

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

O. N. WORDEN, J. R. CORNELIUS & E. SMITH.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1857.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843...WHOLE NO. 667.

AT \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

Through life's a dark and stormy path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
In many spots of sunshine bath,
That smile amid the gloom.
The friend who weeps for our partakes,
Unchanged, while we are joyous,
Who kindly carries that heart that aches,
Is, sure, a sunny spot.
The wife who half our burden shares,
And utters not a groan,
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears—
Unheeded all her own.
Who treasures every kindly word,
Each harsher one forgives,
And cradles blithely as a bird,
Sings, too, a sunny spot.
The child who lifts, in morn and eve,
In prayer its tiny voice,
Who greets when we are parents gloom,
And joys when we are joyous,
Who brightens every young person's gloom,
Whose heart, without a bit,
Is fresh and pure as summer rose—
That child's a sunny spot.
There's yet, upon life's weary road,
One spot of brightness,
Where sorrow half forgets its load,
And tears its own way down,
Friendship may win, love decline,
The child may honor blot,
But still, unfaded, every star will shine—
Rarest lights that spot!

From Philadelphia.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]
PHILAD., Jan. 12, 1857.

The excellent letters of my friend "H." were sufficient, while they continued, to attach interest to your paper; and I have been looking for the rest of them for some weeks; but I dare say he is as busy as myself, and unable to write them up. I hope we shall have them all, some time.

Winter has fairly set in, and we have had some of the bluest kind of weather—just enough to arouse the sympathies of the public toward the suffering poor. There is not, by any means, however, the amount of interest manifested, in that respect, there was last year. Benevolence becomes, like many other things, fashionable now and then, and we find men with their hands in their pockets, who were never known to have them there before, unless a button was off. But fashion is fleeting, and so the favor wore off, and now the burthen is left to those who never tire.

These benevolent fits are very mischievous in their tendencies, for it is a notorious fact that the idle and improvident are taught to expect sympathy, and lots of help, during the winter, they only become more careless, verifying the saying of the Spartan, that he who first gave the beggar alms, taught him idleness; and the worst of all impositions is city pauperism.

The pitious complaint of that famished mother, and her dirty, half frozen child, drew from your purse the means, after returning the borrowed brat, of a night's carouse in some filthy den, under ground; and that pained man, who could scarcely drag his powerless leg in at your door, you may meet in the next square forgetful of his smitten members, and staggering with the rum you gave him the means of procuring. The generous housekeeper gives away loaves of bread, and plates of meat, which disappointed vagrants throw in the street at the next corner, and our dear pious mothers, and wives, and sweethearts actually go begging for them, and get together whole piles of clothing by means of Dorcas societies, which keep the children of the poor so warm, and lie so snugly on parakeeters' shelves all the cold winter, and give business to the auctioneers.

I am not deprecating charity, nor mocking the sufferings of the destitute; but I am angry with the miserable management of public officers, and the culpable blindness of a people, who had rather be blessed than buy a hundred acres of land and build a workhouse, where the destitute could support themselves, and where they might be brought under some moral restraint. But we are a free people, and it might be a blow at the root of our liberties to restrain men because they are poor. I give notice to the Democracy in Harrisburg, that this last idea is patented, in case this subject should come up again for discussion.

Before your next, I suppose we shall have a new Senator elected—shall it be Mr. Forney? I trust not; I hope that "judgment" is not yet "fled to brutish beasts," and that the time is not very far off, when such men will not be the chosen representatives of such a people. Only think of the numbers of respectable, religious, intelligent and incorruptible men, any one of us could point to, who would adorn our Senate, and give character to its proceedings, but who, in opposition to such a man, would not get a vote! It's a "burning shame," as we say in Ireland.

With Tom Florence in the House, and John Forney in the Senate, our State ought never to aspire to anything above second fiddle to Georgia. It is presumable, that in case he is not elected, he will of course get a seat in the Cabinet, like Judge Campbell, or replace Mr. Dallas in England. I dare say Mr. Forney will "see him through," with his powerful interest.

