LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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

An Independent Family News Journal.

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The Lewisburg Chronicle,

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

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THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1859.

Spring Election---1859.

"Potter Co. Pa., seven years ago, had not an officer, high or low, but belonged to the Democracy. Now, all the officers, high and low, are Republicans. The *Journal* says that no man shall have an office there, who does not believe in the Declaration of Independence; the people have raised it all over, and their deliberate, solemn conclusion, is to give the honors and profits at their disposal *only* to outspoken, straight forward friends of Freedom."

So it will be in Centre county before many years. The leaven is working, and a radical change in political office-holding will be the inevitable result.—*Bellefonte Democrat.*

☞ Here in Union county the responsibility of choosing true and competent men to fill the Township and Borough Offices, is mostly thrown upon those opposed to the present Administration. The Election occurs on

Friday, March 18 (next week.)

These minor officers have much to do in seeing that the affairs of local government are wisely, economically, and faithfully administered. If our local interests are wisely attended to, it will help to right higher powers. Let the majority party take extra pains to select the most true, worthy and competent men ☞ for every office, from first to last, *and then go to work and see that they are all elected.* ☜

☞ The Spring Election Day will present a good opportunity for any who desire it to get up CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS to the "CHRONICLE."

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

OUR PASTOR HAS LEFT US.

Again has the air borne the sad sound, which each child of earth must utter, but from which every heart shrinks back—"Farewell." Not alone by one voice has it been breathed, nor from one household group only has its echo been heard, but through a congregation of hundreds has its saddening tones been sent, for our Pastor has left us; and we sorrow that in the sacred desk we shall "see his face no more."

Years since, we gave to him the parting hand, and a fervent "God speed" as he went from us. But not as now. Then, we were cheered by the thought that he would return to us again; again he would mingle with us in the social circle, again we would enjoy his holy instruction, and whether he were floating upon the deep blue ocean, wandering amid the sands of the dusky Bedouins, or resting beneath the sacred shade of Olivet, still we could claim him as *our Pastor*, and feel that his thoughts were ever turned toward us his people, and his prayers ever ascending to a throne of grace in behalf of *his flock.*

But not thus do we now separate. The tie so closely twined with pleasing associations—which has received new strength with each added strand—this tie is not only drawn, but riven. From each accustomed walk shall we miss the man of God; from the pulpit, and lecture room, where his lips shall no more dispense the words of truth. From the chamber of affliction, where chastened ones were pointed to "a land of pure delight," to a land the inhabitants of which never say "I am sick," to that glorious habitation where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor sighing." And we shall miss him, too, from homes where the wing of the dark messenger is casting its chilling shadow into anguished hearts. No more shall his words of hope strengthen the dying for the last conflict and the living for the stern trial.

Yet we would not murmur, but rejoice that during our pastor's faithful ministry, he was the instrument of bringing so large a number to receive the glorious truth, the words of eternal life. Shall not these, in that day when the great head of the church shall come to make up his jewels, gem the crown of his rejoicing? And we rejoice, too, that while in our midst his efforts cease, yet a new and important field of toil has gained a faithful, earnest laborer, and though his voice to us is silent, words of counsel and encouragement shall reach us from the pen of the "ready writer."

Long may the seed sown by the hand of our faithful pastor, spring up and bring forth some sixty and some an hundred fold." May many sheaves, though gathered by succeeding reapers, be his at the great "Harvest home!"

With bowed hearts the farewell has been uttered, yet not as by those having no hope. Though we part, it is but as pilgrims whose anticipations stretch beyond "only the little while" of earthly journeying.

We shall meet again! Not, perhaps, where the brightest waters of enjoyment are tinctured with bitterness—where "farewells" float upon every breeze—but, when the "appointed time" is past, and earthly labor finished, as pastor and people we shall meet by Immortality's pure stream, where farewells tremble on flattering lips no more—where from eternal bliss the redeemed shall "go no more out for ever."

