The Family Circle.

The Day of the Lord.

"O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord."
—Jer. xxii. 29.

FROM THE LATIN.

GIVE ear, O earth, give ear!
Depths of the mighty sea!
Give ear, O man! Give ear,
All 'neath the sun that be!

The day of wrath draws near,
The dreadful day of doom;
The sinner's bitter day,
It maketh haste to come.

Then shall these ancient skies
Roll up and pass away:
The sun shall blush, and hide
Its face in dread dismay.

The moon shall change and flee;
The noon grow dark as night;
The stars shall fall to earth
In wild and sore affright.

Alas! alas! alas!
To whom, in that great day,
Shall the sad sinners flee,
On whom for refuge stay?

Lost, lost, for ever lost!
Too late! too late! he cries;
Lost, lost, for ever lost!
The second death he dies.

O Jesus, save and bless,
O Son of God on high:
Then safe in Thee we live,
And safe in Thee we die.

Safe to the holy hills,
Safe to the city blest;
Safe from the toil below,
Thou leadest to thy rest.
—*Dr. Bonar.*

LAZY STEPHEN.

BOOKS were distributed, scholars commenced their studies, but Grace took no more notice of Stephen Wright, and perceived that he occupied himself in catching flies and pulling off their wings, and in tormenting scholars who sat near him. Two little boys complained that he had stuck pins in his boot, and was constantly pricking them; another complained that he had stuck pins in the bench; all kinds of tricks were played by him; and, when he was tired, he laid his head down upon the desk and went sound asleep.

Grace proceeded hopefully with the rest; a few sullen spirits at first refused obedience, but when they found that the spirit of the school was with the new teacher, they became ashamed, and, one by one, laid down their weapons of rebellion. She walked among them with such a self-reliant manner, and was so fully prepared to teach what she professed, that a feeling of respect was rapidly expelling the demon of insubordination.

But Grace had not forgotten Stephen; when recess arrived, she seated herself by his side. He had just awoke with a yawn, and was stretching out his limbs and arousing himself for play. The wise young teacher was determined to thaw the ice; but not a word about books, studies or school was to be broached that day. She had made up her mind that all such propositions should come from him, and she was sure that Stephen would come and ask for employment at last.

"Are you fond of fishing, Stephen?" asked Grace, giving her first tap on the shell of his sullenness.

He started, and turned, surprised, to look at her; for, in former days, he was never spoken to by teachers but in tones of reproof, or else not noticed at all. Seeing that she really wore a kind expression, the shell slightly yielded, and he answered,

"Yes, I like it when the fish bites; but it's awful stupid when the fish are sleepy."

Stephen relapsed again into sullenness, and turned his head away. Another tap with her magic wand, as she said,—

"Where's the best fishing-ground on the creek, Stephen?" and Grace slightly laughed.

Stephen impatiently shook off the little hand that so gently touched his shoulder. Grace was not discouraged. Another tap on the shell.

"I think you might tell me, Stephen; I'm a stranger here, and I do really like to fish."

"Well, then, jest down under the big tree; there's a heap of fish caught there sometimes."

"Why, Stephen, there are so many big trees there, that it would be a very hard matter for me to find the place. Won't you row me down there next Saturday afternoon, Stephen?"

The shell was fairly broken, as he answered, amazed,—

"Why, yes, if you'll go with a feller that has sich a bad name!"

"I'm not afraid, Stephen. I know that you love that old dog by the door; and I don't believe that you'll treat any one badly that is kind to you," said Grace.

Stephen turned away to hide his face, Grace could scarcely tell why; but she thought that she saw a working around his mouth, and she was sure that he rubbed his coat sleeve over his rough face. Observing that he had no lunch, she shared hers with the boy, who seemed almost choked when he tried to eat the nice light biscuit.

"Is that your dog?" inquired Grace, as the old dog rubbing his head against the boy, who patted the dog kindly in return.

"Some fellers were abusing him one day, and I took his part, and bound up his poor, broken leg; ever since that day, he has been my friend, and follows me to school every day. Old Prince is the only friend I've got, and we think a heap of each other."

"That need not be so, Stephen; you might have plenty of friends, if you'd only try to do right," answered Grace.

"It's no use; I've tried many a time, and, because I did not do things as other boys, I never got any word but 'lazy,' and 'good-for-nothing,' from everybody, even when I tried the hardest. I've given up, long ago. They've often called me devil, and I don't care if I am one now."

