

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

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THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, JULY 6, 1857.

The 4th in Lewisburg.

A grand celebration in our borough was held for some weeks previous, yet the day of the 4th after day, but so dispirited and disappointed those who had prepared in preparation by way of banners and flags, on Friday evening, a stand and were prepared in the grove, it was with a half-hearted hope that they might be of some use.

Some of the Mechanics also declined assistance on account of dissatisfaction with the arrangements.

Early Saturday morning, our citizens were met with gunpowder salutes worthy of a King's anniversary. The day opened with a fog, which did not disappear until 9 o'clock.

At an early hour we found national flags and banners stretched across Market St. Westward to Dr. Hayes'—from James Kelly to Esp. Linn's—from Hildings' house to the Gazette office—from Herr's hotel to the Gazette office—from Schaff's to McClure's—

From Dr. Norman's to Dr. Wilson's—from Dr. Thompson's to Dr. Thompson's—several others in North Fourth St. we are informed of, but cannot see—and evergreens and flowers of various buildings.

The people began to pour in from every quarter at an early hour, and the whole number was probably as great as on any previous occasion. From Williamsport, 40 or 50 came in cars, and were escorted from the Depot to the Grove.

Some of the bands, whose musical disciplines through the day were consistent with their excellent reputation. The first band we noticed was that of Hood's Carriage Manufacturers, of McEwen'sville, numbering 16 workmen—all present but our, who was pre-occupied with the side of the banner roll.

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The We there... God... and Rain.

LET MAT AND JUNE of this year have been remarkably moist. Prof. James informed us that the amount of rain in June amounted (in inches) to

In May it was	7.284
In the two months	6.700
Harrisburg has had more rain still. Dr. Heisley reports in May	12.981
26 days in June	8.633
	8.818
	16.851
In the rainy June, 1855, he reported	8.548
"July,"	9.188
Two months in 1855	17.736

In other places also nearer the seaboard we observe more rain fell than at Lewisburg. The weather seems not hardly settled for a dry time. Two years ago, the rainy months were followed by great drought. Last September, not one-third of an inch of rain fell at Harrisburg.

The season has also been cool thus far. The question has been asked by those who wish to "make something out of the Comet," if that did not cause the rain? It was just as much a consequence as a cause of the extra moisture—for more rain fell in two months, two years ago, without the Comet, than in two months this year with that visitor.

The rains of June and July, 1855, created a great loss of wheat and other crops. As this rainy season commenced a month earlier this season, we hope it may sooner pass away.

What should be Done?

The backwardness of the season, and the injuries some staple crops have suffered, make it evident that it is duty for all to use special efforts to secure an abundance of food. Every housekeeper should raise, or preserve all the vegetables she can secure against a time of need. Every Farmer should get in a few more turnips, cabbages, and other late summer products, with Corn bread-crust for fodder, and execute every plan his wisdom or industry may reasonably suggest to provide for his family and his dumb servants abundance of sustenance for the coming winter.

Bogus Election Farce.

The border ruffian "constitutional convention" just "elected" in Kansas, is a miserable abortion, yet Buchanan, Walker, and the pro-slavery Democrats and Americans, are bound under their former professions to sustain it as legal. Gen. Lane and some other of the Free State men, "insinuate" that if that "convention" does assemble in Kansas, they will foot it off into Missouri. Right enough,

1st. It is an undoubted fact that not half the Free State voters were ever registered, and Missourians were registered who are not actual residents.

2d. About 10,000 voters were registered, yet not 4,000 at the outside voted. So that neither the registry lists nor the election boxes represented the will of the people of Kansas. Being in fact a nullity, it should not be suffered to usurp an authority never delegated to it, nor impose upon an unwilling people an unasked constitution.

In Leavenworth county, only 1837 voters were registered, and but 600 polled, 200 of which were from the Blue Lodges. In Douglas county (in which is Lawrence city,) two polls were established, one at Lawrence, where not one vote was polled, (not even the Post Master); at the other, 200 votes was polled out of 1300 registered voters, and three times that number of bona fide voters in the county!

