

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

### "The Late Legislature."

There are three topics which, whenever  
hard pushed for "leaders," are a god-send  
for some Penna's editors. These are—the  
of July, New Year's, and the late Legisla-  
ture. In the elucidation of the first,  
they exhaust their patriotism; in the sec-  
ond, their wisdom; in the third, common  
sense and common honesty are lost.

Let me recapitulate the stereotyped  
anathemas which, for 40 or 50 years past,  
have been breathed upon every "late Leg-  
islature." "The Apsayan stable at Harris-  
burg has been closed for the season"—"Let  
us render thanks"—"Our Legislative So-  
dom"—"Nothing done for the public, but  
everything for private interest"—"Bribery  
and corruption stalked at noon-day"—  
"Legislators purchased like sheep in the  
shambles"—"The last, by far the worst  
of all"—and so on, ad infinitum.

Now, how much reason or fairness are  
there in these annual diatribes?  
Observe, that individuals are not singled  
out, but the censure is cast upon all  
engaged in Legislation—the Governor, 33  
Senators, and 100 Representatives, all the  
choice of the people, acting under solemn  
oaths, bound by the best considerations of  
which our natures are capable, and restrai-  
ned by as many safeguards and checks as  
human wisdom can devise. All these—  
(according to these editorial Solomons)—  
are merely an assembly of corrupt knaves or  
of driveling fools!

And yet, these very editors have as a  
general thing brought out and aided in  
elevating to the positions they occupy, the  
very individuals they now malign: (The  
Lycographic Gazette, for example, speaks of  
the "late Legislature" in almost the identi-  
cal terms the Democrat applied to the  
members from that District before their  
election, which was gained by the Gazette's  
most strenuous endeavors.)

Whenever cornered, however, these val-  
iant conservators of the public good will  
concede that there were some true men at  
Harrisburg—their own of course included;  
all the others (especially those belonging  
to the other party) were unworthy of their  
trust. So that, when you would put your  
finger upon the guilty, you can only learn  
that they are Mr. Somebody's of Some-  
where, but nobody in particular!

the Governor, or vetoed. Here are at  
least 11 laws per day on an average passed  
through the tedious forms of legislation.  
"Doing nothing," quotha! It may well  
be doubted whether a more industrious  
Legislature than that of Pennsylvania can  
be found out of New England. Extended  
as are her bounds, diversified as are her  
resources, and conflicting as are her local  
interests, yet an average of 110 days is  
all the time employed for the business of  
a Commonwealth of Two and a Half Mil-  
lions of People! The Legislature of little  
Maryland is yet in session.

"Well, but," says the *People's Grumbler*,  
"there is too much private and not enough  
public business transacted." Dear sir,  
if the two Houses disagree in politics, they  
had better drop politics than waste their  
time in fruitless contention. It is fair to  
presume that the Legislature do pass such  
general laws as they consider the general  
good requires. As to private (or local)  
legislation, there is not enough of it. With  
the unsurpassed advantages of Pennsylva-  
nia, she should be the "Empire State."

