

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper—devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN.

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THE CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, OCT. 6.

We give this week another of the Philadelphia Society 4th of July Oration, furnished by Mr. LANE at our request. Mr. CARNAHAN'S we expect shortly.

Progress and Influence of American Liberty.

We have assembled here, in accordance with the custom of our country, to celebrate that day which gave birth to our independence. Not only we, but throughout this wide spread continent, every church and every school-house, every farm and every grove, every city and every village, is resounding with the gladdening notes of cheerful hearts rendering just homage to the virtues of the patriots of the Revolution. We raise no marble tomb to the memory of a military despot who has swept over the country like a tornado, blasting its richest crops, and leaving in his wide track nothing but the blackness of desolation and despair. We rear no sculptured monument to remind posterity of the sum of the splendid deeds of those who were covered with ignominy and disgrace. But we, as patriots and enlightened citizens of an independent republic, meet to commemorate the resurrection of liberty, the dawn of the universal emancipation of mankind. We celebrate an event which not only entailed the blessings of liberty upon us and all who as American citizens may come after us, but which, in its progress and influence, has also revolutionized the dark corners of despotism, and spread terror among all the nations of royalty. But in remembering the noble deeds of those who were engaged in the Revolution, let us not forget those equally genuine patriots, who first fostered the germ of liberty beneath the dismal shade of despotic power in the old world, and transplanted it on the shores of the new.

Let us examine for a moment, the heroic daring and invincible determination of those who first landed on the Rock of Plymouth, in the wilds of the western continent. They had crossed a stormy ocean of three thousand miles, over whose fathomless bosom waved the black flag of piracy, to endure all the trials and dangers incident to an unsettled country. They were not allured by the golden dreams of avarice, or the glowing descriptions of a soil abounding in perpetual fruits and flowers and teeming with all that could regale the senses or satisfy the appetite; neither were they as some colonists, a surplus mass, disgorged from the mother country to keep the remaining population sound and pure, and to prevent national apoplexy. What was that country which they left? A country in which they had been nurtured in youth, strengthened in manhood, where they had contracted the nearest and most solemn relations of life, and in which were entombed the hallowed remains of their ancestors. Why did they sacrifice this their country, with all its endearing recollections, for the pathless forests of a vast wilderness? Why did they deprive themselves of all the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, to suffer and toil and famish and die in the desolate regions of North America? Was it for self-aggrandizement, or posthumous fame? that they might return in a few years rewarded with riches, crowned with honor, and bright with glory? Had such been the motives which induced those hardy pioneers to settle this country, we their descendants, instead of basking to-day in the sunbeams of Liberty, might be crouching under the frowns of Tyranny. They had a higher, a holier, a purer aim in view. It was their anxious endeavor and firm determination to found a settlement, as a home for themselves and their posterity, where each might enjoy freedom of thought and

speech, and where each might worship his Creator according to the dictates of his conscience, untrammelled by a Papal See or an Established Church—that they might plant in the far west the tree of Liberty, which, increasing in the lapse of years, might spread its branches over every nation, and beneath whose protecting shade all mankind might rest in security. How then can we wonder that their settlements increased and prospered? Their energies, debilitated by long subjection, were quickened in proportion to the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise—vigor of thought and power of action, which before had lain dormant, were now summoned forth by every new obstacle, and strengthened by increasing opposition. Unity of purpose and determination of character sustained them beneath all their burdens, and gave such an impulse to their prosperity, that they began to indulge the hope of one day becoming the rivals of proud and potent England. But scarce a century had passed, ere a dark cloud began to gather thickly and gloomily over the intrepid and daring colonists. The monster Tyranny had already crossed the Atlantic, and begun to ravage their fair country. The British Ministry were already forging the chains which were to bind them in ignorance and despotism. The strong hand of power was about to wrench from them those inestimable privileges for which they had contended so long, and labored so faithfully. Should they then recede from the noble struggle in which they had been engaged? Should they abandon, for abject submission, the prize of liberty, when almost within their grasp? Should they for ever resign the hope of establishing a government on the broad principles of virtue, liberty, and independence? No—the bright star of hope, pointing through the dim vista of futurity to the future prospects of their country, cheered them onward, and urged them to oppose every encroachment upon their rights—to reject, with scorn and contempt, every act which would tend to make them slaves.

