LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

MUSINGS.

Before me lies some light brown hair,
All braided firm and pressed,
Which once upon a forehead fair
A human form caressed.

But who it was, I now forget,
This treasure gave to me,
Nor can I banish the regret
Of my inconstancy.

'Twas not from mother's, father's brow—
Its color not so deep—
Nor can I tell from whom or how
This talisman I keep.

Was it the little, gladsome one,
Who won our hearts two years,
And then—her life's work fully done—
Our household left in tears?

Was it some friend of boyhood's day
This parting token gave?
And where can he be found to-day?
Or does he fill a grave?

Or, recent vain of youthful love
As fleeting as 'twas true,
Does this our changeful nature prove?
Gives! how is't with you?

Some sacred pledge may've passed away,
This was designed to bind,
Nor can I bow the homage pay
Due from my faithless mind.

And so, methinks, in future year,
As rolls time's resistless wave,
Some frail memorial of me here
May yet on earth be found:

But none can tell or who or when
To leave his name one tried,
They'll know he lived and toiled—and then
He hoped and feared and died.

Each fond memento I may leave,
Like this may be as sought,
And though for years kind hearts may grieve,
How soon I'll be forgot!

But, yet, these braids of hair survive
A thousand memories sweet—
My youthful joys with them revive—
I sit at mother's feet!

A father's strong but tender hand
My erring footsteps guide,
Again I rise in fairy land
With her now by my side!

My eyes are dim with strange, strange tears,
My heart grows soft and warm—
Backward the tide of fleeting years
Restores each much loved form!

Thanks, then, to those, though thus unknown—
Were who—perchance—alike
Though, at their coming, they have flown,
Thou dost a lesson give.

For this may I some instance yield,
Some blessing still impart,
Which, though the giver be concealed,
May cheer one saddened heart.

Though faded here, the record high
Is perfect and complete—
The HEAVENLY HOME—may you and I
Each parted friend there meet.

Lewisburg, June, 1857. NELLIE.

THE CHRONICLE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1857.

IN A FIX.—Neighbor Jones of the Jersey Shore *Vedette* wants to go to the Editorial Convention at Danville—but as he can't walk so far, is no dead-head, and couldn't think of raising enough money—he don't see how he can. Come on, brother, anyhow; we'll pass around the hat.

☞Our 'mazing "KINKEDILLA" story we see copied into half a dozen papers, and credited to *themselves*. Modest, and proof of its being a good story, anyhow.

(Another of ours—about Dunham, his *Watchman*, and Clinton county—is by said Dunham, of said Watchman, of Clinton county, credited to the Allentown *Register*. It was original in Lewisburg several days before it appeared in Allentown.)

☞Tuesday last was the day that had been designated by the French astronomers for a general winding up of all sublunary matters by the descent of the much talked of, much looked for, much feared, and much abused comet. We have not heard from France since then, but if their predictions were fulfilled, it only goes to prove that they live on a different planet. Nobody has been hurt yet in our region; and if they don't "die the death" until a comet sees fit to pitch into us, we presume there will be a vast number of Yankee Methusalehs.

☞Many editors are growling about the superlative ugliness of the eagle on the new cents. Why can't you stop scolding at what does'nt belong to you? We'll bet our last winter's hat that you can't make a better one if you try; suppose you sketch an eagle, and send it to the mint as a perfect likeness. It is our opinion that it would be hard to tell whether it was intended for an eagle, a Dutch baby, or a sheep's-foot. We had almost a notion to blow up the thing too, until we got possession of one, this morning, and we now begin to think better of the bird, or whatever it is; besides, who has a better right to get up an original eagle, to suit himself, than Uncle Sam? Pass along the nickel—we'll put up with "der adler."

