

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
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All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the true
address of the writer, to receive attention. All those
relating exclusively to the National Government, to be di-
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business to O. N. Worden, Printer.
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the Post-Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

The Song of the Bowl.

With features wan and worn,
With nose of the grassiest red,
A man there sat like a drowsy bat,
Who lifted his head and said:
He sang this S-song of the Bowl,
Mid a ragged and wretched band,
And he drove a nail in his coffin lid
Each time he raised his hand:
"Drink! Drink! Drink!
In the morning's rosy prime,
And drink! Drink! Drink!
In the morning's rosy prime,
It's O to be a dog,
Along with the tinkler sweet,
Than a useless leg, or a barren leg,
With never a human heart!"
"Drink! Drink! Drink!
The wine-cup never flags;
And what are its tapers? an aching heart,
And a splinter, and a world's rage,
Drink, sleep of the living dead,
To follow and outlast earth,
With roguish god-kings, and the top-room above,
And the vilest seam of earth."
O men, with children pale—
O men, with weeping wives—
O why for a draught of wine or ale
Will ye scarify their lives?
They play but a dastard's part,
Who vacillate each truth a lie—
Who crush with crime an aching heart,
And leave it to wither and die!

Poetry.

There seems to be a remarkable dearth of genuine poetry, everywhere. The *Hornet*, formerly distinguished for its number and sweetness of its verses, comes now with two or three short pieces that will compare very unfavorably with those of our own fair correspondents. Take up a Magazine for the past or the present month, and you will hardly find a line capable of awaking an emotion. And yet we do not doubt that there is a great amount of true poetic talent in the country. There is no necessity of long poems to demonstrate the possession of genius. Gray's *Elegy* has secured his immortality, and few persons either know or care whether he ever wrote anything else. Burns' reputation would be as safe as it now is, and his memory as tenderly cherished, if we had only known him by the "Two Dugs," or "Tam O'Shanter." It does not require a thousand songs to test the sweetness of a voice. A single strain may impress us with its tenderness, and melt us into tears. The miner wants but a small specimen, to test the depth and richness of the vein. And we can decide from a single effort of a brilliant mind that it has the gift of inspiration. There is no scarcity of such intellects in our country, as has been clearly shown. True, she has produced no dazzling luminaries like Byron, but a hundred scattered twinklings, from as many different sources, have shown that their light was as pure as his. Poverty seems to be the chief reason, that we have never been favored with a great American poem, and that we get but few verses from those who are best able to pen them. Poetry requires time. Moore wrote his *Lalla Rookh* in three years, averaging about two stanzas a day. Perhaps any American writer would be compelled to stop a similar undertaking in six months, for want of bread. If a man can write poetry, he can generally write prose. If he can do that, there is no necessity for starvation. He can furnish his column a day for the newspaper, or his monthly article for the magazine, and live. The literary men of the country are generally poor. Professional men, with little taste for the details of business, and with little ability to make money or keep it when they have it—badly paid professors or teachers, and clerks, confided all day to the counting-house—are the men who have built up American literature. And for some of the sweetest poetry in the language, we are indebted to pens that have all day been running over day-book and ledger, and which yield to the guidance of genius by night. The detached pieces that have thus been "hewn off from a thousand different hands, make the poetry of America. But they read all the better when we know that they are the result of hours stolen from sleep—hours in which the mind defied the tyranny of labor, and communed with nature in secret, as the Christian of an age long gone perused the Bible by stealth, and hid from his oppressors, to hold intercourse with God.—*Pittsburg Union*.

"Give the devil his due." Certainly, says a contemporary; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due him.

The Census—The Race.

The Report of the Superintendent of the Census is beyond comparison the most important of the late official documents. It is literally of vital importance, since, unlike the others, which deal with modes of administration alone, it has to do with the very vital elements of the nation. It not merely sets forth the amount of the population, which was the sole object of the ancient census, but analyzes the blood which flows in its veins, and lays bare its whole physical, moral, and intellectual standing to the inspection of the world. It exhibits not only "the limbs, the sinews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance" of the nation, but unmistakably reveals its "spirit" also. It is a work of interest not the "statist" or the student of social economies alone; it has its instruction and significance for every thoughtful mind. Through a notation rather than an event, it marks an epoch in the life of the nation. It not only accumulates and classifies existing facts, but furnishes the only safe grounds for political prophecy. It answers not only the momentous question, *What are we?* but also that other inquiry of far mightier concernment, *Whither are we tending?*

