

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

WEST BRANCH FARMER.

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

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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The following is a very handsome supplement to "The Bell"—one of the last and most remarkable poems of the late Edgar A. Poe. We copy from M'Kain's Model Art. Courier.

The Sabbath Bells.

Hear the holy Sabbath bells—
Sacred bells!
Oh, what a world of peaceful rest
Their melody foretells!
How sweetly at the dawning
Of a summer Sabbath morning
Sounds the rhyming
And the chiming of the bells!
How they peal out their delight
At the happy, happy sight
Of the villagers in motion
To the place of their devotion.
What emotions fill the breast
At the ringing!
And the singing!
And the solemn organ, blending
With the fervent prayer ascending
To the God who made the Sabbath for the weary
Pilgrim's rest!
What joy, what pain the bosom swells,
As fondly reminiscence dwells
O'er the happy hours of childhood, when we heard
Those village bells!
O'er the rhyming
And the chiming
Of the bells!
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
O'er the rich, melodious chiming of those holy
Sabbath bells!
H. S. N. WALKER.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
JAMES MASON,
on Accidents and Faults.

One of the most difficult tasks for a parent to discharge aright in the management of his children, is to proportion the punishments he is sometimes obliged to inflict, to the magnitude of the offence. The spirit and temper in which a thing is done, should be considered more than the amount of mischief that has been the result. We should distinguish between what is done from vindictive passion, and what has happened through carelessness. The following incident, which occurred in our neighborhood not very long ago, may serve to illustrate these remarks. When first it was told to me, it was with the comment, "I always knew he was a bad boy; he has a most violent temper, but I never could have believed he would be so wicked as to hurt his own brother." Both boys came regularly to my class in the Sunday school, and walked four miles to attend it. I hastened to their house to hear from their mother's own lips the particulars. Had she joined in the censures cast upon her son, he would probably have left his home; his heart would have been hardened by a sense of injustice done him, and he would have withdrawn from every influence calculated to lead him back to better feelings.—But I anticipate my narrative.

It was a hot day in August, the reapers had been toiling in the fields through the sultry hours (for no farmer complains of the heat during harvest); in the house the "women folk" were nearly as busy as the men, making preparation for the hands, or rather for the mouths that three times a day were assembled around the board. On this day they were more than usually hurried with their work, for there were sundry symptoms of rain. There had been no dew on the grass, and the sun had risen at once clear and bright in a cloudless sky that morning, instead of struggling through mists and vapor. There was also a stillness in the air, which presaged a storm. The consequence of all this was, that instead of returning to supper, the men desired Mrs. Mason to send them out a four o'clock piece in the field, and they would eat under the trees to save time. Mrs. Mason possessed that rare treasure to a western farmer, a large family of boys. The eldest was able to manage the saddle-scythe, and was out all day in the field; the next two were big enough to be very useful with their rakes. These came to the house at the appointed time for the provisions. Mrs. Mason soon sent them off again—Robert with a heavy basket well filled with bread, cold meat, cheese, and pies; James with a large can of hot coffee, and a tin cup.

Her work was now nearly over for the

day; the bread was in the skillets only needing to be attended to from time to time, and the careful mother took her knitting and sat down near the open window, from which she could overlook her three young-est boys at play in the yard. Occasionally she called to them when they were getting into mischief, or joined in their laugh at some famous tumble or well-contested race.

The sun was setting; the men began to leave their work, and the wagon horses, with their gears hanging loose, came trotting down to the water trough to drink. The younger children were called in to be put to bed. This is always a pleasant time for the mother, unless she be very cross and impatient. The window was shut, but the sound of laughter and of merry voices could be distinctly heard outside—so distinctly, indeed, that it was long before a plaintive voice calling "Mother! Mother!" could make itself heard.

"Hush! children," said the mother at last, as the sound caught her ear; "I hear some one call."
They were silenced, and again the cry "Mother! Mother!" called loudly, almost wildly, made her start.
"It is your brother James. There, Johnny, lie still, while mother goes to the door. Why do n't you come in, James?"

She ran out with a misgiving at her heart that something had gone wrong. "What is it? what has happened? you scare me!"

But James could not answer. His face and lips were white as ashes, and he trembled so that he could scarcely stand.
"What is it, sonny?" said the mother, tenderly, "are you sick?"
"No, no," said the poor boy, recovering breath as he heard the sound of feet approaching, "it is Robert; I have hurt him; he is all bleeding. But I did not go to do it, mother, indeed I did not."
"Where is he hurt? where is he, now?"
"Here, let me pass you, mother, they are bringing him in;" and he rushed past her, up the steep stairs to the little low room under the roof, where he and his brother always slept.