☞We counted, in one week's exchanges, about *one hundred* special invitations for all people, old and young, to flee from the "dusty, heated cities," and snuff the "balmy breezes" of the said one hundred (more or less) respectable and respective localities—all in Pennsylvania! Each is so providentially favored that *theirs* have the very best, purest air; the tallest, most game-full mountains; the most cool, serpentine, meandering, purling, inviting trout brooks; the greatest amount and variety of hunting and fishing inducements; the most commodious hotels; cheapest fare, and politest landlords; the loveliest ladies, most affable gentlemen; the greatest possible freedom from every sort of disease, past, present, and future; and various other *peculiar* and uncommon inducements, enough to tempt an editor from his garret if he had money enough, and to empty all the cities in a week. With so many super-superlatively extraordinary openings, it is astonishing that anybody can stay away. But as it is, we have concluded not to put in any claims for Lewisburg and the *peculiar* health, beauty, woods, streams, landlords, skies, air, ladies, citizens, &c., which render our neighborhood *so vastly superior* to all others! but let "expressive silence muse our praise," and everybody come who desires to.

SOMETHING RICH!

Most of our readers remember the rather futile effort of JOHN B JONES Esq. of the *Madisonian* to re-elect one John Tyler to the Presidency. That paper in its day afforded far more amusement than a Comic Almanac. The public were divided in opinion as to whether the Editor was a sly wag, a knave, or a dunce. However that might be, Tyler and Jones sunk with their funny "organ" and their "pure" third party into obscurity together, and the broad jokes of the *Madisonian* about Capt. Tyler were nearly forgotten.

Last week, however, we of the *Chronicle* were favored by mail with the first No. of a very respectable looking quarto, from Philad., entitled "**Southern Monitor.**" Very good, (thought we,) the South needs admonition sadly, and mayhap will take it kindly. Of course, we supposed a "Southern Monitor" was a kind of auxiliary of the "Southern Aid Society," and would seek gently to reclaim the erring and endeavor to point out and correct some of the faults of the *South*. But we were as much mistaken as Capt. Tyler was about his re-election. The paper doesn't *admonish* the *South*, a whit; it *defends* and *apologizes* for the SOUTH, and *abuses* and *admonishes* the NORTH! It should be called either the SOUTHERN ADVOCATE, or the NORTHERN MONITOR—for it is a gross misnomer as it stands.

We learn that "J. B. Jones" conducts this paper—the "same old Jones" (only a little wiser) as him of the *Madisonian*. We guessed at first he was some shrewd Yankee, anxious to catch an honest dollar from the one-idead South—or some half-crazed "Union saver"—but the editor blushingly confesses to the *Madisonian* celebrity, and claims to be "a native of the South"—(where whipping women is an every day occurrence among the "chivalry," and making men work their life long for board and clothes is esteemed "honorable.")

Catholic papers are wont to parade under their editorial heads that they have the "sanction and approbation of their Bishops." Mr. Jones likewise proclaims that his paper "is *endorsed* by *the* President of *the* Southern Convention:" nevertheless, he has to thank Philadelphia for every advertisement in it!

The question arises: As Jones can print his slavery-advocating paper in Philad. without hindrance, can Smith also publish a slavery-opposing paper in Richmond? No, no—*Smith* would be tarred and feathered, rode on a rail, and driven from the city, or burned, shot, or skinned alive; while *Jones* can publish as long and as saucily as his money or his credit hold out. Pray, Jones *admonish* the South of that little failing!

But why is a "Southern Monitor" located in *Philadelphia?* The Editor says:

"New York is ever changing. There, the Western man is asked all sorts of ridiculous questions. Some of their salesmen do not know how to pronounce Missouri, or Arkansas, or Carolina. And some are horrified at a Kentuckian's moderate use of a little tobacco; but they will invite him to hear Mr. Kalloch [we thought Mr. Kalloch preached in Boston] or Mr. Beecher hold forth to a mob of fanatics, and then introduce him to other places not less demoralizing than the prostituted political pulpit. Their mock auctions are of no consequence; but a quid of tobacco is an abomination. *It is different in Philadelphia.*"

Good enough for New York—the stingey Yankees and close-fisted Dutchmen—so ill-mannered as to inquire the solvency of their South-Sou-Western customers—with such a vitiated taste as to eschew tobacco and patronize Beecher—and so ignorant as to say COROLINA instead of CAROLENA!—And, truly, Philad. with her 38,000 votes for Buchanan, 24,000 votes for Fillmore, and only 8,000 for Fremont, is "different" from all other Free State cities. St. Louis is more of a free city, to-day, than Philad., and Jones is not far out of the way in appealing for Philad. patronage.

Jones is a good man—just hear him:

"We are now embarked in what we really believe to be a *holy cause*: a cause for which even a pious man might conscientiously contend and consistently die."

