

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper---devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN.

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THE CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15.

P. H. Roll, Esq., has been elected Governor of Texas. Mr. B. is a Whig, but the issue in the election was local, not political. A Whig Governor of Texas! Then Jno Cummings may carry Union county.

It didn't take much to make cities in Illinois. Our last Pekin paper states that that town of over 1500 have by a vote of 2000 transformed their burg into a city! At that rate, we might have at least three cities on the West Branch.

And John South late of the Union Star, is the Printer for the modern city, Pekin.

To show how men's minds or tastes differ, we copy from the two Democratic papers of Carlisle, their different views of Gen. Taylor's visit to that place. The "Vindicator" said:

"The only effect of Gen. Taylor's speech had on those who heard it, so far as we could observe, was pity for the weak, but perhaps well meaning old man who delivered it."

The "Democrat" said:

"Our citizens without distinction of party, joined in giving Gen. Taylor a cordial and hearty welcome—and every one we believe was highly gratified and pleased, both with the manners and appearance of their President. Whatever we may think of the politics of the old chief, we were certainly very much gratified with him as an individual."

So it would seem "there is as much difference in folks, as in anybody."

Gleams of Light.

The Paris correspondent of the Christian Advocate & Journal says that on the morning of Sunday, August 12, the following inscription was placed on one of the side walls of the cathedral of Notre Dame, in that city: "THE GOOD SHEPHERD GIVETH HIS LIFE FOR THE SHEEP: PRUS IX. DESTROYETH HIS WITH GRASP-SHOT." It excited so much attention that the police interfered to disperse the crowd. The inscription was effaced, but it was renewed during the night, and it is said that all the churches had a similar inscription on their walls.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

[The following eloquent letter from Hon. JOHN M'LEAN, of Ohio, showing the influence which Sabbath Schools may be made to exert on the character and prosperity of the whole country, was read at the Anniversary of the National Institution to which it refers, at Philadelphia. There is no purer Statesman than Judge M'Lean; and were he a wire-working politician, or the victor on a bloody battlefield, no man would stand a better chance for the next Presidency than the once poor Scotch-Irish boy of New Jersey—honest John M'Lean.]

CINCINNATI, April 10, 1849.
DEAR SIR: Whilst I consider myself honored by the Board of Officers and Managers of the American Sunday School Union, in being placed nominally at its head, I can not repress a fear that, in accepting the position, I may stand in the way of some one of higher merit and of greater usefulness.

The more I reflect upon Sabbath schools, the more deeply am I impressed with their importance. Education without moral training may increase national knowledge, but it will add nothing to national virtue.

By a most intelligent and able report, made some years ago by Guizot, it appeared that in those departments of France where education had been most advanced, crime was most common. And by later reports it is shown, in Prussia, Scotland, and England, where the means of education have greatly increased, especially in Prussia and Scotland, criminal offences have

increased. Making due allowance for the growth of population, and the aggression of individuals in carrying on various useful enterprises, the principal cause of this is a want of moral culture.

Knowledge without restraint, only increases the capacity of an individual for mischief. As a citizen, he is more dangerous to society, and does more to corrupt public morals, than those without education. So selfish is our nature, and so prone to evil, that we require chains, moral or physical, to cure our propensities and passions.

Early impressions are always the most lasting. All experience conduces to establish this. Who has forgotten the scenes of his boyhood, or the pious instructions of his parents? However they may be disregarded and condemned by an abandoned course, yet they can not be consigned to oblivion. In the darkest hours of revelry they will light up the memory and cause remorse. And this feeling will generally, sooner or later, lead to reformation.

Whatever defect there may be of moral culture in our common schools, it is more than supplied in our Sabbath schools. Here the whole training is of a moral and religious character.

Impressions thus made can never be eradicated. * * * * * And it may not be an extravagant calculation to suppose that every ten years five millions of persons, who had been Sabbath school scholars, enter into active society. More or less, they may be supposed to be influenced by the principles inculcated at these schools. Restrained themselves by moral considerations, their example may have some influence on an equal number of their associates. Here, then, is an element of power which must be salutary on our social and political relations. The good thus done can not be fully known and appreciated, as the amount of evil which it prevents can not be measured.