QUI.

☞ *"Always look to the end."*—The story *commencing* on our last page is paid for as an Advertisement, and people can read it or not as they choose. We give, however, our usual quantity of reading matter.

☞ Rev. Benj. Bausman, late pastor of the Lewisburg Ger. Ref. Church, has become an editor of the church *Messenger*, Chambersburg. (Vide "Qui" in preceding column.)

☞ That poetry, "The Palm and the Pine," in our last, we see is by others credited to Bayard Taylor. Who shall decide when "guessers" disagree!

☞ A piece of poetry, "The Evening Cloud," we see copied into one of our exchanges as "original." It was old twenty years ago.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

GOSSIPING AND LYING.

Among the evils that afflict society, there are none more truly abominable than those of lying and scandal-peddling. One would suppose that in a religious community like our own, those detestable practices had become almost extinct. But it is a lamentable fact, that, notwithstanding the almost universal prevalence of what is called "Christianity," we are sorely afflicted with religion-professing, gossip-mongers, who go about creating ruptures and disorders which sometimes are never healed. I am sorry to say there are too many such counterfeit Christians, both male and female, who show that the work of *regeneration* has not been as thorough as we might hope for. I scarcely know how to account for such wickedness, unless it be the total depravity of their hearts, and a want of true conversion to Christian principles: however, they should remember the Divine precept, "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." Gossip-mongers may properly be classed under two heads, viz: those who *originate* falsehoods and slanderous reports, and those who *circulate* them to the damage of their neighbors. And I am sorry to say that certain females who call themselves ladies, and claim connection with the upper ten," have indulged in these practices for some time; they are well known to the writer, and will be dealt with according to law if they persist in such a course. Any female who will resort to such low and wicked conduct, should be excluded from all good society, and is not worthy of the name, lady. They will do well to commit to memory the following: "She that covereth her sins shall not prosper; but she that confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." But the detestable and abominable vices, above alluded to, are not confined to females: certain would-be gentlemen have circulated the most vile and slanderous reports about young men who are their superiors in gentlemanly deportment, and to whose faces they profess friendship. I can not conceive what object those male and female back-biters have in view, unless it be a species of low-minded and narrow-hearted prejudice, which delights in destroying the moral character of others. Any grown man or woman who participates in such mean and immoral conduct, should be branded on their foreheads, that the world might know them and should be compelled to associate together as birds of one flock. Look on the damage those practices have done to society, not only wasting the time and attention which might be devoted to the acquirement of useful knowledge, but the jealousies, bickerings, and disorders they have occasioned. How much better would it be, instead of trying to disorganize society, to speak well of all, and say things that are calculated to bind all respectable people into one brotherhood! But there is one class of tattlers who act through ignorance, and perhaps all such should be excused on the ground that Nature has slighted them in the way of brains, and they are to be pitied rather than censured. Observer.

P. S. It is hoped that the shoe may *fit* those whom it is intended for. O.

☞ We admit the above with the remark that if the allegations which have aroused the ire of our correspondent are *true*, the best way for the guilty parties is to quit their evil ways and reform; for denunciations and law-suits can not whiten tarnished reputations. But if—as "Observer" supposes—such reports are *not* true, the indignation expressed is just and manly, the severe language is well merited, and such professing Christians must share the fate of "hypocrites and unbelievers." "The sting of reproach is the truth of it," yet reports injurious to character should not be bruited without at least a reasonable assurance of their truth, nor even then, without an honest design to guard others against evils, dangers, or contaminations of the erring parties. Men and women, young and old, have a right to tell the truth for proper purposes. But when we reflect how easily the reputations of the young, and especially of females, may be tarnished, we should never propagate derogatory news for scandal's sake, nor to feed a morbid love of excitement, nor for revenge. And a determined and well-guarded consciousness of rectitude of conduct—"avoiding the very appearance of evil"—are the surest safeguards for all, not only against disreputable habits and associations, but also against the virus of the backbiter. Eds.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who 'round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what those pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead
Here they are living still!

