Correspondence.

FROM OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRES-PONDENT.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

It was with a strange mingling of emotions that we walked down the long slanting passage way that led from the stupendous stone walls of the Liverpool quay to the tender that was to convev us to the good steamer City of Baltimore. The vessel lay out in the Mersey with steam up and our own beloved American flag flying at the main

We had been shopping all day, buying this and that-articles we had intended taking home with us; but had failed to find to suit us elsewhere. Liverpool is a good place to shop in. Articles of dress we found much more reasonable in price than in London or Paris. Fancy articles too, and in fact almost everything that an American wants to take home with him, can be bought here to very good advantage. In Florence we had found statuary and paintings at comparatively low prices. In Venice photographic views, and in Milan silks and gloves are much lower than in Paris. In Geneva watches, jewelry, embroidered work handkerchiefs and the like were quite reasonable. In Paris nothing cheap. The west end of London as dear as Paris, but about St. Paur's church prices more reasonable. Liverpool however. showed most splendid stocks of the finest goods with prices not marked as though the wealthier of upper tendom, who had money to throw away rather than to spend judiciously, were the only expected customers.

But this is not getting aboard the ship. In the crowd and confusion of the tender we met Christian friends whom we had travelled with on the continent, and at once felt the pleasure of

companionship.

As we steamed down the Mersey we had a fine view of two or three miles of the immense stone wall which separates the docks from the river and retains the water when the tide is low. It was now low water, the wall stood twenty-five or thirty feet high, with a forest of masts in the docks behind it, hiding the city very much from view. Here and there were the gates in which the vessels enter-like the lock gates on our canals but much larger.

On the opposite side of the river the beautiful town of Birkenhead followed the stream a mile or two. Handsome villas with pretty lawns stretching down to the water's edge, made a decidedly pretty picture. We soon pass Birkenhead light-house, and the steeples, towers, and chimneys of Liverpool have faded from view. Soon the last windmill on the headland is lost, and not long after we pass a buoy upon the top of which is fastened in a frame a bell about two feet high. The motion of the waves keeps this bell constantly tolling, affording a signal during fog or darkness, for a bar in the channel. The shores of Albion are fast fading from view, and were it not that we are soon to see dear America, and our own home and loved ones, we should certainly be very sad that our delightful tour was really at an end, and we were now to brave storms and sea-sickness again.

AT SEA Next day in the afternoon we steamed out of the beautiful harbor of Queenstown, into what promised to be an angry night upon the deep sea. This was Thursday evening-all Friday we were sick enough, though not so horribly ill as we had been when we crossed before. Saturday we tried to walk about the deck, and make ourselves be- Sabbath sea. lieve we were getting along. The Sabbath found sir" we replied; "but after the service, there rious songs of Zion. would be ample time for the sermon." "Not time enough, sir; perhaps in the afternoon or may preach." I gave it up, but was quite surprised to hear the captain call upon the Doctor at the close of his "service" and ask for an "address." It seems that other passengers had been after the captain with the same request, and he | west. found the pressure too strong to resist.

The cabin was crowded full, and the Doctor. a man of silver hairs, gave us an interesting and instructive little sermon, delivered with as much fire and energy as though he were a man of thirty-five instead of seventy. Some of the passengers said they heard the captain swear severely at some of the hauds within ten minutes after he came out from the service in the cabin. Certainly an odd kind of a man to be persistent about "always reading the service himself."

In the afternoon we were in a thick fog, so thick that it resembled a constant fall of finely divided rain; but it did not deter a number of us from going upon the deck and holding a service among the steerage passengers. Rev. Wm. Bower, an Episcopalian clergyman, of Newark, Ohio, led in an opening hymn and made an address; prayers, hymns and short addresses followed, delivered by Doctor Willis and ourselves, in all of which the passengers were much interested. It was a solemn hour on that wild heaving sea, -shut in by the mist from the surrounding ocean. We felt that God was very near and could hear our hymns of praise, as those poor people joined in them so heartily, standing crowded together between us and the high bulwarks of the ship. The passengers thanked us very cordially for giving them a "service."

