

LEWISBURG 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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O. N. WORDEN, Publisher.

THE CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

The following was the vote For and Against a Poor House for Union Co.:

	For.	Against.
New Berlin	67	26
Hartley	205	61
West Buffalo	110	24
Lewisburg	151	60
Millburg	39	86
Union	89	91
Limestone	17	110
Buffalo	7	201
East Buffalo	28	92
Kelly	1	136
Penna	69	319
West Beaver	41	105
Middlecreek	1	118
Centre	23	161
Perry	3	189
Chapman	14	139
Centerville	6	81
Beaver	35	161
White Deer	5	177
Washington	8	191
	910	2537

1827 majority Against. This is the second time, we are informed, the Poor House policy has been voted against by Union county, while nearly if not quite all the older counties approve of and adhere to it. Thus Westmoreland county at the recent election voted for a Poor House—2416 to 1448—1868 majority in favor.

The "Banner," the Free Soil paper in Tigua county, since election laments its support of Mr. Gamble most bitterly, upon finding that Mr. Gamble's Free Soil letter was not published in the "Jersey Shore Republican," (at Mr. Gamble's home,) nor in the Case papers generally.

A few days before election, a letter was published in Wyoming county, from Mr. Gamble, knowing himself in favor of the North Branch Canal policy. This avowal was not in time to be circulated in the Anti-Improvement counties, where Mr. Fuller's known friendship for that work was used against him.

Notwithstanding these "artful dodges" of Mr. Gamble or his friends—or both—Mr. Fuller made the greatest gains in his own region. For in the North Branch counties of Bradford, Susquehanna, Wyoming, Luzerne and Columbia, Mr. Fuller reduced Longstreth's majority 1305

In the West Branch counties of Center, Clearfield, Clinton, Tyrone, Northumberland and Union, Mr. Gamble gained on Longstreth 788

Fuller's net gain 627

The following communication from a Wyoming paper refers to a point we deem not only compatible with but essential to the true theory of Republican representation. Under our Constitution, counties can not be divided for Senators, but we see no prohibition of a Single District System in the election of State Representatives.

single Districts.

The election having passed off and the minds of the people settled into quietness, would it not be well to bring before them for their approval or disapproval some of the measures that will be before our law makers at the next session of the Legislature. One measure in which all are interested, is the dividing of the State for Members and Senators. What think you of the single District system? Congress has adopted it, and now each Member is elected separately; formerly, they were elected in some of the States by General Ticket and the minority had no representation from States where the General Ticket system prevailed. New York has adopted the Single District system in her State Legislature, and as far we hear no complaint, but it works well. In some large counties in our own State they elect three, four and five Members, the minority, although respects

ble in their numbers, have no representation at all; whereas, if the county was divided into single districts, each party would probably be represented.

The New York Tribune notices a Lewisburgian who spoke at a recent Democratic Ratification Meeting at Tammany Hall, in the following terms:

"Edis Schnable, Esq. of Philadelphia, being present, was invited to the stand and made the ablest speech of the evening, in the course of which he denounced a Protective Tariff in much stronger terms than he probably would have employed in an address before an audience in his own State, unless he is man of more courage than the Loco-Foco politicians of Pennsylvania generally possess."

[The following, pronounced before the "Philomathean Society," appears by our request.]

OUR COUNTRY AS IT IS.

It is a source of gratification to those participating in celebrations, to revert to the event commemorated. This is especially the case if that event be in itself noble and great, or stand as the representative of what is worthy of admiration. It is still more gratifying, if a salutary influence has gone forth from it to mankind; and most of all is it so, if the very individuals celebrating an event, can recognize in it the fountain of their richest blessings.

It must be gratifying to all Americans, to commemorate the event which has rendered the Fourth of July so justly celebrated—to do honor to the day as the birth day of American liberty, and to do honor to the document which they claim as the Charter of that liberty. In the Declaration of Independence, we discover principles the most noble, put forth by spirits the most magnanimous, at a time most trying. From its adoption a long train of benefits to us and to all the world. To it we can trace, not only our much cherished civil prerogatives, but the proper enjoyment of our numerous natural advantages.