"To err is human." And we think even Jones is a little mistaken in the opening of his Salutatory, viz:

"Hitherto, the Southern States have had no voice in the North."

That's rather hard on the "National" Democracy and the "National" K. N's of the North. The *Pennsylvanian* and the *News* should resent such a slander. For, lo! have not the "conservatives" and the "straight outs" sought every opportunity to defend the right of the handful of 300,000 aristocratic slave holders to ride roughshod over the millions of their poor white and colored neighbors? Have not Pierce and Buchanan, Choate and Randall, Douglas and Bigler, Schnabel, Packer, and Glancey Jones, in Messages, letters and Speeches, eloquent and innumerable, *proved* that the South is all right, and the North is all wrong? Have not two thirds of the U. S. Offices been filled by Southerners who had tongues and brass if not brains? Have not nearly half the Northern press been silent, or obsequious to the South? Have you not sent your Bob Tyler, your M'Cays, Wallach, Cobb, Brown, Brig. Gen. Th. Jeff. M'Caig, and a whole regiment of that ilk, to visit our country school houses and dispel our ignorance of the blessings of unrequited toil? Have you not had here scores of "Rev's" and "D. D.'s" trying to prove from the Bible that Slavery, with its violations of all the Decalogue, is no sin? Have not Garrison and Quincy and Abby Foster and Phillips and Gerrit Smith and Fred Douglas and thousands more for years plead the cause of the three million American born Southerners in chains? And have not Hale and Wilson and Greeley and Burlingame and Seward and Chase and Banks and Kunkel and Sumner and Wilmot and Reeder and Ford and Cassius M. Clay and a host of others advocated the rights and interests of the millions of poor whites at the South? *All classes* at the South have certainly had "many-toned voices," up here. And yet, you say, "*the South have had no voice in the North!*" why, Jones, you must be a fool.

But then, Jones, you are frank. Hear!

"Slavery is constitutional. *It is national, and not sectional.*"

Jones is a Democrat. Hear, again:

"It is true, the President himself is a resident of the North. But is it not equally true that the Power which makes Democratic Presidents resides in the South? Then, if the Democracy be the Union party, and *the South the Democracy*, does it not follow that the maintenance of the principles and institutions of the South is the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union? It seems to us that any politician, and especially a *Democrat, looking for preferment in the future, acts very unwisely in arraying himself against the South.*"

Your Democracy is "sound," John, and will pass from the "I-was-born-a-Democrat-and-always-voted-the-Democratic-Ticket" nobody of down-east to the fiercest fire-eater of Arkansas.....The action of Ohio, however, in maintaining her State Rights, you deem "an ominous muttering on the breeze." The arrest of the law-breaking slave-catchers you say "is dissolving the Union." Happily, the Union is not cemented in the blood of the oppressed, nor would the incarceration of all the human blood-hounds in our land weaken its bonds. Don't fear, Jones, we're all together, yet.

We tremble to read that Esq. Jones, his "columns shall be devoted to the refutation of the absurd dogmas and treasonable fallacies of that pestilent journal"—the *Tribune*.—Poor Greeley! you might as well write your Valedictory, and make your will—Jones will be the death of you.

But Jones won't threaten—not he—he intends to keep very calm and mild. He also observes that, like himself, "*the South is altogether loyal.* Nullification in South Carolina was nobly retracted.—The South still pauses as it reluctant to abandon her erring sisters."—Isn't that cool, from the land of Nullification, Fillibusters, and Secessionists! the land which, from the day she imprisoned the Cherokee Missionaries to this, has trampled upon the Judiciary, the Constitution, and half the fundamental Laws, with impunity, whenever she desired! and whose every illegal and insolent demand even now is accompanied by a threat of "dissolving the Union!"

Jones is also somewhat literary, and reviews a little—thus:

"*The Olive Branch; or, White Oak Farm*, is a pleasant and well-written religious fiction. The object is to advocate the teachings of the Scriptures. In his opinion, they recognize slavery beyond all doubt, cavil, or dispute; they recognize it distinctly and repeatedly. And he certainly quotes sufficient passages to justify his opinion."

