The Family Circle.

(For the American Presbyterian.)

Victory.

Ring bells, unfurl the banners bright
Wake every glowing strain
The darkness flees, the glorious light
Is bursting forth again.

The serried hosts of freemen brave
Press on the stern decree;
The Lord our land to Freedom gave,
Columbia shall be free.

Ring bells, our bursting hearts still cry,
Light flashes East and West,
The traitor hosts of slavery fly
Where Freedom rears her crest.

Press on the war, 'tis music sweet
To hear the breaking chains,
And death our freemen gladly meet,
Where death our freedom gains.

Ring bells, low ring a solemn peal,
The dead our victories share;
The battle shock, the glittering steel
Gave glory's passport there.

Ring bells, ring bells, wave banners bright,
Wake every glowing strain,
The darkness flees, the glorious light
Is bursting forth again.

JAMES H. AIKMAN.

New York, April 1862.

The Mother's Reply to 'Rock me to Sleep.

My child my child! thou art weary to-night
Thy spirit is sad, and dim is the light;
Thou wouldst call me back from the silent shore,
To the trials of life, to thy heart as of yore;
Thou longest again for the loving care,
For my kiss on thy lips, my hand on thy hair,
But angels around thee their loving watch keep,
And angels, my child, will "rock thee to sleep."

"Backward?" say Onward, ye swift rolling years:
Gird on thy armor! Dry up thy tears!
Count not thy trials, nor efforts, in vain,
They'll bring thee the light of thy childhood again.
Ye should not weary, my child, by the way,
But watch for the light of that brighter day;
Not tired of "sowing for others to reap,"
For angels, my child, will "rock thee to sleep."

Tired, my child, of the "base, the untrue,"
O I have tasted the cup they give you,
Felt the deep sorrow in the living green
Of a low mossy grave by a silvery stream;
But the dear mother I sought for in vain,
Is an angel presence, and with me again;
And in the still night, from the silence so deep,
Come the bright angels to "rock thee to sleep."

Nearer thee now than in days that are flown,
Purer the love light encircling thy home,
Far more enduring the watch for to-night,
Than even earth worship away from the light;
Soon the dark shadows will linger no more,
Nor come at thy call from the opening door,
But knowest, my child, the angels watch keep,
And soon, very soon, will "rock thee to sleep."

—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

DREAMING AND DOING.

DANIEL ARCHER and Luke Linger were cousins, and were both of the same age. They went to the same day school, and began to learn ciphering in the same quarter. Two years passed away, by which time Daniel had finished the rule of three, and was ready to begin practice; while Luke was scarcely able to work a sum in division.

When breaking-up day came, and the half-yearly prizes were given, Daniel Archer received a nicely-bound volume of Natural History; while Luke Linger was so low in good marks as not to be entitled to any reward.

"How vexing it is!" said Luke; "I *meant* to have got forward; but, somehow, everything is against me."

"That excuse will not do, Master Linger," said his tutor; "it is quite plain to me that you have not done your best. While others were working, you were idling away your time. You must persevere, Luke, if you intend to be a scholar. Learning will not drop into a dreamer's mouth."

Daniel and Luke had an uncle, Farmer Hodges, who invited them to spend a week at his house in their midsummer holidays. As they lived in a town, they looked forward to the expected visit in the country with great delight.

Uncle Hodges was an old-fashioned farmer. He wore a red waistcoat, always rose with the lark, worked as hard as any laborer in his fields, and never was absent from his pew on Sabbath. And then, too, he was a kind-hearted and truly Christian man.

On the first morning of their visit at the farm, their uncle took them into his rick-yard and orchard, showed them his new barn, and pointed out the finest of his horses, cows, and sheep. He then promised that if they would get up early the next morning, he would take them to Brook Meadow, where the haymakers were busy at work, and then, perhaps, for a ride to High-top Hill.