My father read this Holy Book
To sisters, brothers dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew!
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Hard Times, Pike's Peak, Crops, &c., in Wisconsin.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

Whitewater, Walworth Co., Feb. 28, 1859.

I shall in all probability resume business, during the present week, and shall do a ready-pay business, or none at all. I am heartily sick and tired of the credit system—have been out during the past week, where I had hundreds of dollars due, but could get nothing but promises. There is but little money now in the hands of farmers; consequently, it is next to impossible to collect until after another harvest. Should the grain crop then prove a failure, this country would be totally bankrupt. Money is not to-day as plenty as it was in '48 and '50, when wheat was but 25 cts. per bushel at the Lake—owing, I make no doubt, to the want of confidence Eastern capitalists have in Western security, when, if they did but know it, there has not been a better time to invest in real estate, here, for five years. Lands have depreciated within that time, 25 or 30 per cent., and personal property as much. The labor of mechanics, and of laboring men on farms, has also depreciated in the same ratio. There is, however, an increased feeling manifest, among farmers, to again put forth their best endeavors to out-ride the storm, with hopes big with anticipations of better crops, better prices, and better times. This is the feeling among those who have withstood the "Pike's Peak temptation." Many are talking, and making preparations to start for the land of promise, many, too, that will leave good, comfortable homes, for an *uncertainty* of finding gold, but for the *certainty* of encountering many hardships that they little think of. Some here are making preparations to leave for the gold region, in spite of the many remonstrances of near and dear friends; should they persist in going, our best wishes will go with them, with the desire that they may return in safety, with plenty of the shining metal.

The crops, so far as I know, are looking poorly, though there is but little winter grain sown, and has not been for the last 4 years. Our winters are too open to warrant the raising of winter wheat. Rye generally does well, but in this locality there is but little raised. Wild speculations have long since been checked. Our Autumn was a mild one. Winter very mild thus far, with but little snow. Most of our worthy farmers are intending to raise their own Syrup this year. I have heard it estimated that there was enough raised last year to amount to $100,000—a good round sum for the first year.

Yours, &c. O.

[Selected for the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide,
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

Millions now are safely landed
Upon the golden shore,
Millions more are on the journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Come on board, O ship for glory!
Be in haste, make up your mind!
For our vessel's weighing anchor;
You will soon be left behind.

You have kindred, over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By and by we'll join their number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing,
Free salvation is the song.

When we all are safely anchored,
Then we'll shout, our trials o'er,
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore!

Douglas' Pro-Slavery Interests.

Self-interest—money or other wealth of one's self and family—is too apt to sway the actions of men, even to the sacrifice of Right and Principle. That interest may be open and manly, palpable and responsible for debts, or it may be concealed, mystified, held so as to defraud creditors, and irresponsible.

Some one unknown to us "requests our *authority* for saying that Senator Douglas is a Slave-holder," and then (without waiting for our "authority") *asserts* that "Senator Douglas *himself* is *not* a Slaveholder"—thus accusing and executing a man first, and trying him afterwards! We rarely notice anonymous writers, but as this touches a case of public interest, we comply with his "request," although utter the sentence—on a trial without a defence—is already pronounced.

Personally, we do not *know* that there is such a man as Senator Douglas, yet, from uncontradicted public accounts, we believe there is, and we believe that, in the popular acceptation of the term, he is a "Slaveholder"—that is, personally or pecuniarily interested in the Slave system. This interest may exist in a thousand forms. The planter, the Slave-breeder, the city merchant or capitalist to whom Slaves are mortgaged, the owner or part owner of Slaves, the heirs of Slave-holders, Kidnappers, &c. &c., are all, in common usage and in fact, ranked among the genus "Slave-holder."

