Correspondence.

FROM OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT IN THE WEST.

MONMOUTH, ILL., Nov. 19th. DEAR EDITOR:-Travelling on the Father of board on Tuesday evening. We started on Wednesday afternoon, and reached Burlington, Iowa, on Friday afternoon, a distance of 245 miles, 25 the Keokuk and St. Paul Railroad. We ran aground about once every half hour, and in one place, the crew had to cut down trees along the lay, was the effect produced upon the river by the long continued drought. While east of the Alleghanies the windows of heaven have been opened upon you, and you have had the early and the latter rains in more than their usual abundance, here in the West there has been nothing of this Since June, there have been only a few unsatisfactory showers, coming at long intervals, and barely wetting the surface of the soil. Instead of rain-storms, there have been dust storms, darkening the light of the sun with their continued violence, and penetrating every nook and corner in spite of the housekeepers' care.

Residents of Egypt—the literal, original one, over which Ali Pasha reigns,—say that even in the far East they saw nothing to surpass these. The cisterns in which the rain-water is caught from the tops of the houses, are almost dry, and the people are forced to fall back upon the well's of hard limestone-water or go without. In some places it seems like trespassing on hospitality to wash one's face. Vegetation is everywhere burnt up to a dun, ashy color. The trees do not redden into their wonted glory of autumn, but the leaves dry and fade away into a light brown. Grass is a thing of the past, and only weeds flourish over the wide prairie fields. The roads are a mass of hard ruts overlaid with dust, that every touch raises in dense clouds. The streams have become a string of disconnected pools of mud, such as travellers in Australia tell of, and Campbellites are sore beset to find a creek deep enough for "the ordinance." The cattle roam through the timber after water, and suck at every damp place in a way that explains why the Sucker State was so called. The tires trundle off the wheels loosened by the shrinking of the felloes, and many a traveller has to add a heavy hammer to his wagon-

The crops suffer much, but not as much as the croakers would have you believe; the corn crop is by no means a failure; potatoes are as small as marbles, but sound and dry though not numerous. Turnips are "no whar." Fruit is abundant in spite of the neglected, unpruned, worm-eaten state of the orchards. Fall wheat—the staple crop in Egypt -is not coming up well for want of rain; though a few recent showers have helped it greatly. More, however, will be needed to give it a good start before the heavy frosts come on. The hog crop is suffering somewhat from the scarcity of water and comparatively of corn. This is a great staple of the country apparently. When Kane in his journal up in Arctic latitudes, spoke of the seals as being as numerous as "hogs in an Illinois oak-opening," he touched off a feature of the natural scenery here very graphically. You may ride far FROM OUR OCCASIONAL EUROPEAN CORthrough the densely wooded river bottoms, without seeing a house but not without seeing hogs. A long-legged ungainly grunter scuffles off out of every hazel bush, or snorts with terror at your coming at every corner of the road. They seem to be rapidly exterminating every other species of animals, and especial'y the snakes. The breed is not of the best, but intelligent raisers of this stock are rapidly introducing our own Chester county and other approved species. So long as agriculture is the main employment in the West, so long will pork be the handiest shape for exporting corn to the East.

The present drought shows as few signs of giving way as when I crossed the Alleghanies two months ago. The weatherwise prophesy that it will last till "well on in January." People have become sceptical as to all signs of coming showers, so often have these failed them in the past. On dozens of occasions the sky has lowered, the clouds gathered, the thunders rolled, and yet it has passed over our heads and left us dry as Gideon's fleece. The equinoctial rains were certainly counted on, but they came not. Then it was said "we must wait. October is a bad month for rain, but dreary November will bring the last Philadelphia August, unless my memory de-

But to return to the Mississippi after this "dry" digression. The river was very low and inches above the water-line showed how great the several boats that seemed to have stuck hopelessof pushing on by might and main where the wa-State succeeded in landing us at Keokuk. The touched the river, looked more than half asleep, and seemed to be in a commercial point of view merely depots for the produce of the neighboring past the dangerous rapids at this point. We passed first within a stone-throw of the river. was decidedly improved. The Iowa hills gave flight of stairs, and endeavored to enter the au-

here and there in the oddest position among them, and the plantations sloping down to the water's edge, broke the monotony of the view. When at last we reached Burlington, and found ourselves once more on firm land, we were not a little tired of our river travel.