It may be assumed as an axiom, that free Government can rest on no other basis than moral power. France has a Republic which is maintained by bayonets. And there is reason to apprehend that in that country there is not sufficient moral basis for the maintenance of a free government. But are our own beloved institutions free from danger? Who has not seen the "yawning chasms" in our own beautiful edifice? Its pillars seemed to be moved, its wall and its dome, and the contour of its fabric, have suffered; and nothing can restore it to its pristine beauty and strength, but a united and continued effort of the intelligent and virtuous citizens of our country. And we must increase the number of these by every possible means. Sabbath Schools must be relied on as a principal agent in this great work. Without their aid, I should look to the future with little hope. Mere partyism should be discarded for principle; and moral power, founded as it must be on the justice and fitness of things, must be made the ground of action.

When I consider the mighty trust, moral and political, which has been committed to us—when I reflect upon the extent and fertility of our country, its diversified and healthful climates, and its capacity for human enjoyment—I am overwhelmed with the vastness of the subject. Rapidly as we have advanced for the last thirty years in the development of physical resources and in the arts and sciences, the bow of promise still abides in the future.

But a nation may be great in its physical power and in its mental attainments, without possessing the basis of moral power, which is the only foundation for practical liberty. We could drive them from our shores without endangering our institutions. But whilst I have no fears as to the permanency of our Government from influences and powers from without, I am not without apprehension from causes which arise among ourselves. This indeed is a strange paradox. Can we not trust ourselves? "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

There is no security against the enormities of our race, which have so often disgraced the history of the world, but a restraining influence which sets bounds to human passions. The superior civilization, moderation, and justice, of modern times, is attributable to the benign influence of Christianity. The ancient republics were destitute of this power. Physical force was the arbiter of the right and the dispenser of justice. But now there is an element of moral power which more or less pervades all civilized nations, and which has its foundation in the Bible. No nation can disregard this law with impunity. If it be not embodied in any published code, yet it

is not the less powerful. It is written in the hearts and understandings of mankind. It shakes the thrones of despots, who, through a line of ancestry of many centuries, have governed with an absolute power.

To us, as a nation, we committed the great principles of free government, and we are responsible to those who shall come after us for a faithful discharge of the trust. Now, we must continue to build upon the foundation of our fathers. They were equal to the crisis. Washington, and Hancock, and Adams, and their compatriots, were good men as well as great men. They looked to a superintending Providence, and to the precepts of the Bible.

There is enough of intelligence and virtue, and of honest purpose, in the nation, if embodied and made active, to free us from the prevailing corruptions of the day. And there is no agency more efficient to strength on this state of the public mind than our Sabbath schools. They are the nurseries of virtue, of an elevated patriotism, and of religion.

And what nobler motive could impel to human action? Compare it with the motives which led to other lines of action, and with their results. The aspiration of a mere politician begins and ends in himself. The selfish (if benefits these may be called) conferred on his supporters, have no higher motive than this. The same remark will apply to many who are engaged in the pursuits of commerce or in the prosecution of enterprises which ordinarily lead to the accumulation of individual and national wealth. They may become great in this respect, and advance the wealth of their country, without being exemplary themselves, or increasing the public virtue. And so of professional men. How empty is the bubble which extames the brow of the orator in the Senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, whose heart is not full of the kindly feelings of humanity, and who does not endeavor to mitigate the sufferings and increase the happiness of his race!

If we desire to make our nation truly great, and transmit to posterity our institutions in their primitive simplicity and force, we must imbue the minds of our youth with pure and an elevated morality, which shall influence their whole lives. And I know of no means so well calculated to produce this result as Sabbath schools.

I regret that my public duties will prevent my being present at your annual meeting. With the greatest respect, I am dear sir, faithfully yours, JOHN M'LEAN.

From the Burlington Gazette.

Our Old House at Home.

Do you remember long ago, Willie? The days when we were young, How we romped from morn to night, Until our old house rung! Those days were precious days, Willie, The skies seemed ever clear, We ate our bread and butter then, Nor dreamed of better cheer.

Do you recollect the thick stale bread, And the butter scraped thereon? How we held it slanting towards the light, Hoping the butter shone! And all the little birth-day feasts, Our darling mother gave, To our noisy elves she doted on, And would have died to save!

Do you forget that dear old home, With not an inch of yard? Do you forget our ancient haunts? For me it would be hard! The cellar, garret, passage, The play-room and the ledge—O! which we made our garden-ground And sowed our mustard seed!

They all are present to my mind, With them my thoughts I fill, Then dream of them, and wake to find "Tis but a phantom still; I dream, too, of a little band Once clustered round our fire, Of blushing girls—our brilliant boy, The image of his sire.

Alas! the chain is broken now, 'Tis covered o'er with rust—Our cherished link has long been lost, Mangled with foreign dust, We've traversed many lands, Willie, That tropic suns have burned, And in life's weary pilgrimage Some worldly wisdom learned.

