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From Graham's Magazine.

Patrick O'Brien.

BY RAY. H. HASTINGS, WRITER.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER III.

Nora was satisfied, there was no denying that. But how was Paddy to satisfy his father and mother and Ellen? How was he to explain to the little O'Briens that they were going to America, and brother Patrick was to remain behind? Never was a worse day's work done for Nora's father than Patrick's that day, we are very sure. Never was poor fellow so dissatisfied with himself. A few doors before, all seemed to promise to falsify the adage that the course of true love never did run smooth, and now never was stream so ruffled.

"'Tis but a word, and all's over," said he to himself, as he turned his head toward the next evening, prepared to face the worst. But his fears whispered that there would be more than one word or two, and those, high ones; and by the time he had reached his father's door, all his courage was gone again. When he entered, he found the good wife there who had the son over sea. She was fully installed as one of the council, since she also had resolved upon crossing the water. All the various items and charges of the voyage were calculated, and Paddy was counted as one of the party—not without lamentations, which he arrived in season to hear, that he had grown too tall to be counted as one of the children."

It was a desperate case, and there was nothing for it but desperate courage. "Mother," said the boy, "and Father, and Ellen and your children, you've pushed the thing so far that you drive me to tell you all, once and for ever, that I can't go!"

Patrick (senior) let his pipe fall with astonishment. The mother turned pale with sorrow and displeasure. Ellen arose, and going to Patrick's side—she had not taken a seat—drew him out of doors. They went a few steps from the house in silence, and reaching a tree paused there. Paddy folded his arms, leaned against the tree, bowed his head, and stood in troubled silence. Ellen placed her hands upon his, and not a word was spoken till, when she felt her brother's hot tears fall upon her hand, she cried:

"Sure, Paddy, you are not going to leave us now!" And she fell upon his neck and clung to him with the evidences of earnest and frantic affection.

"Indeed, indeed, Ellen darling, it is you that leave me. It is you that go away from the land where God is good to us, to seek a new home and new friends over sea. Can't you go there with you, Ellen; indeed can't."

"And what will this land be to you, Paddy dear, but a land of strangers—no mother, no father, no sister, no brother in it? Where'll be the heart-side that you'll find a home at? Come, brother, with the rest of us, where father will lift up his head again and mother be happy!"

"Amen to thy happiness, Ellen, and yours too. Go your ways without me.—Sure I've given my word on it, and must tarry and take care of my own home, sister dear."

"Is it that you mean?" cried Ellen, starting back indignantly. "And shall we plough the seas while you cling to her apron-string? Will you be as easy in your upholstered bed, while the mother that bore you is tossed on the ocean, and the sister that toiled for you is down, down in the deep sea, maybe? Oh, Patrick! by the days of our wee, wee childhood, come along with us now. Is it thus, selfish as you are, that you lose all natural affection? Didn't the clergy tell us, one Sunday was a week, to honor father and mother?"

"Thru for you, Ellen. But who would be our father and mother, if our father had not left his father and mother to clasp to his wife? Oh, go along with you, Ellen, to break my heart so, and my word of words given to Nora—that I will stay with her and cherish her—for better for worse!"

Ellen said no more. Patrick did not re-enter the house, but proceeded homeward—to the place which was now doubly home to him, since the home of his childhood was about to be broken up. But the

efforts of his mother to change his determination did not cease, and many a half-allocation he had with his family in his now frequent visits. Still, though strongly tempted to yield, he never would give full consent, and the sight of Nora reassured him in his resistance. The few weeks that remained between the fixing upon the purpose of emigration and the day of departure, were a long, long time to Patrick, and a season of sad trouble; and he could not speak with freedom to any of his distress. Nora was high spirited, and the bare suspicion of the manner in which her name was bandied, and her love for Patrick all but cursed at the house of his father, would have led her to forbid Patrick ever to speak on the subject to her again. With slow reluctance the family gave way to Patrick's resolute determination, and ceasing unkind reproaches, loaded him with tenderness, that much more affected his determined spirit. The day of parting came at last, and Nora herself proposed that she should accompany her betrothed to take leave of his kindred. It was a dangerous thing for him to suffer, Patrick knew; but how could he avoid it? And what would he have thought of her, too, had she not proposed it?

