

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

Address of the Carrier of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

**KIND PATRONS.**—It has long been an established custom for the Printer's boy to deliver an address once a year to those whom he has furnished with instruction and amusement. It has also become customary for the President of the United States to deliver an annual address, or "Message," to both Houses of Congress. The latter custom is probably an imitation of the former and, like other imitations, is often rather tame and insipid.

During the past year, many important events have taken place, in various quarters of the globe. I shall call your attention to very few of them, without much attempt at system or chronological order. The person who would make a chronological table of a boy's head, would be Vandal enough to make a pig-pen of a parlor, or a bear-garden of the Legislature.

The Emperor of Russia has made a grab at Turkey. His mouth has long been watering for this same Turkey—as much as mine ever did for a slice of wedding cake, which the boss, or the Jews, were rather slow in cutting up and distributing. The Czar has got a mouthful; but, so far, he finds it rather hot. The only thing that the Russians have to brag on, is their late Naval victory, in the Black Sea, which makes a very pretty complex question in the Rule of Three, as follows: The Russians meet the Turks with twenty-four vessels to the Turks fourteen. Thus situated, they destroy thirteen Turkish vessels, and lose seven of their own. I demand what would have been the result, had they met 14 to 14?

While the Bear is thus endeavoring to devour the Turkey, European Diplomacy is making its usual fuss and cackle about the matter. So far as I can understand it, the Diplomats are trying to persuade Turkey to keep quiet—to be eaten up in a serene and dignified manner, and thus "preserve the peace of Europe." If Diplomacy succeeds, and if Turkey consents to be swallowed without resistance, the time may come when America will stand by and exhort England, France, and a few others, to be swallowed too. Wonder how they will like a dose of their own medicine, i. e. of their own Diplomacy? But, alas for America! when her turn comes, she will have to be swallowed "solitary and alone," without the aid and consolation of "enlightened Diplomacy."

The Japan expedition has been heard from. Commodore Perry went to Japan. Some of the servants wanted to make him believe that Japan was not at home. But they could not fool the Commodore. He knows all about the tricks of fashionable society. They had to invite him in, and he left his card and told 'em he'd call again. Perhaps, some of my readers would like to know precisely what Commodore Perry is after? Well, if I find out, I'll let you all know. I was thinking he might be looking for a lot of Japanese in ware. If he should find any, I hope he will bring me a very nice box, with a very nice lid to it, to carry my papers when it rains. If I get such an article, or any thing else worth mentioning, it shall be duly acknowledged in my next message.

The President recommends that Congress make an appropriation to pay the alleged owners of the Spanish schooner Amistad. To match this, and not be out-done in generosity by the President, I would respectfully recommend that a large appropriation be made, and that the money be kept in some suitable place, so that when men are convicted of counterfeiting, burglary, horse-stealing, and similar pica-dilloes, they may be compensated for the loss of their dies, plates, false-keys, and tools in general. Some will probably object that the counterfeiters, burglars, thieves, &c., are violators of law. Well, so were the owners of the Amistad. They had in their possession when they left Havana, to sail for another port in Cuba, from twenty to forty persons, men, women, and children, whom they claimed as slaves, whom they catalogued and invoiced as slaves; but whom they knew to be recently kidnapped natives of Africa; and no more slaves by any law "higher or lower," by any law human or Divine, than is the President of the United States, himself. Besides, like our fathers they had by their own right arms won and gained their freedom. If any man can by searching all the kennels of crime find a meaner scoundrel than were those Creole kidnapers to whom the President would give away the money of the people, then that man as aforesaid, who finds any such scoundrel as aforesaid, needn't give the Printer's boy any quarter, nor *nothing*. I fearlessly put my recommendation beside the President's, as by far the decider of the two. Howbeit, mine is made in jest; but his, in earnest.

It may be proper for me to notice an excitement which within a few days has agitated the good city of Gotham. A Mr. Parsons preached in a ship-yard. Somebody who was too drunk to know the difference between a ship-yard, and a public thoroughfare, went and told the Mayor that Parsons was preaching in and obstructing the street. The Mayor had him arrested. And now certain grave editors throughout the country are discussing the question whether a preacher has a right to block up the street, and thus prevent the free passage of the citizens. Bishop Hughes has also done his part towards befogging the Gothamites, by issuing an ecclesiastical proclamation, in which he tells the Catholics not to go with-in ear-shot of any such street-preaching; but if anybody undertakes to injure their persons, or to destroy their property, then to show themselves men. It will be perceived from the above statement, that the Hon. Mayor, the aforesaid respectable Editors, and the Right Rev. Bishop, are in the condition of an over-anxious maternal hen who is slightly "off her eggs." Mr. Parsons has not preached in the street, nor obstructed the street, nor violated the law. He has preached where he had a right to preach, and he will continue to preach; for the law authorizes him to do so, and the sensible people will sustain him. He will discuss Popery or any other question, just as freely, just as roughly, or just as smoothly, as he pleases; and the Honorable, the Editorial, the Reverend and the Right Reverend grannies may fret or keep quiet—may curse or bless—may look grave or gay, just as suits their whim or convenience. The great American right of speech will not be surrendered to please a foolish Mayor, a Popish Bishop, or an unreasonable mob—So mote it be!

