

Family Circle.

GOING ALONE.

With curls in the sunny air tossing,
With light in the merry blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly outbursting,
A laugh of delight and surprise:
All friendly assistance disdaining,
And trusting no strength but his own—
The past fears and trials forgotten,
The baby is "going alone."

What woful mishaps have preceded
This day of rejoicing and pride!
How often the help that he needed
Has carelessly gone from his side!
He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
Which, just as he grasped them, have flown,
And the tears of vexation have followed;
But now he is "going alone."

And all through his life he will study
This lesson again and again;
He will carefully lean upon shadows,
He will fall, and weep over the pain.
The hand whose fond clasp was the surest,
Will coldly withdraw from his own,
The sunniest eyes will be clouded,
And he will be walking alone.

He will learn what a storm world we live in,
And he may grow cold like the rest,
Just keep a warm sunny welcome
For those who seem truest and best;
Yet, chastened and taught by pain and sorrow,
And stronger and manlier grown,
Not trusting his all in their keeping,
He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet not alone, for our Father
The faltering footsteps will guide,
Through all the dark mazes of earth-life,
And "over the river" deep tide.
Oh, here is a Helper unailing,
A strength we can perfectly trust,
When, all human aid unavailing,
"The dust shall return unto dust."

A WORD ABOUT BIRTHDAYS.

TO E. A.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—This day is the anniversary of my birth, and I know not to what duty I can devote one of its hours more pleasantly than to that of answering your very interesting letter. Mark you, I do not say how old I am to day, or how young. You know it is said of a certain class of persons who do not marry that they never get beyond twenty-five. Of course this is not true, as the family record will show, if let alone; but have you never met with persons who appeared to have no particular age?

You would say of them, they are thirty or forty. You think them about thirty-five, but would not be in the least surprised to learn that they are fifty. To-day they look ten years younger than they did yesterday, and to-morrow they may look twenty years older. Their age seems to vary with their moods of mind, like the weight of the Irishman, who affirmed that it was usually one hundred and twenty-five, but that when very much excited he weighed about a ton.

Everybody knows that some people are older at thirty than others are at sixty. Wordsworth, the poet, was pronounced by a half dozen strangers who were travelling with him in a stage coach, to be over three score, when in fact he had not yet reached his thirty-ninth year. Have you not met with those who were young at three score and ten—young in vigor of health, in elasticity of step, in freshness of thought and feeling, and in almost every thing which properly distinguishes youth from old age?

And on the other hand, have you not seen some, who were born old, that is if one may judge correctly from their baby looks and smiles, and from all their movements in childhood and youth? Carlyle, I think it is, who says that we all have to "go through an eternity of waitings to be born." If so, then of course we are all old at birth, and there is but little difference in the age of any of us. But how does he know this? He certainly cannot be conscious of it. But if true, then upon the supposition that it is a very desirable thing to be born, what room there must have been for the exercise of patience before we made our appearance in our present form! One would think that this grace ought to have had "its perfect work." But is not the little patience manifested at the beginning of the present life, and indeed all the way through it, rather against his theory?

Jeremy Taylor thinks it may be as painful to be born as to die. And so it may, and yet not be very painful either, for some people die quite easily. But those of us possessed of the most retentive memory have doubtless forgotten how much we suffered in the former process, while none of us can yet tell how much we shall be called upon to endure in the latter.

De Quincey upon this subject says: "Death we can face, but knowing as some of us do what is human life, which of us is it, that without shuddering could (if consciously we were summoned) face the hour of birth?"

Do you remember what Lord Byron wrote of himself on the day he completed his thirty-sixth year?

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone."
And Lord Chesterfield when sixty-six years of age said, "I now read Solomon

with a sort of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and vain, though not as wise as he, but I am now at last wise enough to attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

These are indeed sad experiences, but we are not to forget that they belong to men, whose minds and hearts had never been imbued with the spirit of Christianity, but who had inverted the true order of things, by making this world everything and the world to come nothing.

What a tendency, with the return of each successive birthday to make good resolutions, but alas! what a stronger tendency is soon felt within to break those resolutions, and to come back to the same old beaten track of negligence and sinfulness in which we have been accustomed to walk. These birthdays are the ones in which we think and talk so much about "beginning life anew," "starting out afresh," "turning over a new leaf," &c. But how much better would it be for us to be careful that each successive day be marked by the birth of the soul into a higher spiritual life. And that this may be so let us not forget to pray with one of old, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

I like this idea of numbering our days, that is of so improving them, one by one, as they come and go, that when all are gone, as soon they will be, and we are summoned before the judgment bar to give an account of this life as a whole, we may do it with the consciousness that we have labored to make the most of it.

But enough, except this—
"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."
Ever your own true friend,
KARNAM.

LETTERS.

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

NO. VII.