Local, sectional, and even private legisla-  
tion, wisely directed, all tend to advance  
the prosperity of the State.  
But the Grumbler objects to the trifling  
subjects of legislation. Here again the  
People are at fault. Every mail is loaded  
down with letters, petitions, and remon-  
strances, respecting local wants. These  
may seem unimportant to Members from  
other Districts, but each Member knows  
the wants of his own. The city of Erie  
can not say that Philadelphia bills are of  
no account, nor can Philadelphia say that  
no act shall be passed for Pittsburg. And  
what Member could or should turn a deaf  
ear to the legal requests of his own con-  
stituents? The ambitious bore of Flatow  
desires a Beneficial Society (but "without  
banking privileges") in connection with  
their Town Pump. Dare the Member re-  
flecting their wisdom, oppose it? Let but  
a suspicion to that effect be set in motion  
by some sly opponent, or let the wheels  
of legislation roll too tardily for the 'fast'  
men there, and the Editor of the *Tyrant's Ec-  
clesiastical & Protector of the Dear People*,  
will fess an Extry, announcing in most  
flaming characters that "Flatow is Bo-  
trayed! Liberty is wounded in the house  
of her friends!! Bribery and Corruption  
abroad with both hands full of gold!!!  
The Flatow Town Pump Beneficial So-  
ciety is dangerous!!!!" &c. &c. If the bill  
is not now passed with telegraphic speed,  
all Flatow is moved with excitement from  
its centre to its very suburbs, and as a last  
resource an "Indignation Meeting" is called  
by a big handbill with a spread eagle and  
in its mouth the comforting assurance that  
"The Spirit of '76 shall never die!" In  
due time, as much as 75 or 100 men get  
together in their largest school-house and  
proceed to "indignate" each other. They  
resolve that they'll never vote for their  
Member again if he does not get that  
"vital" bill (which may never be thought  
of again) through; that they will not be  
answerable for the consequences to him  
personally if he returns to his injured and  
exasperated constituents without the bill;  
and that if the Governor dare veto it they  
will raise a storm about his ears that shall  
shake the very Executive Chair! Fore-  
warned thus, is it any wonder that the Bill  
to Suppress Forgery should be laid by—  
that a little bargaining for votes to carry  
the Flatow Town Pump Beneficial Soci-  
ety Bill should be entered into—and that  
the alarmed Governor should haste to sign  
a benevolent bill like that, which conferred  
no banking privileges?—Iudeed, sirs, it is  
the fault of the people, and not of their  
"servants," if there are too many private  
or local enactments.

There have been many reforms made in  
Pennsylvania legislation, and with proper  
care in the election of Members, many  
more may be effected.

The wholesale charges of Bribery are  
gross perversions of truth. That Members  
should legitimately advance the interests  
of themselves and their friends, so far as  
they can without prejudice to the public  
interests, is not denied. There may be  
those who sell their votes for money at  
every session, but there are more who can  
return with clean hands and clear consci-  
ences. If the People wish true legislation,  
let them send men of tried moral stamina  
—men who can say NO—men who can  
pierce the veil and resist the power of any  
earthly tempter.

The writer has spent several winters,  
in the prosecution of a lawful calling, in  
Harrisburg, and believes that the character  
of the Legislature is improving instead of  
becoming worse. Let memory recall the  
scenes of past years and times, and con-  
tract them with the last session, and it  
will mark a change. Instead of a "row"  
upon adjournment, as some papers stated,  
the Senate (and for aught I know the  
House) adjourned as quietly, and Members  
went as respectful leave of each other, as  
those of any religious assembly would do.  
"Well, but," says the *World's Illumina-*

tor, "what about that political Legisla-  
'guzzle'—forgetting to provide for its pay-  
ment—cost \$8,000—all to benefit the  
Susq. Railroad and Gov. Bigler's lands?"  
Dear friend! contain yourself. If your  
representatives ate or drank too much, send  
them next time; don't abuse those  
who did neither. There were no \$8,000  
spent, nor half that sum. Provision was  
made for every expenditure authorized, to  
be paid after going through the Auditor  
General's office. You need not lose the  
precious sweat of your brow to foot the  
bill—cylinder out your share, and I will pay  
it with a dime and have some change left.

It was not the *Pennsylvania*, but a *Mary-  
land* Susq. Road, which Gov. Lowe advised  
the Legislature to aid. Gov. Bigler has  
no land within 50 or 100 miles of the  
Penn. Susq. Road. The visit of the au-  
thorities of Maryland and of Baltimore  
was not a Democratic, not a Whig move-  
ment, but one agreed upon by both parties,  
and to which there was not a dissenting  
voice in either House. Two or three years  
ago, the State of Maryland and Baltimore  
invited our Legislature, Governor, &c., to  
make them a friendly visit, which was ac-  
cepted, and a pleasant tour and generous re-  
ception awaited them. Would you have  
the great State of Pennsylvania so small-  
souled as never to reciprocate such an act  
of courtesy between neighboring States?  
Maryland and Pennsylvania have often  
aided each other, and been on most friend-  
ly terms; their Capitals are near each  
other; our Public Works have been mate-  
rially helped by their money; their Legis-  
lature was contemplating a visit to the  
borders of our State...what time so oppor-  
tune, as that which was selected, for re-  
turning the civility? Many incidents  
resulting from Slavery have tended to ex-  
cite hostility between the States, which a  
personal visit between its officials might  
soften or remove...These were sufficient  
considerations to justify our Legislature  
in the measure.