The glory of the Mississippi packet boat is gone so much swifter and more direct, the tide of the Waters, is not a very sure way of "annihila- travellers is turned into other channels. Not ting space," when the river is low. I went on every Wes erner in this fast age can find time to meander along the Mississippi at the rate of eight miles an hour. The boats seemed to us but ghosts of what they once were stealing through their old haunts to see if things still continued as in the of which, from Keokuk to Fort Madison, was by old time. The cheapness indeed of transporting goods by water will always be an inducement to employ boats where the locality suits and time is "no object," but the steamers must, as time rolls on, be more and more devoted to this one end. bank to enable us to "hug;" the land, and so The long rows of double-berthed state-rooms keep in the deep water. The reason for this de- opening on the one iside into, the long cabin, and outward on the yerandah-like guards, the cabin divided off by the talismanic curtain into that for the ladies, and that for the common herd (a relic, by the way, of the harem and the zenana) the long table; the lofty upper deck, the complaisant steward, the shiny cook and barber, the saucy waiter, the burly clerk, the dignified captain,—these are among the relics of a departing age. Iron has beaten water, and it is more than probable that a great Railway will yet run along the length of the Mississippi, to preserve for the towns on its banks that importance which their position gave them at an earlier

Burlington looks alive. It is perched largely on a cluster of hills, but is rapidly cutting these down in several directions to bring the levee on the river banks on a level with the prairies farther in shore. I was told that more than \$1,000,000 had been spent within a year in such improvements, and the estimate seemed too small rather than too great. A thousand undefinable signs tell you that you are in a city bent on making its mark, a city where the municipal government had not yet fallen into the hands of the O. P. F's., and was sill administered for the common weal. The Eastern terminus of the Railroad running and growing up the valley of the Des Moines river, the Western terminus of the Northern branch of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroads, as also of the Peoria Road, supplied with an abundance of lumber by a newly made canal (grateful to my nostrils was the long missing odor of the pine boards!) it is not content wi h these ample means of communication, but is plotting to run a road up into Southern Minnesota to join with the McGregor Western and its connections, which run on to St. Paul. In spite of the strong infusion of Dutch into the population, the city archite ture shows taste as well as spirit. Some of the houses are perched on the steep hills above the deep cut roads and are reached by ladders. The churches are numerous, tasteful, and, for a small city, look to be quite costly. The Yankee influence is marked and beneficial and if Burlington is not one of the largest cities on the Mississippi before many years, it will greatly belie its present promise.

From Burlington I came on in the night train to Monmouth, a United Presbyterian stronghold, and am now comparing notes on Northern and Southern Illinois. The comparative anatomy of the two regions is interesting enough, especially from an agricultural point of view, but must be postponed for the present. Yours &c. ON THE WING.

RESPONDENT.

London, Nov. 6, 1867. SPURGEON'S RETURN.

Last Sunday evening I took an omnibus for that region of London known as the " Elephant and Castle," having in mind to enter the famous "tabernacle" which has been built for Mr. Spurgeon. It was generally understood that the great preacher was out of town, and disabled with the rheumatic gout. He had been for a long time absent from his pulpit to the apparent astonishment of his people, who seem to regard his absence as something strange, like a permanent eclipse of the sun, or something of a quite unu-

