Family Circle.

TO MY BROTHER.

'Neath a mound where meek-eyed daisies
In their artless beauty bloom—
Where the regal damask roses
Breathe around their sweet perfume,
Early dying,
He is lying
In the graveyard's solemn gloom.

When the genial summer zephyrs
Gently murmur in the trees,
And the shimmer and the glimmer
Of the twilight gild the leaves,
Forth I wander,
Here to ponder
On the solemn Sabbath eves.

Here I murmur thanks to heaven
For the mercy God hath shown,
When He called my gentle brother
To his joyous starry home;
From this weary,
Dark and dreary
Place where Sin's fell legions roam.

All the dead are not in graveyards,
Lying under grassy mound,
Where the cypress and the willow
Stand like mourners weeping round—
Lying lowly,
Hushed and holy,
In the church's hallowed ground!

When the demons, Hate and Envy,
And Deceit, most vile and fell,
Blast the hopes that sweetly blossom
In the heart's most secret cell,
This is heart-death,
Though the life-breath
In the body still may dwell.

Genial school-mate! gentle brother!
When *my* weary soul shall rest
On the mystic, awful threshold
Of the mansions of the blest,
Will you meet me—
Early greet me—
Fold me to thy sinless breast?

Saturday Press.

MR. AND MRS. BETTYWINKLE.

The February number of the *Massachusetts Teacher* contains a variety of capital articles, and is a fine specimen of one of the best teachers' journals in the country. We copy the following from the pen of *Oliver Optic*, one of the editors, who is also well known as the editor of the *Student and Schoolmate:*

"Will you stop that noise, children?" snarled Mrs. Bettywinkle—certainly, a very queer name, [illegible] two hundred thousand inhabitants of Massachusetts; but we have chosen it because we do not wish to be personal, and because the hair is getting thin on the summit of our cranium.

Mrs. Bettywinkle spoke in snappy, snarly tones, something like the barking of a small puppy, that has not the remotest intention of biting anybody—in those high, sharp tones which encourage children to disobey parents and teachers, and which are the capital stock of the confirmed scold.

The children did not stop their noise; on the contrary, the din became more intense, and Mrs. Bettywinkle began to grow desperate.

"Will you stop that noise, children? You are enough to wear out the patience of Job! It is one everlasting racket from morning till night. I can't have a moment's peace of my life while you are in the house, except when you are asleep. It is, tip over the table, tip over the chairs, tip over everything. It is, run, stamp, scream, and yell, every moment of the time. When you are not in one kind of mischief, then you are in another. I am almost discouraged. You are wearing the life out of me."

Mrs. Bettywinkle, having discharged these spleeny words at the offending juveniles, evidently felt a little better, and resumed her sewing, very much as a despairing galley slave might be supposed to resume his oar after a momentary respite from his thankless toil. The noise was not in the slightest degree abated, however, for Johnny still whooped, Susie shrieked, and Tommy tumbled the cricket off the table for the tenth time just to see how much noise it would make.

The poor mother desperately plied her needle for the full space of five minutes, notwithstanding the hideous racket around her. At the end of this time, as Mrs. Bettywinkle feelingly remarked, "flesh and blood could endure no more." The din was too dreadful for mortal nerves, and the martyred lady suddenly jumped out of her chair, and stamped her foot with terrific force upon the floor.

"Will you stop your noise, children?" almost screamed Mrs. Bettywinkle. "I can't stand it any longer—and I wont! You'll kill me."

The children did stop this time. They were evidently awed by the dramatic action of the lady. Mrs. Bettywinkle seemed to be surprised that the din ceased; it was clearly an unanticipated result, but none the less grateful on that account. She seated herself again, and the look of despair which she had worn seemed for a moment to be supplanted by a glow of triumph. As she resumed her work, Mr. Bettywinkle entered the room, and seated himself in the corner to read the evening paper. He was soon entirely absorbed in the "Latest News from the South;" so entirely indeed, that he did not heed the increasing uproar among the juvenile members of the family.