On the morrow, Daniel was up and really before the clock struck six; and was down in the farm-yard, looking at the pigeons as they flew around the old elm trees, until Uncle Hodges joined him. They waited some time for Luke, but as he did not make his appearance, they set off without him.

Luke lay dreaming in bed till nearly seven, and when he got up, he seemed in no hurry to make his way down stairs. At length he appeared, and went out into the cross-road to see if he could find his uncle and Daniel; but before he had walked one hundred yards, he saw them on their way home, both mounted on ponies. They had first been to the hay-fields, and afterwards for a pleasant ride. Luke Linger at once saw that, by his delay, he had lost a treat, while Daniel Archer had got a good appetite for his breakfast, and a fresh glow of health on his cheeks.

"How vexed I am, uncle!" cried Luke. "I quite *meant* to have gone with you to the hay-fields."

"It is all very well, Luke," said Farmer Hodges, "so far as it goes, to intend doing a thing; but a bushel of good intentions is not worth a penny, unless they end in good actions."

This was not the only time during the visit that the farmer found out the failing and folly of his nephew, in wishing when he should have been acting, and dreaming when he should have been doing.

One afternoon, Farmer Hodges found Daniel and Luke on a seat in the garden, talking rather loudly.

"Well, my lads," said he, "what is the matter now?"

"Why, uncle," replied Luke, "I was only saying that I wish I had a large farm of my own, with a garden and orchard, and sheep and horses, and plenty of men to do the work for me."

"Dreaming and wishing again?" said the farmer. "That way won't do, Luke; you must try another. Idle wishes are like weeds, which sometimes show their heads on my land; but I root them out, or they would soon spoil my profits.

"You see these hay-ricks. Do you think that by wishing I could ever have got them here? No; the scythe, the rake, and the hay-fork were set to work. We were at it early and late, and made hay while the sun shone; and here the ricks are.

"Look at those piles of corn in the barn yonder. It is part of last year's crop. There are no better in the parish; but how did it all come there? It was not by dreaming about it. I ploughed, and sowed, and in the proper season set to work with the sickle. God, in his goodness, gave the shower and the sunshine, and the corn is now safe in the barn, and will soon be carried to market.

"Look at those peas at the bottom of the garden. If I had not sown them early in the spring, and seen well to them, they would not have yielded such a supply for our table as they do.

"The path along the lane you see yonder, was nothing but mud and mire in wet weather. Some of the farmers said that it would be a good thing if a few loads of stones and gravel were thrown on it. Others declared that they had thought for a long time to propose to the parish to have it put to rights. And one said that they *meant*, some time or other, to attend to the matter themselves, so that it might be no longer a discredit to the village. Thus it went on for years; yet nothing was done; it even got worse and worse; when, one day, I called my men to follow me, and to work we went, and, before the week was over, the old lane looked as *clean, and was as passable, as the high road* along which we took our morning ride.

"I think, then, Luke, that it is quite clear, if anything is to be done, it should be done without delay; and we must be diligent, whatever we have in hand, whether we be schoolboys or farmers."

As Uncle Hodges spoke in his usual kind and cheerful way, the heart of Luke was touched, and he, as well as Daniel, listened to him with much attention. They now left the garden, and went into the house to tea.

That evening, as the farmer opened his large-print Bible at family worship, he said, looking at the same time at his nephews,—

"If wishing and intending be a bad plan for the things of this world, it is still worse for the great concerns of the world to come. 'The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing.'

"There are others who are idle professors of the gospel,—and an idle one is worse than an idle farmer. They do nothing to serve and honor their Lord and Master; and they will be found unfaithful stewards at last.

"I hope, my dear lads, that you will not only be true Christians, but active ones. The sum of all I have to tell you is this:—Fall not into the habit of being idle, either in earthly or heavenly things. Show that you belong not to the family of Dreamers, but to the noble band of Doers of good things."

WAR-INFLUENCE ON CHILDREN.