"But, Stephen, you're not going to be one. I'm sure that you'll try to do right, if you have somebody to help you."

The bell rang; Stephen took his seat quietly among the other boys; Grace observed that he had ceased his tricks, and sat in a brown study all the rest of the day, looking out of the window with an absent, abstracted countenance. When the time came for closing school, Grace called upon Stephen to fasten the windows for her, and to do other little offices which might enlist his kindly feeling.

"Come, Prince," said Grace, "we'll walk along together; and Stephen, finding that his dog followed the teacher, joined the same company. They had a great deal of pleasant talk about cows, horses, seasons, country amusements, etc., and Stephen was surprised when he got home to think how much conversation had passed between himself and the agreeable young teacher, more than had ever occurred with all the others taken together.

Grace was convinced that there was an avenue by which she could reach this hard nature, and awaken his dormant faculties, that she was sure lay sleeping there, for the boy exhibited close observation in the remarks which he had made upon subjects with which he was familiar.

Next morning, after the classes were organized, Stephen stepped forward, and said, rather sheepishly, "I would rather do something than sit here idle; will you please give me some books?"

Grace quietly handed them; she had hoped that the other boys had not observed him, for she felt that this was a critical moment. Unfortunately, John Dunstan had been watching the proceedings.

"Holloa I say, Steve, you're knuckling down, are you, to a woman? I thought you had more pluck; but I don't believe in you; you're only acting."

Stephen, in a rage, threw the books across the room, returned to his sullen mood, exclaiming, "I said it was no use; this is the way I've alway been taunted, boys making fun of me, and teachers abusing me!"

Grace was grieved, but she saw that this was not the proper time to speak, for she had often pondered on the power of "a right word at the right time."

Another day of gloomy idleness for Stephen; but Grace did not despair. He remained behind to lock up the room, and, in company with Prince, walked home again with the young teacher.

"Stephen, are you afraid of John Dunstan?" asked Grace.

"Afraid! not I," answered Stephen; "I'm afraid of nobody."

"Then what made you throw your books away to-day, after coming to a resolution to study?"

"I was in a passion, miss," answered the boy.

"Yes," said Grace, "and you were afraid of being laughed at; was it not so?"

Stephen did not answer.

"Now, Stephen Wright, I am your friend; I'm determined to do you good to-day. You meant to begin a new course; I saw it, Stephen; and you let that wicked boy drive away all your good resolutions. If you really want to do better, you must get above being laughed at. Begin to-morrow; never mind what the boys say, do your duty; I'll help you."

"Well, Miss Grace, I know I'm a mean coward, but I'll try to take your advice."

Next morning Stephen took his books again, and, notwithstanding the winks and jeers of his schoolmates, he controlled himself sufficiently to master two lessons.

PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

THIS is the most momentous health problem with which we have to deal, to secure the proper physical advantages of civilization for American women. Without this there can be no lasting progress. The Sandwich Island proverb says:

"If strong be the frame of the mother,
Her sons shall make laws for the people."

But, in this country, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every man grows to maturity, surrounded by a circle of invalid female relatives, and the latter finds himself the husband of an invalid wife and the parent of invalid daughters, and that he comes at last to regard invalidism, as Michelet coolly declares, the normal condition of the sex—as if the Almighty did not know how to create woman. This of course spreads a gloom over life. When I look at the morning throng of school girls in summer, hurrying through every street, with fresh young faces, and vestures of lilies, duly curled, and straw-hatted and booted, and turned off as patterns of perfection by proud mammas—is it not sad to me to think that all this young beauty must one day fade and die? for there are spheres of life beyond this earth, I know, and the soul is good to endure through more one: the sadness is in the unnatural nearness of the decay, to foresee the living death of disease that is waiting close at hand for as many, to know how terrible a proportion of those fair children are, unconsciously entering into a weary, wretched, powerless, joyless, maturity. Among the myriad triumphs of advancing civilization, there seems but one formidable danger, and that is here.