In about seven minutes from the time that Mrs. Bettywinkle had gone through with that successful tragic manœuvre, its impression had entirely evaporated from the minds of the children. If possible, Johnny whooped louder than before, Susie shrieked forcibly enough to have done honor to the heroine of a continued story, and Tommy pitched the cricket over the top of the door.

Mrs. Bettywinkle looked terribly forlorn again, and Mr. Bettywinkle was completely buried in "secession" and "compromise;" besides, he had a little private theory of his own. He seldom meddled with the children, being a prudent man; and seldom meddled with the lady's system of parental government, being a peaceable man.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the lady, at last, dropping her sewing into her lap, and looking for all the world as though her last friend on earth had deserted her. "For mercy's sake, stop that noise, children; I am almost crazy. This house is worse than Bedlam."

But this was altogether too tame to have any effect upon the turbulent little ones, and there was not the slightest improvement in the aspect of affairs.

"John"—Mr. Bettywinkle's name was John, after one of the Evangelists—"John, *will* you speak to those children?"

"Stop your noise, children," said Mr. Bettywinkle, in a rather quiet tone, and even without raising his eyes from the paper.

Though Mr. Bettywinkle was no magician, and though there was not even any "shoot" in his eye at the time, his words wrought a miraculous result. Johnny's mouth closed as tight as the shells of an oyster threatened with the knife, and Susie and Tommy applied themselves to a picture book as zealously as though order had always reigned in Warsaw.

"Those children will be the death of me," sighed Mrs. Bettywinkle.

"I think not," replied her liege lord, with a pleasant smile.

"They certainly will," persisted she.

"O no, I guess not," suggested he. "It is your bed time, children," continued he, turning to the little ones.

"Let me sit up a little while longer, father?" said Susie.

"No, child, it is seven o'clock. Call Jenny and let her put Tommy to bed."

Susie called Jenny, and all of them kissed "pa," and then kissed "ma,"—the little torments—the murderers of her peace—the conspirators against her happiness—that promised to be the death of her!

"Mamma's pet," exclaimed she, as she lifted little Tommy from the floor, and printed some sixteen or twenty kisses upon his rosy cheek.

They were gone, and the sitting-room was quiet as the vales of paradise. It was a sweet calm—a blessed lull in the tempest—which in a few moments elevated the spirit of the poor mother above the cares and trials, the din and uproar of this—to her—noisy world. Still the memory of the confusion that had reigned during the preceding hour was upon her,—it was that which made the quiet of the present so grateful to her sense; for as De Quincey truly says, happiness is only a comparative state.

"Those children won't mind me," Mrs. Bettywinkle remarked, after she had enjoyed the calm repose for a short time.

"Won't they?"

"They pay no more attention to what I say, than though I didn't speak. They mind you the instant you speak."

"They ought to mind you," mildly suggested Mr. Bettywinkle, lowering his paper; for, after a moment's reflection, he had resolved to ventilate his little theory to a prudent extent.

"They won't; I can't make them mind *me*. I scold, and storm, and threaten, till my throat is sore, and it don't do a bit of good."

"That's the very reason why it don't do any good."

"What, is?"

"That you scold, and storm, and threaten them. Don't you know that sailors get used to the noise of the tempest, and soldiers to the roar of the cannon? They don't mind such things. I never scold, nor fret at them,—they mind me. You scold, and fret, half your time,—they won't mind you. Why, Mary, I should think, to hear you talk to them, that your children were a nuisance to you—that you wished them all at the bottom of the sea,—I know you don't."

"How can a body help it? They vex me all day long."

"But your snarling and fretting makes the matter worse. The children know that the dog which barks loudest, never bites. Talk calmly and gently to them. If they don't mind, *make* them mind. When you tell them to do anything, see that they do it the first time you require it."

"Well, I don't know," sighed Mrs. Bettywinkle.

She really did not know. She had acquired the habit of snarling and fretting at her children, though there never was a more loving and devoted mother, and consequently her authority had become a broken reed. We are sorry to add, that her husband's excellent solution of the children's disobedience, produced no marked effect; but we hope a second lecture will be more effectual.

