

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.  
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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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## LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

Correspondence of the Chronicle.  
HARRISBURG, Jan. 26, 1853.

The Senate to-day passed a bill extending for one year the provisions of the act to graduate lands on which money is due the Commonwealth.

Two petitions were presented for changing the place of holding elections in West Buffalo township.

The bill to give the Governor power to appoint the State Librarian, and providing for certain reforms, was taken up, discussed by Messrs. Kunkle and Bucklew, the first provision negatived, and then referred back to the Committee on the Library.

In the House, an afternoon session was held, and passed some thirty bills. Among them the bill to incorporate the Odd Fellows Association of New Berlin. The bill to incorporate the Harrisburg Mechanics Savings Bank, passed second reading 45 to 37. The bill to extend the charter of the Carlisle Deposit Bank also passed second reading, 46 to 38. The bill to incorporate the Board of Colportage of the Synod of Pittsburgh, 72 to 6.

THURSDAY, Jan. 27.  
Last night was severely, keenly cold, and the poor—the poor, were "pitted" by thousands. Hundreds of those who pitted, can do little or nothing to relieve; more hundreds who can relieve, had rather pamper their appetite and pride, even though they thereby shorten life; and fewer hundreds still do more or less to relieve the distressed.

The Governor had a party last night, and is to finish the job this evening. The Harrisburg people have quite a notion to have a "manion" erected or purchased for the use of His Excellency the Governor. What effect their efforts will have upon the Senators and Representatives, remains to be seen. It would be equivalent to an addition of \$200 to \$500 to the Governor's salary, for "suitable furniture" and "incidental expenses" would have to be provided in addition, of course, and the whole cost would be doubled and trebled.

In Senate, to-day, the chief subject of general interest was a call, made at the motion of Mr. Kunkel, upon Gov. Bigler, for the reasons for granting a requisition to the Governor of Maryland for a citizen of this State, on the charge of an offense not known as such to our laws. [It appears that the man is without doubt a free-man, and that he was arrested first by a mob, and afterwards by habeas corpus, so that he escaped the "tender mercies" of Maryland.] The resolution was supported by Messrs. Kunkel, Evans, Darsie, and Hamilton, opposed wholly by Mr. Bucklew, and in part by Messrs. Crab and O'Neill. It finally passed in an altered form by a vote of 21 to 11. It was stated that when Gov. Bigler found out his error, he promptly rectified it, by a telegraph dispatch, as far as he was able. The discussion called out the Senator from Dauphin, whose remarks were full of earnestness and the spirit of patriotism, and evinced powers of expression of the very first order.

The "Great California Grizzly Bear" has taken his departure. "The papers" have the following "Bear Story" descriptive of his young grisly majesty:  
"This specimen of the California Grizzly, or Terrible Bear of the Rocky Mountains, only two years old, yet measuring the enormous dimensions of four feet and a half in height, eight feet and a half in length, and weighing 1200, is probably destined to be the largest individual of its species of which we have any account. And what is most remarkable, is its perfect subjection to its keepers, who are enabled to enter its cage and make it perform many singular feats. This is, we believe, the first instance of such control over the Grizzly or Polar Bear, for, whether 'mid their native solitudes, floating upon fields of ice on the Polar Seas, ranging the wilds of California or Soconora, or confined in the cages of Menageries, they have been the same fierce, restless, and untamable creature, the dread alike of showmen and hunters. This specimen was captured at the foot of the Rocky Mountains when a cub, and at the expense of the lives of two men of a party of five concerned in the capture; for, being pursued by the dam, two of them were overtaken and instantly destroyed, though she

had received the contents of four rifles, one ball having actually penetrated her heart. The affrighted party dropped the cub, and upon returning with proper reinforcements for the bodies of their comrades, found the mother dead, with the cub firmly clutched in her embrace."

FRIDAY, Jan. 28.  
Mr. Sifer presented a petition in Senate, from citizens of West Beaver, for a change in the place of holding elections.

