

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.
AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1858.

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That Man Deserves Your Praise.

Know you a man whose early life
Had little promise but of care,
Whose prospects in the wide world's strife
Were anything but fair;
Who bravely step by step arose
Above the wants of early days,
And smiles upon his youthful wife?
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man whose soul outpours
Wild oars to melioration's shores
Who moves mankind's halcyon stores
Of joyfulness and good;
Who sings of what is best and fair,
And wishes strife and warfare trays
Had ceased to cause mankind despair?
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man of wealth and fame,
Who kindly lends to the poor,
Not seeking to blaze forth his name
At every rich man's door;
Who daily doth good by stealth,
In many different kindly ways?
That man has lofty moral wealth—
That man deserves your praise.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MARCH 15, 1858.

Spring Election—March 19.

Last year, several of our friends improved the time, as the people came together to vote, to get up Clubs for the CHRONICLE. This day will afford another favorable opportunity, and one or more Clubs can be raised at any Election district. TRY IT.

TERMS—In Advance.

Single copy one year, \$1.50, or 3 cents per week for a shorter time. Four copies for one year, or one copy four years, for \$5. Ten copies one year, five copies two years, or one copy ten years for \$10. For \$15, sixteen copies, or fifteen copies and "The Watchman." For \$20, twenty-one copies and "The Watchman."

Col. Andrew Gregg.

The last *Canton Democrat* suggests this gentleman to the other counties composing this District, as a suitable candidate for re-election to the State Senate, next October. The *Democrat* says:

That the gentleman whose name heads this article has made one of the best, if not the very best Senator that has ever represented the people of this District, with no exception. He is a man of high intelligence, and his policies may be, can deny. Always at his post—ever ready to aid by his influence and votes any measure that will advance the interests of his constituents, or the State; stern and unyielding in his opposition to anything that is wrong, he is always found battling nobly against any and everything which has not for its object the "greatest good to the greatest number." In him, as his whole history both in and out of the Senate, proves, the poor laboring man and the honest mechanic find an unflinching, true and tried friend—a friend who has never refused to aid a needy or oppressed brother, and who scatters blessings all around him with a lavish hand. Because he is and ever has been generous, his friends are not confined to his own political party, but can be counted by the scores in the ranks of the opposition. We have no desire to dictate to our neighbors in the other counties of the District, and we know that Col. Gregg does not wish to force himself upon the party for re-election, but are anxious to hear from our brethren of the press throughout the District on this subject.

The Clinton county *Watchman* copies the article from the *Democrat*, and seconds the movement. There is no doubt of the ability, integrity, and popularity of Col. Gregg; and although it is rather early in the canvass, and we have heard no expressions from Union county, yet we cheerfully copy these evidences of public feeling in the matter.

Account of California in 1772.

A learned gentleman of Lewisburg, Pa., furnishes the following curious facts to the *Chronicle*. If correct, the history of California, especially very much mistaken, erroneously unqualified, or limited in its field of observation; for California, according to the richest minerals and the greatest trees in the world.

Nachrichten von Amerikanischen halbinde Californien mit einem zierlichen entwurf falscher Nachrichten, geschrieben von einem Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu, welche lang darin in diese letztere Jahr gelebt hat.

The above is the full title of a book printed at Manheim (Germany) in 1772. The object of it is to dissuade the public mind as to "the rumored mineral riches of California, which had reached Germany;" and to furnish a true account of "that sterile land of stone quarries and stunted bushes, having neither wood nor water, whose inhabitants are but one remove from the beasts of the field." The author, a Jesuit missionary, does not give his name, but describes what he saw during several years spent in that country. He attacks in detail the glowing representations of various Spanish, French, and English writers. That he was honest and truthful is evident, but his gloomy views are most signally confuted by modern facts. The book, a small 8vo. is priced in Nutt's late catalogue, at one guinea, or about five dollars. (Mr Nutt is a London bookseller.)

Foreign News report the capture of Canton by the English and French. Lord Palmerston and Ministry resigned. Earl of Derby is at the head of the new Ministry. The Indian news is favorable to the British. A slight advance on Cotton, but Breadstuffs decline.

