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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

### The Parting.

"Was it to meet such fate—this  
My heart's last wish was given thee?  
I see the treasure through blood  
So costly and so dearly bought,  
I am not changed—I love thee still,  
As when we parted, when the night came,  
Our love should ever be the same."—MRS. ROSS.

Forwell! farewell! the mournful note is spoken,  
The drums are beating, the sweet illusion past;  
The charms that held me in its thrall are broken,  
And light flows in upon my soul at last.

Light in whose heavenly smile and soft day beam,  
I learn how weak the love that had us here,  
Leaving from the shore that had us here,  
That earth has left us with a tear.

O, were the forms we love, the hearts we cherish,  
Half what they seem to the unpracticed eye,  
Did not our hopes bloom but to mock and perish,  
O, then it were a better thing to die.

But now, what alien to us seems to hold us,  
That we should not part of the world and sky,  
Leaving from the shore that had us here,  
To tread the pathway of the distant sky.

Two lives, gay, happy, with youth his wealth revealing,  
Brought up with hope, all eagerly we start;  
We grasp its flowers, its joys and its believing,  
What is our meed? a stung and withered heart!

We shape our own grotesque dream, and think it real;  
Upon its seeming truth we lay our trust;  
The morning breaks, we start and find it real,  
Our morning's dream, in fact, is but a dust.

Think not it later, like not my heart will show thee,  
How they find only too fondly it beloved;  
And to thy side, thy love had almost won me,  
Now is the glory, I have not believed!

Do not my heart of this is undervaluing;  
Was it in power to yield to suffering, strong;  
O, had I, never read down, still hoping, striving,  
Why should I be ashamed to be a wrong?

Forget I can not yet thy face shall linger,  
And my thoughts in paths that lead me here,  
As though I were, with me, a heart beating,  
I shall still see thee on my heart and here.

Sometimes in dreams thy form comes floating  
Across my vision, with a voice and smile,  
As a dear friend gone from the household meeting  
Returns to cheer the lonely heart awhile.

Comes with the tender look, the eyes of  
Lips that smile with me, the past and gone;  
Calmly I greet the meeting, shadowy ideal,  
I am not moved by the phantom one.

One more, farewell! across thy midnight slumbers  
Soft come the whisper of the better land;  
I find with the sleeping of those golden numbers  
From many lips—unseen by mortal hand.

It is so, who did for all, around the tower,  
And keep thy footsteps with a holy power,  
Light thy glad spirit, like a white dove,  
Into the Paradise, in his appointed hour.

An life lay—wrought out when low winds, sighing,  
A tale to mingle with the heart's desire;  
Faint down thy simple tale—its notes are dying—  
Would that its simple tale might reach thy heart!

T. H.

### Woman and her Pet Luxury.

The SHAWL, is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish material for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-cared tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have our bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm tree, where the whimsical patterns grow like the wild flower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when the eastern prince sends gifts to the European sovereigns, there are shawls to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian court, the ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem, as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnant of the shawls of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it any season than without

her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration parting with the old one with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday, and takes it out again on Saturday night, for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition. Whence come all these shawls? For it is clear that the supply which arrives from Asia, over bleak continents and wide oceans, can be only for the rich and great. Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of Great Britain purchase every year?

Some of the richest that our ladies wear, are from Lyons; and the French taste is so highly esteemed, that our principal manufacturers go to Lyons once or twice a year for specimens and patterns. Some of our greatest ladies of all, even the queen, and certain duchesses and countesses, offer to our chief manufacturers a sight of their treasurers from India, their Cashmere and other shawls, from a patriotic desire for the improvement of our English patterns. From these, the manufacturers of Norwich and Paisley devise such beautiful things that, but for the unaccountable and unrivaled superiority of the orientals in the production of this particular article, we should be all satisfaction and admiration. The common cotton shawls, continually lessening in number, worn by women of the working classes, are made at Manchester, and wherever the cotton manufacturer is instituted. In order to study the production of British shawls in perfection, one should visit the Norwich or Paisley manufactures.

If any article of dress could be immutable, it would be the shawl; designed for eternity in the unchanging East, copied from patterns which are the heirlooms of the caste, and woven by fatalists, to be worn by adores of the ancient garments who resent the idea of the smallest change. Yet has the day arrived which exhibits the manufacture of three distinct kinds of shawls in Paisley. There is the genuine woven shawl, with its Asiatic patterns; and there is that which is called the shawl for convenience, but which has nothing Asiatic about it; the tartan—which name is given not only to checks of divers colors, which signify so much to the Scottish eye, but to any kind of mixed or mottled colors and fabric—woven in squares or lengths to cover the shoulders. The third kind is quite modern; the showy, slight and elegantly printed shawl derived from Lyons, and now daily in rising in favor. The woven kind is the oldest in Paisley. The tartan kind was introduced from Stirlingshire, which makes as many as ever, but to the great benefit of Paisley. The printed kind has been made about six years; and it is by far the greatest and most expanding manufacture. The most devoted worshippers of the genuine shawl can hardly wonder at this, considering the love of change that is inherent in ladies, who dress well, and the difference of cost. A genuine shawl lasts a quarter of a lifetime.