One "omnibus" from Chester county passed, and several bills on second reading. In the House, the two Bank Bills (Harrisburg Mechanics, Savings and Carlisle Deposit) passed finally, 48 to 40.

Petitions for the Maine Liquor Law and for cancellation of the relief notes—also for various new counties—are most frequent.

SATURDAY, Jan. 29.  
The Senate to-day resolved hereafter to meet at 10 o'clock in the morning.

The Harrisburg Deposit Bank passed Senate by a vote of 19 to 9, and will go to the Governor.

The re-charter of the Carlisle Deposit Bank also passed 19 to 11, and goes to the Governor.

The bill to incorporate the State Capital Bank of Harrisburg, passed Senate by 1 majority.

In the House, Mr. S. S. Seely resigned his station as Sergeant-at-Arms for a better on the Railroad, and Henry A. Wieland of Philad., was appointed in his stead.

A bill was reported for a new township, called "Zerby" out of a part of Coal Tp., North'd Co.

Resolutions from the Senate in favor of Lake Superior Railroad, were amended in the House, recommending Congress to make a grant of public lands to the Sunbury & Erie Railroad. [Why should not Congress give some lands to the Old States, as well as the New? Surely the "old Thirteen," which waged the War of the Revolution, and which acquired the soil of the New States, are as well entitled to a share of vacant lands, as the New States themselves. This movement should be followed up, and the millions of acres which are annually distributed, should be divided among all the States, in proportion to their population.]

MONDAY, Jan. 31.  
To-day is the last day of January, and an April-like day it is. Acquaintances in town from the West Branch, from the North Branch, and from the Western part of this State, state that they have had excellent sleighing, while we have had none at all in Harrisburg.

A gentleman has given me the following synopsis of the occupations of the 33 Members of the present Senate: Lawyers 12, Farmers 5; Ironmasters, Physicians, Printers, Millers, and Gentlemen, 2 each; Legislator, Carpenter, Papermaker, Gas-pipe-maker, Boat-builder, Merchant, 1 each—33. Officers—3 Farmers, 2 Printers, 2 Teachers, 1 Luncheoner, 1 Boatman, 1 Blacksmith, 1 Constable, 1 Banker, 1 Lawyer, 1 Musician—14.

In Senate, Maj. Fry, read in place a bill providing for the enrollment of the citizen soldiers, and organizing the volunteers of the Commonwealth. The Major is a military man, and I believe contemplates some resurrection of the militia system.

The bill to incorporate the Clinton County Coal Company, with a capital of half a million dollars, and privilege to extend to one and a half millions, was taken up—George Little and James H. Johnston are the incorporators—gentlemen, I believe, from the East. Mr. Darlington moved to lay a tax of one per cent. on the capital stock of the Company, which was sustained by Messrs. Darsie, Bucklew, and Carothers, and opposed by Messrs. Quiggle, Evans, Myers, and Kunkel, and carried by a vote of 18 to 14. It was argued on the one hand that such taxes were customary, and that as extraordinary privileges were granted to the company, they should pay a bonus. On the other hand it was urged that in the payment of tolls on the bituminous coal sent to market, and in the opening of the internal wealth of the region where its operations were to be conducted, it would pay abundantly for its privileges.

The Governor has signed the bill to incorporate the Odd Fellows Hall Association of New Berlin—the bill relating to certain election districts in Montour, Clinton, Lycoming and Potter counties—and 18 other bills.

The House Bill to incorporate the Penn. Medical College of Philadelphia, passed Senate, finally.

In the House, 10 o'clock in the morning was agreed upon for the commencement of the session each day.

Numbers of petitions relative to floating saw-logs in the Susquehanna and its tributaries, are presented in each House.

Mr. HILL, of Fayette, (Inland Navigation) reported a bill repealing the act of last session whereby the State relinquished the power to resume the Pennsylvania section of the Delaware and Hudson canal.

