

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1857.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843—WHOLE NO. 705.

At \$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Cottager and Napoleon.

(Can any one read the following stanzas, translated from *Brassens*, the greatest lyric poet of the nineteenth century, and wonder why France, from cottager to king, mourns the death of her sweet ballad-singer?)
Amid the lowly, straw-hut shed,
Long will the peasant seek his glory;
And when some fifty years have fled,
The throb will live no other story.
Around some old and hoary dame,
The village crowd will sit to listen—
"Mother! now, old maid, sing some—
Tell us the tales of other times.
He wronged us: say it, if they will,
The people love his memory still;
Mother! now the day is dim,
Mother! tell us of him!"

"My children—in our village here,
I saw him once by kings attended;
That time has passed this many a year,
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
Oh foot he climbed the hill, and sigh
To where I watched him passing by;
Small his hat upon that day,
And he wore a coat of gray.

"And when he came to me with dread,
"Good day to you, my dear?" he said."
"Oh! and mother, is it true?
Mother, did he speak to you?"
"From this a year had passed away;
Again in Paris streets I found him;
To Notre Dame he rode that day,
With all his gallant court around him—
All eyes admired the show the while,
No face that did not wear the smile;
"See how brightly shines the sky!"
"Yes for him?" the people cry."
And then his face was soft with joy,
For God had blessed him with a boy."
"Mother! Oh! how glad to see
Days that must so happy be!"

"But, when o'er our province ran,
The bloody armies of the strangers,
Alone he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening, just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me start;
Entered, when I found the door,
He, and guards perhaps a score;
And seated where I sat he said,
"To what war I have been led!"
"Mother, and was that the chair?"
"Mother, he was seated there!"
"Dane, I am hungry!" then he cried;
I set out wine and bread before him;
There at the fire his clothes he dried,
And while he washed his face I saw
When with a start he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep.
And he said, "Nay, our France is strong;
Soon I will avenge her wrong."
It is the dearest thing of mine,
The glass in which he drank his wine."
"Ah! through change of gold and ill,
Mother, you have kept it still!"

The Slighted Scholar.

[Cases like the one I am about to relate, are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by the parent boy, who had been grossly neglected simply because he was poor and comparatively friendless.]

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended a school in— Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor, drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—they were the best he had. He was rough and uncouth in manners, for he had been brought up in this way. He was very ignorant, for the simple reason that he never had an opportunity of education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school room. It was a back corner seat away from the other scholars—and there he tumbled his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance was belied by the "outer coverings" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him, but when he for a while joined with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved off of the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys in better garbs were kindly noticed. In the school young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead," because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, an idleness which begat his disposition to while away his time in mischief. For this, he was whipped, and the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher, simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, pathless way.

Thus matters went on for several years, most of the scholars who were of Henry's age had passed to the higher branches of study, while the poor fellow still spelled words of one and two syllables, and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk deeper in the pit of inebriety, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever. The look of sullen indifference which had marked his countenance, was now giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feeling, and it was evident that a turning point of life was at hand. He stood now in the step in life from which the fate of after years must take rest.

At this time, a man by the name of Kelley took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a blue, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering. The first day he passed at the teacher's

desk of our school, was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eyes rested with a keen, searching glance. He evidently made little of him during the first day, yet on the second he paid more attention. It was during the afternoon of the second day, that Mr. Kelley observed young Henry engaged in stringing flies upon a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and, after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the tattered book from his desk.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.
"No, sir," drawled out the boy.
"How long have you attended school?"
"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."
"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity.
"Do you realize how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of a man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you parents?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy in a hoarse, subdued voice.
"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"
The boy hung down his head, and was silent; but Mr. Kelley saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant, the teacher saw he had something besides an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand upon the boy's head, and in a kind tone he said:
"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."
George looked wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strange to him, and he thought, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind, that, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.

