

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1854.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle, Western Correspondence.

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After inserting the following communication, from the pen of JOHN S. BOWEN, Esq., we promise to spare the labors of our neighbor, whose Legislative career has called out so many tokens of approbation, without one of public dissent:

From an acquaintance of some years with Mr. BOWEN, we can fully attest the truthfulness of the eulogy spoken by the Chronicle. Of a sincere, earnest and kind disposition, he has passed through five sessions of legislative strife, preserving throughout a consistency of character and an adherence to principle, that stamps him as no ordinary man. In his political and public life, he has, by rare business talents, and the winning influence of a generous and pure heart, effected more for his constituents, and served the State to better purpose, than most of his contemporaries in the House or Senate. It is to be regretted, that such a man should not be more extensively known and appreciated. Col. Bowen is a native of Chester county.—*West Chester Register.*

GODBY'S LADY'S ROOM.—The July No. of this popular work, commencing the Second Quarter of a Century of the Book, by the same Publisher. This is certainly a rare example of permanency—for a "new country." From the Publisher's "Arm Chair," we copy the following notice of our young friend Thomas White's business stand, 41 S. Second St. Philad.:

"White's Book Establishment is now in full operation. The beauty of the outside of his store is only equaled by the interior, and if any persons can prevail upon Mr. White (and he is easily moved) to bestow half an hour upon them to visit the manufacturing portion of the building, (and there is only a small portion of it carried on in Second St.) they will be amply repaid should they only see the designing room, where several young ladies are constantly engaged—and they are ladies of good taste, too—in making new designs. They may also see the binding of a straw hat sewed on in twenty-one seconds by a sewing machine of a novel and peculiar kind. The whole establishment will well repay a visit.

Let them Try it.

It is hinted by diplomats that Russia would accept the mediation of the United States in the settlement of the Turkish question. Well, President Pierce could do better itself very soon. First, send the intricate Ohio, of Greece, home to Germany, and make a respectable government of Turkey by incorporating Greece with it again for national purposes, leaving them only separate after the manner of our American State governments. Declare the Hungarian state a free republic, with Moldavia and Wallachia included as two of the States. Reorganize Poland as a free country. Let the people of each of these governments choose their own rulers, and make each government large enough to be able to take care of itself. Abolish the system of protectorates; and then tell the governments of England and France that as they only took part in this Turkish war to destroy its nationality, and left the Turks themselves to do all the fighting, the bill of the Western powers for looking on amounts to—600,000.—*Bloomington Star.*

Lightning Struck.

The *Albany Atlas* says this is the season when deaths from lightning occur; and few who don't look to the summary, know how many there are. In all cases where persons are struck down by lightning, use cold water upon the bodies for hours; don't be discouraged if immediate success is not attained, but persevere, and after three or four hours drizzling, animation is not restored, add salt to the water and continue showering, which is rendered colder by the saline admixture. If possible, administer the doses on the head and along the spinal column. Persons who have fallen under a stroke of lightning, when alone, have recovered in the rain; and Mr. Merion, the weather-philosopher, relates a case where a victim was recalled to life by drinking cold water on him several hours after apparent death.

Western Correspondence.

Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.
Piscatory and other Wisconsin-isms.
MADISON, June 23, 1854.

Mr. Editor—It is now some time since I attempted to "post up" your readers, in my rambling style.

Our tendency is always "Forward." The completion of the Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad to this place, under such flattering auspices, has inspired with new energy the business of the "Belle City of the West." Everything here is animation, business, and prosperity, with but respect enough from the dull routine of business to enjoy the healthy and appetite-provoking pleasure of piscatory excursions on the transparent waters of our small, silvery lakes.

For this purpose, a neat miniature steamboat has been built and launched on Fourth Lake; and many a bright and nimble Pickarel or burly Catfish "skoulder of the mill" by steam. As the mode by which fish are caught here is not much practiced at the East, I will try to give you an idea of it. The line used is from 40 to 50 feet in length, and of a size and consistency that would hardly "rain" a single fish. The bait or decoy is a bright brass spoon, about two inches in length and one in width, to which a strong hook is attached. It requires two persons to fish—one to row the boat, and another to attend the line. The spoon is drawn in the wake of the boat, the full length of the line—the motion of the boat restraining it upon the surface of the water in an oscillating motion, which attracts the attention of the Pickarel, which, supposing it some unfortunate bug, gets "taken in" with more "blarney in its face" than it ever dreamed of. Aside from those who fish for pleasure, there are a great many who make it a business, and supply townsfolk with fish at 7 cts. per lb.

