LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1853.

VOLUME X.---NO. 35.
Whole Number, 503.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL

Issued on Friday Mornings, at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS—$1.50 per year, for cash actually in advance; $1.75, if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within a year; $2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cts. for a single number. Subscriptions for six months or less to be paid in advance. Any old patron procuring one or more new patrons, shall have the Chronicle at $1 each for himself and the new patron (for one year only,) cash in advance.

Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square one week, 25 cents each subsequent insertion. $5 a year. Two squares, $4 for six months, $7 for a year. Mercantile advertisements not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year. Half squares, a half price. Yearly advertisements under half a square, 50 cents per line—18 lines to a square long primer, 16 brevier, 12 nonpareil.

Discontinuances optional with the Publishers, when all dues are not paid; and Interest on all account due.

Communications solicited on topics of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian controversy. All letters to insure attention, must be post paid, accompanied by the name and address of the writer (not to be published). ☞ Those treating subjects to be in Editorial Department, to be directed to H. C. Hickok, Esq. Editor—and those on business matters to O. N. Worden, Publisher.

The MAGAZINE TELEGRAPH is located in the office of the Chronicle, and strangers are apt to obtain News from the Mail in advance of the Mails.

Connected with the Office, we employ a complete Job Office for most kinds of JOB PRINTING, which we execute with neatness and dispatch and on as reasonable terms as any other Office in Union County.

☞ Office in Market Square, north side, second story, 3d door above the Post Office.

O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

A Word about the "Chronicle."

One half year ago this journal was new born, and (as a child should be, in spite of its present smallness) it was hopeful. About half of its 250 original patrons' names remain upon the subscription book. The CHANGES the past year have been as follows:

Subscribers erased by location	75
do (new) obtained	119
do discontinued and paid up like men	52
do runaway or "stopped" without paying up	11—63
Next increase	56

The "runaways" owe us about $75.

We send papers to Europe, Asia, Canada, and 22 States and Territories.

Assuming, that every paper we print has *five* readers, the "Chronicle" has 3,500 hearers—a congregation which is punctual in bad as well as in fair weather, and is larger than that of the most faithful preacher or the most eloquent lecturer, (but the salary considerably less.)

Since the *Chronicle* came into our hands, we have clothed it in new type, at a cost of $62—Printing paper has advanced 20 or 25 per cent.—The sum paid for workmen is largely increased—Farmers' produce has raised in price generally.....but our terms have not been advanced. Thus, while our *patronage* has increased, our *profits* have not.

☞ A reasonable inference from these premises is, that we must RAISE OUR RATES OF CHARGES, or our patrons must obtain an increase of PATRONAGE. The papers above us on the West Branch, and some on the North Branch and elsewhere, have raised their charges. We choose to wait—one year longer—at the old rates, trusting that we may be favored with such an increase of Sub-scribers, Advertising, and Job Work, as may enable us to keep on at our old rates.

In almost every neighborhood within 20 miles around Lewisburg, additional patrons might be readily obtained.

We send out 98 papers in single wrappers. To print, fold, envelop, and direct 52 papers per year for $1.50, affords but a small profit indeed. If each one now getting a paper singly will get one or more new subscribers to join him, the larger packages will go more safely, and afford us better profits.

One Dollar a year, (and no postage in Union county,) is all the paper will cost to any old subscriber who will obtain *one new* one and send the Cash ($2) for both in advance.—We ask all who approve the course of our paper, to aid us by getting one or more subscribers.

"Lead us not into Temptation."

In the spring of 1854—we advance to be approximate a little—we happened to be spending a few days in a populous interior town of Pennsylvania. It was Court week, and we had strolled into the court room. Somewhat monotonous in incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad of but tender years, whose sad and pensive countenance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the Judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene to enquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whispetings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would oftenest see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. These circumstances were sustained by several of his employer's workmen, who were parties to the plot.—An able lawyer urged upon the Jury the necessity of making the "little rouge" an example to others, by punishment. His address had great effect upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and his faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for or expected aught else but a conviction. The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the attorney who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks—among which we heard a fellow close by us say, "He forgets where he is. Thinking to raise hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying, "Justice wants no other book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober Judge on the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the Jury this sentence:

"*Lead us not into Temptation.*"

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the Jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address whose influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again—and, before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the Court that was not moist. The speech, affecting to that degree which caused tears, held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the Jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when the whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the Foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip.

The young lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the Commonwealth. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the *tempter*, than of the *tempted*.

