

Family Circle.

SONNET OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

In his Eighty-third year.

TO YASARI.

Time my frail bark o'er a rough ocean guides,
Swift to that port where all must touch that
live,
And of their actions, good or evil, give
A strict account, where Truth supreme pre-
sides.
As to gay Fancy, in which art confides,
And even her idol and her monarch makes,
Full well I know how largely it partakes
Of error; but frail man in error prides,
Thy thoughts, once prompt round hurtful
things to twine,
What are they now, when two dread deaths are
near!
The one impedes, the other shakes his spear,
Painting and Sculpture's aid in vain I crave;
My one sole refuge is that Love Divine,
Which from the cross stretch'd forth its arms
to save.

A WORD ABOUT CLOUDS.

TO E. A.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Sorry indeed
am I to hear that the heavy cloud of
affliction has been resting upon you, but
am glad to know that it is now lifted.
Ah! these clouds, which sooner or later,
in some form, overshadow us all, how
many of the days of this life do they
darken—and yet what blessings do they
leave behind them—making us feel that
it would not be well for us to be always
without them.

Last summer, when I reached Bed-
ford Springs, everybody there was sigh-
ing for rain. There had been none for
weeks—scarcely a cloud to take off the
glare of light from the landscape. The
consequence was, the ground had be-
come parched, the grass in the fields
was withered, the leaves on the trees
had lost a measure of their fresh rich
green, the air was dry, heated and full
of dust, and the little streams in all the
region round about had become so
weak that their laughter could hardly
be heard.

One morning, soon after sunrise, the
clouds began to make their appearance,
spreading their gray network along the
sky, deepening, darkening, drawing
nearer, until they touched the tops of
the surrounding hills. Then the rain
began to come. For nearly a week it
continued as though it were about to
rain the very heavens down, when sud-
denly the wind, shifting from south to
west, swept away the clouds, leaving
nothing visible overhead, save the bright
sun and the deep blue sky.

What a change! What a complete
renovation of nature! How sweet and
full the notes of music given out by
birds and brooks! The very mountains
and hills seemed to "break forth into
singing, and all the trees of the field to
clap their hands."

And is there not something analogous
to this in the moral world? Do we not
see it, when, after a long spiritual
drought, the dark clouds of affliction,
bereavement or disappointment, settle
down upon us, pouring out their showers
upon the thirsty soil of the soul, putting
down the dust of worldliness, causing
the seed of truth to spring up and grow,
and bringing over the soul, as it were,
a new creation, fresh and bright, and
blooming as primitive Paradise?

Never can I forget my own experience
during my typhoid illness. How dark
the clouds that for week after week
continued to pass over me! And yet
I knew it was all for the best; that
these clouds were only raining out their
showers of blessings upon me, that
behind them "the Sun of Righteousness"
was still shining; and that when they
were brushed away his beams would
appear all the brighter from the fact
that they had for a time been obscured.
And how doubly precious to me, during
that season, was the light of truth
coming from the Bible.

There are passages which then made
themselves mine forever. Here is one
of them: "All thy waves and thy billows
are gone over me, yet the Lord will
command his loving kindness in the day
time, and in the night his song shall be
with me, and my prayer unto the God
of my life."

Here is another: "Behold I have
refined thee, but not with silver. I
have chosen thee in the furnace of
affliction."

A third is this: "Now no chastening
for the present seemeth to be joyous, but
grievous, nevertheless afterward it yield-
eth the peaceable fruit of righteousness
unto them that are exercised thereby."
These and other passages were with me
day and night, "sweeter than the honey
and the honey-comb."

Let us, my friend, never forget that
the bright bow of God's covenant is set,
not in the clear sky, but in the cloud.
And as of old his people were "baptized
in the cloud and in the sea," so even
now is it not true that his chosen ones

receive their richest baptisms, while
passing under clouds of affliction and
through seas of sorrow?

