The Family Circle.

'Summer Longings.

'Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

'Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the fair young face and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day:
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

'Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay:
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

'Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glides the stream away:
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

'Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings:
Summer comes, yet, dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away:
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

—*D. Florence MacCarthy.*

THE YOUNG COLLECTOR.

My first experience in collecting money for foreign missions!

The name that headed my list was 'Mrs. John Wylie.' As I ran up the granite steps that lead to her beautiful home, I pleased myself with the thought that here I should receive a large sum, perhaps twenty or even thirty dollars, for the Wylies are one of the wealthiest families in Brookfield.

I was obliged to wait in the drawing-room a full half-hour for the lady to appear, but the time passed quickly enough, as I had an opportunity to study the fine paintings that adorn the walls. At length Mrs. Wylie came down with a slight apology for having detained me so long; and here I must confess that, as I observed her elegant dress, so admirably corresponding with the furniture and adornments of her drawing-room, I was, for a moment, so foolish and wicked as to wish that my lot in life was like hers—that my home was as luxurious, and that I might dress as my fancy dictated, without being compelled to count every dollar.

I made known my errand without hesitation, and waited a moment for the response of which I felt so confident. But it came not.

'I never contribute to missions' said Mrs. Wylie coldly. 'I do not approve of giving money to go no one knows whither. I believe Mr. Wylie gives a trifle; you must go to him, Miss Allison.'

How she chilled me to the very heart! I had not a single word to say—not one argument to offer in behalf of the poor heathen, but with a silent bow I left her and went out into God's sunlight, thanking him that he had withheld riches from me, if their possession would make me selfish or proud.

My next stopping-place was at Mrs. Almy's. I found her in her nursery surrounded by her children; there are five of them, including the baby, who was laughing and crowing in her arms.

'I had Ellen show you up here,' she said, pleasantly, 'because I guessed your errand. Sit down, please, and my little folks shall bring their mites.' In a moment there was a pattering of busy feet across the carpet, and presently four small boxes were brought, and their contents emptied one by one into mamma's lap. She counted it over with five pair of bright eyes fixed on her smiling face.

Fifty cents from Charley; sixty-two from Lucy; thirty-seven from Ruth, and twenty-six from Robert, making in all just one dollar and seventy-five cents.

Here the baby, attracted by the bits of shining silver, stretched out his little dimpled hands to grasp them, whereupon Ruth said it was because he wanted to send some money as well as the rest.

'And so he shall,' said Mrs. Almy, drawing out her purse and unclasping it. 'Bennie shall give this pretty new dime with his own little fingers.'

The children shouted in concert as he dropped it in his mother's lap, and then looked up in her face with a pleased smile.

'Mr. Almy left ten dollars for you when he went to the store this morning,' said Mrs. Almy, after the little people were quiet, 'and here are my two which I wish were ten times as much. I do love the cause of missions, and try to teach my boys and girls to love it too.

'The only way, Miss Carrie, to make generous and liberal men and women is to bring up children to habits of generosity and liberality; if they learn to deny themselves in youth they will do it when they are older, instead of being satisfied with giving a dollar or two which they might not even miss.'

Mrs. F——, the next in order on my list, is a wealthy widow with one daughter.

'Certainly, I will give something,' she said, in answer to my request. 'I never refuse anybody; people always think you are so mean if you do. What is my proportion, Miss Allison?'

'I cannot tell, Mrs. F——. Every one gives as they feel it to be proper, and as they are inclined,' I replied.

'Well, I am willing to do my share,' she said, drawing out her purse. 'You may put down my name for a dollar.' I did so, and left her well satisfied with her liberality.

My next call was at Mrs. Henry's door, and here I was met with an argument against missions which I had never thought of before.

'It is all folly,' she said, 'to give to this object. You have to give 50 dollars in order to get *one* to the heathen; it has to pass through so many hands before they reap any benefit; and then look at the long string of salaried officers that pretend to transact the business! No, no, I don't want anything to do with such complicated machinery!'

Now I very well knew that this was an excuse made to quiet the qualms of conscience, and I was sure it was anything but valid, yet I could not answer it, and I began to wish that Mr. Hope had not asked me to be one of the collectors. I felt utterly discouraged, and was tempted to go directly to the Parsonage, and tell him that I was unfit for the office, but at that moment a text of Scripture came to my mind which I could not but apply to myself. It was this: 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' Surely, I was unworthy to name the name of Christ, if I could not perform a service for him that required some patience and self-denial on my part!