Mr. Jones can not be supposed to be cognizant of everything which transpires. Universality of knowledge is not conferred on mortal man. Indeed, from the following confession of astonishing ignorance (evidently exacted by his conscience!) we should judge him to be well qualified for Past High Bigbug of the genuine Know Nothings:

"Born and raised in the South, we never saw a blood-hound there, nor ever heard of any being kept to chase runaway negroes. Nor did we ever hear of such a thing as a kidnapper in Virginia, one to run off slaves to a Southern market. Nor have we ever known an instance of a gentleman fighting a duel with a slave-trader."

If friend Weichselbaum will call and furnish our editorial brother (on our account) with a bran new pair of specs, we think the next time he goes South and reads newspapers for a few years, he may hear or see of bloodhounds, kidnappers, and perhaps even of duels between "gentlemen." We take it that a man who buys or sells men, women or children (whether he does or does not "raise" them) is a "slave trader." Randolph, Jackson, Clay, Benton, Brooks, Graves, Wise, and a thousand other duel fighters bought and sold human flesh, even if they were not recognized as "gentlemen" by Jones & Co.

Mr. Jones and his pupils put themselves on their dignity—witness:

"The South has no excuses, apologies, or justifications to plead to the North. It is *their will and pleasure to have slaves*, and *that* is all they have to reply to Northern intermeddlers."

("When Sir Oracle opens his lips, let no dog bark.") Yet no people are more sensitive to public opinion, than the slave-holders!

Bro. Jones gives ecclesiastical news at length, of which the following is the most refreshing we have ever known in a dry time:

"The three thousand political parsons of the North are mostly composed of Unitarians, Universalists, Millerites, Latter Day Saints, Bluelight Baptists, and Bogus Presbyterians of the Conventicle or Congregational order.

All Bishops and other clergy who inculcate obedience to superiors in authority, and submission to canons, and whose motto is *Nulla Ecclesia sine Episcopo*, have abundant cause of alarm.

When the *Catholics* are disposed of—and the first convent, we believe, was burnt in Boston—the missiles of this singular people (their heads being shaped like cannon balls) will be aimed at the *Episcopalians*, and then at the *Episcopal Methodists*.

Thus the Kallochial and Horatian elements of Black Republicanism are perfectly harmonized, and go hand-in-hand together in the work of subversion—uprooting established institutions, like swine in a flower garden. Therefore, all bishops and other clergy, whose lives are devoted to the maintenance of *true religion*, and all patriots and loyal people, whose hopes are centered in the frangibility of the Constitution and the perpetuity of the Union, should be prepared to withstand the assaults of the common enemy."

There is certainly a mistake as to the "Latter Day Saints," if he means Mormons, whose two "patriarchal institutions," Slavery and Polygamy, irremediably rank them with the Democracy, where they certainly were and are. But we are not exactly clear, from what he says, whether pious Jones inclines to the Catholics, to the Episcopalians, or to the Methodists. He considers them *all* to be in danger, evidently. Whichever sect it be that he "joines," he will find a great deal of "heresy" to combat. The Pope has repeatedly thundered his loudest bulls against Slavery. The Church of England is intensely anti-slavery at home, and inculcates equal rights and the golden rule in her Liturgy. And John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, denounced Slavery as "the sum of all villainies." Where shall Jones go? Unitarians, Millerites, Blue Baptists, Bogus-Presbyterian-Congregationalists, the Popes, the Liturgy, and Wesley, all against Slavery, where shall Jones fly (with "*the bishops* and other clergy whose lives are devoted to the *true religion*,") but to the Hardshells or the Mormons!

He quotes, from one of Gov. Wise's Buncombe speeches, some encomiums upon Mechanics, and especially upon Germans, and in view of such high condescension Jones triumphantly exclaims—

"After such an apostrophe from the first man of the South, and the *foremost of the Democracy*, it is to be presumed there will be no more attempts to cast odium and ridicule on the F. F.'s of Virginia."

So that matter is settled—"for ever"—like the Missouri Compromise!

"Whoever dare these hosts displace
Shall meet Bombastes face to face."

Jones has also several "heavy" Commercial articles, magnifying the wealth, the extent, the exports, and the *future* glory of the South in trade and manufactures—exactly after the manner of the hundreds of great men who meet yearly at water-haul "Southern Conventions" to drink grog, try to galvanize the South, and d—n the North—and then announces A DISCOVERY:

"The *decline of business in the North* is attributed to a great many causes; but there is a very decided one, in our opinion, which is never mentioned by the political economists and monomaniacs of the Black Republican party."