Of the three disciples upon the Mount
of Transfiguration, it is said that "they
feared as they entered into the cloud."
And though we too may fear as we enter
the cloud of affliction, yet is not the
Saviour then near us? and if we will
but "hear him," shall we not, even when
its dark folds are wrapped about us, be
ready to exclaim: "Master, it is good
for us to be here?"

Have you ever thought how very near
God approached his people of old in the
cloud? going before them in "a pillar of
cloud," revealing himself in a cloud on
Mount Sinai, conversing with Moses
from out that cloud, appearing in the
cloud on the Mercy Seat, and filling the
temple of Solomon with a cloud when
dedication was accepted.

What, then, if these clouds of affliction
do linger about us? Are we not told
"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,
and scourgeth every son whom he
receiveth?"

These clouds shall not always con-
tinue, but having answered their pur-
pose, they shall be scattered like mists
before the rising glories of a summer's
sun.

"Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy darkened path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile."

"Hold on thy way with hope unbilled,
By faith and not by sight;
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd;
At eve it shall be light."

Ever your own true friend,

KARNAM.

THE WOMEN'S ANTI-IMPORTATION MOVEMENT.

The idea started in a certain quarter,
that ladies in the more affluent ranks
among us will fail by their action to
countenance the anti-foreign fabric move-
ment, is an unjust aspersion, and we
cast back upon its authors this ill-natured
fling, which originated doubtless in the
minds of men whose associations have
been unfortunate. That there are many
to whom we, in a general sense, are
accustomed to apply the term "ladies,"
in whose minds personal display has
become all in all, is indeed but too
evident. But that the number or
character of these rise to the influence
or importance of a class we deny. And
even for numbers of such, the apology
may well be made, that in them the
passion for dress has been stimulated by
ill-advised efforts of fathers and hus-
bands. This unquestionable fact has
often, in our own experience, mitigated
the feeling of condemnation which has
arisen, on being suddenly confronted by
some young and interesting face, buried
in a forest of furbelows. There are
men of a certain stamp, strange to say,
who are fond of seeing females of their
own families made fearfully conspicuous
in this way. We say fearfully, for, to
the natural shrinking of woman, what
could seem more terrific than the
impertinent stare and gross comments
sure to be aroused, did she but know it,
by the blazonry of a costume which
forces itself on the gaze of the multi-
tude, at the distance of half a dozen
squares? That any thing like this, to
any great extent, really gratifying
to the female mind, we do not believe.
It falsifies all our knowledge of the sex
for a long life-time. We are, therefore,
prepared to witness in the movement
now set on foot by the ladies, a beauti-
ful illustration of that readiness in every
good work which has always character-
ized them, whenever the cause of hu-
manity has called on them for a sacrifice.

And was there ever such a call from
so many sides for the exertion of
economy and self-denial, even among
the affluent, as now? To bring down
in the matter of superfluities of dress,
the enormities of our importations, and
to thereby modify the rates of our foreign
exchange, at a time when every ounce of
the precious metals retained here adds
nerve to the soldier struggling in the
field, or recuperates him when wounded,
or moderates the privations of his
family at home, is certainly a work
worthy the women of our country.
And we look with confidence for their
achievement of all this thoroughly.
May they not weary in well-doing, nor
stop short of a complete renunciation
of the flashy paraphernalia of prosperous
times. Remembering that even mod-
erate display in contact with the weeds
of the bereaved and heart-broken, so
numerous on every side around us, is
unseemly, and that if there be, here and
there, some heartless, flippant thing of
vanity, who will still persist in flaunting
her foreign finery, she will be rendered
thereby but the more unenviably con-
spicuous.

LETTERS

From a Lady visiting Philadelphia, dur-
ing the Winter of 1863, to her young
friend in the Country.

NO. V.

DEAR EDITH:—Writing has been en-
tirely out of my power during the past
two weeks. I have been visiting with
Aunt Helen, and attended lectures with
Uncle James; have been at three or
four small parties, and have gone through
the fatiguing experience of one large
party. I thank you for that good, long
home letter; it has been read twice, and
will, I think, bear looking over again.