[The above incident, narrated by a correspondent of Arthur's *Home Gazette*, occurred in the Court at Harrisburg. The "youthful attorney" alluded to, who made such a brilliant debut, was JOHN C. KUNKEL, now one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in that judicial district. For several years he represented Dauphin county in the popular branch of the Legislature, and was subsequently elected to the State Senate of which distinguished body he is now the Speaker.]

South Carolina and Captain Ingraham.—A resolution has been offered in the South Carolina Legislature, proposing to present a sword to Capt. Duncan N Ingraham, of the United States Navy, "as a testimonial from his native State for his late gallant and meritorious conduct on board the sloop-of-war St. Louis, in the bay of Smyrna."

The editor of the Savannah News received a mess of fresh strawberries last week. Mr. Peabody, of that city, has now half an acre of strawberries in full growth.

From the American Courier, Philad.

We were not aware that the late eminent jurist, Judge Gibson, ever "dallied with the muses nine;" nor does it appear that it was his frequent custom; but a fair and esteemed correspondent furnishes us with the following note, "an exception to the general rule in the case:"

"A. M'MAHIN, Esq.—My Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find an autograph poem of the late Chief Justice Gibson, the only poetry he ever perpetrated, and presented to me a short time before his decease. Yours, &c. A. R. B."

Retrospection.

On Revisiting the dilapidated Birth-place of the Writer, after an Absence of many Years.

(A FIRST AND LAST ATTEMPT.)

BY JOHN BANNISTER GIBSON.

The home of my youth stands in silence and sadness—
None who tasted its simple enjoyments are there;
No longer its walls ring with glee and with gladness;
No strain of blythe melody breaks on the ear.

The infantile sports in the shade of the wildwood,
The father who smiled at the games of the hall,
The parent still dearer who watched o'er my childhood,
Return not again at Affection's fond call.

And the garden—fit emblem of youth's fading flowers!
No fawn-footed urchin now bounds o'er its lawn,
The young eyes that beam'd on its rose-colored bowers
Are fled from its arbors—for ever are gone.

Why, memory, cling thus to life's joyous morning?
Why point to its treasures exhausted too soon?
Or tell that the buds of the heart at the dawning,
Were destined to wither and perish at noon?

On the past, sadly musing, O pause not a moment—
Could we live o'er again but one bright sunny day,
Twere better than ages of present enjoyment,
In the memory of scenes that have long passed away.

But Time ne'er retraces the footsteps he measures;
In fancy alone with the past we can dwell:
Then take my last blessing, lov'd scene of young pleasures,
Dear home of my childhood—for ever farewell!

FALL.

Fall! How eloquent the word! The flowers fall in the gardens, the fruits fall in the orchards, the nuts fall in the woods, "the stars fall" in the sky, the rains fall from the clouds, the mercury falls in the tubes, the leaves fall everywhere—and FALL it is.

The wind is sighing around the corners, moaning over the thresholds, singing at the windows, roaring over the chimney-tops, and harping through the forests.

The gray clouds look angry and sullen. The great, heavy drops come driving against the window-panes; the cattle stand in the fields, with the wind astern; the sheep gather under the lee of the barn. They "banked up" the house, yesterday; put the cabbages in the cellar, the day before; will cover the potatoes to-morrow. Mack and Port call for their mittens—the blue cap, chimney-corner, a fire.

The black-birds, a rabble route, hold high council of flight, on a dry elm in the meadow; there is a twitter, and a flutter, and a great acclamation. Up go the swallows in a cloud; away ride the sparrows on the billowy air. The robin and his wife hear the sound of wings in the thicket, and go too. The owl looks out from his hollow tree, and gathers still closer, his russet muffle about his ears.

The ridged and tawny fields look like corduroy; their rustling and golden glories have departed. The corn stands shivering in long lines, wrapped in rusty overalls, like a regiment of

"Old Continentals in their ragged regimentals."

The pumpkins lie in great heaps, here and there, like cannon-shot.

Little "flurries" of snow whirl doubtfully through the cloudy air, and sift over the dark, old fallow.

The sun goes down with a bounce; it is dark before night.

The asparagus is bundled out of the fire-place, the old andirons are wheeled into line, the hearth is a blaze, the windows are curtained, the old circle is narrowed around the old-fashioned fire.

Just the season for Saturday nights! What blessed things they are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterdays look beautiful through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."

Saturday nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do, before the world turned them into war-drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click, goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and Business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week, gently closes behind him; the world is shut out. Shut out? Shut in, the rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book, (save the record in the old family Bible,) and not in the bank.—BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

Blessed Almanacs.

