

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

## WEST BRANCH FARMER.

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

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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Perhaps some of our fair readers, with all their dressiness, can find time to give our correspondent a "dressing" in return next week—in which case he will doubtless "suffer some," or we are greatly mistaken.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

The Bachelor's Drawback.

They tell me to hasten and marry,  
But ah! 'tis the cost that I fear,  
And prudence still warns me to tarry,  
Ere seeking amusement so dear.

Oh there's a rapture unmeasured in wooing,  
And sweet the confidant when a son,  
But house-keeping horrors pursuing  
Are sure to make sentiment run.

Thus I mused 'till night as fair Chloe  
Saam 'round in the dance at my side;  
I must furnish thy wardrobe so showy  
If really I make thee my bride;

That trim, fairy lace, and its fellow measure so gay,  
Must with satin be clad, and pumella,  
But husband the piper must pay.

At the sight of that ankle so tender,  
My heart the dear bargain would close,  
When my head bids me (ere I surrender)  
Remember the price of that loss.

That hand, so desired beyond measure,  
The sutor who ventures to hold  
Can only secure such a treasure  
By hooping those fingers with gold.

These eyes, though their vision surpasses  
The eagle's, that pierces the night,  
Must be aided by opera glasses,  
How'er they enhance the sight.

Thy hair—the fair tangle where towers  
High honed, in marble enshrined—  
Must be thatched with straw, feathers and flowers  
To keep out the sun and the wind.

Sweetest mouth that e'er smiled upon mortal  
Hides organs that rattle within,  
And dainties must pierce the red portal  
Or soon cherry lips will grow thin;

Oh that charms so desired by a lover  
Have duties so costly assigned—  
That the pearls which thy smiles now uncover  
The choice of the market must grind!

The care must be constantly getting  
With rarest cosmetics thy face,  
Thy nose be indulged in coquetting  
With "kerchiefs bewildered with lace;

Those tresses—enslaving allurements—  
With fillets of gold I must bind,  
Thy ears must be decked with diamonds  
Or hung with the jewels of Ind.

Strong that man should embellish a creature  
Already more fair than the morn,  
That the being most gilded by nature  
Is the one we love most to adorn!

Why was Eden so pleasant to Adam—  
So rid of carnalial ill?  
Because his ingenious Madam  
N'er lashed him with milliners' bills.

remarkable. His cabin had only two lower rooms and one garret, and yet the best of the three was exclusively appropriated to a collection of plants, gathered from the neighboring hills and mountains, and numbering several hundred varieties, together with large moose horns, furs, and other forest curiosities. He knew not the generic name of a single specimen, and yet he would expatiate upon their beauty in the most interesting manner, showing that he loved them with intense affection. To the hunting and cultivation of plants he told us he was in the habit of devoting more than half his time, whereupon we asked him had he come here for the purpose of getting a living out of that. On casting our eyes about, and finding nothing for them to rest upon but mountains of solid rock, where even pine trees hardly had the courage to grow, we thought his reply somewhat mysterious. He smiled at our perplexity, and then told us that he had two or three profitable salmon fishing grounds, within a mile of his house, which were rented out to Quebec fishermen, and yielded him all the necessities of life, and that he obtained his fresh meats with his own hands from the forest.

Had we been inclined to doubt any of the assertions of our friend in regard to his good living, all such doubts would have most assuredly dispelled by what we witnessed and enjoyed before closing our eyes on the night in question. Having taken us to the fishing ground lying nearest to his cabin, for the purpose of letting us see how the salmon were taken in the circular set nets, (into which they swam on their way up stream when the tide was low,) he picked out a splendid twenty pound fish, and piloted us back again to his dwelling.

He then excused himself from further waiting upon us, and begging us to amuse ourselves by examining his plants, or doing anything else we pleased, he informed us that he must assist his wife in preparing our supper. We bowed our most willing assent, and as the sun was near near its setting we ascended a neighboring knoll for the purpose of enjoying the extensive prospect which presented itself to view.

We were looking towards the South, and across that portion of the noble St. Lawrence where it is without an island, and its shores are twenty five miles apart. The retinue of clouds around the setting sun were brilliant to a marvellous degree, and were distinctly mirrored on the tranquil boom of the superb river. In the distance we could barely discover the southern shore forming a long narrow line of purple; about a dozen miles to the eastward one solitary ship lay floating at the mercy of the tide, and in the fore-ground was the cabin of our entertainer, partly hidden from our view by a few stunted trees, and apparently hemmed in by inaccessible mountains, while before the cabin lay extended some half-dozen immense mongrel dogs, which were the only living creatures, besides ourselves, tending to animate the lonely scene. Silently communing with our own hearts, we watched with peculiar interest the coming forth, one after another, of the beautiful stars, and we could not but think of our distant homes, and of the ties which bound us to the absent and loved. One moment more, and we heard a loud holl, which came from the lungs of our Canadian friend, who informed us that supper was ready, whereupon we descended to the cabin at a pace bordering upon a run.

