

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

O. N. WORDEN, J. R. CORNELIUS & E. SMITH.

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## THE CHRONICLE.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16, 1857.

A COMPLETE PRONOUNCING GAZETTER, or Geographical Dictionary of the WORLD, including a notice and the pronunciation of nearly 100,000 places. By J. THOMAS M.D. and T. BALDWIN. Published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia. This is a new book of 2182 pages, elegantly printed and for sale at the Lewisburg Bookstore. It is full of interesting and important information and should occupy a place in every public or private library. It appears to be carefully compiled and complete at least as far as regards the civilized world. To show the multiplicity of names similar to each other, and the consequent importance of care in the direction of letters, &c., we have taken trouble to make a few enumerations for the benefit and amusement of the CHRONICLE'S readers. We find here recorded—

- 6 Aa, (rivers)
- 2 Aaronburg, Aaron run, Aaron.
- 37 Baenavistas, B. Furnace, B. Spr.
- 15 Beavers, 16 B. Creeks, 18 B. &c.
- 10 Beaver Dams, 9 other B.D.'s
- 22 Buffalos, 3 Now B's, 2 West B's, East B., B. X Roads, No. B., So. B., 26 other B's
- 51 Centres, 66 C. vills, 63 Centals &c.
- 3 Kellys, 7 Kellyvilles &c.
- 4 Hartleys, Hartleton, 7 other H's.
- 11 Lewisburg, 12 Lewis, Lewisburg, 28 Lewistowns and vills, L. boro's.
- 5 Louisburg, 23 L. vills &c.
- 36 Forest, F. Hill, &c.
- 36 Laurel, L. Hill, River, &c.
- 14 Limestone, 10 Limeridge, &c.
- 5 New Barlins, 1 N. B. Center.
- 13 Millins, 1 Millinburg, Millintown, Millin X Roads, Millinville.
- 2 White Deers, W. D. Mills.
- 130 Unions, 86 Unionvilles, &c.
- 11 Windfields.
- 20 Chestnut Hill, Ridge, &c.
- 1 Selingsburg, 1 Seling.
- 9 Northumberland, 3 N. Inlet &c.
- 43 Miltons, 21 M. vills, &c.
- 91 News, 75 Olds
- 712 West, 646 North, 444 East, 432 South.
- 361 Mounts, 33 Mt. Pleasants, 23 Mt. Vernons.
- 165 Pleasants.
- 84 Littles, 47 Greats.
- 601 Capes.
- 147 Fairfields, &c.
- 260 Forts.
- 293 Ports.
- 1491 Saints, 731 San. Sanct, Sant, &c.
- 85 Liberties, 23 L. vills, &c.
- 1 Freeburg, 51 Freeports &c.
- 1 Why Not.

The names of our Presidents and Presidential candidates, are well preserved in the United States principally. Witness—

- 171 Washingtons, 17 W. vills, &c.
- 34 Adams, 34 Adamsburgs, &c.
- 93 Jeffersons, 21 Jefferson City &c.
- 69 Madisons, 15 M. vills &c.
- 87 Monroes, 16 M. center &c.
- 54 Clintons, 19 C. vills &c.
- 145 Jacksons, 52 Jacksonvilles, &c.
- 33 Van Burens, 4 V. B. burgs, &c.
- 64 Harrison's, 20 H. burg, &c.
- 4 Tylers, 7 Tylervilles &c.
- 54 Clays, 66 C. vills &c. 1 Henry Clay
- 21 Polks, 17 P. vills &c.
- 24 Taylors, 24 T. vills &c.
- 23 Cass, 14 Castowns &c.
- 20 Fillmores.
- 37 Scotts, 27 S. vills &c.
- 7 Pierce, 8 P. vills &c. 1 Frank Pierce
- 8 Buchanan's.
- 15 Fremonts, 3 F. Centers, &c.