The *reasons* of our belief are, *first*, statements to that effect, made through a series of years, by various intelligent persons; and *second*, published accounts in Democratic, Republican and Neutral journals, for a long time past.

We have not filed the paper, yet we recollect reading in the Washington *Union* (the organ of Democracy under the Pierce administration) a glowing account of a barbacue or dinner given to the Slaves on "Senator Douglas' Mississippi plantation," the speeches delivered, the happy time generally of the jolly servants, etc. etc. In other papers we have seen various news items respecting "Senator Douglas' plantation," overflows, sales of cotton, &c., with an occasional notice of some ungrateful black servant who had run away from Senator Douglas' little heaven down on the Mississippi! Such references, of course—uncontradicted as they *then* were—naturally led people to suppose that the "relation" was substantial and real.

The circumstance that Douglas was the *first* man to violate the Missouri Compromise in order to try to get slavery into Kansas, and thus open the door of the North West to Slave Labor—in connection with the fact that Gov. Wise of Virginia estimated that that opening would raise the value of "prime niggers" to $3,000—looked like the act of one very deeply interested in the human flesh market. His frequent visits to his plantation—his toadying to the Slave Power in all his speeches there—his filibustering propensity for Cuba—and his bitter and unrelenting abuse of Republicans and Abolitionists—all confirmed that view of his position. His labors seemed like those of one personally concerned for the upbuilding of Slavery. The fact that he had so many warm friends among the most ultra of the Slave fraternity—men who desired to make him President—also indicated their belief that he was perfectly reliable on that (to them) supreme issue.

That he was one of the many who early backed out of Lecomptonism, only shows that he was more sagacious than some others; he saw that the Slavery battle on the plains of Kansas was fought—and lost; and to save from utter annihilation in the North himself and his party, he wisely turned a square somerset. While this has alienated many of his Pro-Slavery friends, it conciliated somewhat the Anti-Slavery element.

Only last winter the public remember a sharp correspondence between Douglas and Slidell, concerning a report—attributed to the latter—that Senator Douglas' Slaves were badly used—starved and maltreated. Douglas was indignant, *not* that he was charged with having Slaves, but that he had *maltreated* them—and Slidell alleged that he had circulated no such report. The shortest way for Douglas to have refuted the slander, would be by saying, "*I have no Slaves, directly or indirectly*—in my own or my family's name—and am not responsible for the good or bad treatment of any human being on a cotton plantation," but this he did not do; he owned his responsibilities, but, with proper spirit, denied the charge of cruelty or neglect.

So much for the *past*. He is *not* a Slaveholder, says a "Squatter Sovreign." The charge having lain against Douglas for years, a denial at this late day, looks suspicious. Are his friends fearful that complicity with Slavery, will destroy his hopes? or is this the harbinger of a new game of fraud—like that of "*Polk and the Tariff of '42*," or "*Buchanan and Free Kansas?*" Is "*Douglas and Free Soil*" to be the rallying cry in 1860?

"*Douglas not a slave-holder!*" (IN THE NORTH!) The mere *say-so* of a man in a mask, is not evidence, and we might demand his "authority" in vain.

"*Douglas has a fine cotton plantation!*" (IN THE SOUTH!) The South generally know who their men are, and never take a Northern man unless they know him to be with them.

Now, the whole truth we understand to be this: "Douglas' plantation" was originally the dowry of his deceased Protestant wife, and not of his present Catholic wife. It is stated with positiveness that Douglas last fall expended all his own private fortune in order to get that *minority* vote of Illinois which made him her U. S. Senator. There is no doubt of the law that his children by his first marriage should have the property of their mother technically secured to them, he being their trustee or guardian, and managing the estate for their benefit and so that his own or second family's debts can not be satisfied from that plantation. And *thus* it is that Douglas is to be represented at the *North* as "no slave holder," and therefore a Free Soiler at heart and in interest; while, at the South, his "large plantation" will be continually pointed to as a proof of the strongest of ties—self-interest—to the "glorious institution." At the North, he will be pressed as "not *himself* a slave-holder," while at the South it will be claimed that he is the *best possible friend* of the system! A nice little trick—a pretty play upon words—is it not! What petty quibbling—what paltry juggling—to say that a man is "not *himself* a slaveholder," when his *children's fortune* is in a plantation!!! Who will *enjoy* that property more than he? who *wields all its power* and influence! and *whose* might it be should *they* be called away by death?