But still they showed a disposition to be content with their essential rights. They petitioned the throne to avert the impending storm. They supplicated his royal majesty to withhold the unjust exercise of his power. They remonstrated against his repeated acts of violence and cruelty. But all supplication and entreaty were vain. The right to impose a tax, only preceded the right to enslave. The power of dragging citizens indicted for any capital offence to a strange tribunal in a foreign land, without the least hope of justice, subjected property, liberty, and even life, to ministerial caprice. The spark of liberty which had long been kindling, now blazed forth into a bright and indistinguishable flame. The people were indignant. The whole country rose up, as one man, to repel every attempt to invade their rights. Congress assembled, and after an animated discussion adopted the Declaration of Independence, replete with the most important consequences, not only to the inhabitants of this continent, but to all mankind. That last great Act entirely severed every tie which bound them to the mother country, and sounded the clarion of liberty. That blackening storm cloud, so pregnant with all the horrors of war and subjugation, and which for so long a time had been gathering in their political horizon, now burst upon this devoted country. Then followed that series of trials and misfortunes, of bloodshed and cruelty, of noble daring and heroic endurance, the like of which the records of history present no parallel.

That Revolution, unlike all which had preceded it, both in its causes and effects, was the mighty moving of the inborn and innate principle of liberty—a revolution, which resisted the combined energies of the most powerful nation of the earth, triumphed over myriads of her well disciplined soldiery, and firmly established a government, with a constitution which is the best model to the nations of all coming time. Had it only repelled aggression and secured the blessings of liberty to the colonies, it would still have accomplished more for the regeneration of man than all the magnanimous attempts of a Brutus, or the worthy endeavors of a Wallace. But its hallowed influence stops not with the boundaries of nations, nor is confined by the shores of the ocean. It has sent hope through the despairing hearts of millions who were pining under the heaviest burdens of oppression. It has aroused to a sense of their degraded and servile condition, those who for years have silently and

submissively borne the heavy yoke of tyranny. It has scattered through Europe those seeds in whose growth our nations recognize their "long lost liberty." The spirit, which was uttered in the prayers of the Pilgrims on the Rock of Plymouth, has already loosed the colonies from the iron grasp of royalty, raised them to an exalted station among the nations of the earth, re-crossed the Atlantic, taught man his rights and how to obtain and defend them, overturned despots and monarchies, and upon the broken fragments of their splendid ruins erected the firm pillars of liberty.

In our own country, too, it has exerted a powerful influence. The energy of our national character, the spirit of our institutions, the comprehensiveness of our policy, have propagated the principles of religion and truth, encouraged the arts and sciences, spread literature and knowledge, increased our national prosperity, extended the principles of liberty, and given enlarged and enlightened views to all classes and conditions of men. With what joyful anticipations and grateful remembrances ought we not, then, to welcome the anniversary of our national existence! It points us back to the Revolution and phases before our delighted visions the examples of a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson. Let us study their characters and endeavor to imitate their virtues. Let us cherish that love of liberty, that self-devotion, that strict regard for justice, which ever characterized those illustrious patriots. Let us kneel around the common altar of freedom, and beseech their departed shades to look down with paternal affection upon our country—to smile on our institutions—to guide our public councils—to frustrate the ambitious schemes of those who would distract the people with anarchy and civil war—to counteract every influence which might be designed to mar the union and harmony of the States. And when in after times posterity meet on this joyous anniversary to add their grateful remembrances to the number offered by those who have gone before them, may they see the United States still shining, the brightest star in the galaxy of nations, her banners flowing in every breeze bearing inscribed in living letters the immortal and unchangeable motto, "Liberty and Independence, now and for ever!"

Interesting Discovery of a lost Child.

Three years ago, John Bart, of this city, lost his son, James D. aged four years. He was an intelligent and attractive little fellow, and was last seen in the vicinity of a circus in the city. The only information he could obtain of the child was, that while he, in company with one of his companions, was looking through the enclosure, a woman addressed him and invited him to accompany her into the circus. Since that time, Mr. Bart has used every conceivable means to recover his lost son. He had always believed him to have been carried off by some man connected with the circus, and expected to find him, sooner or later, in some circus company. With this opinion predominant, he has made several journeys to different parts of the country, but always without success.

