

# 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. 13.

## 849.

One thousand years have now elapsed since the birth of Alfred the Great, who may be appropriately styled the Founder of the British Empire. In its combination of moral and physical power, no nation exceeds that whose language, arts, laws, and religion are rapidly gaining the ascendancy over the whole human race, and whose possessions begirt the globe. And although she is the standing theme of the demagogue's thoughtless abuse, yet no intelligent American can look upon the history and the institutions of England without high admiration and respect. Our youthful nation may well be proud of its high origin. Great deeds indeed—originating in the very groundwork of its society and government—will mar the beauty and oppress the people of that little and yet mighty Isle; America, however, with all her superior blessings and advantages, has sins enough of her own to check any fruitless revivings of her mother-land.

King Alfred was born A. D. 849, at a time when the northern invaders of the Island were pushing their conquests with a strong hand. The island had for ages been divided into small kingdoms, which had no friendship or concert of action, and sunk one by one before their united foes. It was in such times that Alfred, still a youth, assumed kingly powers over his clan. At first, he purchased peace—but the foe soon breaking the treaty he prepared for war. He united all his forces, but was defeated after a desperate battle, and utterly overthrown. For a long time he wandered abroad, living in disguise among shepherds and woodmen; and at last, with the garb and song of a minstrel, penetrated the Danish camp. Here he had good opportunities to learn the habits of his enemies, and the weak points in their encampment. Finding them careless and exposed, he returned to his friends, assembled all the force in his power, made a sudden attack upon the camp of the foe, and routed it. Following up his successes with vigor, he was cheered by victory after victory, and finally subdued the Danes. He next labored to unite the petty States into one, and having accomplished this he gathered the wisest men of the nation into a council in London, and from that originated the Parliament. He improved and augmented the naval power. He divided England into counties, and established the system of jurisprudence. He constructed roads, and founded seminaries of learning—improved the language, composed poetry, and encouraged inventions. Learned and virtuous, the deliverer and the father of his country, Alfred the Great died in 901, in his 53d year.

More than Washington was to America was Alfred to England. It may be said he formed England, and laid deep the foundations of law, of the arts and sciences, of religion, of commerce, of enterprise, and of all that make up the ponderous strength of the British Empire. The Thousandth Anniversary Year of his founder's birth is an era worthy of commemoration. One Thousand years more, and what will the "fast-anchored Isle" then be!

### Imposition and Credulity.

Another "Moon Hoax" story is going the rounds. A certain French Colonel is reported to have discovered a race of men of considerable intelligence, in the interior of Africa, who flourish from the lower extremity of their backs a tail more than three inches long! The brutality which would invent such a story, and the stupidity which would believe it, are near akin.

The annexed handsome production appears as original, but without signature, in the last Luminary.

### MY NATIVE HILLS.

My native hills—my native hills!  
Again your sloping heights  
Are decked in all the varied hues  
In which my soul delights.  
And every murmuring grove proclaims,  
With its unceasing tongue,  
That Summer now resigns the reign  
Which Autumn has begun.

My native hills—my native hills!  
There's not a shade that plays  
Upon thy rugged breast, but fills  
Mine with the thoughts of other days.  
When my young feet each tangled track  
Danced with light step along,  
As mockingly I echoed back  
The wildest wood-tid's song.

And many an autumn day like this,  
When not a leaf was stirred,  
And softly from its pebbly bed  
The distant stream was heard,  
I've dreamed of legends, old and dark,  
Till this secluded place  
Was filled by fancy, once again,  
With the wild, warrior race.

Whose deeds would make the speechless soil  
Of this deep mountain glen  
Rich with tradition's thrilling tales,  
If some recording pen  
Would drag from out oblivion's waste  
Those daring deeds, which soon  
Departing years will cast within  
Her unrelenting tomb.