Fretting and snarling in the school-room or at the fireside are worse than useless; they are positively demoralizing. Wherever we find them, the children, from the nature of the case, must be disobedient. They can't help it. A child may love, but cannot, to a proper degree, respect a parent who is continually fretting and snarling. Love alone, will not always produce obedience. Respect—not awe nor fear—makes a willing child.

We beg Mr. and Mrs. Bettywinkle's pardon for if they feel aggrieved, we implore them to cherish the spirit of the patriot, and feel that they suffer for the public good good.

Congregationalist.

FAMILY WORSHIP—TWO METHODS.

An article in the *Watchman and Reflector*, a few weeks since, on family worship, recalled very distinctly two incidents, which occurred under my own observation, illustrating two methods, very widely different, of conducting this sacred ordinance.

The first incident was at the house of a farmer in the season of harvest, where I was the guest for a night. The family consisted of the parents, two sons and two daughters. Before retiring for the evening, a chapter from the New Testament was read, in which each one participated. Pertinent remarks were made by the father, as suggested by successive verses. This done, hymn-books were distributed, and an appropriate song of praise sung, accompanied on the melodeon by one of the daughters. The father then said that when Christian friends were stopping with them, it was their custom to observe evening worship, after their usual method, and in the morning ask their guest to lead them in prayer. He then prayed, the whole company on their knees before God. The whole service was one of peculiar solemnity and delight. The memory of it is fragrant and refreshing. It transferred me in thought to the days when the consecrated patriarch, as a household priest, offered morning and evening, the family sacrifice and incense on the domestic altar. The influence for good of such family worship cannot well be estimated. It is worthy of the name—*family* worship. In the morning the service was similar, only the reading was from the Old Testament, and the audible prayer was offered by the guest. I wondered somewhat that a farmer, in such a busy season, could find so much time for these devotions. But he reckoned it the most profitable exercise of the day, and could not think of neglecting or shortening it. It was a service of the greatest enjoyment to all. It supplied them thoughts by which their minds were fortified and directed during the day, and kept fresh and vigorous the consciousness of God's presence and care. Their burdens were lightened, their sorrows dissipated, their delights multiplied, by this communion with Christ. And it seemed difficult to say which enjoyed it most, the parents or their children.

The second incident was also at the house of a farmer, in an adjoining neighborhood, at a later season of the year. There was no worship in the evening. There seemed to be no time to bring the sacrifice, to remember the sins of the day and the goodness of God, and to supplicate protection for the night. In the morning, as soon as the father had finished breakfast, and before the children had left the table, even while they were eating, he read in a hasty and low tone some portion of the Bible. He then knelt in prayer, while the family remained sitting in their chairs, some of them still at the table.

Christian parent, look on this picture and then on that. It may not always be convenient to have singing at family worship. It may not always be wise to be lengthy, or to occupy much time in explanations of the Scripture read. But our family devotions should be and may be fresh, interesting, attractive, and healthy in their influence. We owe it to our families and to Christ, that home shall be a lovely and a loved place, and that in the very centre of its loveliness shall stand the domestic altar.

AMERICAN KINGS SHOULD LEARN OBEDIENCE.

The following wholesome and pertinent counsel to heads of families in America, we extract from a recently published sermon of Rev. C. J. Hutchins, formerly of York, Pa., and now of Racine, Wisconsin.

It is the boast of this country that the will of the people is the supreme law, or in other words that every man is a king. But an essential requisite of a ruler is that he himself consult the restraints to which he is subjected. He is not to disregard the claims of law. He is not to free himself from the influence of authority. Says Thomas A'Kempis, "No man can safely go abroad, that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak, that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern, that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command, that has not truly learned to obey." Whoever else may violate the high behests of the constituted government, a ruler is bound to maintain and observe them with scrupulous care.

