

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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THE CHRONICLE.
MONDAY, MAY 10, 1858.
The late Legislature.
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Deaths of Centennarians.

Today we record the decease of Mrs. SARAH BENJAMIN, in Mount Pleasant township, Wayne Co., Pa., on the 21st ult, at the great age of 114 years, 5 months, and 3 days. Her maiden name was Sarah Matthews. She was born in Goslen, Orange Co., N. Y., 1743. She was three married. Her first husband was William Reed. He served in the Revolutionary army in the early part of the struggle, and died of a wound received in Virginia. Her second husband was Aaron Osborne, of Goslen, N. Y. He also was in the army of the Revolution, but survived it. Her last husband was John Benjamin, with whom she settled in Mount Pleasant in 1822. He died four years afterwards. She had five children, the youngest of whom is seventy years old, and has left four generations of descendants.

The Main Features

OF THE ENGLISH LECOMPTON BILL, AS PASSED BY CONGRESS.
[Forney's Press says that inasmuch as this action is not a "settlement," but a wicked reopening of that which honest legislation would have forever tranquilized, we desire the reader to preserve and remember these facts.]
I. That although the people of Kansas have repeatedly rejected the Lecompton Constitution, with all its protection to slavery, they still take that Constitution, now, or wait till they have a population of 92,000 or 120,000.

NEARER

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er: I'm nearer my home, to-day, Than I've ever been before—
Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be— Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the Jasper sea—
Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down— Nearer leaving my cross, Nearer wearing my crown!

UMBRELLAS.

It is but a hundred years since an Englishman, named Jonas Hanway, having returned from his "travels in the east" (the record of which is still preserved in voluminous quarto form, with that title, in some old libraries), appeared on the streets of London on a rainy day, (it does rain in England sometimes,) with a queer notion, imported from China, in the shape of what is now called an umbrella. It was the first ever seen or used in England, probably the first in Europe. It attracted such curious and indignant notice, that the eccentric Jonas was soon surrounded by a furious English mob, and was boldly pelted with mud and other convenient missiles, for his presumptuous audacity in thus attempting to screen his head and figure from the rain, which true born Englishmen, from time immemorial, had allowed to beat upon them without resistance, as an "inevitable" visitation from the powers above upon all who chose to leave the shelter of a roof in a storm or a shower. The incident made a noise, and, in spite of ridicule, the "outlandish, new-fashioned notion" began to "take mightily" with the extensively bedazzled people of England, and as the new machine was found to be as effective in protecting the person against the rays of the summer's sun, as against the falling rain, the learned condescended to borrow a name for it from the Latin diminutive form of "umbra"—a shade—"umbrella"—a little shade. Poor Jonas Hanway's innovation, so unpopular at first, merely shows what disadvantage it is to a man to be a few years in advance of the age.

"MY LIFE HAS BEEN A FAILURE"

So said a capitalist in this country, worth several millions, on being asked why he did not have a biography of his life written. What an answer! and what a sad truth to be made and considered by one who has spent a long time in amassing wealth! and now, with trembling limbs, stepping into the grave, the startling truth, quite too late it is to be feared, flashed across the mind, that *his life had been a failure*—its great object, and the only one worthy the attention of an immortal being, having been entirely overlooked or neglected! What more than such a wretched occupation a sane mind, to fill and keep it full of unutterable anguish! Life a failure!
Reader! whoever you may be, poor or rich—did you ever ask yourself whether your life also has been a failure? Whether you are living merely for this world—laying up the treasures of which you can not avail yourself in your time of greatest need?
Farmers generally, should enlarge their gardens. If they would reflect a moment, they would find that there is no part of their premises half so profitable as the garden, or contributing half so much to the comfort and health of the family. Instead, as many do, of having but a dish or two of peas, green beans, beets, sugar corn, radishes, lettuce, &c., as the product of a single planting, they should at in a succession of crops, so that, through the whole season, they could enjoy these desirable necessities of life. Try it—enlarge your garden— devote a day or two extra to your garden now and then; do not depend entirely upon the females of the family, who usually have hard duties to perform during the growing season—and having once tried it, no good husband or father would ever again show any short coming in this respect. Wives and daughters would often find that a little coaxing would do a great deal in behalf of carrying out their wishes in this respect.—*Blissful Democrat.*

Chinese Sugar Cane.