Is there no minstrel hand to wake  
The slumbering muse, and tell  
How, battling for his household gods,  
The dauntless brave fell!  
O'er his bold heart, no "branded" shaft  
Or gilded trap-ping hung—  
So his brave deeds, perchance, are deemed  
Too humble to be sung!

His lonely grave lies green upon  
The restless river's verge,  
Unmarked by monumental stone;  
The waters sing his dirge,  
While Summer with their crowns of flowers  
Bright wreaths of glory shed,  
And nature's banners freely float  
Above his lowly bed.

My native hills—my native hills!  
Thy breathing foliage now  
Is like a crown of precious gems  
Around thy lonely bow,  
And gorgeous hues, and colors bright,  
In golden shadow lie,  
While o'er the heads in tender light  
A sun-lit, sapphire sky.

The following articles were set up for last week's paper and crowded out by other news and advertisements.

### Serious Riot in Philadelphia.

On Tuesday night, the rowdies of Moyamensing, taking advantage of the absence of the police at the election polls, made an attack on the California House, a tavern kept by a colored man, in St. Mary's street. This street is principally inhabited by blacks of the lowest and most degraded class. The House was defended by the blacks, many of whom were armed, and several sallies were made, but the assailants finally gained an entrance and fired the building. The alarm was given and several companies of firemen were called upon the ground with their apparatus, but were stoned and fired upon by the rioters and forced to retire. The fire spread to several adjoining buildings. In the mean time the police assembled, but were driven back by volleys of firearms and stones. The Hope Engine was taken by the mob, and partly destroyed. A fireman, named Himmalwright was shot through the heart; and a number of others seriously wounded. At 2 o'clock the State House bell struck 8 taps the signal for the military to be called out, which frightened the mob, and they gradually dispersed.

Second Riot.—At 6 o'clock on the following morning the State House bell announced another riot. The Morris Hose Company, who were in service, were attacked with brick-bats and firearms and several persons wounded. The military, who had been out during the night, again assembled at the State House yard, marched to the scene of action, and were assigned positions commanding every avenue of approach.

George Hosoy, negro, one of the leaders, has been arrested. Two persons are known to have been killed, and fifteen wounded have been brought to the Hospital, three of whom will not survive the day.

These continual outbreaks in the districts adjoining the city, are disgraceful and reflecting anything but credit upon the authorities.

Edgar A. Poe, Esq., the distinguished American poet, scholar and critic, died in Baltimore on Sunday last, after an illness of four or five days. Mr. Poe, we believe, was a native of Maryland, though reared by a foster-father at Richmond Va., where he lately spent some time on a visit. He was in the 38th year of his age. He was one of the acutest critics of the day, and a man of remarkable talents, though the possession of them did not save him from some of the infirmities of genius.

### The Law against Riots enforced at last.

The Astor House rioters have all been convicted. Judge Daly charged the jury upon the legal nature of a riot. He said that a riot is a tumultuous collection of three or more persons assembled together, mutually assisting each other in any interference in a manner to terrify bystanders and disturb the peace. An affray is but an assemblage of persons, not having any premeditated design to break the peace, and is distinguished from a riot. It is not necessary that there be previous concert on the part of individuals to constitute a riot. The act may be born of the moment. If individuals agree on the spot to commit a riot, it is sufficient. It is not necessary that a party should do some physical act, in order to commit a riot. If he does anything to aid, in any such design, he is responsible for all that takes place. If the individual contributes to a physical disturbance, by language and gesticulation, he is one of the responsible agents in it. The law does not distinguish between the different degrees of violence exercised, but holds liable every person participating. The prisoners now convicted are—E. Z. C. Judson, George Douglass, Thomas Bennett, John Norris, James Matthews, Hugh McLaughlin, Alexander Hosack, Thomas Green, Daniel Adriance and James O'Neal. The following were the sentences:—Bennett, 30 days City Prison; Matthews, do; Douglass, do; Adriance three months Penitentiary; Hosack, recognizance forfeited; Judson one year Penitentiary and \$250 fine, being the full extent of the penalty of the law. The conviction of Judson is an event that the people of New York rejoice at. The man has been publishing an obscene and shocking sheet, in which no person and no family's private relations were spared. He is the same person who, a few years ago, was pursued by a mob in some Western city and hung to a lamp-post by his outrageous against public decency. Fortunately for himself he was rescued in time to save his life, a part of which is now required to be spent in the Penitentiary for other crimes.