A LADY told me an amusing family incident, recently, illustrative of the manner in which the military imprint is being given, nowadays, to all a child's habits of thought. The little fellow (an only son, between four and five years of age) had passed the day in his new uniform, a "corporal" by general consent; and with his commission he seemed very much delighted. Accoutrements laid aside at bed-time, however, he said his prayers at his mother's knee; and this done, she stooped as usual for her good-night kiss. But he drew himself back with an air of offended dignity. "Do corporals kiss their mothers?" he inquired gravely, while his little hand kept her at a distance.

It would bear discussing—the wisdom of making everything military so attractive to children's minds! What is to be done with a whole generation, that, from earliest infancy is thus intoxicated with soldiering? Would it not be prudent, at least, for mothers to present, wherever occasion offer, a *shading* to the picture—something that might tend to sadden, or make truer, the boy-estimate of the soldier-life? Instructive, in this way, it seems to me, is the touching incident which the correspondent of a contemporary gives to us, to-day, from the Hospital of St. Louis:—

"A drummer-boy in the agony of death having been asked where he was from, replied that his mother had sent him from Mississippi 'to fight and defend her home,' and that 'he did not regret it, and was ready to do it again.' He wanted to see his mother, and said: 'My mother is a good woman, too: she would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were here she would kiss me.' 'I will kiss you, my child,' said a lady, 'for your mother;' and she did so. The child was already at the last gasp, and in a few moments he expired."

In the *Boston Transcript*, not long since, there was a very exquisite poem which was written in camp, after battle, and sent by a soldier-father to his children at home. It will stir good thoughts at any fireside, to read it aloud:—

TO MY CHILDREN.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing;
Moaning, wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts, in anguish crying
For the lost ones—for the dying;
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting;
Brothers, red with brothers' gore,
Only, that the *wrong* we're righting—
Truth and *Honor's* battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining,
For your kisses on my cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining;
For your soft eyes on me shining;
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
Of the olive-branch and dove;
Call me from the cannon's rattle;
Take my thoughts away from battle;
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

—*Willis.*

WE may know that we have grace by the effects of it, if we be diligent; as we may know by the beams of the sun that the sun is risen, if we should not our eyes.

Miscellaneous.

INDOLENCE IN PRAYER.

Many seem to forget that prayer is a mental exercise. They regard it as altogether an inspiration. Holding to the truth that "the preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord," they make this indulgence of their weakness an encouragement of their indolence. They forget that the law of blessing, in this as in other things, allies it, in some sort, with struggles of our own. Because a man may pray with the intellect without praying with the heart, they infer the converse that a man may pray with the heart without praying with the intellect. Not a few ministers of the gospel, who would regard it as the highest presumption to appear before their people and to attempt to preach without any previous preparation, trusting that "the Spirit would help their infirmities," do still habitually attempt to lead the devotions of a whole congregation, as they approach the throne of grace, with the unstudied and spontaneous utterances of the moment. When a minister or layman is peculiarly felicitous in leading the devotions of a congregation, nothing is more common than to speak of him as being specially gifted in prayer, just as if this capacity, like every other, was not the reward of practical effort. When Bishop Patrick was a young man, and the rector of a rural parish, he was eminent for his fervor in prayer. After wearing, however, for a few years, the lawn sleeves and mitre, he was actually constrained to apologize to an old dissenting friend, whose family devotions he one morning led, for his hesitancy and embarrassment. Men cannot have profound feeling on any subject without having previously had upon it sound thought. Truth burns in the heart, after it has been pondered by the intellect. "While I was musing," said David, "the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." How a minister can have deep and genuine feeling in prayer, when the themes upon which he dwells have not previously been made the subjects of careful thought, we confess, seems to us a physiological impossibility.