After school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat until the teacher called him up to his desk.
"Now," said Mr. Kelley, "I wish to know why it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you ignorant?"
"Because nobody ever helps me," replied the boy. "Nobody ever cares for me, sir, for I am poor."
By degrees, the kind hearted teacher got the boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes he said:
"You have been wrongly treated, George, very wrongly; but there is time yet for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"
"Yes—O yes," quickly uttered the boy, in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelley promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school-room his face was wet with tears. We scholars, who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his house, and his heart was too full for utterance.
On the next day, George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy. As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, that they found in the unfortunate youth, one of the most noble hearted, generous, accommodating and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than he is. And all is the result of one teacher having done his duty.
You who are school teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavor to lift him up and aid him.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.—A free colored girl named Virginia F. Grace, was lately, it is alleged, taken from Washington city to Richmond, and sold as a slave for \$1250. The authorities have taken measures for her recovery, and the punishment of the offenders.

No objection to "preaching politics," if it be on the Democratic side and in favor of Slavery. Rev. John B. Meek of Center county Pa. has just received a Clerkship, worth \$1400, at Washington.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, OCT. 12, 1857.

The Fair at Lewisburg, Thursday & Friday, Oct. 8 & 9, '57.

The Agricultural Festival held in our Borough last week, was undoubtedly the best attended and the most successful of any ever held in the West Branch country—and this, notwithstanding the extraordinary scarcity of money, and the fact that there is to be another exhibition of the same nature, within four miles, (at Milton) this week. The day was lovely, and the crowd of spectators—young and old, rich and poor, old acquaintances and strangers—seemed most happy, not only with themselves but with each other, and was a most entertaining sight of itself. Then there were the numerous specimens of animated nature, from the elephantine cattle to the honey-bee—the work of men's delicate hands, and of lady's and children's gigantic corn—the useful and the ornamental—the polished address of the Orator, the practical hints of the President, and the fandanges of the mounted Fantastics who won the popular laurels in the ring—all these conspired to make the occasion most delightful.

It would be a pleasure to us to notice many meritorious contributions besides those to whom Premiums are awarded, or who are otherwise complimented by the Judges. Those gentlemen having paid closest attention to their duties, should be accredited as in the main correct in their conclusions, although they like others are liable to err, and every man will form and retain his own opinion. Many persons exhibited numerous specimens of their skill and industry, thus contributing their full share to the pleasure and the profit of the occasion, while many others contributed nothing whatever. Large numbers of articles were not entered by the Secretary, but of those enrolled on his book we have made an addition as follows:

Class No. 1—88 articles or lots or parcels.			
2-4	do	do	
3-7	do	do	
4-19	do	do	
5-19	do	do	
6-11	do	do	
7-58	do	do	
8-24	do	do	
9-10	do	do	
10-8	do	do	
11-48	do	do	
12-48	do	do	
13-51	do	do	
14-100	do	do	
15-27	do	do	

388 entries.

The department of Fruit and the article of Wheat in the line of Crops compared least favorably with former years, and is accounted for by the peculiar season; but other departments we are assured were as well sustained as those at the State Fair. The ground occupied was too large to be enclosed, and a portion of the visitors only patronized the pay gates on entering. Still, the receipts will pay the liberal sum of almost \$500 bestowed as premiums; the deficiency would probably have been made up by the Members on the old plan. A proper enclosure and regulations doubtless will hereafter secure sufficient funds. The filling up of the \$10 Memberships is earnestly desired, at once, that the Grounds may be perfectly prepared and adapted for the next year's effort. The five years of travel by the Fairs, we think must have satisfied all that a permanent location is now desirable, and that the strength of the Society can best be concentrated at the outlet of Buffalo Valley—a point very accessible for the exhibition of the trophies of the finest of agricultural regions on both sides of the River.

We have requested Mr. Linn's address for publication, and give it with Reports of Awarding Committees, to-day.

THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE COMING YEAR are to be elected at the February Court.