But never let us cease to love That dear old parent hearth, Nor forget the "pleasant memories" Of the house that gave us birth, The proud man's scull, the cold world's scorn, Give no enduring pain, We only closer draw the links Of our poor, broken chain!

We regret to learn that the Rev. Henry Coleman, of Massachusetts, died at Islington, near London, on the 17th of August. He had taken passage in the Gale dovia, and was to have sailed for home on the 18th. Mr. Coleman was a man of fine attainments, and the author of "Familiar Letters from Europe," and of many well-known contributions to the agricultural literature of the country.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

"The school ma'am's coming! the school ma'am's coming!" shouted a dozen voices, at the close of half an hour's faithful watching to catch a glimpse of our teacher. Every eye was turned towards her, with the most scrutinizing glance, for the children as well as others always form an opinion of a person, particularly of their teachers, at first sight.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one. "Oh, I ain't afraid of her, nor a dozen like her," cried the big boy of the school. "Nor I either," cried the big boy's ally. "I could lick her easy enough, couldn't you, Tom?"

"Yes, and I will too, if she goes to touch me." "Hush!" cried one of the girls. "she will hear you." By this time she had nearly reached the door, round which we were clustered, and every eye was fixed upon her face with an eager, yet half bashful gaze, uncertain, as yet, what verdict to pronounce upon her.

"Good morning, children," she said, in the kindest voice in the world, while her face was lighted with the sweetest smile imaginable. "This is a beautiful morning to commence school, is it not?"

"I know I shall love her," whispered a little pet in my ear. We all followed her into the school room, except Tom Jones and his ally, who waited until the rest were seated, and then came in with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of dare-devil, saucy look, as much as to say, Who cares for you?

Miss Westcott looked at them kindly, but appeared not to notice them farther. After a short prayer and reading a chapter in the Bible, she passed round the room, and made some inquiry of each one in regard to themselves and their studies.

"And what is your name?" she asked, laying her hand on Tom's head, while he sat with his hand in his pockets, swinging his feet backwards and forwards.

"Tom Jones," shouted he, at the top of his voice.

"How old are you, Thomas?" she asked. "Just as old again as half," answered Tom with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study, Thomas?"

"Nothing."

"What books have you?"

"None."

Without appearing at all disturbed by his reply, Miss Westcott said, "I am glad I am to have one or two large boys in my school; you can be of great assistance to me, Thomas, and if you will stop a few minutes after school, this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan I have formed."

This was a mystery to all, and particularly Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be useful to any one, and for the first time in his life he felt that he was of some importance in the world. He had had no home training; no one had ever told him he could be of any use or do any good in the world. No one loved him, and of course he loved no one, but was one of those who believed he had got to bulge his way through the world. He had always been called the "bad boy" at school, and he took a sort of pride and pleasure in being fared by the children and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Westcott at once comprehended his whole character, and began to shape her plans accordingly. She maintained that a boy who at twelve years old made himself feared among his school-fellows, was capable of being made something of. Herebefore all influences had conspired to make him bad, and perhaps a desperate character; she was determined to transform his character by bringing opposite influences to work upon him, and to effect this, she must gain his confidence, which could be done in no better way than by making him feel that she placed confidence in him. When school was out, more than half the scholars lingered about the door wondering what Miss Westcott could be going to say to Tom Jones. He had often been bid to remain after school, but it was always to receive a punishment or severe lecture, and nine times out of ten he would jump out of the window before half of the scholars were out of the room; but it was evidently for a different purpose that he was to remain now, and no one wondered more what it could be than Tom himself.

"Don't you think, Thomas, that our school-room would be a great deal pleasanter if we had some evergreens to hang around it? something to make it look cheerful?" inquired Miss Westcott.

"Well, Thomas, if you will have some here by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here to help you put them up, and we will give the children a pleasant surprise; and here are some books I will give you, Thomas; you may put them in your drawer; they are what I want you to study."

"But I can't study geography and history," exclaimed Tom, confused. "I never did."