Talk as we like about the universal identity of human nature, and the successive rise and fall of nations in the past—speculate as we please upon the relative merits of different types of civilization—may, denounce as we may the materializing tendencies and the subtle, malignant influences of modern progress—recall to mind that in days of yore there were greater intellects, greater achievements in reasoning, in eloquence, in poetry, and in art, greater personal strength, greater energy in government, more devoted loyalty in the governed, and grander displays of national and individual heroism—and yet the fact remains indisputable that there are social forces now in operation such as the world has never before seen since its birth from chaos. This planet of ours is now six thousand years old, and, without the least risk of exaggeration, it may be affirmed that no public document exists, or ever has existed, in its archives of such vast significance in regard to its future destinies as the census of the United States of America made in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty. Never before has such a record been made of things that are and are to be. This nation, wonderful as has been its past progress, never before exhibited such a decennial increase of population, either absolutely or proportionately, and no other nation, either modern or ancient, ever experienced anything approaching to it. The Roman empire was the most extensive and populous in the third century after the Christian era. Its subjects at that time, as estimated by Gibbon, (the computation is probably far too high,) was one hundred and twenty millions. Yet for two centuries preceding, the increase of the population of Italy, Spain, and Portugal was, according to the most reliable data, only about twenty-five or thirty per cent. each hundred years; our increase during the last ten years was nearly thirty-seven per cent. Our decennial increase is three times as great as was the centennial increase of the European population at any time prior to the crusades of the twelfth to the middle of the eighteenth century. Italy has not a much larger population now than it had in the days of the elder Pliny. Spain has positively less population than it had fifteen hundred years ago, and scarcely more than it had three hundred years ago. France has not five times as many as it had in the days of Julius Cæsar, or three times as many as it had in the reign of Francis First. England herself, notwithstanding her wonderful development since the reformation, is not four times more populous than it was in the reign of Henry the Eighth. What ratios are these to compare with our growth during the last ten years, or any ten years since our existence as a nation?

Our vast increase is not to be mainly attributed to the accretion of foreign population. The extent of the foreign element is greatly overrated. Of our entire population of 23,347,884, only 2,210,028 were born in foreign countries. Unless official figures lie, it can not be denied that our increase is to be ascribed chiefly to the productive and expansive energies of the Anglo-Saxon stock of this continent—precisely the same agency that impelled us so rapidly forward in our earlier history, when immigration was comparatively unknown. From 1812 to 1821, according to official documents printed by the House of Commons, the entire emigration from the United Kingdom to this country was only 68,988, and from other parts of Europe it was comparatively insignificant; and yet our population in that period augmented two millions, or thirty-three and a third per cent. It is not without good grounds that DeBorff estimates in his history that

A Great Man, Self-Wrecked.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.
Many years ago—in the summer of the year 1815 it was, or thereabouts—a wealthy merchant of New York took charge of a little boy who had been left an orphan. The parents of this child had been actors of some slight celebrity in the theaters of the United States; but dying within a short time of each other, they left behind them, in a state of complete destitution, three young children. The eldest of these was a handsome boy of about six years of age, with a quick eye, an active spirit, and a remarkably intelligent countenance. The merchant of whom we speak had known the parents of the child; and out of pity for his helplessness, he and his wife, who had no children, adopted it as their own.

How happily the ardent boy passed his days in the house of his benefactor; how he was beloved by these two childless people; how, in the strength of their great affection, the merchant and his wife took him to Europe; how he spent some four or five pleasant years under the care and teaching of a reverend gentleman near London; how he came back again to the city of his birth to finish his education; and how he was generally looked upon as the rich merchant's heir—it would take long to tell. But we would fain linger on this portion of our story; fain dwell upon his precocious wit and aptness for learning—his faults of strength and agility—his ease and grace on horseback, his dexterity in race and stream, and his success in all that seemed to promise for him a brilliant future. But the truth must be told, no matter how unwilling the teller. He was sent to the college of Charlottesville, amply provided with money. In those days, dissipation among the students of colleges was unhappily but too common; and among the most dissolute and extravagant, the wildest rufflers of the town, the hardest drinkers and the most daring gamblers, there was ever to be found one more wild and desperate than they all—and that one was the subject of our story, now a good-looking, free-hearted young fellow of eighteen. Friends advised with him, and he made fair promises in plenty; tutors re-monstrated, and he declared that he would amend and win the highest honors yet; companions tempted and wine allured, and he embraced the filthy siren and so fell.—Instead of coming home from the university with honors, he was expelled.

One would think that disgrace so public would have broken his proud spirit; but it did not. Because his benefactor refused to pay the gambling debts he contracted at college, the wifely young man wrote him a violent and abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon afterward left his country with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks, who were at that time in the midst of their struggle with the Turks.—He never reached his destination, and nothing was known or heard of him for more than a year. At last, however, he was found, and in circumstances which left no doubt as to the manner in which his European experiences had been bought. One morning, the American Minister at St. Petersburg was summoned to save a countryman of his own from the penalties incurred in a drunken debauch. He came in time to rescue our prodigal from a prison; and through his influence he was set at liberty, and enabled to return home.