It would be highly improper in this State Paper, not to say at least a few words on the subject of the "Compromise." In approaching this grave subject, I shall do what no other public man (except Mr. Benton) has done—that is, I shall speak the truth. The Compromise, at the time of its birth, in 1850, was an "uncommon weakly baby;" and it has been surrounded by all sorts of doctors, and stuffed with all sorts of medicine, from that day to this. The Doctors declare that the only way to keep it alive, is to catch niggers all the time for its amusement. As Congress is now in session, I hope

we shall hear Dr. Benton's opinion of its case; and if it dies, I move that Dr. Benton preach the funeral sermon. But I must leave these trifles, and touch upon matters which concern our own State of Lewisburg.—And, first, as to grading the streets: If the middle of street in some places had not been cut down so low, it would have been, at this moment, "higher up in the world;" and if the money spent in improving the streets had been laid out in fire-works for the 4th of July, the result of the expenditure would have been far more brilliant; and if some other person, besides Mr. Ross, had been chosen to superintend this business, then, some other person, and not Mr. Ross would have had the responsibility and bother. Thus fellow citizens, even at the risk of sacrificing my immense popularity, have I spoken out, on this great question. I might, like other statesmen, have sailed between Scylla and Charybdis; I might have carried water on both shoulders; I might have looked one way and rowed another; but I scorn all temporizing, all non-committalism. Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I shall maintain the views I have here laid down; and if in consequence, the people of this part of the State get some other boy to be Printer's Devil, and send me to Congress, still will I maintain my integrity, and carry with me even into that horrid exile the proud consciousness of having boldly avowed my principles.

The "Lewisburg Savings Institution" is, I understand, in successful operation. Good luck to its officers, and to all its depositors! May it develop a spirit of industry and of economy which shall eventually secure comfort and independence and happiness to thousands of families—to Young Men and Young Women! If any gentlemen or ladies wish to see a chap of about my size make a small deposit in that Institution, let them kindly fork over a few of their superabundant shining coins, and I will soon have a "nest-egg" in that concern which, by the time I am twenty-one, shall produce for me a small flock of golden chickens.

Our neighbors, Erick, Slifer & Co. have met with a severe loss, which everybody deeply regrets; but they are not the men to sit down in despair and mourn over it. Their motto is, "Try again!" and their courage, their energy, their industry, will yet repair the loss, and vanquish even the perverse obstinacy of fickle Fortune. At least, so ardently wishes the Printer's Boy.

Our College, and our Schools, are going ahead, dispensing useful knowledge to the young male and female Democracy of the country. Many a chap, not much better-looking than the undersigned, is sitting at his comfortable desk, engaged in study, while I am sticking types, or trotting about the streets with the paper. Never mind! my turn may come yet: and, at any rate, a printing-office isn't the worst school in the world. Every day we get a batch of fresh Newspapers and Magazines—running over with essays, philosophy, history, criticism, poetry, fun, fustian, &c.—and I have long evenings to read in. If I can't get as many new thoughts from reading, as other boys can by looking all day over those ugly Greek letters, then I'll give you an old newspaper. Why, good friends, Ben Franklin was a printer, and became "some punkin's" pretty much by the free use of his "own brains!" Now if any fellow scoundrel me of possessing the genius of that great fellow-craftsman, I should at once put in the plea of "Not Guilty." You know that whatever may be the facts of the case, this pleading not guilty is my undoubted legal privilege. No one is bound to erminate himself. And, if after a fair trial I shall be convicted, I shall bear the odium with a calmness probably equal to that of the unfortunate Pireneological lecturer, who was found guilty by his own confession (no other evidence) of wearing upon his good-looking shoulders one, out of the only three *perfect* Pireneological heads in the United States!

But I must draw this document to a close. There are other very interesting subjects to which I would like to call your attention; but others must have a hearing as well as myself. Conscious of splendid abilities as any of my competitors, I do not wish to monopolize public notice. The Governor of the State will soon wish to address you; and I magnanimously stand back to give him a chance, just as a tall gentleman in the Post Office would make way and let a little shaver come up to get his Pa's newspaper.

