier history of the Confederacy, (says the Washington *Republic*, very sensibly,) the political control of the Government was exercised by the Southern States, because they held the representative and electoral supremacy. Within some years past, the Northern States have counteracted, by enterprise, the natural disadvantages of their position. They have acquired wealth and population by the encouragement of manufactures and commerce. They have cultivated the native energies of their people by systems of public instruction, and provided in various social employments adequate rewards for intelligent industry.

These facilities have attracted from the old world an immense immigration, with large capital. These accessions to the resources of the North have rapidly increased her population and property, and these are the constitutional exponents of political power. We think this is the philosophy of Northen aggression upon Southern rights. The people of the Union are of the same origin; their language is the same, the title to freedom is derived from the same charter. It is so contrary to the interest of the North to oppress the South, that any deliberate or concerted design to do so is impossible. The union with the South gives to the North an immense and extending market for its manufactures. It assures to the North a lucrative trade for its shipping. It affords to the North an extensive field for operating. There can be no purpose on the part of the North to destroy a form of government so replete with advantages.

We think the only aggression consists in the superior progress and power of the North, and that the proper remedy will be found in developing Southern resources.

Slaves in British India.

The number of slaves in the Carnatic, Mysore, and Malabar, is said to be greater than in most other parts of India; and embraces nearly the whole of the Punchum Bundam caste. The whole number in British India has never been ascertained, but is supposed, by the best informed persons I was able to consult, to be, on an average, at least one in eight, that is, about ten millions. Many consider them twice as numerous. The number is kept up not only by propagation, but the sale of children by their parents. Manumissions, however, are frequent among the opulent in the northern provinces. Forbes says, in his Oriental Memoirs, 'I believe most of the tribes of Pooleahs and Parians in Malabar, are considered as slaves. The number of poor people who come down to Anjengo, and other seaports, from the inland countries, during a famine, either to sell themselves, or dispose of their children as slaves, is astonishing. During the rainy season, even when there is no uncommon scarcity, many are weekly brought down from the mountains to be sold on the coast. They do not appear to think it so great a hardship as we imagine.'

"It is strange that the British public should be so slow to open their eyes to this great subject. For many years, appeals and pamphlets have frequently appeared. In 1828, a volume of 1,000 pages of Parliamentary documents, on East India slavery, was printed; and within a few years, some strenuous efforts have been made to call attention to this enormity; but as yet nothing has been done to the purpose. Surely the zeal which has achieved the freedom of a few hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies, will now be exerted in behalf of twenty-five times the number in the East."—*Malcom's Travels.*

Pennsylvania and Common Schools.

We have received an address delivered by Thomas H. Burrowes, Esq., before the Lancaster County Educational Society, on the 4th ult., which among other matters of interest, exhibits the magnitude of the Common School System of the State, which is highly creditable to the character of the Commonwealth, and shows the deep interest taken in this State in the cause of general education. In the seventeen years that the system has been in operation, the people of Pennsylvania have expended over *fifteen millions* of dollars in support of this noble effort, exclusive of the large sum annually paid to sustain the numerous private academies, seminaries and schools, which are also giving their invaluable aid to the cause of general education. The number of schools in the State has increased from 762 to 9200, and the teachers from 808 to 11,500. The pupils number half a million, and the annual cost of the system is now $1,400,000. Few States in the Union have done more than Pennsylvania to dispel ignorance and qualify its rising population for the duties of citizens required under its free Constitution.

A Yankee wishes to purchase the right of Barnum's Annibilator for the district of Mount Vesuvius.

Strength of Bricks.