And this view of prayer is as biblical as it is philosophical. The author of "The Still Hour," after alluding to the remark of Coleridge, "that he thought the act of praying to be, in its most perfect form, the very highest energy of which the human heart was capable," adds: "Many Scriptural representations of the idea of devotion come up fully to this mark. The prayer of a righteous man, that availeth much, which our English Bible so infelicitously describes as 'effectual, fervent,' is, in the original, an energetic prayer, a working prayer. * * * What else, also, is the force of the frequent conjunction of 'watching' and 'praying,' in the Scriptural style of exhortation to the duties of the closet? Thus: "Watch and pray;" 'watch unto prayer;' 'praying always and watching;' 'continue in prayer and watch.' There is no mental lassitude, no self-indulgence, here. It was a lament of the prophet over the degeneracy of God's people, 'None stirreth himself up to take hold on thee.' Paul exhorts the Romans to 'strive together with their prayers,' and commends an ancient preacher to the confidence of the Colossians as one who labored fervently in prayers. There is no droning or drawling effort here."*

But, with regard to public prayer, in its connection with worship as an element of sanctuary service, we have one other remark to make; and, though some of our readers may regard it as unimportant, if not trivial, we cannot, ourselves, thus esteem it. In entering upon this part of the service of God's house there should be, with every worshipper, a change of physical position, and the assumption of a reverential posture. We say, first, a change of position, to indicate, by some outward act, the inward approach of the soul to God; and, secondly, the assumption of a reverential posture; for such is certainly His due, before whom even angels veil their faces. Much discussion has been had as to what is the precise posture that a congregation should assume in prayer; but, supposing that regard is had to both of the points just referred to—that the posture is reverential, and is a change from that assumed by the assembly in the other parts of service—we cannot regard this discussion as important. Few things, however, are more fatal to worship than that entire passivity which leads a congregation never once to change its posture, from the invocation to the benediction. This custom, now so prevalent in many of our religious assemblies, is a twin error to choir-singing. They generally go along hand in hand; they are seldom found alone. But that will be a happy day to the church when upon both she will indignantly frown.

In closing this article we cannot refrain from inviting the special attention of our readers to a thought which, although it has appeared all along the line of our argument, is still worthy of a separate and distinct notice. The thought is this: *All that is necessary to give to worship, as an element of sanctuary service, its true importance, is a full and faithful development of that order which is embodied in our own Directory for Worship.* We frankly confess our sympathy with those who, upon retiring from some of our Presbyterian churches, after their Sabbath services are over, feel a measure of dissatisfaction. They have, indeed, been well instructed, but they have not worshipped. They have been in a school, rather than in a church. Their intellects have been fed, but their hearts have not been touched. *They have had nothing to do in the service.* But what, to meet this felt want, shall they do? Go elsewhere? Unite themselves with some liturgical church, though her doctrines and ministerial orders are opposed to their belief? Or, staying at home, shall they seek to graft upon the Presbyterian church what is unscriptural and opposed both to her spirit and history? Whence this lack of true worship in her services? What is the cause of this deficiency, of which some complain? Is it inherent to her very structure? Is it of her essence, or simply a defect in her administration? We are bold to proclaim the latter. Let every minister and layman carefully study our Directory for Worship, and, in the services of God's house, faithfully carry out all its provisions, and every just ground for criticism in this particular will, we are sure, be removed. Worship and instruction, the two great elements of sanctuary service, will then have to each other their just relations. Neither will be unduly or disproportionably developed, but both in such beautiful symmetry as to make the whole appear but one act of grateful homage to Jehovah, just as a star, really binary, looks out upon us from the skies—one world.—*Rev. H. Darling, DD.*

* The Still Hour, pp. 70 and 71.

WHAT SLAVERY HAS DONE.