The following Tuesd y night a storm came up, waking us all from our sleep by the severe rolling and plunging of our ship. The rapid revolutions of the propeller as the vessel mounted upon the crest of a wave leaving the stern entirely out of quivering plunge of the vessel as we shot from the top of a billow down, down, to the trough of the sca was terrible, making us often wonder whether we would ever come up again. For two hours the storm was severe, and all next day, although the sun shone brightly, the sea ran "mountains high," and nine out of ten of the passengers were too sick to get on deck and see the glorious storm-lashed old ocean.

LAND.

In the evening rockets were sent up, and at dark a light was seen ahead on the left. "Pilot comdeck watching the little speck of light far ahead. It came nearer and grew brighter. Soon another light left it, coming across to us, and lanterns were let down the ship's side. Direc ly a tall wiry man clambered over the bulwarks and as cended to the "bridge" where the captain received him. The little row boat that brought him, now pushed off, one of the sailors calling back "what's your name" - "City of Baltimore" shouted the mate. With my opera glass I peered through the darkness making out clearly the pilot schooner with a large figure One on the sail. The brilliant light on the deck had been the first sight we had seen that thrilled us with the idea of home."

"Papers! Papers!" was now called by a dozen of voices, and the pilot handed down three New York papers. Quicker than I could tell it, all were in the cabin 'round the candles One was called upon to read the headings aloud, and although the pilot boat had left New York five days before, and the papers were very stale, yet they were fifteen days later than those we had bought at Queenstown, and were eagerly perused. In ten minutes the illegality of Andrew Johnson's new proclamation of Amnesty, was thoroughly canvassed and settled, for it was the principal item of news beside the price of gold and the state of trade.

That evening when the pilot excitement was over, we had a concert in the cabin. Two rusty old fiddles belonging to some of the sailors were brought into requisition, beside some good songs by some jolly Englishmen, and some speeches. Votes of thanks to captain, steward, &c, wound up the evening-our last night at sea. The other evenings in the cabin had been occupied in reading and conversation by some in looking at stereos opic views by others; but by the majority, in card-playing and drinking ale and brandy.

We were indeed happy to be able to say, as we lay down, I was going to say up on our shelves to rest, "this is our last night at sea—tomorrow home-children, parents, brothers, sisters," could it indeed be?

Sunday morning we go upon the deck, and the beautiful green hills and sandy shore of Long Island lies a few miles to the north of us. Oh what a thrilling sight. How our hearts leap with gladness to behold our own shores once more. Was ever a green hill-side so beautiful as this? As we steam along to the westward a light house and villages meet our eye. There will be no "service" read by the captain to-day, as he is too busy getting things ready for landing in the afternoon. So, by his permission, we arrange for a farewell service in the cabin. Notice is given at the breakfast table; and at the appointed time thirty of us assemble for a very brief wor ship. Our Episcopal brother, from Ohio, opens the service with a few remarks and gives out a hymn. He calls upon another to read the 107th psalm; then upon Doctor Willis to lead in prayer, which he does with great unction and pathos. A brother proposed that as we are about to terminate our voyage it would be well to sing that favorite hymn written to commemorate the close of the voyage of life.

> "When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies.

We all join to the good old tune of Auld Lang Syne, and hearts melt and tears flow as the sweet tones of the beloved hymn float over that calm

us quite improved, and we asked the captain the company separates. Our good Doctor says not even able to secure copies of the first and to do it. whether one of the passengers, Rev. Dr. Willis, President of Knox College, Toronto, (whom we it out so that we could all sing?" "Why Dochad met at Aix La Chapelle on his way to the tor I thought everybody who ever went to church Evangelical Alliance at Amsterdam,) could not knew that hymn by heart." I forgot how our preach us a sermon. The reply was quite tart—
"I always read the service myself." "Certainly debarred the enjoyment of so many of our glothe matter. Among the articles translated from and a new field be opened. Let us stand by that

We are soon at anchor in the beautiful bay of New York, and a few hours later, the custom next Sabbath, if we are out so long, the Doctor house officers overhaul our baggage far more thoroughly than they had done anywhere in Europe, and our company scatters, soon to be distributed over every part of our land, from Maine to California; from Florida to the great Forthwest.

FROM OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT IN THE WEST.

