

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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DOUBT NOT. When the day is dreary, And when gloom thy eyes embowers, When thy steps are faint and weary, And thy spirit dark with gloom.

When we are gone. The words fall on the ear and heart with mysterious influence. And will the sun rarely shine in the bright blue sky, the trees put forth their leaves, the flowers bedeck the ground, joyous spectators assemble, and the cheerful voices of children be heard in places that we have been accustomed to frequent, when we are gone?

The Indian Lover—A Border Record. It was my lot in early life to be cast into the society of some of the first settlers in the valley of the Juniata, and to hear many tales of the "hair breadth escapes" and thrilling incidents which befel these hardy adventurers in the desultory and vindictive warfare they had waged with the aborigines of the soil.

Production of the United States. Wheat, oats, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, hay, and tobacco are raised in every State and Territory in the Union.

When we are gone. We can not gaze on delightful scenes with the knowledge that they will be in existence when we are gone, without regarding them with more than common interest; nor can we think of our fellow beings who may then enjoy them, without friendly emotions in their favor.

When we are gone. We shall all leave behind us some traces of our existence when we are gone, and their character will depend on our conduct while we are here. Oh let us be in earnest in acting uprightly, in forgiving injuries, in manifesting mercy, and in setting an example in holy conversation and godliness.

When we are gone. Well, said old Mrs. Partridge, as she leaned forward, with her hands resting on the window ledge, and peered out into the street through a chink in the blinds.

Broken Memories in Broken Rhymes.

FROM THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE. BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

There's a little grave-yard, Brother, where the Lemlarly Poplars wave, For ever and for ever, and above a little grave.

When we were boys together. Oh! how far we must have strayed, The north and the south, so mournfully in one, For a weary, with the wailing, through this bright country here.

Oh! they tell us of the future—of pure lives and perfect days. But I should not wonder, Brother, we were never Heaven-bound.

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those holy ties with which these children of the wild wood were firmly bound together. Whilst I have looked upon the Spring that bears an imperishable name, near to which once stood the cabin of the celebrated Logan, and have repeated to myself his simple and sublime appeal to the white man;

The ensuing narrative, in which I give the substance of what I heard narrated, deserves to be recorded as a rare instance of disinterested love and generous generosity, in one of a people we are taught to look upon, more in the light of savage beasts, than rational beings endowed like ourselves with the image and feelings of humanity.

Two trappers on the Muskhannon were driven from their camp, near the present town of Philipsburg, by the advancing war party, and flying to the nearest settlement on the Juniata, forwarded the inhabitants of the impending danger.

Faithful to his engagement, the young chief, provided with every necessary for such an undertaking, set out with his interesting charge on the way to her long regretted home; nor did he relax, night or day, in the most unremitting attention to her comfort or convenience throughout this long and dreary journey.

It was near the close of September, on the last day of their weary march, that the Warrior and the Maiden stood upon the summit of a ridge, that overlooked the cottage of her parents, the blue smoke from which could be seen as it curled upwards amidst the trees.

Irish Jenny, the White House Coachman, was on hand when Mr. Fillmore called to inspect it, and wishing an opinion from Jenny, as to the fitness of the coach, asked if he thought it fine enough.

The President and his Coachman. [We heard the following good story a few days ago, related by one of the high dignitaries of the land—Tom Gorwin—whose inimitable manner of telling the same, we are sorry can not be committed to paper.]

Newspapers in Virginia. Under this caption, we find an article in Palmer's Register, from which we learn that it was not until 1780 that newspapers were tolerated in the Old Dominion.

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such disinterested love and generosity, in which there was perhaps mingled somewhat of a more tender sentiment—the maiden hesitated between the most conflicting emotions—at one time her inclinations preponderated in his favor, when the strong and natural desire to see her parents, and the deep distress she knew they must have suffered at the indelible disgrace of such a union, first caused her to falter in her choice, and finally to resolve on bidding adieu to her generous lover.

Some years afterwards, when Commissioners were appointed by the State authorities to hold a treaty with the hostile tribes of the Six Nations for the ransom of prisoners, the father of Miss Brotherton, retaining a grateful remembrance of the generous Indian, and willing to return him a suitable recompense, ordered a rifle to be made, in the constructing and ornamenting of which no expense was spared.

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Productions of the United States. Wheat, oats, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, hay, and tobacco are raised in every State and Territory in the Union.

New York raised the most barley, viz., 1,802,282 bushels. New York the most potatoes, viz., 20,533,612 bushels. New York the most oats, viz., 24,907,553 bushels.

Ohio the most wheat, viz., 18,790,705 bushels. Pennsylvania the most rye, viz., 8,429,257 bushels. Pennsylvania the most buckwheat, viz., 6,408,508 bushels.

Tennessee the most Indian corn, viz., 67,838,447 bushels. Virginia the most flax and hemp, viz., 31,726 pounds. Kentucky the most tobacco, viz., 72,323,543 pounds.

Georgia the most cotton, viz., 148,175,128 pounds. South Carolina the most rice, viz., 66,892,867 pounds. Louisiana the most sugar, viz., 37,173,590 pounds.

North Carolina the most wine, viz., 17,347 gallons. These are curious facts, as showing the variety of agricultural productions, and the vast amounts of these productions.—[Jersey City Telegraph.

A Pointed Funeral Discourse. The Catskill Whig, a few days since, published a sketch of a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Murrlock, over the remains of one Vedder, a man of wealth, who went to California, and came home to die.