SLAVERY constituted that great privileged class at the South, that order of nobility that cannot brook a superior. Slavery filled this lordly class with a contempt for free laborers which would make ruin itself more welcome than submission to such plebeian masters! Slavery made it necessary that those who guarded its life and perpetuity should have the control of the Government. Slavery debauched the conscience and perverted the moral views of those who lived by it, so that perjury under most solemn oaths, treachery to every sacred covenant, fraud, lying and theft were resorted to without scruple or shame. Slavery uttered the first threat when the great Republican party named its candidate to the nation. Slavery hounded the Republican President on his way to the capital, with conspiracies and snares. Slavery was declared to be the corner stone and the top stone of the new confederacy when the great defection was complete. And slavery lifts to the sunlight and breezes of God's heaven, and to the eyes of all earth's brotherhood, its black sign and emblem in the sable bar that shades so deeply the latest rebel banner. It has been a leaven of disorder and strife through fifty years of our history; it has flatly contradicted every generous word we have spoken for freedom and human rights; it has condemned and disallowed the great democratic ideas having their incarnation in our Governmental fabric; it has clutched eagerly and savagely at every new rood of territory opened for national occupation; it has been a standing protest against what we boasted as the freer and purer civilization of the Western world, an anomaly amid our laws, institutions and social system, an internal and irreconcilable antagonism to our unity, liberty and progress—at home a pest, disgrace abroad. It has opened purposely that great chasm that stretches to-day its black gaping seam across the breadth of the land; it has kindled the baleful and devouring fires of civil war; it gave the stormy signal of battle and bloodshed before Sumter's silent walls; it has drawn millions of treasure from commerce and industry, and hundreds of thousands of lives from pleasant homes and peaceful pursuits to subdue its mad rage against the mother that sheltered it so long and tenderly, and has crimsoned the turf of our land that has been green these many years beneath heaven's dews and showers, with the red life of loyal hearts.

Shall this evil thing be the only thing of which we shall be tender and careful, now that the national will can go forth unfettered? Shall everything else the land has rich and dear be sacrificed in this extremity, and slavery alone be saved? Shall we who love the country, give up the earnings of frugal and toiling years, give up our family hopes and comforts, give up our Sabbaths and Sabbath ordinances, give up our sons and brothers, and hold life itself ready to the call, that slavery, which has struck at the country's heart, may come out of the strife with every plume unshorn? Are we sacrificing so much that we may gather again the scattered flock of States with this wolf in the midst? Do we build again the temple of the national unity with this bomb-shell as one of the stones of the rising walls, its fuse burning, and another explosion sure? Shall we conquer a peace by such suffering and outlay and bind up with it in its covenant and treaty the same old elements of rending and strife?

A few years will pass, and among our cities and villages will be seen half-built houses, half-tilled fields, enterprises of improvement and enlargement arrested in mid-career, men moving about scarred and maimed—with crutches instead of implements of labor in their hands—monuments and relics of fierce battles and wasting campaigns, and our children will ask us, "what was gained by the great war?" Shall we have nothing to show for it all, no answer to give but this, "a new lease of life for slavery?"—*Dr. A. L. Stone.*

AN ARMY OF 600,000 MEN.

THE *Journal of Commerce* thus undertakes to give an idea of what an army of 600,000 men is, how great and how strong, how hungry and how thirsty:

Assuming an army of 600,000 men formed into line, single rank, they will show a front of twenty-three miles. Should the generalissimo wish to make a rapid inspection, if he had the appliance of a parallel railroad track and a fast locomotive, he may run down in front of the line in a quarter of an hour, and make a hasty review. If mounted on his charger, at a smart trot, it would require over a half hour. This respectable army, formed in hollow square (in double rank), would be nearly three miles from side to side, showing on each front a fraction under three miles. The enclosure would contain about 5760 acres, an area equal to some immense Indian cornfields in Illinois. When marching in column, it would require a whole day, taking the thing easy, for the extreme left wing to reach the point left by the right wing in the early start. When we add the commissariat, artillery, ammunition, and other wheel transports, we must give the army two whole days before the left wing *debouche* from the starting point of the right wing. If this immense army were formed in solid square, they would cover about 150 acres, and form a block of bayonets a fraction under a quarter of a mile square. Estimating each man as carrying weight of musket, equipments, rations, etc., at fifty pounds, this army will have trudged along with 15,000 tons weight. Allowing two pounds of provisions per diem for each man, they consume 600 tons per day, and if they drink one quart of water per day, they consume 150,000 gallons—say 1200 hogsheads—which is a clever sized ship load, each day.