Unmixed and bitter was the grief with which Patrick's kindred took leave of him to commence their long journey. They sorrowed as persons who should see his face no more; and without extravagance or hyperbole, the passion of grief which they felt and exhibited may be termed heart-rending. Scarcely a word did they give to Nora. The mother looked on her almost with aversion, and the father scarce heeded her presence at all. Ellen only said:

"Fare thee well, Nora—love him, for you see what he forgives for you. God forgive him if he is wrong, and me if he is right!"

CHAPTER IV.

They were gone. Nora thought it was but natural, at first, that Patrick should be sad, for the interview which she had witnessed made her unhappy too. But she was not well pleased that his gloom continued. Weeks and months passed, and still Patrick had not resumed his former light-heartedness. Nor did there appear any indication of his return to him. The wedding day, to which he once looked forward with continual expectation, and of which, at one time, he daily spoke, he now seemed to dread and scarcely mentioned. And when he did speak of it, it was with a forced appearance of interest. Nora was offended at his coldness, and as he did not press, as formerly, a positive and early date, you may be sure that she did not increase in impatience for the nuptials to which Patrick appeared to be growing daily more indifferent. He thought her ungrateful that she did not duly estimate the sacrifice he had made for her; and she considered him weak-minded that he had over-estimated his affection for her, and undervalued his own kin, and was now repenting. Patrick was indeed more miserable than ever he had been before in his life. Not a word had he heard from his connections in many long months; and what Ellen said to him under the tree before his father's door, now haunted him—"Shall we plough the seas while you cling to her apron-strings? Will you be easy in your bed, when the mother that loves you is tossed on the sea, and the sister that toiled for you is drowned?" By day these words haunted him, and by night his mother and sister rose out of the sea to come to his bedside. And truly, when he waked in a cold perspiration of terror from these visions, it was hard to persuade him that they were not true; and that the sea had not verily given up its dead to reproach him.

"Nora, dear," he said at length one evening, as they sat alone, "my heart is broke, so it is."

She answered with a look in which deep sorrow mingled with all her old affection. Nor did she resist when he drew her to his side, and placed her head against his bosom. He felt that he could not say what he must when her eyes met his. So she nestled lovingly to him while he sat long in silence. She guessed, but would not ask, what he wished to say, and at length he continued:

"Every morning when I wake it is to hear what they said to me, when I would not go with them. And every night when I lie down, sure the clatter of that leaving drives sleep away. And when the eyes shut for very weariness, and I have cried myself into a troubled slumber, it is no rest. Sometimes my mother comes to me, Nora, and sometimes my sister. I know that they come from the deep, deep sea, for they are all dripping wet. Never a word do they say with their mouths, but their eyes, Nora. God save us, what was that?"

Nora had caught his contagious horror, and clung closer to him, as they both shivered with terror. It was many minutes

before Patrick could resume his narrative, but after a trembling pause he proceeded: "They come to me, Nora, and I know it's them. When I wake, don't I feel the cold water of the sea chilling my temples? The saints save us, Nora, from such visitors to our bridal bed! You think me changed and that my heart is turned, and my manner is unkind—but, Nora, dear, what will I do, what can I do?"

"It's all your sick fancy, Patrick—and may be your conscience is not easy," said Nora, shaking off the spectral influence of Paddy's dreams. "It's all your own notion, Paddy dear. Your mother and all of them are well and happy—barring that they feel the loss of you as much as you do of their absence. And I know their consciences are not easy, Patrick, for the hard words they said to you must leave a deep wound in their own hearts. You must go to them, Patrick!"

"What, Nora, and leave you?"

"And why not? Sure, Paddy dear, you're not worth a body's having now, and that's the truth. You are not the same lad that you were at all, and what will I do with such a man? It's a long lane that has no turn, and all will come right by and by."

"Nora!"

"Well!"

"Would 't you go with me too?"

"Sure I thought you'd be asking that, Patrick. Ellen said you were selfish—and was n't it the truth she said? Will you change the loan of your heart to mine? Hav'nt I a father and mother, and sisters, too? Will I give them up and go away, because you can't give yours up? It isn't reason, Patrick."