It was indeed a fearful sight for the mother to see, when her son was carried into the house, fainting from loss of blood, and a large gash in his leg very imperfectly bound up. To lay him on the bed, to throw water in his face, to send off the eldest boy for the doctor, was the work of a few minutes.

The way in which the accident happened was soon told. The men had thrown down their cradles near the barn, the boys took them up, James swept around the dangerous instrument in his inexperienced hand; in a moment, even while the laugh at his prowess was on his lips, he saw his brother stretched bleeding on the grass. His cries for help brought the men to the spot. The father arrived first; he held up his poor boy while another bound up the wound, and then they bore him to the house.

They passed a weary hour while waiting for the doctor, for it was five miles to the nearest town. At length he came. Dressing the wound was a very painful operation. The little ones, whose bed was in the same room, hid their eyes, and tried to smother their sobs, when they heard poor brother groan. The good mother nerved herself to bear it all. She held the basin of warm water, and prepared the bandage, and spoke soothing words.

At length, it was done. A healing ointment had been applied, and the doctor gave him a composing draught to allay fever and procure sleep. Then the mother slipped out of the room. She had controlled herself long, but she felt her strength giving way, and going into a dark room on the other side of the passage, she threw herself on her knees and burst into tears.

She had given way but a few moments to her sobs, when she suddenly checked herself, and saying "My poor James!" she groped her way up-stairs, and sat down by his bed.
Poor James! yes, he deserved pity more than the sufferer in the room below, for his was mental agony, the torture of self-reproach. He had been leaning over the stairs while the doctor was in the house, and every groan had fallen like a dead weight upon his heart. It was long before his mother's gentle voice could rouse him from the sullen stupor into which he had fallen. She told him his brother was better, that he was going to sleep. At length he said, "You must all hate me; I shall be ashamed to show my face again; I shall run away."

Long and earnestly did the mother comfort this spirit in her son; she told him po-

one would blame him for the deed, and asked him how he would have felt towards Robert, had the cradle in Robert's hand hurt him.
"I wish it had," was his reply.

His mother showed him this was a selfish wish; it was wishing his brother to bear the larger share of misery. She remained for hours with her son, till his heart was completely softened down, and as the day dawned she led him to see his brother and to bend over and kiss him as he slept.

After this, it was James' greatest comfort to wait on his brother, and to invent ways of amusing him. Robert was confined for a long time to his bed, and when he did move about, it was on crutches. This would have been punishment enough for James to bear, but he had also much to suffer from the unkindness of his school-fellows. They avoided him, and pretended to be afraid of him. Many of them were warned by their parents not to associate with that passionate boy.

Again and again James thought of his first project of running away, but his mother's gentle influence restrained him: "Mother knows it was an accident!" he would say to himself, "and she told me she felt even more sorry for me than for poor Robert."

Many a needless pang was inflicted on him by the harsh judgment of others, but he tried not to regard their cruel insinuations; his mother was a Christian mother, and she taught him the duty of forgiveness, and that it was of far more importance how his conduct was regarded in the sight of God, than in the sight of man. Q.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

Thoughts and Things.

Thoughts are imperishable, and make part of our intellectual nature. They are the measure of the man. Although characterized by an endless diversity, from the solid and massive proportions of deep, consecutive reasoning, down to the sparkling ripples of wit and spicy repartee, yet they still bear the common impress of immortality. And according as they are good or bad, are they suited to render us better and happier, or worse and more miserable, for ever.

Things are transitory and perishing. Some soon decay, and the most enduring must ultimately crumble to dust. Men erect their temples, their columns, and their arches, and vainly imagine that these shall never be moved; but "the finger of Time touches them, and they turn to ashes." Our bodies, also, the abodes of the spirit, these most curious and wonderful of mechanisms are fated, in a very short time, to mingle with their kindred earth. Impressions made upon the decaying objects around us, unlike those written in living lines within the soul, will soon be effaced, or perish with them; while those who have entrusted to such keeping only their immortality, will be lost in a merited oblivion.

That man toils not in vain for a remembrance and a name, who labors successfully to impart thoughts to the minds of men. In these thoughts he will live again, and exert an influence, for weal or woe, when ages upon ages may have passed away.

He who labors simply to produce things, without any higher aim, labors for the perishable. The productions of his arduous and unceasing toils, be they successful even to the utmost of his heart's desire, yet will all, with himself, ere long be no more. He sows to the corruptible, and "shall reap corruption." He who produces things, therefore, should do it mainly for the service of thought. In this sense alone are our earthly exertions truly valuable—as they assist us to take hold on eternity.