After dinner I again set forth with fresh courage, for mother had comforted me by her sympathy and gentle words.

From two o'clock until five I was busy, making ten calls and receiving fiften dollars, but I will not give an account of them all, for some were too disagreeable to recall. I want to forget them as soon as possible.

Mrs. Shelby gave fifty cents and hoped the money would be well appropriated; Mrs. Ripley had just purchased new carpets for her parlors, and her spring dresses, and 'had not a cent left;' Miss Yates was ready with two dollars, and a pleasant smile; Mrs. St. Clair, the widow of a former pastor, gave ten dollars; the doctor's wife contributed fifty cents, and 'hoped it might do good to somebody;' Mrs. Porter gave a dollar, and after her I came to the last name on my list for the day—Phœbe Beach.

Phœbe is a poor colored woman, and lives by herself in a very small room but a few rods from the church. She has a few kind friends who delight to supply her wants, and who take turns, a week each, in so doing.

As I entered her humble abode, Phœbe was just eating her frugal supper of bread and cheese.

'How do you get on with your work, Miss Carrie?' she asked with interest as I took a seat by the window; 'your mother told me that you was goin' to help collect the missionary money this week.'

'Yes; I have been quite successful, I suppose; this is my first day, and I have already received about thirty-two dollars.

'Now that's *good!*' cried Phœbe, a bright smile beaming on her dark face. 'I'm glad the dear Lord has opened the hearts of his children; my mite wont make your purse much heavier, but I'm glad you called for it; I don't like to be passed by.' She arose from her seat as she spoke, and with feeble steps tottered across the room to a table-drawer from which she took an old stocking-foot.

'Aint it a queer pocket-book, Miss Carrie?' she said, laughing heartily. 'Well, 'tis good enough for such a poor old critter as I be, least ways it'll hold all the money I shall ever have to put in it!' Then she gave me her 'mite'—six half dimes done up in a bit of white paper.

'O Phœbe,' I said, 'isn't it more than you can afford?'

What a look of reproach she cast upon my face as with tearful eyes she said, 'Now don't ye, miss, *don't ye* say such a thing as that; it's only a drop in the bucket, but it does my heart good to give it. Only think what the dear Lord did for *me!* Oh! I hope he will bless my offering; I've prayed over it morn'n once, and I *know* he's heard me. I wish I could give more.'

'Your prayers are worth more than all the money I have taken to-day,' thought I, as I bade her good-by, and walked slowly homeward.

Poor Phœbe! yes—poor in this world's riches, but what an inheritance is laid up for thee in heaven; how rich shall be thy crown, in the day when the Lord maketh up his jewels!

Mother had a bit of poetry for me to read when I had eaten my supper. I like it so well that I will copy it here:

'In days of old, some brought their gold.
Some silver and some brass;
If hearts were cold, the thing was told
By little gifts, alas!

The women wove; they showed their love,
With scarlet, purple, linen;
Some brought goat's hair, wrought with much care,
Thus ready, ancient women!

'Bracelets and rings, and all such things
With willing hands they brought;
The king of kings loves him who brings
His offerings unsought.

'We're told that men were ready then
To do with all their might;
Oh, tell me, when shall all again
In *giving* take delight?

'Who loves the Lord, and keeps his word,
Will try to do some good;
His heart's a chord that strikes for God,
As every Christian's should.'

—*Carrie Allison.*

ROBERT FURGUSON'S DEATH-BED.

Robert Furguson, the immediate predecessor and prototype of Robert Burns, inherited both his genius and his virtues from his mother. His death-bed was a most affecting scene.

He was stricken with insanity in his twenty-fourth year, at which early age he had written a considerable number of very beautiful and affecting poems. He was carried, by his broken-hearted and widowed mother, to the only asylum then established for the insane in Scotland. Visiting him a short time before his dissolution, his mother and sister found him in bed, quite peaceable. He requested his mother to gather the bedclothes round him and sit on the bed beside him; his sister then took her seat on the other side.

He looked wistfully up into his mother's face. "I was very cold," said he, "before you came, mother. This is very kind of you."

Then addressing his sister, he said—

"Ellen, dear, I wish you would sometimes bring your sewing, and sit and work at my bedside."

No reply was made, but both mother and sister were in tears.

"What ails you, dears?" inquired the dying poet, fancying that he was a little child again. "Why are you sorrowing for me, mother? I was cold, very cold; but I feel quite warm now you have come. Mother," he continued, "I don't recollect saying my prayers before I got into bed to-night. Will you let me say them to you now? And then will you sing for me?"