—O ye men of Type, Paper, and Ink!  
seated on your rickety stools you do not  
know everything going on in the world,  
and should not allow Imagination to supply  
the deficiency. Be careful of what you  
publish concerning our Lawgivers, whose  
characters should be pure—whose stations,  
sacred. So shall your 'patrons' increase,  
and 'pay up' better—your influence be  
salutary—you be deemed wise by your  
'numerous readers'—and perhaps be sent  
to Harrisburg. Do not heedlessly proclaim  
facts "whereof you are not possessed of,"  
nor, parrot-like, re-lash every idle tale you  
may see. JUSTICE.

### For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Go weave for the bride a gay garland of flowers  
To twine in her beautiful hair,  
Choose the brightest and freshest that bloom in the bowers  
Beneath a prison's tower.  
Call the rose and the tulip, the amaranth too,  
The types of the hour they're to deck,  
Whose light, laughing breath, sorrow's pain never knew,  
Nor of hopes nor of joys felt the wreck.  
But leave the pale lily to pine on the stem,  
An emblem of sorrow and care,  
Unreluctant in gladness to mingle with them,  
The daisy, the dandelion, the fair.  
Call Jop's laughing children that dance by the way  
To partake of the bride's bread,  
Bring the gay ones that back in prosperity's way  
And the bright eyes that never shed a tear.  
The hand that selected the flowers for the wreath,  
Unconsciously twined in death,  
A leaf of the cypress, the emblem of doom,  
Why must it be hatched with the dead?  
How it blooms on the lawn of the beautiful bride  
As she bends her fair hair to the glass!  
And the bridegroom, impatient, waits in his pride,  
And thinks the daisy hours as they pass.  
Now the ring is exchanged, and the kiss has been given,  
And they kneel at the altar of love,  
And the holy man prays for the blessing of Heaven  
To descend on the pair from above.  
What is that light that is borne on the evening air,  
As I positively pass by the way?  
'Tis the laugh of delight, 'tis the tones that declare  
Their joy shall continue for aye.  
The bride is alone, and the weavers are fed,  
And the mirth and the music are over,  
Why blooms not the wreath on that beautiful head  
As it bloomed but a moment before?  
And the spring has returned and the song birds are come  
And the verdure appears on the hill,  
But the flowers of the garland can never bloom,  
For the cypress is sighing their still.  
Oh, weave not the wreath of the dark cypress tree,  
Which above the low-spirited grows,  
If it needs must be worn, lady, twine it for me—  
But for beauty, the tulip and rose.  
Bloom field, 1853. R. R. GERMER.

### Sketch of the Reformer Gavazzi.

Dr. Alessandro Gavazzi, the patriotic  
Italian exile and missionary in the cause  
of Truth, arrived in our city yesterday af-  
ternoon, and lectured last evening at the  
Musical Hall on the Pope and the Bible.  
In another column will be found a  
report of his remarkable lecture, but we  
extract the following sketch of his life and  
career for the satisfaction of our readers.  
The young Gavazzi, after the custom of  
his country, at the early age of sixteen,  
became a monk of the Barnabite Order.  
So prominent were his talents and literary  
attainments, that at 20 he was selected to  
fill the Professorial Chair of Rhetoric and  
Belles Lettres in the Public College of  
Caravaggio, at Naples. When he left  
Naples to proceed to Arpino for the pur-  
pose of ordination, general sorrow was  
expressed. During his abode here, instead  
of spending his time in solitude, he devo-  
ted it to preaching. After his ordination,  
he went to Leghorn, and was there appoint-  
ed teacher in Belles Lettres. Here he  
encountered the envy of rival Professors,  
and for his liberal sentiments, incurred the

suspicion of the authorities, and was forced  
to quit the place. He now abandoned liter-  
ature, and devoted himself to preaching,  
being twenty-five years old. He went to  
Piedmont, where, for ten years, he preached  
to vast multitudes who everywhere thronged  
to hear him, making warm friends and  
most bitter enemies. Here he encountered  
the subtle and determined opposition of  
the Jesuits, so that he became a dangerous  
man.