John Patterson, an Albany journeyman printer, is said to be the best mathematician in the world.

THE WEAVER OF NAUMBURG: OR—The Triumphs of Meekness.

CHAPTER I.

On St. Thomas' day of the year 1430, the beating of a drum resounded through the streets of Naumburg. Stein, the town drummer, marched at the head of a numerous tribe of boys and girls, flourishing the drum-sticks with a practised hand. The boys whistled an accompaniment, through their fingers, or on pipes of willow bark. He took pleasure in being the leader of this motley band, and smilingly admonished the pipers to mind and keep step with him and his drum—no easy task to their little legs.

"To arms! The Hussites are coming!" he exclaimed, jokingly, to eight rosy children whose eager faces were pressed close to the window panes of a small room on the ground floor of a house he was passing. A board put up over the door of the house, announced that here dwelt the linen-weaver, Andreas Wolf, poor in earthly goods, but rich in children, and, we may add, in a happy contented disposition. When Wolf heard Stein's jesting speech, he hastily laid down his shuttle, slipped off his weaver's bench, and rose up behind his children, like a tall poplar among the brushwood.

"Stein! Stein!" he said smiling, but in a reproving tone, "do not cry wolf; the enemy will come of himself soon enough."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Stein; and Stein marched on, followed by his train of unpaid drummers and pipers in full array.

Wolf's children looked longingly after them, whilst their father turned to his wife Ursula and said, "My dear, fetch me my sword and spear; Stein is calling the burghers together to drill."

"It is all lost time and trouble," answered Ursula, "the weaver's shuttle suits your hand better than the sword and the spear. Why, you can not even prevail upon yourself to kill a fowl or a pigeon; and how could you split a man's head with your sword, or run him through with your spear?"

"You are right, my dear Ursula," said Wolf, with an affectionate smile; "if all men thought and felt as I do, there would be neither swords nor spears, nor wars nor battles."

"I am quite aware of that," replied Ursula, "and I grieve over the time that you are obliged to spend in drilling, instead of working at your loom."

"Well, if I can not fight," answered Wolf, "at any rate I shall fill up a gap in the ranks, and be of as much use as a scarecrow, which, like me, does nothing, and yet serves to keep the greedy birds from the corn."

"Father," said Erwin, Wolf's eldest son, a boy of about twelve years of age, "let me have your weapons, and attend the drilling instead of you. Believe me, I am not afraid, even of the wild fowls. I would run every one of them through with my spear."

"Oh, you dauntless hero," laughed Beatrice, Erwin's younger sister, "you talk of spearing the fowls, and only yesterday you could not twist a pigeon's neck."

"Oh, no, not a pigeon! That is very different," returned Erwin. "The gentle loving creatures that I am so fond of, and that will eat out of my hand. No, I could not hurt them; but the Hussites, oh, I would cut them all to pieces if I could. Just think, if a wild Jager were to come in now and attack either or mother, would you not fight for them?"

"Yes, yes, that we would!" cried all the children with one voice.

"I would draw father's sword," said Siegfert.

"I would take the great scissors up," said Beatrice.

"And I would stick all the pins and needles off mother's pincushion in his legs," cried Ulricke.

"I would scratch him," exclaimed Martin.

"I would shake the rod at him," lisped little Bertha, who was just three years old.

"And I," boasted Conrad, who was nearly seven, "would throw father's stool at him."

time, to see how father and the burghers get on with their exercising."

"No, my son," replied Mrs. Wolf, "remember we have ten months to provide for; it is bad enough that the best pair of hands is taken off, and occupied with what brings nothing in; we must work the harder meanwhile."

This admonition had the desired effect. Erwin turned to the loom with redoubled zeal, repressing his eagerness to see the show; as did also his no less sight-loving brothers and sisters.

When Master Wolf reached the drilling-ground, he was received by the assembled burghers with friendly greetings, mingled with jokes and jests.