There is no nation that exists where these principles apply with more truth and force than our own. If the American people are kings, they ought to learn this lesson before every other, *obedience to the constituted authority.* But where shall it be learned if not at the fireside during the most impressible period of life? What can be expected of a lawless family, but a disregard for the law of the State when the responsibilities of manhood are assumed? The virtuous Queen of England seems to entertain a correct appreciation of the necessity of family authority, for, if we are correctly informed, the wholesome birch finds its honored place among the requisites of her palace, none the less than the regal sceptre; and, it may be added, that when the occasion demands, it is unhesitatingly applied. Sensible mother! And were there more imitators of her praiseworthy example, on this side of the Atlantic, American kings might be more adequately trained for the solemn trust committed to them. For is it not true that in many an American home discipline is almost totally neglected? Are not the instances painfully numerous where no family law exists? or fully numerous where no family law is maintained with a lamentable if it does, is it not maintained with a lamentable want of fidelity? It is not the desire of the speaker to misrepresent or color the facts. Moreover, it is always a thankless task to point out the faults of others. But let me inquire if the cases are not numerous, where children establish whatever authority is recognised? And it will be conceded that wherever they do exert the authority, it is wielded with tyrannical power, and sometimes with remorseless cruelty. I know a young man, who after having been the master of his mother until he had stripped her of a large proportion of her means of subsistence, terminated his fearful despotism by absolutely kicking her out of the doors of her own house.

Miscellaneous.

THE FIRE SHIPS.

The following graphic sketch is extracted from Motley's History of the Netherlands, just published. It describes the effect produced by the fire-ships prepared by the Dutch to blow up the position occupied by the Spaniards, under Alexander Farnese, the Prince of Parma:

In the hold of each vessel, along the whole length, was laid down a solid flooring of brick and mortar, one foot thick, and five feet wide. Upon this was built a chamber of marble mason work, forty feet long, three and a half feet broad, as many high, and with side-walls five feet in thickness. This was the crater. It was filled with seven thousand pounds of gunpowder, of a kind superior to any thing known, and prepared by Gianibelli himself. It was covered with a roof six feet in thickness, formed of blue tombstones, placed edgewise. Over this crater rose a hollow cone or pyramid, made of heavy marble slabs, and filled with mill-stones, cannon-balls, blocks of marble, chain-shot, iron hooks, plow-coulters, and every dangerous missile that could be imagined. The spaces between the mine and the sides of each ship were likewise filled with paving stones, iron-bound stakes, harpoons, and other projectiles. The whole fabric was then covered by a smooth, light flooring of planks and brick work, upon which was a pile of wood. This was to be lighted at the proper time, in order that the two vessels might present the appearance of simple fire-ships, intended only to excite a conflagration of the bridge. On [illegible] pared, communicated with the submerged mine, which was to explode at a nicely-calculated moment. The eruption of the other floating volcano was to be regulated by an ingenious piece of clock-work, by which, at the appointed time, fire, struck from a flint, was to inflame the hidden mass of gunpowder below.

In addition to these two infernal machines, or "hell-burners," as they were called, a fleet of thirty-two smaller vessels was prepared. Covered with tar, turpentine, resin, and filled with inflammable and combustible material, these barks were to be sent from Antwerp down the river in detachments of eight every half-hour with the ebb tide. The object was to clear the way, if possible, of the raft, and to occupy the attention of the Spaniards till the Fortune and the Hope should come down upon the bridges.

It was a dark, and mild evening of early Spring. As the fleet of vessels dropped slowly down the river, they suddenly became luminous, each ship flaming out of the darkness, a phantom of living fire. The very waves of the Scheldt seemed glowing with the conflagration, while its banks were lighted up with a preternatural glare. It was a wild, pompous, theatrical spectacle. The array of soldiers on both sides of the river, along the dikes and upon the bridge, with banners waving and spear and cuirass glancing in the lurid light, the demon fleet, guided by no human hand, wrapped in flames and flitting through the darkness, with irregular movement but portentous aspect, at the caprice of wind and tide, the deathlike silence of expectation, which had succeeded the sound of trumpet and the shouts of the soldiers; and the weird glow which had supplanted the darkness—all combined with the sense of imminent and mysterious danger to excite and oppress the imagination.

Presently the Spaniards, as they gazed from the bridge, began to take heart again. One after another, many of the lesser vessels drifted blindly against the raft, where they entangled themselves among the hooks and gigantic spear-heads, and burned slowly out without causing any extensive conflagration. Others grounded on the banks of the river, before reaching their destination. Some sunk in the stream.