What *is* the cause of the *decline of the North*, he does not say in so many words, but we infer from the context that it is because those who produce wealth at the North are paid for their labor—own their own bodies, and have the entire control of their own children—have homes—and work with the hope of reward and of future independence: all of which are so much less persuasive than the whip, hopeless toil, and a peck of corn a week "Institution, that is no wonder the Slave States are lagging away behind the Slave States!—But, this being the case, we are concerned for friend Jones' success in business. Instead of starting his humble looking sheet up here in the poor, barren, frozen, drowsy, droning, pauper-hastening North, where he can get no work done, even by steam, without paying for it, and where the people can't read, and wont "patronize" as the "generous Southrons" do, he should have gone to the Eastern shore of the Chesapeake, or among the tar-makers or Sand-hillers of Carolina, or down to the cotton fields of Massisip', where he could have splendid printing done for next to nothing by "likely" negro "boys," get lots of subscribers, and grow rich as printers generally do down there. As it is, we pity Jones' companion and little ones—we do, "*business is so declining at the North.*"—"Oh, carry me back to old Virginny!"

—But Jones' is too facetious for a first "issoo"—we fear he can't keep it up. We can copy but one good thing more. Now it is reasonable to suppose that Jones would be "agin" WILMOT for Governor, but whether Packer or Hazlehurst gets his *invaluable* aid, we suppose, will depend upon "side door arrangements." If the pro-slavery forces divide between their champions, it seems clear that WILMOT will win, in which case the gellorious Union is sure to smash—just as it did when BANKS was elected Speaker! But who would think that such a sublime genius as Jones could condescend to the following specimen of Union-saving cant and sniveling!

"The Southern States are now watching the Keystone of the Arch. Once stricken out, it falls for ever. If Wilmot, the founder of the Free Soil party, be elected—thus ratifying the decree of Black Republicanism, that a wall of iron is to circumscribe the South—*then the last fraternal link of the Union will be broken.*"

"Dear me!" some of the honest Democracy will exclaim, "*have we got to save that Union all over again next Fall?*" Yes, sir, for Jones—endorsed by the President of the Southern Convention—says so! If you dare to elect WILMOT, they'll secede—Jones and all—that's flat! And only think, what if they *should* quit, shake the dust from their Yankee-made boots, and go off to Cuba or Nicaragua or Sonora—who would pay our taxes, whip their niggers, beget their mulattoes, keep up expenses, and fill the offices! Just imagine what a condition certain large houses in Berks and Lancaster and Chester and other counties would be in if their inmates should get mad about somebody the people should choose to elect for Poor Directors or Governor, and be found missing some June morning! Think of that, ye "freedom-shrieking" Pennsylvanians, and as ye dread the wrath and absence of Jones and the South, vote down WILMOT and Black Republicanism, and "take" the *Southern Monitor!*

Good-bye, JONES—but *do* call again!

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Building Associations.---No. 1.

I was glad to see an article in a late CHRONICLE on Building Associations. I believe that something of the kind would be very useful in Lewisburg, and having been for eight years a close observer of the workings of such institutions, and intimately acquainted with the history of several of them, I will respond to the call for information on the subject.

Building Associations differ very much from each other in their modes of operation, but are sufficiently alike in their general nature and design for one to serve as a specimen of all. I will therefore give a brief statement of the plan and actual workings of one which has now been in operation long enough to test pretty satisfactorily the advantages and disadvantages of the system. It has worked well, and many of its members will now, in the course of a few months, have clear titles to their own homes, who without the aid of some such association would never, in all probability, have enjoyed that privilege.