Who among your young friends wants to smell powder? There will be a glorious chance to aid Switzerland, shortly. Switzerland, the land of Tell, and Calvin, and Zuingli, is marked for destruction. Who will volunteer for Switzerland? Greece awakened our sympathies, and was promised aid. Ireland mustered legions on our shores—Bob Tyler even volunteered to "strike down the tyrant," the cruel Vic—and shall not Switzerland claim our aid? Perhaps she will not need it, and so we can keep our aid for Walker.

I must close, and with the promise to address you again, profess myself,
Yours,
S. H. F.

A GOOD RETURN.—A lady, whose husband had for several Sundays following been jeeringly telling her that the great motive with women going to church was merely to display their bonnets, at last lost all patience and said to him: "Then, sir, I suppose the reason why you gentlemen so rarely come to church is, because you can not show your hats!"

MR. BRECKENRIDGE.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers commencing thus: "In a recent sketch of his life the author says that Mr. Breckinridge commenced life poor and parentless." Rather, a poor start that. Perhaps, like Topsey, he "wasn't born, he grewed."

SKETCH FOR MOTHERS.

The "Angel over the Right Shoulder."

"There! a woman's work is never done," said Mrs. James; "I thought, for once, I was through; but just look at that lamp, now! it will not burn, and I must go and spend half an hour over it."

"Don't you wish you had never been married?" said Mr. James, with a good natured laugh.

"Yes"—rose to her lips, but was checked by a glance at the group upon the floor, where her husband was stretched out, and two little urchins with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, were clumping and tumbling over him, as if they found in this play the very essence of fun.

She did say, "I should like the good, without the evil, if I could have it."

"You have no evils to endure," replied her husband.

"That is just all you gentlemen know about it. What would you think, if you could not get an uninterrupted half hour to yourself, from morning till night? I believe you would give up trying to do anything."

"There is no need of that; all you want, is system. If you arranged your work systematically, you would find that you could command your time."

"Well," was the reply, "all I wish is that you could just follow me around for one day, and see what I have to do. If you could reduce it all to system, I think you would show yourself a genius."

When the lamp was trimmed, the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had employed the "half hour," in meditating on this subject.

"Wife," said he, as she came in, "I have a plan to propose to you, and I wish you to promise me beforehand, that you will accede to it. It is to be an experiment, I acknowledge, but I wish it to have a fair trial. Now, to please me, will you promise?"

Mrs. James hesitated. She felt almost sure that his plan would be quite impracticable, for what does a man know of a woman's work? yet she promised.

"Now I wish you," said he, "to set apart two hours of every day for your own private use. Make a point of going to your room and locking yourself in; and also make up your mind to let the work which is not done, go undone, if it must. Spend this time on just those things which will be most profitable to yourself. I shall bind you to your promise for one month—then, if it has proved a failure, we will devise something else."

"When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow."

The morning came. Mrs. James had chosen the two hours before dinner as being, on the whole, the most convenient and the least liable to interruption. They dined at one o'clock. She wished to finish her morning work, get dressed for the day and enter her room at eleven.

Hearty as were her efforts to accomplish this, the hour of eleven found her with her work but half done; yet, true to her promise, she left all, retired to her room and locked the door.

With some interest and hope, she immediately marked out a course of reading and study for these two precious hours; then, arranging her table, her books, pen and paper, she commenced a schedule of her work with much enthusiasm. Scarcely had she dipped her pen in ink, when she heard the tramping of little feet along the hall, and then a pounding at her door.

"Mamma! mamma! I can not find my mittens, and Hannah is going to slide without me."

"Go to Amy, my dear; mamma is busy."

"So Amy busy too; she says she can't leave baby."

The child began to cry, still standing close to the fastened door. Mrs. James knew the easiest, and indeed the only way of settling the trouble, was to go herself and hunt up the missing mittens. Then a parley must be held with Frank, to induce him to wait for his sister, and the child's tears must be dried, and little hearts must be all set right before the children went out to play; and so favorable an opportunity must not be suffered to slip, without impressing on the young minds the importance of having a "place for everything, and everything in its place;" this took time; and when Mrs. James returned to her study, her watch told her that half her portion had gone. Quietly resuming her work, she was endeavoring to mend her broken train of thought, when heavier steps were heard in the hall, and the fastened door was once more besieged. Now, Mr. James must be admitted.