When we take a view of our country as it is, overflowing with advantages both natural and civil, what American heart does not leap for joy that the Fourth of July was ever rendered famous by a deed, fraught with so much of good to the world, and especially to us? It is true our natural advantages might have existed, had liberty never been secured; but of what avail would they have been, without liberty? Our climate might have been as favorable as it is; our breezes might have been as pure and exhilarating; our rivers might have watered as wide and fertile valleys as they do; our country might have extended as far and as wide as it does; yet all would have been in vain had not liberty shed its influence here. There are countries as noted for natural advantages as ours, yet their inhabitants pine and groan, and why? Tyranny has taken the place of freedom. Liberty is not there. Ancient poets have sung of the land of their birth in many a poetic, but fictitious strain. But when their glowing pictures are applied to our land, they become reality. We may turn over the pages that record the noblest deeds of the greatest men of the past, and trace the lines that portray in fairest colors their beauties and glories, yet they lose their lustre when compared with the page that records what has transpired in our country.

In our day, every breeze that comes to us from foreign shores brings us glowing expressions of the resources of other lands, yet every such expression brings with it a practical proof of its falsity—it brings us those who are gladly exchanging their boasted lands for ours. Every wave that breaks upon our shores waits to us those who have left the land of their birth, the endowments and attachments of home, and the graves of their sires, in addition to all their boasted national advantages, to find a home with us. To one glancing at all the nations of the earth, our country would seem like one grand rallying point, to which the oppressed of every land are urging their way. It would appear as if the wished for spot towards which they are casting their longing eyes. Every groan that is uttered beneath the arm of oppression, is followed by a sigh for the liberties of America. Every wish of the oppressed for liberty, looks to America as the agent of its realization, if it is ever to be realized. As soon as those in bonds see their letters, they long for America. As soon as they tread our soil, their fetters fall. Here, no tyrant sways his scepter. No imbecile hereditary monarch holds sway. No lordlings trample their fellow-men beneath their feet, and wrest their rights from the hands of the oppressed. No privileged classes are here recognized. That favor-

ite motto of Americans, all men are created free and equal, is here cherished and carried into practice. This our fore-fathers proclaimed. For this they fought. With this they triumphed. Of this are Americans proud. Through this, all enjoy the same liberty—liberty in its best sense—the privilege of doing right, and protection in so doing. Its favors descend like the dews of heaven alike upon the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant.

But this is not all. It is not of liberty alone that the American bard can sing. Ours is a country that can boast of its vast and valuable extent, as well as of its free institutions. It stretches from the busy, bustling shores of the Atlantic, to the shores of the great Western ocean. Its mineral-founded mountains extend their lofty summits from one extremity of our land to the other. Its majestic rivers roll their crystal waters from many a retired fountain to the far distant ocean. Its well cultivated fields, its luxuriant harvests, and its foliage-covered forests, tell of its fertility. At the same time it is the home of a people as peculiarly great as the country they occupy, or the institutions under which they live. They are composed of those from every land under heaven, living in perfect harmony. Through the adaptation of our soil and climate, all are fully supplied. Through the fitness of our laws to human government and the protection of human rights, our entire population pursue their respective occupations without molesting or being molested. Their enterprise has subdued the forests of our land and rendered a vast wilderness the labor-repaying home of a happy people; so that our country is emphatically the granary of the world, from which the starving millions of other countries have been fed.

Nor are the forests that have fallen and the beasts of prey that have retreated before our hardy pioneers, and fruitful fields, the only monuments of American industry. The results of our people's labor burden the extended train that follows, the puffing locomotive over its iron road, constructed where a few years since scarcely an Indian's path was seen; or they laide the mighty steamboat upon our rivers, where but a few years ago no water-craft floated except the Indian's canoe.

While our people are thus actively engaged in carrying forward these objects, they are not neglecting their nobler duty—the cultivation of their minds and hearts. Here efforts are put forth on the most extensive scale for intellectual improvement. In every village, at every turn of our highways, wherever a few of our rising youth can be collected, a place is prepared where all can secure at least a good practical education. In those, many of the noblest men of our age received their first impressions, had their first aspirations after knowledge, and made their first resolutions to arise to greatness. Our country, too, is well supplied with the higher educational institutions. From these have gone forth those who have stood in the highest halls of legislation in our land, and have gone as the respected ambassadors to the highest courts of every nation on earth. These have sent forth the heralds of salvation, who have proclaimed the glad tidings of great joy to all people. In these thousands are now preparing for posts of honor and usefulness.

Yet what towers far above, and far outshines, all other beauties and advantages of our country, remains to be told. The most important part is the influence of our country, and the privileges given us respect to it. Nowhere is such freedom of opinion allowed, and nowhere are the truths of Divine Revelation so generally and correctly known. Every week our hills and valleys resound with the chiming of bells calling our people to the courts of the Lord; and as often are the paths that lead to our numerous places of worship, thronged with multitudes wedding their way thither. Almost continually are the tone of Zion's watchmen sounding in their ears, and pressing upon their minds and consciences the truths of the Gospel, while in almost every dwelling are some who have given heed to the warning voice and have their hopes fixed on a goodly land that is afar off.

