

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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Thomas Francis Meagher.

[This young Irish patriot, who recently escaped from the English penal colony in Australia, was waited upon, on the 10th inst., by a Committee in behalf of the N. Y. City authorities, tendering him the honor of a public reception, which honor he declined in the following eloquent and sensible reply.]

Gentlemen: Had the effort in which I lost my freedom been successful, the honors now tendered would not surprise me. But it was otherwise. Far from realizing, it obscured, the hopes which accompanied and inspired it—ending suddenly in discouragement and defeat. This the wide world knows. This you yourselves must inwardly admit, though the goodness of your nature will seal your lips to the admission, being fearful of the disparagement it would imply. The gratitude of a people is most bounteous. It is quick to appreciate to encourage, to reward. Never slow or stinted in the measure it pours out, its fault is to be too precipitate and profuse. Estimating merit not by the severe standard of success, it takes motives into consideration, regardless of the fortune which attends them, and, for whatever sacrifices they have entailed, awards a great equivalent. In this, the gratitude of a people differs from the gratitude of kings. With the latter, success is an essential condition of excellence. Pensions, knightly decorations, orders of nobility, these are given by kings in exchange only for the trophies which decorate their halls, or the acquisitions which widen the surface of their dominion. Not so with a people, as I have said. They do not barter and economize their gifts. Whatever the result, be the motive upright, be the deed honorable, and their favors are forthcoming. Moreover, it sometimes happens that where disaster has most grievously befallen, their sympathies are most evoked, and their treasures most plentifully bestowed. This it is which explains the proceedings, in my regard, of the noble city you represent. I have sought to serve my country, and been anxious to contribute to her freedom. This I shall not assume the modesty to deny. Long before I mingled in the strife of politics, it was my ambition to be identified with the destiny of my country—to share her glory, if glory were decreed her—to share her suffering and humiliation, if such should be her portion. For the little I have done and suffered, I have had my reward in the penalty assigned me. To be the last and humblest name in the list which contains the names of EMMER and FITZGERALD—names which waken notes of heroism in the coldest heart, and stir to lofty purposes the most sluggish mind—is an honor which compensates me fully for the privations I have endured. Any recompense, of a more joyous nature, it would ill become me to receive. Whilst my country remains in sorrow and subjection, it would be indecate in me to participate in the festivities you propose. When she lifts her head, and nerves her arms for a bolder struggle, when she goes forth like Miriam, with song and timbrel to celebrate her victory—I, too, shall lift up my head, and join in the hymn of freedom. Till then, the retirement I seek will best accord with the love I bear her, and the sadness which her present fate inspires. Nor do I forget the companions of my exile. My heart is with them at this hour and shares the solitude in which they dwell. The freedom that has been restored to me is embittered by the recollection of their captivity. While they are in prison, a shadow rests upon my spirit, and the thoughts that might otherwise be free, thro' heavily within me. It is painful for me to speak. I should feel happy in being permitted to be silent. For these reasons you will not feel displeased with me for declining the honors you solicit me to accept. Did I esteem them less, I should not consider myself so unworthy, nor decline so conclusively to enjoy them. The privilege of so eminent a city should be sacred to those who represent a great and living cause—a past full of fame, and a future full of hope—and whose names are prominent and imperishable. It pains me deeply to make this reply, being sensible of the enthusiasm which glows around me, and the eagerness with which a public opportunity of meet-

ing me is awaited. I know it will disappoint a generous anxiety, but the propriety of the determination I have come to is proved by the inefficiency even of this consideration to overcome me. I know, too, that as it grieves me, it will grieve others, and that, perhaps, the motives that have led to it may be misunderstood, misconstrued, and censured. But I am confident that, after a little while the public judgement will sanction the act which a due regard to what I owe my country, my companions, and myself, seriously dictates. Yes, so far as your invitation recognizes the fidelity with which I adhered, and still adhere, to a good and glorious cause, be assured that it has not been exaggerated or misplaced. The feelings and convictions which influenced my career in Ireland have undergone no change. Still, as ever, I perceive within my country the faculties that fit her for a useful and honorable position, and believe that they require only to be set in motion to prove successful, I still would prompt her to put them forth. Besides their within me a pride that can not be subdued—here is within me an ambition that can not be appeased. I desire to have a country which I can point to with exultation—whose prosperity shall be my life—whose glory shall be my guard. I desire to have a country which shall occupy a beneficial position in the world, and by her industry, intellect, integrity and courage, shall contribute in community with all free nations, to the common happiness and grandeur of humanity. Hopes may have darkened, but the destiny to which I would see my country lifted, is before me still—a height, like that of Thabor, crowned with an eternal sun. It is bold ambition, but in this fine country I could have none other. The moment we set our foot upon her shore, we behold the offspring of Freedom—the energy, the thrift, the opulence to which she has given birth—and, at a glance, we comprehend her fruitfulness, utility, and splendor. We behold the wonders she has wrought—the deformed transformed—the crippled Colony springing into the robust proportions of an Empire which Alexander might well have sighed to conquer—the adventurous spirit of her sons compensating by its rapidity, in little more than half a century, for the thousands of years in which the land lay still in the shadows of the ancient forests; we behold all this and the worship of our youth becomes more impassioned and profound. To this land I came, as an outcast, to seek an honorable home—as an outlaw to claim the protection of a flag that is inviolable. By one of the wisest and the mildest of the ancient legislators it was decreed, that all those who were driven for ever from their own country, should be admitted into the citizenship of Athens. On the same ground, in virtue of the sense of perpetual banishment which excludes me from my native land, I sought a quiet sanctuary in the home of WASHTON. To no other land could the heart which has felt the rude hand of tyranny, so confidently turn for a serene repose. Long may she prosper—continuing faithful to the inheritance left her by the fathers of the republic. Long may she prosper—each year adding to her stock of strength and dignity, and wisdom, and high above her countless fleets and cities, even to the last generation, may the monument of her liberty be desecrated! In the darkest storms which shake the thrones and dynasties of the old world, may it stand unshaken! In the darkest night which falls upon the arms of a struggling people, may it shine forth like the cross in the wilderness and be to them an emblem of hope and signal of salvation.