**KIND PATRONS,** one and all—I wish you a HAPPY NEW YEAR. To the Farmers, I wish good crops and good prices. To Mechanics, I wish plenty of customers, and prompt pay. To Merchants, I wish ready sales, and fair profits. To Lawyers and Doctors, I wish easy fortunes, and abundant leisure for reflection. To every young Lady whose kindness of heart would prompt her to make some man happy, I wish a husband, as kind and generous as a Printer; and as rich as a something else. To all, I wish health and contentment—happiness in life—peace and joyful hope in death.

I shall from time to time lay before you various communications from the Editor, and the Publisher, the respectable heads of my two principal Departments, which communications I trust you will find nearly as important, and as interesting, as my own. I am happy to inform the public that the most perfect harmony is maintained between those important functionaries and myself. I am a perfect "unit." They think and write as they please; I think and write as I please; and the public thinks of us all just as it pleases; and we all, (that is, my "Constitutional advisers" and myself,) submit cheerfully to the judgment of the public, for the mighty good reason that we can't help ourselves, "no way we can fix it." No "hard-shell," or "soft-shell" bickerings mar the harmony of our councils, or obstruct the smooth and onward course of our "progressive" action. The only "hardness" that bothers us, is hard work; and the only "softness" we dread is, that once in a great while we may come in contact with a customer who is "soft" enough to think that printers ought to work for nothing.

And now, in conclusion: any spare quarter, levy, dime or other coin, which you find it convenient to appropriate to the use and benefit of our Financial Department, will be most thankfully received, and most faithfully devoted—not to dissipation, not to trifling animal gratifications; but to the useful and necessary supplies, and the real improvement of your humble servant. I see and acknowledge the truth of that axiom of Political Economy, that public happiness is only the aggregate of individual comfort and enjoyment. Therefore, I shall with your kind aid, make an honest effort to take care of NumberOne. But, not to number one shall my kindness always be confined. No! The charity which "begins at home" will, I trust, some day, have the means and the strength to go abroad, and to bless others just as you kind Patrons, will this day bless the humble

PRINTERS' BOY.

**From "Little Ferns for Fanny's Friends."**

**What Came of an Omnibus Ride, AND ONE FULL TO THE RIGHT!**

Some time ago, (no matter what; little folks shouldn't be curious!) I was riding in an omnibus with some half-dozen well-dressed ladies and white-kidged gentlemen. At a signal from somebody on the sidewalk, the driver reined up his horses, and a very old man, with tremulous limbs and silvery locks, presented himself at the door for admission. The driver shouted through the sky-light, "Room for one more, there, inside;" but the gentlemen looked at the old man and frowned, and the ladies spread out their ruffled skirts, for his hat was shabby, and his coat very threadbare. He saw how it was, and why there was "no room," and meekly turned to go down the steps, when a fine looking young man, who sat next to me, sprang to the door, and seizing him by the arm, said, "Take my place, sir; you are quite welcome to it. I am young and hearty; it won't weary me to walk"—and kindly leading the old man to the vacant seat, he leaped from the steps and walked briskly down the street, while I looked admiringly after him, saying to myself, "That young man has had a good mother."

We drove on, and the more I looked at the man's silver hairs, and fine, honest face, the more indignant I felt, at the way he had been treated. Whether he read my thoughts in my countenance, or not, I can't say; but, after most of the passengers had got out, he moved up to me and said, "Good boy—good boy—wasn't he? My dear, (and here his voice sunk to a confidential whisper,) I have got money enough to buy out all the upstart people that filled this omnibus, twenty times over, but I like this coat and hat. They are as good as a crucible. Help me to find out the true metal. Good morning, my dear. Thank you for your pity, just as much as if I needed it"—and the old man pulled the strap, got out of the omnibus, and lobbied off down street.

Some time after, I advertised for lodgings, and was answered by a widow lady. I liked the air of her house, it was so neat and quiet; and then, the flowering plants in the window were a letter of recommendation to me. Your cold-hearted, ice-cold people never care for flowers; (you may write that in the fly-leaf of your primer.) But what particularly pleased me at Mrs. Harris', was the devotion of her son to his mother. I expected no less, because the minute he opened the door, I saw that he was the same young man who gave up his seat in the omnibus to the old gentleman. John did all the marketing, and providing as wisely and as well as if he were seventy, instead of seventeen. He wheeled his mother's arm-chair to the pleasantest corner; handed her her footstool, and newspaper and spectacles; offered her his arm up stairs and spent his evenings by her side, instead of joining other young men in racing over the city to find ways to kill time.