Parma was the next field of labor. Here  
he abode four years. His renown so in-  
creased that he was compelled, on many  
occasions, to preach ten times in one day.  
His iron constitution, his indefatigable  
voice, and ardent zeal, set at defiance all  
physical fatigue. His liberal and enlarged  
views drew upon him the attention of  
Pope Gregory XVI. He had preached on  
Patriotism and its Virtues, in such a man-  
ner as to arouse the apprehensions of the  
Pontiff, and the command came from the  
Vatican forbidding him to exercise his  
ministry, except in the central prison at  
Parma. To this he was confined. Here  
he found eight hundred prisoners and gal-  
ley slaves to whom he preached with con-  
siderable success in the way of reformation  
among them, for blasphemy was turned  
into praise. After he was released, he  
went to Perugia, where his preaching was  
attended with usual success. In 1845, at  
Ancona, in one of those fiery outbursts of  
sacred zeal which characterize the man, he  
overstepped the limits assigned him, and  
uttered some dangerous, because liberal  
truths. The ire of his enemies was roused,  
and he was virtually imprisoned in the  
college of the Novitiate of St. Saverio, where  
he was consigned to the tender mercies  
of some Friars.

The old Pope died, and Pius IX. was  
enthroned. In this Gavazzi rejoiced, as  
he thought he saw a future dawning for  
his country; he imagined that it was in a  
Pope that Italy was to find a Saviour. Ga-  
vazzi came into favor and was called to  
Rome. When on the anniversary of the  
election of Pius IX. he preached in Rome,  
his language took a lofty tone for freedom,  
which kindled up immense enthusiasm.  
On another occasion, when preaching a  
sermon of thanksgiving, he gave full scope  
to the thoughts that burned in his breast.  
With the unsparring severity of truth, he  
laid bare the enormities of the past reign  
of Gregory; he pointed in vivid colors the  
butcheries which had stained that pontifi-  
cate of blood; he forgot the Pope and con-  
demned the man. This was more than  
Pius could bear; rebuke and punishment  
followed; he was forbidden to speak, and  
remained silent. When in Rome, a day  
was set apart by those who loved  
liberty, to celebrate the death of those  
who fell at Padua. Gavazzi was, by uni-  
versal acclaim, called out to assist in the  
ceremonies. Here, too, he spoke words of  
freedom, which offended the priests and  
the Pope. He was condemned and sent  
to undergo the severe discipline of the  
Convent of Polveriera, and from thence,  
with inquisitorial mystery, transferred to  
the Capuchin Convent of Gonzario.

Now commenced the new epoch of re-  
volutions in France and other nations.  
Hope dawned for Italy. As soon as re-  
leased, Gavazzi returned to Rome, and he  
was the first man who paraded the  
streets of Rome with the emblematical  
colors pinned to his breast. Mindful of  
his sacred calling, he chose the typical  
form of a cross, and often in the thickest  
of the fray, in days which followed, was  
this cross the sole defence of the man who  
exposed himself fearlessly in the cause of  
truth. He preached the crusade of deliv-  
rance and aid to the friends of liberty.  
He thus aroused the love of Italian liberty  
in the breasts of many thousands, and  
did much towards combining the forces of  
Italy against the Austrian armies then  
threatening. The Pope feigned approval.  
He blessed the troops, and appointed Ga-  
vazzi Chaplain in Chief, empowered him  
to act with supreme authority over the  
other chaplains.

Gavazzi performed well the part of  
Chaplain, and in all places where the army  
went, he preached for liberty. He did all  
he could then to secure the union of all  
Italy in paternal bonds—the expulsion of  
all foreign oppressors, and the leaving of  
Italians to manage their own affairs with-  
out Austrian dictation and powder. In  
the changing events he suffered many  
hardships. He was watched, and com-  
pelled to live in seclusion. He was seized  
and imprisoned, and singularly released.  
When the French army entered Rome, he  
was a proscribed man, and diligently hun-  
ted; but under the protection of the Amer-  
ican Consul, he was good out of Rome, and  
found warm hearts to welcome him in  
England. He was united with no Protest-  
ant denomination. He says he is a mem-  
ber of the Primitive Roman Church, as  
founded by Paul. He is now biding his  
time. He is ready and anxious to return

to Italy, as soon as he can do so with safe-  
ty, and again preach to the multitude of  
his countrymen.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

### Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

I well remember hearing my father tell  
the following anecdote, illustrative of the  
early genius of that great man whose loss  
a mighty nation mourns:—

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Dan-  
iel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his  
garden had suffered considerably from the  
depravations of a woodchuck, ("ground-  
hog") whose hole and habitation were  
near the premises. Daniel, some ten or  
twelve years old, and his older brother  
Ezekiel, had set a trap and finally suc-  
ceeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel  
proposed to kill the animal and end at  
once all further trouble from him; but  
Daniel looked with compassion upon his  
meek, dumb captive, and offered to let  
him again go free. The boys could not  
agree, and each appealed to their father  
to decide the case. "Well, my boys,"  
said the old gentleman, "I will be the  
judge. There is the prisoner (pointing to  
the woodchuck) and you shall be the  
counsel and plead the case for and against  
his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong  
argument, urging the mischievous nature  
of the criminal, the great harm he had al-  
ready done, said that much time and la-  
bor had been spent in his capture, and  
now if he was suffered to live and go  
again at large, he would renew his depreda-  
tions, and be cunning enough not to  
suffer himself to be caught again, and  
that he ought now to be put to death;  
that his skin was of some value, and that  
to make the most of him they could, it  
would not repay half the damage it had  
already done. His argument was ready,  
practical, to the point, and of much great-  
er length than our limits will allow us to  
occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his  
son, who became a distinguished jurist in  
his manhood. "Now, Daniel, it is your  
turn; I'll hear what you have to say."

"Twas the first case, Daniel saw that  
the plea of his brother had sensibly af-  
fected his father, the Judge, and as his  
large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the  
soft, timid expression of the animal, and  
as he saw it tremble with fear in its nar-  
row prison-house, his heart swelled with  
pity, and he appealed with eloquent words  
to the merciful spirit again go free.  
God, he said, had made the woodchuck;  
he made him to live, to enjoy the bright  
sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and  
woods. God had not made him, or any-  
thing in vain; the woodchuck had as  
much right to life as any other living  
thing; he was not a destructive animal,  
as the wolf and the fox were; he simply  
ate a few common vegetables, of which  
they had a plenty and could well spare a  
part; he destroyed nothing except the  
little food he needed to sustain his hum-  
ble life; and that little food was as sweet  
to him, and as necessary to his existence,  
as was to them the food upon his mother's  
table. God furnished their own food;  
he gave them all they possessed; and  
would they not spare a little for the dumb  
creature, who really had as much right to  
his small share of God's bounty, as they  
themselves had to their portion? yea,  
more; the animal had never violated the  
laws of his nature or the laws of God, as  
man often did; but strictly followed the  
simple, harmless instincts he had received  
from the hand of the creator of all things.  
Created by God's hand, he had a right,  
a right from God, to life, to food, to lib-  
erty; and they had no right to deprive him  
of either. He alluded to the mute but  
earnest pleadings of the animal for that  
life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own  
was to them, and the just judgment they  
might expect if in selfish cruelty or cold  
heartlessness they took the life they could  
not restore again, the life that God alone  
had given.

During this appeal the tears had started  
to the old man's eyes, and were fast run-  
ning down his sunburnt cheeks; every feel-  
ing of a father's heart was stirred within  
him; he saw the future greatness of his  
son before his eyes; he felt that God had  
blessed him in his children beyond the  
lot of common men; his pity and sympa-  
thy were awakened by the eloquent words  
of compassion, and the strong appeal for  
mercy; and forgetting the Judge in the  
man and father, he sprang from his chair,  
(while Daniel was in the midst of his ar-  
gument, without thinking he had already  
won his case), and turning to his older  
son, dashing the tears from his eyes, ex-  
claimed, "ZEKE, ZEKE, YOU LET THAT  
WOODCHUCK GO!"—*Boston Traveler.*

### MUNCY PUDDING.

Butter a deep dish,  
put in a layer of grated bread; on this a  
layer of apples sliced very thin, a layer of  
brown sugar, and a layer of spices. Repeat  
this process until the dish is heaped very  
full, and bake it one hour. Serve with  
sweet sauce.