For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." The style of the sermon may be judged from the opening. After giving the California frenzy a review, the Doctor says:

"No case, however, has excited more remark than the present. A man possessed of ample property, dwelling at home in his palace of a house, surrounded by these richly cultivated fields, in the midst of his friends and numerous relatives, preparing in all the gifts which a kind Providence showered down upon him, is seized with the gold mania, leaves his native place to embark on the ocean to which he is an entire stranger, takes the most hazardous voyage known—around Cape Horn—endures all the hardships of that stormy sea for months, then lands on that stony coast, submitting himself to the merest drudgery of work to which a miner's life is subjected—and after eighteen months' trouble and difficulty realises a few hundred dollars, with which he prepares to return to his really rich home, and is left as a beggar in the heartless community. But finding his way hitherto, he endured still greater hardships on his return voyage—he sickens as soon as he touches the land of his native State, and just succeeds in reaching his doorstep when death seizes him, and his grave is dug behind what was his own barn."

influence of Colds on Human Health, AND THE BEST MEANS OF PREVENTING THEM. The editors have often expressed the opinion that colds were one of two of the most prolific causes of human disease and premature death. Thus, let a person be predisposed ever so much to consumption, as long as he can keep from taking colds, his consumptive tendency will lie dormant till he is old; yet even those of sound lungs often induce this disease by severe and repeated colds.

Those who are afflicted or have afflicted themselves with rheumatics, if they can keep from taking colds, get along comfortably; but the moment they get a cold, rheumatic pains torture them in exact proportion to its severity and duration. Those whose decayed teeth ache, at times, suffer only when they have taken a cold, and to break up that cold, is to kill such a toothache. Constipation of the bowels, and all its evils, are greatly aggravated by colds.

So are palpitation of the heart, indigestion, sores, boils, and, in fact, every species of disease. And what are the various forms of fevers but colds? No fever ever yet occurred not induced, directly, by a severe cold. Not but that other causes of fevers exist. Indeed, fevers are only fires, kindled by nature, to burn up morbid matters in the system, and are friends to life, and hence should not be broken up, but allowed to unload the system of disease; yet, as long as the pores are kept open, such morbid matter is unloaded about as fast as it accumulates, whereas, just as soon as this avenue of escape is closed by colds—and in what else do colds consist but in closing such avenues?—this morbid matter accumulates to such a degree as to essentially interfere with, if not threaten, the life-power, which power kindles up this fever-fire to burn out this rubbish. Fevers always greatly increase the respiration, or amount of air, and of course, oxygen inhaled, which is another proof of this theory. What does the oxygen we inspire do but combine with the carbon elaborated by the stomach? Nothing whatever. Of course whatever increases the supply of oxygen, thereby proportionally enhances the consumption of carbon, which fevers do. My theory of disease is, that almost all forms and degrees of disease are consequent on the superabundance of carbon in the system, and hence that the two chief causes of disease are colds and over-eating—the former arresting the evacuation of this carbon through the skin, and thus overloading the system, and the latter supplying an excess of this element. And this theory of disease is strengthened by the fact, that of all other means of killing colds, fasting is the most effectual. Let whoever has a cold eat nothing whatever for two days, and his cold will be gone, provided he is not confined in bed; because by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused his disease by breath, he soon carries off his disease by removing its cause. And this plan of fasting will be found the more effectual if he adds copious water-drinking to protracted fasting. By the time a person, able to be about, but suffering however severely, from a cold, has fasted one entire day and night, he will begin to experience a relief, a lightness, a freedom from pain, and a clearness of mind in delightful contrast with that mental stupor and physical pain caused by colds. And how infinitely better this method of breaking up colds and freeing the system of disease, than medicines, especially than violent poisons!

Several physiological facts and observations, gleaned by intercourse with men in different and opposite situations in life, have greatly surprised me, yet are perfectly explainable in the above theory. One of these facts appertains to the lumbermen of Maine and Northern New England. From the time they go into the pine region, in September or October, till they return, in May or June, they are rarely ever sick, or have the slightest cold or ailment of any kind; and yet they live in log cabins, full of airholes, and a large opening on the top for the exit of smoke; sleep on hemlock boughs, with one large blanket under and another over some eight or ten of them; eat only before day-light, mornings, and after it, nights; live mainly on beans and pork, with not bread and strong tea; and allow in snow and water the entire winter, often wet by getting into swamps and streams, and especially when "on the drive," that is, urging their logs along through the water to their general rendezvous, or from that to their mills, soaking wet about all the time, day after day, and night after night! What puzzled me most was, that after having been working all day in snow-water or streams, instead of changing their clothes at night, they lie right down in those open hotels, in wet pants and shirts—for they rarely take off their day-clothes at night—and yet never think of taking cold from fall till spring! We wet feet as to them no more than wet fingers to us. It is very rare to lose a man by sickness.

Better Times. The Bar is fast losing its attractions to the young men of this city. There are now thirty young gentlemen that have received liberal educations who are "serving their times" as shipwrights, architects, carpenters, &c. In a few years, the United States will have the most accomplished mechanics in the world. A new class is springing up, who will put the present force of mechanics in the shade. The union of a substantial education with mechanical skill, will effect this. Indeed, already, we could name some mechanics who are excellent mathematicians, acquainted with German and French, and able to study the books in those languages connected with their vocations. Heretofore, fond fathers were wont to educate their sons as doctors and lawyers, to ensure their respectability and success. That day is past. Mechanics will now take the lead, and in a few years will supply the larger portion of offices of the State and Federal Government.—N. Y. Mirror.

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