### Poetry of the Fading Leaf.

We have just been passing through the season of the "sere and yellow leaf." The summer has sped away on wings viewless and swift, and autumn has come with its fleecy clouds, its gorgeous sunsets, its moaning winds, its variegated forests and its falling leaves. These, even, have almost passed, and field and forest look rugged and bare, swept by "chill November's surly blast." Autumn and its belongings have been fruitful of poetry. There is a deep, ineffable feeling of sadness, yet fascinating and pleasurable, which it sheds upon the spirit, to which poetic genius is most keenly alive, and which has often given utterance to the breathings of song. Its faded and withering forms, its flower-buds nipped with frost, and its thousand mementoes of departed life and beauty, are fruitful of illustration of themes which speak home to the human heart. Where could the mind of the poet turn for imagery finer than this:

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
They have their seasons for their own, O death!"

We have gathered for these fragments in our poetical readings, which we offer to our readers as a tribute to the passing year. They are but a tithe of the poetry of which the "fading leaf" has been suggestive.

Who does not remember the scene to which Thomson would have us turn our eyes? How observingly the slow painting of autumn is described!

"But now the falling, many-colored woods,  
Shade-dwelling over shades the country round  
Embrown."—

Here is a touching, echo-like requiem from Mrs. Norton:

### A Country Wedding.

Did I ever tell you of a certain wedding I once attended? Its history runs on this wise: On one stormy Thursday, last winter, as I was going to the post-office, I was accosted by a young man, or old boy, (I don't know which, but shall leave you to judge,) with the inquiry:

"I say, mister, can't ye tell me, Sir, where Dominie Soule lives?"

"I suppose I am the man you are seeking."

The young man's countenance changed. The expression of intense anxiety passed away, and was succeeded by one of ludicrous bashfulness.

"Well, then, you're Dominie Soule, be ye? Well, I want to see you a few minutes, if you've no objections."

"None at all, Sir. Be so kind as to walk into my study with me, where we can attend to your business by the side of a comfortable fire."

Once in the study, he asked:

"You're Dominie Soule, the minister, be ye?"

"I am."

"Be we all alone?" looking sheepishly at the half open bed-room door.

"We are," said I, as I closed it. I knew well what he wanted, but I was wick-ed enough to enjoy his embarrassment.—After hitching and shuffling, and hemming awhile, he spoke out:

"Well, I come for to get you to go and marry somebody to-night."

"Indeed! and how far is it?"

"Oh, it's only just seven miles up here, you know."

I wanted he should go and get some one else; it stormed furiously, and I did not feel like buffeting a cold northeaster that night. But he said:

"No; the old folks want you, and the gal wants you, and so I want you, and the old folks wouldn't like it if we didn't have you, you know."

"Well, if you must have me, I wish you would postpone it till better weather; I will then come up and marry you."

"Oh dear, that won't do, no how, for we've postponed it once, and we wouldn't postpone it agin for nothing."

I then said to him, "Sir, I will tell you what I will do—if you will come down here I will marry you for nothing."

"No; that wouldn't do neither; 'cause the old folks wants for to see us git married; and you must come any way; you shan't lose nothing."

The poor fellow begged so hard I concluded to go, and accordingly hired a horse and cutter, and about five o'clock started on my novel wedding mission. I found the traveling exceeding bad all the way, and particularly so after I left the main road. At length I reached the log house, in which the fair bride lived. Hitching my horse, I went to the door and knocked, when a stern, old voice bade me 'come in.' Entering the house, I was invited to sit down with all my over-clothes on. I asked the old man if they were going to have a wedding there that evening. He said they were. I then looked around to see, if I could, where the parties were coming from. There was but one door to the house, and that led out into the world. Very soon, however, I heard a clattering up stairs, and to my astonishment, the bridegroom and bride came down the ladder. He backed down, leading her by both hands.

"They were seated."

"If you are ready for the ceremony, you will please rise."

They stared at each other, at the old folks, at me, but sat still. Twice I repeated it, and twice met the same vacant stare.

"If you want to get married, stand up, said I. That they understood, and I proceeded to make the twin one.