sual nature. On arriving in the street on which the great house of worship stands, I discovered between myself and the noble façade a very high iron fence, and on the street side of the fence I perceived a large crowd of people, who were standing in a hopeless sort of way before the church. showers." But November is here and almost over I inquired if there was no admission. "None," and is still as dry as August, much drier than our some one told me, "until the second service, about half past eight o'clock." The house was already full to ever flowing. Mr. Spurgeon had returned. He was about to preach. Forcing my way through the crowd, I looked through the still falling. The dampness of the bank for many | iron fence, and after several ineffectual endeavors I attracted the attention of a man who fall had been within a few days. We passed might have been to judge from his dress-a policeman, a porter, or a sexton. I endeavored ly, but for our own part, by dint of "backing to persuade this obdurate official to open the gate out" when we were manifestly "in for it," and to me. He refused. "Could not possibly do it." "Orders were imperative." However, the ter was not too shallow, the good packet Sucker appeals I lodged in mind were more than he seemed able to digest by himself. I observed scenery up to this point was by no means inter- that he appeared to be mentioning my wishes to esting. It consisted mainly of low land covered a small group of gentlemen. I waited some time with forest trees the water marks upon whose for the leaven of his communication to work. trunks showed how far the river had fallen. The There seemed to be no appreciable result. At dull, dead, dryness of the leaves made these woods last one of the gentlemen walked a short distance anything but attractive. The towns strewed from the rest, and I managed to attract his atalong the banks, except at points where Railroads | tention. He had the kindness to come to a faceto-face conference with me through the iron bars. After some little parleying he relented, and said that if I could go to the second gate to the right. orchards. Hannibal, Quincy, and Keokuk may he would come and let me in. After some caube set down as exceptions. The Railroad hurried tious delay he was as good as his promise. The us from this last place, over the prairies of Iowa, ponderous gate slid back on its rollers, wide enough to admit me. The crowd rushed to follow. A lady flourished a ticket of admission in with hills on our left but af er reaching Mont the very face of my friend, but in vain. The rose dashed out across prairies covered with the gate slid back to its place, and the disappointed golden wealth of the corn crop, and among houses throng composed themselves for further waiting. and farms that spoke of enterprise and thrift. I was furnished with a ticket, and went into the When we resumed the river travel, the scenery building by a door in the rear, ascended one

left any greenness there, and the houses perched | sole of my foot inside the walls. Two immense gallaries running entirely round the whole room were packed, as was the body of the house, in

every place. Every aisle and corner were full. The door by which I entered was quite near the pulpit, or the place where the pulpit would naturally be if there were one, which there was not; and, as some weary ones retreated, I graby. Since Railroads have made travel by land dually approached till I stood quite near the speaker. A member of the church assured me that there were seven thousand persons in that one audience room waiting to hear

The speaker, who seemed quite lame as he moved, was very much at home before this immense congregation. His clear voice penetrated to the farthest corner of the building. The text was from Job xiii. 25: "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro?" In this short question the speaker found great significance. He petted the text-fondled it as is his wont. It was (1) a question many persons had occasion to ask. A leaf was a good symbol of a man in trouble and pain—a leaf dry and driven to and fro in the wind. The invalid could ask it; the bankrupt could ask it; the husband at the grave of his wife could say, Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? The Christian who had lost the presence of Christ was like a driven leafind If any person before him was not in a condition to use the question of the text then the time was surely coming when pain and sorrow would force it out of his heart. Many a time during his recent sharp affliction the brator had said to the Lord

Wiltethou break a deaf driven to and fro Plan The text (2) acknowledged the power of God to break us altogether. This point the speaker handled with great effectiveness. God had not only the power but the right to break us. We deserved to be broken. It was well that we should feel sit to almost the firm buse a

The text (3) was a question rightly directed. Wilt thou?" and here again he endeavored to create the conviction that frail and perishing sin-

ners could plead their own weakfress with God. He did not doubt that a helpless soul, tossed to and fro, could make a good plea with God of his own wretched insignificance. God would not fail to regard a penitent all the souner, because of his helplessness.

The text was (4) a question which could be inswered. It was truly said of our Lord Jesus Christ that he would "not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking wick." And here again, the speaker referred to his own recent experience. He had found ineffable comfort during his recent illness in the belief that God was looking tenderly on one so much like a withered leaf as him-

And this answer to the text (5) was backed up by numerous examples. Then followed the story of Hannah most felicitously told, and of Manasseh, the woman taken in adultery, and others, with an application to all who were driven in the storms of life and in need of-comfort.

It was an excellent discourse, solemn, earnest, tender, and true, and could not have failed to instruct and edify.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

followed the sermon. The deacons broke the bread and collected the tickets. Forty or fifty new members were welcomed into the church by the pastor, who gave his hand to each, with an occasional remark. A brother implored the divine blessing. The bread was distributed. Mr. into every corner of the house, on the clear voice the true gold in it. Far better start a journey f the minister, such texts as: ding of blood is no remission.". "His blood cleanseth us from all sin." "By one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified," &c. While the collection for the poor was being taken, Mr. Spurgeon talked with the church 'about a matter of business." That business was the action of the church, by which they had absurdity? provided their pastor with

A COLLEAGUE.

