

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1853.

VOLUME X.—NO. 32.
WHOLE NUMBER, 560.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,
Issued on FRIDAY 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
year; \$2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cents for
single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to
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[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

Waverly, N. Y., Nov. 8.

A very noisy, drizzling day is provided for the "sovereigns" of the Empire State to decide their triangular contest. I was at a poll in the town of Barton, Tioga Co. In this State, the towns, (townships, in Pennsylvania) are sub-divided into election districts, so that none shall have but 300 or 400 voters. Under this arrangement, some towns have two, three, or more districts. The storm kept back nearly half of the voters, and those who attended were in the best possible humor. "Hards," "Softs," and "Maine Law," were the issues, and "Whig" and "Democrat" were merely incidentals. "Hunkerism" was rampant here in '48, but now "Softs" or the Free-Soilers have it their own way among the Democracy. "Loose Dirt" and "Aldermanism" are the nicknames given by each section of the party to the other; and the feud was never so wide, or the hatred so bitter. . . . consequence is, the Whigs are "just naturally" getting the best offices throughout the State. Two or three of the candidates for Legislature, District Attorney, and Judge, were urged by their friends as the Simon Pure Maine Law man; and it would have sorely puzzled a stranger to decide between them. It is a "foregone conclusion," however, that the next New York Legislature will pass a Prohibitory Liquor Law similar to that of Maine.

This region was formerly remarkable—but not remarkably blessed—for drinking and horse-racing; but religious influences have entirely banished the latter, and the former evil is much diminished. To-day I saw but one drunken man, and he was enjoying himself and occasionally amusing the voting crowd by broken snatches of antiquated songs, the "burden" of which was that

must guard well their liberties, put down all fanaticism, vote for the Republican cause, and sustain the

This "refrain" he was at last assured he must "refrain" from "sustaining" this, or he should lose his "liberty" in that assemblage of his respected

I left this vigilant defender of the rights of the people, demonstrating, to the satisfaction of three boys and the sign-post, that the Maine Law was *unquestionable*, and he'd fight ag'in 'till the last drop [of liquor, probably] was "spilt."

You are aware that in this State, colored men of proper age, owning a certain amount of taxable property, may vote—and a gray-headed man of that qualification quietly voted here to-day, thus demonstrating that a colored man of property is equal to a white man of none. "Uncle Reub." voted with the "Softs" or "Free Soilers"—too sensible a man to throw away his vote on the impracticable "Liberty" party. Indeed, "Uncle Reub."—I don't know his last name—is a stand-by, and could not be persuaded to vote anything but the "Soft" ticket. (Very different from the colored coachman, noticed by John Van Buren, who was employed by his father—Ex-President Martin—for 15 or 20 years, but could never be induced to vote for one of the family!—Knowing the Van Burens as well as he did, he was an unswerving Whig.)

Waverly is a town (or "village" as they say here) of about 1000 inhabitants, sprung up since the location here of the New York & Erie Railroad. It is the depot for freight and passengers for all the Susquehanna country, below, having business on this railway.
But Athens (or Tioga Point) three miles below Waverly, is in Pennsylvania, and has by nature the best location of any town in that region, yet for want of energy and enlarged liberality has never flourished, and hardly grew until the last 10 or 12 years, during which it has increased from about 500 to 1000 inhabitants, and now bids fair to become one of the largest towns in Northern Pennsylvania. The amount of Merchandise sold has tripled in 10 years, and the Engines made at the

machine-shop of SHIPMAN are sent to Southern and Western States. The North Branch Canal is now pronounced completed to this place, and a Junction Canal to Elmira is under contract, to be made in part by slack-water navigation of the Chemung River, (and when completed will make a complete water communication between Chesapeake Bay and Lakes Erie and Ontario.) The Chemung is the feeder of the North Branch, and its waters have been let into the Canal, but being built of coarse gravel and sand, the Canal proves to be not water-tight, and will have to be puddled with clay to make it fit for use. This can hardly be done this fall, and "an appropriation to finish the North Branch" will probably be asked for, next session, again. Wood is \$1.50 to \$2.00 per cord, here; Lackawanna Coal, brought from Scranton, via Binghamton, for steam-boat navigation. And as the Susquehanna is several feet higher than the Chemung, a water-power of immense magnitude is contemplated, by taking the waters of the Susquehanna over to the Chemung—the distance between the rivers, for two or three miles, being from a quarter of a mile to two miles only. There might be a large number of mill-races across this neck by a dam on the Susquehanna, and the waters thus discharged would be servicable as a feeder to the North Branch.—Should these anticipations be realized, Athens will become a Lowell for that region. It is now their Buffalo Valley as regards fertility and taxable property, paying about one-seventh of the tax of the county, and getting just about as many offices as Lewisburg does.