It cannot be doubted, however, that the peril will pass by, with advancing knowledge. In proportion to our national recklessness of danger, is the promptness with which remedial measures are adopted, when at last they become indispensable. In the meantime, we must look for proofs of the physical resources of women in foreign and even in savage lands. When an American mother tells me with pride, as occasionally happens, that her daughter can walk two miles and back without great fatigue, the very boast seems a tragedy; but when one reads that Oberea, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, lifted Captain Wallis over a marsh as easily as if he had been a little child, there is a slight sense of consolation. Brunhilde, in the "Nibelungen," binds her offending lover with her girdle and slings him up to the wall. Cymborga, wife of Duke Ernest of Lithuania, could crack nuts between her fingers and drive nails into the wall with her thumb: whether she ever got her husband under it is not recorded. Let me preserve from oblivion the renown of my Lady Butterfield, who, about the year 1700, in Wonstead, in Essex, (England,) thus advertised:

"This is to give notice to my honored masters and ladies and loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, or leap a horse, or *hollo* with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now seventy-four years of age."

Nor should be left unrecorded the high-born Scottish damsel, whose tradition still remains at the castle of Hunting tower, in Scotland, where two adjacent pinnacles still mark the Maiden's Leap. She sprang from battlement to battlement, a distance some nine feet and four inches, and eloped with her lover. Were a young lady to go through one of our villages in a series of leaps like that, and were she to require her lovers to follow in her footsteps, it is to be feared that she would die single.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD.

A PHILOSOPHER once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied,—"To be sure I have." "What makes you think you have?" "Because I have," she promptly replied. "But how do you know you have a soul?" "Because I do know," she answered again. It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better. "Well, then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?" "Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?" "Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not." "Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do; it is my think." "Your think!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; who told you so?" "Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that, without being told." The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few word.

Miscellaneous.

EVIL OF UNBELIEF.

MEN often think that unbelief is a harmless thing. They sometimes regard it as a special proof of meritorious independence to be an infidel. They pride themselves on their philosophy and their freedom from vulgar prejudices and priestcraft, perhaps on their freedom from the prejudices instilled by a pious parent, a pastor, or a Sabbath-School teacher. They consider the denunciation of unbelief in the gospel as singularly harsh, and use no measured terms in expressing their abhorrence of a system which denounces the eternal pains of hell on a man because he will not believe. The want of faith, say they, is a harmless or a meritorous thing.

But are you connected with a bank? Would you think *that* a harmless effort in a daily paper which should attempt to unsettle the confidence of the community in your institution?—Have you a character for virtue which you have secured by years of toil and of upright deportment? Is that a harmless report in the community which tends to destroy all confidence in that character?—Are you a father? Is it a harmless effort of your neighbour when he attempts to unsettle the confidence of your own children in your virtue?—Are you a husband? Is he a harmless man who shall aim to unsettle your faith in the wife of your bosom, and produce between you and her an utter want of confidence?

And is there no evil in that state of mind where there is no confidence in the God that rules on high, the God that made us, and that holds our destiny in His hands? Is it nothing to unsettle the faith of men in God, and to introduce universal distrust in His government? Is it nothing to inculcate or cherish the thought that the Governor of the world is a dark, malignant, harsh, and severe Being, and to alienate the affections of creation from its Maker? Let the history of the earth answer. All our evils began in that unhappy moment when our first parents lost their confidence in their God. "Loss of Eden," toil, sweat, despair, perplexity, and death, tell what the evil was. Calamities have rolled along in black and angry surges, and the dark flood still swells and heaves upon the earth. Peace will be restored, and Paradise regained, only when man is restored to confidence in his God; and this is the grand and glorious work of the gospel. This done in any heart, and its "peace becomes as a river, and its rightousness as the waves of the sea." This done all over the earth, and millennial joy will visit the nations. This done, as successive individuals or generations leave the world, and death is disarmed of his sting, for the departing soul leans with full assurance of faith on the Saviour.
—(*Barnes' "Way of Salvation."*)

REBEL TREACHERY.

Letter from Captain Porter.

In a letter from Captain D. D. Porter, United States Navy, to Senator Grimes, of Iowa, dated Ship Island, May 6th, he says:

"Four rams and floating batteries, such as the world never before saw, have been destroyed in the late attack. The Louisiana, an invincible steam battery, was set on fire and sent down on the vessels while I was engaged in drawing up a capitulation for the surrender of the forts—a flag of truce flying at the time. She exploded within three hundred yards of us and sunk in one minute, her splendid battery of rifled guns being lost to us.