If "Squatter Sovreign" is really enlisted against the Slave Propaganda, and will not vote for one of them—if he wants a man who is not either by his own person or by his children or any other heirs, or by his family or business or social or political relations, *interested* in slavery—if he wants one whom *the South* will all say has no affinity whatever for their peculiar institution—he will not be fooled by a paper transfer of the Mississippi plantation to John Doe and Richard Roe. Douglas' *choicest interests*—if he be a true father to the offspring of his first love—are indissolutely bound up in that slave plantation! Let "Squatter Sovreign" procure, from under Senator Douglas' own hand, a statement that he *never was* and *is not* by "himself," his attorney, agent, or heirs—by those who should be as near and dear as life itself, or any others—in any way whatever interested in *either extending or perpetuating human slavery*, but opposed thereto, and we will gladly publish it. We like to see all men cut loose from the giant mother of crime and of evil, and will not closely cross-question their motives or designs....Come, "Squatter," get such a denial from "Douglas himself." *Your* denial, here—yourself a myth—is not conclusive. Get the "Little Giant" to purge himself completely, and we will copy it, and see that any injustice done him shall be atoned for as far as we can do so. *Just now, such a denial would be very agreeable to Hunter, Slidell*, and other Southern aspirants for the Presidency, but wormwood and gall to the filibusters and kidnappers who dote upon Douglas.....But the North most probably will elect the next President, anyhow, and even if such a renunciation of Slavery by Douglas should cause the South to drop him like a hot potato, why, it would help him amazingly at the North, where there are several Abolitionists who might believe it! Bring out *such* a denial, invisible friend "Squatter," or appropriate to yourself a text about "false witness" in attempting to palm off Douglas as a "sectional candidate!"

A PETITION.—The editor of the Mauch Chunk *Gazette*, in his correspondence from Harrisburg gives the following as a "true copy" of a petition presented to the Legislature, last week, from Columbia county:

"Know al men by the pressend that all who sine this pitisshun go in fur to throgh out the superintend of schoolls witness our hants and seels."

The Legislature threw the petition under the table.

Pro-Slavery Tactics.

Deception and Darkness are always the weapons of Error. To conceal the Truth, and to impose upon the ignorant by Falsehood in its stead, is its mode of warfare. The emissaries of the Slave Power publish, and persist in publishing, designedly, false sentiments and expressions as the sentiments of the Republican party—trusting that those who unfortunately read no other papers but their own, will be for ever blinded by them. We do not know of a Democratic journal in this region that ever published the Republican Declaration of Principles, but they did publish a batch of lying little scraps which they imposed upon their deluded readers as the Republican platform.

We recently exposed one of these impositions, found in the columns of the *Argus*, directed against Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, confronted with Mr. Giddings' refutation. The *Argus* gets out of the dilemma by saying it was all a mistake—it was Mr. C. L. Remond who made the "spit on Washington" speech. (Very unfortunate, to quote *Giddings* where *Remond* was the man intended!) Whether Remond said it, is a matter not worthy of inquiry here, as he is not a Republican, but an Abolitionist—a very different party from ours. *Mr. Remond was once a slave*—and if "the iron has entered into his soul" so as to extort such an expression, thanks to the Slave system for it!