(For further particulars of this most interesting region, take *The Athenian*, a large and fair-looking journal conducted by CHARLES T. HUSTON, late in the office of the Chronicle, and in the University, at Lewisburg.)
—It would be hard work to find a man within twenty miles of the New York & Erie Railway, who would object to it as injurious to any legitimate business. On the contrary (to use a common phrase) "it has made" whole villages, and doubled the prosperity of whole townships. But no class are as much benefited as the Farmers, for it makes nearer and at higher rates the market for all agricultural products, at the same time that it has cheapened their dry-goods, groceries, and hardware.

HELPING THE POOR.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.
"I'm on a begging expedition," said Mr. Jonas, as he came bustling into the counting-house of a fellow-merchant named Prescott. "And as you are a benevolent man, I hope to get at least five dollars here in aid of a family in extreme indigent circumstances. My wife heard of them yesterday; and the little that was learned, has strongly excited our sympathies. So I am out this morning on a mission for supplies. I want to raise enough to buy them a ton of coal, a barrel of flour, a bag of potatoes, and a small lot of groceries."
"Do you know anything of the family for which you propose this charity?" inquired Mr. Prescott, with a slight coldness of manner.
"I only know that they are in want, and that it is the first duty of humanity to relieve them," said Mr. Jonas, quite warily.
"I will not question your inference," said Mr. Prescott. "To relieve the wants of our suffering fellow-creatures is an unquestionable duty. But there is another important consideration connected with poverty and its demands upon us."
"What is that pray?" inquired Mr. Jonas, who felt considerably fretted by so unexpected a damper to his benevolent enthusiasm.
"How it shall be done," answered Mr. Prescott, calmly.
"If a man is hungry, give him bread; if he is naked, clothe him," said Mr. Jonas. "There is no room for doubt or question here. This family, I learn, are suffering for all the necessities of life, and I can clearly see the duty of supplying their wants."
"Of how many do the family consist?" inquired Mr. Prescott.
"There is a man, and his wife, and three or four children."
"Is the man sober and industrious?"
"I don't know anything about him, I've had no time to make inquiries. I only know that hunger and cold are in his dwelling, or, at least, were in his dwelling yesterday."
"Then you have already furnished relief?"
"Temporary relief. I should not have