DEAR EDITH:—I am again grateful for your prompt answer to that tedious letter I sent. But as it was in compliance with your request, that I gave such a full description of the party of the season, I would not allow you to say that you felt at all weary of the subject. I did, however, and compensated myself by giving a moralizing tone to the last page. I have had another conversation with Mr. B. on the subject already commenced in a previous letter; and as you feel an interest in the discussion, I will give some details. Just let me say first, that I beg you will spare me those delicate hints, as to the fascinating society of one person. Of course, one does not care to cultivate the society of common place, egotistical men; but to enjoy the society of those who are intelligent and agreeable, merely shows that one has capacity to appreciate such gifts. Had Mr. B. possessed less mental cultivation I could not have found the same enjoyment in his society. Remember, there are so many (shall I say gentlemen?) who always make an effort to lessen their mental powers, when they talk to women. They assume a considerate tone, and try to adapt their remarks to our feeble intellects; very much as we talk to children. There are some few women in the world that are wonderfully exempt from the usual feminine love of admiration, and conquest; they think of other things, in spite of all the disbelieving sneers to the contrary. Among the pleasant incidents of my visit to this city, I shall remember gratefully the friendly conduct of Mr. B., and the instruction derived from his conversation; and that will be all.

A few evenings since, I spent two or three hours with Mrs. S., a friend of Aunt Helen's. There were not more than eight or ten persons present. After tea Uncle James came in and brought Mr. B. During the evening we had an animated discussion on the subject previously begun, in which Aunt Helen took some part. Aunt thinks that due allowance must be made for the prevalent mode of education in large cities. In saying this, she was far from commending it; as she deprecates greatly the tendency to display and personal adornment; not incipient, when school days have terminated. I agree with aunt, in thinking that we ought to exercise charity while estimating the character and conduct of young ladies, who have always been residents of a large city. There are so many diverse influences bearing upon them, and the example of those to whom they look for guidance is not always such as to give a wise or thoughtful tendency to their daily course. Mr. B. remarked here, that he felt the truth and force of what Aunt Helen had said. He thought that social influences were powerful in moulding the characters of the young ladies of the present day, and that many of them, if placed in different circumstances, would evince qualities of mind and heart that would surprise us. While Mr. B. was speaking, I was debating as to the propriety of making some remarks and asking some questions intimately connected with the

subject under consideration. Finally I remarked that I was philosophical in my way of estimating people and things, especially in subjects like the present, and then asked him very gravely, what was his opinion as regarded the mental cultivation of the young men of the present day; those moving in the social circle most familiar to him. The expression of Mr. B.'s truthful countenance made me almost regret that I had asked the question. He appeared embarrassed for a minute, and then said: "Miss Evans, you have a right to make this inquiry, after the remarks that have been made. I will answer it, however trying it may be for me to act the part of censor. My circle of friends is limited, some I do know, that would do honor to any position they might be called to fill; but candor obliges me to confess that these are few." Uncle came up just then, saying that it was time to make our adieu, and invited Mr. B. to spend the evening soon with Aunt Helen, when we could resume the subject.

Affectionately,
HELEN.

JEMMY DUNCAN'S FIRST LIE.

BY AITCHEE.

"Uncle James! please tell us a story this evening. Vacation will soon be over, and we go home to-morrow, you know."

"O yes! do tell us a story, and let it be a true one, Uncle James; one that we can remember, and think about when we get back to school."

"Let me see," replied the person addressed. "You wish for a story, a true one, and one that can be remembered. I happen to know a true story about a little boy and a great lie that he told. Will that suit you?"

"O, yes! tell us about the little boy, Uncle James," cried the one.

"Yes! Uncle James, tell us all about the great lie that he told," cried the other. Both boys were wide awake for the story.

So after the party, which only numbered four persons, had subsided into a listening attitude, Mr. Rogerson, the uncle of the two boys, began his story much after this fashion. "Brightly shone the sun, and from every bush and tree rose a sweet bird-song, as a little boy with a shining, happy face, skipped along a country road, one lovely summer morning. Everything around him wore such a joyous aspect, that the little boy was as gay as a lark. He whistled, he shouted, now stopping to pluck a flower by the roadside, now chasing a butterfly, now grazing at the soft, fleecy clouds that floated slowly, like white-robed angels, through the heavens.

"There never was, never could be, a happier lad than Jemmy Duncan, (for that was the little boy's name,) on that bright, golden morning. He was going on an errand for his mother, to 'Squire Parsons, who lived in the handsome house in the village about a mile from Jemmy's home. After a very pleasant rambling walk, he arrived at 'Squire Parsons' place, which was called Quercus Grove."

"What a funny name," exclaimed one of the boys.

"I never heard of such a queer name," exclaimed the other.