In vain did our hero strive to change Nora's determination. Her arguments were unanswerable, and he was fain to submit. After many days' irresolution he resolved, but still not without doubts and misgivings, to follow his parents to America. The resolution taken, the spectral appearances that had annoyed him ceased. He was hale tempted to retreat from his purpose, but Nora gave him no encouragement, and his nocturnal visitors threatened to renew their visits; so that he was fain to adhere to his resolve, and take a steerage passage to the great entrepot of the New World—New York.

Great was his amazement upon arriving there to find that there was a place so large, and one of so many large places, and that to inquire of his family there was of as little utility as it would be to ask for his master's dog in Dublin. It was a sad trial to Patrick that he had come to a strange land, he verily believed, to no purpose. But it was necessary for him to do, or starve, and finding employment he worked, with a heavy heart it is true, but not without hope. Chance (or we should better say Providence) directed him to a priest, to whom he related his difficult position and almost extinguished hopes. The kind father was struck with his tale, and after a moment's pondering referred to his record of priestly acts, and sure enough there he found the name of Ellen O'Brien—O'Brien no longer!

"Mighty easy it was, then, for her to come over!" shouted Pat, "fine talk her's to me about selfishness, and drowning, and all that! Very pleasant it was, no doubt of it, to write and read them long letters! But it has given me the first trace of them anyhow, and that's something!"

With this clue, the persevering young Irishman was not long in tracing the party to their late stopping-place—*that*, for they were there no longer. He followed to Albany, and there again lost the scent, for a party of poor emigrants are not so easily followed. Again he heard of them in Buffalo—away, it seemed to him, at the verge of the world—and again he pursued.

"Sure I will find them now," he said, "if it is only to have a fly at that traitor, Ellen—God bless her!"

At Buffalo he was again disappointed, for from thence also they had fled. "It's the Wandering Jew, Ellen has married, no doubt," said he, "to lead me this dance, and she to rate me so! Wait till I find them once more."

Time would be unprofitably spent in tracing all poor Pat's journeyings, including many excursions from the main routes. Wherever the sinews of his countrymen were busy upon public works and other enterprises in which the labor of the sturdy Irishman is found so valuable, there Pat wandered—and patient perseverance was at last rewarded. He had traced out an impromptu village on a rail road track, where the delvers had put up cabins which they would sorrow to leave. As he looked curiously through the little settlement, he was startled to hear his own name shouted, and in a moment more one of his many brothers had him by the neck, with a hug as stifling as if he had taken lessons in the new country of one of those undisciplined natives—the black bear.

Pat had much ado to stop his brother's clamor, that he might surprise the others.

And he was astonished, moreover, to find little Phelim (for he it was) with a Sunday face on in the middle of the week. The mystery was solved when they reached the cabin; for there was a gathering in honor of the first Patrick of the third generation!

"It's this you were up to, Ellen, is it?" shouted Patrick, bursting upon them. "I thought it wasn't entirely to make Phelim a priest, and Michael a djuko, that you come over!"

Tears, shouts of laughter, frolic, pathos, poetry, and prose most unadorned, made up the delightful melange at that unexpected meeting.

CHAPTER V.

Patrick found that his family had indeed made a happy change. There was no gaining saying that. And he himself experienced no difficulty in procuring employment; but he was far from being so well content as the others. He wrote to Nora upon his arrival at New York, and again when he had found his father and mother, and he wanted daily to invite her to join him in America. But for the same reason that he did not return to Ireland, he dared not ask her to come over; for if he could not leave his friends, how could she be expected to leave hers? He would have gone "home" as he persisted in calling it, but, strange to say, Ellen was not in the least humbled in her exactions by the fact of her own marriage. She loved Pat better than anybody in this world, her own husband and child not excepted, and it was with a feeling of wrong that she heard or thought of his loving any one else, or being beloved by any.

Sad news began now to come from the old country and the O'Briens had no letters; but others had, and the newspapers were full of the dreadful destitution and the deaths from starvation in Ireland. Now poor Patrick was worse afflicted than he had been by separation from his parents. Tidings came of starvation and death in houses the inhabitants of which he knew were wealthier far than Nora's father; and he feared that she might even want for a bit of bread, while he rolled in plenty. Had he pursued his own inclination he would have posted back—but Ellen said—"Don't think of such a thing! Is it mad you are! When there's people dying there of the hunger will you go snatch the bread from their mouths? Or will you go 'home,' as you call it, and feed the three kingdoms from your own pocket?" Patrick was hurt—and he thought of the two Nora was far the best comforter.