### "Tired of Farming."

A few months ago, a man who had been  
a farmer from his early life, came to the  
city to buy stoves to sell again. Said he  
to the stove dealer, "the weevil begins to  
infest the wheat, and all things considered,  
I am 'tired of farming,' and so have sold  
my farm." The stove dealer remarked,  
that he thought within himself, that just  
as like as not the discontented farmer  
would find a weevil in the heart of the new  
business—and so it proved, for when the  
day arrived on which the note was matu-  
red for the stoves, the old farmer, now  
turned tradesman, confessed that he had  
not been able to sell his stoves—that he  
had most of them on hand.

"Tired of farming," the most indepen-  
dent business a man can engage in, be-  
cause, forsooth, there are disappointments,  
and perplexities, and trials, and vexations,  
attending it. Remember, you who are  
tillers of the soil, that your cares and  
troubles and anxieties are few and far be-  
tween, compared with those suffered by  
commercial men. If your chances to be-  
come rich are not so inviting and profit-  
able, as those of the tradesman, bear in  
mind that the dangers of becoming very  
poor and destitute are far less. Famine  
and abject poverty seldom overtake the  
farmer, or haunt him in their ghostly  
visits. He lives on the high table-land of  
promise, rising far above the murky region  
of want and destitution. His children can  
say there is bread enough in our father's  
house, and a piece to spare to the hungry  
of other less fortunate callings.

"Tired of farming?" Supposing you  
are? What is to be done in such a case?  
Do you expect to find employment without  
trials and perplexities? If so, you are  
doomed to disappointment. There is no  
vocation in this world that will exempt  
those who engage therein, from cares and  
fears and vexations! So if you are tired  
of farming, the best way is to get rested  
just as soon as you can, and prosecute  
another business for which you have been  
early trained, and which, if diligently fol-  
lowed, will yield a good supply of all the  
necessaries and comforts of life, together  
with opportunities for mental and moral  
culture.—*Rural New Yorker.*

### "Go not in the Way of Sinners."

[The following beautiful allegory is  
translated from the German:]

conpromised, a wise teacher, would not  
suffer even his own grown up son and  
daughter to associate with those whose  
conduct was not pure and upright.  
"Dear Father," said the gentle Eulalia  
to him, one day, when he forbade her, in  
company with her brother, to visit the  
elder Lucinda, "dear father, you must  
think us very childish if you imagine that  
we should be exposed to danger by it."  
The father took in silence a dead coal  
from the hearth, and reached to his daugh-  
ter. "It will not burn you, my child,  
take it."  
Eulalia did so, and beheld her beauti-  
ful white hand soiled and blackened  
and as it chanced her white dress also.

### The Watering Trough Law.

The law authorizing the abatement of a  
certain portion of highway tax to the man  
who will place a trough in the highway,  
where it shall be constantly filled with wa-  
ter, and convenient for horses and cattle  
that are traveling said road to drink, has  
been the means of establishing a great  
many of those very excellent conveniences.  
There are, however, many other situations  
where such troughs could be placed that  
are not so occupied. We hope the law  
will not be forgotten, but that many others  
will avail themselves of its provisions, and  
exert themselves to put down good water-  
ing troughs where they will answer the  
purpose.—*Meine Farmer.*

The Editor of the *Miltonian* had a rapping  
communication, the other day, with  
a man who had died in arrears for the pa-  
per, four years ago. The spirit told the  
Editor to call on a certain person who was  
indebted to him when living; the Editor  
did as directed and received his pay. The  
spirit was no doubt deeply troubled that  
his newspaper had not been squared up.  
Those indebted for the *Chronicle* should  
reflect and feel uneasy.

What a pity pleasure is so much  
shorter lived than pain! The fun of get-  
ting drunk only lasts about an hour—the  
misery which succeeds it frequently holds  
on for a fortnight. Find a thousand dol-  
lars, and the pleasure connected with it  
will grow old in a week; lose a thousand  
dollars, and it will make you feel like  
sixpence worth of arsenic for half of a  
lifetime.

### English Railroads.

In an interesting article on the "Histo-  
ry of English Railways," in the May  
number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine,  
we find some interesting facts touching  
the opposition to their first construction.