I have so much to say that I am
puzzled where to begin. I will mention
here that I enjoyed several days of
stormy weather as an opportunity was
afforded of profiting in a literary way.
I was afraid Aunt Helen would think me
selfish, as I spent nearly all my time in
the library; but she was charitable
enough to say that she was quite pleased
to see me able to appreciate that room
properly. Aunt was generous in giving
me her permission to enjoy Uncle
James' choice collection of authors; it
has made me feel quite contented during
these stormy days.

I have heard some speakers of note
since the lecture mentioned previously.
This mode of spending an evening is
much in vogue at present; and if one
has sufficient discrimination to separate
the poison mingled with good things, the
lecture may be a means of improvement
not to be neglected; but under the
present system I think some of these
lectures are productive of much evil. A
large part of the audience consists of
young persons; indeed, many of them
are yet school-girls, whose minds are
easily impressed, and being dazzled by
the specious rhetoric of the speakers,
will readily imbibe error, and thus be
injured far beyond any benefit derived.
One gentleman, belonging to a sister
city, and well known as a fluent speaker,
and really eloquent at times, has exerted
a most pernicious influence by his erro-
neous opinions, both spoken and written.

The power for evil which such a man
exerts is beyond human estimation; yet
in this city, parents who profess to be
Christians take their daughters, time
after time, to hear this speaker. If,
after each lecture, these parents would
go through an analysis of the lecture;
and expose the miserable sophistry so
skillfully inwrought, the evil might be
counteracted. But who among these
parents ever does this? None! Their
children are educated in error, and a
few years hence the tree will bear its
appropriate fruits. Then these parents
will be surprised (or affect to be) that
their children could adopt such fatal
error, after the careful training they
have had. Alas! What a fearful mis-
take. I have drawn a sad picture, but
be assured that I have seen enough
during my sojourn here, to convince me
that it is not an imaginary one. This
subject interests me, and I have said
more than I intended.

My mind has become more active
since I came to the city, at least it
moves more rapidly in certain channels.
I am daily conscious of the fact. A city
is the place to develop any latent ability;
Mind comes in contact with mind so
constantly that if there is mental power
it will act. The oil of life consumes at
a rapid rate, but the flame is bright
until the lamp goes out. I think, at
times, that I shall never be as contented
as formerly with our tranquil life—but
yet I would not choose a residence in a
large city. You say that I neglect to
date my letters; I am aware of it, and
think I mentioned it at the beginning of
our correspondence. It allows me more
liberty in some respects, and saves
trouble. If I feel in the mood, my next
letter will be a description of the last
party I attended.

Do not be surprised that my letters
are grave. To a thoughtful person,
there is much in a city life to make one
serious. You know that I always had
a tendency to moralize, even in our
school days. That remark leads me to
think of the crowds of well-dressed
children I meet here. It appears to me
that most of the children here find their
happiness out of the house, and parents
are more indulgent than judicious.
The afternoon promenades of little girls
from ten to thirteen are pretty regular;
but not in school costume; oh, no! Some
of these miniature women would not
present a very attractive countenance
if such a thing were proposed. These
little people are dressed for the occasion,
feeling not a little pride in that fact,
and naturally prefer the fashionable
promenade when they exercise for their
health. The result is, they learn to
place an undue value on personal ap-
pearance, and eagerly anticipate a release
from school discipline. In fact, they
are educated out of school far more
rapidly than while sitting at their desks.
Listen for a moment (unobserved) to
their conversation; you will find them
apt in discussions on the prevailing
mode, and ready to slight the companion
who cannot equal them in costly attire.
What can you expect of such children?
Surely they will, as they grow older,
estimate wealth and position beyond
moral excellence.

I have only room to say, farewell!
HELEN.