Last of all came the two infernal ships, swaying unsteadily with the current; the pilots, of course, as they neared the bridge, having noiselessly effected their escape in the skiffs. The slight fire upon the deck scarcely illuminated the dark phantom-like hulls. Both were carried by the current clear of the raft, which, by a great error of judgment, as it now appeared, on the part of builders, had only been made to protect the floating portion of the bridge. The Fortune came first, staggering inside the raft, and then lurching clumsily against the dike, and grounding near Kalloo, without touching the bridge. There was a moment's pause of expectation. At last the slow match upon the deck burned out, and there was a faint and partial explosion, by which little or no damage was produced.

Parma instantly called for volunteers to board the mysterious vessel. The desperate expedition was headed by the bold Rowland Yorke, a Londoner, of whom one day there was more to be heard in Netherland history. The party sprang into the deserted and now harmless volcano, extinguishing the slight fires that were smouldering on the deck, and thrusting spears and long poles into the hidden recesses of the hold. There was, however, little time to pursue these perilous investigations, and the party soon made their escape to the bridge.

The troops of Parma, crowding on the palisade, and looking over the parapets, now began to greet the expedition with peals of derisive laughter. It was but child's play, they thought, to threaten a Spanish army, and a General like Alexander Farnese, with such paltry fire-works as these. Nevertheless, all eyes were anxiously fixed on the remaining fire-ship or "hell-burner," the Hope, which had now drifted very near the place of its destination. Tearing her way between the raft and the shore, she struck heavily against the bridge on the Kalloo side, close to the block-house at the commencement of the floating portion of the bridge. A thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smouldering fire upon her deck.

At the same moment a certain ensign De Vega, who stood near the Prince of Parma, close to the block-house, approached him with vehement entreaties that he should retire. Alexander refused to stir from the spot, being anxious to learn the result of these investigations. Vega, moved by some instinctive and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and plucking the General earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such passionate words and gestures to leave the place that the Prince reluctantly yielded.

It was not a moment too soon. The clock-work in the Hope had been better adjusted than the slow match in the Fortune. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's Fort, at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The Hope disappeared, together with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops upon it, had vanished into the air. It was the work of a single instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth, and then cast its waters across the dikes, deep into the forts and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throb of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitchy darkness. Houses were toppled down miles away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its feet. The air was filled with a rain of plowshares, gravestones and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs, and bodies of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite, vomited by the flaming ship, were found afterwards at a league's distance, and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time—many of them being torn in shreds, beyond the semblance of humanity.

Richebourg disappeared, and was not found till several days later, when his body was discovered, doubled around an iron chain, which hung from one of the bridge boats in the centre of the river. The veteran Robles, Seigneur de Billy, a Portuguese officer of eminent service and high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterwards, his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work of the bridge, upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognised by a peculiar gold chain which he habitually wore. Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page who was behind him, carrying his helmet, fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air.

A DYING SOLDIER'S LETTER.

The following letter was written by a British soldier to his wife in England the day after the ever memorable battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775.

Yesterday we had a bloody and obstinate fight, in which many were killed, and numbers wounded. I have received two balls, one in my groin, and the other near the breast. I am so weak with the loss of blood that I can hardly dictate these few lines, of the last tribute of my unchangeable love to you. The Surgeon informs me that three hours will be the most I can survive. Alas! too true was the dire presage that brooded in my mind, that we should never meet again on this side of an awful eternity. During our passage from England to America, I gave myself up to read the Bible; it was the only book I was possessed of. Th Almighty Parent of mankind was pleased to draw my heart to him, by the sweet attractions of His grace; and at the same time to enlighten my mind. There was in our regiment a Corporal, whose name was Pierre, a pious man. I inquired after him, and we soon contracted a strong friendship. He was pleased to explain to me the amazing love of God, in giving his Son Jesus Christ to bled and die for mankind. He condescended to unfold to me the mystery of salvation by faith, the nature of the new birth, and the great necessity of holiness of heart and life. In short, he became my spiritual father; and under God, to him I owe all the good that I am acquainted with.