While I am writing these words, a pair of "bright particular" eyes, just on a level with the table, are following my pen in its eccentric movements over the page. Don't you and I wish *our* eyes were just on a level with the tables again! The owner of the eyes aforesaid, is a Lilliputian, not nearer to Heaven, as Hamlet had it, even "by the altitude of a copine," than Port, and he lacks a sheet of paper of three feet. And speaking of eyes, where can you find a brighter pair of interrogation-points, than the eyes of a child?—Seeing every thing, and turning every thing into a query, that they see?

Subject yourself for a half hour to one of these youthful inquisitors, and you are more of a philosopher than I take you to be, if he doesn't pose you, in less than half the time.

But small as he is, his ambition, like a vine in a garden, has run all over the month of December, and leaved and flowered at a tropical rate, some where near the 25th. "How many days is it to Christmas?" "How many Saturdays is it?" There is no school on Saturdays, and the little rascal keeps his calender by play-days! Well, *let* him, for few enough of them he'll find by and by, unless he lives on into the Millennium. "And will Santa Claus come?—and how can he come down the chimney and the stove-pipe?—and does he come Christmas or New Year's?" There's that vine of his, a week longer than it was, a minute ago.

"Oh! have him come Christmas! Have him come Christmas!" and eyes, and feet, and heart, for that matter, all dance together. Have him come Christmas!—There spoke the child of a larger growth. There peeped out the man, through the disguise of boyhood, thus early drawing on the future, like a gay heir in expectancy, to make up the deficits of the present—an extravagance, that has made many a man and woman bankrupt for the amount of a thousand hopes sterling, and "the undivided half" of a life of happiness.

Men have a weary train of days—days of care and toil, if not of tears; but children have, in their calendar, but four or five days in a whole year—Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving—but they, like great lamps, light up all the year, and keep the little fellows perennial candidates for hope.

How much happiness is purchased for how little in the Holidays! And it is easy calculated that if children, supremely happy, two-and-six pence will make a lad of nine, a prince.

Who *wouldn't* invest in such property!

But those eyes; there they are yet, looking over the table's edge, and I can not help dreading the time when they will look *down* upon it, and one can see shadows in them, and the *coming of a real tear* in them—for children seldom weep—and a heavy light in them, and dimness and death in them.

True, there are shadows there now, but they are like those

"by a cloud in a summer day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover."

A cloud! Life itself is a morning cloud and whether with shadows or glory, glides swiftly and silently by.—BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

Abolitionists on Colonization, &c.

[The American Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia in 1833, and this month celebrated its Second Decade in the same place. Its views of the Colonization plan are thus expressed:]

Resolved, That, in regard to the Colonization enterprise, we make no issue on any of the following points—whether Africa ought not to be reclaimed from barbarism and idolatry; nor whether black missionaries are not better adapted to its climate than white ones; nor whether it is wrong to assist voluntary emigration to the shores of that continent; nor whether the Slave trade has not been crippled, or driven from their localities by the colonies already established; nor whether the settlement at Liberia has not attained, in the same period, as high a position as did the Plymouth or Jamestown colony; nor whether the condition of the free colored people in this land is not one of great hardship, and surrounded by many afflicting circumstances; nor whether, to those who are held in bondage, exile with penniless freedom is not preferable to a life of chattelized servitude; but it is, what are the doctrines, designs, and measures of the American Colonization Society, and is it worthy of the countenance and support of a civilized and Christian people?

Resolved, That we abhor and repudiate the Colonization Society for the following among other reasons:—(1.) Because it sanctions the infernal doctrine, that man can rightfully hold properity in his fellow man—(2.) Because it is managed and controlled by Slave-holders, whose aim is to give quietude, security, and value to the Slave system, by the removal of the free blacks—(3.) Because it declares the leprous spirit of complexional prejudice is "natural, and not to be removed even by the operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart"—(4.) Because it is the bitter, malignant, and active enemy of the Anti-Slavery enterprise—(5.) Because it stimulates and sanctions the enactment of soul-crushing laws and proscriptive edicts against our free colored population, under the pressure of which they shall find it impossible to stand erect on this their native soil, and may therefore be induced to emigrate to Africa—(6.) Because the motives it avows, the sentiments it inculcates, the means it uses, the measures it sanctions, are base, cruel, demoniacal—and (7.) Because, from its institution to the present time, the objects of its professed commiseration have unceasingly borne the strongest testimony against it as uncalled for, hateful, persecuting, and unnatural."