Mr. WHARTON moved to refer the bill just reported to a select committee of five members, with power to send for persons and papers.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. DUNNING (Compare Bills) reported that A. M. Spangler had resigned, and that Lucius F. Barnes had been chosen as Comparing Clerk on the part of the House.

On motion of Mr. SERGEANT, the House proceeded to the second reading of the bill to aid in the erection of monuments commemorative of the Declaration of Independence, and the bill passed finally.

QUI.  
For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

NOTES OF A TRAVELER.  
THE THAMES RIVER, and MADAME TISSAND'S EXHIBITION.

In the afternoon I took the steamer at London Bridge for the Tunnel. On my way down the river I was struck with the number of large steamships, destined to sail for Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent. I counted not less than twenty or thirty, and some of these were very large. This is an age of steam indeed. Especially was I convinced of this when I heard music by steam in the Tunnel.

I entered the roundhouse enclosing the stairs which descend to the Tunnel. It is perhaps fifty or seventy feet in diameter, lighted from above and adorned by a circle of paintings running round on a level with the ground. On reaching the bottom I found that only one side of the Tunnel is open for passengers. That is brilliantly lighted with gas. The other half is left for shops of different kinds with windows opening towards the one thoroughfare.

It produced rather a strange sensation to see buying and selling going on under the bed of the river, and to know that old Thames, with all its numerous and varied craft, is rolling on over one's head. But, after all, this wonder of art serves rather to gratify curiosity than any purpose of real utility. It was commenced in the year 1824, and after various interruptions and discouragements to the work, caused by the irruption of the river, it was completed in 1843. It was thought that it would be a crowded thoroughfare, having all the advantages of a bridge without its inconveniences, and it was formed with two galleries as our ordinary bridges in the expectation that a spiral road would be made at each end for vehicles. But it was found that the jar caused by the passage of carts and waggons would endanger. It is now therefore merely used for foot passengers, of whom there were not as many as on the other bridges. I was informed that it is by no means a paying concern.

The shops, of which there are probably thirty or forty, are chiefly for the sale of toys, fancy articles and refreshments. At one of them was a small steam engine driving a large barrel organ—music by steam! It was worthy of a Yankee, that notion. I should not be surprised if some Yankee from the land of wooden nutmegs had set up shop there. I did not like to ask for fear he should turn out to be a Londoner, and then he would have expected a fee for the information. This is the greatest place for fees. Everybody expects to be paid for all they do or say for you. If they only look at you, they think they have established a legal claim on your purse. Waiters, cabmen, guides, &c. &c., all seem to be bent on the one object of extracting from the pockets of travelers as much money as they possibly can. The demand for fees meets you at every turn. It requires some patience to submit to such a system of spounging.

In the evening I went to see Madame Tussand's Exhibition of Wax Works. I mounted on top of an omnibus, and rode down Holborn and Oxford streets. It was quite a sight—well worth the sixpence I had to pay for it. The street is very wide, and it was blazing with light and crowded with people. Such a long line of brilliant gas-lights—two or three miles in length—was a very fine sight.

After a ride of about two miles I was deposited at Mme. Tussand's, in Baker street, and made my way into the splendid establishment. There are two large halls, each, I should think, 50 by 80 feet, with very lofty ceilings hung throughout with crimson drapery and brilliantly lighted with gas. The figures are clothed each in its own appropriate attire, and stand, some alone on pedestals, some on the floor of the apartment, and others arranged in groups on extended platforms handsomely carpeted. Two of these groups, consisting of from 15 to 20 persons, occupied the centre of the two halls. The view from the entrance is altogether very brilliant and imposing, and the whole is enlivened by music from a band who occupy a gallery over the front door.

The first personage whom I saw on entering was the very identical man who ran away from Paris the very morning of my arrival in that city. Can it be that by his

spies he had heard of my strong desire to see him and had resolved to put that out of my power? But here he was, clothed in a plain suit of black, and very much the same in nose, and chin, and physiognomy, as in the splendid engraving of "All but hatched," which I saw this morning in the window of the "Punch" office.