"There was a church meeting last Thursday," said he, "which I shall remember with joy as among the most delightful of the recollections of I've dug and higher than I've elimbed. But my life. It was largely attended, and those who shall I mention to you a slight analogy which were not able to be present could not but regret may suggest to your shrewd intellect some their absence." He would tell them about the meeting. "It has been long apparent that this congregation has outgrown the supervision of one man, and therefore it has been kindly and wisely proposed to give me an assistant, and it was thought that no one could be more suitable than my own brother. I did not know but there might be one or more foolish people who would oppose this project, but there was not one. I should not have been surprised if a hundred or five hundred had opposed the measure, but it is one of the comforts of my life that it was quite unanimous."

He spoke very highly of his new assis ant in the pastorate. "No person living was more de-serving of their love and confidence." There was much that an humble and faithful man like him could do. But though the kindness of his flock had given him so suitable a helper, he "did not intend to preach one sermon the less or to ever let his brother occupy the pulpit when he was able to be in it himself." There were less conspicuous places in a great congregation where a good man could labor and prevent the stress of business from coming wholly on one poor head and one pair of hands. There was nothing wrong in having two pastors. The early churches had several. Let us pray God to prosper us so much that we shall need, not two but ten C. C. K.

MISSIONARY WORK IN KOLAPOOR.

SABBATH, AUGUST 18, 1867.

Breakfast at 71 A. M., and at 8 A. M., we reached our Church in town, the bell ringing out weetly as I approach, reminding me of the Sabbath-bell in our own native land. Our church, too, in form and appearance is like many a New people—is heathen India.

Find an audience of some 300 souls, many of

understands a little Mahratta, sitting between Mrs. Wilder and our children; a Brahman teacher of a Government school at Kagul, twelve miles distant; several intelligent village officers and

not save himself, but perished like a weak man at the hands of His enemies,—a development of the motive and cause of His death-its virtue and efficacy in making atonement for sin, and the His power and divinity in His resurrection, despite the utmost precautions and watchfulness of death,—the overwhelming evidence of Christs | yet come to Christ, believe and be saved! resurrection; more conclusive and convincing than the evidence of the life and death of Cæsar, Napoleon, or Shivaji, the great king and founder of the Mahratta nation. Difference between Christ and the ten Hindu incarnations: Hissinless perfection contrasted with their sinful character as described in Hindu Shasters, constituting Christ's peculiar glory and fitness as a Sa-viour." Conclusion: God's infinite compassion in so loving the world as to give such a ransom, and man's fearful guilt in neglecting or rejecting such love-such a Saviour, his only hope and refuge. Blessed, blessed Gospel. Thank God for it, and for this day's precious opportunity for declaring it to the perishing idolaters. O how intently many of them? listened. God bless his own truth to their souls. The infidel Tutor seemed riveted, and his active mind completely roused. Service over at 91 A. M.

Mrs W. takes the girls and women one side of the church and hears their Sabbath lessons. I hear a voluntary class of twenty to forty (thirty to-day) young men, from 100 to 150 others listening, giving them an opportunity to propose questions freely, and converse on any points they bring up. Scarce a question to day, but ready assent to all the great truths I bring up and question them upon. O, is there not a foundation here to hope that God's Spirit will take of the things of Christ, and reveal them unto these precious souls to their salvation? Leaving church, the infidel Tutor accompanies me showing a wish to talk. Avows his infidel views; yet says, he tells the Hindus to be Christians. I reply: And do they never ask you in turn why you do not become a Christian? "O yes, but I tell them I believe in no religionthere are so many, who can tell that any one is true? All are men's inventions; Parsee Religion, Hindu Religion, Mussulman Religion, Christian Religion-all just alike, human inventions.'

Wilder.—" None true? Is no one from God?" Tutor.-No. I don't believe any religion is true; I reject them all.

Wilder. And because there is so much counterfeit coin affoat, (300,000 rupees just lost by counterfeiters in Poona,) do you believe there is no genuine coin, and refuse to touch any whatever? How long since you declined taking your salary from His Highness?