"Marty," said he, "can not you come and sew a string on for me? I do believe there is not a bosom in my drawer in order and I am in a great hurry. I ought to have been down town an hour ago."

The schedule was thrown aside, the workbasket taken, and Mrs. James followed him. She soon sewed on the tape, but then a button needed fastening—and at last a rip in his glove was to be mended. As Mrs. James stitched away on the glove, a smile lurked about the corners of her mouth, which her husband observed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked he.

"To think how famously your plan works."

"I declare!" said he, "is this your study hour? I am sorry, but what can a man do? He can not go down town without a shirt bosom!"

"Certainly not," said his wife, quietly.

When her liege lord was fairly equipped and off, Mrs. James returned to her room. A half an hour yet remained to her, and of that she determined to make the most. But scarcely had she resumed her pen, when there was another disturbance in the entry. Amy had returned from walking out with the baby, and she had entered the nursery with him, that she might get him to sleep. Now it happened that the only room in the house which Mrs. James could have to herself with a fire, was one adjoining the nursery. She had become so accustomed to the ordinary noise of the children that it did not disturb her; but the very extraordinary noise which master Charley sometimes felt called upon to make when he was fairly upon his back in the cradle, did disturb the unity of her thoughts. The words which she was reading rose and fell with the screams and lulls of the child, and she felt obliged to close her book, until the storm was over. When quiet was restored in the cradle, the children came in from sliding, crying with cold fingers—and just as she was going to them, the dinner bell rang.

"How did your new plan work this morning?" inquired Mr. James.

"Famously," was the reply; "I read about seventy pages of German, and as many more in French."

"I am sure I did not hinder you long."

"No—yours was only one of a dozen interruptions."

"O, well! you must not get discouraged. Nothing succeeds well the first time. Persist in your arrangement, and by and by the family will learn that if they want anything of you, they must wait until after dinner."

"But what can a man do?" replied his wife; "he cannot go down town without a shirt bosom."

"I was in a bad case," replied Mr. James, "it may not happen again. I am anxious to have you try the month out faithfully, and then we will see what has come of it."

The second day of trial was a stormy one. As the morning was dark, Bridget overslept, and consequently breakfast was too late by an hour. This lost hour Mrs. James could not recover. When the clock struck eleven, she seemed but to have commenced her morning work, so much remained to be done. With mind disturbed and spirits depressed, she left her household matters "in the sands," as they were, and patiently retired to her study. She soon found, however, that she could not fix her attention upon any intellectual pursuit. Neglected duties haunted her, like ghosts around the guilty conscience. Perceiving that she was doing nothing with her books, and not wishing to lose the morning wholly, she commenced writing a letter. Bridget interrupted her before she had proceeded far on the first page.

"What, ma'am, shall we have for dinner? No marketing 'ba't come."

"Have some steaks, then."

"We ha'n't got none, ma'am."

"I will send out for some, directly."

Now there was no one to send but Amy, and Mrs. James knew it. With a sigh she put down her letter and went into the nursery.

"Amy, Mr. James has forgotten our marketing. I should like to have you run over to the provision store, and order some beef steaks. I will stay with the baby."

Amy was not much pleased to be sent out on this errand. She remarked that "she must change her dress first."

"Be as quick as possible," said Mrs. James, "for I am particularly engaged at this hour."

Amy neither obeyed, nor disobeyed, but managed to take her own time, without any very deliberate intention to do so. Mrs. James hoping to get along with a sentence or two, took her German book into the nursery. But this arrangement was not to master Charley's mind. A fig did he care for German, but "the kitties" he must have, whether or no—and kitties he would find in that particular book—so he turned over its leaves in great haste. Half of the time on the second day of trial had gone, when Amy returned and Mrs. James with a sigh left her nursery. Before one o'clock, she was twice called into the kitchen to superintend some important dinner arrangement, and thus it turned out that she did not finish one page of her letter.