But the *Argus* is not disposed to let Mr. Giddings off so easily. "The following," it says, "*has been widely circulated as an extract from one of his speeches:*"

"I look forward to the day when there shall be a *servile insurrection* in the South; when the black man, armed with *British bayonets* and led on by *British officers*, shall assert his freedom, and wage a war of extermination against his master; when the *torch of the incendiary shall light up the towns and cities of the South*, and blot out the last vestage of slavery. And though I may not mock at their calamity, nor laugh when their fear cometh, *yet I will hail it as the dawn of a political millennium.*"

Yes, *that "has* been widely circulated" —and THAT, TOO, IS A BASE FABRICATION, and was many years ago branded by Mr. Giddings!

What a mean and desperate *cause* must that be which continually resorts to such low and villainous *measures!*

Now if we should procure a fresh denial of this forgery, or challenge the proof of its correctness, doubtless the Pro-Slavery echoes would assert, "O, it was only a harmless little error in the *name* only—we meant *Fred. Douglas* instead of Josh. Giddings"—and then spin out another whole cloth fabrication and charge it upon Giddings! It is therefore useless to attempt to expose *all* these premeditated paper perjuries; we may occasionally impale one on the gibbet of popular scorn, and leave others to the silent contempt of all honorable men.

Look at it—a person accuses you of *burglary*; you prove an alibi, when he retracts and says it was another man he meant, but publishes that you *did* commit *forgery*. You give him a chance to make the charge good, when he admits he was mistaken, slightly—and next day declares you are a *highwayman* for certain. You prosecute him, but he begs off, and straitway turns about and swears you committed *murder*. And so on to the end of the chapter—wriggling out of one false accusation only to project another!

As to WASHINGTON'S hostility to Slavery, the *Argus* conceals from its readers every word of our reasons—reasons with which we should be willing to submit the case—and harps dolefully upon Giddings' expression, "less guilty." With all his manly virtues, Washington was not perfect, and has his own sins to answer for as well as other men. He was "guilty" of slaveholding, be that guilt more or less, just as each one may estimate it: but he was *not* guilty—as our Democracy palpably are—of aiding plans to extend and strengthen that dark evil. His views of Slavery are identical with those of the mass of the Republican party—he wanted "*a Confederacy of Free States!*"

The *Argus* again alludes to SEWARD'S Speech, which it has not or dare not publish, notwithstanding its *awful threat* that it would do so. Doubtless there are some readers of that paper who really believe that Mr. Seward uttered something for which he deserves the rope of the traitor; whereas—if they could see it they would say it was true after all. The *Argus* gains no credit by denouncing and yet suppressing Seward's speech, authorized by himself as genuine, while publishing dirty little lies about Giddings!

Now, in respect to Mr. Giddings, we have one serious offer to make the *Argus*. We do not suppose its Editor would himself wantonly misrepresent him, yet it is certain his party zeal leads him to copy the charges of those who do wilfully falsify. Mr. G. is a living man—a native of our State—who can and does write out and publish his own speeches. How easily, then, can the *Argus* get *correct* copies of his real speeches, and publish them in full—as we did *Pierce's* and *Buchanan's* Messages, in all their awful length and wickedness—for our readers to judge for themselves how correct our criticisms are! Mr. G. is an honest, fair, respectable man, and kind neighbor. If the *Argus* means to be honest and fair, we will use our influence to induce Mr. Giddings to send the Editor copies of his most thorough anti-slavery speeches, *provided* the *Argus* will quote them with their full explanations and connections. This would be a fine opportunity—a batch of Giddings' speeches under his own frank!—from which to fulminate speeches all through Union and the "upper end," and to sprinkle your editorials with wholesome truths instead of gross fabrications. What say you?

Read before the Buffalo Township Teachers' Institute, and published by request.

The Education of the Mind.

The cultivation of the human intellect should be one of the highest and most important aims of life. When man's creation was completed, God gave him subjects of contemplation, and strewed his pathway with the works of His own beneficent hand, that he might improve and enlarge the powers bestowed upon him. From the first generation to the present, the advantages of man have been increasing. His mind gains fresh acquisitions as time rolls on; and now we find the world improved, and the accomplishments of man increased, to an unrivaled degree.