The first to greet him on his landing was his old patron, the merchant, who was now alone in the world, for his wife had died while the youth was away. But he took the wanderer to his arms, and led him back to the quiet home he had quitted so ungraciously. The question then arose, as to what should be done for the youth; and on his expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the merchant's friends, and the young man was entered as a scholar in the military academy at West Point. For a little time all went on well; the young cadet was assiduous in his studies, became the favorite of the mess, and was looked upon by the officers and professors as one of their most promising pupils. But alas, and alas! the old habits of dissipation were too strong to be given up all at once. He neglected his duties; he drank to excess; he disobeyed orders; he openly sneered at the regulations of the academy—and in ten months from his matriculation, he was cashiered.

Disgraced and humiliated, where could the wretched man find refuge but in the home of his adopted father? Thither, then, he went, and was again received with open arms. During his stay at the academy, the merchant had married again to a lady some years younger than himself.—Time passed on; but, just as the sun of happiness seemed about to shine once more upon him, a quarrel took place between him and the lady, which severed for ever all ties of friendship between the merchant and his protegee. Another circumstance, which is scarcely fit for mention here, was

The Dentist's Chair.

I dread it! I dread it! and who shall dare
To climb up for dredging the dentist's chair?
I would pass it by with averted eyes,
Bedewed with tears, and emulated with sighs;
For 'tis a fearful scene to gaze upon,
And 'tis a fearful name to utter on
Would you know the truth? 'Tis often so there,
A man to pain in the dentist's chair.

ACRES OF PORK.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier says that in East Louisville the five extensive pork houses have five or six acres of barreled pork, piled up three tiers high in open lots. There are not less than six acres, which would make eighteen acres of barrels if laid side by side, exclusive of land in barrels and pork balked down in the five pork houses, sheds, &c. Besides the above slaughtered hogs, there are five or six acres of live hogs in pens

Encourage Your Own.

This is the true principle of national, sectional, and individual independence and prosperity, and to act upon any other will sooner or later bring distress and ruin. A farmer once stepped into a hatter's shop and said, "I want you to make me a hat, and to put this motto in it—'Our country before any country in the world, our State before any State in the Union, our county before any county in the State, and our town before any town in the county'—them's my sentiments. Although such things may nominally cost more at first, they will be cheaper in the long run; and besides, neither the dealer nor the foreign manufacturer will take our heavy agricultural products which will be required at home if our manufacturers and mechanics are properly supported. The money which we have will moreover be kept in circulation among us, and we shall not be dependent upon any."

So it is. The dictates of philosophy and prudence point out this as the true course in every community. "Encourage your own"—your own mechanics, your own manufacturers, your own merchants, your own lawyers, doctors, dentists, printers—"help one another"—pull together. Some people are continually talking about the cheapness and superiority of things in other places; "distance lends enchantment to the view." Go where you will, find there not only the most divisions in society, and the most mischievous boys, but the dearest merchants and mechanics! Some people are sure to patronize every traveling agent who has the talent and brass to tell a smooth lie; and others will purchase every book that is brought along and cracked up by the strolling mendicant, though the work may be purchased ten per cent. cheaper at the book store of their next-door neighbor. Some send to the city for their family supplies; others for household furniture, because they can not find any fashionable enough manufactured in the country; and while they are exhibiting it to the admiring gazer, are astounded with the intelligence that the same articles were made by a near neighbor and sent to the City some months previous to be sold!

These things are all wrong; and those who do so work against their own interest. He who would prosper, should endeavor to enhance the prosperity of those about him. The bread you thus cast upon the waters, will not be lost, but will sooner or later return to you. Therefore we say, "ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN."—*Pittsburg Ledger*

THE FASHIONABLE SEASON in New York has commenced unusually early this year. Receptions are full—and large balls have called forth a magnificence of toilettes, never before equaled in this new world. Ladies wear gold and silver brocades costing a thousand dollars and more, a dress, or rich silks trimmed with lace bonnets, from one to three thousand dollars in value. One lady of high ton, recently appeared in costume partly embroidered with pearls—another wore a dress whose flounces were wrought with seed pearls, at the same price. Another wore a set of diamonds which cost thirty thousand dollars, at a grand party, and even the young belles are costumed a la Pompadour, instead of wearing gauze or muslin, thereby making themselves old and matronly in dress, at least, and yielding to fashion, the simplicity of attire so becoming to youth, and which has heretofore marked the New York girl out from others, in strange cities, as being the best dressed of all, from her very absence of ornament.

Being in French *modiste's* the other morning, we were amazed at her prices, which in reality cost very little, and are always becoming to the young. A youthful face was gazing at a skirt of pink tulle, displayed by Madame, which leaped up here and there, with ribbons to suit, was quite a tasteful affair, costing five or ten dollars, perhaps. "What is the price of this dress Madame?" "Oh, Mam'selle, all complete, only sixty dollars, and vera cheap at that. With flowers it would be eighty dollars—Oh, vera cheap, Mam'selle—all the best material, you see!"

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