Hope deferred had well nigh made the heart sick, when his attention was called to a paragraph in a Syracuse paper relative to a little boy who was found by Justice House of that city, covered with mud and blood, endeavoring to shelter himself from the rain in a dry-goods box. The boy, as the paragraph stated, gave his name as James Bart, and appeared to be 6 or 7 years of age. This corresponded with the name and age of Mr. Bart's lost child; but he had been so often deceived that he telegraphed to the Justice, making certain inquiries. The reply was not satisfactory, as the boy insisted that he had come from England three years previously. But a fuller description, in answer to a letter—particularly the statement that the boy had a dark brown mark under his left ear—so fully confirmed Mr. Bart's hopes that he went to Syracuse last Saturday night. On Saturday morning he proceeded to the Orphan Asylum, where the boy had been placed, and, without having any description of the little fellow, instantly picked him out from a company of fifty, all dressed alike. Although the boy did not recognize him, parents can conceive of the satisfaction which the happy father felt in thus recovering his long lost son, of whose identity not a particle doubt remained.

The history of the abduction is substantially as follows, as gathered from the boy himself. He was spoken to by a woman

near the circus, as Mr. Bart before understood. This woman took the child to a house in the city, which he does not recollect. Soon after dark, they went on board of the cars, and after about an hour, as the boy told, they got out of the cars and took a canal boat. Immediately after they got on the boat, he recollects that the woman took off his apron first, and then his other clothes and put on him a pretty red suit. He then remembers recollecting the woman's bust in Oswego, where he saw a little girl, whom the woman called his sister; and he was told that his mother and father were dead. He was also made to believe that he had been brought to Oswego from England, and a new name was given him. He would, however, sometimes say that his name was James Bart, but he was whipped for this so often and severely, that he was generally known as Frederick G. He never felt at home with his adoptive name, and once or twice ran away, and absented himself several days.

It was his disposition to get off which ultimately resulted in his recovery. Having heard a great deal about the State Fair, and seen, at Oswego, extensive arrangements made for visiting it, he determined to go himself; and he went accordingly. While there he picked up pennies by running of errands, watering of cattle &c. and so lived in the crowd, without attracting any particular attention. But after the Fair closed he did not get along quite so well, and used to wander about the canal, walking to the neighboring villages and returning to Syracuse at night, as his fancy dictated. It was while thus wandering, during the darkness and rain, that he fell on a stone, badly cutting his head and face, and rendering him so insensible that he laid out in the rain during the whole night. It was not until the day following that he was found and cared for. He is now with his parents—a bright, good looking and happy little fellow, and will, we trust, remain, to compensate them for the unutterable grief which his three years' absence has caused them. We have the name of the watch by whom the boy was enticed from his home; but Mr. B. does not at present wish it published. She is wife of a respectable man of some property in Oswego, who professes to be ignorant of the manner in which the boy was obtained. He says that she accounted satisfactorily to him for the possession of the boy, but refused to give her story, when Mr. Bart saw her on Sunday. The case will undergo a legal examination, and it is to be hoped that the guilty parties may be visited with the extremest penalties of the law.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

From the Maine Farmer.

Subsoiling.

The benefit of subsoiling has been highly recommended by those who have made a fair trial of it for several years past; yet there are comparatively few, whether satisfied or not of its utility, who put in practice. I have for some time been convinced of the propriety of deep ploughing on most soils by giving greater depth for the roots of plants to reach in search of food and moisture, as well as to enable the surplus water the more readily to drain off; yet, upon some shallow soils there is an objection to throwing up too much of what is usually termed *dead earth*, which, until it has been for some time exposed to the action of sun and air, has a deleterious effect upon vegetation. This difficulty is obtained by subsoiling, as the earth is not thrown up, only loosened, thereby facilitating the surplus water to drain off, and also the better enabling it to retain sufficient moisture in dry weather for the nourishment of plants. For several years we have felt wishful more fully to become satisfied as to the real benefit of subsoiling, and whether it would pay the cost, which may be reckoned up to breaking up the land, but others of our neighbors, with greater facilities, would make the trial, we deferred it until last spring—when we tried it for fruit-trees, wheat, carrots, parsnips, turnips, &c., with decided benefit. The piece which we subsoiled for wheat, with the exception of two or three furrows, for experiment, soon showed a marked improvement, standing the drought well, and giving a good yield of excellent wheat. Such is our estimate of the benefit to be derived from subsoiling, from the experience of the past, that we should not, on account of the cost, hesitate to use the subsoil plough for all our future crops.