He repeated then, childlike, the prayers he had been used, when an infant, to repeat at his mother's knee.

"Mother," he added, when he had finished, "you have often told me that if I was a good boy, I should go to heaven when I died. I think I am dying now, and I know God will take me to heaven for Christ's sake, through your prayers, dear mother."

"Ellen," he continued, addressing his sobbing sister, "don't cry, dear. Be good to mother when I am gone, for then she will have no one to care for her on earth but you. You will both come to heaven to meet me, won't you?"

"Mother," he added, after a pause, "please lift up my head and let me rest it on your bosom, it aches so bad."

The weeping mother raised her son's head and rested it on her bosom, as she had done when he was a little child."

"My head doesn't ache now," he murmured. "Oh, now I am so happy. I know we shall all three meet in heaven;" and the once strong man sank peaceably to sleep, and in that sleep passed away to death on the same breast upon which he had lain for rest in earlier and happier days.

It would be a beautiful and affecting subject for a painter to delineate on canvas!—*Thayer's Home Monthly.*

Miscellaneous.

OUR NATION.

If any one will take the pains to run over the headings of the fast-day sermons, so elaborately reported by the enterprise of the New-York dailies, it will be perceived that, "with one consent," they make the nation out a culprit, under the bastinado, for about every national crime under the sun. Our own minister prayed for "this wretched nation." As soon as we got home, we horrified our family by an out-an-out disclaimer of the whole thing, and told them we didn't believe a word of it, that the nation was "wretched," or a sinner above all others—that the Almighty was angry with it; on the contrary, it was nearer being a Christian nation than any other on the face of the earth; and enumerated its "works," the only solid sign of a true faith; its missionary, tract, and Bible operations; the millions expended voluntarily every year for objects wholly benevolent and religious: the very fact that a national fast was appointed and observed with great uniformity throughout the land showed that this was a government which looked through clouds, up to the Maker of the universe, to lead it aright. We contended that there was not only no evidence of the Divine displeasure, but the strongest that could be given of his smiles, in that the earth had never yielded a larger increase; never before was there such a call from abroad for every pound or bushel of produce our people could spare; and never, in our memory, had been a year more free from epidemic diseases, than this same of eighteen hundred and sixy-one. The very cost of war was a blessing; for the rich, who had more than they could use, had to pay for it into the hands of the poor and industrious and that thus would the land be flooded with money; and never since we have been a nation, has there been as much gold and silver in the country as at this hour.—We said further, that the war was not to be regretted, and that God would bring a national good out of it, that would open up a more glorious future to it than could otherwise have been done. But fearing that we might be considered as getting up an opposition meeting to our honored and beloved minister, we broke short off, and began to talk about something else. Although, if we could have had our say out, we would have enunciated further, what Dr. Davidson, with great frankness, tells as a truth which multitudes only dare whisper, and which the magnates disclaim with particular pains, that in this war, "Slavery is the cause and object;" that the South intended thereby to extend its area, and to perpetuate it; and that the North intends, as the war has been forced on her, that Slavery shall not be extended, and that it shall cease on this continent. The Doctor argues that, if Slavery be a crime, and the North is seeking to cut it up by the roots, there is no reason why God should be angry with the North; but reason for the reverse; hence, with a wise and admirable sententiousness, he entitles his discourse: "A Nation's Discipline; or, Trials not Judgments."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FAREWELL TO GENERAL SCOTT.

Chaplain Stewart, in the *United Presbyterian*, thus describes scenes which transpired in the grey morning, as Gen. Scott was about to leave Washington: On entering we learned that the old hero had already arrived, and was seated in a little side-room almost alone. Having no mutual acquaintance, we used the American privilege, presenting our own compliments, myself introducing the young ladies with the remark, "That although just arrived in Washington, they could not think of allowing General Scott to take perhaps a final leave of his Generals and the capital without being present to see him off. 'The young ladies have done me great honor in coming out such a morning,' was the courteous response, as he took each one cordially by the hand. We wished him God's blessing on his present journey as well as on all the remainder of his pilgrimage. "I need it much," was his unaffected reply, "for I am a great sinner, and have been one all my life." The manner in which these words were uttered, so affected each one present that no response was attempted—all were silent. This, however, was but brief. A bustle was heard at the door. It was the entrance of General McClellan and his staff, with all the Generals of the army conveniently within reach, together with several members of the Cabinet. With heads uncovered and with reverent bearing, each one approached and successively greeted the worn-out giant, who meanwhile remained seated, being unable to rise without assistance. When all had paid their respects, General McClellan again drew near, as though to receive the falling mantle from the retiring commander. The old General took his hand and uttered in the kindest and most affectionate manner, language to this effect: "General, allow not yourself to be embarrassed by ignorant men. Follow your own judgment; carry out your own ideas, and you will conquer. God bless you!"