Mr. Rogerson smiled, making no reply to their exclamations, and continued his narrative thus:

"The house was a large, old-fashioned stone house, delightfully situated among trees and shrubbery, and fitted with ancient furniture, pictures, and curious things, which had belonged to a former proprietor, a foreigner. When he died, 'Squire Parsons, who was called a rich man, purchased the estate and moved his family here from a neighboring city."

"Why that's something like the story of your house, Uncle James," one boy remarked.

"Yes! and the old-fashioned furniture too!" remarked the other.

Mr. Rogerson smiled again, nodded his head, and went on as before.

"We must not leave little Jemmy Duncan too long at the door. A serving-man ushered him into the library. It was some minutes before the 'Squire came in: and when he entered the room, he was no less surprised than angry, to see a fine bust of Shakspeare, which had ornamented his table, on the floor, and broken in pieces. The 'Squire had a very good heart, but he was hasty in temper; besides this was a favorite ornament with him, and no wonder he was provoked. Without immediately seeing who it was, for the room was rather dark, he demanded in a loud and excited tone, 'How dared you touch that, you young rascal?' Just as he seized and was about to shake the lad, he saw who it was, and said, 'Why Jemmy Duncan! is it you?'"

"Now this same Jemmy Duncan was generally liked in the village. The 'Squire, as well as everybody else, looked upon him as an honest, truthful boy. In a softer, and kinder tone, the 'Squire now asked, 'How did it happen, my man?'"

"I don't know sir," replied Jemmy. "When your man let me in, the cat ran out of the room, and that was lying there all broken."

"And that's the last thing she will ever destroy in this house," cried the 'Squire, now growing quite red in the face. "I told Lina she might have the kitten, if she could keep her out of my library. I'd rather every cat in Pleasantville were killed, than that my Shakspeare should be destroyed."

"Jemmy Duncan did his errand, but

his voice trembled, for the 'Squire's angry manner and loud words had terribly frightened him.

"Good bye, my little man," said the 'Squire, as Jemmy turned to go. "Tell your mother, when she gets tired of you, she may send you to me. You would make a nice playfellow for my little Lina."

"Jemmy ran down the steps, glad to get once more in the open air. But everything in nature appeared to be changed. The beautiful white clouds that had sailed along so calmly in the heavens, now frowned upon him like stern and angry faces. In place of the golden sunlight, dark shadows fell across his path, as he hurried homewards. Instead of music, the birds, great and small, were flying about and twittering, as if each one were telling his neighbor, 'Little Jemmy Duncan told a lie—a lie—a lie.'—and a huge black crow followed Jemmy all the way, flapping his wings, and screaming 'caw—caw—caw—crows don't lie, caw,—for shame, Jemmy Duncan! caw—caw—caw."

"Jemmy got home at last, delivered the 'Squire's message, and seizing his books and slate, hurried off to school. But new trials awaited him there. He could not remember his lessons, his head was confused, and he thought the master and all the scholars looked at him, as if they knew he had told a lie.

"Before the school closed, the master called Jemmy to his table, put his hand on his head, and said kindly, 'You don't look well, Jemmy. You had better go home to your mother. Your cheeks are too red for study.'

"Jemmy's mother was a widow, and he was her only child. She had brought him up in a conscientious manner, and in particular had warned him against the sin of lying. His mother was also an invalid, and was lying on her bed when Jemmy returned from school. He went immediately to her chamber, shut the door as he entered, and kneeling by her bed-side, confessed his sin. We may not hear what passed there. When Jemmy came out, his eyes were red and swollen, but on his pale face there was a high resolve as distinctly marked, as if it had been engraven in gold letters. In a little while, Jemmy Duncan was again on the road to 'Squire Parsons'."

Just before he reached the horse, he met little Lina, who looked as if she had cried all her tears out, and who held a beautiful tortoise-shell kitten in her apron.

"Where are you going, and what's the matter?" asked Jemmy, who suspected the truth before the little girl cried out, in a sorrowful tone, 'Oh, my beautiful Catalina has been in papa's library, and thrown down his bust of Shakspeare, and I have got to carry her off again to Nurse Wilkins. Oh dear, O dear, what shall I do without my beautiful Catalina?' and the little girl sobbed aloud.

"Come with me, Lina," said Jemmy. "I have something to tell you 'r father, and I know when he has heard it, he will let you keep your kitten."

"So both ran on together, until they entered the 'Squire's presence, who looked in amazement to see Lina and the kitten, and especially Jemmy back again so soon.

"Jemmy did not wait to be spoken to, but went straight to the 'Squire and made his confession.

"Lina's kitten was not in the library at all, this morning, sir. I broke the bust myself. I did not know it was so heavy, and I took it up by one hand to look at it, when it slipped from me and broke to pieces on the floor. I am very sorry to have told you such a wicked lie. I don't think I shall ever tell another. Can you forgive me sir, and let Lina keep her kitten?"