The smallness of the vote astonishes every one—the Free States refusing to ratify all the previous fraud and murder by voting, and the Pro-Slavery men making no special efforts, as they knew they would have no opposition. A correspondent of the Tribune says that Gov. Walker is getting discouraged. All his boasted cunning could not seduce half a dozen live Yankees into his trap by voting: So he could not "manage" what he calls the "stubborn Abolitionists;" and on the other hand, the Pro-Slavery men say the Constitution shall not be submitted to the people as Gov. Walker promised it should be. He expected to cajole both parties, and satisfies neither. Some think he will soon resign, and then—perhaps—turn Free Soiler, as Reeder and Geary did!

"THE CHIVALRY."

(Gen. A. S. Brown, in introducing the following Original Poem to the Williamsport (Pa.) Independent Press, refers to the fact, as stated in a South Carolina paper, that some time in April last a Mrs. Emerson, from the North, had lectured in Sumpterville, S.C., on Education—physical, mental and moral—and in her remarks she referred to the difference incident to the training of Ladies in the South. At the conclusion of her lecture, she offered to examine books, and illustrate her positions physiologically, but her "tride against Southern ladies" had given so much offense that the gentlemen forbade the process, and insisted on the right of search—the result of which was a full confirmation of their worst fears, and that Mrs. Emerson was projecting a "look across, if possible, than Uncle Tom's Cabin." They found "numerous scraps cut from Southern papers"—letters from people in the Free States—"an envelope directed to Mrs. Emerson's writing, to some one in Sumpterville," but, above all, in her traveling wagon, a "notebook and a side saddle. What use a lady could have for such articles was more than those patriots could divine, and they, therefore, concluded that they must be intended for raising a "revue illustration." A sage conclusion—and the lecturer was ordered off, on pain of tar and feathers.)

The Battle of Sumpterville.

A Yankee school-marm went of late (But why, I can't conjecture) unto the "sunny South," upon Phrenology to lecture. She went to Bully Brooks' State With eloquence 'er enchant em— A State which, for the sake of rhyme, I call the State of Baniam.

(Its current name I can not give— Not though I swing for treason— Because it can't be made to rhyme, And can't be made to reason.) The lady's advent made a stir, As was to be expected, And gentlemen and ladies too To hear her soon collected.

The males were Generals, Colonels all— No banian title less— The ladies did not rank so high, But all were captives. She lectured well—and quickly They heard all that she said, sir, But all fell back agape when she Proposed to feel their heads, sir.

Dame Emerson was much surprised That they should so misdo her, And shrink away as if she bore A fine tooth comb about her, But wherefore they should thus hang back No one could give a reason 'Till brave Charles Wesley Wolf declared 'Twould be no less than treason!

To have a Carolina head Examined by the stranger Might show the slaves to arms, and bring The "A-bully" full of ink, sir! Perhaps he knew that in his case She long might search, nor see A Small grain of manly common sense Or rational idea.

That she was Garrisonian Some offered to depose, sir, While some "suspicion'd" her a man Disguised in woman's clothes, sir. Were put on a Committee, To seize her luggage, and make search Without remorse or pity.

Now madam Emerson was pluck, And showed a sign of fight, sir; But General Wolf charged on his ten And put the marm to flight, sir. Then followed this gallant band— All men in battle schooled, sir— And though the rain fell fast and cold Their courage was not cooled, sir.

All undismayed, they pressed the foe Through rain and mud and thunder, They reached and stormed her lodging house, And gave it up to plunder. They then attacked her carpet bag, And made sure work, I will ye! The General, with his bowie knife, Ripped up its fair round belly.

The grisly gash gave forth to view Gloves, brushes, caps, and lacing, Soap, towels, glasses, needle, combs, And pins, in lots amazing. A bottle, this the General seized, And vowed he'd have a drink, sir; But swigged, instead of Yankee Rum, A belly full of ink, sir! A Bible, too, was seized—well worn, But in good preservation; Twas ordered to be burned, for a "Seditious publication."