And such a supper! Our host presided, and while two of his guests were seated on either side, the hostess occupied the opposite end of the table from her husband. She could not speak a word of English, and of course uttered all her apologies in French; and though the husband pretended to talk English, we begged him to remember that his guests all understood French, and that he had better converse as nature dictated. No objections were made, and we proceeded to business. The table was literally loaded; and whilst the matron poured out a capital cup of coffee, the host overwhelmed the plates of his guests with various kinds of meat, most of which were fried or broiled almost to a crisp. We gave vent to our curiosity by inquiring the names of the dishes we were eating. From this moment, until the truly delicious feast was ended, the talking was all performed by the Canadian botanist, and the substance of his remarks may be stated as follows:

"That meat in the blue platter, gentlemen, was cut from the hind quarters of the biggest black bear ever seen among the mountains. He weighed over four hundred pounds, and was as savage as he was fat and big. I was climbing along the edge of a hill, about a week ago, for the purpose of securing a small yellow flower that I had discovered hanging from a rock, when the bear in question came running out of the mouth of his den, and saluting me with a long scratch on the back, I gave him a stab in the belly, and tumbled myself down the offset in the most hasty manner imaginable. I always take my gun with me when I go into the woods, and when I reached the bottom of the hill I looked out for the bear, and discovering him on a stump some twenty yards off, I gave him a shot and he made at me, with the fires of revenge and rage in his eye. I climbed up a small tree, and while the rascal made an unsuccessful attempt to follow me, I reloaded my gun and sent another charge directly into his mouth, which gave him a tad cough, and in a short time he staggered a few paces from the tree and fell to the ground quite dead. I then went back to the cliff to secure my yellow flower, and during that afternoon, by the aid of my pony, dragged the bear to my cabin.

"In that dish, with a piece broken from the edge, gentlemen, you have a mixture of moose tongue, moose lip and moose brains. I spent nearly a month moose hunting, last winter, in company with a couple of Indians, and though the snow was deep, the crust hard, our snow-shoes in good order, our dogs brave and strong, and moose were numerous, we only killed about sixteen. I only brought home the heads, (while the Indians were satisfied with the skins and haunches,) but I was more than paid for all my trouble, in the way of hard traveling and cold sleeping, for in one of the moose-yards that we visited I found a species of pine which I had never seen before. It was very soft, and I think the book-men of England would give a good deal of money if they could have it in their great gardens.

"As to that meat in the white dish, which all seem to relish, I think you will be surprised to learn that it is nothing but beaver's tail. To my taste it is the sweetest meat in the world, and I am only sorry that this valuable animal is becoming so very scarce in this section of the country. My present stock of beaver's tail came from the shore of Hudson's Bay, and though I bought it of an Indian, I had to pay as much for the tails as the fur companies paid him for the skins of his animals. I never trapped for beaver myself, but I have for other, and often have great sport in killing seals, which are very abundant in the St. Lawrence, and afford to the Indians pretty good food during the hard winters. The only thing I have against the beaver is that he has a fashion, I am told, of cutting down for his house such beautiful trees as the mulberry, birch, willow and poplar, before they are half grown.

"As to the salmon upon which you have been feasting, gentlemen, you know as much about that particular individual as I do, since you saw him while yet in his native element. The men who hire my fishing ground pay me so much for every fish they take, and sell them at a great profit in Quebec and even in Montreal. From the fisheries on this shore are the people of Canada exclusively supported with the salmon, and when we have a good season our merchants manage to send over to the United States, in a smoked condition, a good many thousand. As to taking them with those pretty little flies, which you, gentlemen, always carry in your pocket-books, I never could understand how you can manage to deceive so sensible a fish as the salmon. Of one thing I am certain: if you expect to take any of the salmon of this region with those little hooks and lures, you are much mistaken. You will have to go down to the Saguenay, where I am told the fish do not know any better than to be deceived by your cunning arts. But, if I was ever to follow fishing as you do, it seems to me that instead of red, yellow, and blue feathers, I should carry my hooks with the bright berries and buds which you may find upon some trees even during the fishing season."