Soon after we laded, God was pleased to speak peace to my soul. O the bliss, the unutterable joy that I then felt through the blood of the Lamb. [illegible] and I long to tell all the world what Jesus had done for me! But how did I long, yea burn, to have you take and know the love of God in Christ Jesus! I could have given all the world to have been with you, to have informed you of the pearl of great price. As we shall never meet more in this vale of tears, let me impose this last, this dying obligation upon you; and if ever I was dear to you, let me beg of you not to neglect the last advice of your dying husband. It is that you give yourself up to God, read the Bible and good books, and be often found among them who inquire after salvation. And the Lord shall guide you in His ways. I endeavor to bring up the dear little ones in the fear of God. Never fix your heart upon the vain and insubstantial things of the world. Heaven and the love of God are the only things that demand our hearts, or at least are worthy of engrossing them.

And you, my dear infants, though you have not the perfect knowledge of your worthless father, I beg of you to meet me in the realms of bliss.

The God that blessed Jacob and Joseph shall bless you. Seek him, and he will be found of you: call upon him, and he will hear and bless you. What has the world but sin and sorrow? The rich are oppressed with wealth; and the poor are groaning for the want of that which the others are burdened with. The men in power are afflicted with holding the reins, and guiding the helm; and the governed are oppressed with imaginary evils. The life of a soldier is blood and cruelty, and that of a sailor, is filled with dangers and death. City life is full of confusion and strife, and that of the country is loaded with toil and labor. But the evil of all evils flows from our own sinful nature. Wherever we are, we may be happy; we have the key to bliss in our own breasts. The world itself never yet made any one happy. God is the bliss and solace of a reasonable soul; and God is everywhere, and we have everywhere access to him. Learn then, my dear children, when you grow up, to seek your permanent happiness in God, through a crucified Redeemer.

My dear wife, could the spirits of the departed have any knowledge of things here below, and at the same time any intercourse with them, (though unseen,) how shall I rejoice to be thy guardian angel, to attend you, and smile to see you combat sin, conquer the world, and subdue the flesh. How shall I rejoice to meet you on the bright frontiers of heaven. These hands shall weave for you the wreath triumphant; I first shall hail you welcome to your native mansions! I first shall guide you to the celestial city, and introduce you among the jubilant throng, who tread the streets of the New Jerusalem! I first will lead you to the sacred throne of our God, where we will together bow, transported at the feet of the ever adorable Jesus! Then will we strike our melodious harps of gold, in the most exalted strains of harmony and love. Then shall our love be consummated, refined, and eternalized!

More would I say, but life ebbs out apace, my tongue refuses to perform its office; bright angels stand around the gory turf on which I lie, ready to escort me to the arms of my Jesus; bending saints reveal my shining armor, and beckon me away; yea, methinks my Jesus bids me come! Adieu! Adieu! dear love!

JOHN RANDON.

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE MASSES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The London correspondent of one of our Methodist exchanges writes in a very encouraging strain, from the English Metropolis. He says:—

The common people hear the Gospel message gladly. Never had Evangelical truth—the truth as it is in Jesus—such hold upon the masses of the population. Mr. Spurgeon, with all his eccentricities, is a noble champion for the truth. Whatever may be his peculiarities, this at least must be said of him, that he is a mighty upholder of the ancient faith. He is a preacher—not a lecturer, not a learned pedant, not a scientific rhetorician, not a caterer of novelties—but a genuine preacher, and a preacher of the Gospel. His "Tabernacle" is approaching completion. It contains six thousand measured sittings, room provided in the aisles for one thousand more, and ten thousand people might probably be squeezed into it. Yet he and his deacons are afraid it will be too small. Connected with it will be a college for the training of ministers, for which he believes he has a vocation. Already a few are under training, and he hopes, when the chapel is paid for, to increase their number to one hundred. In his own words, his aim is "not to bring out scholars, but rough thunder men whom the people can understand. I have often felt," he said this very week, "that there is a lack of these men—men who suit the people, and speak to them in their own language." His success is astonishing. On his return home from his recent tour in Europe, he announced for a tea meeting, and that he would give some account of his journey. When the meeting arrived, the proceeds were $5,000, a thousand pounds sterling.

Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln were both born in Kentucky in 1808 and 1809 respectively; both left their native State in childhood's days; one emigrated North, and the other South; and both served in the Indian wars of the West; both commenced their political careers about the same time, being Presidential Electors in the election of 1844, Davis for Polk, and Lincoln for Clay; both elected to Congress about the same time, 1845 or 1846, and were, in the same year, and almost the same day, called to preside over their respective governments. What a wide gulf separates them now.

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FLOUR, GRAIN, SEEDS, AND PRODUCE.
Nos. 330 S. Wharves & 329 S. Water St.
PHILADELPHIA.
☞ Cash advances made on consignments. oc18y

MELODEON MANUFACTORY.
The undersigned having for the past twelve years been practically engaged in manufacturing
MELODEONS,
feels confident of his ability to produce an article superior to any other in the city, and upon the most moderate terms. Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to. A. MACNUTT, No. 115 N. Sixth Street.
fb10y

EDWIN CLINTON,
BRUSH EMPORIUM,
No. 908 Chestnut Street.
A very fine assortment of every size, style, and quality of TOILET BRUSHES, always on hand. Also Shell, Ivory, Buffalo, Boxwood, and Leather POCKETS, and FINE TEETH COMBS, at *Wholesale or Retail.* Aug. 9—1y.

BOYD & BATES,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN BILLS OF EXCHANGE, BANK NOTES AND SPECIE.
18 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.
TWO DOORS ABOVE MECHANICS' BANK.
Particular attention is given to the collection of Notes and Drafts. Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, &c., for sale. Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission at the Board of Brokers. Business Paper, Loans on Collateral, &c., negotiated. feb. 10—1yr.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINES.
The marked, and ever extending, popularity of SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES, both in America and Europe, is such as best to establish their superiority over all others in the market. Sewing machines (so called) may be bought, it is true, for a smaller amount of dollars, but it is mistaken economy to invest anything in a worthless or unreliable article, and those who do so must abide the consequence!
SINGER'S NEW FAMILY MACHINES.
In order to place THE BEST FAMILY MACHINES IN THE WORLD within the reach of all, we have reduced the price of the Improved Shuttle Machines, beautifully ornamented, to $50.
Singer's No. 1, and 2, Standard Shuttle Machines, both of very general application and capacity, and popular both in the family and the manufactory. Prices reduced, respectively, from $135 to $90 and $100.
Singer's No. 3 Standard Shuttle Machine, for Carriage Makers and heavy leather work. Price complete, $125.
Also, to complete the list, an ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE, unequalled for manufacturing purposes, *noiseless, rapid*, and capable of every kind of work! Price (including iron stand and drawers,) $110, cheaper at that in view of its value, than the machines of any other maker as a gift.
All of Singer's Machines make the interlock stitch with two threads, which is the best stitch known. Every person desiring to procure full and reliable information about Sewing Machines, their sizes, prices, sewing capacities, and the best mode of purchasing, can obtain it by sending for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which is a beautiful pictorial paper entirely devoted to the subject. It will be supplied gratis.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
oct. 18—1 yr. 810 Chestnut Street.

SPECIALTY FOR LADIES.
TRUSS AND BRACE DEPARTMENT.
Conducted by competent Ladies. Entrance on Twelfth Street, first door below Race. A full line of Mechanical Remedies, *light and elegant in construction, specially adapted to Ladies' use.* C. H. NEEDLES, Proprietor,
S. W. cor. TWELFTH and RACE Sts., Phila.
☞ Entrance to C. H. N.'s Room, for gentlemen, at the corner. 753.