The number of shares in the Association to which I allude, was restricted at first to six hundred, which were soon all subscribed for by one hundred and forty-three members. These all bound themselves by written obligations to pay, punctually, one dollar per month for each share of stock, together with all fines which they should incur, and monthly interest on money borrowed. Six hundred dollars per month were thus paid into the treasury from the very beginning, all of which was loaned out immediately and in open meeting to members, according to the following regulations: Every stockholder is entitled to borrow from the Association $200 for each share of stock, giving satisfactory security therefor; but as money is always in demand, and all have equal right to borrow, the money is awarded to the one who bids the highest premium. The premiums thus received, together with the monthly interest paid (always at six per cent) go into the general fund, to be loaned again to others in like manner. The borrower has the privilege of taking any amount, from $200 to $1000, at the same rate of premium, (if he hold shares enough to entitle him to so much,) and if there is not in the treasury as much as he wants, he receives the balance out of the first money that comes in without bidding a second time. He can *never be required to pay back the money borrowed*, (if the interest is promptly paid,) but may hold it until the monthly instalments, the accumulated interest, the premiums, fines, &c, shall amount to $200 for each share, when he receives back his bonds and mortgages, and the money becomes his own. Those who have not borrowed, will receive $200 per share in cash. The whole plan, however, is based on the supposition that nearly all will want to borrow at some time before the shares mature, and experience has shown that this is always the case.

The stockholders meet annually, and elect nine Directors, to whom is committed the whole charge of the Association during the year. Their business must be transacted in open meetings in the presence of any stockholders who may choose to attend, and the books must be open at all reasonable hours to the inspection of members.

The punctual payment of the monthly dues, and interest on money borrowed, is secured by a fine of ten cents on each dollar for every month's delay. If any member who has borrowed from the Association neglects to pay his monthly instalments and interest, for six months, the Directors may compel payment of principal and interest, by ordering proceedings on the bond and mortgage according to law.

Members wishing to withdraw from the Association, within two years from the commencement, were entitled to receive the amount of dues paid in, less five per cent. After two years, they were allowed some interest also, increasing in amount with the age of the stock. In case of the death of any member, his heirs were allowed to draw out the full value of the stock, with all the accumulated gains and interest.

It has been found in all these Associations that the profits from compound interest and premiums are so great, that in about ten years the shares become worth $200, when distribution of the capital takes place. The Association of which I have been speaking, began operations on the first Friday in July, 1848, and shares then subscribed for will mature not later than June, 1858, and probably a little sooner.

But this article is already so long that I will postpone any account of the advantages of Building Associations for another number. C. S. J.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CURES FOR VARIOUS DISEASES.

Warts.—If warts are washed two or three times with a strong solution of pearlash, they will soon disappear.

Weas.—Very strong salt and water, frequently applied to weas, has at times cured them.

Felon.—Dipping the sore finger into tar as hot as it can be borne, and wrapping a cloth around it, or a fresh application thereto every four hours for two days of the spinal marrow of an ox or cow, will soon relieve the pain and cure the felon.

Burns.—A salve, composed of a tablespoonful of hog's lard and half that quantity of spirits of turpentine, and a piece of rosin as big as a hickory nut, melted and simmered together, will relieve the pain of the severest burn in from ten to fifteen minutes. The salve should be put on a linen rag and be renewed two or three times a day. An application of cotton or wool saturated with sweet oil, is also a fine cure for a burn, and so is an ointment made out of equal parts of clean lime water and linseed oil.

Rheumatism.—Put one gill of gymson seed in a bottle, and a parcel of shavings of a rich turpentine yellow pine board or knot, and fill up the bottle with strong alcohol, and let it stand for three days, in which time it will assume a greenish color, and be fit for use. Bathing the part affected with this liquor, a few times, will, it is said, infallibly remove all rheumatic pain. Two or three applications of a cabbage leaf to the affected part, will sometimes cure.

Erysipelas—A poultice made of cranberries, is said to be a certain cure.

Gravel.—A free use of honey in sweetening tea and the like often cures gravel.

Frozen Feet, &c.—Soak the frozen foot or other part of the body for three or four nights before you go to bed in hot water having a good-sized piece of alum dissolved in it—or put on it every night on going to bed a poultice (spread on raw cotton) of hog's lard and a little flour mixed—or a poultice of Indian meal covered with young Hyson tea-leaves softened with hot water, and as hot as it can be borne, and as soon as you find your limb injured by frost, and it will speedily cure you. The latter cure is equally good for burns.

Fever and Ague.—After taking a dose of magnesia to cleanse the stomach, take at night on going to bed (if free from fever or chill, if not, sometime through the day) a table spoonful of a pint of rye whiskey containing three cents worth of garlic previously prepared in a bottle. A few such spoonsful will effect a cure.