In the country, everything is blooming, fragrant, and abundant. The prairies are clothed in the richest verdure of nature; and the gorgeous flowers of varied hues, filling the air with sweet perfumes, and waving to the gentle breeze that passes over them, have the appearance of an ocean of roses. The crops never looked better, and, if nothing happens, the products of Wisconsin at the present prices, will free her farmers from the pecuniary embarrassments, which to a great extent have deprived them of the enjoyment and peace of mind so characteristic of farmers in general, and also enable them to improve the appearance of their farms, and the comfort and beauty of their residences, which with but few exceptions are now small and indifferent log-houses, built when they first emigrated to the State, and when they were unable to erect better.

A great many humorous incidents are connected with the Judiciary of Wisconsin while yet in its infancy. When the Territory was organized, in 1836, it was divided into three judicial districts, and Lawyer F. of Plover, appointed Judge of the Eastern District. He arrived in Milwaukee, one Sunday in June, 1837, and fell in with some old friends from Kentucky, who invited him to a game of "poker." The invitation was accepted, and they commenced playing for small sums at first, but increased them as the hours passed, until the dawn of day the following morning, when small sums scored beneath their noses. The Judge made a great many apologies—that it was his first appearance in the State, that the Court opened that day, that he must have a short time to prepare his charge to the Grand Jury, &c.—and withdrew from the party. The Court met, and the Judge, with much dignity, commenced charging the Jury upon the laws generally, and the statutes against gambling in particular. The English language was too barren to express his abhorrence of that crime—"a gambler was unfit for heaven, earth, or hell." Among the first cases that he tried, was one of two Indians, who were indicted for murdering a man on Rock river, and also for an assault with intent to kill upon another man at the same time. The trial for murder came off first—they were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The following day they were tried for the assault, &c.—found guilty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars each! Gov. Dodge, however, thought it rather severe to fine and imprison a man after being hanged, and commuted their sentences to imprisonment for life. The Judge soon after went to Green Bay, from whence—there being no jail—hesitated a man for some trifling offence to "blow-stone" to Turkey river? (at that time a total wilderness, in the north part of the State)—Judge F.'s career was short and dissipated, and he died in Milwaukee, unhonored and unwept. His remains rest in an isolated grave, not visited by even a single mourner.

An Enthusiast's dream of Paradise.

NEWTON, Iowa, June 12, '54.

We are all here—in the very center of the garden. Newton, the county seat for Jasper county, is geographically in the center of the State, and soon will be the seat of Government of Iowa. I'll tell you why. 1st. It's the center. 2d. It's on the State Road running from the Mississippi to the Missouri, and other roads are centering here from every direction. Two Railroads are laid out through the place—one running from Davenport on the Mississippi through to Council Bluffs on Missouri, will be finished to Iowa City this fall, and will be continued on westward with rapidity, by which we will soon be in Railroad connection with the East. 3d. We will have a Manual Labor College 4 miles north of us, the Colony having but the land, put up two buildings, and more under way; and about 18 miles east of us, another Colony is settling in rapidly, who also will have a College, I think.

The town is beautifully laid out, and can be seen for miles in every direction—not those lofty spires which will be seen some future day, but its open, neat, comfortable, pleasant, lively, beautiful, charming, neat, white cottages, &c. The buildings are all new. Population about 500, and will be double that number as soon as houses can be built. Every saw-mill within 20 miles has been despoiled, and the demand not begun to be supplied. We shall soon have three saw-mills in town, one running by steam; and as soon as the country begins to shall out its produce a little stronger, we must and will have a steam grist mill.