Of our other great men—

- 117 Franklins, 36 F. vills &c.
- 38 Bentons, 11 B. vills &c.
- 12 Quineys.
- 100 Perry, Perryville, &c.
- 41 Montgomerys, 7 M. vills &c.
- 52 Warrens, 28 W. tons &c.
- 107 Greenes, 202 G. towns, &c.
- 100 Williams' port, town, ville, &c.
- 68 Marions, 3 M. vills &c.
- 20 Lees, 36 L. ville &c.
- 17 DeKalls.
- 6 Wright, 14 Wrightsville, &c.
- 3 LaFayettes.

159 commencing with Black, 65 with Blue, 28 Grey, 108 Red, 228 White, 41 Yellow.

- 66 Highlands &c. 53 Low or Lower.
- 21 Clarks, 7 C. vills &c.
- 20 Nortons, 29 N. vills &c.
- 32 Chesters, 47 C. fields &c.
- 59 Churchtowns, 8 Devil's Peak &c.
- 91 Smith, ville, field, land, &c.
- 112 Jones, Johnsons, &c.
- 57 Johns, ville, mills, creek, &c.
- 107 Long Islands, towns, &c.

—We have given enough proofs of the importance of adding county and State in writing Letters and all other matters of any importance—also of the necessity of using a greater VARIETY of proper names. The Indians, foreign languages, and living persons, could afford any number of new and appropriate designations, without this verbiage and endless repetition.

**The Worth of Woman.**  
Honored be Woman! she beams on the sight,  
Gracious and fair, like a being of light;  
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,  
Roses of bliss for our throats-covered ways,  
Roses of Paradise sent from above,  
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on passion's stormy ocean,  
Tossed by surges mountain high,  
Counts the hurricane's common,  
Sports at reason's feeble cry;  
Loud the tempest roars around him,  
Loudlier still in roars within,  
Flashing bolts of hope confound him,  
Stunned by life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,  
To cease from his toil, and be happy awhile,  
Whispering sweetly, "Come to my home—  
Go not in search of the phantom of power—  
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!  
Happiness dwells in the temples of home."

Man, with fury stern and savage,  
Presents his brother man,  
Reckless if he bless or ravage,  
Action, action—still his plan,  
Now creating—now destroying—  
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast—  
Ever seeking—never enjoying—  
Still to be—but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,  
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,  
And waters and tends it with innocent heart,  
Far richer than man with his treasures of art,  
And wiser, by far, in her circle confined,  
Than he with his science and flights of the mind.

Man, disdainful the gentler arts,  
Knoweth not the bliss arising  
From an interchange of hearts;  
Shrewdly through his bosom stealing  
Flows the gentler current on,  
Till, by age's frost congealing,  
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp, that instinctively rings  
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on  
The strings,  
Responds to each impulse with ready reply,  
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;  
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance  
Play like sun-shine and showers in a morning of May.

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**KANSAS.**  
It may be recalled that a report was in circulation some time ago, that the Rev. Mr. McAfee's dwelling and place of worship in Kansas, were invaded and sacked during the recent disturbances, in that unhappy territory, by a mob. Br. McAfee happened to be absent at the time, collecting funds in the East to pay the debt incurred in building his church. We forbore at the time to publish any account of the violence of the mob, because amid the many rumors in circulation we did not know what degree of reliance to repose on those rumors; besides, many false reports were put in circulation for mere political effect. Now, that the election is over and the great question so fiercely agitated, decided, and also that we have received from Br. McAfee an authentic statement of facts we feel no restraint in giving publicity to those facts.

**LEAVENWORTH CITY, K. T.,**  
Nov. 25, 1856.  
MR. EDITOR—After an absence from my home and people for the space of three months, I in the providence of God have again been permitted to return. In April, 1855, I came to this place, since which time I have endeavored to proclaim salvation through a crucified Saviour to those attending my ministry. I admitted some to membership by confirmation, as shown in my parochial report. Five of them are now here. I do not know where the others are.