Sr. Louis, Nov. 13, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: While we lie moored to the levee, on the bosom of the Father of the Waters. I take the opportunity given by the usual discrepancy between River packet promises and performances, to let you know that I have made the Exodus and am come fo th out of Egypt,but not by underground R. R. as Moses (the First, not the Second, which is called Andy) did but by the broad gauge route of the Ohio and Mississippi R. R. I had expected Western railroads to be in the style of Western homes, rough but serviceable, but I never spent a pleasanter night in travelling than in coming over this road after leaving Cincinnati. The night cars on this line are a decided improvement on sleeping cars. The traveller is stowed away, not in a narrow berth but on a spacious reclining chair, cushioned to perfection and covered with velvet and clean linen, while a by cleverly arranged footstool, his whole body is rested in a position the most comfortable conceivable. The cars are ventilated by air driven through water, and distributed, free from dust and cinders, over the whole car. The lights are shaded when the hour for sleep comes, and the temperature is carefully adjusted to the degree of comfort. Our Eastern roads have something to learn from such a road, and yet it is no glaring exception to the rule. The Illinois Central runwater, made the whole ship tremble. Then the ning from Cairo to Chicago and Galena, far surpasses the Pennsylvania Central in point of comfor able provision for passengers.

As to St. Louis, in many respects, it deserves the name-"the Philadelphia of the West." There are whole blocks in it that look as if im ported ready-made from the banks of the Schuylkill, and then smoked a little. Bituminous coal makes its mark here, and the brick red and marble white are at best a trifle dingy. The churches are not very numerous, but very fine.

Dr. Nelson.

St. Louis needs more public squares. A city must have lungs and even Philadelphia has not half enough, not half as many certainly as William Penn would have given it had he known when he laid it out "after the model of ancient Babylon," that his plan of a garden around every house was an impossibility. The less reason then for handing over Penn square to this new plan of letting the societies erect their buildings there. The church of Philadelphia should take their stand as champions of the poor man, and let the rich dilettantes of our would be scientific societies know that they must buy new sites if they want them. In St. Louis I found in my travels one little enclosure with some green things in it and suppose it was meant as a square And yet St. Louis is not cramped for want of room. Like of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, we wel-Philadelphia and Chicago, unlike New York, Boston, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh, it can grow out equally in all directions. It could surely spare a little more of the prairie, to bring a little and one duty is to bring out what is best in them bloom into the cheeks of the children. The lower town, like what of our city lies below Second St., is close and dirty, but as you get up on the them as if dogs, let us look out for teeth. hill the place opens up, and brightens. The fine streets lie parallel to the river, and are numbered as with us, not named. The cross streets are generally named after trees, again showing the influence of Philadelphia fashions in cities laid out brick facades than we, but fewer than Cincinna- in advance of her present position.

ti. It falls far below the latter in architectural pretensions and in business energy. The capitalists are as mostly slow as with us, and Copper-heads and Romanists besides. They have let of an interest in this subject, and if the reader Chicago cut them out, for which purpose it has will turn to that paper he will find the assertion great advantages from its Lake connections with made that one of the great powers in our midst New York. The river trade is now the chief has lain almost inactive, namely, the Laity. stand-by here, and the low water caused by the line have nearly done some It only

I could not go through St. Louis without pur-Philosophy." The Comfists of our age are loud, used? in their declarations that all pure Metaphysics are a thing of the past, an obsolete study which can only attract the addle-pated Drs. Dryasdust of some Old World University. The cui bono so-The natural science monomaniacs also demand cal, money-making, mammon-worshipping city, would be judiciously used in bringing in the terminus of a Pacific R. R.,-find time to read children who do not attend any Sunday-school, and think on these subjects and patronage enough | and that they should go there and build up a Doctor Willis pronounces the benediction and the thoughts of other men about these things. I was very probably be told that they alone are not able second numbers of their Magazine, as the public letter from Prof. Franz Hoffman recommending the study of the writings of Franz Baader. Such a selection bodes well for the enterprise, and shows that its conductors have taken a right track. Metaphysics indeed, like religion, must be a personal matter and degenerate into mere chatter when the belief is not purchased by an actual personal experience, but as in religion the first impulse comes from without, and every great thinker is no less fruitful in his actual achievements, than in sowing seeds in younger minds. Locke taught Berkeley, Berkeley fired Hume, Hume puzzled Kant, Kant dazzled Fichte, Fichte conveyed the sacred fire to Schelling, Schelling passed it on to Hegel. If we are to have any American Metaphysics we must have thorough study of the masters of the science.