It was a beautiful sight, in these days, when headless boys come stamping and whistling into their mother's presence, with their hats on, and call her "the old woman."

I spent a pleasant autumn under Mrs. Harris' quiet roof. And now, winter had set in, with its nice long evenings. John came in to tea, one night, with his bright face overclouded. His mother was at his side in an instant. John's master had failed, and John was thrown out of employment!

Then I learned, that it was only by the strictest economy, and hoarding of every cent of John's small salary, that the house rent was paid and the table provided. And now, so the widow said, the house must be given up, for John might be a long while getting another place; clerkships were so difficult to obtain; and they must not think of running in debt. It was such a pity. We were all so comfortable and happy there, in that cozy little parlor, with its sunny bow window full of flowers, and its bright Lehigh fire, and softly cushioned chairs; that cozy parlor, where the little round table, with its snowy cloth, had been so often spread; and the delicate tea-biscuit, and racy newspapers had been so often discussed; where John, in his slippers and dressing gown, with his dark hair pushed off his broad forehead, read page after page of some favorite author, while the wind was welcome to whistle itself dumb outside the threshold, and old Winter to pile up the snow at the door till he got tired of it. It was hard!

John walked up and down the floor, with his hands crossed behind, and Mrs. Harris went round the room, hunting after her spectacles, when they were comfortably reposing on the bridge of her fine Roman nose.

A knock at the door!  
A note for John!  
—Enclosed, \$51.6500, to pay Mr. John Harris' house rent for the coming year.  
—A PATRONS.—

John rubbed his eyes, and looked at his mother; his mother looked at me; and I looked at both of them; and I then we laughed and cried, till we nearly had regular hysterics.

But who was the "Friend"? That was the question. We were all born Yankees, and did our best at "guessing;" but it didn't help us. Well, at any rate, it was very nice, all round. I hadn't to be routed. No, nor John, nor his dear old mother. And pussy purred round as if she had as much reason to be glad as any of us; and the canary trilled so sharp a strain that we were obliged to muffle his cage and his enthusiasm, with John's red silk pocket-handkerchief.

Mrs. Harris and I had not got our feminine tongues still, the next day, when John came back, in the middle of the forenoon, with another riddle, to drive our womanly curiosity still more distracted. He was requested to call immediately—so a note, he had just received, read—at Mr. ——— & Co.'s, and "accept the head clerkship, at a salary of \$1,400 a year; being highly recommended by a person whose name his new employers decline giving."

That was a greater puzzle still. John and his mother had rich relations, to be sure; but, though they had always been interfering in all their plans for making a living, they never had been known to give them anything except *advice*, or to call on them by *daylight*; and it wasn't at all likely that the "leopard would change his spots," at that late day. No; it couldn't be John's rich relatives, who were always in such a panic lest upper tendor should discover that their cousins, the Harrisises, lived in an unfashionable part of the town, dined at one o'clock, and noticed trades-men and mechanics.

We were too sensible to believe in fairies, and who the mischief was emptying the "horn of plenty" in that way at our feet, was the question.

When we awoke the next morning, we found in the back yard, a barrel of apples, a barrel of flour, a keg of butter, and a bag of buckwheat flour, labeled—"For Mr. John Harris, ——— street."

John declared (after pinching himself to see if he were really John,) that he fastened the gate inside the very last thing before he put on his night cap. Mrs. Harris said somebody must have climbed over such a panic lest upper tendor should discover that their cousins, the Harrisises, lived in an unfashionable part of the town, dined at one o'clock, and noticed trades-men and mechanics.

"Oh! nothing," said I, "only it takes a woman, after all, to find out a secret—and to keep it, too," I added, snapping my fingers at him.

That day I thought it would do me good to ride about in an omnibus. I tried several. It didn't make much difference to me whether they went up street or down, or where they finally stopped. I was looking more at the passengers.

By and by I saw the person I wanted. Said I, in a whisper, sitting down beside him, "House rent—clerkship—flour—butter—crackers and buckwheat, all for giving you a seat in an omnibus?"

"Didn't I know that 'the fairy' was the nice old man with silver locks? Didn't he bribe me to hold my tongue, by telling me that he would come and drink tea with me, so that he might get a peep at John and his mother? Didn't he come? and didn't I look as much astonished when he called, as if it hadn't been all settled two days previous? But how was I to know that Mrs. Harris would turn out to be an old love of his? How was John to know, when he felt such an irresistible impulse to be kind to the old man, that his hair had grown gray loving his mother? How was the *old man* to know why he loved John so well, and thought him one of the finest young men he had ever seen? How was I to know that I was to turn out to be what I always so mortally detested—a feminine match-maker?"