When I first saw the place, I fell in love with it, and think I am now wedded to it. I have bought a farm of 160 acres, and plenty of deer, turkey, rabbit, quail, chicken, &c., permeate beneath the shade of its lofty trees, or hide among its thickets of apple and plum. A river runs through it, (not a pretty man, though—) about 20 or 30 feet wide, water deep, the banks about 10 high. Then I have for a house a lot of 6 acres, a house in progress, 70 choice apple trees growing most luxuriantly, excellent water, &c.—also a lot for a shop fronting the Square. We are not out of the Christian world. Today I went to attend meeting, but long before I got there, the house was filled to overflowing, and a great many had to leave for want of seats. How calm and beautiful Sabbath appears, even in your country; but by nature stands out in her true colors, as far as the eye can reach on every hand it is greeted by hills of richest green interspersed with innumerable flowers. Here you need not go to a NOLA'S Garden—just walk anywhere into Nature's garden, and you will see sights worth seeing. But very soon the land of men will make a change. The sight-to-day shows that they are coming—about 40 wagons with men, women and children, came in to hear the Word of God.

We want a printing press, to herald throughout the world what a great country we have, and what a greater we are going to have soon. Come right along—don't tarry.

From the New York "Home Journal."

Mrs. Judson—"Fanny Forester."

A mind more gifted, a temperament more sensitive, and a heart more wondrously tried by all that could blind the crown of thorns which shines brightest in heaven, never passed from the earth, we may well believe, than in the death of her whose names (by which she is known to the world) we have here written. Of the two lives that she lived successively, while a tenant of the fragile form whose pulses are now still—the first, a brilliant and brief one of literary success, and the last a slow and painful martyrdom of sorrows and sorrow—genius, and an almost unparalleled sensibility, deepened a thousand-fold the varied experience. Few will have ever gone to the right hand of God, who reverently feel, with more about which the angels will gather, to read the record in eyes fearful no longer. She was of that heavenly purity, and self-sacrificing and humble goodness, which it is the mystery of an inscrutable Providence should be selected for each trial on earth. To those who know her, she was, in every sense, sainted; yet none who knew her well, and what she so eloquently suffered, would believe there was ever another lot so apparently deepened but to be filled with bitterness. Before saying the few words by which we would recall the points of her varied life to our readers, let us give one of the drops of agony wrung from this heaven-child while here on earth—a poem written for her mother's eye only, and certainly the most beautiful first birth of a noble utterance that we have ever seen in human language. It was sent to us some years ago, by one of her friends, under a seal of privacy, which we presume, is removed by her death. She wrote it while at Mendon, the midway station in Burghat at which she had been left by her sister, Ireland, Rev. Dr. Judson, when he

embarked on a nearly hopeless voyage for health. At the date of this poem he had been four months dead, although it was ten days afterwards that the sad news was communicated to her.

Sweet Mother.

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
With broad, gray wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb—alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain
With ceaseless pattering falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stains;
Mould gathers on the walls—would heaven
They were only on the walls!

Sweet mother! I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain,
The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain—ah me!
The child, and maid, and man.

For laggard months have wheeled their round
Since love upon it smiled,
And everything of earth has frowned
On thy poor, stricken child—sweet friend!
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched my loved one, day and night,
Scarce breathing when she slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd in his bosom wept—my God!
To thee I prayed, and wept.

And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
But oh, he brought no joy—alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since, in tears we came,
Thou saidst, "How desolate each room"
Well, mine are just the same this day—
The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name;
But oh, he brought no joy—my child
Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I can not see,
Though weary months have sped
Since paying lips bent over me,
And when I see—"He is dead!"—Mother!
Thy dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean, for one like me—
So weary, worn, and weak—
That I should ever pale my cheek to be
Seen now upon my cheek—his seat
On form, and bow, and cheek:

But for a bright-winged bird like him,
To hush his joyous song,
And, prisoned in a coffin dim,
To join his grave to mine.

Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this today!
It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far more,
Come thickly-gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I seek beneath my fears—sweet friend!
My heavy weight of care.

Oh, but I feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
The dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother! through life's storms
I may not lean on thee,
For help, my dear, my dear, my dear,
Come trustfully to me—poor babes!
To have no guide but me.