Inflamed or Sore Throat.—Apply finely powdered alum with the finger to the part affected, or gargle the throat with some of the liquid of a quart of water containing half a pound of figs boiled down to a pint, the figs being then opened and strained out, and two table-spoonsful of honey and also of yeast being then added to the mixture, and the cure is certain.

Scrofula.—Put two copper cents and two ounces of aqua-fortis on a plate, and after letting it stand for some eighteen or twenty-four hours, add four ounces of clean strong vinegar, and then put the whole of the plate's contents into a large mouthed and closely corked bottle, and it will be ready for use. Now put four drops of this mixture into a teaspoonful of rain water and apply it to the scrofulous sores three times a day, with soft hair pencil, or one made of rags. If the liquid is very painful, put in more water, and if not too painful put in less, but it is entirely too burning in its nature to be used without water. This is N. Longworth's remedy (of Ohio,) and is very highly recommended as a cure for this ugly disease.

Consumption.—Incipient consumption is curable by living temperately, avoiding spirituous liquors, wearing flannel next the skin, gentle exercise, and drinking every morning a half pint of new milk mixed with a glassful of the expressed juice of green hoarhound. The Camomile plant is said to be equally efficacious.

Cancer—Break an egg, and after pouring out its white portion, put in salt, and mix it up with the yolk or yellow portion of the egg, as long as it will receive salt, and then stirring it until it has formed a salve, put some of this salve on a sticking plaster and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. This cured two of Col Ussey's family, (a southern planter,) of cancer. Or cover the cancer with strong potash made out of the lye of the ashes of red oak bark boiled down to the thickness of molasses, and after the potash has been on the sore about an hour, cover the plaster with tar, which must be removed after a few days; and so proceed with new applications of potash and tar, as long as any protuberances appear on the sore, and then heal it with a common salve. Thomas Tyrell, of Missouri, cured himself in this way of a cancer on his nose, after all other remedies had failed. Or, put on through the day time a plaster of the common wood sorrel's juice, placed on a dish in the sun until it has dried to the consistency of tar—and a slippery elm bark poultice at night. It is said that this will cure any cancer that has ulcerated, or that has not live skin over it, or where skin is broken for the purpose of making such application.

Croup.—As soon as your child is attacked with croup, remove all its clothing from its neck and breast, bathe or sponge the same freely with cold water, put its feet also as soon as possible into warm water, and give it a dose of Cox's hive syrup, or some other nauseating emetic. Or, apply to its throat a mustard poultice, or a strip of flannel dipped in the oil of turpentine or spirits of hartshorn, and give it nauseating doses of hive syrup as long as its cough remains. Or, give it every fifteen minutes a teaspoonful of the juice of a roasted onion, mixed with honey or brown sugar into a syrup. Or, apply around its throat and neck a cloth well greased with goose grease or some other soft animal grease or oil, sprinkled over with Scotch snuff until the cloth looks brown. Any of these remedies, promptly applied, will soon afford relief and save the child from suffocation.

Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea & Dysentary.—Put a pound of sugar and two quarts of blackberries or dewberries into a glass jar or bottle, pour a quart of the best French brandy over them, and let it stand in the sun or a warm place for a few days. And when you find you have an attack of cholera morbus, diarrhea or dysentary, take a table spoonful of this preparation once or twice a day, or oftener if required, and it will check the progress of these weakening and dangerous complaints.

Worms.—The best worm medicine for children is said to be the tea made of wild cherry tree bark—dose, half a wineglass full three times a day before eating. This tea, taken early every morning, improves the appetite, and is also good to remove headache, giddiness, and sickness at the stomach. Strong salt water will expel worms, and so will salt when used in food in a moderate way, but salt meat, if much used, is injurious, being productive of scurvy, &c. OBSERVER.

Lands of the Ridgway Farm & Land Company, in Elk County, Penn'a.