It is a great and blessed duty to feed
the sheep and lambs of Christ; yet will
not be accept of it unless it proceeds out
of love unto his person. "Simon, son
of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my
lambs."—Owen.

THE HARD WAY.

Bob Winslow was the worst boy in the
village. His father never checked him,
but let him have his own way, till he had
grown to be the terror of the neighbor-
hood. He particularly loved to make
sport of old, lame, crippled persons.
There was one poor woman, bent down
by age and infirmities, that Bob used
especially to make game of. She came
every day, leaning on her crutch, to
draw water from the well near her house,
and just within the play-ground of the
school-house. Bob would sometimes
follow close behind her, pretending to be
lame, and hobbling along on his umbrella
for a crutch, and mimicking her motions.
"Only look at her," he would say, "isn't
she like the letter S, with an extra crook
in it?" One day, when he was doing
this, the old woman turned around, and
looking at him reproachfully, said, "Go
home, child, and read the story of Elisha
and the bears out of the woods."

"Shame on you, Bob!" said Charles
Mansfield, one of the best boys in school;
"Shame, I say, to laugh at the poor
woman's misfortune! I've heard my
grandmother say she became a cripple
by lifting her poor afflicted son, and tend-
ing him night and day."

"I don't care what made her so," said
Bob, "I wouldn't stay in the world if I
was such an ugly looking thing as that.
Do look!"

"Shame! shame on you!" said
Charles, and "Shame! shame!" echoed
from each of the boys present. "You
may get your own back broken one of
these days, Bob—who knows?"

Charles Mansfield sprang to the old
woman, and said "Let me help you,
grandmother." Then he kindly took
her pail, filled it at the well, and carried
it home for her, and the boys made an
arrangement for one of them to come
every day, and fetch her a pail of water.

"God bless you! God bless you all!
dear boys," said the old woman, as she
wiped away her tears, and entered her
poor lonely home.

Bob Winslow's conduct was reported to
the master. He was much grieved, and
sentenced him to stay in school and study,
instead of going out to play at recess,
for a week. This was pretty hard pun-
ishment, for Bob had very little love for
study, but was prodigiously fond of play.
Yet this was a slight punishment com-
pared with what he was soon to receive.

On the second day of his confinement,
he sat near the open window, watching
the boys at their sports in the play-
ground. Suddenly, while the master
was occupied in another part of the room,
he rose and jumped from the window into
the midst of the boys, with a shout at
what he had done. "Now let him pun-
ish me again, if he can!" cried he. As
he said this, he ran backwards, throwing
up his arms in defiance, and shouting,
when suddenly his voice ceased; there
was a heavy plunge, and a loud groan
burst on the ears of his startled compan-
ions.

It so happened that a well, of which
we have spoken, was being repaired.
The workmen were at a distance, collect-
ing their materials, and had carelessly
left the opening of the well uncovered. As
Bob was going backwards, at the very
moment of his triumph, he stepped into
the mouth of the well and down he went.
There was a cry of horror from the boys.
They all rushed to the spot. Charles
Mansfield, the bravest of them all, was
the first to seize the well rope. He
jumped into the bucket, and got the boys
to lower him down. The well was deep,
but fortunately, there was not much
water in it; and Bob lay motionless at
the bottom. Charles lifted him care-
fully, and with one arm round his
apparently lifeless body, the other on
the rope, he gave the signal, and was
slowly raised to the top. The pale face
of the wicked boy filled his companions
with horror. Without saying a word, they
carried him to the house of the poor
woman whom he had treated so cruelly.
She had seen the accident from her win-
dow, and was hobbling along on her
crutch to meet them. Poor Bob was
taken into her humble home, and laid
upon her bed. The kind-hearted old
woman, forgetful of his ill-treatment of
her, got out her bandages, her camphor
bottle, and other things; and while one
of the boys ran for the doctor, and an-
other for their teacher, she sat down by
his side, and bathed his hands and his
forehead, as tenderly as though he had
been her own son. After the doctor had
dressed his wounds, he was carried on a
litter to his own home, surrounded by his
sorrowing companions, but still insensible.