On the third morning the sun shone, and Mrs. James rose early, made every provision which she deemed necessary for dinner, and for the comfort of her family; and then, elated by her success, in good spirits, and with good courage, she entered her study precisely at eleven o'clock, and locked her door. Her books were opened and the challenge given to a hard German lesson. Scarcely had she made the first onset, when the door bell was heard to ring, and soon Bridget coming nearer and nearer—then tapping at the door.

"Somebody wants to see you in the parlor, ma'am."

"Tell them I am engaged, Bridget."

"I told 'em you were to-home, ma'am, and they sent up their names, but I ha'n't got 'em, just."

There was no help for it—Mrs. James must go down to receive her callers. She had to smile when she felt little like it—to be sociable when her thoughts were busy with her task. Her friends made a long call—they had nothing else to do with time, and when they went, others came. In very unsatisfactory chit-chat, her morning slipped away.

On the next day, Mr. James invited company to tea, and her morning was devoted to preparing for it; she did not enter her study. On the day following, a sick headache confined her to her bed, and on Saturday the care of the baby devolved upon her, as Amy had extra work to do. Thus passed the first week.

True to her promise, Mrs. James patiently persevered for a month, in her efforts to secure for herself this little fragment of her broken time, but with what success, the first week's history can tell. With its close closed the month of December.

On the last day of the old year, she was so much occupied in her preparations for the morrow's festival, that the last hour of the day was approaching, before she made her good night's call in the nursery. She first went to the crib, and looked at the baby. There he lay in his innocence and beauty, fast asleep. She softly stroked his golden hair—she kissed gently his rosy cheek—she pressed the little dimpled hand in hers, and then, carefully drawing the coverlet over it, tucked it in, and stealing yet another kiss—she left him to his peaceful dreams and slept down on her daughter's bed. She also slept sweetly, with her doll hugged to her bosom. At this her mother smiled, but soon grave thoughts entered her mind, and these deepened into sad ones. She thought of her disappointment, and the failure of her plans. To her, not only the past month, but the whole year, seemed to have been one of fruitless effort—all broken and disjointed—even her hours of religious duty had been encroached upon and disturbed. She had accomplished nothing, that she could see, but to keep her house and family in order, and even this, to her saddened mind, seemed to have been but indifferently done. She was conscious of yearnings for a more earnest life than this. Unsatisfied longings for something which she had not attained, often clouded that, otherwise, would have been a bright day to her; and yet the causes of these feelings seemed to lie in a dim and misty region, which her eye could not penetrate.

What then did she need? To see some results from her life's work? To know that a golden cord bound her life-threads together into unity of purpose—portholes standing they seemed, so often, single and broken?

She was quite sure that she felt no desire to shrink from any duty, however humble, but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what was duty. Her employments, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her frivolous and useless. It seemed to her that there was some better way of living, which she, from deficiency in energy of character, or of principle, had failed to discover. As she leaned over her child, her tears fell fast upon its young brow.

Most earnestly did she wish that she could shield that child from the disappointments, and mistakes, and self reproach, from which the mother was then suffering; that the little one might take up life where she could give it to her—all unimpeded by her own experience. It would have been a comfort to have felt, that in fighting the battle she had fought for both; yet she knew that so it could not be—that for ourselves must we all learn what are those things which "make for our peace."

The tears were in her eyes as she gave the good night to her sleeping daughter; then with soft steps she entered an adjoining room, and there fairly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek, which nestled among the pillows. At length, she sought her own rest.

Soon, she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain. No trees were visible, save those which skirted the distant horizon, and on their broad tops rested wreaths of golden clouds. Before her was a female, who was journeying towards that region of light. Little children were about her, now in her arms, now running by her side, and as they traveled she occupied herself in caring for them. She taught them how to place their feet; she gave them timely warnings of the pitfalls; she gently lifted them over the stumbling-blocks. When they were weary, she soothed them by singing of that brighter land, which she kept ever in view, and towards which she seemed hastening with her little flock. But what was most remarkable, was that, all unknown to her, she was constantly watched by two angels, who reposed on two golden clouds which floated above her. Before each was a golden book, and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over her right shoulder; another kept as strict watch over her left. Not a deed,

not a word, not a look, escaped their notice.

