

Editor's Table.

**PATTERSON.** Memoirs of Rev. S. F. Johnson, and Mrs. Mary Johnson Matheon: Missionaries on Tanna. With selections from their Diaries, and notices of the New Hebrides. By Rev. Geo. Patterson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Green Hill, Pictou, N. S. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Marien. 12 mo., pp. 504.

These are simple memoirs of laborers comparatively undistinguished, whose career was but brief, in the great field of Foreign Missions. Yet the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces does well to make this effort to preserve their memories. They were devoted and faithful workers. Their diaries and their written memoirs, which are largely used in the work, show them to have been true experimental Christians, and familiar with spiritual realities. From such a private character alone can the elements of missionary efficiency be drawn. Much valuable information concerning those remote regions is embodied in the volume. The paper and typography are very elegant, but the engravings on stone and wood are simply execrable. Much rather would we have our looks utterly forgotten than caricatured in that style. The book would have been much better without them.

**STOWE.** House and Home Papers. By Christopher Crowfield. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16 mo., pp. 330, fine cloth, gilt. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We are of opinion that this collection of excellent and lively papers, upon subjects of domestic interest, will enjoy a popularity more extensive and durable than almost any of Mrs. Stowe's books. The treatment of the subject is so fresh, and so wise; it carries the daily life and cares of the household so out of the mere commonplace associations to which we are accustomed, giving the most familiar objects a new aspect, and casting such a light of philosophy and of refined sentiment, even upon the dreary burdens of housekeeping and the annoyances of a compulsory economy, that it must find a welcome in many households. We give our approval with some reservation to the points mooted in the last paper, "Home Religion." The papers originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1864, and were, in fact, the principal feature of the Magazine during that year.

**MAYNE RED.** The Boy Slaves. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of "The Desert Hunter," "The Boy Hunter," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16 mo., pp. 321, red cloth, gilt, illustrated. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This prolific writer is a source of unwearying enjoyment to juvenile readers. Each of his books is constructed so as to afford fresh and valuable information on some branch of Natural History, Physical Geography, or the habits and customs of remote and uncivilized people, besides entertaining the reader with stirring adventures, in which the young play a principal part. The scene of the present volume is laid in the border of the great Desert of Sahara, where it is washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and where, from the most ancient times, navigators, borne by the Western current, have been shipwrecked, seized, and sold among the Arab and negro tribes, into the most cruel slavery. The story recounts the adventures of four shipwrecked mariners, three of whom were British midshipmen, upon this inhospitable shore.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

**THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW** for January contains: Christian Miracles and Physical Science, by Rev. J. Q. Bittinger, Yarmouth, Me.; Delivery and Preaching, by Dr. Skinner; Homer's Religious Ideas (from the German); John Foster on Future Punishment, by Rev. Dr. Wayland; Gibbon & Colenso, by Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., New York City; Christianity and Civilization, by Rev. Dr. Wing of Carlisle; Covenants and the Stuarts, by Rev. W. S. Drysdale; Whedon on the Will, by Prof. Henry B. Smith; Criticisms on Books; Theological and Literary Intelligence; College Record, by Dr. Hatfield.

An interesting variety characterizes the list of articles in the present number. Those on Ministers, on Future Punishment, and on Christianity and Civilization, are especially seasonable. Dr. Skinner's article on *Delivery in Preaching* is perhaps the most brilliant and yet eminently and wisely practical of any in the number. It is fresh, elastic, leavened with noble and stimulating views of the preacher's office amid the expanded prospects of usefulness afforded by the age in which we live. It should be in the hands of every student and every preacher. We have great hopes that the accomplished professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Union Seminary will, ere long, furnish his ministry with one of the best books on his branch extant.

THE REVIEW FOR HOME MISSIONARIES.

Mr. Sherwood, as we rejoice to learn, was enabled last year, by the generosity of a few Christian friends, to furnish the *Review*, in whole or in part, to two hundred and fifty Home Missionaries. It was well received by these laborers, as might be expected, and they deserve to have it renewed to them during the current year. We take pleasure in commending the matter to our readers, many of whom might readily send Mr. Sherwood, at No. 5 Beekman street, N. Y., the cost of the *Review*, (\$2.50), and thus make glad some Home Missionary's heart, who needs such a substitute for the library, which it is impossible

for him, at almost any time, but especially at this time of high prices, to purchase.