"Here comes our warrior-in-chief," they said, laughing, as Wolf approached, his slack-jointed and slightly bending figure indicating anything but a martial temperament.

"Goliath Wolf will rout the enemy single-handed! Look how his lance glitters in the sun! His sword is surely sharper than any of ours! Halloo! Wolf, how many of the enemy will you take to your own share? Are fifty too many, or too few?"

After these jokes, to which Wolf only replied by a good-humored smile, the jokers shook him cordially by the hand, and fell into familiar conversation with him. Schelle alone, the town bath-master, continued to banter him.

In former times, whilst the art of healing was yet in its cradle, and most of the medicines which now fill the apothecaries' shops were undiscovered, prescriptions were few and simple, and generally confined to outward applications, amongst which frequent bathing took a high rank.

Constant bathing and strict personal cleanliness had long been universally practiced in the East, from whence it was introduced into Europe, and public baths were in consequence erected in all the larger towns; over which a so-called "bather," or "bath-master" was appointed to preside.

With the multiplication of medical remedies, the custom of bathing in common water, declined more and more, whilst the occasional visiting of mineral baths became the fashion. The bath-houses were, therefore, gradually transformed into bathers' shops, and the name of bath-master, though still retained, lost its special significance.

The bathers at the same time undertook the difficult art of healing—two professions which agreed about as well together as tailoring and watchmaking, or as an ox and a horse yoked to the same plough. Barbers and hairdressers considered it their duty to entertain their customers whilst under their hands, and a ready tongue was therefore an indispensable accomplishment.

Master Schelle, who, after the fashion of the times, did not shave his neighbors' heads, but only trimmed and dressed their beards, was the greatest chatterer and braggart in Naumburg. Although Wolf was his cousin, he did not cease his jokes at the good-natured weaver's expense, until the drilling began and silence was enforced.

Quick and clever as Wolf was in his trade, he was peculiarly awkward in his military exercise, bringing upon himself many a reproof from his commanding officer, as well as the constant ridicule of his comrades. Once it happened that, mistaking the word of command, he wheeled to the right about instead of to the left. Three men were sent to him, no better armed in military evolutions than himself, followed his example, and marched away in exactly the opposite direction; which called forth shouts of laughter from the assembled crowd. Wolf, far from being vexed at their merriment, laughed heartily with them, trying his best at the same time, not to give fresh occasion for ridicule and blame.

But he felt wearied with his unaccustomed exertions, and earnestly wished to change once more the spear for the weaver's shuttle. "The singing bird," he said to himself, "can never be changed into a bird of prey; the mouse can not grow into a cat."

It was not long before Schelle renewed his attacks upon his peace-loving cousin: "You ought to be named Lamb, instead of Wolf. If one of the enemy only looked at you, it would knock you down; and if you had to keep him off with your lance, you would use the butt-end, lest the point should scratch him. Your boys have ten times more spirit than you have, and your daughters too. As for me, I should not fear a thousand of them, let them come when they would."

Wolf replied to this speech with a quiet, though somewhat amused smile, saying gently, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The pacific weaver was well pleased when the drilling was all over, and he could return home. Although his arms ached sorely, he nevertheless dismissed Erwin from the loom, and went on with the work himself, giving permission to the eager boy to follow the citizens who were not yet disbanded, as far as the market place. On arriving there they were

dismissed, and Stein loosened his drum, an operation which again attracted a crowd of idle boys around him, to admire and envy him the possession of such a delightfully loud and noisy thing. Like Schelle, Stein loved to talk; but he was better tempered, though a greater rhodomontadeur than the bath-master.

"If our drilling," he said to the children, "is on account of the Hussites, it is all labor in vain, as long as one succeeds in getting possession of their magic drum."

"A magic drum! Have the Hussites a magic drum?" inquired the astonished children.