Last Sabbath I preached my first sermon since my return from Hebrews xiii: 14. "We have no continuing city here." I got possession of my dwelling a few days ago. I found very few articles in it, probably about \$30 worth. There are a few articles at one of my neighbors which I can get whenever I call for them. My losses are not less than \$500. The party, or mob, which drove the family away from my house in whose possession I left it, called themselves the "law and order" party, "Government militia," ordered in to service by Lieut. Gov. Woodson.

They divested the church of its seats and used it as a commissary depot. Language could not be more applicable in describing their depredations, than that which speaks of a house of prayer being made a "den of thieves." It was literally carried out in this case to all intents and purposes. When I returned and saw the condition of affairs and my losses, I found it necessary to sell my house to liquidate my debts and purchase such necessary articles as I had been robbed of.

Some that once were my neighbors, as good as could be desired, had been most ignominiously murdered by the aforementioned "law and order" party. They are with us no more. They have gone, and we trust to mingle with the spirits of just men made perfect to the house of the redeemed where angels sing.

Dr. I will not attempt to portray to you the outrages committed here. They would all be called abolitionists. Let them rest until the judgment morning, when all these things will be seen and viewed in their true character, and apart from politics. O that God, in this life, unto the oppressors may grant forgiveness, that in the judgment morning these things may not have to be answered for!

I wish some preacher who can preach both German and English would come and take charge, as I wish to leave this place and move about 40 miles further West. There is a good field open here. A self-denying energetic man, (an intellectual one is needed), could in a few years with the material which is here, build up a self-sustaining church. The Germans here are generally pretty wealthy, and have great attachment for our Lutheran church, but are joining elsewhere for want of German Lutheran preaching. J. B. McAfee.

**Return of Dr. Livingston,**  
THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN TRAVELER.  
The Rev. Dr. Livingston, was expected to reach London on the 11th. He was a passenger from Alexandria in the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship Claudia, which encountered very severe weather after leaving Malta, and which, during a calm that succeeded, narrowly escaped being drifted on the rocks near the Isle of Zembra. When within a mile of certain destruction, a breeze providentially sprung up and carried the vessel past, and she was towed into the Bay of Tunis by one of the Bay's steamers. A part of the passengers, including Dr. Livingston, proceeded to Marseilles, in a small steamer, kindly granted by the Bey.

Conversation continued. Anecdote of Mr. B.'s visit to Bedford Springs—met a Methodist Protestant Clergyman there—liked him exceedingly. Thinks the Methodist Protestant creed undeniably excellent.

Mem: Mr. B. a Presbyterian Methodist Protestant.

Conversation continued. Refers to his visit to Philadelphia—invited to occupy a seat in the Episcopal Convention—went—didn't like Washington Hunt's remarks. Thinks, on the whole, Episcopalianism admirable—knows nothing of its marriage service, but would like to be a good Episcopalian, nevertheless.

Mem: Mr. B. a Presbyterian Methodist Protestant Episcopalian.

P. S. Am doubtful whether to enlighten the daily papers on these points or not.

After dinner, spoke of Archbishop Hughes—knows him well—rather likes him—thinks him a good friend of his. Catholicism very grand and picturesque, and awe inspiring. Can not say he believes in all the dogmas of that Church, but does believe in that article of faith which teaches that one substance can be converted into another. Has experienced the truth of that fact in his own person. Witness his conversion into the Cincinnati Platform. Mem: On consideration, have decided to say nothing about this in the newspapers.