They made her next detention her trunks Without the least reluctance, Therein found a lot of things "Too tedious to mention— Hoops, crinolines, delaines, and gauze, Books, maps, and Gassett's Tribune, too— The Weekly and the Daily.

This certainly was proof enough To satisfy the Dragon— Yet, to make sure doubly sure, They searched her traveling wagon; The lucky man of all the ten Was keen-eyed Major Daddie Who quickly found most damning proof— A lantern and side saddle.

These shut at once the school-marm's mouth, She scolded smote her sore, sir; She shut her book, and from the State She fled forevermore, sir. The meeting then in Council sat, His case the General stated, Her chattels 'twas decreed, nem. con., Should all be confiscated.

Clothes, saddle, lantern, all were sold, And what they bought was spent all To build upon that famous spot A column monumental. This column stands from eye to wara The sons of Carolina 'Gainst woman lecturers, or men Disguised in crinolines.

And 'tis resolved, should she return, And no one dare attack her, They'll send to Pennsylvania For Major General Packer— With musket and bayonet He'll pinch from nothing human, Nor turn his back on living thing. Not 'e'en a Yankee woman, Then glory be to Gassett, Wells, And may he ever shine a Bright star of the first magnitude In brave South Carolina.

SOLOMON SOUTHWIDE.

SLAVERY IN MINNESOTA.—The Minnesota Republican, published at St. Anthony, says that men are now held as slaves, as property, in Minnesota. Every year men who come from the South, bring their slaves as body servants to the hotels, and take them away again. And it has positive information that a Southerner is now holding his slaves at Stillwater, and declares that under the Dred Scott decision he defies the authorities to interfere.

Some one estimates the present population of California at 507,000 of whom, 331,000 are Americans; 65,000 Indians, &c.

Chances and Changes.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next express train go out to St. Louis?" "Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes to-night, sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough query.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute, I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning express is off."

"Yes, sir, it has been gone half an hour."

"Why in nature didn't you get us here sooner? Fourteen hours in Chicago is enough to break a fellow all to smash. Fourteen hours in Chicago, puffing and blowing! I've been told they keep a regular six hundred horse steam power all the while a running, to blow themselves up with, and pick the pockets of every traveler to pay the firemen and engineers! Wal, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty that's never been broke, I think that will put me through. Why didn't you fire up, old brag—give your old boss another peck of oats? I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my calculations all into the middle of next week."

"Very sorry, sir—we've done our best; but as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope you will not lay your misfortunes to our account. Snow drifts and the thermometer sixteen below zero, are enemies we can not readily overcome."

"That's so," said the first speaker, with broad emphasis, and a good natured, forgiving smile. "Fourteen hours in Chicago!"

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet, had aroused every sleeper from elysian dreams into which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned, every eye was fixed on the man who had broken the silence. He was standing by the stove, warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cold and sole leather, would have been a fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders (cased in a fur coat) that looked more like bearing up a world than his. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whiskers to match, his dark, piercing eye, and his jaws eternally moving, with a rousing quip between them, while a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicago, eh? Wal, I can stand it, if the rest can; if twenty dollars won't carry me through, I'll borrow my friends, I've got the things that'll bring 'em. That's so."

And he thrust his hand, a little less in size than a common spade, down into the cavernous depths of a broad striped, flashy pair of pants, and brought up that great red land, full as it could hold, of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Don't yer think I can stand these ere Chicagoers for one fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four, and a smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said an envious looking little man, "you've more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Well, I reckon not. I came honestly by it. That's so. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the p'rries trapping p'rarry hens and the like, to get him a night lodging, or a pair of shoes, to keep the Massagons from biting my toes; I've hung myself up more nor one night in the timber, to keep out of the way of the wild varmints; best sleeping in the world, in the crotch of a tree top! Now, I reckon you wouldn't believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe to my foot; and lived on wild game, when I could catch it. That's so."