claimed Mr. Jonas. "I've just found them out. They're a lazy vagabond set."
"You are certain of that?"
"Morally certain. Mr. Caddy says he knows them like a book, and that they'd rather want than work. With him, I think a little wholesome starvation will do them good."
Notwithstanding this rather discouraging testimony, Mr. Prescott made a memorandum of the street and number of the house in which the family lived, remarking as he did so:
"I have just heard where the services of an able-bodied man were wanted. Perhaps Gardiner, as you call him, may be glad to obtain the situation."
"He won't work; that's the character I have received of him," replied Mr. Jonas, whose mind was very much roused against the man. The pendulum of his impulses had swung, from a slight touch, to the other extreme.
"A dollar earned is worth two received in charity," said Mr. Prescott; "because the dollar earned corresponds to services rendered, and the man feels that it is his own—that he has an undoubted right to its possession. It elevates his moral character, inspires self-respect, and prompts to new efforts. Mere alms-giving is demoralizing for the opposite reason. It blunts the moral feelings, lowers the self-respect, and fosters inactivity and idleness, opening the way for vice to come in and sweep away all the foundations of integrity. Now, true charity to the poor is for us to help them to help themselves. Since you left me a short time ago, I have been thinking, rather hastily about the matter, and the fact of hearing about a place for an able-bodied man, as I just mentioned, has led me to call around and suggest your making interest thereof in behalf of Gardiner. Helping him in this way will be true benevolence."
"It's no use," replied Mr. Jonas, in a positive tone of voice. "He's an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and I'll have nothing to do with him."
Mr. Prescott urged this matter no further, but he did not leave the counting-house, he called to see Gardiner. He found, in two small, meagerly furnished rooms, a man, his wife and three children. Everything about them indicated extreme poverty; and worse than this, lack of cleanliness and industry. The woman and children, had a look of health, but the man was evidently the subject of some wasting disease. His form was light, his face thin and rather pale, and his languid eyes deeply sunken. He was very far from being the able-bodied man Mr. Prescott expected to find. As the latter stepped into the miserable furnished room where they were gathered, the light of expectation, mingled with the shadows of mute suffering, came into their countenances. Mr. Prescott was a close observer, and saw at a glance, the assumed sympathy-exciting face of the mendicant in each.
"You look rather poor, here," said he, as he took a chair, while the woman dusted with her dirty apron before handing it to him.
"Indeed, sir, we are miserably off," replied the woman, in a half-whining tone. "John, there, hasn't done a stroke of work now for three months; and—"
"Why not?" interrupted Mr. Prescott.
"My health is very poor," said the man. "I suffer much pain in my side and back, and am so weak most of the time, that I can hardly creep about."
"That is bad, certainly," replied Mr. Prescott, "very bad." And as he spoke he turned his eyes to the woman's face, and then scanned the children very closely.
"Is that boy of yours doing anything?" he inquired.
"No, sir," replied the mother. "He's too young to be of any account."
"He's thirteen, if my eyes do not deceive me."
"Just a little over thirteen."
"Does he go to school?"
"No, sir. He has no clothes fit to be seen at school."
"Bad—bad," said Mr. Prescott, "very bad. The boy might be earning two dollars a week, instead of which he is growing up in idleness, which surely leads to vice."
Gardiner looked slightly confused at this remark, and his wife did not feel very comfortable under the steady, observant eyes that were upon her.
"You seem to be in good health," said Mr. Prescott, looking at the woman.
"Yes, sir, thank God! And if it wasn't for that, I don't know what we should all have done. Everything has fallen upon me since John there has been ailing."
Mr. Prescott glanced around the room, and then remarked a little pleasantly, "I don't see that you make the best use of your health and strength."
The woman understood him, for the color came instantly to her face.
"There is no excuse for dirt and disorder," said the visitor. "I once called to

see a poor widow, in such a state of low health, that she had to lie in bed nearly half of every day. She had two small children, and supported herself and them by fine embroidery, at which she worked nearly all the time. I never saw a neater room in my life than her's, and her children, though in very plain and patched clothing, were perfectly clean. How different is all here; and yet, when I entered, you all sat idly amid this disorder, and—shall I speak plainly—filth."
The woman, on whose face the color had deepened while Mr. Prescott spoke, now rose up quickly, and commenced bustling about the room, which in a few moments looked far less in disorder. That she felt his rebuke, the visitor regarded as a good sign.
"Now," said he, as the woman resumed her seat, "let me give you the best maxim for the poor in the English language; one that, if lived by, will soon extinguish poverty, or make it a very light thing—God helps those who help themselves." To be very plain with you, it is clear to my eyes that you do not try to help yourselves; such being the case, you need not expect gratuitous help from God. Last evening you were aided by Mr. Jonas, who promised more efficient aid to-day. You have not yet heard from him, and what is more will not hear from him. Some one to whom he applied for a contribution happened to know more about you than he did, and broadly pronounced you a set of idle vagabonds. Just think of bearing such a character! He dropped the matter at once, and you will get nothing more from him. I am one of those on whom he called. Now if you are all disposed to help yourselves, I will try to stand your friend; if not, I shall have nothing to do with you. I speak plainly; it is better; there will be less danger of misapprehension. That oldest boy of yours must go to work and earn something. And your daughter can work about the house very well while you go out to wash, or scrub, and thus earn a dollar or two, or three every week. There will be no danger of your getting any farther behind than you are now."
And Mr. Prescott looked enquiringly at the man.
"If I was only able-bodied," said Gardiner in a half reluctant tone and manner.
"But you are not. Still, there are many things you may do. If, by a little exertion you can earn the small sum of two or three dollars a week, it will be far better—even for your health—than idleness. Two dollars earned every week by your wife, two by your boy, and three by yourself, would make seven dollars a week, and if I am not very much mistaken, you don't see half that sum in a week now."
"Indeed, sir, and you speak the truth there," said the woman.
"Very well. It's plain, then, that work is better than idleness."
"But we can't get work." The woman fell back upon this strong assertion.
"Don't believe a word of it. I can tell you how to earn half a dollar a day for the next four or five days at least. So there's a beginning for you. Put yourself in the way of useful employment, and you will have no difficulty beyond."
"What kind of work, sir?" inquired she.
"We're about moving into a new house, and my wife commences the work of having it cleaned to-morrow morning. Will you come?"
The woman asked the number of his residence, and promised to accept the offer.
"Very well. So far, so good," said Mr. Prescott, cheerfully, as he arose. "You shall be paid at the close of each day's work, and that will give you the pleasure of eating your own bread—a real pleasure, you may depend upon it, for a loaf earned is sweeter than the richest food bestowed by charity, and far better for the health."
"But about the boy, sir?" said Gardiner, whose mind was becoming active with more independent thoughts.
"All in good time," said Mr. Prescott, smiling. "Rome was not built in a day, you know. First, let us secure a beginning. If your wife goes to work to-morrow, I shall think her in earnest; as willing to help herself, therefore worthy to be helped. All the rest will come in due order. But you must rest assured, that if she does not come to work, it will be the end of the matter as far as I am concerned. So good evening to you."
Bright and early came Mrs. Gardiner on the next morning, far tidier in appearance than when Mr. Prescott saw her before. She was a stout, strong woman, and knew how to scrub and clean paint as well as the best. When fairly in the spirit of work, she worked as with a sense of pleasure. Mrs. Prescott was well satisfied with her performance, and paid her the half a dollar earned when the days toil was done. On the next day, and the next, she came, doing her work and receiving her wages.