Man of thought! honor men of toil. You could not live to think, did they not live to toil. Despise not him who, while he labors for things, seeks them only as a means to thought; who feels himself to be a thinking being, and would labor to cultivate his powers. If he thinks up to the full extent of his information and ability, he is assuredly not to be the less esteemed for his toil.

Men of toil! honor the man of thought, who thinks for his and your good. Be assured, there are not a few such. They are your honored coadjutors, and brethren in the great and chequered drama of life. Some originate, and some impart the thoughts of others. Many such are to be found in our various institutions of learning, communicating and training up the youthful ideas; others labor to the same end in the pulpit, others at the bar, and yet others in the chair editorial. In whatever way—by any or all these means—the man of thought seeks to diffuse the stores

of his own mind, like streams "for healing," all flowing from the same open fountain.

Men of thought, though deserving of their "hire," are but too often scantily compensated by those whom they toil to make happy, and are not unfrequently regarded as drones in society. It has been thus with the good and great of the past. How many immortal names might we cite, who were compelled to bear the scorn and neglect of the men of their day, of whom "they were not worthy." But time has dissolved the mists of ignorance, and now the men who once labored in obscurity and in penury, that they might extend the domain of knowledge, and thereby bless mankind, are the adored of our hearts, and the pride of our race; while their silly detractors are "unhonored and forgotten." Encouraged, therefore, by the past, and cheered by the hope that an impartial future will do him justice, the thoughtful man endures all the buffeting of an unfriendly world, in the repose of his own spirit; and in eternity, it will cost him not a single pang to reflect that this world has paid him poorly. Jus.

Primary Schools.

Engrossed with what we call our great interests, we neglect our schools—the greatest of them all:—our schools, those prolific, amazing sources of good or of evil. We do not reflect, or seem not to reflect, that from these are to go forth the millions whom they have trained, with such training as they have received, to mingle with the vast body of the people, and to take the places which their fathers and mothers will have left;—that from these will come the sages and counsellors that are to guide the destiny of the republic and take care of its honor: from these legislators, jurists and judges, that are to make and explain and administer our laws: from these our orators, moralists, teachers and divines: from these the authors that are to give tone to public sentiment and to public morals; from these the men that are to manage the periodical press with all its multifarious and stupendous powers: from these the mothers that are to direct the first openings of the infant mind, and to touch the first chords of sensibility in the infant heart; from these the messengers of mercy that are to minister at our altars, and to console us of a pure religion to the dying couch;—that from these fountains are to flow forth streams bearing health or disease, life or death, through every limb, and vein, and fibre of our political and social organizations.—[Prof. Murray.]

Promising Young Men.

Hooper, of the Chambers (Ala) Tribune, in a recent number of his paper has some truthful and sensible remarks on "promising young men." After promising that he was one himself. Hooper says: "Not one in a thousand ever attain to the dignity of a really useful man in society. The name spoils 'em! Just put it into the grass green noddle that its owner is 'something above common'—is really smart—will one day be distinguished—in short assure him that he is promising—from that hour you make a confounded ass of him, and so he will be apt to write himself for life. He will have no need to labor manually or intellectually—not he! His talents are to carry him through. All knowledge will come to him intuitively; and all the circumstances of existence are to bow before his talents! He isn't in a hurry to put those talents into exercise. There is time enough for that! In the end the 'promising young man' turns out at thirty, to be a liquor loving creature with a red nose, soured temper, little knowledge, bad habits, and no money."

Our Glorious Union.—The Rev. Dr. Be-thune of Philadelphia, delivered an eloquent lecture in Washington, a few evenings since, in the course of which he gave a glowing eulogy upon the value of the union, and wound up by the exclamation, "God bless the arm that shall be raised to renounce the first stone from this glorious Union!" For nearly five minutes the building shook with the plaudits of his audience, and for a while it seemed as if the lecture must there end.

The last "Pottsville Emporium" has 127 Sheriff Sales advertised, 85 of which are against one man. The Sheriff and Probationary can't complain of "hard times" in those "diggins."

A ukase has been issued in Russia, ordering home all Russian subjects in foreign countries under the penalty of their property being confiscated, after a stated period.

The following lines possess, to our mind, a peculiar charm; and we think many hearts will be touched by the low, sweet music which thus thrillingly wells up from the deep fountains of parental love.

Our William.