Equally brief and touching was the response of the young chieftain, on whom the mantle of the great old man was now falling.

"I thank you, General. I will remember your counsel. May your health improve, and you live to see your country again united and prosperous. God's blessing accompany you! Farewell!"

The train was ready. Two aids assisted the old man to rise. As he and the young General walked side by side and in silence to the cars, the contrast was most striking. The one appeared as a giant, the other as a little boy.

MIRTHFULNESS.

The power of discovering a comic point, of appreciating a humorous hit, and enjoying the fun of a droll position, is a gift not to be despised. It is not a vain, silly, or unbecoming thing, as some moping owls and grave dullards suppose. It is, indeed, like all human faculties, liable to abuse, and capable of being perverted to evil; but it is essentially a good gift, and ought to be turned to the good account of which it is susceptible, and to manifest itself in the increase of the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the affection of social and family life. We might go further;—we might say, and adduce much evidence to support the proposition, that, as humor is discerned only by those who can, to some extent, catch the feeling and spirit of the humorist, so the sense or discernment of humor is one phase or department of sympathy, and thus the springs of mirthfulness and of kindness are not far distant; and many a home, amid the alternations of joy and sorrow, that darken or brighten the course of life, has found an ever fresh gladness in the comic vein and jocund humor of some merry and mirthful member of the family. Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term—with the best heads and the best hearts, have been men who thoroughly appreciated, and heartily enjoyed, true humor. —*North British Review.*

ANECDOTE OF REV. DR. M'LEOD,

(FATHER OF DR. NORMAN M'LEOD.)

The Rev. Dr. M'Leod was proceeding from the manse of D—— to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth and of a reddish brown—accosted him, "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." "Well, Duncan," says the venerable Doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?" "No, Doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience." "Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses." "The matter is this, Doctor. Ye see the clock, yonder, on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there, nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now it is in my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord." "Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!" "Eh, Doctor, you are joking, now; it is long since I have had any hair." "Oh, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?" This settled the question; and the Doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.—*Ibid.*

Scientific.

An electric spark of induction, produced by Ruhmorff's great machine at Paris, has pierced through a plate of crown-glass nearly 2 inches thick, and another about 1½ inches thick. These plates were recently laid before the Academy of Sciences, by M. Faye, who stated that such plates had never before been pierced by the spark of induction. The holes were fine, and of a somewhat spiral form. There was no trace of fusion or of metalic deposit; and M. Ruhmorff added that an energetic compression of the substance of the glass appeared to have accompanied the passage of the spark.

Prof. Henry writes to Mr. Lowe the æronaut in regard to his project of crossing the Atlantic as follows:—"I do not hesitate, therefore, to say, that provided a balloon can be constructed of sufficient size, and of sufficient impermeability to gas, in order that it may maintain a high elevation for a sufficient length of time, it would be wafted across the Atlantic. I would not, however, advise that the first experiment of this character be made across the ocean, but that the feasibility of the project should be thoroughly tested, and experience accumulated by voyages over the interior of our continent. It is true that more eclat might be given to the enterprise, and more interest excited in the public mind generally, by the immediate attempt of a passage to Europe; but I do not think the sober sense of the more intelligent part of the community would be in favor of this plan; on the contrary, it would be considered a premature and foolhardy risk of life."

Rock Oil.—In 1826 an account of the Little Muskingum region, in Ohio, was published in *Silliman's Journal*, in which the statement was made that in boring for salt water vast quantities of petroleum was obtained, which was beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. The writer says:—"It affords a clear, brisk light when burnt in this way, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street lamps in the future cities of Ohio." Though this account was published in 1826, the discovery was made in 1819, and yet this mine of wealth was suffered to lie unappropriated in the heart of this country for thirty-five years. Attention was again called to it by the success of the coal oil manufacture, and in 1854 two gentlemen in New York, Messrs. Eveleth and Bissell, secured the right to the upper spring on Oil Creek, in Pennsylvania, and organized a company to search for the oil. The operations were slow, and the first oil was struck at a depth of 71 feet, on the 26th of August, 1859. The drill suddenly dropped into a cavity, and oil rose within five inches of the surface. A pump being introduced the company were soon in the receipt of one thousand gallons of oil per day.