"That is the reason why you think you can not," replied Miss Westcott. "I am quite sure you can, and you will love them I know."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned anything or not, before," said Tom, with some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with earnestness, "you are capable of becoming a great and good man; you are now forming your character for life, and it depends upon yourself, what you become. The poorest boy in this country has an equal chance with the wealthiest, and his circumstances are more favorable for becoming eminent, for he learns to depend upon himself. I will assist you all I can in your studies, Thomas, and I know you will succeed; remember that I am your friend, and come to me in every difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up, he had come up, because he had been born into the world and couldn't help it; but as for any mental or moral training, he was as guileless of it as a wild bramble bush of a pruning knife. His father was an intemperate, bad man, and his mother was a totally inefficient woman. At home he received nothing but blows, and abroad nothing but abuse. His bad passions were therefore all excited and fostered, and his good ones never called out. He always expected that his teachers would hate him; so he whetted anew his combative powers to oppose them, and he had made up his mind to turn the "new school-ma'am" out of doors. When, therefore, Miss Westcott declared that she was glad to have him in her school, he was amazed; and that she should manifest an interest for him, and give him a set of new books, was perfectly incomprehensible to him.

Miss Westcott understood his position and character, and determined to modify them. She felt that he was equally capable of good and bad actions, though the bad now predominated. She knew that his active mind must be busy; one might as soon think of chaining the lightning as binding down by force that wild spirit to his books. She would give him employment, but such as would call out a new set of ideas and thoughts. He must feel that he was doing good for others' sake, and that he was not guided alone by his own wayward will, and yet there must be no appearance of restraint upon him; he must choose to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a new feeling in his breast; for the first time in his life he felt that he was capable of rising above his present condition, and becoming something greater and better than he then was. His mind became undated with new and strange emotions, and like a mighty river turned from its course, his thoughts and energies from that hour sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the dawn, and when Miss Westcott arrived at the school-house she found Tom there with his evergreens.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said, kindly, "and so you are here before me; you must have risen early, and you have found some beautiful evergreens; and now if you will help me hang them, we will have the room well arranged by nine o'clock."

"I have brought a hammer and some nails," said Tom, "I thought we should need some."

"Yes, so will, I am glad you thought of them," replied Miss Westcott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see Tom Jones actually studying his book, and to hear him answer several questions correctly, and they were still more confounded when at recess Miss Westcott said, "Thomas, you will take care of the little children, will you not, and see that they do not get hurt? you must be their protector." One would have as soon thought of setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Tom Jones to take care of the little children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I never saw such a school ma'am before in all the days of my life; did you, Tom?"

"No," replied Tom, "but I wish I had, and I would have been a different boy from what I am now; but I am going to

study now, and learn something: Miss Westcott says I can; I am determined to try."

It was astonishing to observe the effect that Miss Westcott's treatment of Tom had upon the scholars; they began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him, which they manifested first by dropping the nick-name Tom, and substituting Tommy, which revealed certainly a more kindly feeling towards him.

In less than a week, Miss Westcott had her school completely under her control; yet it was by love and respect that she governed, and not by an iron rule; she moved among her scholars a very queen, and yet she so gained their confidence and esteem, that it did not seem to them submission to another's will, but the promptings of their own desire to please. One glance of her dark eye would have quelled an insurrection, and one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Westcott taught school with a realization of the responsibilities resting upon her, and she bent her energies to fulfill them. Carefully and skillfully she unlocked the soul's door, and gave a searching glance within, in order to understand its capacities and capabilities, and then shaped her course accordingly. The desponding and inactive she encouraged; the obstinate she subdued; to the yielding and fickle she taught a strong self-reliance. She encouraged the one rain drop to all the good it could, and the rushing torrent she turned where it would fertilize, rather than destroy and devastate.

There are in every school some dormant energies, which, if roused, might shake the world. There are emotions and passions, which, if let loose, will, like the lightning of heaven, scatter ruin and blight, but if controlled, may, like that element, become the messengers of thought to the world. In that head that you call dull, may lie slumbering passions like some pent-up volcano, which, if closed, and see if there do not break forth flames which your own hand can not stop. Put the man and pilot to that wayward mind which floats at the mercy of wind and wave in the wide sea of thought, and you will see it bearing its course beautifully upon the waters, and anchoring at last in quiet haven, laden with the riches of the earth. Call out the train bands of thought that lie lurking under the benches of the school-room, arm and equip them for action, and give yourself the word of command, and lead on, and see if there be not vigor enough to scale those fortresses of knowledge which now rise like dark mountains before them. There is not a school-room where there is not energy and vigor and thought enough, if developed and directed, to revolutionize the world. There are geniuses which burst forth like a spring from the mountain, and there are also streams as beautiful and pure, far, far down in the earth, which will flow on for ever in their darkened course, unless some excavating hand digs away the heaped piles of earth above them, and then there gushes up an unfailing well of pure and sparkling waters. The sculptor may form from the block of marble before him, either angel or devil; so the soul may be made either a seraph's home or a demon's haunt; and the teacher, who fashions the abode, and beckons thither the visitant?