BY THOMAS M'CALLAN.
A little son—an only son—have we:
(God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,
And lend him softly over this stormy way?)
He is blue-eyed, and his nose-holed is he,
(Such, long ago, mine own was wont to be—
And people say he much resembles me.)
I've never heard a bird or rattle ring
So sweetly as he talks. His words are small,
Sweet words, and fit to soothe the ear,
Much like the sound of silver bells that ring,
And fill the house with music. Beauty lies
As naturally upon his cheek, as bloom
Upon a peach. Like morning vapor, flies
Before his smile my mind's infrequent gloom.
A gentle child he is, and full of fun:
He laughs with happy heartiness; and he
His half-best and spite takes most noticeably,
Till from his little laces tears start up and run.
His teeth are bright, as diamonds, when they roll
Adown his cheek, they seem to be the 'overflowing
Of the deep'—all of love which his soul
The human is, deepness of his nature showing.
The pleasant to look on him while he sleeps:
His plump and chubby arms, and delicate fingers—
The half-forgotten smile that round his red lips creeps—
The intellectual glow that faintly lingers
And to his God, his race, his country prove
A faithful man, when praise nor gold can buy,
Nor threats of vile, designing men can move—
We seek no more. We trust that he who leads
The footsteps of the feeble lamb, will find
This land of care in mercy's pasture-field,
Where every inmate near the loving Shepherd feeds.

Social Intercourse.

One of the greatest mistakes in the treatment of those who differ from us in fundamental points in religion appears in social intercourse generally. Men of opposite creeds may possess in common high intellectual gifts, rich cultivation, refined tastes, moral worth, generous sentiments, all the qualities of good citizens, good neighbors, efficient friends, and the virtues of domestic life. It would be narrow-minded, unwise, unmanly, and still more uncharitable, to suffer a difference of creeds to create coldness, distrust, and ungenerous partialities in the general intercourse and duties of life. Let us be kind one to another. Let us cultivate each other's society. Let us act together where no barrier exists. In this way we shall enlarge the boundaries of social life; we shall form many proper combinations for the accomplishment of great and good objects; we shall find wider spheres in which to dispense happiness, and to exert a benign influence; we shall wear away each other's prejudices, and correct mutual misconceptions; we shall find opportunities for quiet and friendly discussion; and in performing the generous duties of friendship, we may, ere we are aware, find our selves transformed into apostles of truth and ministers of righteousness.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Benefit of Saving "Copy."

Printers generally pay very little respect to "copy" or the manuscripts from which they set in type the articles published. They are either torn up, kicked about the office, or burned. Probably no printer ever made a more lucky hit in saving copy, than did W. Claypoole, the former publisher of the Daily Advertiser, of Philadelphia in which was originally published Washington's Farewell Address. Mr. Claypoole saved the copy of this document, and the move will, it seems, prove a lucky one to his heirs. This ever-to-be-venerated state paper is to be sold on the 12th of February, by Mr. Thomas & Sons, at the Philadelphia Exchange. No one has ever questioned the authenticity of this document. It bears on every line, unimpeachable evidences of the Father of his Country. The sale is advertised in the London papers, and there will probably be bidders from England present, as such a relic would be a rare prize for the British Museum, or any similar institution. Mr. Claypoole's resolution that Congress should purchase it if it sells at a reasonable price, has passed the Senate. It is hoped the House will sanction the measure. This Address should never be allowed to go abroad.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The Berks Press says the increase of vice and immorality in that county is alarming. In another paragraph it says—our Common Schools are in a sad condition, the rooms being crowded to such an extent as to render teaching impracticable. The teachers, too, it is said in many instances, ought to go to school themselves. These two facts put together may furnish the cause and show the remedy.

Choosing a Minister.

The people in one of the out parishes in Virginia, wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first rate talents, for they had run down considerably, and needed building up. They wanted one who could write well, for some of the younger people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former one had neglected that, and they wanted to bring it up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was, they gave their minister three hundred and fifty dollars; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they described, they would raise another fifty dollars, making it four hundred dollars. The Doctor set down and wrote a reply telling them they had better forbear with make out a call for old Dr. Dwight, in Heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who would answer their description. And as Dr. Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and could possibly live on four hundred dollars.

The Shepherd Botanist.

At Eau Bonnes, in the Pyrenees, resided a shepherd, named Saccze; he spent his youthful summer days in tending his flocks among the mountains, where he pursued, without the help of books, his botanical studies.

When we heard, from a preacher in the neighborhood, that there were books written on the study of plants, he could not rest until he became possessed of a volume of Linnæus; but the book was in Latin!

This did not discourage him; but with an old grammar and a dictionary which he borrowed, he applied himself to the book until he could read easily; not only Linnæus, but also the Roman classics, and even spoke the language with tolerable fluency and correctness. He has formed a collection of some two thousand Pyrenean plants, and is honored as the correspondent of Jussieu; yet with all his studies, he continues faithful to his lowly vocation in his native place, where he is esteemed as the best of shepherds.—The British Friend.