When I came to this part of the ceremony, the matter ran thus:

"Do you take this woman?" &c.

"Most sartinly, Sir."

"Do you promise to love her above all others?" &c.

"Why," said he, "I've done so this good while."

I almost forgot the solemnity of the occasion in my efforts to suppress laughter. When I came to the bride with this question: "Do you take this man?" &c.

"I'll love him just as long as he loves me, and that's long enough."

I smiled, but succeeded in governing myself so as to conclude the ceremony, which throughout was of the same unique character. When it was over, the bridegroom passed around a bowl of good old black strap, and then gave me a cigar—just as I was leaving, he gave me some change, which I put in a separate pocket, to know just how much I had. When I got home, I paid ten shillings for my horse and cutter, and, on counting my change, found that he had given me the sum of six-and-six pence. But, as he said, I didn't "lose nothing"—the other three and six-pence I had in fun.—*Memoirs of the Rev. H. E. Soule.*

### Old Bull's Colony.

Just as we were going to press with our last paper, we had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of one hundred and five hardy-looking Norwegians. On Saturday morning this little army started for *Old Bull's Colony*, distant from here about twenty-three miles, and situated on the head waters of Kettle Creek. We have heard from them two or three times since, and they all seem delighted with their location. We are much pleased at their cheerfulness, for these hardy sons of Norway are just what is wanted to subdue our vast forests; and we are very confident that the benefit will be mutual; for our land in its wild state is very cheap, but when cleared and improved, is as productive as any in the State. Hence it is very easy for a laboring man, though ever so poor, to become, in this new country, independent and happy.

We have always believed that when our country became accessible by means of railroads and canals, it would soon become thickly settled; and now we have the proof of it. *Old Bull* has commenced a colony on Kettle Creek, which we have no doubt will go on increasing till every foot of land in the county is occupied by a settler.—Why not? Where can men do any better? We can raise more and better potatoes to the acre, than can be raised on any other land in the nation; fifty bushels of oats to the acre is quite an ordinary crop; two and a half tons of hay is probably a medium; and forty bushels of corn to the acre, is a common yield. As for sheep, we should like to see a county that can surpass ours in natural advantages for sheep growing.

Now as the wild land in this county can be bought for two and three dollars per acre, and the first crop will pay for clearing, we can't for the life of us see what is to prevent a farmer, if industrious, from getting rich.

It is asked what inducement we offer to men to settle here rather than to Wisconsin or Iowa. We reply, the inducements are numerous—first, good health; second, better prices for every thing we raise; third, our soil is quite as productive; fourth, our glorious springs of pure and delicious water are worth more to any man, than the difference between the price of our land, and the open prairies of the West. There are many other reasons why people in search of land for homes, should come to this county in preference to going West; but the above are sufficient with sensible men.

This colony of *Old Bull's* is very favorably located. It is on the turnpike leading from this place to Jersey Shore, on which a weekly stage is run. It is on the head waters of Kettle Creek, one of the finest streams in the county. The numberless springs which form the stream, bursting out from every hill side, are more valuable than gold mines. We are very confident that our new-comers who visit OLEXA, and examine the land around it, will find it to their interest to settle among us; so we look upon a very large accession to our population the coming season, as quite probable.

We confidently predict, that Potter county, will in a few years, send the best beef, beef, and mutton to the New York market, that is found there; and that we shall send more of it than any other county in the State.

### Life in a Powder Mill.

DICKENS thus describes a visit to the Powder Mill of Hounslow, near London:

"In this silent region, amid whose ninety-seven work places, no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where, indeed, no human form is seen except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are secreted upwards of two hundred and fifty work people. They are a peculiar race, not of course by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulations, have subdued their minds and feelings to the conditions of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrible explosion here, or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadow of a practical joke, or caper of animal spirits, ever transpires; no witticism, no oaths, no chaffing, no slang. A laugh is never heard, a smile is seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone. Not that any one fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion, or cause an explosion to take place, but that their feelings are always kept subdued.