The following is a copy of the proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History. It shows to great advantage the immense mineral and agricultural wealth of this part of the country. The company is in the midst of flourishing settlements, where a large business is now done, and where there is a cash market. It is not difficult to perceive the immense wealth and business importance to which this district is destined to arrive. It will supply the vast trade of the Lakes with Coal, and a large lumbering district of country east of it with agricultural produce. In the settlement, over 20,000 acres are now in a high state of cultivation. Here is solid ground for future progress and increase. This is an unavoidable consequence of its resources and location. How people can be so infatuated as to go to the hard-working, and unwholesome regions of the West, whilst such great advantages are at their doors, we are at a loss to conjecture.

Boston Soc'y of Natural History.

[Reported for the Boston Traveler by the Rec'g Sec'y.]

The President in the Chair.—Prof. AGASSIZ opened the meeting by some highly interesting remarks upon a new family of fishes and their habits.

Dr. CHARLES T. JACKSON gave a brief description of the bituminous coal formation of Elk county, Pennsylvania, which he had been engaged in exploring during the month of June last. He observed that the great bituminous coal basin or trough extends from the north-western border of Pennsylvania, to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, as indicated on Mr. Jules Marcou's Geological Map of the United States.

The northern portion of the basin is of great economical value on account of its being the nearest to Lake Erie, one of the great highways for our N. W. Lakes, which are required for navigation on all the great lakes, and for the furnaces and gas works, as well as domestic use for fuel, on both the United States and Canada sides of these lakes. He remarked that statistics showed a larger amount of tonnage on the lakes than exists on the Atlantic coast of this country, and that steam navigation would certainly greatly increase upon the lakes where coals could be obtained at a reasonable cost, as will soon be the case when the western portion of the Sunbury & Erie Railroad, now under contract, is completed, which would be done in the course of two years.

Since the recent explorations were made into the extensive coal formation of Elk county, the Directors of this important Railroad have ordered the road to be laid amid these coal fields, and the consequence of this movement will soon be felt in the augmented value of the coal lands.

The particular region explored by Dr. Jackson is known as the Ridgway Land and Coal Companies' property, some 27,000 acres of land, all situated in the coal region. Five or six beds of coal underlie this soil, and they generally dip only from two to five degrees from the horizon, and are from two to six feet in thickness. Most of the large beds are undisturbed, and only the small ones are here and there denuded by valleys of excavation.

The deep ravines, or runs, expose some of the out crops of the larger beds on the south east sides of the hills. On the northwest they are still deeply covered with rocks, the sandstones, and bituminous shales.

Each of these coal beds is overlaid with a stratum of 8 or 10 inches of slaty cannel coal, and they all rest on fire clays. Iron ores, namely, carbonate of iron and brown hæmatite, abound, the former in the fire clays and the latter in the superincumbent shales. But few fossil plants are found in these shales, and only the scales, fins, and tails of fishes in the slaty cannel coal, which appears to have been a fine aqueous sediment of water-logged vegetable matter.

A bed of buff-colored limestone occurs beneath the principal bed of coal, and is nine or ten feet thick. This limestone contains small fossil bivalve shells, not yet named.

The Ridgway land thus contains coal, iron ores, limestone, and sandstone, with an abundance of clay suitable for fire-proof bricks. All the facilities for the reduction of iron exist on the spot, and soon the means of transportation of the coals and metal to market will be supplied. The country is elevated about 1600 feet above the sea, and is in lat. 41. 25 N., and long 140 W. of Washington, and is remarkably healthy.

The following analysis of the coals, iron ore and the limestone have been made by Dr. Jackson, since his return to Boston. Specimen from the 6 feet bed:

Fixed carbon,	57.75
Gas expelled by heat,	40.00
Ashes of coke,	2.25
	100.00

The ashes analyzed yielded—

Silica,	0.20
Alumina and oxide of iron,	1.10
Lime,	0.22
	1.52

The slaty cannel gives—

Fixed carbon,	52
Gas,	24
Earthy matter,	44
	100

The limestone yielded—

Carbonate of lime,	86.75
Insoluble silex,	8.00
Peroxide of iron,	1.25
	100.00

Analysis of the balls of carbonate of iron. 100 grs. of this ore yielded—

Peroxide of iron,	61.50 = iron, 43
Carbonic acid,	31.50
Silex,	7.00
	100.00

In smelting iron ores with these coals it will be necessary to convert the coal into coke, and the small coals may thus be disposed of on the spot.

No better gas making coals are found in the United States, and but one better variety in the British province of New Brunswick—namely, that of Albert county.