MARBLE WORKS.
HENRY S. TARR,
Manufacturer of
CARVED AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORKS,
No. 710 GREEN STREET,
Above Seventh,
Philadelphia.
CARVED, ORNAMENTAL STATUARY and MONUMENTAL WORK of every description.
Having erected specimens in almost every cemetery throughout this State, and supplied orders from nearly every State in the Union, I trust to receive your influence and patronage for the above establishment. I also contract for Vaults, Sarcophagis, &c. I have many references throughout the Union, which can be seen on application. aug16-1y.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Influenza, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh. Clear and give strength to the voice of
PUBLIC SPEAKERS, and SINGERS.
Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the Lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" containing demulcent ingredients, allay Pulmonary and Bronchial Irritation.
BROWN'S TROCHES. "That trouble in my Throat, (for which the "*Trochis*" are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer." N. P. WILLIS.
BROWN'S TROCHES. "I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS." REV. E. H. CHAPIN.
BROWN'S TROCHES. "Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS." REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
BROWN'S TROCHES. "Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to ASTHMA." REV. A. C. EGGLESTON.
BROWN'S TROCHES. "Contain no Opium or anything injurious." DR. A. A. HAYES, *Chemist, Boston.*
BROWN'S TROCHES. "A simple and pleasant combination for COUGHS, &c." DR. G. F. BIGELOW, *Boston.*
BROWN'S TROCHES. "Beneficial in BRONCHITIS." DR. J. F. W. LANE, *Boston.*
BROWN'S TROCHES. "I have proved them excellent for WHOOPING COUGH." REV. H. W. WARREN, *Boston.*
BROWN'S TROCHES. "Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from COLD." REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, *St. Louis.*
BROWN'S TROCHES. "Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS." Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, *La Grange, Ga.* Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.
BROWN'S TROCHES. "Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent Hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me." REV. E. ROWLEY, A. M. President of Athens College, Tenn.
☞ Sold by all Druggists at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.☜

WATCH THE HEALTH OF YOUR CHILDREN.
WORMS are a prolific source of sickness in children. They are seldom free from them, and by their irritation all other diseases are aggravated. Convulsions, as well as St. Vitus' Dance, have been superinduced by them, and death has resulted in extreme cases. Whenever the symptoms are observed, such as disturbed sleep, grinding of the teeth, itching of the nose, weakness of the bowels, slow fever, variable appetite and fetid breath,
JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE
should be resorted to without delay. It is entirely harmless, is readily taken by children, effectually destroys worms, and by its tonic action invigorates the whole system. It is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.
It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use; and the wide-spread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical will acknowledge that for all pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.
RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.
CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation,—relieves the cough and pain,—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the suffering of the patient.
In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.
Read the Following Statement:
REV. RUFUS BABCOCK, D. D., Secretary of the AMERICAN and FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, writes:—
"Having given Dr. D. Jayne's medicines a trial in my own family, and some of them personally, I do not hesitate to commend them as a valuable addition to our *materia medica.* The EXPECTORANT especially I consider of inestimable value, and I know that it is highly esteemed, and frequently prescribed by some of the most respectable of the regular practitioners of medicine."
REV. B. V. R. JAMES, Missionary in Liberia of the Pres. Board of Foreign Missions, writes:—
"Your EXPECTORANT has been administered with the most happy results, and I feel assured I never used an article of medicine that produced a more sure and certain relief for the complaints for which it is recommended."
REV. JOHN DOWLING, D. D., Pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, N. Y., writes:—
"I have long known the virtues of your EXPECTORANT, and frequently tested them on myself and family, when afflicted with coughs or colds. I believe it to be one of the best remedies ever discovered for these maladies."
REV. N. M. JONES, Rector of Church of St. Bartholomew, (Prot. Epis.,) Philada., writes:—
"In all cases resembling Consumption, I recommend your EXPECTORANT, having in so many cases witnessed its beneficial effects."
REV. J. J. WALSH, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Futtegurh, Northern India, writes:—
"Your EXPECTORANT was the means, under Providence, of curing a case of INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, which had been pronounced incurable by competent medical men."
REV. JONATHAN GOING, D. D., while President of Granville College, Ohio, wrote:—
"While laboring under a severe Cold, Cough, and Hoarseness, my difficulty of breathing became so great that I felt in imminent danger of suffocation, but was perfectly cured on using Dr. D. Jayne's EXPECTORANT."
MISS MARY BALL, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, Cape Palmas, West Africa, says:—
"In our mission families your medicines are a general specific, and among the sick poor they enabled me to do much good. Your EXPECTORANT has proved of great value in the cure of my own family, and in