Nor are the efforts of the friends of Christianity confined to our own land. We have messengers of salvation in lands far remote. While we have reason to be proud of the heroes who have raised the standard of Liberty on our own soil, and defended it at the peril of their lives, we have greater reason to be proud of the noble heroes who have planted the standard of the Cross on foreign shores, amid Pagan

temples, at the peril of their lives. While we look with pride upon the graves of those champions who felt fighting for the principles of human liberty, we can with still greater pride look upon the graves of those who fell in other lands maintaining the principles of the Gospel under the banners of King Emmanuel.

Looking then, to our country as it is, who is not grateful that his lot is cast in America? But that gratitude must be increased, when our present condition is contrasted with the times connected with the event we celebrate. Then, we were a few feeble colonies, scattered along the Atlantic coast; now, our population extends from ocean to ocean. Then, nearly every nation of the earth viewed us as rebels; now, our nationality is acknowledged and respected by every power upon earth. Then, the forces of the mistress of the world were drawn out in hostile array against us; now, no hostile foot as such dare tread our soil. Then, the shriek of the terrified mother and expiring infant arose from many a fire-side invaded by the merciless savage; now, songs of praise arise from the undisturbed family altar. Then, there were treachery and distrust on the part of a large portion of our people; now, there are confidence and harmony on the part of all. Then, our system of government had to be tried as an experiment; now, after being fully tried, it stands as the model of human government for the world.

Since, then, the days of darkness and difficulty have passed away, since wherever the eye is turned we behold objects which are the honor and the glory of any nation, who does not rejoice that he is an inhabitant of this heaven-favored land? For heaven-favored it is. No one can view our country in the scenes through which it has passed, and view it as it is, without recognizing the hand of an over-ruling Providence. The mighty power of Israel's God appears ever to have been on the side of our people. When the Israelites groined in Egyptian bondage, the mighty God, with a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night guided them to the promised land. When our forefathers groined in European bondage, the spirit of God guided them to this land as a place of freedom from oppression. When the Israelites in battling with their enemies depended upon God, victory was on their side. When our forefathers, in struggling for liberty, depended upon God, they conquered. The Israelites trusted in Him, and possessed a land flowing with milk and honey. Our forefathers trusted in Him also, and we rejoice in possessing a land overflowing with the beauties and bounties of a beneficent Creator. Through His guidance and protection, we as a nation have been prosperously conducted thus far, and we can safely depend upon our national prosperity being continued as long and only as long as Israel's God is our God, and we are His people.

Lewisburg University, July 4, 1849.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

VI. Lycoming County.

In a hot summer's day, there are few more pleasant trips—for once or twice at least—than down Lycoming creek. Starting on the dividing ridge between that and the Towanda, you find on either hand for many miles tall, craggy hills, and mountains, clothed and crowned with the most refreshing green. Crossing and recrossing your path in the wild, cool stream, yet living with the sunny hills, which with deer from the adjacent hill sides, furnish most delicious repasts for the city denizens and tired country tradesmen and professionals who may be said "retreating" in almost every nook and corner of the valley.

The "towns" of Ralston and Astonville are very unimposing—except upon Maps, where they stand out like the names of forgotten men upon tomb-stones. If any change ever takes place here, these places must advance, for there is not enough of either to make any retrograde condition perceptible, except it be by erasing them from the Maps. You are aware that the Williamsport & Elmira Rail-Road took a brisk start from Williamsport several years ago, went on the good ahead principle 25 miles to Ralston, and then and thereabout took a nap. At present, the "arrivals" and "departures" of the "trains" hardly disturb the monotony of this quiet country. Steam is diminished from service, and the horse (or two when patronage warrants,) walking (or trotting if the convenience of one passenger or the hope of a small sum by "efficient inducement," induce a

conductor who has to stop every few rods to drive down "snake-heads"—his is the Williamsport & Elmira Rail-Road as it is. I must bear witness to the fact that on this trip the " motive power" was not a pair of mules discharged one by one at the horse by hand, but I am assured that this is the way speed is often accelerated on this famed road in this age of "progress." May the road soon see better days—for it has a very eligible and direct channel cut for it thus far, and almost as good a route opens for it through Canton, Troy, and down South Creek to busy, thriving Elmira.