With weary feet, and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother! for thy wanderer pray,
That father's faith be given;
For help, my dear, my dear, my dear,
That she may lean on Heaven—her heart
Grow strong in Christ and Heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but to do,
To seek at Heaven's best—my pains
Come at the same best!

All fearfully, all fearfully—
I am an eye for the sky,
I am an eye for the sky,
I am an eye for the sky,
I am an eye for the sky.

Of the bygone in human language
The only—few and holy and full of meaning
as the commendments—this is one.

These readers who have kept with us
your years gone by, will remember our
recognition and first announcement of the
writings of "Fanny Forester." She was
at that time a teacher in a female academy
in Utica, with one or two intimate and
most talented friends among her pupils.
Knowing nothing of her real name, or
her circumstances, we were exceedingly
captivated by the off-hand brilliancy of her
style, and its under-current of good sense
never out of sight; and she and the friends
she wrote of—and who wrote with her—
became soon, to the public as well as to
us, the nucleus of a new kind of literary
interest. It was the beginning of a school
of female authorship—immediate and res-
olutionary expression, made sacred and so-
bered by the personalness of woman.
If writing as if she were talking, she
secured the respect and attention that
should be given to her presence. She
embellished our journal for a while; and
then appeared as an author, with "Al-
derbrook" and other volumes.

We had never seen Fanny Forester till
she came to New York with Dr. Judson,
having devoted herself to missionary life,
and about to embark with her husband for
India, to share his exile of Apostleship and
his many and dangerous cares. Looking
upon her, we saw at once that it was a
spirit which had already outworn its frame.

—a slight, pale, delicate, and transparent
creature, every thought and feeling shining
through, and every word and movement
tremulous with fragility of mortal tenure.
We said farewell with no thought that she
would ever return—hardly a hope that she
would reach her far-off destination. She
did arrive there, however. The foregoing
poem tells in deathless tears what was one
hour of the years she suffered there. She
returned, utterly bereaved, and a wreck in
health, two years since, and, in the retire-
ment of her mother's humble home, sank
gradually to the grave.

Mrs. Judson by her genius is incidentally
one of the world's memorable ones. To a
religious class, also, of which her husband
was a shining prophet, her memory will be
dear. But there are those who look for
bright ones among the pilgrims on the path
of trial by the world unsee—the soul-sear
and heart-wrung, with the highest sensibili-
ties that are alive to an angel's scope of
agony. She will be, by those, recognized
and remembered. Sacred be the spot where
rests what has so suffered and so won!

Dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Jones threatens this Republic with
destruction—Mr. Jones, of the United
States Senate. This thing needs looking
to. We could rest easy under his vulgar
anecdotes; his profane similes even did
not prevent decent men from sleeping of
nights; but this fell purpose of burning
the Temple of Liberty and perishing in
its flames—this, this is shocking and dis-
quieting indeed. We don't know what
the Republic has done to Mr. Jones to
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are sure that he never intended any mortal
offense to Mr. Jones. It is a very respect-
able Republic. There are plenty who can
vouch for its good character. We may
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think it one of the best Republics they
know of, and are glad to see it enjoying
life. Why can't Mr. Jones let it live a
while longer? If Mr. Jones would only
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would take extra pains to win its way
back into Mr. Jones' favor. If Mr. Jones
won't consent to be kind to it—if he is
determined he will never patronize it again
—at least let him have mercy enough not
to cut its head off. Kill a Republic so
young in years, and yet so fair in stature,
in the city of its birth!