**GREAT PROVIDENCES TOWARDS THE LOYAL PART OF THIS NATION.** A discourse delivered at a united service of the seven Presbyterian Congregations of Buffalo; Thanksgiving, Nov. 24th, 1864. By Joel F. Bingham, Pastor of Westminster Congregation.

Elegance of style, careful and instructive historical research, and a genuine patriotism combine to give unusual value and acceptableness to this Thanksgiving sermon. We find it especially seasonable and refreshing after perusing the thanksgiving (?) discourse of one of our city divines, upon which we had occasion to comment last week. The tone and argument of Mr. Bingham's sermon is a good antidote to those of Dr. Boardman's. Mr. Bingham's very text shows us in what aspect he views the condition of our national affairs: "The Lord hath done great things for us: where we are glad." A large part of the sermon is given to an historical view of the origin of our Union, and the development of the principle of secession during our history, showing how emphatic had been the condemnation of such manifestations on previous occasions, by Southern authorities. Even the *Richmond Enquirer*, of 1814, is quoted as most decidedly opposed to the doctrine, which it now upholds with such fanatic persistence. "The majority of the States," said this paper half a century ago, "which formed the Union, must consent to the withdrawal of any branch of it. Until that consent has been obtained, any attempt to dissolve the Union, or distract the efficacy of its laws, is treason—treason to all intents and purposes." Sound enough for the press of any section.

Mr. Bingham's estimate of the worth of the interests at stake, in comparison with the expense of money and of men, is truly eloquent, manly, and encouraging. We shall try to find room for an extract.

**RELATION OF THE CITIZEN TO THE GOVERNMENT.** Discourse delivered on the day of National Thanksgiving, Nov. 24, 1864. By Rev. Chas. Little, Pastor of the Cong. Church, Cheshire, Conn.

A well-reasoned, discriminating argument upon the duties of the citizen, the consequent appropriateness of the interest manifested by the ministry and the Church in the present crisis of our national affairs, the utter ruin of our Government and our political bond if secession were, in any degree, allowed, and the duty of every citizen to sustain the Government at this time, to the utmost of his ability.

CATALOGUE OF UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

This honored school of the prophets has now for its faculty a galaxy of the most able, brilliant, and richly endowed men of theological science which, perhaps, can any where be found in a similar position. They are Dr. Skinner, in Pastoral Theology and Church Government; Dr. Henry B. Smith, Systematic Theology; Dr. Hitchcock, Church History; Dr. Shedd, Biblical Literature. Rev. Chas. A. Starbuck is the instructor in Hebrew. Students 102, of whom 32 are from New York State, 14 from Massachusetts, 9 from Connecticut, 8 from New Hampshire, 6 from New Jersey, 6 from Illinois, 5 from Vermont, 4 from Pennsylvania, &c. One is from Helena, Arkansas, and one from Tennessee. One of the students died nobly in the service of the United States Sanitary Commission last June. His name was Chas. H. Stanley, of Beverly, Mass.

LITERARY ITEMS.

**AMERICAN.**—To aid in correcting the wide-spread ignorance on American affairs in England, it has been proposed by some gentlemen in New York to collect American books, especially those that afford valuable information about the country, and illustrate her development, economical and literary, to be presented to Professor Goldwin Smith—not as a mere compliment to him, personally, though in this view the idea is a happy one, but to furnish him, and through him candid inquirers in England, the means of knowing the essential historical, political, and social facts in regard to the United States. Many of our publishers have contributed liberally to this useful and appropriate object. Harper & Brothers, Little, Brown & Co., Geo. W. Childs, Geo. P. Putnam, and other leading houses, have given copies of their standard American publications; several of our institutions have sent their proceedings and reports, and many of our best authors copies of their writings. Thus there will be collected at Oxford quite a little American library, in the hands of one of America's most staunch and intelligent champions, to which the students, writers, and general readers desirous of accurate knowledge in regard to our nation and its development, will have access. G. P. Putnam, of New York, is the receiving agent.