THE THEORY OF REVOLUTIONS.

THE *theory* of revolutions then is, that with all their hideous and gory surroundings, they are the inevitable throes and pangs by which the old, the worn-out, the useless, the oppressive, are overthrown, and the new and hopeful introduced. They are always the symptoms of vitality seeking to assert itself—of life warring with death.

Revolution may be accomplished peacefully, without disturbance or violence; but this is not the ordinary law of its operation. It is the exception, not the rule, in national affairs. The old *may* pass away, and the new come in without jarring or discord, like the soft twilight of evening settling gently over the bed of the king of day; but the change is oftenest made with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. When the gigantic monarch of the forest has fulfilled its cycle of centuries; when its heart of oak has imperceptibly dropped away in decay, leaving but a thin, hollow shell to bear the weight of the limbs and trunk above, and to withstand the pressure of the storm, it is still possible that it may drop away piecemeal, one limb after another, until nothing be left but the splintered and hollow trunk; but the much greater probability is, that at a certain point of its decay, on a stormy winter's night, the wings of the tempest will seize it in their sweep, and as the wild chorus howls among the branches, the ancient trunk will crackle and snap, and the huge hulk of the giant of centuries falls to the earth with a crash that startles from their coverts the denizens of the forest.—*Princeton Review.*

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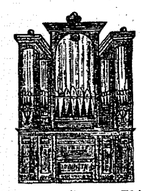
Family Boarding School,
FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS,
At Pottstown, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

THIS School was established Eleven years since, by the Rev. M. Meigs, formerly President of Delaware College. It has been conducted on a generous system of expenditure, and uniformly favored with a high degree of confidence and support. The course of study is extensive, thorough and practical; including the usual preparation for Colleges, and the various branches of a substantial English Business education. The studies of pupils will be conformed to their future vocation, so far as it may be actually determined, or reasonably anticipated.

The Principal gives his undivided personal attention to the School, and is aided by educated and experienced assistants.

The ensuing Summer Session will commence on Wednesday, May 6th, and continue Twenty-one weeks.

Circulars, containing references, names of patrons, and full particulars, will be sent by mail, on application to the Principal, REV. M. MEIGS, A.M.
Pottstown, April 2d, 1862. ap3 tf



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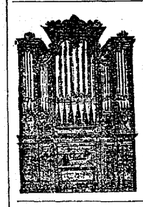

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NO. 131 S. ELEVENTH ST,,
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Two doors below Ninth street, South Side,
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Have now on hand a splendid stock of English and American
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English Brussels from 87c. to $1 per yard. nov14

COAL OIL LAMP WITHOUT A CHIMNEY.
Tritten's Patent Coal Oil Lamp

BURNS all kinds of Coal Oil without the use of a Chimney. Housekeepers and others will find it a SAFE, RELIABLE PORTABLE and convenient desideratum, avoiding entirely the expense or trouble of the lamp with chimney. Burners or Lamps wholesale and retail. by ROBERT H. WEEKS, Gen. Agt.,
No. 16 North Second street.
N.B.—Coal Oil by the gallon or barrel. nov21 1y

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Bell and Brass Founder,
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MINERAL WATER APPARATUS,
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BELLS for Churches, School Houses, Corporations, Factories, Steamboats, etc. Chimes or peals of any number of Bells, or in any Key of the Musical scale. All bells warranted to be one-third superior to the Cast-steel or Amalgam Bells. Bells of any weight or tone, with any inscription or design, cast to order.

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THE NEXT SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTE WILL COMMENCE ON
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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, etc., etc., 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.

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FOR SALE BY THE MANUFACTURER, AT
No. 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
AND
No. 49 Cedar Street, New York.
The Stock consists of
Enamelled Leather Cloth.
Carriage Floor Oil Cloth.
Table and Stair Oil Cloths.
Stand Covers and Green Curtain Cloth.
Floor Oil Cloths, from 2 to 6 yards wide.
The style and quality of these goods are not excelled. Will be sold to dealers at reasonable prices.
feb 23–1y THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.