### The Vienna Students.

The Tribune translates the following from a Vienna letter in the Kolnische Zeitung:—  
One of the last bulletins of the Hungarian War speaks of a number of "rebels of the Academic legion," among the fallen enemies. Honor to those brave spirits who are stigmatized as rebels! The old Ben declares that they were the best soldiers whom he ever led into battle. They formed his body-guard, at the breaking out of the Hungarian war; at that time 600 strong, now only 45 remain; 555 have met their death on the battle-field. Ben sent the 45 to Kossuth, with the request not to permit them to go into battle, in order that some living witnesses should remain to bear testimony to the heroism which, in the midst of a cowardly and selfish age, could sacrifice itself to the cause of freedom of conviction, with no question to the result.

[A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer gives the following receipt for keeping ploughs from rusting.]

Melt together one part of beeswax and two parts of deer's tallow, and form them into a ball, and use as occasion requires. He recommends it for keeping other tools from rusting. As regards ploughs, one good way to keep them from rusting in our country is to keep them going. Our ploughs are different, however, from those used in the prairies of the far west, where the soil is so slick and greasy, that a thousand years rubbing wouldn't brighten a preter button, but in gritty old New-England, one "lout" will polish the dullest pig-metal so bright that you see your face in it. Beeswax and deer's tallow may be good for the Hoosier grubbers, but "elbow grease" and primitive "arth," is the stuff for ours.

During the two weeks preceding the 2d of Aug. upwards of fifty Mexicans and several Americans had been killed by hostile Indians, near Chihuahua.

Jones, the Apache Chief, offers a premium of ten horses for the scalps of each American, and thirty horses for the scalps of each Mexican officer that are brought to him.

The Arrickara Indians, a very savage tribe, on the Missouri river, have joined the Apaches.

### TAKING TOLL.

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q—, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijon. On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's, with the inquiry,  
"Have you any common wine?"  
"How common?" asked the grocer.  
"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for medicinal wine."  
"Yes; I have some fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."  
"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith.  
The demijon was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that day, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on his errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes or so. As he was about stepping into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijon was a little in his way and so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones,  
"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."  
"O, certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest pleasure."  
And so the demijon was left in the lady's care.  
Some hours afterwards Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijon.  
"What is this?" was his natural inquiry.  
"Something that Mr. Smith left."  
"Mr. Smith from Q—?"  
"Yes."  
"I wonder what he has then?" said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijon. "It feels heavy."  
The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.  
"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips.  
"Bring me a glass."  
"O, no, Mr. Jones. I would u', touch his wine," said Mrs. Jones.  
"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no. Bring me a glass."  
The glass, a half pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guiltless of grape juice as a dyer's vat, which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.  
"Pretty fair wine that; only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.  
"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones warmly, "for you to do so."  
"I only took toll," said the husband, laughing. "No harm in that. I'm sure."  
"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.  
Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation, he said to the keeper of the store,  
"I wish you would let my lad Tom stop over for me to Mr. Jones." I left a demijon of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into medicinal wine."  
"O, certainly," replied the storekeeper.  
"Here, Tom!" and he called for his boy. Tom came, and the storekeeper said to him,  
"Run over to Mr. Jones' and get a jug of medicinal wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."  
"Yes sir," responded the lad, and away he ran.  
After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burdened it.  
"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijon again. The cork was removed and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.  
"Yes, it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of." And the cork was once more replaced.