**The Great American Desert.**

There is a great desert in the interior of North America. It is almost as large as the famous Sahara of Africa. It is fifteen hundred miles long, and a thousand wide. Now, if it were a regular shape—that is to say, a parallelogram—you could at once compute its area, by multiplying its length upon the breadth; and you would obtain one million and a half of square miles for the result. But its outlines are as yet very imperfectly known, and although it is fully fifteen hundred miles long and in some places a thousand in breadth, its surface extent is not over one million of square miles, or twenty-five times the size of England. Fancy a desert twenty-five times as big as all England! Do you not think that it has received a most appropriate name, when it is called the Great American Desert?

Now, my young friend, what do you understand by a desert? I think I can guess.

When you read or hear of a desert, you think of a vast level plain, covered with sand, and without trees, or grass, or any kind of vegetation. You think, also, of this sand being blown about in thick clouds and no water to be seen in any direction. This is your idea of a desert, is it not? Well, it is not altogether the correct one. It is true that in almost every desert there are these sandy plains, yet there are other parts of a far different character, equally deserving the name of desert. Although the interior of the great Sahara has not yet been fully explored, enough is known of it to prove that it contains large tracts of mountains and hilly country, with rocks and valleys, lakes, rivers and springs. There are also fertile spots, at wide distances from each other, covered with trees, and shrubs and beautiful vegetation. Some of these spots are small, while others are of large extent, and inhabited by independent tribes, and even whole kingdoms of people. A fertile tract of this kind is called an oasis.

Of a similar character is the Great American Desert; but its surface is still more varied with what may be termed "geographical features." There are plains—some of them more than a hundred miles wide—where you can see nothing but white sand, often drifting about on the wind, and here and there thrown into long ridges such as those made by a snow storm. There are other plains, equally large, where no sand appears, but brown barren earth, utterly destitute of vegetation. There are others again, on which grows a stunted shrub, with leaves of a pale, silvery color. In some places it grows so thickly, interlocking its twisted and knotted branches, that a horse-man can hardly ride through them. This shrub is the *artemisia*—a species of wild sage or wormwood—and the plains upon which it grows are called by the hunters who cross them, the sage prairies. Other plains are met with that present a black aspect to the traveler. These are covered with lava, that at some distant period of time has been vomited forth from volcanic mountains, and now lies frozen up, and broken into small fragments like the stones upon a new made road. Still other plains present themselves in the American Desert. Some are white, as if snow had fallen freshly upon them, and yet it is not snow but salt. Yes; pure white salt—covering the ground six inches deep, and for fifty miles, in every direction. Others, again, have a similar appearance; but instead of salt you find the substance which covers them to be soda.

There are mountains, too—labeled one half of the desert is very mountainous—and the great chain of the Rocky Mountains of which you have no doubt heard—runs sheer through it from north to south. But there are other mountains besides these; mountains of every height, and sometimes in their shape and color presenting very striking and singular appearances. Some of them run for miles in horizontal ridges, like the roofs of houses, and seemingly so narrow at their tops that one might sit astride of them. Others, again, of a conical form stand out in the plain apart from the rest.

There are mountains where no trees are seen, nor any signs of vegetation along their sides. Huge naked rocks of granite appear piled upon each other. There are peaks perfectly white, because they are always covered with a thick mantle of snow. There are other peaks almost as white, and yet it is not with snow. These are mountains of pure limestone, or the white quartz rock. There are mountains again upon which neither tree nor leaf is to be seen. And there are still other mountains in the great American Desert, to startle the traveler with their strange appearance. They are those that glitter with the mica and selenite. These, when seen from a distance flashing under the sun, look as though they were mountains of silver and gold.

The rivers, too; strange rivers are they. Some run over broad shallow beds of bright sand. Large rivers—hundreds of yards in width, with sparkling waters. Follow them down their course. What do you find? Instead of growing larger, like the rivers of your own land, they become less and less, until at length their waters sink into the sands and you see no sign but the dry channel for miles upon miles. Go still farther, and again the water appears, and onward increases in volume, until, thousands of miles from the sea, large ships can float upon their bosom. Such are the Arkansas and the Plata.

There are other rivers that run between bleak, rocky banks—banks a thousand feet high, whose broad, naked cliffs frown at each other across the deep chasm, in the bottom of which roars the troubled water. Often these banks extend for hundreds of miles, so steep at all points that one can not go down to the bed of their stream; and often the traveler has perished with thirst, while the roar of their water was sounding in his ears. Such are the Colorado and the Snake.