But really it is time that this habit of
threatening the Union with dissolution,
which so many of the puny whippers in
Congress indulge in, should be given up.
It has no effect whatever but to make the
threateners ridiculous. James C. Jones
can't put an end to this Republic. A
million of James C. Joneses could not do
it. They may play at thunders and light-
ning under a cabbage leaf if they like,
but as for setting the world on fire, it is
entirely out of the question. Senator
Rockwell, of Massachusetts, in declaring
that the dissolution of the Union was not
a possible thing, simply stated a truth which
is obvious to every man of sense. From
the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great
Lakes to the Gulf, the Union is bound
together with ligaments which the God of
Nature placed there, and which man will
become infatuated before he will sever.
Every section of the country knows that
its interests are vitally bound up in the
preservation of the Union; it knows that
the Constitution is the only safeguard of
that Union, and therefore will preserve
and respect the Constitution. The idea
that any part of the country is disposed to
set the Constitution at naught, and disre-
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incident to every instrument framed by
human hands. Alexander Hamilton de-
clared that the Federal Constitution was a
"prolong" of human wisdom; but, pro-
long as it was, it has required sixty-five
years to determine its real meaning, and
the exact character of each and every ob-
ligation it imposes; and the work is far
from being accomplished yet. The coun-
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The masses of the people in all sections of
the country are substantially agreed in
their understanding of constitutional ob-
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forms so large an element in American
mind everywhere. It was absurd to say
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proposition for the repeal, will do any
good to the Union.

Mr. Jones threatens this Republic with
destruction—Mr. Jones, of the United
States Senate. This thing needs looking
to. We could rest easy under his vulgar
anecdotes; his profane similes even did
not prevent decent men from sleeping of
nights; but this fell purpose of burning
the Temple of Liberty and perishing in
its flames—this, this is shocking and dis-
quieting indeed. We don't know what
the Republic has done to Mr. Jones to
make him feel like taking its life. We
are sure that he never intended any mortal
offense to Mr. Jones. It is a very respect-
able Republic. There are plenty who can
vouch for its good character. We may
say it is generally liked. Many people
think it one of the best Republics they
know of, and are glad to see it enjoying
life. Why can't Mr. Jones let it live a
while longer? If Mr. Jones would only
do this, we could almost promise that it
would take extra pains to win its way
back into Mr. Jones' favor. If Mr. Jones
won't consent to be kind to it—if he is
determined he will never patronize it again
—at least let him have mercy enough not
to cut its head off. Kill a Republic so
young in years, and yet so fair in stature,
in the city of its birth!

But really it is time that this habit of
threatening the Union with dissolution,
which so many of the puny whippers in
Congress indulge in, should be given up.
It has no effect whatever but to make the
threateners ridiculous. James C. Jones
can't put an end to this Republic. A
million of James C. Joneses could not do
it. They may play at thunders and light-
ning under a cabbage leaf if they like,
but as for setting the world on fire, it is
entirely out of the question. Senator
Rockwell, of Massachusetts, in declaring
that the dissolution of the Union was not
a possible thing, simply stated a truth which
is obvious to every man of sense. From
the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great
Lakes to the Gulf, the Union is bound
together with ligaments which the God of
Nature placed there, and which man will
become infatuated before he will sever.
Every section of the country knows that
its interests are vitally bound up in the
preservation of the Union; it knows that
the Constitution is the only safeguard of
that Union, and therefore will preserve
and respect the Constitution. The idea
that any part of the country is disposed to
set the Constitution at naught, and disre-
gard its plain requirements, is a pure dis-
sension. There, undoubtedly, are construc-
tions of certain parts of the Constitution,
about which even the wisest men of the
country differed. There are questions aris-
ing out of the Constitution, which have
been made the subjects of the keenest
controversy. This has always been so, and
probably always will be so. Inconven-
iences and difficulties of this character are
incident to every instrument framed by
human hands. Alexander Hamilton de-
clared that the Federal Constitution was a
"prolong" of human wisdom; but, pro-
long as it was, it has required sixty-five
years to determine its real meaning, and
the exact character of each and every ob-
ligation it imposes; and the work is far
from being accomplished yet. The coun-
try sustains no serious injury from this.

The masses of the people in all sections of
the country are substantially agreed in
their understanding of constitutional ob-
ligations; and in a common desire and de-
termination to fulfill them. If there are
minor points in which they disagree, these
must be settled by discussion, and the op-
eration of that sound practical sense which
forms so large an element in American
mind everywhere. It was absurd to say
that the Nebraska Bill would cause a dis-
solution of this Union; it is just as absurd
to say that the repeal of that Bill will pro-
duce that effect. Neither the Bill nor the
proposition for the repeal, will do any
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