[On motion of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the following also passed:]

"Whereas, Among the endless devices of the Pro-Slavery spirit, is the attempt to divert attention from the great issue now before the country, and to baffle the operations of this Society, by raising against it the most false and malignant outcries—such as that it is an "anti-Sabbath," an "anti-Bible," an "anti-government," an "infidel" Society, &c. &c.: therefore,

"Resolved, That the only views which are sanctioned and promulgated by the American Anti-Slavery Society on these topics, are—That it is lawful on the Sabbath day to remember the millions of our fellow-countrymen who have been plunged into the horrible pit of slavery, and to combine to extract them therefrom: That the Bible is most foully and wickedly perverted, by the great body of the American clergy, to the sanction and support of American slavery: That any government which makes merchandize of human beings, and hunts fugitive slaves, is to be execrated and repudiated for ever: That the only Infidelity which the Society endorses, is that which breaks the yoke, and lets the oppressed go free; and the only Christianity which it rejects as spurious, is that which vindicates Slavery as compatible with justice, humanity, and the love of God."

Misapprehension Concerning Commerce with Japan, &c.

[Extract from a private letter from an American gentleman in China.]

As to the trade and resources of Japan, its population and general civilization, the most exaggerated opinions appear to have makes the population fifty million, and the trade of this fifty million to average $1 apiece; and all this trade of two hundred million dollars is going straight into the pockets of merchants, as soon as the country is opened to their ships. It is a mistake to reckon on such data. I judge from the extent of the arable land, and habits of the Japanese; their love for hunting and sports—which augur large areas of forest and mountain lands—their ranges of mountains, and other data, that twenty million of people is a high figure for a group of islands not much larger than Great Britain, and not so well governed, or secure, or fertile, or civilized.

The trade to these insulars will be of slow growth, for they need nothing of us, and copper and camphor, and perhaps lacquered-ware, and silk, are the only articles they have got for us, and ten ships a year will supply the world with these. Even here, in China, after a trade of two centuries, the people are so indifferent to *every sort of goods* brought here (except opium) that there are now between fifteen and tweniy million dollars worth of English and American cargoes unsold, which they will not buy in these troublous times while our merchants are all alive at the apprehension of a short supply of tea and silk, and prices are constantly rising for these two articles, although money is only to be had at 5s. 10d. and 6s. per dollar, and even 8s. at Shanghai. The Chinese care really very little for cottons and metals, as they can supply themselves, while Englishmen can not do without tea and raw silk, nor their Government get on if the tea revenue be cut off.

The Japanese and we will perhaps be tickled to exchange a few curiosities, but a healthy growing trade results from mutual wants, and a knowledge of what other nations can supply; and this interchange comes slowly. I hope Japan will be ready to meet the Americans peaceably, and consent to remove her ridiculous seclusion as soon as she sees it can be safely done; for, by so doing, she will avoid, perhaps, a worse evil. But the benefits from a change in her policy will come slowly, and perhaps serious evils will come first, among which will be the opium trade, which English and American merchants here will push as far as they can, sacrificing even present gain to future hopes, in order to urge on this cursed traffic. Times and seasons are rapidly changing the appearance of these Eastern Nations, and all for the hope of seeing them receive the Gospel. Does one wish to be among these changes and assist in every way he can?

Corner Loungers.

On our Sundays, it is very pleasant to see the number of people who brush off the dust from both raiment and spirit, for at least that day. From the hour when the little children trot along, with their "Union Questions" in hand, replaced some hours later by the heads of the family, solemnly following the lead of their particular turn of conscience, and looking as if they felt much better through the operation, down to the time when the less matutinal laborer is fully realizing his day of rest, all is peaceful and proper. But in the afternoons a new class appears, neither inclined to religion or excitement, to motion or rest—a species of human vegetable, hebdomadally drawn forth by the sun, from the bricks and mortar of certain favored localities. These curious objects have been by some naturalists named "corner loungers."

Now, the corner lounger has been spoken of as a nuisance. He is reported to insult ladies in a cowardly manner, and even, relying on the numbers of his party, to openly disparage the exterior of weak-looking men. His general tone of conversation, also, is said to be offensive, from its obscenity and a too liberal establishment with oaths. All these strictures are probably deserved; but fortunately or otherwise we have never seen an instance of this positive obnoxiousness. Our attention has been solely directed to the phenomenon that human creatures with apparently the ordinary peace establishment of faculties could possibly from choice pass their time in such a queer way as we see them. There are, near a dozen, lounging in various positions, each more uneasy than the other, yet each with a masquerading air of seeming comfort. You first notice their "get up" on approaching. There is not so much to be told from that in male attire until the French fashions prevail of re-introducing sky blue and scarlet a la mode of the monkeys caudal appendage. But our corner cumbers show a little individuality by brightness of vests and fabulous richness of French metal fob-chains, which combind with soap-locks and never failing canes give some uniformity to the band, and thus arranged there they drearily stand and stand. You never hear them engaged in conversation in the true meaning of the term. One delivers himself of something and is answered by another with the same spirit as if the same words were said at the same time and place every week. They never laugh, or, if they do, not naturally, but as if it were expected of them to do it just then, like a clock is expected to strike the hour. They don't appear to care anything about each other, or in fact about anything else, but each individual vapidly stares about and gets through his wretched role, and when the sun goes down, the group fades away "like an exhalation," and they all go to their own place.