Harbor Defences.—All permanent works for harbor defense should be casemated structures, but, at the same time, it appears to us that new modes of defence must be instituted for the new modes of attack, so scientifically carried out by Commander Dupont at Port Royal. By the agency of his steam engine the captain of a steam frigate can shift the position of his vessel continually, and thus baffle the gunners confined in a fort. When sailing vessels were exclusively used in attacking harbor defenses they became fixed targets like forts, and the contest was simply between wooden and granite walls. All this is changed; there is now much less danger of steam frigates being destroyed by land batteries than formerly, and a first-class iron-clad frigate could sail past any of our land batteries at 600 yards distance without being much injured.

The latest invention of which we have heard is a chewing machine—in other words, a little mill intended for toothless people and those who cannot masticate their food. Such an article is advertised in the London *Lancet*. It is fastened to the dinner table, goes with a crank, and is said to mince the food very nicely.—*Scientific American.*

Procrastination is cowardice—the pulling of a tooth for example.

Advertisements.

PATENT UNFERMENTED
AERATED BREAD.

ABSOLUTELY PURE, made without Yeast, Alkalies, or Baking Powders of any kind! It is perfectly cleanly, as no human hands ever touch it till it is baked. By this new Process of raising bread, all the nutritious and palatable qualities of the Flour are preserved unimpaired. It is always light and sweet. It never sours, and will not dry up like Yeast Bread, and contains nothing but water, salt and flour. By this process we produce a more healthy and nutritious—a sweeter and cheaper Bread than can be made by any other process.

We have a great number of testimonials of its superior qualities, from eminent chemists and physicians, both in this country and Europe, but the best proof of the article is "eating it." Please try it.

Ladies and others interested are invited to call and see the process of making the

UNFERMENTED AERATED BREAD,
Corner of Buttonwood and Broad Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
VAN RIPER & CAMP, Proprietors.

AGENTS.
Van Riper & Camp, Broad and Buttonwood streets.
A. Ramage, S.W. cor. Spring Garden and Eighth sts.
Serill Knight, S. E. corner Fourth and Willow streets.
Boss & Co., No. 605 North Third street.
Palmiter & Wilcox, No. 955 North Second street.
J. E. Zoines, No. 1236 North Second street.
C. H. Drury, No. 225 Richmond street.
George Garvin, No. 1419 Lombard street.
M. C. Campbell, No. 821 Locust street.
Wheatcraft.
Lipman C. Camp, No. 12 South Tenth street.
H. C. Baum, No. 1509 Callowhill street.
Aug. Reimer, No. 420 Race street.
M. C. Campbell, (Henzy) No. 417 Pine street.
Thomas B. Haines, No. 1207 Shippen street.
John S. Shelmire, No. 1246 North Tenth street.
David S. Coverdale, S. E. cor. Sixth and Redwood sts.
Francis A. Culin, Nos. 3353 and 4208 Market street.
E. R. Bancroft, No. 1334 South Second street.
John Stein, S. E. corner Queen and Sixth streets.
Thomas H. Lodge, No. 801 South Eleventh street.
Charles Norton, Tulip street, 3d door below Dauphin.
William Coverdale, No. 1606 South street.
W. H. Olphine.
R. Porter, No. 1522 Ridge avenue.
P. H. Campbell, cor. Armat & Germantown av., Gtn.
John Heebner, Main st., (between Swede and Cherry) Norristown.
Dr. J. Cox, Manayunk and Roxborough.
Jackson, West Chester.
Edward H. Clement, Bristol, Pa.

TARRANT'S
EFFERVESCENT
SELTZER APERIENT.

THIS valuable and popular Medicine has universally received the most favorable recommendations of the medical profession and the public, as the most efficient and agreeable

SALINE APERIENT.

It may be used, with the best effect, in Bilious and Febrile Diseases, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Nausea, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Torpidity of the Liver, Gout, Rheumatic Affections, Gravel, Piles, and all complaints where

A GENTLE OR COOLING APERIENT OR PURGATIVE IS REQUIRED.

It is particularly adapted to the wants of Travelers, by Sea and Land, Residents in Hot Climates, Persons of Sedentary Habits, Invalids and Convalescents. Captains of Vessels, and Planters will find a valuable addition to their Medicine Chests.

It is in the form of a Powder, carefully put in Bottles, to keep in any climate, and merely requires water poured upon it to produce a delightful effervescent beverage.