After leaving the image of Napoleon the Little, I walked on to look at the figure of Madame de Sainte Amaranthe, one of the victims of the Reign of Terror. She was reclining on a sofa, in front of the door, and seemed to be attracting the attention of a number of the visitors. I looked over the heads of some of the spectators, but could not obtain a very good view of the lovely countenance, which was partly concealed by the arm thrown over the head. There was one little lady in black bonnet and mantilla who rather provoked me, she stood so pertinaciously at the head of the image. Finding that she seemed determined to keep her place, I walked on to look at other objects. After a while I returned to try to obtain a better view of Mme. de Ste. Amaranthe. The little lady in black was still at her post. On looking closer I found it was no being of flesh and blood, but the waxen image of Mme. Tussand herself. I had to laugh at my blunder, and, of course, was put in such a good humor, that I cheerfully pardoned her for her immobility.

I passed on and found a number of people of all ages come to greet my arrival. There was George Hudson, the Railroad king, and not far from him stood Richard the Third, of doubtful reputation, if Punch may be believed—of no doubtful reputation, however, if Shakespeare be good authority. A terribly obstinate and ugly fellow, by Shakespeare's showing—but a very gentlemanly personage according to Mme. Tussand, and almost as good looking as the Bard of Avon himself, who stands in close proximity to him. Then there is of course her Most Gracious Majesty, playing with a baby, and surrounded by the Prince consort and the little folks in any quantity. Then there is Napoleon the Great and Charles the Second, Guizot and Mehmet Ali, George IV. and the Iron Duke. And here is an American—George Washington—a very respectable looking man, but not much larger apparently than Kossuth or D'Israeli, who are placed near him, and certainly not as tall as Jenny Lind, or Mrs. Siddons, or Mme. Grisi. His tall form is shrunken in this smoky atmosphere: I fear he would hardly know himself. I felt rather provoked, and wanted either to tumble the statue over, or to have a sheet of paper put under his heels.

Tom Thumb attracted much attention from his singular and conspicuous position. He is placed on the hand of the Russian giant, Lonskin, who is looking down complacently on the redoubtable little General as he sits in his palm doubling his puny fist and making fierce faces at his tall friend. Lonskin is 8 feet 6 inches high and slender as a May-pole.

But time would fail me to notice half of the worthies, small and great, which are dotted about the rooms. It was altogether—with one exception—a very beautiful sight, and I thought it well worth my shilling. I should have been sorry to have left London without seeing it. That exception is the Cabinet of Horrors attached, to which one is admitted at an extra charge of sixpence. It contains sundry rogues and murderers, among whom I noticed Burke and Hare, the men who murdered so many in Edinburgh about 20 years ago, in order to sell the bodies for purposes of dissection. The room and its contents I consider to be a disgrace to the collection. After seeing it I must confess that I did begrudge the cost. G. W. A.

A Hint.  
Hench words are like the hail which beats  
The herbage to the ground.  
Kind words are like the gentle rain  
Which scatters freshness round.

As polished steel receives a stain  
From drops at Paris' fount,  
So does the child, when words profane  
Drop from a parent's tongue.

RAILROAD BREAKFAST—A Good Idea.—By an arrangement just completed, passengers before leaving Buffalo for New York, while purchasing their tickets at the office they are handed a bill of fare, from which they select such articles as they desire. The orders are immediately forwarded by a telegraphic communication to the refreshment room at Warsaw, and numbered tickets are handed to the different passengers. Upon arriving at Warsaw, each finds upon the table whose number corresponds with the card, the breakfast ordered in Buffalo, and the train waits twenty minutes for him to eat it.

Statistics show that Printers live shorter lives than any other class. The noxious effluvia arising from the type, the constant confinement and want of exercise, and the late hours to which work is oftentimes prolonged, are the prime causes.

## The True Heaven.

Rejoice, my soul! no more shall bright  
The "eternal spirit" world,  
In cease shall be to endless night,  
To deep perdition hurled.