A few hours later in the day, a
group of boys met on the play-ground.
They talked to one another in a low
voice. They looked pale and sad.
Presently, Charles Mansfield came up.
"Well, boys, how is poor Bob now?
Have any of you heard?"
"Oh, Charles!" cried several at
once, as they gathered around him.
"Oh! don't you know? Haven't you
heard? Why, he has opened his eyes,
and is able to speak; but his back is
broken, and he will be a cripple and a
hunchback for life!"

Charles clasped his hands without
uttering a word, and burst into tears.
He couldn't speak for a while. At last,
with the tears still streaming down his
pale cheeks, but with a manly voice, he
said, "Boys, I hope we shall never
forget the lesson we have learned to-day.
The Bible says: 'The way of the trans-
gressor is hard,' and poor Bob's expe-
rience proves how true that is."

Nothing renders us so like unto God
as our love unto Jesus Christ, for he is
the principal object of his love.—Owen.

GARIBALDI AND TENNYSON.

The tree planted by Garibaldi in the
garden of the Poet Laureate on his
recent visit, had two of its branches
torn off the next night. It was care-
fully watched by Mr. Tennyson's gar-
dener until after dark, but between bed-
time on Saturday and the morning of
Sunday was so mutilated that the beauty
of its foliage is permanently and seriously
marred. The tiny tree itself possessed
previous interest of association: it was
valued for the circumstances under which
it had been procured and presented to
Mr. Tennyson, who has now the morti-
fication of feeling that its crowning
honour—that of being re-set by Garibaldi
—has been its bane. Whilst the injuries
done to this plant (*Wellingtonia gigantea*)
were being pointed out to the present
writer, he heard with mortification of the
indecent intrusion to which Mr. Tenny-
son is exposed. Strangers are found
from time to time seated in his garden,
peering in at his windows, wandering
freely through his grounds. From the
lawn in front, when conversing with his
family in assumed privacy, he has on
casually looking up, discovered an enter-
prising British tourist taking mental
notes of his conversation from the branch-
es of a tree above. Mr. Tennyson has
been compelled to make fences, raise
embankments, train foliage, and in fact
half fortify his house, and in spite of all
is not permitted to enjoy what our readers
so circumstantially would expect to enjoy
as a thing of course—the quiet freedom
of a country home.

FRANKLIN AND HIS PAPER.

Soon after his establishment in Phila-
delphia, Franklin was offered a piece for
publication in his newspaper. Being
very busy, he begged the gentleman would
leave it for consideration. The next day
the author called and asked his opinion
of it. "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I
am sorry to say I think it highly scurri-
ous and defamatory. But being at a
loss, on account of my poverty, whether to
reject it or not, I thought I would put it
to this issue—at night, when my work
was done, I bought a two-penny loaf on
which I supped heartily, and then wrap-
ping myself in my great coat, slept very
soundly on the floor till morning, when
another loaf and mug of water afforded a
pleasant breakfast—now sir, since I can
live very comfortably in this manner,
why should I prostitute my press to per-
sonal hatred or passion for a more
luxurious living?"

One cannot read this anecdote of our
American sage, without thinking of
Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who
had pressed him to give up preaching in
the dirty streets of Athens, and come
and live with him in his splendid court.
"Meal, please your majesty, is a half-
penny a peck at Athens, and water I get
for nothing."

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every ingredient of which is known to have a beneficial
influence on the teeth and gums, imparting a delightful
and refreshing taste and feeling to the mouth, correct-
ing all disagreeable odors arising from decayed teeth,
use of tobacco, &c. Its fragrance and convenience
make it a pleasure to use it; it is perfectly free from all
acid or other ingredients, leaving the least tendency to
injure the enamel.