Numerous testimonials from professional and other gentlemen of the highest standing throughout the country, and its steadily increasing popularity for a series of years, strongly guaranty its efficacy and valuable character, and commend it to the favorable notice of an intelligent public.

TARRANT'S
Cordial Elixir of Turkey Rhubarb.

This beautiful preparation from the True Turkey Rhubarb, has the approval and sanction of many of our Best Physicians as a valuable and favorite

FAMILY MEDICINE,

And is preferable to any other form in which Rhubarb is administered, either for Adults or Children, it being combined in a manner to make it at once palatable to the taste and efficient in its operation.

TARRANT'S
Improved Indelible Ink,

For marking Linen, Muslin, Silk, etc., has been proved by many years' experience, to be the best, most permanent, and reliable preparation ever offered to the public.

The superiority of this Article is acknowledged by all, and purchasers and dealers will find it to their interest to give it a preference over all similar preparations.

Manufactured only by
JOHN A. TARRANT & CO., Druggists,
No. 278 Greenwich St., Cor. Warren St.,
New York.
☞And for sale by Druggists generally. 1y

Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

MANUFACTURED only at FRED'K BROWN'S Drug and Chemical store, Northeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Attention is called to this valuable remedy, which should be in every family, and for the Army and Navy it is indispensable, curing affections of the stomach and bowels, and is a certain preventive from the effects of bad water.

Caution.—Be sure to get the genuine Essence, which is prepared only by F. Brown, at his Drug and Chemical store, Northeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by all the respectable Apothecaries in the United States.

MUTTER'S COUGH SYRUP. F. BROWN—Copy-right secured—Prepared only from the Original Prescription of the late Professor Mutter, at Frederick Brown's, Northeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

This Remedy is a safe and simple preparation from the receipt of the late distinguished Professor Mutter, with whom it was a favorite prescription. That he used it in his extensive practice, insures to the timid a certain proof of its pure and innoxious elements, and to those who know his character for skill and careful attention, to prescribe only such remedial agents as should secure restoration without producing subsequent evil, it will be welcomed as a real good. Under the guidance of a Physician, (to whom its combination will unhesitatingly be made known), it will always be found beneficial, and in cases where a medical adviser is not at hand, it may be used with safety, according to the directions, in all cases of short or long duration. For sale at Frederick Brown's, Drug and Chemical store, Northeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. dec5 3m

THE FIRE IN CHESTNUT STREET.

Letter from Theo. H. Peters & Co.

Philadelphia, January 19, 1860.

Messrs. Farrel, Herring & Co.,
629 Chestnut Street.

Gentlemen:—We have recovered the Herring's Patent Champion Safe, of your make which we bought from you nearly five years ago, from the ruins of our building, No. 716 Chestnut street, which was entirely destroyed by fire on the morning of the 17th inst.

So rapid was the progress of the flames, before we could reach the store, the whole interior was one mass of fire. The Safe being in the back part of the store, and surrounded by the most combustible materials, was exposed to great heat. It fell with the walls of that part of the building into the cellar, and remained imbedded in the ruins for more than thirty hours.

The Safe was opened this morning in the presence of a number of gentlemen, and the contents, comprising our books, bills, receivable money, and a large amount of valuable papers, are all safe; not a thing was touched by fire.

Respectfully yours,
THEO. H. PETERS & CO.

The above Safe can be seen at our store, where the public are invited to call and examine it.

FARREL, HERRING & CO.
No. 629 Chestnut St.
(Jayne's Hall.) sep 29—1y

LADD, WEBSTER, AND CO.'S
TIGHT LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.

Buy the best, and get the cheapest! They *stitch, hem, bind, fell, run, and gather without basting; use a straight needle and wheel feed*, and make stitch alike on both sides of the cloth. They are without any of those *delicate and nice adjustments*, which make many machines "more plague than profit." We claim them to be the *best made* machines in the world, and capable of doing a greater range of work, in a more satisfactory manner.

PRICES REDUCED to $50, and upwards.

LADD, WEBSTER, & CO.,
153-6m. 921 Chestnut St., Philad.

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

Corns and Bunions Cured!

ADDITIONAL conclusive evidence of Dr. KENNEDY'S INSTANTANEOUS and PAINLESS process of effectually removing the worst cases of Corns and Bunions, and all Diseases of the Feet, Hands and Face.