On the evening of the third day, Mr. Prescott thought it time to call upon the Gardiners.
"Well, this is encouraging!" said he, with an expression of real pleasure, as he gazed around the room, which scarcely seemed like the one he had visited a little while before. All was clean, and everything in order; and, what was better still, the persons of all, though poorly clad, were clean and tidy. Mrs. Gardiner sat by a table mending a garment; her daughter was putting away the supper dishes; while the man sat teaching a lesson in spelling to their youngest child.
The glow of satisfaction that pervaded the bosom of each member of that family, as Mr. Prescott uttered those approving words, was a new and higher pleasure than had for a long time been experienced, causing the flame of self-respect and self-dependence, re-kindled once more, to raise upward in a steady flame.
"I like to see this," continued Mr. Prescott. "It does me good. You have fairly entered the right road. Walk on steadily, courageously, unweariedly. There is worldly comfort and happiness for you at the end. I think I have found a very good place for your son, where he will receive a dollar and a half a week to begin with. In a few months, if all things suit, he will get two dollars. The work is easy, and the opportunities for improvement good. I think there is a chance for you also, Mr. Gardiner. I have something in my mind that will just meet your case. Light work, and not over five or six hours application each day—the wages four dollars a week to begin with, with a prospect of soon having them raised to six or seven dollars. What do you think of that?"
"O, sir!" exclaimed the poor man, in whom personal pride and a native love of independence were again awakening, "if you can do this for me, you will indeed be a benefactor."
"It shall be done," said Mr. Prescott, positively. "Did I not say to you that God helps those who help themselves? It is even thus. No one in our happy country, who is willing to work, need be in want; the sweetest bread."
It required a little watching, and urging, and admonition, on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, to keep the Gardiners moving on steadily in the right way. Old habits and inclinations had gained too much power easily to be broken; and, but for this watchfulness on their part, idleness and want would again have entered the poor man's dwelling.
The reader will hardly feel surprised, when told, that in three or four years from the time Mr. Prescott so wisely met the case of the indigent Gardiners, they were living in a snug little house of their own, nearly paid for out of the united industry of the family, every one of which was now well clad, cheerful, and in active employment. As for Mr. Gardiner, his health was improved, instead of being injured by light employment, cheerful, self-approving thoughts, and useful labor have temporarily renovated a fast sinking constitution.
Mr. Prescott's way of helping the poor is the right way. They must be taught to help themselves. Mere alms-giving is but a temporary aid, and takes away, instead of giving, that basis of self-dependence, on which we all should rest. Help a man up, and teach him to use his feet, so that he can walk alone. This is true benevolence.