PREMIUMS AND JUDGES.

No. 1—Horses.	
J. R. Conkling, best blooded stallion	\$6 00
A. J. Weidensaul, best common do	5 00
H. J. Ritter, 2d best do	3 00
Francis Wilson, best 2 year old do	3 00
John Alexander, best blood. br'd mare	4 00
Geo. Rangler, 2d best do	3 00
Nathan Sear, best common do	3 00
John Alexander, 2d best do	2 00
Charles Dunkle, best gelding horse	3 00
Wm. Nagle, 2d best do	2 00
Danl. Rengler Jr., best 3 yr old colt	2 00
Ellis Gundy, 2d best do	2 00
Peter Sear, best 2 year old colt	2 00
Martin D. Reed, 2d best do	1 00
John Rengler, best 1 year old colt	2 00
Nathan Sear, 2d best do	P.O.R.
John Chamberlin, best sucking	1 50
John G. Brown, 2d best do	P.O.R.
Nathan Sear, best draft horse	1 00
J. D. Messer, Messrs. Renglers, John Alexander, Danl. Krause and others exhibited other fine horses and colts, which the Committee consider worthy of notice.	

No. 2—Plowing Match.		
David Grove, best plowing	5 00	
Henry Hauck, 2d best	3 00	
Jeremiah Harman, best under 20 yrs	3 00	
Adam Grove, 2d best do	1 50	
No. 3—Neat Cattle.		
John G. Brown, best Durham bull	5 00	
Jacob Wolf, best grade bull between 1 and 2 years	3 00	
Fred Pontius, " " calf	2 00	
Jacob G. Brown, best grade heifer calf	1 00	
Fred Pontius, " " over 2 yr old	3 00	
Thos. Howard, best heifer between 1 and 2 years old	2 00	
Jacob Wolf, best cow for breeding, 2 of her calves shown	3 00	
Eli Sifer, best dairy cow of the Alderney breed	2 00	
ABRAHAM FREDERICK, R. M. MUSSER, CONTESTANTS.		
Francis Wilson, best bull		4 00
Daniel Rengler, 2d best " "	2 00	
J. Chamberlin, best bull between 1 and 2 years	3 00	
J. Y. Derr, best bull calf	1 00	
John Alexander, best cow for all purposes, 2 of her calves shown	3 00	
Jacob Gundy, 2d best cow, do	2 00	
John G. Brown, best 2 yr old heifer	1 50	
Jacob Gundy, 2d best	1 00	
Lewis Iddings, cow giving the greatest amount of butter	2 00	
W. I. Linn, 2d best	1 00	
Thos. Cornelius, best 1 yr old heifer	1 00	
Peter Sear, best stock of neat cattle belonging to one farm	4 00	
Daniel Rengler, 2d best	2 00	
JACOB FILLMAN, B. LAUR.		
JAMES BIEHL, B. LAUR.		
No. 4—Oxen, Steers, and Teams.		
Joseph Frederick, best 2 head of beef cattle	4 00	
do do 2d do	2 00	
Peter Sear, best span working horses	4 00	
J. D. Messer, best matched do	4 00	
J. & J. Walls, 2d best do	2 00	
Other fine match horses which the committee considered worthy of notice, Peter Hagenbach, B. Young, Wm. Frick, A. J. Weidensaul, and Thos. S. Black, J. Wolf, exhibited some fine match horses.		
JACOB FREDERICK, GEORGE SLEAR, THOS. CORNELIUS.		
No. 5—Sheep and Swine.		
Jacob Gundy, best boar	3 00	
Elias Brown, 2d best	1 50	
John Alexander, best sow with pigs shown	2 00	
Jacob G. Brown, best pair pigs	1 00	
Elias Brown, 2d best	1 00	