This last remark of our host convinced us that he was indeed possessed with a ruling passion, and we of course gratified ourselves by humoring him to the length of our patience. He not only monopolized the conversation during supper, but he did most of the talking until bed-time. We spent the night under his roof, sleeping upon bear skins, spread on the floor: and, after an early breakfast, we bade him adieu, and pursued our course down the St. Lawrence.

A discontented man finds no easy chair.

OMNIPRESENCE.  
Kneel, my child! for God is here!  
And in love, but not in fear,  
Kneel before him now in prayer;  
Thank him for his constant care;  
Prize him for his constant care;  
Every moment on thy soul;  
Ask for light to know his will,  
Ask for love thy heart to fill,  
Ask for faith to bear thee on  
Through the night of Christ, his Son;  
Ask his spirit still to guide thee  
Through the life that may be thine;  
Ask for peace, to fill thy rest,  
Ask for health of thy loved ones;  
Ask in awe, but not in fear—  
Kneel, my child! for GOD IS HERE!

How is it, Ladies?

Equality without exclusiveness within—such seem to be the contrasts of American life. The professional man may be on the very best of terms with the blacksmith, but ten chances to one if the daughters of the professional man know the blacksmith's daughters, or if they would acknowledge it if they did. In-door life in America is fenced around by as many lines as social life in Europe. There is not a community there, any more than here, but has its fashionable quarter and its fashionable circle. This may be all very natural, but it is not in conformity with the general aspect of their national social life, that they carry with them into these coteries all the exclusiveness of feeling which forms so marked a feature in the social fabric of the old world. In a widely extended country, like the transatlantic republic, and a widely scattered population, like that which peoples it, it is to be expected that these feelings would manifest themselves, in different places, in different degrees. In some, however, they assume a form quite as inveterate as they do with ourselves; and young ladies will turn up their delicate but saucy noses at the bare idea of an acquaintance with those, with whose fathers or brothers their own fathers or brothers may be on terms of the most perfect familiarity. The circle once drawn, it is not very easy for those without to transcend it. The family that introduces a new member, is held responsible for his or her good behavior and respectability; and it is not always that the countenance of a particular family will suffice to give a party the free range of the favored circle.—[Alexander Mackay's travels in the U. S.]

"Never Say Die."

It would be difficult to name many kinds of business, yielding a rich harvest of profit to the proprietors, which were not commenced under heavy disadvantages, and pursued for many years in the face of frowning discouragements. For the first few years, in any new enterprise, all is uphill work—tugging against the stream—and one has rarely wind or tide in his favor. But if he breathes and "buffets the waves with lusty arms"—if he heroically resolves never to give up, and stems the tide with "a heart of controversy"—the desired haven will be in sight at last. There is nothing like a stubborn, dogged will, in these things—the resolution "never to submit or yield;" it works miracles, and the stoutest obstacle becomes as cobweb barriers before its all-potent energy. In short, as an able writer has said, hardly any difficulty could be cited, to which this philosophy is not applicable; and every one will find, if he tries, that, be it through the brakes of entangling and bewildering passions, be it over the wide and unmarked moor of uncertainty, be it through the slough of dependant itself, "whenever there is a WILL, there is a way."

The grand defect in many, however, is that they have not the patience to stick to an unpromising enterprise, many years; but, usually, just as they are on the eve of reaching the turning-point—the critical moment when, by a little extra exertion, their long and thankless efforts would be crowned with the most triumphant success—just then they get tired out, relax their labors, and the whole enterprise is swamped past redemption.—Tankeé Blade.

BRANDY INSPIRATION.—Too often has the experiment of seeking inspiration from the brandy-bottle, when there was none in the brain, been resorted to. Productions which smell of the midnight oil, may be tolerated; but when they smell of rum—fough! Our hopeful philosopher has fallen into the common mistake. He has not only imbibed a generous portion of the contents of his glass, but has actually stuck his pen into it, and still the inspiration does not come!

A preacher, after reading the passage in Job concerning the wild ass's colt snuffing the east wind, observed, that he might snuff a good while before he got fat! So we may say of our grog-drinker, he must sip a long while before he gets brains!

It is doubtful whether a woman ought to marry a man merely because he affords her no excuse for hating him.

Grand Banquet to the Potato.