"Yes, a magic drum," replied Stein gravely. "Whilst I was serving in the army of the Saxon duke, surrounded by the Warlike, we were attacked by the Hussites, near Aussig, and I heard the magic drum at a distance. The moment it sounded, I and all my comrades felt ourselves turned, as it were, to stone, whilst they were inspired by it with irresistible fury. We became incapable of defending ourselves, and were seized with such an extraordinary panic in our legs, that we could not stand upon them, but fled in confusion until we were quite out of hearing of the magic drum, and out of sight of our enemies. And so I got my discharge; for what can the most reckless courage do when enchantments are opposed to it?"

"The Hussites must be horrible men!" said a little girl, shuddering.

"Men?" answered Stein vehemently, "say rather lions, tigers, leopards."

"What do the Hussites look like?" asked one of his youthful hearers.

"They are like shaggy wolves and bears," replied Stein; "for they wear their beards so long, that they reach half way down to their knees, and their hair is like a lion's mane. Their teeth resemble the tusks of a wild boar, and their huge head is like an overgrown pumpkin stuck between their broad shoulders; and they have long crooked nails on their hideous hands like eagles' talons."

The children shuddered at this description, and the little girls especially looked at each other in silent horror.

"Do not be afraid," said Erwin, encouragingly, "our town has high strong walls, a wide moat, and brave citizens, who would soon drive back the Hussites, if they took the fancy to climb the ramparts."

"Ay," said Stein, laughing, "with your father to lead them. He would take up with a hundred Hussites to his own share. He is already half a one in his heart."

"We shall see," returned Erwin emphatically, "who in Naumburg has the stoutest heart. You will some day have to bog father's pardon for your jokes."

"With great pleasure!" sneered Stein, as he threw his drum over his shoulder and walked off.

"The martyrdom of John Huss, in the fifteenth century, will ever remain one of the great blots upon the page of our nation's history. Huss, as it is well known, was, for his evangelical sentiments, exposed to a violent death, while his followers were subjected to equally unjust treatment. That some of these should, as intimated by the German author of the narrative, have taken up arms in their defence, and while bearing the arms of their master have departed largely from his spirit, would not surprise any one who remembers the fierce conflicts that sprung out of the Reformation in various countries; for persecution has ever driven wise men mad. Allowance in such cases must be made for times when there was little diffusion of the word of God, and few of those correctives to false views that are possessed in the present day. The account of the Hussites, given to the children by Stein, is no doubt an accurate reflection of the caricatured and exaggerated reports with which their enemies viewed them, while the character of Wolf, as detailed in the subsequent narrative, probably represents with equal faithfulness many of those hidden reformers before the Reformation, who existed in the midst of much general darkness and error, and who, in spite of the oppressions by which they were surrounded, brought forth the fruits and graces of a living Christianity."

The following resolution, offered to the Lancaster Democratic Convention (Bachanan's county) was rejected:

Resolved, That it is clearly the sentiment of this Convention that the Investigating Committee, recently appointed in Congress, under the resolution of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, should be afforded every facility for successfully conducting their investigations, and that any and every attempt to nullify and defeat the objects for which said Committee was created, meets the unqualified disapprobation of this Convention.

Bachanan's party do not want any investigation; they know they are wrong, but hope to blind and hoodwink the people.

A daily Episcopal paper is proposed in New York city. There should be some religious duties for the present race;—with their dirty advertisements, theatres, races, rapes, murders, and every other filthy thing that can be gathered in for money—are unfit for any decent man to take into his house.

NEW ORLEANS, March 3.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives, authorizing a company already organized, to import twenty-five hundred free blacks from the coast of Africa, to be inducted for not less than fifteen years.

The Forms, versus the Rights.