FULL WEIGHT, WITHOUT PAPER.
WILSON'S DANDELION COFFEE

IS the best and cheapest Coffee that can be used, and is entirely different from any other Dandelion Coffee that has yet been offered to the public. Persons who use it once will continue to use it, as, in addition to its peculiarly rich and delicious flavor, one half the quantity is sufficient. It is prepared from a receipt which the proprietor used for years in England, with great success, and can be procured at WILSON'S Tea Warehouse, No. 236 Chestnut street, or at every grocery and tea store in the United States or Canada.

N.B.—The Dandelion Root used is imported by the proprietor from France, and is of the finest description. The green Dandelion Root for sale. Cash orders from the country promptly attended to. dec12

100,000 BARRELS OF THE Lodi Manufacturing Co.'s
POUDRETTE,
For Sale by LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
No. 130 South Wharves, Philadelphia, Pa.

This Company, with a capital of $150,000, the most extensive works of the kind in the world, and an experience of 22 years in manufacturing, with a reputation long established, having also the exclusive control of all the night soil from the City of New York, are prepared to furnish an article which is, without doubt, the CHEAPEST AND VERY BEST fertilizer in the market.

Price for 7 barrels and over $1 50 per barrel, or only $15 per ton. It greatly increases the yield and ripens the crop from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $4 per acre, and with very little labor.

A Pamphlet, containing all the information necessary, with letters from Horace Greeley, Daniel Webster, and hundreds of farmers who have used it for MANY years, may be had FREE by addressing a letter as above, or JAMES T. FOSTER,
No. 66 Courtlandt street, New York.
mar20 3m Care of the Lodi Menufacturing Co.

Life-Size Photographs in Oil

ARE much superior to Oil Paintings, as likenesses and pictures, if made by skilful artists, such as you find at REIMER'S GALLERY, Second street, above Green. Made directly from living persons, and from small Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, or Photographs, when persons are deceased. jan2 1y

The West Chester Academy,
AT WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA,
Within Two Hours Ride from Philadelphia.

WILL commence the Summer Term, of full Five months,—the Seventeenth Session, under the direction of its present Principal,—on the First of May next. Boys and Young Men are thoroughly prepared for College or Business. Eight gentlemen of tried ability and experience, constitute the corps of Instructors. The FRENCH, GERMAN and SPANISH languages are taught by native resident teachers. The department of "Military Tactics" is in successful operation, under the charge of a competent instructor, without, in the least, interfering with the regular studies of the school; while the individual student is not required to connect himself with it.

Catalogues, containing full information, may be had at the office of this paper, or on application to the Principal, WILLIAM F. WYERS, A. M.
ap3 tf West Chester, Penna.

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

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER YEAR!
BELVIDERE SEMINARY, NEW JERSEY.

ONE Hundred and Fifty Dollars will pay for Board and Tuition a year, for a young Lady, in this Institution. Its location for advantages cannot be surpassed. The instruction is equal to that imparted in any School of the highest order. A native French teacher resides in the family. Pupils are received at any time, and charged accordingly.
REV. J. ADDISON WHITTAKER, A.M., Principal.
MISS DELIA A. SLOCUM, Vice Principal.
oct10 1y

MELODEONS! HARMONIUMS!!

Harmoniums. Melodeons.

CONSTANTLY on hand a stock of Melodeons of my OWN MAKE, which cannot be excelled.

I am sole agent for CARHART'S SPLENDID HARMONIUMS, possessing unequalled powers, variety and beauty of tone. The best instrument for CHURCHE ever introduced. H. M. MORRISS,
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UNDERTAKER,
No 23 NORTH ELEVENTH STREET,
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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

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SEXTON OF DR. WADSWORTH'S CHURCH,
No. 259 SOUTH TENTH STREET,
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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