Recently, a correspondent of the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, who had passed from Harrisburg up the West Branch, was struck with the important fact that when this road is completed (as it will be) a short branch between it and the Central Road on the Juniata is all that is required to complete a chain of uninterrupted railway connection of Washington, Baltimore and Harrisburg with Northern Pennsylvania and Western and Central New York, and that by a direct route, as your Maps will show, Baltimore and Harrisburg are almost united—say 60 miles from the Central Road to Williamsport, thence to Elmira, and so East and West wherever you choose. The extension of the Pottsville Road would benefit Philadelphia and the North Branch—but travel and trade for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, and further South and West, would all come on the lower route; and indeed it will be the easiest way from the West Branch to Philadelphia by Harrisburg and Lancaster. Have you not sufficient sagacity, enterprise, and capital on your side of the river to construct the short link yet required, which even to strangers seems so desirable, and so good an investment? Taking the best point at the Junction, and avoiding the bends opposite Northumberland and Muncy, the distance would be small. Nature has planned a route, which Art has nearly completed. Your interest in closing the work, is as great as that of any town or people on this bank of the river.

Williamsport is indeed a beautiful town, and has many advantages yours does not enjoy. The County and U. S. District Court held here for more than half a century, have given it much consequence, and almost cash. The roads and amount and conveniences of traveling are ten to one, here, over Lewisburg. Stopping with Mr. Kremer, of the "Eagle," we found excellent entertainment, annoyed only at night by the confusion and city-like din attendant upon the coming and going of stages and packet-boats. There are more elegant buildings here than in your town, but not as many substantial dwellings, the absence of contentment and competence. There seems at least as much general intelligence and public spirit among this people as any other. All acts and parties are with a praiseworthy ambition and enlarged common sense united in sustaining their prominent educational interest—the Dickinson College Seminary. The Village Academy was cordially granted it to make a beginning, and a large building for its use is contemplated; but at present (as too, too often the case is) the managers are at the sticking point—the collection of the pledged funds. But the money must come at last—and the Institution promises to be an increasing source of revenue and honor to Williamsport.

Singular as it may seem, the first Bridge over the Susquehanna opposite the old and large town of Williamsport, is now completed and passable. Leaving the river road a few miles below, and striking over the mountain through a Gap, you have many beautiful views of the river and the banks on the North and East—and you also contract an appetite for a huge breakfast.—But what a paradise for snakes must the summits of these bald, jagged mountains of rocks be, which we pass through over a well "piked" road! Scarcely a tree or shrub can coax a root or tender fibre down between these rocks, and how such a mass of horrid, hard, uninviting material could be thrown together, is indeed puzzling. There must have been an earthquake, long continued, which threw these rocks upmost, the fine and earthy particles settling upon the fertile valleys around. One landford on the Lycoming had a box of "liven live rattlers" among his other curiosities; and the people seemed to dread them no more than the common house or "streak-ed" snakes are dreaded in other places.—But not "snails" alone upon this rocky pass—deer, bears, and wolves must abound here. Indeed, we were entertained on our joint with

several narratives of large game yet lingering among the rough mountains of old Lycoming. A few days since, on this rocky person passing up the hill saw an animal on the way-side which he supposed to be one he was hunting, but on arousing it with voice and stone, a bear of no pleasing aspect returned his salute with a tone he did not relish, and happened to make his acquaintance. The hunter, unarmed, took to his heels, and being aided by the descending nature of the ground, which did not suit the bear's short forelegs, he soon lost the company of his uninvited friend. The morning we passed, bears or wolves had been marauding about a farm house, and the neighbors were out endeavoring to make reprisals.

Massachusetts.

The South land hath its fields of corn, The Prairie boasts its heavy grain, And unsex'd odors unfold On rising marts and sands of gold.

Rough, bleak and cold, our little State Is hard of soil, of limits straight; Her yellow sands are sands of stone, Her rocky mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn's frosts to April's rain Too long her Winter woods complain; From budding flower to falling leaf Her Summer time is all too brief.

But on her rocks, and on her sands, And stormy hills the school-house stands, And what her rugged soil denies, The harvest of the mind supplies.

The treasures of our Commonwealth Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health, And more to her than gold or grain, The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock— The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock; And still maintains, with milder laws And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Her deeds the skeptic's puny hands, Like near her School the Church-spire stands; Nor less the bulwark bigot's rule, While near her Church-spire stands the School! National Era.] J. G. WATKINS.

THANKSGIVING.

PENNSYLVANIA, &c. In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania: by WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

A beneficent God has blessed the people of this Commonwealth with health, and abundance. The fields have yielded bountiful returns to the husbandman. The enterprises of the citizens, in all branches of industry, have been appropriately rewarded. Peace with all nations, have been vouchsafed to the country. Civil and religious liberty, under the institutions of free government, have been preserved inviolate, and the largest measure of earthly happiness, has been graciously dispensed by an all-wise and merciful Providence.