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by many of the first Dentists in the country, as well as
by many of the most eminent Divines, Physicians,
Chemists and Scientific Gentlemen of the day.
The following eminent clergymen and their families, of
New York City, together with hundreds of others, having
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invaluable qualities, and give it their most cordial com-
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Dr. C. M. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Pa.,
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,
CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY,
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, AND ALL DISEASES
ARISING FROM A DISORDERED LIVER
OR STOMACH;

such as
Biliousness, Flatulency,
Headache, Acidity of the Stomach,
Nausea, Indigestion, &c. &c. &c. &c.
Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eruc-
tations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the
Stomach, Swelling of the head, Harried and
Difficult Breathing, Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or
Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dim-
ness of Vision, Deafness, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
Fever and Delirium in the Head, Deficiency of
Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and
Eyes, Pain in the Chest, Head, &c. &c. &c. &c.
Lungs, &c. Sudden Flushes of
Heat, Burning in the Flesh,
Constant Agitation
of Evil, and great
Depression of
Spirits.

And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever
&c.

THEY CONTAIN NO ALCOHOL OR BAD WHISKEY.

They will cure all the above diseases in ninety-nine cases
out of one hundred.

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the Tenth
Baptist Church, Germantown:

Dr. JACKSON—Dear Sir: I have been frequently
requested to connect my name with commendations of
different kinds of medicines, but I have never done so
as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases
declined; but with a clear proof in various instances,
and particularly in my own case, of the efficacy of
Hooftland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my
usual course, to express my full conviction that, for
general debility of the system, and especially for Liver
Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some
cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be
very beneficial. I have used it for several years, and
I am, Yours very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD, Eighth st., below Coates, Phila.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of Baptist Church,
Germantown:

Dr. C. M. JACKSON—Dear Sir: Personal experience
enables me to say that Hooftland's German Bitters
prepared by you as a most excellent medicine. In
cases of severe cold and general debility I have been
greatly benefited by the use of Hooftland's German
Bitters, and they will produce similar effects on others. Yours
truly,
W. RANDOLPH.
Germantown, Pa., May 31, 1860.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Holding M. E. Church,
Philadelphia, April 20, 1860:

Dr. JACKSON—Dear Sir: Having used Hooftland's
Bitters in my family frequently, I am prepared to say
that it has been of great service. I believe that in most
cases of general debility of the system, and in the safest
and most valuable remedy of which I have any knowl-
edge. Yours respectfully,
J. H. TURNER,
22 North Ninth street.

From the Rev. Thomas Winter, Pastor of Roxborough
Baptist Church:

Dr. JACKSON—Dear Sir: Due to your excellent
preparation—Hooftland's German Bitters—to add my
testimony to the deserved reputation it has obtained.
I have for years, at the request of friends, been
disorder in my head and nervous system. I was
advised by a friend to try a bottle of your German
Bitters. I did so, and in a very short time I received
relief. My health has been very materially
benefitted. I confidently recommend the article where
it meets with cases similar to mine, and have been
assured by many of their good effects. Respectfully
yours,
T. WINTER.
Roxborough, Pa., December, 1858.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Ec-
clesiastical Review, New York:

Although not disposed to commend Patent
Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingre-
dients and effects; I yet know of no sufficient reasons
why a man may use them, and I believe he believes
himself to have received from any simple preparation
in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit
of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hooftland's German
Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city,
because I was prepared to assist them for many years,
under the impression that they were chiefly an al-
coholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robert
Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by
proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when
suffering from great and long continued debility. The
use of three bottles of Hooftland's Bitters, has brought
me back to my former state of health, and has given me
of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and
restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which
I had not felt for six months before, and had almost
despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my
friend for directing me to the use of them.
Philadelphia, Dec. 15, 1861. J. NEWTON BROWN.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of
Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest
whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per
gallon, the least dignified and most injurious to health.
This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause,
as long as they are sold, hundreds to die the death of the
drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under
the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind,
the desire for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all
the horrors attendant upon the use of such stimulants.
For a Liquor Bitter, we publish