Vassalboro', 9th M., 1849.
The New York and Erie Railroad was opened on Monday last (Sept. 10) by

Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the year 1798, when patriotic feeling prevailed the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than his histrionic powers, called one morning upon his friend, Mr. Hopkinson, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, as not a single box had been taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf. "If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'Presidents March,' I feel sure of a full house. Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it can not be done; yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a piano accompaniment and proved the measure to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Mr. Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning small handbills announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, &c. The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times, and again *encore'd*, and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail Columbia" cheered the visitors of the theatre, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets, from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the entire approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten. The street in which he resided on one occasion was crowded, and "Hail Columbia" broke on the stillness of midnight from hundreds of patriotic voices.

HAIL COLUMBIA—1798.

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON, ESQ.

Tune—"President's March"

Hail, Columbia! happy land—
Hail, ye heroes! hallow'd soil,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was raging,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won!
Let God be praised be our boast,
Ever and a day what it cost;
Ever onward for the prize,
Let us altar fresh the stakes.
Firm—unit—let us be,
Raising loud our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriot! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invalde the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering praise sincere and just,
In heaven we place a many trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, &c.

Sound, sound the trumpet of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom cheer
Liven with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of hard war; or guide, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, &c.

Be bold the chief who now commands—
Ours none to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But stand in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven, and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changeless fear,
Resolv'd on death of liberty!
Firm, united, &c.

The Defenders of Rome.

A correspondent of the European American, writing from Rome, says:

"The defenders of Rome were not foreigner, or very few of them, in comparison to the Roman people and Roman army. To call strangers those Italians who marched in aid of Mother Rome, would be the same as to style a New Yorker a foreigner in Philadelphia, or in the Southern States to call a Yankee one. Let us see how many of the inhabitants were not Roman and not Italian. Lombard-Venetian exiles, 4000; Sicilians and Neapolitans, 600; Ligurians and Piedmontese, 350; Tuscans, 250; French, Poles, and Hungarians, 150; Swiss paid by the States, 1000; American Volunteers: 50; Total, 6,400.

Late from California.

[The long hiatus in the correspondence of our special and exclusive epistolary agent in California, led us to fear that he had been lynched, or had died suddenly of some newly-discovered disease—but we are pleasantly disappointed by the reception of the following under his own hand and seal. We had some difficulty in deciphering the original, which appears to have been written with tobacco juice, and had it not been for the gold dust used by the writer instead of common sand, and which in some measure illuminates the dingy manuscript, the communication would have been wholly illegible. It will be seen that the previous accounts of the riches of that region are more than confirmed.]

VALLY OF THE SACRAMENT,
April 20, 1849.

EDITORS OF THE TIMES—When I wrote before, spades was trumps—now it's diamonds. These precious stones is found in brilliant perfusion on the brow of the Sarah Nevada, and several as large as hen's eggs has been seen in a mounting of gold, discovered last week, near the Sam Joking and when the snow melts it is supposed that many of the first water will come down with the current. Seed diamonds is remarkably plenty, but a law has been made against getting 'em, because it spoils the later crop. None is allowed to be gathered under the size of a piece of chalk. Emeralds abound, but nobody is green enough to pick 'em up when they can get diamonds. Other jewels is a drag. Beyond the plains, on what they call a plato of the mountains, bushels of little pieces of silver has been dug up, which is very convenient for small change. A stream running into Fetter River, and particularly rich in gold, has recently been discovered by a German company, and they have selected the just ownership by threatening to knife any one they catch poaching on their fork. In error of some outlandish Dutch water privilege, they call it the River Roiner. Some of the yobster 'socioshuns which has gone far into the interory, sends word that the site there is all solid gold set with rubies, but nobody believes these out-lying parties.

The depth of the ordiferous sands on the Sacrymentur is forty-one feet eleven inches and 3 kwaters. Wherever we find traces of gold, we sink shafts and draw it up with horses. The sand is so tarmination heavy it puts the m-stangs to their metal. I tell you; but there's no help for 'em; they must hang on with all there me and none, or damn they go, and then it's all up with 'em.

More quantities of gold, at the very least has been sent to San Francisco for sum time back, and as fast as it is got in it is turned to in gold. There's can not be exaggerate at the diggins—been hung on the shiest suspicious. Grab is moderate; floods of a spiritus water very deer. All kinds of salt provisions is sold for a song; the tavern keepers most give 'em away in order to promote thirst. Salt park is five dollars a hod, and brandy ten dollars a half pint. However, as gold is plenty, ever, Jack has his fill.