This highly respectable vegetable, the Potato, being now, it is hoped, thoroughly re-established in health, it was determined by a few leading members of the vegetable kingdom to offer a banquet to the worthy and convalescent root on its happy recovery. The arrangements for the dinner were on a scale of great liberality, and the guests included all the principal vegetables. The invitations had been carried out by an efficient corps of Spack-Rammers, and the Onion occupied the chair. He was supported on his right by the head of the Asparagus family, while Salad occupied the bowl at the end of the table, and was dressed in his usual manner. The Potato, though just out of his bed, was looking remarkably well, and wore his jacket, there being nothing to mark his recent illness, except perhaps a little apparent blackness round one of his eyes. After the cloth had been removed.

The Onion got up to propose as a toast, "Potato, thou much respected guest." (Immense cheering.) He, the Onion, had known the Potato from infancy; and though they had not always been associated in life, they had frequently met at the same table. They had sometimes braved together the same broils, and had found themselves often together in such a stew (he alluded to the Irish stew) as had bro't them, for the time being, into an alliance of the very closest kind. He, the Onion, was delighted to see the Potato once more restored to his place in society, for he, the Onion could say, without flattery, that society had endeavored to supply the place of the Potato in vain. (Hear, hear.) They had heard of Rice having been suggested to take the place of his Hon. friend, but the suggestion was really ridiculous. The Onion said to that. (Loud laughter, in which all but the Melon joined.) He, the Onion, would not detain them longer, but would conclude by proposing health, long life, and prosperity to the Potato.

The toast was received with enthusiasm by all but the Cucumber; whose coolness seemed to excite disgust among his brother vegetables. The Onion had, in fact, affected many of those present to tears, and the Celery, who sat next to the Horse-radish, hung down his head in an agony of sensibility. When the cheering had partially subsided, the Potato rose, but that was only a signal for more enthusiasm; and it was some minutes before silence was restored. At length the Potato proceeded nearly as follows:

"Friends and Fellow-vegetables—It is with difficulty I express the feelings with which I have come here to-day. Having suffered for the last three or four years from a grievous disease, which seemed to threaten me with total desolation, it is with intense satisfaction I find myself once more among you in the vigor of health. I should be indeed inexcusable to kindness were I to forget the anxious inquiries as to the state of my health by those who have held me in esteem, and sometimes in a helm. (A laugh in which all but the Melon joined.) I can not boast of a long line of ancestors. I did not, like some of you, come in with the Conqueror, but I came in the train of civilization, amidst the memorable luggage of Sir Walter Raleigh, in company with my right hon. friend the Tobacco, who is not now present, but who often helps the philosopher to take a bird's eye view of the finest subject for reflection. (Immense cheering, and a nod of consent from the Turnip Top.) Though I may be a foreigner, I may justly say that I have taken root in the soil, and, though I may not have the grace of a Cucumber, who seems to have come here in no enviable frame (loud cheering,) I believe I have done as much as any living vegetable; for, though almost always at the rich man's table, I am seldom absent from the poor man's humble board. (Tremendous applause.) But continued the Potato; "let me not grow flowery, or mealy mouthed, for there is some objection to each extreme. I have undergone many vicissitudes in the course of my existence. I have been served up, ay, and served out (a smile,) in all sorts of ways. I have been roasted by some; I have been basted by others; and I have had my jacket rudely torn off my back by many who knew not the treatment I deserved. But this meeting, my friends, repays me all. Excuse me if my eyes are watery. (Sensation.) I am not very thin skinned; but feel deeply penetrated by your kindness to-day."

The Potato resumed his seat amidst the most tumultuous cheering, which lasted for a considerable time.

Wisdom of Deer.

The deer is the most sagacious animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it is satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it goes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as crows or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognizes individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stag at Tormessra will suffer the boy to go within 20 yards of them; but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries a pack on his back here, may go "cheek by jowl" with them; but I put on his panther the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelope. An eminent deer stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keepers adopted to kill a wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied a part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward that it was five in the afternoon before he stood in triumph with his foot on the antlered king. "I never felt so much for an inferior creature," said the gentleman, "as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting like away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed."—Inverness (Scotland) Cour.

Laughter.

Without it, our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like—the antipathies of our hearts, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, dusky thug, with two swollen, hungry lights at the top—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter—as it is, in its first intelligence! The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end, by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles answer that it understands. And then as worldly wisdom comes on the little thing it crows, it chuckles, it grins, it shakes in the nurse's arms, or in waggish humor playing to peep with the parent, it reveals its high destiny. Let materialists oppose as gingerly and acutely as they will; they must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumph, and stand upon the broad grin, for as he looks around the world, his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he, of all creatures, laughs. Imagine if you can a laughing fish. Let men, then, sound a long ah! hu! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege.