The following is the conclusion of the recent general speech of Ex-Gov. Hayes, of Me., in the U.S. Senate:

Now, sir, we are about to have this Leecompton Constitution forced on the people of Kansas. What will they do? God only can tell. I do not know. I have no advice to give them. But I can say this: the people in that country have come from all sections; they embrace the Huguenots of the South, who left their country to enjoy religious freedom on this continent, as well as the Puritans of the North; they embrace the Cavaliers of Virginia, who came into this country to establish a Government which should secure them their rights; and I do not believe that the spirit of the Puritans, the Huguenots, or the Cavaliers is yet quite extinct. If Congress shall undertake, in its power, to force a constitution upon that people, when it has only a right to admit States, not to make them, they are a people who are only fit to be slaves, and they will be slaves if they do not resist it to the last extremity. I put it to any Senator who is going to vote for this wicked thing, and I ask him what would he do, standing in a community where he knew Federal bayonets were about to force upon him a government which was to deprive him of his rights? I ask any one who is about to vote for this great wrong, what would he do? Would he not resist it, to the bitter end, and to the last extremity? If he would not, the blood of the Anglo-Saxon race does not circulate in his veins. I believe they will resist; and if they do, I only desire to add, that the responsibility must be on those who have placed them in such an emergency. If men fight for their domestic altars, their hearthstones, and their wives, you must not complain of them for doing it, when you have forced that emergency upon them, nor let me add, must you blame those who shall rally to their support. But I can not enlarge upon these matters as I would. I must leave them, with a brief allusion to one other point.

Mr. President, this is all to be done under the "forms of law." I have heard this phrase "forms of law," until it has become painful to my ear. Forms of law! Will you tell me of the worst despotism that ever existed, that did not rest upon forms of law? Will you tell me of the wickedest act that has ever been perpetrated by any government, that has not been done under the forms of law? We sit not here, sir, in the capacity of a court to adjudicate and to construe the laws that have been made; we are here for the purpose of exercising our power upon broader principles of equity than those which belong to courts; but still all courts which administer laws are clothed with equity powers to prevent a greater wrong.

It is a common saying, and a true one, that strict law is oft the highest wrong. Forms of law! Let us rather see to it that the substance of the law is executed, and justice done.

Sir, we are clothed with equity powers, beyond those which obtain in a court; and we are making laws—not administering them. We ought at the mere suggestion of wrong to these people, to go to the very basis, and ascertain whether we are about to perpetrate a wrong, and force upon them a government which is not their own. But, sir, instead of that, we are here day after day with petty juggling for the purpose of exercising our power upon broader principles of equity than those which belong to courts; but still all courts which administer laws are clothed with equity powers to prevent a greater wrong.

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VOICE OF KANSAS!

The Territorial Legislature of Kansas, that has just closed its session, was elected in October last by an overwhelming majority of the popular vote, and, if Gov. Walker and Sec. Stanton can be believed, they unquestionably represent the feelings and views of nine tenths of the people of the Territory. This being so, the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, on the very last night of the session, by both branches, are significant and suggestive of the results which will follow in Kansas when the Leecompton Constitution is attempted to be forced upon them by Congress.

Resolved, By the Legislative assembly of the Territory of Kansas, the Council concurring, That we do hereby, for the first time, solemnly protest against the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Leecompton Constitution; that we had back with scorn the libelous charge that the freemen of Kansas are a lawless people; that, relying upon the justice of our cause, we do hereby, in behalf of the people we represent, solemnly pledge ourselves to each other, to our friends in Congress and in the States, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor to resist the Leecompton Constitution and Government, by the force of arms, if necessary; that, in this perilous hour of our history, we appeal to the civilized world for the redress of our position, and call upon the friends of freedom everywhere to array themselves against the last act of oppression in the Kansas drama.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to immediately transmit certified copies of these resolutions to the President, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the President of the Senate of the Congress of the United States, and to our member in Congress, and that the same be presented to both branches of Congress.

The closing remarks of Hon. G. W. Deitzler, Speaker of the House, were equally pointed, and will have the more weight, when it is remembered that he is one of the most conservative and cautious of the Free State party. He spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: I am not a public speaker, but I wish to return my thanks for the very complimentary, and I may say unmerited, resolution of thanks, relative to myself, you have passed to-night. We are leaving for our homes, I hope to prepare for the final struggle for the freedom of Kansas. Again we have expressed our disapproval of the infamous attempt to subvert our liberties. Should this Constitution be forced upon us, we have but one method left, and that is to resist its enforcement to the last; and, if I know anything of the freemen of Kansas, it will be done. We owe it to ourselves and to the civilized world to resist this foul attempt to subjugate a free people. Gentlemen, you will please accept my thanks again, and allow me to wish you all a pleasant journey to your homes, and the speedy freedom of Kansas."