### Is it Popular?

The course of the present age, and perhaps of all ages, in republican life, is a morbid dread of doing anything that is unpopular. De Toqueville never made a truer remark, than when he said that the tyranny of public opinion was often as oppressive, in a free country, as the tyranny of a monarch, in a despotic one. We are, as we ought to be known by this time, firm believers in the good sense and justice of the people. We have no faith in those politicians who represent the masses as prejudiced, self-willed, tyrannical. On all questions relating to social life, to morals, to religion, and to politics, we would rather take the opinion of a million of voters, such as we have in these free States, than the opinion of any dozen educated men, because we believe the decision would be quite as intelligent, while there would be no danger of its being mercenary. But, when we thus exalt an opinion of the people, we mean one arrived at carefully, a sober, second thought, and not a mere hasty *ipse dixit*. Daniel Webster himself, though confessedly the first intellect of the nation, might give wrong advice, if a new subject was started, and he should speak without due

### The Little Pauper.

The following touching and over true tale will not only fill the eye but suggest precious lessons to the heart. Alas, how many unappreciated, motherless Allies are perishing in this country, and no generous Jew or Betsy at hand to save them and rear them into angels. Our sketch is from the Boston Olive Branch.

The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly opened grave stood a delicate little girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovel full of earth over the child had left to love; "fretting won't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this 'ere I tell ye; I don't see how ye're going to weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Miss Fetherbee's, she's got a power of children and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark it won't do you no good." Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay colored calico dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, was sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three, about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows, and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece, and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.

Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself, pulling out at intervals little handfuls of hair.

"Quiet that child! can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge, here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling around; come here, and have 'em cut off, they don't look proper for a charity child!" (and she glanced at the short stubby curls on the heads of the little Fetherbees.)

Allie's lip quivered, as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sister's, please don't," said she beseechingly.

"But I tell you I do please to cut 'em, so there's an end of that," said she, as the several ringlets fell in a skidding heap on the kitchen floor; "and do for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead' folks, and now eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you hadn't had any—there's some of the children's left if you're hungry it will go down, and if you ain't you can go without."

Poor Allie! the faintest morsel wouldn't have "gone down;" her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry if you beat me for it—my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-t-y—T-i-t-y! what's all this?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkmaid, as she sat her shining cap down on the kitchen table; "what's all this, Miss Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she," pointing at Allie, "and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck; that's all," said the lady with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded; nothing on earth to do here, but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few errands; ungrateful little baggage!"

Jimmy's heart was as big as his farm, (and that covered considerable ground,) glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skillfully, "that child's going to be sick, Miss Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? besides she's too young to be of much use to you; you'd better let me take her."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman; "she's been trouble enough already; I'll give her a quit-claim."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jimmy with a bright, good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently in his rough palm.

### Former National Conventions.

In the early history of political parties, National Conventions were unknown. When it became necessary to decide upon conflicting claims of candidates for the Presidency, after the expiration of Jefferson's term, the Republicans unanimously selected their candidates by a Congressional Caucus. By this means Madison and Monroe were designated as candidates, and triumphantly elected. In 1824 the Congressional Caucus met as usual and selected Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia, and Albert Gallatin, New York, as the Republican or Democratic Candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency; but the people were tired of dictation from those whose legitimate business was to serve them, and they bolted in different fragments to the support of Clay, Adams and Jackson. The result of that contest is familiar to all—the election was thrown into the House, and Adams was elected. In 1828, Gen. Jackson was designated as the Democratic candidate by the action of State Conventions merely, and with John C. Calhoun for Vice President, was triumphantly elected over Adams.