### Just then came a knock at the door.

Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store keeper's lad appeared.  
"Mr. Smith says, please let me have the jug of medicinal wine he left here."  
"Antimonial wine?" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling and a paleness instantly overspread his face.  
"Yes sir," said the lad, taking up the demijon to which Mrs. Jones pointed with her finger, and departing without observing the effect his appearance had produced.  
"Antimonial wine?" fell again, but huskily from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones.  
"Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How dreadfully sick I feel. Send for the Doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"  
"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel very sick?"  
"O yes. As sick as death!" And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the doctor instantly, or it may be too late."  
Mrs. Jones ran first one way and then in another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her single domestic, to run with all her might for the Doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones had taken poison by mistake.  
Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately the Doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his office would permit, armed with a stomach-pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying on a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.  
"O, Doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.  
"How did it happen? What have you taken?" inquired the Doctor, eagerly.  
"I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine."  
"Then it must be removed instantly," said the Doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible, India rubber tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the Doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.  
"There!" said the Doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote." And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down to take the place of what had just been removed.  
"Do you feel better now?" inquired the Doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning, with a professional eye, his pale face, which was covered with a clammy perspiration.  
"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger is past?"  
"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system."  
"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient, "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had."  
"Don't think of it," returned the Doctor. "Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever."  
The wild flight of Jane through the street and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.  
Mr. Smith having finished his business in Lancaster, was just stepping into his wagon, when a man came up and said to him and the store-keeper, who was standing by,  
"Have you heard the news?"  
"What news?"  
"Mr. Jones has taken poison."  
"What?"  
"Poison!"  
"Who? Mr. Jones?"  
"Yes. And they say he can not live."  
"Dreadful! I must see him." And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith took to his horse, and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.  
"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith in a serious voice.  
"A little better, I thank you. The Doctor has taken it all off his stomach. Will you walk up?"  
Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The Doctor was still by his side.  
"Ah, my friend," said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

### "What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding what his friend meant.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demijon."  
"That wasn't antimonial wine."  
"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.  
"Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine."  
Mr. Jones rose up in bed.  
"Not antimonial wine?"  
"No."  
"Why, the boy said it was."  
"Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."  
Mr. Jones took a long breath. The Doctor arose from the bedside, and Mr. Jones exclaimed,  
"Well, I never!"  
Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other doubtfully.  
"Good day," said the Doctor, and went down stairs.  
"So you have been drinking my wine it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach-pump had retired.  
"I only took a little toll," said M. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthful influence. "But don't say anything about it. Don't let the world!"  
"I want, on one condition," said Mr. Smith, words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.  
"What is that?"  
"You must become a teetotaler."  
"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones.  
"Then I can't promise."  
"Give me a day or two to make up my mind."  
"Very well. And now good by, the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home."  
And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the teetotalers, the story of his taking toll was all over the town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that, it became an old story.

### Agricultural Maxims.

[The following maxims are by M. Villeroy, a practical farmer and a distinguished writer of France. They were translated from the Journal d'Agriculture Pratique for the Patent Office Report of 1848. It has been remarked that these maxims are more applicable to districts which have been long cultivated, than to the virgin soil of new countries, which is sometimes found to be sufficiently fertile without the application of manure. But even in this case, the continuance of that fertility depends upon the prompt and speedy return of an equivalent for what is being drawn from it by the successive crops.]