J. F. Vanvalzah, best merino buck	4 00	
Andrew Hauck, best south down	2 00	
Daniel Miller, best 6 lambs	2 00	
A. Frederick, best 6 wethers	2 00	
Jacob Gundy, best 6 south downs	2 00	
JOHN ZELLERS, E. F. GUNDT.		
No. 6—Poultry.		
R. J. Weidensaul, best pair Shanghai chickens	1 00	
B. M. Orwig, 2d best	pipama.	
do do best pair other breed	1 00	
J. F. Vanvalzah, best pair turkeys	1 50	
J. D. Chamberlin, 2d best	Diploma.	
Benj. Hauck, best pair geese	1 00	
Jacob K. Metz, best pair ring doves	50	
J. D. Chamberlin, best pair ducks	50	
Godfrey Deck, 2d best	Diploma.	
Reuben Weidensaul, best pair pigeons	Diploma.	
R. V. B. LINCOLN, A. M. LAWHE, J. B. LINN.		
No. 7—Crops.		
Fras. Wilson, best bush sweet potatoes	1 50	
Nathan Sear, best bus. Irish do	1 00	
Jacob Dindere, best bus. turnips	50	
Frick & Sifer, do do wheat,	2 00	
Adam Gundy, do do do	1 00	
Jacob Gundy, do do spring do	50	
H. W. Hauck, do do corn,	1 00	
John Witt, do do diploma.		
John Alexander, do do peck beans,	50	
Susan Brown, best cabbage,	1 00	
Thos. Quindron, do pumpkins	1 00	
J. Y. Derr, 2d do do diploma.		
Thos. Wilson, lot chinese sugar cane,	50	
E. A. Donahy, do lot sorghum syrup,	1 00	
E. F. Gundy, do lot tobacco,	1 00	
Mrs. Sarah Gundy, best red beets	50	
MICHAEL BROWN, JAMES M'CRIGHT, JOHN CHAMBERLIN.		
No. 8—Fruit.		
John G. Brown, best lot of winter apples not under 4 kinds,	2 00	
E. J. Moore, 2d variety do	1 00	
Daniel Gebhart, best variety apples	1 00	
Jos. Frederick, do do bus. do	1 00	
J. D. Chamberlin, do specimen pears,	1 00	
J. F. Vanvalzah, best quinces,	1 00	
Ellis Gundy, best peaches,	1 00	
Daniel Ginter, do grapes,	1 00	
Mrs. Youngman, jar Isabella grapes,	1 00	
Susan Rangler, quince jelly,	1 00	
C. S. JAMES, ROBERT CHAMBERS, JAMES IRWIN.		
No. 9—Dairy Products.		
Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, best butter,	4 00	
Mrs. Mary A. Grove, 2d do	2 00	
Mrs. Eliza Gundy, best cheese,	2 00	
Jos. Frederick, best lot honey	1 00	
JAMES MOORE, D. H. KELLY, REUBEN SNYDER.		
No. 10—Flour and Bread.		
Mrs. Mary Wolf, best wheat bread,	1 50	
Mrs. G. Deck, best rye do	1 00	
D. B. Wagner, best barrel flour, not being entered, therefore can not be drawn.		
H. R. Specs, 2d best	1 00	
J. CHAMBERLIN, M. FICHTHORN, J. RANGLER.		
No. 11—Household Manufactures.		
Benj. Angstadt, best woolen carpet,	3 00	
Nathan Angstadt, 2d do	1 50	
Benj. Angstadt, best rag do	2 00	
Jos. Frederick, 2d do	1 00	
Caroline Stroebker, best bed spread,	2 00	
do do do do do	1 00	
Caroline Chambers, best pr. work shoes,	50	
Mary A. Grove, best soap,	1 00	
Mrs. E. Metzger, best quilt,	3 00	
Rebecca Mottler, 2d do	2 00	
Mrs. Joana Sterner, 3d do	1 00	
Miss Amanda Sterner, best raised worsted needle work,	1 00	
JOHN GUNDY, J. H. GOODMAN, DANIEL LONG.		