I have seen a father mourn over his be-sotted son, when his own hand pressed first to his child's lips the hellish draught that sets his soul on fire. I have seen a poor lone mother weep as if her heart would break, over her ruined idols. Yet that mother's smile beamed first upon the coming footsteps of the destroyer, and her voice warned not her child of danger. In that day, when God shall bring every thing into judgment, will not the curses which rung so fearfully in the offender's ears in this world, roll back with crushing weight upon those who fulfilled not their responsibilities to them while young? Who knows that every murderer might not have been a minister of mercy to wretched thousands? He was not born a murderer; that sweet blue eye had no fiendish glare, as its baby face rested upon its mother's bosom—that little hand bore no stain of blood as it clasped them in childish glee. No, her remembrance that earnest eye which mirrors their own glance so lovingly, will ever reflect the light thou givest it. A skilful farmer first prepares the ground, and then plants such seed as is adapted to the soil; and shall we be less careful to make a fit dwelling place for the "thoughts of immortal mould," that spring up in the soul? and shall we not care and know what seed is

sown in those immortal minds which are hereafter to be judged by their fruits? The sower in the parable sowed good seed; but that only which fell upon good ground bore fruit: had the thorns been rooted out, and the soil enriched, would not the other fields have yielded a harvest also?

I have seen a teacher making his entrance into a school room by reading a list of rules, of two or three feet in length. "You must do this—you must do that," without a single remark of propriety or impropriety, the why and wherefore of the thing, but only "you must do it." You might as well expect to cure a man of stealing by pelting him with Bibles. The truth certainly lies hard enough—and so would stones; let a man feel the beauty as well as the violence of the law, and he will be quite as apt to profit by it.

Julia Westcott understood human nature. She made it her study, as every teacher ought to do. She rooted out error and prejudice from the minds of her pupils, showed them the evil of sin and the beauty of virtue, the advantages of education, and the consequences of ignorance; taught them their own capabilities, and adapted her instructions to their capacities and necessities. And thus she went on, year after year, scattering good seed into good ground, and she has reaped an abundant harvest.

From many a happy home and high place comes a blessing upon her, and there is no one who breathes her name with greater reverence, or remembers her with more grateful affection, than "Tom Jones," who has filled, with eminent abilities, one of the highest judicial offices in the Union, and who freely acknowledges that he owes his present character and position entirely to her treatment and exertions.

Truly, "he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Hungary Crushed.

We draw our breath heavily, (says the Lancaster Union & Tribune) as we write these melancholy words. Our hearts have been with the brave Magyars through all their terrible and unequal struggles; but at the same time our fears have gone hand in hand with our hopes. It seemed indeed as if the God of Battles must take sides with Kossuth and his heroic band. It seemed indeed as if the arm of the Almighty would have been made bare in his defence; and that the enemies of Liberty would have been arrested in their unholy work, by some miraculous interposition of Heaven. But the time is not yet. An all-wise and far seeing Providence has willed that it shall be delayed for a season. The dear blessing of Freedom, for which the brave Hungarians fought and prayed, can not be had without a still dearer sacrifice.

The contest between Republicanism and Despotism in Europe has but begun; and the poor orphans of Liberty must make up their minds to "bide their time," cheering themselves in the midst of their despair, with the glorious recollection that

"Freedom's battle, once begun, Bequeathed from blessing sire to son, Though baffled oft, is always won."

Heavy Verdict against a Clergyman.—Rev. Alexander Campbell, President of Bethany (Va.) College, has recovered \$10,000 of Rev. James Robinson, of Scotland, Mr. Campbell on a tour through Scotland, in 1847, was arrested and imprisoned in Edinburgh, through the agency of the Rev. James Robinson; for having, while discoursing on the subject of slavery, uttered sentiments obnoxious to that gentleman. Some of his friends instituted a suit against Mr. R. This suit has recently terminated, and the result is a decree of the Lords of Council and Session in favor of Mr. Campbell for two thousand pounds sterling.

The Louisville Courier learns from reliable authority, that the Hon. J. G. Marshall, of Madison, declines the appointment of Governor of Oregon, recently tendered him by the President. A fat office refused—what a wonder!

OSCAR, King of Sweden, has turned tax-totaller, and is sending teetotal missionaries throughout his country to show the blessings of temperance.

The New York Evening Post computes the number of slaveholders in the United States at one hundred thousand.

It is reported that Chief Justice Hallbarton, (the author of "Sam Slick,") intends to retire from public life, shortly, on a pension.

Religion is the best armor that any man can have, but the very worst of cloaks.