When a good deed, word, look, went from her, the angel over the right shoulder with a glad smile wrote it down in his book; when an evil, however trivial, the angel over the left shoulder recorded it in his book; then with sorrowful eyes followed the pilgrim until he observed penitence for the wrong, upon which he dropped a tear on the record and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced.

To the looker-on, it seemed that the traveler did nothing which was worthy of such careful record. Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her little children, but the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did but soothe an angry feeling or raise a drooping eyelid, or kiss away a little grief; but the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down.

Sometimes, her eye was fixed so intently on that golden horizon, and she became so eager to make progress thither, that the little ones, missing her care, did languish or stray. Then it was that the angel over the left shoulder lifted his golden pen and made the entry, and followed her with sorrowful eyes until he could blot it out. Sometimes she seemed to advance rapidly, but in her haste the little ones had fallen back, and it was the sorrowing angel who recorded her progress. Sometimes so intent was she to gird up her loins and have her lamp trimmed and burning, that the little children wandered away quite into forbidden paths, and it was the angel over the left shoulder who recorded her diligence.

Now the observer, as she looked, felt that this was a faithful and true record, and was to be kept to that journey's end. The strong clasps of gold on those golden books also impressed her with the conviction, that when they were closed it would only be for a future opening.

Her sympathies were warmly enlisted for the gentle traveler, and with a beating heart she quickened her steps that she might overtake her. She wished to tell her of the angels keeping watch above her; to entreat her to be faithful and patient to the end; for her life's work was all written down, every item of it, and the results would be known when those golden books should be unclasped. She wished to beg of her to think no duty trivial which must be done, for over her right shoulder and over her left were recording angels who would surely take note of all!

Eager to warn the traveler of what she had seen, she touched her. The traveler turned, and she recognized, or seemed to recognize, herself. Startled, and alarmed, she awoke in tears. The gray light of morning struggled through the half-open shutter, the door was ajar, and merry faces were peeping in—

"Wish you a happy new year, mams."

"Wish you a Happy New Year,"—"a happy new year."

She returned the merry greeting most heartily. It seemed to her as if she had entered upon a new existence. She had found her way through the thicket in which she had been entangled, and a light was now about her path. The angel over the right shoulder, whom she had seen in her dream, would bind up in his golden book her life's work, if it were but well done. He required of her no great deeds, but faithfulness and patience to the end of the race which was set before her. Now she could see plainly enough that, though it was right and important for her to cultivate her own mind and heart, it was equally right and equally important to meet and perform faithfully all those little household cares and duties on which the comfort and virtue of her family depended; for into these things the angels carefully looked, and these duties and cares acquired a dignity from the strokes of that golden pen—they could not be neglected without danger.

Sad thoughts and sadder misgivings—und-fined yearnings and ungratified longings, seemed to have taken their flight with the old year, and it was with fresh resolution and cheerful hope, and a happy heart, she welcomed the glad New Year. The angel over the right shoulder would go with her, and if she were found faithful, would strengthen and comfort her to its close.

TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—An old man, named Gregg, who has been confined in Fauquier county jail since the 1st of October, 1846, for debt under the old law, was released on Christmas day, by jailor Cross, there being nothing left in the hands of the law to pay his jail expenses. We learn that this man had property enough to pay the debt against him; but, that he preferred spending his weary hours within the gloomy walls of his county prison, to paying the debt he owed. The person who had him confined has been dead some years, but put a provision in his will appropriating a sufficient amount to keep him in limbo as long as he lived. Somehow or other, this stipulation has given out, and of course Gregg becomes free again. When he left the jail door, he appeared to be perfectly bewildered, and did not know which way to travel, but in a short time he became fully conscious of his freedom, and strutted about with an air of one who knew what liberty used to be "bygone days."—Warrentown (Va.) Whig

THE FARM—The Garden—The Orchard.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
Practical Directions—No. 2.
RASPBERRIES.