No. 12—Manufactured Articles.
O. P. Shively, best single sett harness 2 00
Frick & Lilly, best Globe cook stove 2 00
Geddes, Marsh & Co. best House pattern stoves, 1 00
Sol. Young, best dressing bureau, 2 00
John Rosemund, do card tables, P.O.R.
P. Hagenbuch, do sett doub. harness 2 00
H. W. Fries, do 4 doz. calf skins, 2 00
Sturmer & Spyster, 2d do do 1 00
Do do do do kips, 2 00
H. W. Fries, 2d do do 1 00
Do do 3 sides of harness 2 00
Do do 3 sides of sole leather 1 00
Jere Ritter, best horse shoes, 2 00
A. M. Lawsh, do 2 pr. calf boots, 1 00
Do do 2 do kid lace do, 1 00
J. H. Ecale, do dress coat, 2 00
Do do do do vest, 1 00
Do do do do diploma.
Jos. M'Fadden & A. Stoughton exhibited several varieties of cooking stoves worthy of special notice (manufactured outside the limits of the Society.) R. Wilson exhibited 1 pair of fly nets, superior manufacture and worthy the special notice of the Society.
JOHN HOTTORON, J. W. PENNINGTON, BENJ. CAWLEY.

No. 13—Agricultural Implements
Jacob Gundy, best farm wagon 3 00
Byers & Griffith, best top buggy 3 00
Peter Hagenbuch, 2d best 1 00
Byers & Griffith, best open 2 00
Daniel Gebhart, best side hill plow 2 00
E. & J. Moore, best field roller 1 00
G. Lichtenthaler, best corn cultivator 2 00
L. P. Teed, best wind mill 1 00
E. & J. Moore, best corn planter 2 00
Stone & Hulsizer, portable horse power" 2 00
Geddes, Marsh & Co., best grain drill 2 00
E. & J. Moore, best subsoil plow 2 00
Wm. Frick, best family carriage 3 00
E. & J. Moore, best plow 3 00
W. I. Linn, 2d best do 1 00
Frick & Lilly, Roney's grain reaper 3 00
do do best grass cutter 2 00
Per Recommendation.
Geddes, Marsh & Co., feed cutter.
John V. Woodard, portables field fence.
C. D. Snyder, corn sheller and sausage cutter.
C. Drabant, harrow and chaf cutter.
W. Ritter, one hand carriage.
"John S. Nelson, of Milton, entitled to first premium for portable horse power, but not entered in time for a premium.
W. T. LINN, Chairman.
[No Report.]

No. 14—Farm Accounts.
[No Report.]

No. 15—Unenumerated Articles.
J. A. Mertz, 1 earthen dish, dated 1769, aged 88 years 25
Warden & Cornelius, specimens of letter press printing 1 00
Jos. M'Fadden, 1 case of hardware 1 00
M. Brown, best fly brush 50
A. Stoughton, best soap 50
Mrs. Sallie A. Frick, best chair 50
Beerstecher & Gerhart, best double barreled rifles 1 50
J. D. Chamberlin, best basket tomatoes 50
Daniel Rangler, best deer skin robe 50
Mrs. Elizabeth Ritter, best bottle currant wine 1 00
J. B. Linn, best picture 50
Miss Mary A. Rule, best jar apple jelly 25
Mrs. C. S. Sterner, best specimen of celery 50
Jos. Frederick, best seal of bees 50
Dr. I. Brugger, Farmer's Promotion Book 25
Mrs. R. Witt, best stocking yarn 25
A. M. Lawsh, popped corn 25
J. D. Chamberlin, best 6 deer skins 1 00
Mrs. Sophia Goodman, best Masonic Regalia 50
John Witt, California cucumbers 50
T. HOWARD, J. HAYES, S. RITTER, F. WILSON, T. H. PURDY, G. MARSH.