Old Times.

Gen. Jackson's first Appearance in Congress.—When Mr. Gallatin was a member of Congress, in the year 1796, Tennessee was admitted as a State into the Union, and sent her first member to Washington. One day, when in his seat in the House, Mr. Gallatin noticed a tall, lank, uncouth looking individual, with long locks of hair hanging over his brows and face, while a queue hung down his back, tied in an eel skin. The dress of the individual was singular—his manners and deportment that of a backwood-man. The appearance of so singular a character on the floor of the House of Representatives, naturally attracted attention, and a member at his side asked who he was. Mr. Gallatin replied that it was the member for the new State. "Well," said his friend, "he seems just the sort of chap one might expect from such an uncivilized region as Tennessee." The individual in question was Andrew Jackson.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated the deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun shot, in the head, and produced the matted hair and the stuff cut from the wound. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—[Lord Eldon's Note Book.]

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well informed persons there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present, without submitting to act the part of a butt, or that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

There is an omnipresent Conscience, and an all-recording Memory, that constitutes not only a security but a certainty, of retribution for guilt.

THE COST OF GOLD DIPPING.—Mr. Frenour, the correspondent of the Pica-yune, estimates that from 1849 to 1850 \$42,000,000 in gold will be collected in California. It is probable that at least 100,000 persons during this time will visit California in search of fortunes. Allowing the expenses of each person to be \$500, we shall have as the aggregate of their expenses, \$50,000,000. So that should Frenour's estimate prove correct, they will be minus the large sum of \$8,000,000. For our own part, we believe that the deficiency will be far greater, when the loss on ships and cargoes shall be accurately ascertained.

Pena y Pena, who was President of the Republic of Mexico at the close of the war with the United States, is dead. It was under his auspices that the treaty of peace was made, and it was by him it was ratified after Herrera, the President elect, fearing popular indignation and the cabals of the St. Ansis, shunned the responsibility of advocating or signing it, and obtained the election of Pena y Pena as President, *ad interim*, by Congress. He was considered one of the ablest and best men in Mexico.

Some people are always waiting for a change of circumstances, before they can commence an enterprise. This is a poor rule—take your circumstances as they are, and bend them to your purpose. Don't linger in inaction till Blucher comes up, but the moment you catch sight of him in the distance, rise and charge. This is the way to gain Waterloo victories in the moral warfare of life.

Seven fatal cases of Cholera occurred in St. Louis during the week ending the 8th ult. The Organ says that "those persons were taken from on board the steamer Constitution, and we have it from a physician of high reputation, that no local Cholera exists, and that these persons were emigrants, and brought the disease with them into the city, from New Orleans."

The Police Magistrate of Rochester, under a resolution of the Assembly, calling for the information, reports the number of persons who have been arrested within his jurisdiction for intoxication, or convicted of offenses committed under the influence of intoxication, who were not sentenced to the State Prison, during the year 1849, at a total of 1,249.

YACHTING.—The Cooperstown Journal, says a draft of \$600 on an Albany bank, was found in the paper rags at a mill in that place. Accompanying it was the P. O. envelope and way bill. It was addressed to Richfield, and it is supposed that the P. M. of that place accidentally dropped it among the waste paper, which he afterwards sold.

FRUIT OF INDUSTRY.—Mr. Jones, driver of the Duxbury & Scituate Stage to Cohasset, and express agent between those towns and this city, has been employed on that line for about thirty-five years. He commenced life a comparatively poor man, and is now worth \$40,000. He never drank a glass of intoxicating liquor in his life.—Boston Bee.

WARNING.—A man named Gideon Williams, of Providence, was fined, last Wednesday, three dollars and costs, amounting to six dollars and fifty-five cents, for neglecting to return a borrowed umbrella when requested to do so. The Rhode Island Justice has taken a step in advance of the age, which it is to be hoped will soon catch up to him.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—Halliwell's Life of Shakespeare gives no less than forty-six different modes of spelling the great Bard's name all of which have been used at various times. Yet we have seen two critics belabor each other by the page because of a difference of an E in the spelling.

It has been arranged, the Boston Traveller says, that the trial of Prof. Webster, on the charge of the murder of Dr. Parkman, shall take place about the middle of March, and he will not be arraigned until that time.

The cost of funeral Expenses at Washington and New York is a subject of discussion in the journals, one of which remarks that it is more expensive to die than to live.

A Drive of Deer, during a late trip of the cars, from Sandusky, (Ohio,) ran alongside of the train for several miles. It was a novel sight for the passengers.

He that can not forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself will one day want to pass.