Do they actually delude themselves into an idea that this is enjoyment? In this glorious world is there no object for a young, healthy *man* to attain, which would keep his mind above the level of a standing pool? Is there no field for thought, study, feeling, open—nothing to do under the sun? Why even animal action is something, and the dog that frisks and barks in the pure air, the mocking bird that you let out of its cage into the parlor to take a holiday flight, is higher in the scale of being than one of these corner boards that only point out where lurks nature hated vacuity.

It was all very well for Mr. Turveydrop to go out to show his deportment, but even that excuse can scarcely be claimed by these corner cacti, although a waggish friend has suggested that from their continual *loafing* they perhaps have a claim to consider themselves well *bred*.—*Phila. Register.*

The Farmer---A Pretty Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.

Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his forefathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of their daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his father and forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of an owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.

Letter from Prof. John Silsby, of the Siam Mission.

[Mr. and Mrs. Silsby are spending a little time at Singapore. He has there become a good deal interested in the work in behalf of the Malays. The following are extracts from a letter written by him September 15th:]

"I have been employed in Mr. Keysbury's school, thus giving him opportunity to devote his time to the work of preparing books for distribution among the Malay population of these parts. Mr. K., as you know, was formerly connected with the mission which the London Missionary Society had established at this place, and when, upon the opening of the gates of China, that Society withdrew its mission from this place, Mr. K. felt it his duty to remain, although he would thus be compelled to depend upon his own exertions for support. He still continues his labors among the Malays, being aided by occasional donations from Europe and America, by contributions from the citizens of this place, and by his own earnings. He has thus been enabled to keep up a boarding-school of about thirty Malay boys, and regular preaching every Sabbath, as also more or less religious instruction during the week for the adult Malays.

"It should be remembered that Mr. K. labors for a people who have long been regarded as the most unpromising population in all these regions. They are thus spoken of by the report of the 'Singapore Union' in 1830; and similar views, I understand, were entertained concerning them, on his commencing such a work. In the circumstances, Mr. K. has persevered unfalteringly in his work, sowing his seed and trusting to God for a blessing upon his labors. He has as yet been permitted to see but few converts from among the Malays, but he has seen some, and we know not how many more there may yet be in whose hearts the seeds of divine truth may germinate and bring forth fruit unto life eternal. Of late, a special movement among the young men who were formerly his pupils furnishes one earnest of such results. These young men have recently formed themselves into an Association for mutual improvement. One article of their constitution declares their rejection of Mahommedanism and their belief of Christianity. They have requested Mr. K. to meet them once every week, and aid them in the study of the Bible. This movement is altogether voluntary on the part of these young men, no one having suggested it to them.

"Mr. K., however, greatly needs help: his school demands most of his time, and exhausts his funds. What is one man among so many? And then, the thirty or forty thousand Chinese here, and the same number in the adjacent town of Malacca, as well as the thousands scattered through the country for whom there is no missionary at all—what is to be done? These Chinese, amalgamated more or less with the Malays, seem destined to supersede the original inhabitants of these parts, and, as I remarked in my former letter, their children are readily collected in schools. But my object is not now to represent the demands or wants of this place, nor do I know what our duty is in regard to it. The friends of missions here speak confidently of the claims of this place, and I have now the offer of a school of one hundred and thirty native Chinese and Malay boys; for the support of which the citizens contribute more than one hundred dollars a month. Ought I to accept it? A very peculiar train of providences brings this offer to me. But I have not now time for details. Moreover, this is to me a trying climate. But if the Master calls, I shall be most glad to obey."

The citizens of Pottsville propose establishing a Hospital in that neighborhood for the relief of those who are injured by the frequent accidents in the coal region. Hon. F. W. Hughes offers to contribute $5,000, (which is one fourth of the sum necessary for the erection of suitable buildings) if the other responsible persons will agree within two months to furnish the balance necessary. The project is a very meritorious one, and we hope will prove successful.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 7.—Mrs Douglass, who was *convicted here on the charge of teaching colored children to read*, has been suffered to escape to the North.

New Bedford ranks as the third port in the United States in point of shipping, greatly exceeding Philadelphia or Balt