Deep indeed was the distress that rested upon unhappy Ireland. And Patrick's fears for his friends at home were but too well founded. Sickness and famine invaded the district in which Patrick was born; and though his old master at first was bountiful to those around him, stern necessity at last brought its admonition that he must withhold his hand. There is distress that opens the heart; but when it comes to dividing your living with your neighbor, to become at last fellow in his need, the instinct of self-preservation chills charity. Nevertheless, the good farmer gave—and gave a day too long; for the day came when he could count his own scanty provision in food and in purse. Impoverished, he learned at last to suffer and to sicken. He buried his wife out of his sight, and his children sunk one after another into the grave. He denied himself bread to feed his famishing family—almost rejoicing, while the dead lay unburied in his house, that with the release of child after child, the need of food and their wails of hunger diminished. And now at last Nora and himself only remained of all that happy household; and they had but to prepare their last food and die. The immense demand which had been made upon the charitable had proved too great for the supply; and men had ceased at last to think it a strange thing that people died of hunger.

Often did Nora think in her distress of him who was now far away. And heartily she rejoiced for his sake, that he had not remained to add another claimant on the public charity, to the thousands who pleaded unavailingly for it. But it was sad to think that he must one day hear that her he loved had sunk into the grave, the last of her house, for to death she firmly looked as the only hope of release from suffering.

A footstep broke the silence; but it hardly disturbed her reverie. It was the kind ecclesiastic who had been present at the death of her mother and her brothers—who had seen her sister buried, and to whom she herself looked, at no distant day for the last offices of the church. His frequent visits had become part of her daily experience, but she saw now that his face wore something more than the usual calm expression. She looked up inquiringly, and he placed in her hands a letter addressed to his care for her.

She knew the handwriting, and could scarce command firmness to break the seal.

And he was astonished, moreover, to find little Phelim (for he it was) with a Sunday face on in the middle of the week. The mystery was solved when they reached the cabin; for there was a gathering in honor of the first Patrick of the third generation!

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and wafers with which over caution had secured the letter. It was from Patrick, and enclosed more money than she had before seen for many weeks. "Now, God be praised," she cried, "my father shall find comfort again."

"He has found it, daughter!" said the priest in a solemn voice from the bedside. Nora hurried there, to receive, in the last faint smile, a father's inaudible blessing.

Need we say that the good priest gave Nora sound advice; to wit, that the money which she had received were better expended in finding her way to Patrick, than in protracting a weary existence in the place now so sad to her. Ellen's welcome was not the least hearty which Nora received; all agree that there was a Providence in the events which guided Patrick before her to America. Nora is cherished as one of the "children," and Mrs. O'Brien insists that her mistake at the bedside years before, was only a bit of prophecy, for her heart always yearned to Nora as one of her own. All are well pleased; and though a shade of sorrow for her kindred is habitual to the countenance of Mrs. Nora O'Brien, it adds to the sweetness of its expression, and is a better look, in its resignation, than one of discontent or vanity.

As to the young cousins in the neighborhood, we leave their statistics to the next census. They have proved jewels of comfort to Grandfather Patrick, who, though quite infirm, is still useful to "mum the childer," while Mrs. O'Brien, the grandmother, labors like Sisyphus to keep little feet in hose, with no hope that her work will ever cease while her breath lasts, or her fingers can ply a needle.

An Evening Song.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Father, above! I pray to Thee  
Before I make my rest.  
I seek Thee on my bedded knee,  
With warm and grateful breast.  
First, let me thank Thee for my share  
Of sweet and blessed health;  
It is a boon I would not spare  
For words of chiding breath!

And next I thank Thy bounteous hand  
That gives me "daily bread."  
That fills the corn upon the land,  
And keeps our table spread.  
I thank Thee for each peaceful night,  
That brings me soft repose;  
I thank Thee for the morning's light  
That bids my eyes unclose.  
I own Thy mercy when I move  
With limbs all sound and free—  
That gaily bear me when I roam  
Beside the moat and tree.

I thank Thee for my kindred friends,  
So loving and so kind,  
Who tell me all that knowledge lends  
To aid my heart and mind.  
Ah! let me value as I ought  
The lessons good men teach—  
To bear no malice in my thought,  
Nor anger in my speech.