Truth, well said.

The Editor's calling is, at the present day, a profession of dignity and usefulness. At no former period has the press exerted so mighty and wide-spread a power. Everybody reads. Millions read newspapers, who read nothing else. In no way is the public sentiment of this country more influenced for good and for evil, than by its printing-press. He who speaks through a religious newspaper to tens of thousands of readers every week, may well be consoled under the inability to address a few hundreds by word of mouth.—Presbyterian.

MANNERS.—I make it a point of morality, never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic—I care not what they are, if the person means well, and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantage of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies; and if there be any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied.

Slavery.—A memorial has been sent to Washington, praying that the nomination of Walter Maloney, as marshal of the southern district, Florida, be not confirmed, on the specific ground that he has excluded slave labor in the service of the United States.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a child or adult may be cheerful.

Sermon against Vanity.

[An eye witness gives the sketch below of a sermon given by a pious colored man in Jamaica. He says, "Hundreds of people hear this minister; and some of them have been made wiser and better by what they have heard. The words are spelled just as he spoke them, but were sounded in tones that made the people attend to what he said, and feel it too." He began:]

"Fust Timothy, six chapter, seventeen verse: Charge dem dat be rich in dis world, dat dem be not high-minded." Here he stooped, looked about upon the congregation, then said in a complaining tone as if somebody was finding fault with him: "What for him say, Charge dem as be rich dat dem be not high-minded? He a poor nigger. De backra (white man) him rich. Nigger make de sugar; backra take de money. What for him do charge dem dat be rich?"

Then, changing his tone, he answered thus: "You no rich, eh? Maybe I show you feel rich. You free nigger now; so you say, I'll no like round jacket again. Den go to one 'fore (store), you buy one coat—tail coat. You put him on. You look yourself in glass. You like him. Den you go to one toder 'fore. You buy one black trowser. You no want work trowser. Work trowser you say him good for slave nigger; de free nigger him must hab black trowser, like backra. Den you go to one toder 'fore. You buy one white shirt. You no like check shirt. Him good for de work nigger, but free nigger must hab smart shirt. Den you go to one toder 'fore. You buy one boots. De slave nigger, him go bare-footed. De free nigger, him must hab boots like backra. Den you go to one toder 'fore and buy one black hat. De straw hat you say no good for free nigger. Den you wait till Sunday come. Den you put 'em on. You 'lay till de people all come. Dem set quite quiet—no make no noise. Dem de minister, him come—him set down. De people den wait for de minister to begin. Him begin. Den you come! You walk up de aisle—crack! crack! crack! What for you make dat noise, eh? Crack! crack! crack! Don't dat, pride! Don't dat say. See me new tail coat! See me new black hat! See me fine shirt! See me good trowser! Hear me new boots! Don't me one fine gentleman! Don't me rich?—Ah! don't dat, pride? Charge dem dat be rich, dat dem be not high-minded," &c.

The Secret of Success.

"Let them work hard and fare hard, and they need not go to California to get rich," said Uncle Simon, as he stood talking with a neighbor, about some friend who had lately left for the gold region. "That is the secret of success—only let the people work as hard, and fare as hard, here, as they do in California, and my word for it they'll soon get ahead anywhere, and no mistake."

CHARITY.—True charity is well based; it rests upon the highest reason, and pursues right and lofty aims. Her object is to extend the reign of human happiness as far as possible. She never inflicts an unnecessary wound, but labors to meliorate the character and condition of the erring and suffering. She does good to the undeserving. When she can, she justifies; when she can not fully justify, she excuses; when she can neither justify nor wholly excuse, she palliates; and when she can neither justify, excuse, nor palliate, she condemns with moderation and sincere pity.

The great fault of modern religion, is, that it is too generally made a distinct engagement from the ordinary pursuits of life. Men cultivate it *per se*, as a branch of the whole duty of man. Business is not regarded as religion; religion does not furnish the motive to business. Godliness is not so much a life, as a specific part of it—a sort of enclosure railed off from the entire surface of existence, for the cultivation of virtues which can not be nourished elsewhere.

Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, yet the chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence of woman.—Judge Story.

In the voyage of life, it is not always the man that has the most skill, who sculls his way most successfully.

Beware of hating men for their opinions or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues.

MONEY.—The largest and hardest slaveholder in this world.

Talent without tact is like a fiddle with no bow.