The angels from every clime shall soar  
To their unchanging rest,  
And earth's division vex no more  
The spirits of the best.

There's not a Member in Heaven,  
To shout the loud Amen,  
To swell the song of praise—  
Ah! where are brights then?

Within the peaceful realms above  
No fragments shall  
Emit bill of God's electing love  
While endless ages roll.

Th' Electorate, too, I know,  
Nor part shall not have there,  
In be of High Church or of Low,  
In Heaven he has no share.

The Queen's ever shall find a seat  
In all the holy place,  
'Tis not for him to plant his feet  
Among the sons of grace.

The Heavens, too, shall kneel in rapt  
At the celestial gate,  
And yet submission never cease—  
What then shall be the fate?

"The pure in heart," submissive, meek,  
Who are God while on earth,  
Who own His name, His will who seek,  
Are heirs of Heaven by birth.

Christians shall swell His holy song  
Without a jarring chord—  
Eternity the note proving  
Of "glory to the Lord."

## Gen. Cass on Religious Liberty.

On the 3d ult., in the U. S. Senate, Mr. Cass presented a memorial of the Baptist Churches of Maryland, praying that measures be taken to secure to Americans abroad liberty of conscience. He accompanied the presentation with the following liberal and eloquent remarks:

I have been requested to present the petition which I send to the Clerk's table from the Maryland Baptist Union Association, and to move its reference to the appropriate committee. I do this with pleasure, not only from regard to the motives and position of those who make this application, but also because I heartily concur with them in the importance of the object, and in the propriety of calling the attention of the government to it; an object dear to us and to the world in its consequences now and hereafter. This body of pious and intelligent Christians anxiously desire the freedom of religious worship for their countrymen wherever the accidents of life may carry them.

And it is not strange that this sentiment should be strongly felt and strongly expressed in this land of gospel liberty. But it is strange that in this age of the world, and this day of intellectual advancement, any obstacle should be interposed by any government in Christendom, to prevent the believers in the faith of Jesus from following the dictates of their own conscience, and while rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, prohibit them from rendering unto God the things that are God's agreeably to their own convictions of the injunctions of His divine word. I concede fully with the signers of this petition, that the best of all freedom is the freedom of conscience, and that there is no tyranny so revolting as that which tyrannizes over the mind.

We have a right to be heard in such an appeal as this, for we have tried the great experiment—an experiment no longer, for it has become experience—of the entire separation of Church and State, and have shown that unrestricted freedom of worship is not only the best for the political interests of a country, but best for the true interests of religion itself. Unfortunately the errors of dark ages have not yet wholly yielded to the progress of truth, and in many countries the civil authority impudently undertakes to exclude any form of religion but its own, and non-conformity is not all want of conformity to the will of God, but the offence of preferring the divine will to that of the ruler.

Human presumption has never gone farther than in the erection of a standard of faith with which all must agree, or be subject to the penalties of the government here, and to the excommunications of the Church hereafter. So far as regards the profession of a particular doctrine as a necessary qualification for office, however we may lament its presumption and injustice, we have no national cause of complaint as that is a question of internal policy. And nothing better illustrates the slow progress of truth in those old countries, where it has many interests and prejudices to encounter, than the fact that even in England, with all her real claims to freedom and intelligence, a Jew to this day can not occupy a seat in Parliament without taking an oath by which he abjures his own faith and the religion of his forefathers.

But we have a right to expect from the comity of all friendly nations, that American citizens be permitted to enjoy liberty of worship wherever they may go. There is not the slightest reasonable objection to such a demand. It ought not, indeed, to be necessary, for this unworthy system of intolerance has not the least foundation in reason or religion. It is a mere relic of barbarism, converting the religion of the

gospel into an engine of State, and substituting human fallibility for those personal convictions of religious belief which every one should exercise for himself, and for the exercise of which every one is responsible.