Good corn soils are best adapted to its growth—warm, deep, dry soils. As in planting corn, it pays to do the work well. Be careful not to plant too deep; you must remember this. You must not plant near broomcorn, chocolate corn, or any of this species, as it will mix with any of these plants. Plant in drills three and a half feet apart, and nine or twelve inches in the drill, or three to three and a half feet apart each way, according to your notions of cultivation. It is valuable for fodder. Sow any extra seed you may have in drills, two feet apart, thick in the drill. It will produce two crops of forage if cut the first time when growing vigorously.
CHICAGO, AS SEEN BY AN EDITOR.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer has lately seen Chicago through peculiar spectacles: "Chicago is a bustling city. It was formerly in Illinois, but now Illinois is in it. Like Michigan is situated on Chicago. The principal products of Chicago are corner lots, statistics, wind, the Democratic Press, and long John Wentworth. The population of Chicago is about sixteen millions, and is 'rapidly increasing.' The people are very unassuming and moral—almost too much so. The real estate dealers are honorable men, like Planters, and wouldn't tell a lie for anything. Chicago is not in the temperate zone, the habits of the people not being at all in that way."
There is a world where storms never intrude—a haven of safety against the tempests of life—a little word of enjoyment and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicious are not there, nor the venom of slander. When a man enters it he forgets his sorrows, and cares and disappointments; he opens his heart to confidence and pleasure, not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable MOTHER.

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Bees in the Spring.

Some time ago we published an item stating that if bees were allowed access to oil cake, the quantity of their honey would be thereby increased, as our authority stated, several hundred per cent. But honey alone, of its constituent materials, is not all that bees require, for pollen is also needed to make "bread" for young bees. The weather may be warm enough and the bees lively enough; but until the buds afford pollen, they have no material to work upon to enable them to be in season with the new brood to produce early swarms. Mr. Sturtevant, of Cleveland, O., asserts that he can bring bees forward two months earlier by the very simple process of feeding them with unbolted rye-meal placed on boards near the hive. They "pitch into it at once."

LAND LOTTERIES

"a good farm for five dollars"—are the latest form of operations by the ever-varying lottery swindlers. We see in the N. Y. Tribune that Gov. Randall, of Wisconsin, who is "referred" to by one of these gents, indignantly denies any knowledge of or connection with the scheme. A man who bought some "fine Tennessee lands" for next to nothing, went to see it, and found he had paid 100 per cent. too much. Any land worth having, you must pay for—be sure of that!

POTATOES

The editor of the Amherst (N. H.) Cabinet says he has never had so good potatoes as the last two years, and he ascribes his success to the observance of the following points:
1. Change of seed. Our seed was all procured from a distance.
2. Planting on light instead of a heavy, wet soil.
3. Light manuring and seeding.
4. Early planting and late digging.
5. Manner of keeping

WHAT JEWS CAN DO, BESIDES MAKE MONEY

—Who composed "Il Barbiere?" Rossini, a Jew. Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the "Huguenots" and the "Prophets"? The composer is Meyerbeer, a Jew. Who has not been spell-bound by the serenity of "Die Judin" by Haverly, a Jew. Who that at Munich, has stood before the weeping Koenigsparke, whose harp silently hung on the willows by the waters of Babylon, but has confessed the hand of a master in that all but matchless picture? The artist of Bendisman is a Jew. Who has not heard of the able and free-speech apostle of Liberty, Boerne? a Jew. Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies, so to speak, of one of Israel's sweetest singers, Heine? a Jew. Who has not listened, with breathless ecstasy, to the melting music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"? Who has not wept with "Elijah," prayed with "Paul," and triumphed with "Stephen"? Do you ask who created these wondrous harmonies? Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who also, we must so write it, was a Jew.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS

Among the two hundred ministers whose biographies are found in the History of the Presbyterian Church in America, by the late Rev. Mr. Webster, we discover that one hundred and forty-nine of that number had Scriptural Christian names, leaving fifty-one only that had not. There are forty Johns, sixteen Samuels, nine Davids, eight James, six Josephs, five Thomases, four Timothys, four Nathaniels, four Benjamins, four Andrews, four Daniels, &c. Fifty-four were natives of Ireland, twenty-six of Scotland, twenty-five of Connecticut, twenty-four of Massachusetts, seven of Long Island, seven of Pennsylvania, five of England, two of Great Britain, two of New Jersey, three of Delaware, one of Germany, one of New York, one of Holland, and about thirty whose places of nativity are unknown.

SINGING WITH THE SPIRIT

The New York Examiner says, that "the whole perplexity how to have good church music is solved by hearing one hymn sung in the revival in Chambers street or John street prayer meeting. The observer will be struck with the unity of time and movement throughout the vast and unshrouded chorus. Not a voice can be heard to 'drag' on the most familiar air that has been drawn out in sleepy meetings for a hundred years. Every note is awake, prompt and eager in its rhythmical place. The physical imperfections of voice and ear, which in a choir of from twenty to fifty persons might be almost intolerable, are as little thought of as the hoarsest notes in the thunder of the ocean or the roar of the forest."

TOUGH TIMES

We have seen many hard rubs in our day, and known what it is to want money, but an old settler near Bloomington, Illinois, has seen the toughest times of any man we ever heard of. He says, the winter of 1830 was remarkable for the scarcity of money; so much so, that one man who was elected Justice of the Peace couldn't raise enough to pay an officer for swearing him in; so he stood up before a looking-glass and qualified himself.

Col. Benton

was born in 1782—the year of the birth, also, of John C. Calhoun, Martin Van Buren, Lewis Cass, and Daniel Webster—the last year of the Revolution.

MEAT PURRING

Take a piece of lean meat with water, season it, roll it in crust, as any other roll pudding, boil well.—*Mrs. B.*

THE "READING OUT" PROCESS

At a meeting of a number of persons, said to be Democrats, in Milwaukee, last week, James Buchanan, President of the United States, was unanimously read out of the Democratic party. The N. O. Bulletin is glad that by any means the Democrats are being made to learn to read.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL TELLS

a good story on the sheriff of the county. The other day, before the escape of Shears and the other prisoners, they were complaining of the jail fare, whereupon the sheriff facetiously advised them, "if they didn't like the board, to leave." They left.

THE LEXINGTON JOURNAL SAYS

"The course of Senator Green, of Missouri, is unquestionably disapproved by a large majority of the people of that State. He will disappear from the public service as soon as his constituents can get him out. Tennessee will be 'facile Green'."

CAPITAL PRESENTS

We clip the following capital advice from an exchange: "Earn a shilling before you spend a penny, and rather drink water than go on credit with the tavern keeper. Cast not away your old clothes before you get new, and clap a patch on the elbow rather than go on tick with the tailor. Wear nothing before it is your own, and keep your hands from sealing-wax. This is an infallible antidote against the contagion of sheriffs, bailiffs and constables."

TOUGH STUMP

In boring the Artesian well in Stockton, California, the borer struck a redwood stump, 350 feet below the surface of the ground, and more than 250 feet below the level of the Pacific Ocean. The earth above and below was of stratified clay and sand, which had apparently not been disturbed since its original disposition, which occurred thousands of years ago. That is a tough old stump—or tough story.

IT IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN ASCERTAINED

by experiments that two stalks in a hill of corn will produce more than one or three stalks. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable purpose. It dignifies your nature, and insures your success.

SOME ONE SAYS

"the lubster is a potherb made of creation, for it is only red after its death." He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

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