**Reissue of the Artists' Edition of Irving's Sketch Book,** so popular last season, has been determined upon. The character of the work may be inferred from the fact that in its preparation more than \$20,000 was expended; but it was determined to spare no expense in order to render it a superior specimen of American book manufacture. The paper has been made from linen rags, carefully selected, and divested of seams. The type and the press-work have cost more than ten times as much as ordinary press-work; the illustrations are original and by our most eminent artists, and the binding has been done in the best style. Altogether it may perhaps be regarded as the finest work of the present season, and we trust there are enough buyers of taste and refinement among us to justify the expenditure. The present edition is limited to five hundred copies for sale.—*Childs' Lit. Gazette.*

**A History of the World,** by Philip Smith, B. A., is announced as of decided merit. It will be issued in eight volumes, the first

of which, coming down to Philip of Macedon, has appeared. Dr. Stevens has just given to the world *A History of Methodism*, in two volumes.

**Sale of the Public Ledger.**—Mr. George W. Childs, one of the most enterprising and successful business men and publishers in this city, proprietor of the *Literary Gazette* and *Publishers' Circular*, has become the proprietor of the *Public Ledger* of this city; one of our established newspaper institutions. Mr. Childs has made no alteration in the appearance and general management of the paper, but has raised the price to two cents, thus doubling it at a stroke. We trust Mr. Childs will find his great literary venture successful, and that the very large class of persons restricted to cheap papers will find his paper a source of healthful instruction and an unwavering guide in the path of true principle.

**FOREIGN.**—**Fancy Book Prices.**—The first edition of Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler," published in 1653, was sold for thirty-six cents. A clean copy, unimpaired, now owned by Mr. Holland, of London, was bought by him for \$131.20. A collection of street ballads, seventy in all, which originally cost one cent each, sold at the recent sale of Mr. George Daniel's library for \$750, which is equal to \$3,600. The price paid, many years ago, for the Valdarfer edition of Boccaccio is trifling compared with the money thus lavished on a volume of ballads.

**Jasmin,** a celebrated French poet and declaimer, who has been likened to the Troubadours, and who wrote in the language of Occ, died at Agen in October, aged sixty-seven. He began his career as a barber. "He shaved well," says Sainte Beuve, "he sang better, and gradually customers and curious people came to see him, bringing with them something like easy circumstances of fortune. A little silver rivulet, as he says, flowed on him, the first of his family who ever received such a visit, and by and by he became the owner of the modest house." His wife encouraged him to write; she would place the pen in his hand and say, "Courage, Jacques! Each line thou dost indite is a tile to cover our house withal." He was invited by all the cities of the southern provinces of France to visit them, and recite, in their sweet, melodious language, his soft lays. They testified their admiration by all sorts of valuable presents; and their admiration increased when they found Jasmin devoting his popularity to increase public subscriptions here to rebuild a church, there to establish an orphan's asylum, yonder for the erection of a paragonage. He made his razor support him; God's gifts he dedicated to God's service all his life long.—*Child's Gazette.*

**Duprat.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* says: The trade here lost M. Benjamin Duprat, one of our eminent publishers and foreign booksellers, who devoted himself almost entirely to publications relating to the Oriental languages. He was the publisher and bookseller of all the Oriental societies in the world. M. Duprat died quite suddenly, and was only sixty-two years old. His shop was hidden at the bottom of an old cloister near the Sorbonne, which it was next to impossible to find. One day a new boulevard shot by his side, just grazing his house and destroying all the buildings around him. His shop then became almost conspicuous; but it was reached by an old and dimly lighted staircase, whose damp courtyard chilled one even during the dog days. He lived, like many of the book-sellers, on the third floor. How you would stare to visit our publishers' and our book-sellers' shops.

**The son of Rouget de l'Isle** has brought suit against M. Fetis (the well known writer on music) for declaring his father was not the author of "La Marseillaise." **Schleiermacher's Lectures on the Life of Jesus,** delivered 1819-1838, have been published from students' manuscripts. With all his critical skill, the author's reverence for the person of Christ kept him from going to the extremes of later writers.