The Raspberry is next to the Strawberry, one of our most pleasant and wholesome fruits. It is easily propagated by planting, either in autumn or early spring, some of the suckers or offsets that spring from the main root. The best soil for it seems to be a deep, moist and rich sandy loam, in a sunny or partially shaded place; and the best manure, the chip dirt, saw-ashes, rotten leaves, wood and stone-coal ashes, or fine old rotted stable dung. The suckers or canes should be planted in rows and hills from two to four feet apart each way, according to the vigor of the variety used, and in clusters of from three to five canes to each hill. The raspberry canes should be pruned very early every spring, by cutting away all the wood but that of the last year's growth, and also cutting off at least the one-fourth part of the tops of that, so as to leave its canes not more than three or four feet high. If you wish to have a fine crop of late raspberries, you must cut off all the canes on that part of your patch as close as say within six or less inches of the ground, for these cut-caness will then throw out new wood which will come into leaving in August or September following. A light top-dressing of salt in the spring will increase the size of your canes and berries. The ground should be hoed occasionally and kept loose and free from weeds. A raspberry patch, so planted and managed, will be in perfection in its third year, and do well for about five or six years afterwards. But as the suckers or new canes of each year extend their roots all around the central root or plant in quest of new soil, as if unwilling to grow where it has once grown, it will be necessary to root up your patch every fifth or sixth year after it has come into full-bearing, and form a new patch on some other part of your grounds.

GOOSEBERRIES.

Autumn, immediately after vegetation has cast off its leaves or ceased to grow, is the best season for planting the cuttings or roots of the Gooseberry. The best soil for it, seems to be a loamy or clayey one. When you plant, cut out every bud or eye from that part of your cutting, which will come below the surface of the ground, as this will prevent the growth of suckers or side-shoots, and make your bush grow up in the form of a little tree, and produce more, and larger and finer flavored berries than you can otherwise expect.

The great pest of the Gooseberry, is the miller, or moul, which attacks and covers its berries with a thin whitish or dark-colored film or coating, before or just about the time they are beginning to attain their full size and ripen. Various remedies to prevent this, such as manuring the roots of the bush, trimming its branches so as to allow a free circulation of air through them, and sprinkling them with soap-suds on washing days before blossoming, or sprinkling warm ashes once or twice pretty thickly over the foliage after the blossoms have appeared, and while the dew is on them, &c., have been recommended and tried with pretty fair success. But the best preventive of miller I am aware of is shade or shading the bush, for I had a bush which once stood under the outer edge and shade of a large white blue tree, and bore fine berries every year, and perfectly free from miller, until I cut down my lilac tree on account of its age and decay—after which my gooseberries suffered more or less from miller every year. The quince tree would afford a nice and sufficient shade for this purpose—try it, and keep the soil rich and your tree well-trimmed or pruned, for this is necessary to success; and as the gooseberry-bush seldom produces well for more than five or six years, it ought to be renewed by raising a young tree in its place.

CURRENTS.

Autumn is the best season of the year for planting cuttings of the currant bush; and if you want pretty little currant trees, and the large, fine and abundant currants which the tree-form alone can produce, you must, as in the case of the gooseberry (previously noticed), and for the same reason, before planting cut out of your cuttings every eye or bud that would, otherwise, come below the surface of the ground. If this be carefully done, and the buds or limbs above ground are also cut out or off from time to time to the proper height as your plants grow, you will soon have nice, clean and straight little currant trees, instead of the nasty, crooked, filthy, hedge-like currant bushes, which we generally see in our gardens. Currant trees, thus secured and trimmed, will grow thick, and yield uncommon crops of large and fine flavored currants. Another advantage in this mode of training them, is, that you can always have a fair chance for the operations of the hoe under and around them; and another, no small advantage, is, that the height of the berries from the ground will keep chickens and the like from eating or destroying them. Soap-suds poured

SEE 4TH PAGE.