"Why did you come back and tell me all this; I should never have found you out," asked the 'Squire.

"Oh, sir, I was so unhappy, I could not keep such a dreadful lie to myself. I told my mother all about it first, and then I couldn't help coming to tell you, sir."

"Take your kitten to the kitchen," said her father to Lina. "Tell Bridget to give her some milk."

"Tears were in 'Squire Parson's eyes a little later in the day, as he bade Jemmy good bye. 'Tell your mother when she is tired of you she may send you to me. The kind-hearted 'Squire said this in just the same pleasant tone, as he did when Jemmy Duncan left him earlier in the morning.

"Years passed away. Jemmy never told another lie. He promised his mother never to do so again, and he kept his promise. When she grew sicker, the good 'Squire was her best earthly friend. When she died he took Jemmy to his own home, educated him, and when he became a man, gave him his daughter Lina for his wife. 'Squire Parsons has been dead for many years, but your Aunt Evelina keeps the broken bust of Shakspeare, which her father cemented together as a token of the past."

"Aunt Evelina!" exclaimed one boy, starting up in great surprise. "Why, yes! why didn't I think of that? I knew all the time her name was Evelina Parsons."

"And you were little Jemmy Duncan!" cried the other, as he ran and put his arms around his neck. "Your name is James Duncan Rogerson. Why didn't we think? And this is the old stone house, and the old-fashioned furniture."

"And this is the broken bust of Shakspeare," their Aunt Evelina pleasantly remarked, as she took down from a shelf an old, yellowed bust. "When-

ever I look on this I remember the happy feeling that crept into my heart, when I learned that I could keep my pretty Catalina."

"When I look at it," remarked their uncle, "I remember the good resolution I formed at my mother's bed-side, never to tell another lie, and which God has enabled me to keep."

"How about the Quercus Grove?" asked the first boy.

"Yes! how about Pleasantville? demanded the second.

"I said Quercus Grove," replied their uncle, while a curious smile stole over his countenance.

"Quercus?—Quercus?—why, that is the Latin for oak," said the first; "O, I see, now, you meant Oak Grove."

"Yes! indeed!" chimed in the second, "and by Pleasantville you mean Fairtown. I see it all now."

On their way home from Fairtown, the next day, the two boys who had passed their vacation at Oak Grove, the residence of their Uncle Rogerson, found much to talk about, as they recalled the story of little Jemmy Duncan's Great Lie.—Student and Schoolmate.

TO WASH COLORED, PLAID, BLACK, AND RAW SILKS AND RIBBONS.

For a single dress, pare four or five good sized potatoes, slice them thin and lay them in a quart of cold water for a few hours; then, if the silk is much soiled, sponge both sides freely, rubbing the spoiled places with most care. Sponge one piece at a time, and iron it dry on the side that is to be the inside, moving the iron up and down, or straight across—never diagonally. Have the irons quite hot, yet not so as to scorch, or change the color. If they are too cool, they will draw up or crimp the silk in very minute gathers, and it will be impossible to make such places smooth again. The effect of the starch from the potatoes is to cleanse the silk, and also give it a little stiffness, and even plaid silks of the most delicate colors are made to look new in this way. If a silk is not much soiled, sponge it only on the outside, and iron it on the other. A good black silk may be made to look "amaist as weel's the new," again and again by this process, and those who have never tried it, would be surprised at its renovating effect. Good ribbons, black, white, or colored, are made fresh and handsome in the same way. To iron them, set the iron across one end, on the wrong side, and while you press it hard, draw the whole length of the ribbon under it with the other hand. Raw silks should be washed in potato water, as directed for calicoes that are liable to fade; and after being rinsed once and hung without wringing upon the line, long enough for the water to drip off, they should be rolled for fifteen minutes in a sheet, and then ironed dry on the wrong side.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the former of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it most certainly and necessarily grows. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or has read the most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thought. Nor is it the man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him to bend it.

A PATRIOTIC WOMAN.

The Albany Evening Journal tells the following:—"At Plattsburg, the other day, a man of no very great loyal pretensions called on a widow and informed her that her only son was drafted, and then hastened to tell her that he could secure his exemption if she would certify that she was a widow, and that she was dependent on him for support. The patriotic lady made the following reply: "I can certify to no such thing. I am not dependent on my son for support, and I never expect to be. Besides, I think he ought to go, if he is able to perform military duty, and every other able-bodied man, till this wicked rebellion is put down. Nothing but the necessity of wearing these skirts has kept me from going."

THE THOUGHTLESS MOTHER.

"Mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."
"Well, you are a careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs and stay in the closet till I send for you."
And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen the fault.
With a disappointed, disheartened, and saddened look, the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life.

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