But besides these valuable translated papers, we have original articles which seem of considerable power and value from various pens Among these I am sorry to see one from the pen of A. Bronson Alcott, of Mass., one of the Emersonian (mis-called "Transcendental") school. That flock never did any service to the cause of Met aphysics by their rhetorical fire-mists: they are entirely too lazy for anything but a vapid philosophizing about philosophy. They brought very much discredit on the science itself by tossing about the names of true scholars-Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, &c., of whom they knew little save what Murdoch's 25 cent History taught them, and from whom they would not take the trouble to learn anything. If they have any European counterpart, it is the arch-thief Cousin. Their other name, are worth reading, and amusing enough,—a sort of xixth century Hudibras in fact-but pray, don't call them Philosophy. They are not scholars, have not the patience to learn, substitute a womanish intuition for masterly application. A woman, Margaret Fuller Ossoli a very vain feeble-minded woman at that, was the true head of the school. As of them, so too of their successors in grandiloquence, the Broad Church of Frothingham, Bellows, and Mayo, gentlemen of St. Louis, beware.

There is another aspect in which this Journal

us off the New England coast, though not near brick campanile of great height, in the style of bage in the form of manure) switzer kase (odorenough to see anything but water on every side. St. Mark's in Venice, but not high enough to im- ous a mile off,) the Hessian fly, guttural speech, press one. The Romish cathedral is a dingy and dirt. They have done their duty in many white building in heathen (i. e. classic) style. I places during the war, but patriotism is not exotic ing" was passed around and everybody was on had not time to see the whole city, or to call on to the land. They have gone very far out of their duty in trying to overturn the foundations of our social order. Whether the German is to bring us what is really best in Germany,-German assiduity, German patience, German modes- of "The Bible Society of Colored People of ty, or only the weedy crop of German vapidity, Newark, N. J., and its Vicinity." The in-German vanity, and German lawlessness: whether we are to have the Germany of Kant. of Fichte, of Hegel, of Schelling, of Dorner, or only that of Bruno-Bauer, and Feuerbach, and that "they are all colored people of unfeigned the others who think themselves admirable representatives of the Fatherland, because-they can retail at thirty-second-hand the platitudes of is now to be found. If there should remain Rousseau and Voltaire, and sneer at the Evangel- living any of its membership, they, with its Book ical Protestantism and respect for God's law of Records, might become an interesting nucleus which have made our nation all that it is, are in- around which a useful Bible association of their teresting questions which still wait an answer. In view then of the nationality of the main supporters

by our cordial sympathy. If we turn to them the cold shoulder of international scorn, and treat

Yours, &c., On the Wing.

THE LAYMAN'S CALL AGAIN.

How shall the Christian Church more effectuwhile ours was the chief city on the continent, ally accomplish her mission? has often crossed i. e. until the city Fathers let the yellow jack de- our mind; plans have been suggested, tried, and cimate us in 1799, and gave New York the start. one after the other laid aside. Yet it is manifest St Louis has more stone and more dun colored that before the end comes the Church will be far

The writer in issuing his "Layman's Call." published in the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN of

That the laity are a numerous people and have protracted drought will turn much of that into more power than is being used, is not disputed. other channels, especially as the Milwaukee and Nay, our clergy have, for some time back, been Prairie due Chien R. R. have at last completed looking for some plan by which to bring out our their connection with St. Paul, and the La Crosse strength and make it available in pushing on the great cause. It is a principle of our nature that where we associate and labor most we feel greatchasing what is in my eyes its most remarkable est interest, and will give most freely of our production: - "The Journal of Metaphysical strength and substance; but how shall we be