Preservation of the Eyes.
We copy a portion of a well-written article from the Scalpel, a New York medical monthly, on the eyes. The eye is the most delicate organ of the human body, and also one of the most indispensable, and its preservation is, therefore, of great interest and importance. We submit the article to the perusal of our readers:
There is a tradition, at least as old as the Talmud, that the eyes are strengthened by drawing the fingers across the eyelids in a horizontal direction. Ex-President Adams, who was affected with an obstruction of the tear-passage, used this method to get rid of the accumulating fluid, and the ancient practice was brought into greater notice by the example of the illustrious statesman. The obsolete theory, that the anterior surface of the eye-ball becomes flattened as age advances, was again revived, and it became a business to advertise instructions for kneading the organ into shape with the fingers!
It can not be expected that operations founded on a false theory can be safe in practice. It is untrue that the outer surface of the eye becomes flatter with age; and therefore manipulations to restore what is not wanting, in an organ so delicate in structure that a rude push may be followed by perpetual darkness, should be avoided.
The principal lens of the eye is situated behind the pupil, and kept in proper position by membranes finer than the finest gold-beater's skin. These delicate membranes are liable to be ruptured by blows,

falls, or other causes, and the lens, which is naturally clear as crystal, becomes white and opaque. Opacity of the lens, or what is called cataract, may be produced without laceration of the membranes, by merely interfering with the circulation of the vessels which supply it. The writer was lately called to visit an aged female who had been suffering acutely for months, after submitting, while in health, to the manipulating itinerant. The lens was dislocated and pressed on the sensitive nerves at the margin of the pupil. The pain occasioned by pressure of this kind may be compared to that produced by pressing the exposed nerve of a tooth with a tooth-pick, but in the former case the pain is continuous, and not so easily removed as in the latter. Other cases of injury attributed to manipulation, such as cross-eyes, double-vision, &c., have come under the writer's notice. Last month, in presence of the editor, he operated for cataract in the case of the lady, whose vision, with the aid of spectacles, was perfect until she was induced by plausible advertisements to pay for a course of lessons. After the third lesson vision became indistinct, and blindness ultimately followed. Beer was called to examine a gentleman who had always enjoyed excellent sight, until it was lost in a moment: The patient had been at a party of friends, when a person stopped suddenly behind him, and covering both eyes with the hands, wished him to guess who it was. The former, without speaking a word, endeavored to escape from the pressure, and when the eyelids were opened, he was entirely bereft of sight. Although there was not the least appearance of injury, the sufferer remained hopelessly blind. From this melancholy example, Beer concludes that the eyes are liable to injury even from moderate pressure.

There is a popular notion, sanctioned even by medical men who ought to know better, that the eyes are preserved by opening them every morning in a basin of cold water. Some of the worst cases of pterygium of film on the surface of the eye have been witnessed in those who water gets into the windpipe, the nostril, or the ear, irritation is produced, and when the eyes are opened under water, the sensation is any thing but agreeable. The eye is lubricated by a secretion admirably adapted to facilitate the motions of the lid over its surface, and as this secretion is partially soluble in water, it is as inconsistent with common sense to wash it away, as it is to remove the oil from the wheels of machinery. It is unquestionably important that the cleanliness of the organ be maintained; yet this may be accomplished in the usual manner, without opening the lubricating surfaces. When the secretion is vitiated by cold or other causes, quince-seed tea, or milk and water are preferable, for ablution, to water alone. Avoid eye-waters, many of which contain lead, or there are ten chances to one they will produce an incurable film. To make this clear, dissolve a little sugar of lead in water, and pour the transparent solution in a wine-glass containing a watery solution of common salt. When the fluids are mixed, a white precipitate of chloride of lead falls to the bottom of the glass. When eye-waters containing lead are permitted to pass to the surface of the eye, the tears furnish a common salt, and the lead is precipitated. The transparent portion of the eye is sometimes entirely tattooed with this white leaden powder, and vision becomes indistinct, or even destroyed.

When the general health is robust, it is astonishing what an amount of labor the organs of vision will endure; yet when it is depressed, especially by mental disturbance during a periodical function, they are easily deranged by too close application to business. When they have become weak, much of their preservation depends on the proper management of the light to which they are exposed. When the light is in excess, it should be diminished; and when it is deficient, labor should be discontinued. The light blue of the sky and the verdure of the fields are the colors to which the organ of vision is naturally adapted, and which it will endure with most ease. The flame of a good oil lamp is more regular than that of gas or candles, and is, therefore, to be preferred. The intermitting flickering of gas is particularly injurious, as it produces constant contractions and dilations of the pupil, and undue exercise of the whole organ. By placing a shade of light-blue tissue-paper over the lamp, the light is ameliorated; for artificial light contains a superabundance of the yellow and red rays, but is deficient in the violet. By allowing it to pass through the bluish medium, it approaches nearer to the light of day, and is better adapted for continuous application of the organs of vision.

The gist of the whole matter is just this: Let your eyes alone, and they may serve