ADDRESS.—By J. Merrill Linn, Esq. *Gentlemen of the Agricultural Society:*
It has always been grateful to my feelings, that I am a Pennsylvanian, and especially that you blue mountains which circle Buffalo Valley were the bound of my infant world, and the horizon of my growth years. The very name—Pennsylvania—suggests to the mind its origin, its history, its polity, and its physical features. It sends a thrill to the heart to hear it; and now that her energies are being aroused, as we become more and more acquainted with her vast capabilities, as the inborn character of her people is developing, as her quiet moral force is felt and recognized in the political world, and her physical resources are displayed, we can not repress our pride, and feel a bounding hope of the future—a hope radiant with the glow of good things yet to come.
We have few things to regret in her past—as few as any nation of her age. We may not be able to point to a giant stride, like that of Colossus of Rhodes, that straddles the shipping of the world, but her history tells of quiet, steady progress. It is hardly two centuries since the Quaker King made his famed elm-tree treaty—which, for seventy years, kept his infant proprietary unmoled, while the merciless Indian warfare desolated the neighboring colonies: yet she is second in rank among her sisters—she is called the Keystone of this glorious arch of our republic. No President has taken his seat without her vote. She has wealth and power. She can look back, too, on her past and say, "I got my domain by purchase and by treaty."
Though we can not say that the Quakers have been very active in the march of civilization, they, at least, gave the start to mental activity and soul liberty. It was their doctrine of *Inner-Light*, and their method of inquiry after truth, based upon "absolute freedom as applied to consciousness," that stirred the spirit and roused

thought in the common people; that freed the mind from the trammels of routine scholasticism; gained for the soul entire liberty of conscience, and emancipated conscience itself from the iron shackles of superstition—a doctrine which is the basis of the capacity of self government. They laid this broad basis in Pennsylvania. "We Lay," they said, "a foundation for after ages to understand their liberties as Christians and as men, that they may not be brought into bondage, but by their own consent; for we put the power in the people." Other peoples have come in to form the basis of our state nationality, and their characteristics are such, that we can not but feel that our destiny as a sovereign state will not be behind our sisters. Nay, more; by pre-eminence in all that constitutes substantial greatness in a state; for, although we all claim a brotherhood in love and devotion to our common country, yet each state has a distinct and peculiar people, differing in the details of their laws and customs—differing as much in the elements of their state nationality, as they differ in soil and climate.
The manner of the settlement of our country seems to me peculiarly happy. One can not but think that the same God, who guided the Israelite by his cloudy presence and fiery pillar, led the bands of the emigrant. The Puritan—the man of stern non-conformity, of indomitable will, earnest, severe religion—the daring, praying round head—were guided to the rock-bound coast of New England. Fit men, by disposition and character, to people its sterile soil, content with its rugged wilderness, endure its harsh climate, and brave its savage inhabitant. The trading Hollander—who conquered by traffic, while England, France and Spain, fought for supremacy with the sword—the seaborne Zealander, and the sturdy Bavarian, landed at Manhattan, and took possession of the finest trading port in the world—New York. "The glorious destiny of the City was anticipated." "When your commerce becomes established, and your ships ride upon every part of the ocean, through that look toward you with eager eyes, will be allured to embark for your island." This prophecy, two centuries ago, was addressed by the merchants of Amsterdam to the merchants of Manhattan. The gallant Cavalier planted his home amid the rich lands of Virginia, whose extent and climate were consonant with his taste for Dominion. The brave Huguenot, forced by religious persecution to quit his vine clad hills, sought the Carolinas, near akin in its genial climate to the sunny homes of his loved France.
In calm, religious earnestness, yet with none of the bigotry and intolerance which characterized many of the other colonies, the Quaker King founded his principality on the Delaware, and opened these quiet forests to all—in Penn's own words, "a free colony for all mankind," and all should have entire freedom in thought, word, and deed. "You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people." This was his pledge, and he kept it.
Hither have they come from every land—but especially, the German, the Scotch, the Irish, and what is known in decent by "Scotch-Irish," and it is on the stability, the beneficial, moral, and educational tendency of the Scotch, the sensibility, warm heart, and eloquent soul of the Irish, the industry, common sense, even temper and truthfulness of the German, that we depend our hopes of the future, as a people. The strong bias of the German has always been in favor of freedom. And it is due to the "poor hearts" of Kirckheim and the handful of German friends from the highlands of the Rhine, that the initiatory steps against slavery, were taken in Pennsylvania. I have said thus much about our people, because our success lies as much in the character of our people, as in our natural resources, for it lies in them to develop them.