In what manner it may be proper for one government to present this grave question to other governments, I do not undertake at present to say. I shall move its reference to the committee on foreign relations, feeling satisfied that they will give it their earnest attention, and in the hope that they will make a report which will be authoritative, as the expression of our views, and still more those of our constituents, in any communications the Executive may open with foreign powers.

Certainly there can be no objection to firm and friendly representations, and I can not doubt that those declarations of the wishes of the American people will have weight everywhere, and I am satisfied they will ere long produce a salutary effect in some countries, and eventually in all. This kind of interposition well befits this republic and as day by day we find ourselves engaged in far different questions, we have cause to feel gratified that the opportunity is offered us of aiding in a work which commends itself to our consideration by the highest motives that can influence human action.

And I am free to confess, sir, that for myself I rejoice at the occasion thus given to us, while pleading for the full toleration of religion, to bear our testimony to its priceless value. Independent of its connection with the human destiny hereafter, I believe the fate of Republican governments is indissolubly bound up with the fate of the Christian religion, and that a people who reject its holy faith will find themselves the slaves of their own evil passions, and of arbitrary power. And I am free to acknowledge that I do not see altogether without anxiety some of the signs which are shadowed forth around us.

A weak and sublimated imagination with some, and irregulated passions with others, are producing founders and followers of strange doctrines, whose tendencies it is easier to perceive than it is to account for their origin and progress. But they will find their career and their remedy not in legislative, but in a sound religious opinion, whether they inculcate an appeal to God by means of stocks, and stones and rappings, the latest and the most ridiculous experiment upon human credulity, or whether they seek to pervert the scriptures to the purposes of their own libidinous passions, by destroying that safeguard of religion and social order, the institution of marriage, and by leading lives of unrestricted intercourse, thus making procreancy to a miserable imposture, unworthy of our nature, by the temptations of unbridled lust.

This same trial was made in Germany some three centuries ago, in a period of strange abominations, and failed. And it will fail here. Where the word of God is free to all, no such vile doctrine can permanently establish itself.

We are gratified in being able to state that all difficulty between the stockholders of the West Branch Bank has been amicably and satisfactorily adjusted, and this institution will continue to do, as it heretofore has done a profitable and successful business. We never write more confidently than we ought in relation to the stability of Banks; and, in this instance, say what we know to be true, that there is not a sounder Bank, in Pennsylvania or elsewhere, than the West Branch. Nearly all the stock is owned by men of wealth, who are personally responsible for the payment of all its notes; the management of its affairs is in the hands of some of the best and ablest business men in the country; and its paper is kept at par in Philadelphia, and will continue to be so—*Lycoming Gazette.*

AMERICAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND.—In a number of the London Athenaeum we find forty-nine American books advertised, one extensively reviewed, and four favorably "noticed." A far greater number of volumes of American literature have been sold in England during the year 1852, than of English literature in America.

THEY who drink away their estate, drink the tears of their widows and the very blood of their impoverished children.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.—The Supreme Court of Ohio, now in session, have decided that any person losing money on a bet on the result of an election, may recover the amount lost by suit; and if the loser fail to sue in six months, any other person may sue for, and recover it for his own use.

A rat was killed in Petersburg, Va., last week, which weighed two pounds ten ounces.

The Ericsson vessel, we are told, will be at Norfolk on or before February 20th, to meet the Secretary of the Navy.

Love is a weapon that conquers men when all else fails.

## The Minister's Call.

Should Jesus, lovely Saviour, be called on me to go,  
In the blessed I must labor, or on me must come a woe,  
Farwell dear friends and loving neighbors, the gospel  
I trumpet I must blow,  
And must I mention to every creature, fit to me the word  
to go.

Say not four months, then comes the harvest, the fields  
are white, the harvest near,  
He that reapeth reaps the wages as in the scripture book  
appear.

Then I will travel for my Jesus o'er mountains high and  
valleys low,  
To seek a bride for my dear Master, fit to me the word  
to go.