From Dr. O. Lercy, M. D.
"This is to certify that Dr. Kennedy has operated on my feet to my entire satisfaction."
From John W. Dows, Broker and Real Estate Agent, Walnut street.
"Dr. Kennedy has operated on the feet of my wife and myself with surgeon-like skill."
From Isaac D. Matiens.
"Dr. Kennedy has removed a bunion off my right joint, which has been a pest to me for sixteen years."
From Francis Tearney, Philadelphia Bank.
"This is to certify that I called on Dr. Kennedy, a few weeks ago, and he operated on my feet to my entire satisfaction."
From Thomas H. Shoemaker, Phila.
"I called on Dr. Kennedy in November last, and he operated on my feet to my entire satisfaction."
From Francis H. Hier.
"This is to certify that I called on Dr. Kennedy. He removed three corns and five bunions off my feet without pain or bleeding, and I am satisfied that he has effectually cured me."
From Mrs. J. W. Hammond, No. 718 Catharine st.
"This is to certify that Dr. Kennedy has removed corns and bunions off of my feet, which have annoyed me for several years. He also removed a cancer from my middle finger, which I had no use of for the period of six months. I cordially commend him to the suffering humanity of Philadelphia, as a skillful surgeon."

REFERENCES.
Dr. John Corbet, M.D.
Captain McClurr.
William H. Mills, Jr.
Rev. Walter W. Stanton, L.L. D.
Samuel W. Howard, Attorney-at-law.
Clopole Stevens, Pharmaceutist.
Mrs. Smith, Green st.
Mrs. W. L. Howard.
W. C. Foster, Com. Merchant, Third street.
Myers Davis, Market st., above Fifth.
Major Comstock.
Mrs. W. Partridge, Walnut street.

Of the Medical Faculty.
From Dr. W. L. Stevens.
"Dr. Kennedy has operated on my feet, and has effectually cured me of some torturing pests that I have been annoyed with for years."
From the Rev. Walter M. Thompson.
"This is to certify that whilst sojourning in Philadelphia, Dr. Kennedy has operated on three of my family to my entire satisfaction."
rom the Hon. Wm. M. Thorn, ex-member of the Ohio Legislature.
"This is to certify that I called on Dr. Kennedy to operate on my feet. He displayed great skill as a surgeon, and I am satisfied that he has effectually cured me of these torturing pests, which have annoyed me for many years."
From George F. Omerly, 637 Arch street.
"This is to certify that I called on Dr. Kennedy. He has operated on my feet to my entire satisfaction."

Dr. KENNEDY claims to be the only Chiropodical Surgeon of Philadelphia that ever received the unanimous commendations of the Philadelphia press. He can be consulted at his office, daily, No. 901 Filbert street. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. dec5

UNDERTAKERS.

CYRUS HORNE,
UNDERTAKER,
No 23 North Eleventh Street,
Philadelphia.
COFFINS, Hearses, Carriages, and everything appertaining to Funerals, furnished at the shortest notice. Lead Coffins on hand. nov28

GEORGE W. LOTT,
General Furnishing Undertaker,
No. 509 South Thirteenth Street,
First house below Lombard street,
Philadelphia.
Every requisite furnished at shortest notice, and on most reasonable terms.
Personal attendance at all hours. nov21 1y

EDWIN A. HUGHES,
UNDERTAKER,
AND
SEXTON OF DR. WADSWORTH'S CHURCH,
No. 259 South Tenth street,
above Spruce street,
nov28 Philadelphia.

LEWIS FAYETTE,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
No. 770 South Second street, above Catharine,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Philadelphia, that he still continues at his old stand, 356 S. Second street, above Catharine, where he will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Ready Made Coffins, of all qualities, together with the complete paraphernalia necessary for the proper interment of the dead. His horses and carriages are unsurpassed, and his drivers among the most careful. Charges moderate.
Old stand, No. 356 S. Second street, New No. 770. nov21 1y

HORATIO S. HELVERSON,
Begs leave to announce that he is conducting the
UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,
At the old established stand of his father; the late Nicholas Helverson, No. 225 Coates street, above St. John st., which has been in operation for over 40 years, and he assures the public that the well earned reputation of the concern will be kept up in every particular; his facilities are such as to enable him to guarantee satisfaction to any and all that favor him with their patronage, and his long experience, and the personal attention given to every department, will ensure that everything in his line will be manufactured of the best material, and finest workmanship, at the very lowest prices.
N.B.—Walnut, Mahogany and Cloth Coffins, with plated and solid silver mountings, always on hand, ready to be delivered at the shortest notice. nov21 1y

AMERICAN
LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.
Company's Buildings, South-East Corner of Walnut and Fourth Streets.
Open from 9, A. M., to 5, P. M.
Incorporated 1850 by the Legislature of Pennsylvania.
Capital, $500,000. Charter perpetual.
Insures Lives during the natural life or for short terms, grants annuities and endowments, and makes contracts of all kinds depending on the issues of life. Acting also as Executors, Trustees, and Guardians.
Policies of Life Insurance issued at the usual mutual rates of other good companies—with profits to the assured—at Joint Stock rates, 20 per cent. less than above, or Total Abstinence rates 40 per cent. less than Mutual price.