To gain a good and thorough education, however, notwithstanding the privileges which are so bountifully spread around us, require ambition and perseverance. We find some of our brightest and best intellects have acquired their mental riches amidst hardships and privations; and while thus improving the immortal principles of their nature, they further the design of their creator, which is to improve the world by the results of toil.

When we contemplate the lives of the great and good of every age, we see the advantages of mental culture in the numerous benefits that society has derived from them. The great mind of Newton, feasted upon the glories of God's creation; by his profound investigations he "fathomed" the mysteries of the skies, and gave the world his discoveries, that they might enjoy with him the fruits of his labors. The immortal Milton, from whose eyes God shut out the light of day, in impenetrable darkness conceived and perfected one of the greatest productions ever presented to the world in literature. Our own country, too, can boast of her educated and illustrious sons. Franklin, who tamed the "vivid lightning," stands conspicuous among the useful men of science. His was a life of untiring diligence and energy, and his fame shall live while time shall last. His name stands on the pages of our country's history as a high example to the young and aspiring, beckoning them onward in the path of science and literature and to improve the intellect that God has given them.

In the present improved condition of the means of education, there is no excuse for general ignorance. The avenues of learning open in every direction; the halls of science are not shut against the masses; but all may enjoy their precious benefits, in a greater or less degree. The productions of the wise and great are placed within the reach of every one. The humble sons of poverty, as well as the children of affluence, may—if they will—profit by their glorious teachings. Such are now the advantages and privileges of man, and such the great blessings bestowed upon him by the divine Author of his being.

Buffaloe. LIZZIE.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

New Seeds of Wheat, &c.

The Union County Agricultural Society has, as I observed in the columns of the *Chronicle*, from time to time received and distributed to its members, for trial, choice varieties of Wheat, Rye, Oats, Garden Vegetables, Grasses, &c., derived from foreign countries through our U. S. Patent Office. Now, these seeds have either done well, or they have not done so. If *well*, we ought to know it, so that our farmers generally may be benefited by procuring the same seed; and if not well, or a failure, we should also know the facts, in order that our farmers may either abandon those unsuccessful seeds entirely, or try some *other and different* mode of culture from that already pursued to render them successful. And hence, as I have told you what new varieties of Indian Corn I have successfully grown in our West Branch region, I hope those who have experimented with new farm or garden seeds and plants, will give us a particular description of such seeds, and of their season of sowing and modes of culture, and the result, whether favorable or otherwise, as such communications are necessary to enable us to make progress in Agriculture and Horticulture.

West Branch.

Oats—How Much Seed to the Acre?

The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture tried the following experiment at the State Farm at Westborough. Five acres were marked out, treated alike, and sowed to oats broadcast. Four received 100 pounds of plaster to the acre; the fifth none. They were sown with various quantities of seed, April 27th and 28th, harvested July 28th, and threshed Sept. 3d, with the following results:

No. 1	sowed with	5 bush.,	yielded	42	bushels.
No. 2	" "	4 "	"	35½	"
No. 3	" "	3 "	"	40	"
No. 4	" "	2 "	"	26½	"

The acre not plastered yielded 20½ bushels. The grain on all the lots weighed about twenty-eight pounds to the bushel, except lot No. 1, on which both grain and straw were lightest. This shows greatly in favor of three bushels on good land.

Would we Gain by Annexing Cuba?

The Island is inhabited by 880,000 BLACKS, and only 565,000 whites, a preponderance in favor of the former of 213,000, or nearly 40 per cent. That portion of her population of foreign birth, numbers 59,000. The Creoles, though *called* white, are for the most part of *mixed blood*. Cuba contains 45,000 square miles, and 32 inhabitants to each, making the population 50 per cent. denser than that of Virginia. This leaves little room for increase, less for imigration, and no reasonable hope for the whites becoming ascendant. Thus, if Cuba should be coerced into membership of this confederacy, we would have to contend not only with her white citizens, but with her colored races, who would doubtless inaugurate a struggle for freedom, relying upon their numbers.