"Her fragments fairly covered Fort St. Philip, and killed a man of theirs in the fort. There was Southern honor for you! That vessel was four thousand tons, two hundred and seventy feet long, and had sixteen heavy rifle guns, all made in "Secessia." She intended to take position that night, when she would have driven off all our fleet, for, as a proof of her invulnerability, one of our heaviest ships laid within ten feet of her, and delivered her whole broadside, making no more impression on her than if she was firing peas. The Louisiana's shot, on the contrary, went through and through the above mentioned sloop of wars as if she was glass.

"The iron ram Manassas hit three vessels before her commander ran her ashore and abandoned her. She has been a troublesome customer all through.

"In New Orleans our naval officers found the most splendid specimen of a floating battery the world has ever seen, (a sea going affair,) and had she been finished and succeeded in getting to sea, the whole American navy would have been destroyed. She was six thousand tons, two hundred and seventy feet long, sixty feet beam; has four engines, three propellers, four inches (and in some places more) of iron, and would steam eleven knots an hour. She cost 'Mr. Mallory & Co.' two millions of dollars.

"The best one I saw floating by me was a dry dock turned into a floating battery, mounting sixteen guns, and the entire engine which was to propel it hermetically sealed, by a thick iron turret, against shot. She was sunk, but floated down to 'South West Pass,' and is now aground on the bar and can be easily raised.

"Besides these monsters the naval part of the enemy's defence at the forts consisted of six or seven iron-clad gun-boats, almost impervious to shot, and certainly so against vessels coming bow on. We had nothing there on our side, but twenty frail mortar-boats, five sloops-of war, nine or ten poor gun-boats, (in all a little over one hundred and forty guns,) to contend against two of the most impregnable forts in this or any other country, mounting one hundred and twenty-seven heavy guns, (many rifled,) three iron-plated batteries, mounting thirty-one guns, six or seven iron-plated gun-boats, and nine or ten things got up for the occasion, soon destroyed and their power never to be known. * * * *

Allow me to send you a perfectly correct tracing of Fort Jackson, made by the coast survey party attached to the mortar fleet. They acted in the same capacity as the topographical party hold in the army. Without them our work would have been tedious. They triangulated every position occupied by the mortar vessels, and it is safe to say that we knew to a yard the exact distance of the mouth of the mortars from the centre of the fort. The enemy never saw us except for one day, when one of the divisions of six vessels was placed in sight, getting pretty roughly handled. I moved them under a point of woods, where, with their masts covered with green bushes and their rigging with vines, they were invisible to the besiegers.

Our firing was a matter of calculation, and you may judge how accurate it was when I tell you that 1313 bombs struck in the centre and solid parts of the works; 2330 struck in the moat near the foundation, shaking the whole fort to its base; nearly 1500 exploded in and over the works, and 1357 struck about the levees, in the marsh close around and in the path near the water's edge, where the steamers attempted to come. All small boats, scows and armed barges were sunk; and if the garrison had desired to get away they could not have done so easily. I never saw so perfect a scene of desolation and ruin, nor do I believe there ever was such perfect mortar practice. We could clear the batteries whenever the soldiers appeared on the ramparts. In fact, no guns there could be worked.

"This sketch may interest your friends in the far West. It will remind them that the influence of the navy is felt everywhere over this great country, and when the vast riches of the Western States are floating securely and peacefully to the seaboard in the swift waters of the Mississippi, let them remember that it was the navy which opened the doors to a commerce that might have been shut up for a quarter of a century, and that they can dictate free trade now where they might have been obliged to pay tribute.

"With my best wishes, I remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

[Signed] "DAVID D. PORTER,
"Commanding Flotilla.

"Hon. JAMES W. GRIMES, United States Senator."

UNDER THE OAKS.

The forest, the real forest, lies before us. Do you wish for songs? let us go under the the old oaks. Do you prefer silence, with a vague stir in the air? let us keep below the pines.

First of all, then, under the oaks. There, where the grass grows and the brambles interlace; where the sweet-briar stops up the way and creeping plants abound; there, along that shining track, where footsteps have trodden down the vegetation.

There it is that you are fairly lost; there that exhale all round nameless perfumes, fresh emanations of the earth, of the old trunks, of the young foliage. The very light is green, the shade all interpenetrated with sun. Not a breeze, except every now and then indeed a mere puff, you not whence, which just lifts the branches, wafts here and there still sweeter scents, then dies away, and leaves you half intoxicated with perfume.