"Didn't stunt your growth," said a voice.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These p'rries are wonderful rooky. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely, but mother and me held a caucus, and decided that she was getting old, and blind like, it tak too long, and cost too much time to sew up the legs of my trousers, and so I put a stop to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make his breeches. It was only my love for my mother that stopped my growth. If I'd had an idea of a sewing machine, there's no telling what I might a done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your pocket, you can afford to get your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother caucus, and see what you can do? If she would let you expand yourself, you might sell out to Barnum, and make a fortune traveling with Tom Thumb, and take the old woman along."

"Stranger!" said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed with a mingled expression of pain and pride—"stranger! I spoke a word here I didn't mean to; a slightly word, like, about my mother. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back, for one hour, to look up

on the country as it is now. She had her cabin here, when Chicagoer was nowhere; here she raised her boys—she couldn't give them larnin', but she taught us better things than books can give—to be honest, and useful, and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true; to stand by a friend, and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dog her grave by the lake side with our own hands; and, with many a tear and sob, turned ourselves away from the cabin where our father had been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothing to keep us—and so we went to seek our fortunes. My brother, he took down to St. Louis, and got married down there somers; and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I'd scraped money enough together, I came back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I'd lain her bones was sacred, like. Well, in the course of time, it turned right up in the middle of Chicago. I couldn't stand that—I loved my old mother too well to let omnibusses rattle over her grave, so I came back about fifteen years ago, and quietly moved her away to the buryn' ground; and then I went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent arterward to sell my land. What cost a few hundred to begin on, I sold for over forty thousand—if I'd kept it till now, it would have been worth ten times that; that's so, but I got enough for't. I soon turned that forty thousand into eighty thousand, and that into twice as much, and so on, 'till I don't know nor don't care what I'm worth; that's so. I work hard, and the same rough customer, remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink, nor fight; wish I didn't swear and chaw; but them got to be kind a second natur' like, and the only thing that troubles me is my money—haven't got no wife nor children, and I'm going to hunt up my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever and industrious, ain't ashamed of my big boots and old fashioned ways, and his gals is young women, and not ladies; if they help their mother, and don't put on more'n two frocks a day, I'll make 'em rich, er—"

"Now, gentlemen, mustn't open a lid to tell on myself after this fashion. But there old places, where I trapped when I was a boy, made me feel like a child again—and I just felt like telling these youngsters here about the changes and chances a feller may meet in life, if he only tries to make the most of himself."

"But, boys," said he, turning to a party of young men, "there's something better than money. Get Education. Why, boys, if I had as much larnin' as money, I could be President in 1860 just as easy. Why, I could buy up half the North, and not miss it from my pile. But get larnin'; don't chaw tobacco; don't take to liquor; don't swear; and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live Speaker; and if you mind what I say you may be men, (and it ain't yer fellow that wears a gaiter and breeches, that's a man, by a long ways.) Foller out her counsels; never do a thing that will make you ashamed to meet her in heaven. Why, boys, I never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reprobin' me; and I never done a good thing and made a good move, but I've seemed to hear her say, 'That's right, Jack,' and that has been the best of all. Nothin' like a mother, boys; nothin' like a mother—that's so."

All this had passed while waiting to wood, just outside of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up from the dark shadows of the past; his big, rough, heavy frame heaved like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears sprang to his deep set and earnest eyes—they swelled up to the brim—and swam around asking to be let fall as tributes to his mother's memory—tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, he thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked back to the end of the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close, and leaned back against the window in silence.

The cars rattled on. What a mind was there! what a giant intellect, sleeping, buried away from light and usefulness by a rubbish of prejudice, habit and custom—doing but half work for want of culture! "A mute, inglorious Milton," or rather Webster, grung about the world, struggling with his own soul, yet bound in chains of ignorance, which precluded his doing but a moiety of the good in his power to do.