The institutions of Cuba are opposed our own. There, the Roman Catholic religion has precedence over everything; no other is tolerated; and the connection of church and State is so fixed, that no law or result of annexation can speedily alter it. This would conflict with the feelings of our citizens, yet any attempt to change it, would excite the determined resistance of Cuba, and perhaps the Catholics of our own country and Europe. This Cuba business is an "entangling alliance," from which we had better keep clear.

Senator Benjamin, in his speech in favor of giving the President thirty millions for the ostensible purpose of *commencing* the purchase of Cuba, let out the fact that slaves could not be held in that Island, many years, unless it was annexed to the United States. The Senator was undoubtedly correct in this, and he and his fellow democrats wish to have Cuba annexed to the "Model Republic" in order to *perpetuate human slavery* therein!

Mr. Benjamin has other reasons. There are a large number of Southern politicians who are earnestly seeking a dissolution of the Union, and the formation of a Southern Confederacy of Slaveholding States. Their plan is to get the North to assist in the *purchase* or the *stealing* of all the territory possible, and, after getting it, to make a bold push to form a confederacy governed exclusively by the petty tyrants of the plantation. This is what they want, and what some of the less cautious of their politicians openly avow, and this scheme the Northern Democracy are aiding and abetting.

Pike's Peak Gold Mines.

The following extract from a letter published in the *Miners' Journal*, received by a gentleman in Pottsville from a friend in Kansas Territory, gives an interesting account of these gold regions—and, we suppose, a truthful one. It is, at least, more consonant with our ideas than the many extravagant reports which are published:

"The folks here have for some time been *Pike's Peak crazy*. But a few days since, a train on the return trip put quite a damper on their dreams of making a fortune in a short time. Their report is very discouraging indeed, and if true, (of which I have no doubt,) persons are foolish for going in that direction for gold, as there has not been more than $5,000 dug since the first discovery of the mines in Cherry Valley, by all the miners and laborers. Nothing could be sold for money, as there was none. Persons who went out calculating to make money by digging, meeting with disappointment, are now entirely destitute of all the necessaries of life, with the exception of meat. They report that the Lawrence Company have no money, and, in consequence, have had nothing to eat but meat for four months."

Starting Seeds Early.

[As the season for gardening is coming on apace, some of our readers, who have a large or small patch, wherein to cultivate their own vegetables, may find the following suggestion of advantage:]

Rev. Daniel Emerson, Summit Co., O., writes that he has been successful in giving garden seeds an early start in the following manner: Having selected the quantity needed, each sort is tied by itself in a cloth, the name being plainly written on a slip of paper, and inclosed with the seed. The packages are then buried about two inches deep in the ground for a week or two. When ready to plant, the kinds needed for planting are taken from the bag and used. They will be found to have swelled, perhaps sprouted, and ready to grow. If the ground should be quite dry, it is best to water the drills after dropping the seed, and then cover with dry earth. Mr. E. says that by this plan he has never failed to raise plants from every seed planted, though when put out they were often sprouted. If each seed is placed where it is wanted to grow, it will save the labor of thinning, though many prefer to thin their rows, leaving the most prominent plants to grow.

Disturbing Worship.—Suit was brought by a congregation worshipping at M'Connelstown, against an individual of another church, for disturbing their worship, by addressing their preacher in an insulting manner during his discourse. The individual having refused to apologize to the congregation as publicly as he had insulted their preacher, the congregation brought suit against him for disturbing their worship, and Justice Snare, after hearing the evidence on both sides, read the law, and gave his opinion in a clear and able manner, and required the defendant to pay a fine of $10 and costs of prosecution.