And we have in Pennsylvania, resources to develop, such as will greatly contribute to our wealth and power as a people; such as will give employment to every hand and to every mind, and of such variety as that almost every physical want can be supplied.
One of its principal resources is the cultivation of the soil. We read in that Book of earliest time, that Adam was sent forth from the garden of Eden to till the soil. What was a necessity, and a source of bitter regret to him, has become the blessing and delight of his race. It has become, as it were, an inborn taste. The pleasure it gives, and the desire of its pursuit, is as universal as the race. It is looked upon as the basis of the wealth, happiness and prosperity of a state; as the occupation of its most substantial citizens. At Rome, when its empire was the known world, whose people were the most famed in military annals, the treasury was kept in the Temple of Saturn, thus intimating that Agriculture was the source of wealth. The reign of Saturn, whose home was on the Isles of the Blessed, at the end of the earth, "by the deep eddying sea," was called the golden age, be-

cause he taught the people to cultivate the earth. That fairest land on God's earth, whose sky is bluest and climate most genial, when its imperial seven billed city was the center point of the world's energy in art and arms, was the most highly cultivated. Its most learned men, its most enlarged statesmen, its most gifted poets—"Tully who wrote, and Marcius who sung"—its most famed warriors and most eloquent orators—all united, by precept and by example, in urging on to perfection the art and science of Agriculture.

In modern times, the sacred plough employed the slugs and snail fathers of mankind. And, since, with almost unparalleled, your insect tribes are but the slaves of a summer's day, have lost the ways of empire; paid the storm of mighty war; their, with unnumbered hands, have made their distant, unnumbered head. The plough, and, greatly, independent hand.

It is said of the ancient Persian Kings, that once a month, they left the grandeur of their princely homes, the pomp and state of royalty, to associate and eat with the husbandmen of their realm, thus doing homage to the horny hand and humble lot of those from whom they drew their wealth and power. Once a year, in the spring, the Emperor of China with his nobles and the princes of his household go forth into the fields and plough.
Agriculture gives employment to the best physical energies and highest mental faculties. It calls into its aid, either directly or indirectly, much of all the knowledge we attain in this world. All other arts and sciences are its handmaidens to minister unto it. Zenophon calls it the nursing mother of the arts.
God has created a grand and beautiful world for us to dwell in, "framed in all things to man's delightful use." The sage of unlabored production was but of the duration of a flower, and existed in but one spot, "chosen by the sovereign Planter" for those he created in innocence and purity. It passed away when our nature was blurred by sin, and Eden was blotted out the Earth. With the sweat of our brow and the rack of our brain, must we eat our bread until the End comes. Yet, by labor, the cursing is turned to blessing—the curse of the thorn and the thistle turned to the Blessing of the fruit and the flower.

The condition of the industrious, Christian Farmer, is the very best for receiving the results of his labor. It can not be said, that every good he receives, is the result, strictly, of labor, before hand paid. This may be seen from an illustration. But, before that, he must have strength. Take a piece of ground in a state of nature. The farmer clears it, cultivates it, and receives its fruits, and judgment, the sun must shine, the rain descend, and the air act its part on it; all of which God has given him before hand. His labor, that by which he merits its fruits, is at the same time that which is most conducive to his physical,