These blessings demand our gratitude to Him who bestows them. It is the duty of the people, to unite in solemn thanksgiving—in humble supplication, and praise to the Almighty Author of every good and perfect gift, for these his undeserved blessings, to his weak and sinful creatures. They require the profound reverence of penitent hearts, sensible of the unworthiness of humanity, and of the enduring mercy of a righteous God.

Believing these solemn truths; deeply impressed with the duty of devout adoration, and humble prayer; in compliance with the venerated custom, and the desires of the great body of the people: I William F. Johnston, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint and designate Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of general Thanksgiving, throughout the State; and I hereby recommend and earnestly invite all the good people of this Commonwealth to a sincere and prayerful observance of the same.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, and of the Commonwealth the seventy-fourth.

By the Governor: TOWNSEND HAINES, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Encourage each Other.

Mr. Editor: I noticed in a late number of the "Democrat," a short extract from some contemporary journal, under the caption, "Support your Mechanics." The article called up the following train of

thoughts; which, if you think proper, you may lay before your readers.

Man, as a creature, is indebted to the Creator for his existence, and for the innumerable ministers to his happiness. On this is predicated his duty to God. As an individual being, he has an individual destiny to work out. On this is predicated his duty to himself. Besides this, man is a social being, and out of his sociability grows his duty to his fellow man.

At the very beginning of human existence, God saw it was not good for man to be alone. The social principle was planted in his very nature; and in obedience to its dictates, the different members of the family of man have ever manifested a disposition to congregate. Hence the different varieties and grades of congregated human beings—rising in regular gradations from the first and most sacred of social compacts, the family, to the mightiest kingdoms and empires.

In each of these social organizations, man sacrifices more or less of his individuality. The interest of the individual is swallowed up in the interest of the social compact. Yet, in this, it is not designed that any one should be the loser, for while the principle of sociality makes it the duty of each to communicate, in order to promote the public good, it provides that this public good shall be mutually enjoyed by those who unite to promote it.

Hence the husband can not make his individual self the "all in all," and, acting upon the selfish principle, attempt to promote his own happiness at the expense of that of his wife. Neither can the wife pursue such a course. Their duties, responsibilities, and enjoyments are alike mutual and reciprocal.

Thus do individual persons sacrifice, in a measure, their individual interests, to promote the interest of the family, when they enter into such a relationship. And when individual families unite in the formation of larger congregations of human beings, the same consequences must necessarily follow.

A family consists of two or more persons whose interests are one; and whose duty, therefore, is mutually to contribute to the happiness of each. A town or neighborhood consists of several of these families, living in contiguity; and whose interests, therefore, are, in a great extent, one. Hence the duty is plain—they should mutually encourage each other. This same principle is applicable, also, when several of these congregations of families are incorporated into a body politic, and subjected to mutual regulations.

Acting upon this principle, the citizens of the town will, as far as practicable, prize his own Mechanic, Merchant, Physician, Lawyer, and neighboring Farmer. He who acts upon a different principle, violates one of the fundamental principles of the philosophy of human existence. He forgets the sociability of his nature, and becomes essentially selfish in character. The general fund of enjoyment is not increased, or is increased very sparingly, by his contributions. It would be well for the public if an eye were kept on such characters, so that their draughts upon the "general fund" should not exceed their contributions. Then these narrow, contracted, selfish souls, might have the full bliss of "enjoying—THEMSELVES."

Lock Haven. Ed.

Tribute to Bunyan.

He was the poet's gifted soul, Though learning was denied; But genius soared above his want, With all its grace and pride.

Those spirit stirring strains of his, Were gushings of the soul, Whose influence ever more will live, As future ages roll.

His progress, like a living light, The realms of earth explores, To aid the weary pilgrims on, Toward the heavenly shores.

He dwells within the peery gates, Among the seraphim now; The "shining ones" a halcyon crown Have placed upon his brow.

He tones a golden lyre among The "white robes" angel band; Where genius, through eternity, In glory will expand.

Singular Case.—The Cumberland (Md.) Alleghanian states that on Wednesday last, an Irishman, who resides near Lonahe hng, threw from his stomach a living snake, five or six inches in length. For several years past he has been in delicate health, and lately utterly subsided almost wholly upon milk. On Wednesday, at the earnest persuasion of several of his countrymen, he was induced to drink with them. Directly after swallowing the liquor, he was seized with vomiting and threw up the snake.