Tutor.—(Smiling.) Ah. sir, I see your analogy. Wilder.—Then look well to your money my friend; and when you reject all money because there is so much counterfeit, you may reject all Spurgeon himself poured the wine, and made religious because so many are false. Till then, brief remarks. It was cheerful and pleasant to ring and test your gold, but be still more careful hear from time to time in the stillness, carried to test your faith, and see that it has the ring of round the world without a penny, than the vo

age of eternity without faith in Christ. Tutor.—You Christians believe in the Trinity. Now my mind is too mathematical to believe any such impossibility. One can't be three—and three can't be one, that's plain to human reason; then how can I accept a religion that teaches such an

Wilder .- Well now, my good friend, you've hit upon one of our hard doctrines, I grant you. I feel a sympathy for you, for I once felt just as you do: and I don't expect I understand it now so fully as I shall in heaven. It's deeper than thoughts on the subject?

Tutor, O, yes, sir, I shall be most happy to lear any argument, but no man can prove an impossibility.

Wilder.—Certainly not, but we should never call a thing impossible till we are quite certain our finite minds fully compass it. If I say Mr. Jamsetji (his owa name) is mortal, what do I mean?

Tutor. - O, that I am to die, some time, I sup-Wilder.-But do we Christians believe your

ul will die? Tutor—No, you mean my body, of course. Wilder.—And if I say Mr. Jamsetji is remark-

ably intellectual? Tutor. - You speak of my mind, or intellect. Wilder. - And if I say Mr. J. is immortal, can

ever die, must live forever in heaven or hell ? Tutor.—You mean my soul, of course. Wilder - Is Mr. J. one, then? or is he three? Tutor.—I see your analogy—good morning, (taking leave) we'll talk more when we meet

Wilder.—So let us. Come and see me, and come to our preaching services as often as you

Reach home about 11 A. M.: find school children and others at the house waiting for me take their Sabbath lessons without a moment's interruption, till about 1 P. M., have a few minutes to myself; bathe, and at 2 P. M., sit down to dinner. At 3 P. M. preach again. Text: Luke 10: 20. Need of miracles then? why not now? Contrast those miracles with pretended Hindu miracles. The honor and dignity of being able to work such miracles; greater honor and glory of having one's name written in heaven. The peculiar privilege and glory of being a Christian. Terrible mistake of those who think they have done anything meritorious in giving up England church. But all else-the city, streets, caste, or friends, or any worldly good for Christ temples and idols around, and, most of all, the or heaven: have only exchanged ashes for golddust; stone pebbles for diamonds; earth's poverty for heaven's riches, joys and glory eternal.

There was fixed attention and thoughtful looks. whom as I look down from my platform-pulpit, I May God seal the truth to some hearts. From promise of a beautiful country when the weather dience room. There was hardly room for the recognize; Mrs. Rix, a European neighbor, who 4½ P. M., to sun-down, Bible lessons again, with

Christian converts, their children and others. Coming to my room find Bulwunt Rao, an intelligent young Brahman, Tutor to the chief of Kapsee. At once press upon him the claims of others from surrounding villages; thirty or forty God's truth. Find him intelligent, and thoughtintelligent young men from the city schools, and ful. He asks, "Do you really believe, sir. that I the Tutor of his highness, the Rajah. This lat- and all Hindus who do not confess Christ before ter is a Parsee gentleman, a graduate of the men will go to hell?" Just the opportunity I Bombay University, who claims to be an infidel. desire to impress this solemn truth, in all its fear-My subject is the death and resurrection of ful import. I assure him it's not my opinion : but the Son of God, necessitating an allusion to the God's own declaration; hint briefly at the posi-Hindu taunts and reproaches that Christ could tive proofs of Christian revelation—the total absence of such proofs for the Hindu scriptures. The best proof to him of the sincerity of our own belief in this fearful doctrine is, that we have left home and friends and native land, and toil salvation of the sinner possible—the evidence of here so earnestly to persuade him and others to repent and believe. He confesses he believes we are sincere, and evidently his own mind is not His Jewish enemies and Roman guard, the penal- at ease. He has attended our preaching often, ty of whose slightest neglect while on duty was and knows the way of life. O that he may

> At night, completely exhausted, but thank God for the precious opportunities of this day. Could angels desire better ones for serving God and trying to save men's souls? May the Lord forgive us wherein we have come short or failed of rightly improving these golden hours. At evening prayers, sad at the little evidence of progress in winning souls to Christ, we comfort our hearts by singing "Has thy night been long and mournful, * * * "Gease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved." A prayer-meeting with native converts, by candle light, is the usual close of every day. R. G. WILDER.

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