What charming mysteries there are in these nooks! Millions of insects, all dowered with intelligence, dressed for a festival, displaying, between the blades of grass, the purple, the ebony, the ultramarine of their elytra, their armor of malachite and gold, delicate antennæ, and little feathered crests. There are artizans among them, who lead a hard life, hewing, sawing, storing, night and day. There are idlers who go to and fro, climb to the top of a stalk, look upon the world below, move right and left, without any particular purpose; take things as they find them. There are thinkers, too, motionless for hours beneath a sunbeam. There are busybodies, who fly in haste, make sudden starts, long journeys, prompt returns, without very well knowing why. There are musicians, who for hours together go on repeating their monotonous song. There are swarms of ephemera waving hither and thither in some brilliant spot, neither too high nor too low, seeking no sustenance, in a very ecstasy of life, light and harmonious motion.

It is good to be here. The path glides under the bushes; flowering branches strike against your face. As you advance, a low cry, a rapid flight, reveal to you nests that your hand sets gently rocking as you divide the branches before you. From every nook burst the brilliant notes of the *maestri* of the wood. Redbreasts, blackbirds, chaffinches, wrens—all except the nightingale, who finds the cite too wild; except the lark, who prefers the open sky of the fields; except the quail, who hides her brood in the hay;—all at the top of their voice; all, with throats proudly distended, sing, trill, call! It is a glorious fullness of harmony, which affects you like the vibrations of sunlight.

Marvellously fresh is the song of the blackbird. In the spring infinitely varied in its tones, it gets shorter as the summer advances, until, by the time his nestlings are hatched, he loses his notes one after the other, and remains cut short, rather quizzical, rather embarrassed, and a good deal amazed that he can go no further. And while the blackbird whistles at random on the top of a great oak-tree, the redbreast, perched below on some thick bush, throws off a very rain of diamonds and pearls, scatters in the air his crystalline notes, all full of light and fancy. Lower yet, beneath the brilliant concertos and bravura songs, there are murmurs more intimate and charming still; the whispered talk of an enamored pair; the chirping of the mother to her young brood. The rest is a mere affair of display; here there is soul; here there are endless narrations, little cries of joy, sage councils, innocent surprises; sometimes, but rarely, bursts of anger; lovers who lose themselves in ineffable repetitions; children who speak all at once, and little melodious beatified sighs, as if a bird's heart was not large enough to hold so much happiness.—*Madame de Gasparin.*

GOD GOVERNS. BARNS.

A wealthy capitalist, who had made the most of his own fortune, and, what was harder, taken care of it, gives the following as the secret of his success: Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst forth with new wine." The philosophy of the matter is simply this: *God governs barns.* We are willing to allow that he governs nations, and guides parliaments, and directs battlefields. But Solomon, moreover, knew that he presides over wheat-fields, stables, and wine-presses. We acknowledge that God is to be worshiped in churches, with prayers and psalms; but Solomon will have it that he is to be praised also with thrashing implements and grain wagons. Reader, do you act as if you agreed with him?

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In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writings and Durable Pens for the price had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

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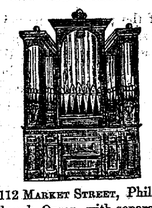

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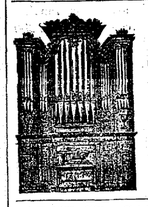

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Two doors below Ninth street, South Side,
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Have now on hand a splendid stock of English and American
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English Brussels from 87c. to $1 per yard. nov14

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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.,
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N.B.—Coal Oil by the gallon or barrel. nov21 1y

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DEALERS in uncurrent Bank Notes and Coins. Southern and Western Funds bought on the most favorable terms.

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FOR SALE BY THE MANUFACTURER, AT
No. 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
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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 1 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

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.
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For Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, etc., etc.
THESE Bells are made from an ALLOY OF STEEL, by a new process that enables the proprietors to sell them at one-half the price of others, and at the same time to furnish a VERY SUPERIOR Bell. They are not liable to break, and are warranted. For particulars relative to Size, Keys, Hangings, Prices, and warranty, send for a Circular, to the Manufacturers,
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No 52 North Sixth street,
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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 WHITAKER, 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

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First house below Lombard street,
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Every requisite furnished at shortest notice, and on most reasonable terms.
Personal attendance at all hours. nov21 1y

EDWIN A. HUGHES,
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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