SAVING FUND.
Interest at 5 per cent. allowed for every day the Deposit remains, and paid back on demand in gold and silver, and Checks furnished as in a Bank, for use of Depositors.
This Company has *First Mortgages, Real Estate, Ground Rents*, and other first-class Investments, as well as the *Capital Stock*, for the security of depositors in this old established Institution.
ALEXANDER WHILLDIN, President.
SAMUEL WORK, Vice-President.
John C. Sims, Secretary.
John S. Wilson, Treasurer.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
Alexander Whilldin, J. Edgar Thomson,
Samuel Work, Jonas Bowman,
John C. Farr, William J. Howard,
John Aikman, R. H. Townsend, M. D.,
Samuel T. Bodine, George Nugent,
T. Esmonde Harper, Albert C. Roberts,
H. H. Eldridge, R. H. Townsend, M. D.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS.
J. P. Bird, M. D., J. Newton Walker, M. D.
In attendance at the Company's Office daily at one o'clock, P. M.
Feb. 23—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

Samuel Work. William McCough.
Kramer and Rahm, Pittsburg.
BANKING HOUSE OF
WORK, McCOUGH & CO.,
No. 36 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Dealers in Uncurrent Bank Notes and Coins, Southern and Western Funds bought on the most favorable terms.
Bills of Exchange on New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Richmond, Cincinnati, St. Louis, &c., &c., constantly for sale.
Collections promptly made on all accessible points in the United States and Canadas.
Deposits Received, payable on demand, and interest allowed as per agreement.
Stocks and Loans bought and sold on commission, and Business Paper negotiated.
Refer to Philadelphia and Commercial Banks, Philadelphia; Read, Drexel & Co., Winslow, Lanier & Co., New York, and Citizens' and Exchange Banks, Pittsburg.
6mo.—o.11.

A CARD.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the patrons of the "American Presbyterian," and the public in general, that the

CLOTHING

manufactured, either ready-made or special order, is from material of the

VERY BEST FABRICS,

and warranted to give satisfaction.
The prices are marked in
PLAIN FIGURES,
on each garment, and in all cases, uniformly low.
TERMS CASH,
EDWARD T. TAYLOR,
For Charles Stokes,
oct31 No. 824 Chestnut street, Phila.

WILLIAM S. YOUNG,
BOOK, CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
No 52 North Sixth street,
PHILADELPHIA.

R. S. WALTON,
FASHIONABLE HAT AND CAP STORE,
No. 1024 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Umbrellas always on hand. oct10

SILVER PLATING.

SAMUEL SMYTH, No. 1336 Chestnut Street, opposite the U. S. Mint, Philadelphia.
Electro Silver Plater on Albata and Nickel Silver Metals, Britannia, Copper, Brass, Steel or Iron, where all orders for Plating will be promptly attended to. All Plating warranted to be done according to order. Re-plating done for use of hotels and private families warranted to give entire satisfaction. sep20

ONE PRICE CLOTHING (604 Market Street) made in the latest styles and best manner, expressly for *retail* sales: The lowest selling price is marked in plain figures on each article, and never varied from. All goods made to order warrented satisfactory, and at the same rate as ready-made. Our *one price* system is strictly adhered to, as we believe this to be the only fair way of dealing, as all are thereby treated alike.
JONES & CO.,
sep13 1y 604 Market st., Philadelphia.

UNION ENVELOPES AT MAGEE'S,
Union Envelopes at No. 316 Chestnut street
Union Envelopes at Magee's.
Union Paper at No. 316 Chestnut street.
Union Badges at Magee's.
Manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, at
MAGEE'S Stationery Store,
No. 316 Chestnut street, above Third street,
Corner of Hudson street.

SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL EDUCATION,
NOW OPEN FOR
BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS.

THIS School has two peculiar features, viz.: Health, as a primary object, and Instruction by Lectures. Young