Father above! O, hear my prayer,  
And let me ever be  
Worthy my earthly parents' care,  
And true in serving Thee!

"Pity Thy Family!"

A man falls into embarrassments, which ultimately overwhelm him in bankruptcy or drive him into idleness or crime. He was yesterday respected, influential and supposed to be affluent, and his family were treated and treated themselves accordingly; but to-day he is disgraced and starved clear off—without resources or prospects—very likely in prison and exposed to ignominious punishment. "Woe wretch!" say millions; "it is good enough for him, but we must pity his poor family!"

Half the men who are lauded as dragging down their families to shame and destitution are really themselves dragged down by these families—driven to bankruptcy, shame and crime by the thoughtless and basely selfish extravagance of wife and children. Let a man be in the way of receiving considerable money, and having property in his hands, and his family can rarely be made to comprehend and realize that there is any limit to his abilities to give and spend. Fine dresses and ornaments for wife and daughters; spending money every now and then, and richer furniture and more of it at all times—these are a few of the blind drains on "the governor's" means which are perpetually in action.—N. Y. Tribune.

That's a truth plainly spoken. Families are as often the ruin of a man as man is of a family. There is a foolish pride which maintains the mastery over the brains of some vain people, that prompts them to ape a station in society which their means will not justify, but heedless of consequences they persist in profligacy to the "bitter end." How many instances of bankruptcy, robbery and crime, might be cited of modern date, which are the direct effects of an extravagant family; and yet how little those lessons are heeded. Three thousand years experience under the sublime truths of the "Proverb"—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall"—has not apparently profited human nature anything.—Lycoming Gazette.

A lie has no legs, but scandal has wings.

English Comments

ON MR. CALHOUN'S LAST SLAVERY SPEECH.

The Union has extended itself, by enterprise and by conquest, to the shores of the furthest ocean; slavery tracking these conquests, claims admission to its new realms; the nation pursues with unabated energy, its prodigious course of pacific aggrandizement, but the diseased limb of the South, views with jealousy and irritation that growth which she can not rival, and attributes to the injustice of her confederates, results which spring directly and inevitably from her own social condition.

It is undoubtedly true, that, if we follow Mr. Calhoun in his comparison between the relative powers of the Northern and Southern sections of the Union, in 1793, and in 1850, the results demonstrate an increase in the free States, altogether disproportionate in amount to that of the States still infested with slavery. In some of the latter, as in Virginia, the number of representatives to Congress has actually diminished; in all it has increased with far less rapidity than in the North. The contrast is drawn to its sharpest edge between the contiguous States of Ohio and Kentucky. The free State was founded twelve years later than the slave State—their soil and climate are equal—yet, in less than half a century Ohio has a million of citizens more than its neighbor. The consequence has naturally been, that the North has, by its natural growth, acquired a constant augment of that political ascendancy, of which Mr. Calhoun and the South complain. But that fact is inherent, not in the political institutions of the Union, but in the social condition of the States themselves; and the injustice, or inequality against which Mr. Calhoun protests, are the direct consequences of that very state of things which he attempts to perpetuate and to extend. The North has gone on, with gigantic strides, to cross the Rocky Mountains and subdue the Prairies of the West; the South has infinitely less force to multiply itself, to expand, to increase. But the reason is clear; the institutions of the North tend to this rapid and audacious progress; those of the South clog even the natural progress of society. In the North labor is honored, and every man is the chief workman in the fabric of his independence—in the South it is servitude and the possession of other beings alone commands the cultivation of the soil. Towards the North a ceaseless stream of emigration, from European nations swells the population with fresh offsets—but the brilliant regions of the South tempt no foreign emigrant to their tropical soil. In the North the land is the prize and the means of labor; in the South land is useful only to the slaveholder. The North presents all the conditions favorable to the increase of native population—in the South population increases more slowly, and one-fourth of it consists, not of citizens, but of slaves, and political power follows the same law. The one is a living incarnation of a principle of national growth—the other of a principle of fear. The freedom of the North seeks to extend itself to new commonwealths, and to multiply confederate States—the slavery of the South clings to the old States, and views with jealousy the rise of powers which divide or lessen its authority in the Union. The social condition of the North incites and invigorates man for energetic enterprises—that of the South enervates and degrades him. The one aspires to complete individual freedom—the other is sometimes compelled to sacrifice freedom itself to security and precautions. The men of the North live in jealous independence of any interference of government in their public affairs—those of the South are daily reminded that the authority of stringent laws, and a vigorous government, are needed to preserve them from the worst calamities of social war. These causes are amply sufficient to determine the inequality of the two sections of the Union; and it is by the immutable laws of human nature, that the one flourishes in unbounded luxuriance, whilst the other is crippled by the elements of its own existence.—[London Times, March 23.]