**Political Flunkeyism.**  
The Flunkeys are beginning to discover that Mr. Buchanan is a marvelous proper man. Success has a magical influence upon some minds. Faults are lessened, virtues magnified, errors overlooked, and what was yesterday a subject of indignity and derision, to-day finds its ready apologists in the altered fortunes of the assailed. It is the way of the world. We exit the victor unday; we hurl barbed spears at the vanquished. At the mature age of sixty-five, Mr. Buchanan suddenly finds himself famous. A few thousand votes less in Pennsylvania and he would have been nothing more than a poor, despised Cincinnati Platform. As it is, he is the observed of all observers. Political Mac Sympsons are "croaking the pregnant hinges of the knee" before him. They affect to discover, even in the most commonplace remarks that fall from his lips, a profundity of wisdom, which they were incapable of fathoming until their mental perceptions were quickened by the hopes of a good fat office. It is an excellent thing to have crossed the "pona animorum" in safety, but the path beyond is a difficult one to travel, as Mr. Buchanan will find, before he reaches the end of his journey. A Bachelor Clergyman is a remarkable lovable individual in the eyes of maiden parishioners matrimonially inclined; but wedlock dispels the illusion in those whose hopes have been disappointed, and the once charming young minister degenerates forthwith into a common-place personage, shorn of half his good qualities, and by no means so talented as people imagined.

A President elect, with a hundred thousand offices in his gift, is a gentleman crowded with every good quality; but a President de facto, with the offices distributed, suddenly loses his attractiveness in the eyes of neglected aspirants, who begin, for the first time, to discover that the knot of the Presidential white neckcloth will not round ominously under his left ear—that there is something peculiarly sinister in the cast of his eye which they were previously unconscious, and that the political idol whose praises they have chanted and whose battles they have fought, is so very ill put together, as to be easily shivered into fragments under the blows of inimical iconoclasts. But the diary of an office seeker, in the first blush of ambitious expectation, presents a very different picture from what is subsequently drawn by the same person when he finds his claims upon the Government are not likely to be recognized. Let us open a leaf or two, and reproduce what we find written there.

**EN ROUTE.**  
"Started from Bangtown—credentials all in due form—strongest possible recommendations from B. and G. and D. Very confident of a good place, puzzled what to ask for, though. Strike for a collectorship but will take a first class consulate rather than miss."

**WHEATLAND—MONDAY.**  
Presented by Forney. Extraordinary improvement in Mr. Buchanan since we met last—thought him then cold and self-fish, facile and unreliable—found him courteous, benevolent, bland, and of sterling integrity. Mutually pleased with each other—shall ask for a collectorship.

**WHEATLAND—TUESDAY.**  
Am more and more struck with the majestic simplicity of the President elect. Talked about the Ostend Manifesto—all a mistake—Administration deceived him—never expected it would see the light—moreover, was mesmerized by Soule, and signed it under the influence of his will. Mem: Interesting fact to Psychologists—must write the daily papers all about it.

**WHEATLAND—WEDNESDAY.**  
Great crowd here. Couldn't edge in a word for a long time, stood off and watched the countenance of the President elect—much struck with its remarkable beauty. Even the trifling ocular defect, singularly enough, is no blemish, but adds marvelously to the expression. Neck-cloth, a spotless white—the type of innocence. Rather like it than not, especially on him. Conversation shifts from politics to religion—His Excellency much animated—speaks warmly of the Presbyterians.

Mem: Mr. B. a Presbyterian—must write that to the newspapers.

men, saints and martyrs. He is at home with Dante, with Cicero, with Pericles, with David, with Abraham, with the good and wise of every generation. Is not this better than boxing even at rich men's tables? We repeat it, there is no society so select as that into which books introduce us. Cultivate in your children a love of books.

**THE FARM—The Garden—The Orchard.**  
**Practical Directions.**  
[We have received from a careful and experienced cultivator of the soil, in Northumberland county, a communication—which we shall publish in four Nos. of our paper—describing the best modes of raising Strawberries, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Currants, Tomatoes, Rhubarb, Cabbages and Squash-knots, and Onions. These are fruits and vegetables, some at least of which every man and woman who has a rod of ground to use should procure for his or her family. The effort will always be beneficial to the mind, healthy for the body, and profitable to the purse. For some time Autumn is the better time to transplant, but in most cases the Spring will do as well. Now is the time to commence planting and preparing for the work to obtain some of these you may not have, or to improve some you have, and we advise all our readers to try by the No. of the Chronicle containing Agricola's recommendations, and by reading them from time to time during the coming season, see if they are not benefited by the information thus derived.—Ed. Canon.]