Some poor sinners will you hear me, some poor sinners  
not repent,  
The blessed Jesus has called you—fit to me the word  
to go.

Oh! hearken sinners, be stricken, say will you have my  
Love or not?  
To you my errand is directed, and still the word to me,  
to go.

Some poor sinners who have wandered, and your sin  
like mountains rise,  
Let your hope on Christ be founded, prepare to meet him  
in the skies.

And if you see appear like crimson, still your soul  
as white as snow,  
Some poor sinners to the Saviour, and still the word to  
me to go.

Some backsliders who have wandered, come home, come  
home to Father's house,  
Come home, come home, ye wandering pilgrims, come  
home, and pay your vows,  
The board will be set for you, all things are ready  
now to show.

The fatted calf is killed, is killed, and still to me the word  
to go.

Ye little lambs of my Redeemer, you who feed on pasture  
green,  
Follow, follow Christ your Saviour, ever let your light be  
seen.

Ever stand and love each other, and when the paths that  
lead to woe  
And travel on the way together, so farewell, brethren, for  
I must go.

## An M. D. on Gold Digging.

A young physician, who, after having received his diploma from one of our Medical Colleges, finding that there was no chance of gaining a livelihood by the practice of his profession in the place of his nativity, concluded to pack up his tools, and emigrate to the Land of Gold on the Pacific. Here he found no better encouragement in the practice of medicine, for which he had been duly prepared, and licensed. As a last resort, he turned miner, and exchanged the scalpel for the pickaxe. In a recent letter to a friend at home, he embodies a sort of valedictory sermon to his last pursuit, which we copy for the edification of our readers.

"Why will ye dig?" Oh! my friend! for the light of whose presence my spirit yearneth and my bowels grumbleth, dost thou ask me why? Is it not written that fortune smiles upon fools? And for the sake of those smiles, hath not thy servant been making a fool, ye an ass of himself, in vain? For five years and ten days he has sojourned in this place—he has dived into the water—he has torn ancient rocks from their resting places, and removed them afar off—he has likewise torn his breeches in parts not to be spoken of—he has rooted into the mud like unto a swine. His beard hath grown long—the skin upon his hands and face hath changed its color until he is now likened unto a wild bear, and his garments are rent and soiled, so that "sackcloth and ashes" would be as fine linen and purple to him. He would fain feed on husks, but there are none. Yea, he who in times past was wont to fare sumptuously, and to grumble over greater delicacies than were piled upon the table of Dives, now stupefied with gladness the fragrance of pork and beans, and gushes his teeth impatiently over a frying slapjack. He boltheth a raw onion with unpeppable avidity. Potato skins fear his presence, beef vanishes from before him, and dogs look in vain for the bones. He sighs for the flesh pots of Egypt, and mourns over the barrenness of the land. In his sleep, nevertheless, the good angel of the past deigns to visit him, and delightful visions are opened to his recollection, for a delicious "bill of fare" floats before the mind of the dreamer, and he orders "Oysters and terrapin for six," only to awaken to his dolorous slapjack and molasses.

All this hath thy servant endured. Is he not then a fool, an abomination in the sight of wisdom? And is it not unto such, and such only, that fortune dispenses her favors? Yet she hath deserted me. I approach her and she fleeth! I "double on her trail," and she turneth away! I await her coming and she stands still! I secrete myself in her path, and seize her unawares! But she glideth off, as though I had caught a pig by his greased tail! She traileth, I exclaim, as with a sick heart I revile poverty and curse fortune.

Now, therefore, I renounce these diggings—I abscinduate the premises—I "vamoose the ranch"—I take off—I put out—I go—I slope—I depart without scrip or provender, taking no heed for the morrow, for the morrow takes no care of me. Ere five days shall have passed, the rearward nether garment of thy servant will be waving in the breezes of the Nevada. A remnant of it will be nailed upon the highest mountain that he crosses, an emblem of the extremity to which man may be reduced in the land of Ophir!

Turn over before you read any more.