**Newspapers in Great Britain.**—In 1831 the circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom was 88,643,514; in 1864 it had risen to 546,059,400, an increase of 13:13 per cent. In 1831 the circulation of periodicals was under 400,000; in 1864 it was 6,094,950.

STIRRING EXTRACTS FROM THANKS-GIVING SERMONS.

RENOVATED POLICY OF THE NATION.

We are going right down to the root of the difficulty. We do not mean to postpone these issues to another generation, but, by the grace of God, will meet this beryss so effectually, that never a ghost of it shall rise to haunt posterity. The Union meant liberty in '76, and shall now, all the way down to the Gulf. The stress of our nation's agony is bringing home to the conscience of all the saying of a Revolutionary patriot and statesman, that "as in the earthly Court of Chancery, so in the Court of Heaven it will be found, that if we ask equity we must do equity." And now, when the winds blow and rains descend, and the nation's bark is scudding through water black as ink, and the lee shore, edged with foam, thunders under her stern, there are a few who would have us cast overboard compass, sextant, and chronometer, in order to save the freight; but the great nation has proved itself wiser than that. We will hold on to principle, and over with the freight, if need be, assured that thus the good old ship will weather the storm at last. We are being schooled, in the Providence of God, back into a recognition of first principles. We very well know what spirit has aimed this blow at our national life. And now we are drifting into the open sea. The Union means justice. That was the true utterance of the stars and stripes; that was the meaning of the Declaration of Independence. And we will inscribe that sentiment on every Northern bayonet, and baptize every cannon with its "Holiness to the Lord." We will make this sentiment broad as our continent, comprehensive as our liberties. And with it we will grapple the Union together as with hooks of steel, from the gulf to the frozen pole!

THE AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

For this has come to be at last the moral sentiment of the nation. It is the pure tone of this that vibrates in our common love for country. Patriotism springs up

along with constitutional liberty and reverence for law. Do you wonder there is no patriotism, no tide of American feeling at the South? Patriotism is a moral sentiment, chastened by law, and nurtured by the sweet spirit of liberty. It begins, we know not how, with the first smell of earth; with the beatings of the heart of childhood; with the old well and willow-tree; the rock and stream by the cottage-door; the smell of blossoms, and the note of the robin in the spring; the huckleberry pasture whence the cows came home at evening; the spire of the old meeting-house amid its immemorial elms, and the church-yard in the wood, where childhood played with brothers and sisters now "resting in early graves;" the old hearthstone, with its memories of father and mother; the open Bible, and the counsels of the aged; all these first fashions to our minds the reality and the ideal of country. And then as life widens, there comes to be a reverence for the State as such; for that inviolable sanctity of law which entwines its securities around the roof-tree, its grades of infancy, its ashes of the dead. And then there is blended with the fuller life of the man, the song of the old traditions; the heroes, the patriots, the battles lost and won, the legends of the Revolution, all swell the tide of national feeling in the breast of the true citizen. And then, if besides the sweet stimulations of the home and the fireside, there be added the "austere glory of suffering" in his country's cause, the tide of his patriotism will run deeper and fuller. We value most our liberties, when we are in the greatest danger of them. So was it with the founders of our State. And so has it been to-day, in the uprising of a great people to defend their imperiled liberties. The thunder in Charleston harbor awoke the mighty millions of a free people, as the dead shall awake at the sound of the last trumpet. There was something sublime in that great uprising—the hardy legions of the North drifted over the tumultuous frontier like the drifting flakes of their snow-storms. There is power in the elemental agencies of nature; there is power in the whirlwind, in the lightning, in the earthquake; but there is something in a nation's uprising, in the electric vibrations, of aroused patriotism, making over half a continent, that is quicker than the lightning, more portentous than the earthquake. It is when millions of men feel on them, all at once, the spell of an epochal hour; when the great bell of human time is sounding out another period; when mighty interests are at stake, and the destinies of humanity seem suspended on the action of the hour—then it is that, coming like a visitation, "an unquenchable public fire," that breathes and burns electric in every breast, the dear name of country becomes a watchword and a talisman, thrilling all hearts alike with its troubled music, "solemn as death, serene as the undying confidence of patriotism." Then it is that the siren song of peace—peace, when there is no peace—falters on the pale lips of fear or treason, drowned by that strain of higher mood, the rallying cry of patriotism.

THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE REPUBLIC.

We know how the heroes have fought through wildernesses, and crossed wide rivers amidst a storm of bullets, and scaled mountains, charging upon their jagged sides, and hurling themselves against the serried ranks of the foe, until the flash of their rifles has been above the clouds. We know the charge of the Light Brigade "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," has had its peer and superior on this side the sea, as the earth has shook with the tread of our armed hosts, their faces set toward the volleying thunder of the enemy as if "out out of determined bronze." We know how with their iron hearts in wooden ships they have run the gauntlet of death, their gallant leader the while lashed high up toward the mast-head. We know how as if by magic they have wrung victory from defeat, and sent the exultant foe whirling up the valley under the inspiration of a loved leader, whose black steed flecked with foam had borne him to the field to the music of the red artillery. But we do not know the countless instances of personal daring—the sublime heroism of individuals in the field, and, if possible, the sublimer fortitude of individuals in the hospitals. We hardly realize that the farmer boys who mowed the grass one year, have sprung to the skill and bravery of veterans in the next. It is not heralded to us, it cannot be, all the silent, patient endurance, the waiting and suffering, the victories over pain, the cold in the rifle-pits and in the trenches and in the shelter tents, the hours spent on bloody fields as life has ebbed away, without a human hand held out in sympathy, and with no watchers save the still stars. Ah, this is the unwritten history. Yet all this neither abates the port nor bends the spirit of the hardy braves. Nestling in their bosoms, are thoughts of home and wife and mother and children; but they have counted the cost, they know the issue; and the muscles knit, the teeth set firmly together, and the heart glows with the divine impulse which devotes man to duty, as they choose death before the country's dishonor. Such is the stuff a republic makes its soldiers of.—*Rev. Herrick Johnson.*

"All forward! all forward. All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are beating, Death to the coward who dreams of retreating; Liberty calls us from mountain and valley; Waving her banners, she leads to the fight. Forward! all forward! the trumpets are crying, The drum beats to arms, and our old flag is flying; Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally; Forward to battle, for God and the Right."—*Rev. H. Aug. Smith.*

DOES THE CAUSE JUSTIFY ITS EXPENSE?

We hear much from certain quarters, in the way of faint-heartedness and complaint, of the cost of this war. Of course war is terribly expensive. Otherwise it would not be war, it would not be an engine of sufficient dread to smite down a powerful and persistent foe. Its three appalling costs—of money, of life, of limb—constitute the very energy of its curative force. Let us glance a moment at each of these costs as applied to our own case.

**It is a prodigious cost of money;** and we must include, not only the vast values in property of every description which are involved, whether for use or for destruction, but this, in our case, on both sides of the conflict. Can any possible civil and moral result be worth such an enormous and well nigh incalculable cost of money expended and property destroyed? We tell me, sir, how much money will buy a free, just, and stable government? Tell me, O ye captives in the Austrian, the Spanish, the Pontifical dungeons! Count over the days of the long years since the light has once greeted your faded sight, or the healthful breezes of heaven have once kissed your sallow, emaciated cheeks, and tell me how much money you would deem a government worth, under which thirty millions of tongues—no, presently a hundred millions of tongues—may freely speak their opinions, under which thirty millions or a hundred millions of consciences are free in the worship of their Maker! Tell me, O ye expatriated sons of Poland! Cry aloud, each from his lonely hut in the snowy wastes of Siberia, or clanking in the hopeless fetters of the chain-gang in the mines of the Ural—send your voices, like the moaning of the storm-wind, across the intervening tyrannies of Europe, and over the blue dividing waters of the Atlantic—and tell the American people to save the expense of how many dollars you would advise them to give up their experiment of free institutions.