This puts me in mind of the noise by the steamer California, that a ship load of young women was a coming out on an ordinary speculation with one Mrs. Farham as shoopercargo. We look for the same exclusively. What is gold—what is precious stuns without woman? N then but vanity and vexation of spirits. Solomon says, (I red it 'other day on a page of provurbs) I was a gain to use for wadding, Solomon says a wurtshas 'ooman is more preshure than roobees, and in a kuntry without a pettroot one feels the force of the remark. When a man has well he wants hares to love it to; and in coarse--no wives, no hares. You couldn't send me out wun could you? I mean a wife, not a hare. If she's sum pitted with the small pox even, I woort care. The ordinary goods is valuable when there is none in the market. There's duzzins I wooodnt a lookt at in the States, that 'ud now be thankfully reserved and no tweshuns axed. You can say, and truly, that I'm worth more 'an my wait in gold, for I've got a kwarter of a tun of it in stoar at Sam Phrancisco, besides a spring tin of diamonds.

We have a sort of make-shit government here (no alluzhm to the parragrad above,) gut up extruuperly as one may say, that ansers pretty well for a noo kuntry. Gen. Smith and nobody. He's a kiewer chap and a spunky, no dout o' that, but he haint got no more ortharity than a child in arms, if there was such a thing

in the settlement. He shoos general orders and proclamashuns, and such truck and the people reel 'em, perite literator been scarce; but when they've red 'em they lazi, and shot wun it, and go and do just as they please. It's allus so in noo kuntries.

Agricultur in California is purty much left to nater. It sickes in folks' crop to be seen corn when they can dig gold, and so they all go to the plasers to make hay while the sun shines. This is the monster deposit bank of the unerserval world, and we're all casheres and directors. Bring yer letters here if you want 'em dug, we can't take the trouble to raise 'em. The only vegetable we cultivate is the rufe of all evil, and if you'll send us frutes of the airth, you can have that in xchange.

The rainy season been over, the weather is settled. I believe the heat hasn't been below 99 for a week, which, with bad ram has proved fatal to some constitoshuns. Emigrants of all kinds and kuntries keeps pourin in by land and water, and the population is very promiskous. We Mericans keeps the upper hand of the furniters so far, but it takes considerable powder and ball. Col's pistols is fine for minny. The both causes a good many muses, but the barrel allus stops 'em. I shall ship my pile by the California, next trip; and if I escape the cholera, the injuns, and the yellor fever gain thru Mexico, you may expect to see me before very long, and perhaps sooner.

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

Accumulation.—An illustration of what a little money will become in time, if put out on interest, and properly taken care of, is offered by an incident related to us yesterday by an old resident. He stated that about 50 years ago a bequest of \$10,000 was left to an idiot on Long Island. He was then in his infancy, and is consequently now but little over fifty. Soon after his father's decease, three respectable inhabitants of city, all of whom are yet living, were appointed trustees for the care of bequest, with authority to appropriate \$500 annually for the idiot's maintenance, which was accordingly done. This left at first but a small accumulation, but latterly the increase has been rapid, and the principal now amounts to over \$100,000. Should the party live twenty years longer, as is not improbable, he will die worth a quarter of a million of dollars. Pretty well for a fool.—*Journal of Com.*

Mr. A. Whitney, the original projector of the great Pacific railroad, passed through Philadelphia a few days since, on his way to the Memphis Convention. He is as enthusiastic as ever, and is determined to leave no stone unturned to secure the prosecution of his mighty enterprise. We have conversed with Mr. Whitney time and again upon this subject, and have found him full of information, thoroughly acquainted with all the various routes, and prepared to meet every objection that is urged against his own plan. He has certainly been indefatigable in his efforts, and if Congress should sanction this great undertaking, Mr. W. should in some way be officially connected with the enterprise. Some persons still contend that a railroad to the Pacific is chimerical and impracticable.

How to get Rich.

A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but one half hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, in half an hour, and after I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity."

A Curious Affair.—Some six years ago Augustus Kennerly, city collector at St. Louis, was discovered to be a defaulter in \$8,000, and dismissed notwithstanding his protestations of innocence. Recently, however, it came to light, by a re-examination of his accounts, that instead of being a defaulter, the city of St. Louis really owes him \$2,000 with interest, besides the restoration of a blighted reputation.

A German paper mentions the death of a police sergeant from tetanus, produced by a bite on the thumb from a drunkard of whom he was taking custody. The wound healed apparently in seven or eight days, and on the day afterwards the convulsions began.