**WHEATLAND—THURSDAY.**  
Had a private interview with Mr. B. Asked for a Collectorship—application a little late. Asked for a Consular—would do everything in his power—was ardently desirous of gratifying his friends at Bangtown, and would take their recommendation into profound consideration; but the leaves and fishes, numerous as they were, would not begin to feed such a multitude of hungry clamorists, and therefore, somebody must be disappointed. He trusted it would not be the friend of his Bangtown friends, but he seriously advised that friend to return forthwith to Bangtown and wait with philosophic patience until a distribution took place.

**BUSGROVE, April 1st, 1857.**  
Have waited. Have not got the Collectorship. Have not got the Consularship. Put in for Post Master of Bangtown. Didn't get that. Didn't get anything. Yes, promises! Can't live on them.

Old Buck is a great humbug. Never had much sense. Always thought so. He squints, is very neeked, wears a dirty white neckcloth, is by no means pleasant in his manners, is a formalist, is insincere, will make a wretched President. Wonder how people came to vote for him. Get no support from Bangtown, that's certain.

**Reading.**  
WHAT BOOKS CAN DO.—"What's the use of book burning?" said a man to his son, whom he found poring over a new work I never heard of. "It's a waste of time to read; you stand there that it made anybody richer." And he snatched the volume from the lad, who, as a consequence, was playing in the street, before half an hour, and acquiring the worst habits of his new associates.

If that father had been less ignorant, he would have known what books could do. He would have been aware that the results of reading, if judiciously applied, assist towards making a man rich, more than anything else. He would have remembered that Franklin, but for a love of study, would have died poor and obscure, instead of achieving a world-wide reputation as a philosopher, a diplomatist and a patriot. He would have been conscious that the surest way to keep his son from making vile acquaintances, and to inculcate in him refined and even decent tastes, would be to foster his fondness for reading.

Who knows but that the snatching the book from that boy was the turning point in his destiny? From that hour, perhaps, may date a downward career, which is not unlikely to end in disgrace, a prison, or even worse.

Though books do not in themselves make men infallible or virtuous, they tend vastly towards producing these results. The man who has books about him is generally a better man than he who has not. If a question in politics, social science, history, or philosophy arises, he is able to get at the opinions of the wisest, by merely consulting his books; while his illiterate neighbor, at best, can imbibed new ideas only orally, and practically has to take these from very inferior men. Books do not always make their readers sound in judgment, because books are often one-sided, and because readers buy partisan books. But even the worst selected library is better than no library at all. A man, with books, is like a workman with tools; and though the tools are bad, they are tools nevertheless. They enable us to furrow up many a field of inquiry, to cut many a harvest of opinion, to thresh out many a granary full of truth, which, if we had no plough nor reaping machine, nor other labor-saving apparatus, we might work at, hopelessly, for years. Books, in a word, bear us, by an express train, to knowledge.

Books introduce us also into the noblest society. While the illiterate are drinking at taverns, or seeking company by lounging in the streets, he who is fond of books, amuses his leisure by conversing with Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Thucydides, or other great sages of the past. He lives among the best society of all times; and on the most intimate terms; lives with poets, kings, philosophers, heroes, states-

men, saints and martyrs. He is at home with Dante, with Cicero, with Pericles, with David, with Abraham, with the good and wise of every generation. Is not this better than boxing even at rich men's tables? We repeat it, there is no society so select as that into which books introduce us. Cultivate in your children a love of books.