Some months since, the Catholics were building a house for worship at Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa., when the tower fell before the house was dedicated, fortunately without any injury to life or limb. The Editor of the *Shield*, in giving his opinion of the cause of the calamity, makes the following statement of the ability of various qualities of bricks to resist pressure:

"The tower was 85 feet high, which, if the bricks are of the usual size, would require 425 of them to be laid on top of each other to reach that height. Good hard bricks will resist a pressure of 562 lbs. to the square inch, but a brick 9 inches long by 4½ inches broad, well laid in good lime and sand mortar, will resist a *much greater* pressure per square inch. Now, multiply 424 bricks by 5½ lbs., which is a sufficient allowance for the weight of each brick and mortar, and we have a weight of 2332 lbs. on the first or undermost brick, which is not equal, supposing the brick to be 8½ inches by 4½ inches, to 70 lbs. per square inch; not, actually, *one-eighth* of the pressure good hard brick, well laid in proper lime and sand mortar, can sustain. We assert, that good *sunburned* brick will not crush under *five times* the weight that the undermost bricks of the tower of the Loretto church were subject to. We have above shown that the lower bricks in the tower were not subject to more than 70 lbs. pressure to a square inch; and we now declare, that, to subject them to a pressure of 562 lbs. to a square inch, the tower should have been raised to the height of 3404 bricks, or very nearly *six hundred and eighty-one feet.* Our readers will therefore, we think, agree with us, that the *softness* of the bricks is not the cause of the falling of the tower.

Original Letter from Boone.

The following letter from the Pioneer of Kentucky, is now on file at Frankfort, and shows that he could "hit his mark" with his pen, as well as with the axe and rifle.

Sir feburey the 11th 1796

after my Best Respts to your Excelancy and famyly I wish to inform you that I have sum intention of undertaking this New Rode that is to be Cut through the Wilderness and I think My Self intiteled to the ofer of the bisness as I first Marked out that Rode in March 1775 and Never Re'd any thing for my trubel and Sepose I am No Statesman I am a Woodsman and think My Self as Capable of Marking and Cuting that Rode as any other man. Sir if you think with Me I would thank you to wright mee a Line By the post the first oportuncaty and be Will Lodge it at Mr. John Miller son hinkstons fork as I wish to know Where and When it is to be Last (let) So that I may atend at the time I am Deer Sir your very omble sarvent.

DANIEL BOONE.

To his Excelancy governor Shelby.

Sixty Years Ago.

Sixty-nine years ago, the 4th inst., a party of adventurers from the Eastern States, after a long and toilsome journey, descended the Ohio river, and encamped upon the spot where Newport Barracks now stands. They there separated for the several "stations" in Kentucky, and turned their steps through the wilderness, first pledging each other to meet upon the same spot, or such of them as might survive, in *fifty years from that day!* This agreement was made, and on the 4th day of November, precisely fifty years after the time of agreement, *four of the old band met upon the spot* to fulfill their promise! One of them was over ninety years of age; the rest were under three-score and ten. After remaining a few days they turned their steps homeward—not through a wilderness as they did half a hundred years before, but through scenes of busy life, and hum of industrial millions; nor did they promise another meeting, as *that* was an event fixed by a Higher will; and it has taken place!—They are all dead!

Bishop Hughes.

We extract the following from a letter in the Newark Advertiser, dated

ROME, October 26, 1851.

Archbishop Hughes is to wear the scarlet cap after all. His Grace has been made a Cardinal at last, in spite of all opposition. The important fact was made known as I am well assured, to the "congregation," on Friday the 10th instant, so that the effect of his late visit to the Holy See has been under-estimated. The appointment is said to have been made, with what degree of truth I do not know, without the approbation, if not in the face of the express protest of all the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States, save one, and contrary to the opinion of Chief Justice Taney. However the fact may be, the statement is current here, and generally believed. Catholic South America will probably feel slighted by this compliment to the Protestant North. But possibly the Archbishop may have convinced his Holiness and his advisers, that the appointment is one of the ordained means of bringing about the promised "good time coming," when he is to write the "History of the Decline and Fall of Protestantism in the United States."

☞ There's one consolation in going up Salt River. Your opponents always do the rowing.