THE FARM—The Garden—The Orchard.

The Moon and the Weather.

It is very generally believed that the Moon has, through her various phases or changes, a great deal of influence over the changes of weather. Dr. Dionysius Lardner, a celebrated living English philosopher, in noticing the question "Does the Moon influence the weather?" says: "The Moon may be regarded either as a question of science, or a question of fact. If it is regarded as a question of science we are called upon to explain how and by what property of matter or what law of nature or attraction the Moon, at a distance of a quarter of a million of miles, combining its effect with the sun at four hundred times that distance, can produce these alleged changes? To this, it may be readily answered, that no known law or principle has hitherto explained any such phenomena. The Moon and Sun must doubtless effect the ocean at sea, which surrounds the globe as they affect the ocean of water—producing effects analogous to tides; but, when the quantity of such an effect is estimated, it is proved to be utterly inappreciable, and such as could by no means account for the Meteorological changes here adverted to" (See Lardner's Lectures on Natural Science, 1st vol. p. 315).

And then touching this question as one of fact, he says: "It appears, however, by some series of observations not yet confirmed or continued through a sufficient period of time, that a slight correspondence may be discovered between the periods of rain and the phases of the Moon (New and Full Moon, for example) indicating a very feeble influence, depending on the relative position of that luminary to the sun, but having no discoverable relation to the Lunar attractions. This is not without interest as a subject of scientific inquiry, and is entitled to the attention of Meteorologists; but its influence is so feeble that it is altogether destitute of popular interest as a weather prognostic. It may, therefore, be stated, that, as far as observation, combined with theory, has afforded any means of knowledge, there are no grounds for the prognostications of weather generally supposed to be derived from the

influence of the Sun and Moon. It matters little, so far as this question is concerned, in what manner the Moon and Sun may produce an effect on the weather, nor even whether they be active causes in producing such effect at all. The point, and the only point of importance, is whether, regarded as a mere matter of fact, any correspondence between the changes of the Moon and those of the weather exists. And a short examination of the recorded facts proves that it does not." (Lardner's Lectures p. 419-420.)

Dr. Lardner derived the most of his views on the Moon theories from the writings of Arago, a distinguished French philosopher who has taken much pains to collect, examine and refute the various popular notions about the influence of the Moon on the weather, vegetation, and the like. And the curious reader will find a succinct account of these popular notions, and of Arago's views in regard to them, in Lardner's Lectures.

Another scientific writer, in "The Literary Record & Journal," published at Gettysburg, Penna., in 1845, '6, says: "That the Moon exercises an important influence upon our planet (Earth) can not be denied, but it is equally true that this influence has been greatly overrated—that popular superstition has invested this little globe with powers and properties to which it has no claim, and which in many cases are equally absurd and ridiculous. That the phenomena of tides is caused by its attraction, is an established fact; but, apart from its attraction, we can perceive no other physical influence, and all its reputed effects, which can not be accounted from this principle (attraction) should in general be regarded as having no foundation in reason or in fact. Amongst these influences, that which the Moon is supposed to exert upon the weather is perhaps the most generally believed. We are not prepared to deny that some effects may be due to this cause, but we believe that it is greatly overrated, and that amongst the innumerable causes of atmospheric disturbances, that which is due to the Moon may be altogether overrated. Considered as a question of science, it is certainly difficult to explain how or why the periodical phases which depend only upon certain relative positions of the Sun, Moon, and Earth, can greatly effect our atmospheric phenomena as there appears not to be sufficient connexion between the effects and their reputed cause." (Lit. Record, p. 128.)

In a subsequent article upon the same subject, the writer says: "None of the known laws of nature have as yet been able to explain why the Moon should influence the movement of the sap in plants, the durability of a roof shingled in a particular phase, the time of falling timber, and a thousand