In 1832 the first National Convention was held, by which Jackson was re-nominated for the Presidency. The Convention also gave birth to the famous two-thirds rule, which has since been the death of numerous aspirations for the Presidency. John C. Calhoun, Vice President during Jackson's first term, had quarreled with the Administration, and some expedient had to be hit upon to throw him in Convention, where it was well understood he had a majority. At the head of this maneuver to behold Calhoun stood Mr. Van Buren, who hoped for the succession, and mainly through his instrumentality the two-thirds rule was adopted, which at once cut off all hopes of Calhoun's re-nomination. Van Buren thus far successful, turned his ingenuity to the best possible account, and managed to succeed Mr. Calhoun on the ticket for the Vice Presidency. The following was the result of the ballot:

Van Buren	208	Johnson	25
Barbour	49	Johnson	25

In 1835, the second National Convention was held, and on the third day Mr. Van Buren was nominated for the Presidency, on the first ballot by an unanimous vote. Richard M. Johnson was nominated for the Vice Presidency by a vote of 178 to 87 for Wm. C. Rives. The third

### Not much of Anything from Nothing.

Under this modest title the "gem dropper" of the Chicago Journal, gives one of the prettiest domestic scenes we ever met in a newspaper. Its charming, natural simplicity will touch a cord in every parent's heart.

Yesterday we saw a wagon loaded with wheat coming in town—nothing strange in that certainly. And a man driving the team, and a woman perched on the load beside him, and a child throned in the woman's lap—nothing strange in that either. And it required no particular shrewdness to determine that the woman was the property—personal of course—of the man, and that black-eyed, round-faced child was the property of both of them.

So much we saw—so much we suppose everybody saw who looked. It is a fair inference that the wife came in to help her husband "trade out" a portion of the proceeds of the wheat, the product of so much labor, and so many sunshines and rains.

The pair were somewhat this side—a fine point of observation isn't it?—this side of forty, and it is presumptive, if blessed like their neighbors, they left two or three children at home "to keep house," while they came to town—perhaps two girls and a boy, or, as it is not material to us, two boys and one girl.

Well, we followed the pair, in and through until the wheat was sold, the money paid, and then for the trade. The baby was shifted from shoulder to shoulder, or set down upon the floor to run off into mischief, like a sparkling globe of quicksilver on a marble table, while calicoes were priced, sugar and tea tasted, and plates "rung." The good wife looks askance at a large mirror that would be the thing for the best room, and the roll of carpeting, of most becoming pattern, but it won't do, they must wait till next

### Beautifully Said.

We make the following beautiful extract from the Homestead Exemption Law, from a letter recently written by Judge DILLAMOUNT, of Tennessee:

"Secure to each family whose labor may acquire a little spot of free earth that it can call its own—that will be an asylum in times of adversity, from which the mother and the children, old age and infancy, can still draw sustenance and claim protection, though misfortune may blot them of all else, and then feel that they are still free, still entitled to walk on the green earth, and breathe the free air of heaven, in defiance of the power and perversity of accumulated wealth and the domineering of the pretending and ambitious. The sacredness of that consecrated spot, will make them warriors in the time of external strife. 'Those shocks of corn,' said Xenophon, 'inspire those who raise them with courage to defend them. The largest of them in the field is the pride exhibited in the middle of the field to crown the conqueror.'

"Secure a home to every family whose honest labor may obtain one, against the weakness, vice and misfortunes of the father, and you will rivet the affections of the child in years of manhood by a stronger bond than any consideration that could exist. He will remember where he gambled in his youth, the stream upon whose limpid waters he has bathed, and the family altar where he felt a mother's love, and the green spot within that timid home where sleep the roses and the lily."

### A Poor Creter.

"Long time ago," in New England, dwelt a lady equally renowned for piety, credulity and courage. As she was in the habit of returning from meeting unattended, some wild fellows formed a project for frightening her, and furnishing themselves with a little pleasant amusement. One arrayed in black, crowned with a pair of horns, and armed with a pitch fork, placed himself behind a tree, and awaited her coming. His companions were concealed near by to watch the mischief and participate in the fun. At last came the unsuspecting victim leisurely along—meditating no doubt, on the discourse to which she had been listening. Out sprang his satanic majesty PRO TEX, and confronted her.

"Why, who be you?" she exclaimed.

"I'm the devil!" exclaimed the rascal in a hollow voice.

"Well," said she in a pitying tone, not doubting, mind you, the gentleman's word; "you're a poor CRETER!" and quietly went her way.

I call that true courage, or perhaps more properly true faith. "With a conscience void of offence," she knew that she had nothing to fear from the monarch; of-not-to-be-mentioned-to-ears-polite-dom; that she was, in truth, a mate for his better.

### The Curculio.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal says, take cotton batting, put three circles six to twelve inches apart around your plum trees, and these will catch the curculio. He caught sixty in the first circle in twenty-four hours; in the second circle but few had been caught; in the third circle scarcely one got so high. He found this a sure preventive, and got lots of fine plums last year, for the first time for many years. He further recommends keeping the ground free from windfalls, as they contain the maggot, which goes into ground to mature itself.

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

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