**THE FARM—The Garden—The Orchard.**  
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has always remained the same, without any variation or change, and there is no variety that has both Pistillate and Staminate plants. Now, of these three varieties, the Pistillates are the most productive of fruit, and the Hermaphrodites the next so, while the Staminate, though they have the largest and most showy flowers or blossoms, and send out innumerable new shoots or runners, never produce any fruit, or very rarely so. But the Pistillates will bear no fruit or at least only small and poor fruit until or unless their petals or opening blossoms are impregnated with the pollen (a very light, fine yellow powdery substance) of the Staminate, or of the Hermaphrodites, for the Hermaphrodites will answer the purposes of impregnation equally as well as the Staminate. Hence, it is absolutely necessary for you to know and to have a due proportion of these several kinds of plants in your patch, to secure an abundance of large and fine strawberries. What constitutes this due proportion among the several varieties of this plant, is not yet fully settled. Charles A. Peabody, a very successful Strawberry grower of Georgia, informs us that he plants a row of the Large Early Scarlet (a Hermaphrodite) and then seven rows of Hovey's Seedling (a Pistillate) along side of it, and then another row of the same Scarlet and seven rows of the Hovey, &c., the rows being two feet apart each way, and that the Hermaphrodite, so arranged, impregnates the female or Pistillate Hovey and thus secures him an abundant crop of fine fruit for at least six months in the year—and that these are also the only two varieties which he has found to bloom and fruit together the whole season. (See U. S. Ag. Report of 1853, p. 317, 18.) He says, "I plant the Staminate every eighth row. Some cultivators mix in the rows; but I prefer to keep them separate and distinct as they are more easily distinguished and kept better in their places." (Id.) The most successful cultivators of Strawberries at Cincinnati, in Ohio—that famous Strawberry market—say that their best and most abundant crops "are furnished principally by those who have adopted the system of planting female or Pistillate plants with a proportion of about one tenth of male or Staminate plants for fertilizing." (See Buchanan on the Grape, &c., p. 135, 6.)

The site of your Strawberry patch, should be one that is well exposed to the sun and air. You should select your stalks from the runners of such plants as are the most vigorous and fruitful; these may be marked by putting small stakes into the ground near them when in full-bearing. If the weather be very dry when your plants are in bloom, you should water them all over freely, as this will prevent the fine fruiting pollen from being blown away by the winds, and so set your whole bed with fruit. Then, you must keep your Staminate plants from running and spreading over your whole patch and rooting out your Pistillate plants, as they certainly will do, in a year or two, if you do not watch them closely and cut off their runners at least three times every season and imbed them where you cut them for manure. Mr. Peabody says a Strawberry patch, so managed, will remain productive for twelve years, and as he believes as much longer as this careful culture is continued. Hovey's seedling, is, according to his experience, the best Strawberry ever cultivated, either at the North or in the South. For pictorial views showing the difference between the Pistillate, Staminate and Hermaphrodite blossoms of the Strawberry plant, see the books above quoted, or Downing's work on fruit and fruit-trees.

**Treatment of Milk Cows.**  
Enough cattle die in the month of March and April, annually, to have supplied, if proper care had been taken of them, one-tenth of our population with beef during the following summer. This vernal fatality among the cattle is principally confined to milk cows, and is not owing so much in many cases, to the want of food, as to disease brought about by ill-treatment and neglect during the winter.

Many managers of dairies allow their stables to go uncleaned for months together, piling but thin layers of straw on the wet and filthy beds of their cows, and thus causing the poor brutes to become perfectly clogged and coated with dirt and foulness. This is, in my opinion, the secret of that terrible malady, termed in common parlance, the "Hollow Horn." I have frequently observed that cows afflicted with that disease, were such as had been neglected in this way, and on the other hand, I have never yet seen a cow suffering from it, that had been kept clean and dry.

The cow-stable should be subjected to thorough daily cleaning, and should never be suffered to become damp in the least. Cows should, moreover, be curried, like horses, regularly, when "tied in." A double benefit will be secured to the farmer by this process. His cows will not only be healthier and more gentle, but he will, with little trouble, be making a compost much superior to the mere manure of the barn-yard, by mixing with the latter the hair which he curries off, and which, on account of the ammonia which it contains, is in itself a valuable fertilizer.

**AGRICULTURE.**  
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