Well, what if they do? It may not be true. A great many false reports are circulated, and the reputation of a good man may be sadly sullied by a baseless rumor. Have you any reason to believe that what they say concerning another is true? If not, why should you permit your name to be included among the "they" who circulate a scandal?

"They say"—How says? Is any person responsible for the assertion? Such phrases are frequently used to conceal the poignancy, who thus meanly strikes on whom he dare not openly assail. Are you helping the cowardly attack? If "they" means nobody, then regard the rumor as nothing.

"They say"—Why do they say so? Is any good purpose secured by the circulation of the report? Will it benefit the individual to have it known; or will any interests of society be promoted by whispering it about? If not, you had better employ time and speech to some more worthy purpose.

"They say"—To whom do they say it? To those who have no business with the affair? To those who can not help it or mend it, or prevent any unpleasant result? That certainly shows a taunting, scandal-loving spirit, that ought to be rebuked.

"They say"—Well do they say it to him? Or, are they very careful to whisper it in places where he can not hear, and to persons who are known not to be his enemies? As well as about him? No one has a right to say that concerning another, which he is not ready to speak in his own ear.

"They say"—Well, suppose it is true. Are you sorry for it; or, do you rejoice that a brother has been discovered erring? Oh, pity him if he has fallen in to sin, and pray for him that he may be forgiven and restored.

If it should be true, don't bruit it abroad to his injury. It will not benefit you nor him, nor society, to publish his faults. You are as liable to be slandered, or err, as your brother, and as you would that he should defend, or excuse, or forgive you, do you even so to him.—[Watchman & Reporter.]

Medical Statistics.

The April number of the Philadelphia Medical Examiner contains a curious statistical article of Professor Tucker, of the University of Virginia, going to show that the number of M. D.'s graduated annually from all the schools in the United States, is not sufficient to supply the annual demand. He allows one physician to 900 persons, which would give 20,875 as the whole number of medical practitioners in the Union. Among the free white adults of the country, the annual mortality is two per cent. The annual mortality among the physicians, is, therefore, 537, even supposing it to be no greater than the average mortality of white adults generally. Prof. T. next shows that the annual increase of our population, by natural multiplication and immigration may be stated at 802,000, requiring an increase of 1002 physicians. He next makes an allowance for those who leave the profession for other pursuits, those who graduate and never practice, and those who graduating in two schools are reckoned twice, allowing for all those two per cent, or 537. He then arrives at the sum of 2076 as the number of new practitioners annually required, while the entire graduation of the schools is but about 1800, leaving a deficiency which in the language of Prof. Tucker, must be "supplied from the large class of uneducated and half educated practitioners, who are still suffered to sport with the health and lives of the credulous multitude."

Faithful Preaching.

The faithful pastor speaks with authority; not domineeringly, but fearlessly, and with the conviction that he is an authorized teacher in the church, and that his hearers have need of being indoctrinated, reproved, corrected, and instructed in righteousness. If there is anything detestable in sermonizing, it is this coming to the audience after a little flare up of timid zeal. "Me brethren, I fear you may think me too bold." Bah! Rev. Sir, away with such weak-kneedness and cowardice! Thunder away upon us—we are all pilgrims before the prophets, and ashes before God! What is the pulpit for, but to bring down our self-sufficiency, and humble us before the cross? Do your duty, your whole duty, and leave results to God.—[Letters from Italy.]

Value of a Newspaper.

"If M. Thiers were right in saying that Americans gain their knowledge from the newspapers, it would prove only that such is the best mode of educating a people."

"America has more schools, scholars, school books, maps, instruments than any other country."

So says Mr. Fry, in a letter to Galgana, replying to M. Thiers' attack on America. Mr. Fry is right. A good newspaper is the best educator, both intellectually and morally, which a family can have.—[New's Gazette.]

Industry wastes a man as insensibly as industry improves him.