It seems to be conceded that the Home Missionary Society have left the field in this city much, if not altogether, to the care of the Churches. Most of these, it is true, have enough to phists of the utilitarian school think that in any | do in caring for their own immediate neighborcentury since Jeremy Bentham, all human pursuits | boods, and yet all have some missionary ability must have mere pork and apples for their end. or material unemployed. I think now of one of our churches, which, without a pastor and scarce that the human intellect must be fed with facts knowing if they will be able to cling together not speculation, forgetting that to know which longer than this year, who yet have enough are the facts, men must ask more questions than | benches stored away to fit out a new enterprise science has dared to ask. And yet, as if in an—here is more material. The reader can perhaps swer to all these, clear headed men; none of them—call to mind another from which a few more dollars in the Insane Asylum as yet, in this busy practi- or clothing could be obtained if they knew it where the whistle of a hundred steamboats thoughtless to repentance; -and another from drowns the whistle of twenty locomotives, in this which a layman or two might well be spared for St. Louis, we say, fifty years ago a trapping sta- pastoral work. If it be suggested to either of these tion among the wilds, and to-day the Eastern churches that youder district contains a host of to enable them to print their own thoughts and mission, what answer would we get? We would

Here seems to be an opening for a combinademand for them has run them out of print, but tion of laymen. Let us organize. Let us bring the bookseller promised to send them in a day or those benches, dollars, clothing, and laymen totwo. The third is before me and shows very gether, and we shall be able to start a school the matter. Among the articles translated from and a new field be opened. Let us stand by that the German are Liebnitz's "Monadology," Fichte's mission, nurture it, and with God's blessing we 'Criticism of Philosophical Systems" (cont.) will build up a Christian church. Let us not Schelling's "Introduction to Idealism" (cont.) end here but go on, and mission after mission Hegel's "Philosophy of Art," together with a shall be started, and church after church arise shall be started, and church and be added to the hosts of the Almighty.

B.

ILLINOIS CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

The State Christian Convention, instituted by the American Christian Commission, and called by the pastors of Springfield and Peoria, met in Peoria, Illinois, October 29th and 30th, 1867 About 300 delegates were present, many of whom gave very interesting reports of Female Missionary work, lay efforts, open-air preaching, &c., in their own parishes or neighborhoods, together with the methods of working which they or others had proved to be the most successful in advancing the interests of the Saviour's king-

AN INSTRUCTIVE VERDICT.—A man by the

name of Wm. H. Green was, on the 9th November

after a three day's trial before the Superior Court in Litchfield, Conn., convicted of the murder of his wife, or rather—he being a bigamist—the woman who supposed herself his wife. His previous history, as elicited during the trial, revealed a character of assumed respectability through long years of atrocious life. As young as 19, he secured entrance into the ministry in the Methodist Church, but soon lost his standing. He continued, however, in localities stretching along from Texas to New York, to preach on the credit of false certificates, changing names and marrying wives as opportunity offered. He was thus marwritings, bolstered up with this, that and the ried only a few days after the death of the one of whose murder he now stands convicted. The instructive part of the verdict is that he seems chiefly indebted to his bad name for his conviction. It was this which first led to the suspicion awakened only after she had been two weeks buried, that the woman died of poison. A local paper speaks of the testimony against him on trial, as wholly circumstantial, and, though pretty strong, yet, in its opinion such as would have been insufficient for the conviction of a man who had the support of even a tolerable reputation, "A man of good reputation and honest general of Speculative Philosophy seems an omen of behaviour," says the notice, "could not have good to me. It seems as if we were at last to been hung on such testimony." It still remains derive some intellectual benefit from our German | quite possible that no murder was committed, or Thursday morning at 3 o'clock, we passed the light of Cape Race. Friday Sable Island could be discerned with a strong glass. Saturday brought grand. The Union M. E. church has a square

by the feeling that the world is better without than with him. Priceless to him now would be a good name.

AN OLD TIME COLORED BIBLE SOCIETY. An old number of the New Haven Religious Intelligencer records the institution, August 6, 1816 itiatory subscription was twenty-five cents, and the annual subscription fifty cents. The names of the officers are given, and it is said of them piety, and exemplary walk and conversation." We are sorry to add that no trace of this Society people might be gathered.

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kind extant."

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thus keep pace in the future with the age in which they live."

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fine-t poetry of the English language, are here gathered together.

From the New York Home Journal, June 12, 1867.—"LITTELL'S

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