**But war costs life, yes, the solemn expense of human life.** In this fearful cost, three parties are deeply interested. In the case of every man who falls, it may be admitted that the country is a loser, a loving kindred are incomparably greater losers, and he himself has lost all he might have enjoyed in the fruits of country, family, and life. Such men by ten thousands must fall. Can the nation spare so much of its life-blood? Will not the national pulse grow faint under such a depletion? Their heroic names directly the reverse. Their heroic names in the annals of their country are a source of national strength as well as of glory, which their living presence could never equal. The defeated and slaughtered militia band at Lexington in 1775, the death of the inestimable Warren in the battle of Bunker Hill, the graves of the unknown dead in the national cemetery at Gettysburg, have added more, and while this nation shall endure will continue to add more, both

to the moral strength of her sons at home and to the wholesome fear of her prowess abroad, than would the presence of ten times as many untried living warriors marshaled for dress parade upon a bloodless soil. The warrior who falls in battle is not lost to his country. Every gory body which is planted in her gory soil is the seed of a future and perennial harvest of national honor, permanence and power.

**But the man himself is gone;** he partakes, it is said, in none of these rewards. Alas, how low and sordid a view of the career of human life such an assertion argues! Is it, then, the great object of our earthly existence to eat and sleep during the longest possible period, and when buried in the ground to have the greatest possible age put upon the tombstone? I will not appeal to the theoretic wisdom of philosophy:

"We live in deeds, not years." I will not appeal to the iron morality of Sparta, nor to the Roman mother's latest charge, as she hung the shield upon the arm of her son: "Return, my son, bringing this or brought upon it." I will not appeal to the inspirations of religion and duty even. I am content to revert to the common instincts of undebauched humanity everywhere, and to ask if a man have no interest whether his life shall prove a blank or a glorious power in the world—no interest in the blessings he will help, with the gift of his life, to purchase for his posterity and for mankind? Then are the aspirations of the race sunk to an equality with the swine; then is the forgotten spot where the old glutton, or the old hypocrite, or toward some other gloriosus the young grave of the philanthropist, the patriot, the martyr, wet for centuries with thankful pilgrims' tears.—*Rev. Joel T. Bingham.*

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TO MAKE FARMING LIFE ATTRACTIVE.

Young men often leave their homes in the country for city employment because they dislike the hard and dirty work, and because the adornment of the homes of their childhood has not been attended to. Girls dislike to marry young farmers because they see a life of drudgery in the prospect, such as cooking large meals for hired men, and because the throng of laborers which must fill up their houses preclude the idea of comfort and seclusion. By attending to the following points much of these evils could be avoided:

1. Build cheap; but good and comfortable laborers' cottages, and hire steady married men to occupy them, and who may thus board at home.
2. Let the owner attend to strict cleanliness so far as may be practicable; that is, never enter the house with a heavy or dirty pair of boots, but take them off in an out-house whenever entering for meals or for the night, and replace them with slippers. The same care should be given to outer garments.
3. Attend to frequent washing and bathing, and a frequent change of clothes—it is nearly as easy to wash several garments slightly soiled as one loaded with dirt.
4. Let all rooms, and especially bedrooms, be well ventilated, and every cause of foul and offensive air be removed.
5. Let the living-rooms be handsomely furnished inside, with books, pictures, minerals, and specimens of natural history, philosophical apparatus, (all in proper cases,) materials for drawing, and everything else to make indoors attractive to young people.
6. Let the surroundings of the house be appropriated to ornamental planting—trees, shrubbery, flower beds cut in smooth turf, &c.; and have apple orchards and fruit gardens, so that a constant supply of delicious and fresh fruit may be obtained from them, from the season of the earliest strawberries in June, until the late frosts of autumn; and afterwards that a copious supply may be obtained from the fruit room until the first of the succeeding summer.
7. Let all the operations of farming be carried on without hurry or excessively hard labor, by means of the best systematic management; let agriculture be made attractive by its neatness and success.—*Country Gentleman.*

NINETY-SIX PERSONS received the honorary degree of D. D. from the colleges of America last year.

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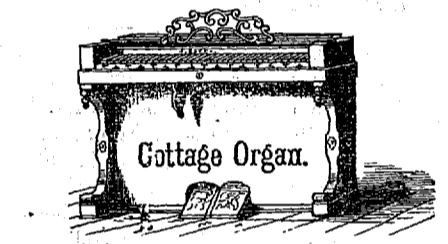
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