1. Manure is the basis of agricultural prosperity and success.
2. Crops are always in direct proportion to the manure which the farmer uses.
3. Of all manures (easily obtained) there is none so valuable or important as stable manure; it agrees best with all kinds of soils and plants and modes of culture.
4. Even if other energetic manures be employed, this can not be wholly dispensed with, and they should be used rather to augment its action or replace it.
5. Those manures are not in sufficient quantity or so universal as to supersede the use of stable manure—and as a general thing cultivation would be impossible without the aid of this latter.
6. It is not the largest area which gives the most profit, but that which is the best tilled and especially the best manured.
7. A small farm well cultivated and well manured will give a greater clear profit than a large one, where the same labor and the same quantity of manure are employed on a greater extent of surface.
8. With a sufficient quantity of manure, the most arid and unpromising soil may be made productive and yield abundant crops.
9. In the same degree as the product depends not on the area, but on the culture and quantity of manure, does the greater quantity of manure depend not on the greatest number of animals, but on the greatest amount of fodder consumed.
10. Animals produce nothing themselves they only transform the fodder they consume into manure; part of it is assimilated for their sustenance, and a part becomes excrement or manure.

### The more nourishment the beasts receive the more fertilizing the manure they return.

11. The more nourishment the beasts receive the more fertilizing the manure they return.  
12. A lean beast makes less manure than a fat one—a well fed one gives twice as much as a poorly fed one.  
13. Whenever much and good fodder is produced, there is also produced much good manure; and wherever there is a sufficient quantity of manure, there will be rich and abundant harvests.  
14. Since, then, the success of agriculture depends (in old countries) on the quantity of manure produced, and this depends on the quantity of fodder consumed, it follows that the greatest quantity of fodder consumed in the management of the farm insures the most solid prosperity.  
15. Generally, the energy of agricultural management may be judged of by amount of cultivated fodder on which it is based, and its progress in the production of fodder should be regarded also as the progress of farming.

### Wise Counsel.

[The Home Journal gives the following extract from an address of the venerable Dr. Nott, President of Union College, New York:—  
"I have been young, and am now old; and in review of the past, and the prospect of the future, I declare unto you, beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would (by the help of God) from the very outset live better. Yes, from the outset I would frown upon vice; I would favor virtue; and lend my influence to advance whatever would exalt and adorn human nature, alleviate human misery, and contribute to render the world I live in, like the heaven to which I aspire, the abode of innocence and felicity. Yes, though I were to exist no longer than the ephemera that sport away their hour in the sunbeams of the morning; even during that brief period I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than creep the earth and lick the dust with the reptile, and, having done so, bid my body wish my memory in the gutter."  
The life of Dr. Nott has been a daily illustration of the value of the sentiments he so handsomely expresses. He is now a patriarch of some seventy-six years, and has presided over Union College for forty-five years, preserving in his old age that fire of genius and that kindliness of heart which have made him the idol of all who have ever enjoyed his instruction.

### New Uses of Soap Stone.

[The Post notices several articles of soap stone manufacture, which have been much admired, the production of the Maryland Soap Stone Company, whose quarry is at Maristeville, 20 miles from Baltimore, on the line of the Railroad.]  
The first novelty was a full sized bathing tub, made apparently to last as long as the rock of ages. The sides, ends and bottoms, are sawed out of the solid block, and then tenoned, grooved, cemented and riveted together. Leaking or corrosion are altogether out of the question. It must also be entirely free from odor, which always arises from tubs in which wood, paint, or solder is used. The Government has ordered a supply of them for the West Point Academy.  
The next article was a factory roll, to take the place of the wooden or copper roll used in cotton factories. They are preferred over the latter kinds of roll because they neither warp, expand, shrink, nor corrode, and are much more enduring.  
Then there is a soap stone dust, ground, bolted, and prepared for paint, founder's casting moulds, or a substitute for oil and tar, in preventing friction of car wheels or other machinery.  
They have also stone prepared for puddling, to be used in iron foundries, and it has been found to answer the purpose completely.  
We also saw other articles more generally known, such as cooking ranges, stoves, grates, fire places, beautiful as marble, lining for furnaces, coping for brick walls, sinks, pantry shelves, limels and ails for windows, and splendid specimens of stone block slabs.  
In the Revere House, the fire places throughout are fitted up with this enduring and available material. It has been in use over two years with very large fires, and it is now as sound and perfect as when first put up.