All the way on our long, tedious journey, he had ever been on the watch to do good. He gave up his seat by the fire, to an Irish woman and her child, and took one further back; soon, a young girl seated herself by his side; as the night hours wore on, and she nodded wearily, he rose, spread his beautiful leopard skin with its soft, rich lining, on the seat, made a pillow of his carpet bag and insisted that she should lie down and sleep.

"What will you do?" said she, naively.

"Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep like a buffalo; I'm used to it—THAT'S

A little boy, pulled up from a sound nap to give place to incomers, was pacified and made happy by a handful of chestnuts and a glowing bit of candy out of the big man's pocket. When he left the cars for refreshment, he brought back a handful of peas, and distributed them among a weery group. A mother and seven little children, the eldest not twelve years old, whose husband and father left the cars at every stopping place, and returned more stupid and lessy each time, scolding the tired, restless ones, with thick tongue, and glaring his furious red eyes upon the poor griefed victim of a wife, like a tiger on its prey, "because she did not keep her young one still; they would disturb everybody." No bit of refreshment, no exhilarating draught, no rest from that fat, rosy baby, came to her all the long night, save when the big man stretched out his great hand and took her baby boy for an hour, and let him play with his splendid watch to keep him quiet.

"I'll give yer a thousand dollars for him," said he, as he handed him back to her arms.

"You may have the whole lot for that," answered the drunken man, with a swine-like grunt.

"It's a bargain," said the big man, "providin' the mother's willing."

"Indeed, sir, it's not one of them that can be had for money," was the quiet yet determined response of the mother's heart.

How kindly he helped her off the cars when, at the break of day, they came to their journey's end!

Thus, all night, he had been attracting the attention of the waking ones in the cars. But his kindness and rough politeness would soon have been forgotten by the mass of the passengers, had he not stamped it upon our memories with gold.

"I wonder who he is?" "Where did he get on?" "What an interesting character!" "Education would spoil him!" "What rich furs!" "Did you notice what a splendid watch he carries!" "He's some great man, incoy."

Such were a few of the queries that passed from lip to lip. But there came no answer, for he, who alone could have answered, sat crouching in his fur coat, seemingly unconscious of his own deep "Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage stand, looking up a hand box for a sweet looking country girl who was going to learn the milliner's trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage we discovered him again, holding an old man by the hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the deaf, gray haired sire, the right information as to the route he should take to get to "his darter" who lived near Muscatine, Iowa.

"God bless him for his good deeds!" was our earnest aspiration, as we whirled around the corner. My his shadow never grew less, or the gold in his pocket diminished, for in his unnumbered charities and mercies, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is, perhaps, doing more good in his day and generation, than he who donates his thousands to build charitable institutions, to give honor to his own name.

Oh, how much the world needs great hearts that are capable to comprehend little things! and yet how often it happens that the learned, the wise, and the rich, outgrow the everyday wants of humanity, and, feeling within themselves the power to move mightily, pass by the humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap for joy—and push on, looking for some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some giant work to be accomplished; and failing to find the great work, live and die, incarcerated by their own selfishness, and do nothing at all!

The rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance; his great heart warmed, and his great hand executed his little works of charity—so small that one would have expected to see them slip between his giant fingers unaccomplished—yet they were done. The "angel over his shoulder" will have a longer column to set down to his account of deeds well done, than all the rest of the passengers of that crowded passenger car, on that long, tedious stormy night, in January, 1856.

A Horrible Black Republican!

A negro deliberately raised his rifle and shot a respectable white man named Pitcairn, near Boston. Let the anti negro men hold their peace a moment and not propose to lynch the infernal black scoundrel, and we will tell them how it was. The name of the negro was Salem; he was among the American soldiers at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the respectable white man whom he shot was Major Pitcairn, of the British army, who gave the first order to fire in the American Revolution. What should be done with such a negro? According to Chief Justice Taney, his reward should be to live in the country of his birth, which he helped to make free by the exposure of his life, and while he lives, and his descendants after him, he should be divested of all the rights which distinguished him from a beast. Is this serving the "nigger" right?—*Journalist's Gazette.*

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