If one man wishes to communicate anything to another, or to ask for anything from somebody at a short distance he must go there; he never is permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for

### Self Waiting Table.

Amongst the novel and useful inventions of this progressive age is a self waiting Table, invented by Lea Pusey, Esq., Superintendent of the Machine Shop, Pitt Patterson on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is so arranged that the central portion of the table revolves, within the rim or outer part of it, and upon that part of it, meats, vegetables, &c., are placed. The rim of the table is of sufficient width to allow the guest to be seated comfortably and conveniently, and whilst the central portion of the table, with its contents is made to pass slowly and steadily before him he can help himself to whatever dish he fancies. The inventor was led to try the experiment upon observing the great difficulty that frequently occurs at crowded Rail Road Hotels, to give prompt and proper attendance to the guests, whose time for dining is limited. A table constructed as above stated will be put in operation in a few days, at the Patterson House, where its practical operations can be seen. Great credit is due the inventor for the novelty of the design.—*Pittsburgh Register.*

### Discovery of Embalmed Bodies.

[A writer in London *Notes & Queries*, gives the following interesting account:]

A few weeks ago, in clearing out the ruins of an old chapel at Nuneham Regis, in Warwickshire, which had been pulled down, all but the belfry tower, 40 years since, we thought it necessary to trench the whole space, that we might more certainly mark out the boundaries of the building, as we wished to restore it, in some measure, to its former state. It had been used as a stack-yard and a depository for rubbish, by the tenants of the farm on which it was, ever since its dilapidation.

We began to trench at the west end, and came on a great many bones and skeletons from which the coffin had crumbled away till finding the earth had been moved, we went deeper, and discovered a leaden coffin quite perfect, without date or inscription of any kind. There had been an outer wooden coffin, which was decayed, but quantities of the black rotted wood were all round it. We cut the lead and folded back the top, so as not to destroy it; beneath was a wooden coffin in good preservation, and also without any inscription.

As soon as the leaden top was rolled back a most over-powering aromatic smell diffused itself all over the place. We then unfastened the inner coffin, found the body of a man embalmed with great care, and heaped of rosemary and aromatic leaves piled over him. On examining the body more closely we found it had been beheaded; the head was separately wrapped up in linen, and the shirt that covered the body was drawn quite over the neck where the head had been cut off; the head was laid straight with the body, and where the joining of the neck and head should have been, it was tied around with a black ribbon. His hands were crossed on his breast, the wrists were tied with black ribbon, and the thumbs were tied together with black ribbon. He had a peaked beard and a quantity of long black hair, curled and clotted with blood around his neck; the only mark on anything about him was on the lines on his chest, just above where his hands were crossed; on it were the letters "T B" worked in black silk.

On trenching towards the chancel we came on four leaden coffins laid side by side with inscriptions on each, one contained the body of Francis Earl of Chichester and Lord Dunsmore, 1653; the next the body of Audrey, Countess of Chichester, 1652; another the body of Lady Audrey Leigh, their daughter, 1640. We opened the coffin of Lady Audrey Leigh, and found her perfectly embalmed, and in entire preservation, her flesh quite plump as if she were alive, her face very beautiful, her hands exceedingly small, and not wasted; she was dressed in fine linen trimmed all over with all point lace, and two rows of lace flat across her forehead. She looked exactly as if she were lying asleep, and seemed not more than 16 or 17 years old; her beauty was very great; even her eyelashes and eyebrows were quite perfect, and her eyes were closed; no part of her face or figure was at all fallen in, although she had been buried 212 years. We also opened Lady Chichester's coffin, but with her the embalming had apparently failed; she was a skeleton, though the coffin was full of aromatic leaves. Her hair, however, was as fresh as if she lived; it was long, thick, and as soft and glossy as that of a child, and of a perfect auburn color.

In trenching on one side of where the altar had been, we found another leaden coffin with an inscription. It contained the body of a Dame Marie Browne, daughter of one of the Leighs, and of the Lady Marie, daughter to Lord Chancellor Black-

ley. This body was also quite perfect, and embalmed principally with a very small coffee colored seed, with which the coffin was nearly filled, and it also had so powerful a perfume that it filled the whole place. The linen, riband, &c., were quite strong and good in all these instances, and remained so after exposure to the air. We kept a piece out of each coffin, and had it washed without its being at all destroyed. Young Lady Audrey had earrings in her ears—black enamelled serpents. The perfume of the herbs and gums used in embalming them was so sickening that we were all ill after inhaling it, and most of the men employed in digging up the coffin were ill also.

### Bank Bill Holders' Lien.

The new constitution of Louisiana, just adopted by the people, provides that in case of the insolvency of any bank or banking association, the bill holders thereof shall be entitled to preference in payment over all other creditors of such bank or association. This is what may be called a Bill-holder's lien, and is one of the most just provisions ever made to curb the monopolizing, bank notes are made a currency the law should protect their holders, over all other claimants on the assets in case of bankruptcy. We trust our legislators will have an eye to this important provision.

### The Citizens of Norfolk Co., Va., held a meeting on the 2d instant and adopted resolutions urging the Legislature, at its ensuing session to adopt measures to rid the State of its free colored population. They also recommended that similar meetings be held throughout the State.

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