A remarkable episode in the railway  
history of England to the relation between  
the companies and the landed aristocracy.  
It was, at the first, the collision between  
the ancient, conservative, lymphatic spirit  
that ruled the past, and the new-born,  
progressive, man-elevating energy that  
was to direct the future. One was weak  
from its infancy, the other was feeble  
from senility; one was undeveloped, the  
other exhausted. As always, the new tri-  
umphed over the old, and the defeat of  
the latter carried with it more disgrace  
than ill-fortune. The result exhibited to  
the world that the British aristocracy was  
but a big race-show—a hollow humbug—a  
matterless bubble. Their power, their  
glory, their honor—whatever it had been  
—was defunct. They sold land, ancestral  
possessions, ancient memories, the pride of  
family, personal character, everything for  
the money of the merchants and mechan-  
ics—classes whom their fathers, and they  
too, had affected to despise. They who  
abominated traffic descended to the lowest  
trade, eagerly chaffering with railroad di-  
rectors about the pounds and shillings to  
be paid for their properties, and yet more  
as the price of hushing their hostile voices;  
every nerve was strained, and every means  
used, based on the known necessities of  
the railroad companies, to extend their  
pelf. Never were misers more greedy of  
gold—never more indifferent as to the  
means of obtaining it. To such a com-  
plexion had British chivalry attained in  
the nineteenth century.

Another class should be alluded to.  
When the railway movement commenced,  
the commercial houses of London were  
most of them dignified with ancestral hon-  
ors, awarded to their fathers for their ser-  
vices in the armed vindication of com-  
mercial rights. They were allied nearly to  
the government, being often called on for  
counsel as well as monetary aid. They  
were not, in our understanding of the  
term, men of progress, and not remark-  
able for adventure. As a class, they were  
rather cautious in regard to railroads,  
many of them ranking among their most  
stubborn opponents. But about 1839,  
a change was apparent. Many of this  
class had been ruined in the crisis of 1825,  
and others were greatly weakened. A new  
race of traders had arisen, who had made  
up their small capital by great activity.  
The new men boldly undertook to in-  
novate, and soon effected a great revolution  
in commercial forms and customs. They  
eagerly allied themselves with the new  
power, which the old houses contemptu-  
ously refused to recognise. Their efforts,  
and the results attending them, forced the  
others from their inaction, and the entire  
mercantile power at length became calien-  
ated on the side of railroads—the rapid  
progress of which was, of course, therefore  
insured.

The London and Brighton road was the  
occasion of a fierce and factious contest.  
Five separate lines were projected, and  
the sums spent in endeavoring simply to  
obtain an act by the different companies,  
amounted to £193,575. The expenditure  
for the road, on the successful line amount-  
ed to £37,568 17s. 6d per mile.

HOARDING SILVER.—A recent trial in  
the Dauphin county court brought to light  
the fact that two German families, living  
in the same neighborhood in Dauphin  
county, had hoarded up a large quantity  
of silver for thirty years, and we presume  
it would have been hoarded for many years  
more, but that a servant girl finding the  
boxes or bags containing it, helped herself  
to a few hundreds. What a ridiculous  
system it is to keep money hid away in  
a house for years and years, losing the inter-  
est and being subject to robbery and other  
attendant risks. Instead of doing this, all  
persons having money, should loan it out  
to some prudent business man, and have  
it all the time accumulating. This would  
help trade and commerce, improve the  
country, and increase the fund for state  
owner.—*Berks & Schuykill Journal.*

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES AND THE  
BIBLE.—The New York *Commercial Ad-  
vertiser*, speaking of Lazard's new work,  
entitled, "Discoveries among the Ruins of  
Nineveh and Babylon," just published by  
Putnam, says: "Mr. Lazard's volume  
abounds with corroborations of the histo-  
rical portions of the Old Testament. Moun-  
d after mound, palace after palace and even  
tombs and hidden vaults, testify to the  
minute truthfulness of that inspired vol-  
ume. Hosts of witnesses are disinterred  
from the hoary and almost forgotten past,  
and by the grandeur and majesty of their  
testimony, expose the shallowness and ig-  
norance of scoffers of the present. It  
would be an interesting task to gather into  
one volume all these corroborations."