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AND HOW HE BECAME A MAJOR GENERAL.
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AUTHENTIC LIFE OF MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

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THE NOVELTIES IN THE MILLINERY LINE.
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...E RELIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.
...porated in 1841. Charter Perpetual.
OFFICE No. 308 WALNUT STREET.
...against loss or damage by FIRE Houses, ...and other Buildings, limited or perpetual; and ...niture, Goods, Wares, and Merchandise.
...TAL, $300,000. ASSETS, $387,211.86.
Invested in the following Securities, viz:

Mortgage on City Property, well secured	$106,900 00
...States Government Loans	119,000 00
...delphia City 6 per cent. Loans	50,000 00
...wealth of Pennsylvania 6 per cent. ...,000 Loan	12,000 00
...ylvania Railroad Bonds, first and second Mortgage Loans	35,000 00
...n and Amboy Railroad Company's 6 ...cent. Loan	5,000 00
...delphia and Reading Railroad Company's 6 per cent. Loan	5,000 00
...gdon and Broad Top Railroad 7 per ...Loans	4,560 00
...ercial Bank of Pennsylvania Stock	10,000 00
...nics' Bank Stock	4,000 00
...Fire Insurance Company's Stock	1,050 00
...Mutual Insurance Company's Stock of ...delphia	2,500 00
...n Collaterals, well secured	2,250 00
...d Interest	5,982 00
...bank and on hand	16,587 88
	$387,211 86
...at present market value	399,664 36

DIRECTORS.
...Tingley, Robert Toland,
...R. Thompson, William Stevenson,
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...AS C. HILL, Secretary.
...DELPHIA, January 4, 1864. ja5-tf

...THRACITE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Authorized Capital $400,000—CHARTER ...TUAL.
...No. 311 WALNUT Street, between Third and ...streets, Philadelphia.
...Company will insure against Loss or Damage by ...Buildings, Furniture, and Merchandise gene...
...Marine Insurances on Vessels, Cargoes, and ...Inland Insurance to all parts of the Union.
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...ERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Incorporated 1810. CHARTER PERPETUAL. No. 310 WALNUT Street, above Third, ...
...large paid-up Capital Stock and Surplus in... ...and available Securities, continues to ...Dwellings, Stores, Furniture, Merchandise, ...and their Cargoes, and other Personal ...Losses liberally and promptly adjusted.
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...INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY.
...PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. ...porated 1825. CHARTER PERPETUAL. ...WALNUT Street, opposite Independence ...
...pany, favorably known to the community ...ny years, continues to insure against Loss ...by Fire, on Public or Private Buildings, ...nently or for a limited time. Also, on Fur...ks, Goods, or Merchandise generally, on ...
...tal, together with a large Surplus Fund, is ...the most careful manner, which enables ...to the insured an undoubted security in ...
DIRECTORS.
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...ANCE COMPANY OF THE ...OF PENNSYLVANIA.—OFFICE Nos. 4 and ...BUILDINGS, north side of WALNUT ...ween DOCK and THIRD Streets, Philadel...
...ATED IN 1794—CHARTER PERPETUAL.
CAPITAL $200,000.
...S OF THE COMPANY, FEBRUARY 1, 1864, $525,817 52.
...E. AND INLAND TRANSPORTATION INSURANCE.
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...Wcaster, Thomas B. Watson,
...Smith, Henry G. Freeman,
...White, Charles S. Lewis,
...uart, George C. Carson,
...t, Jr., Edward C. Knight,
John B. Austin.
HENRY D. SHERRERD, President.
...ARPER, Secretary. no18-tf

...INSURANCE COMPANY,
...406 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
...AND INLAND INSURANCE.
DIRECTORS.
...buck, John W. Everman,
...ardson, Robert B. Potter,
... John Kessler, Jr.,
... E. D. Woodruff,
... Charles Stokes,
...West, Joseph D. Ellis.
FRANCIS N. BUCK, President.
CHAS. RICHARDSON, Vice President.
...RARD, Secretary. ja14-tf

...LINSHEAD. WM. H. GRAVES.
...NSHEAD & GRAVES,
...NCE AGENCY, No. 312 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, agents for the ...Y CITY FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF ALBANY, N. Y.

...LINSHEAD. WILLIAM H. GRAVES.
...NSHEAD & GRAVES,
INSURANCE AGENCY,
...WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
AGENTS FOR THE
...E FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NORWICH, CONN.
CHARTERED 1803.
...IN PHILADELPHIA (by authority):
... Messrs. Tredick, Stokes & Co.
...& Co. Messrs. Chas. Lennig & Co.
...& Altemus. Messrs. W. H. Larned & Co.

...LINSHEAD. WM. H. GRAVES.
...SHEAD & GRAVES'
INSURANCE AGENCY,
...ALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
...ROTON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. je27-6m

...CKWHEAT FLOUR.
...TE CLOVER HONEY.
...W PARED PEACHES.
...TIVATED CRANBERRIES, &c.
...BERT C. ROBERTS,
Dealer in Fine Groceries,
Corner ELEVENTH and VINE Streets.

...'S METALLIC WEATHER ...
WINDOW BANDS
...Cold, Wind, Rain, Snow, and Dust ...
...ORS AND WINDOWS,
...half the fuel.
CHARLES B. BAKER,
No. 38 South FIFTH Street,
Sole State Agent.
...wanted throughout the State. no3-1m

...HUDDY,
...and Wholesale Dealer in
...PURE OLD BOURBON,
...GAHELA, RYE, AND WHEAT
WHISKIES,
...SECOND STREET, below Race, Phila.
HENRY HUDDY,
ISAAC J. EVANS.

...AND FLAX SAIL DUCK
...VAS, of all numbers and brands,
...Trunk, and Wagon Cover Duck. Also, ...urers' Drier Felts, from 1 to 5 feet wide; ...Sail Twine, &c.
JOHN W. EVERMAN & CO.,
No. 103 JONES' Alley.

...ES AND SKATE STRAPS.—
...requested to call and examine samples ...of Ladies' and Gents' Skates for 1864, ...furnished at the lowest manufacturers' ...
...BURNHAM, Manufacturer's Agent,
...TH Street. no12-1m

...—5,000 DOZEN HERMETI...
...Peaches of the finest quality, prepared ...& Co., Bridgeton, N. J. Salesroom.
RHODES & WILLIAMS,
107 South WATER Street.

...TO CATSUP.—NEW TOMATO ...quart and pint bottles of choice quality. For sale by RHODES & WILLIAMS,
107 South WATER Street.

The Press.

VOL. 8.—NO. 101. PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1864. FOUR CENTS.

RETAIL DRY GOODS.

J. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,
S. E. cor. NINTH and ARCH Streets,
THE GREAT BLANKET STORE.
BLANKETS AT RETAIL.
BLANKETS AT WHOLESALE.
BLANKETS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.
BLANKETS FOR HOTELS.
BLANKETS FOR THE ARMY.
BLANKETS FOR THE NAVY.
BLANKETS OF ALL SIZES.
BLANKETS OF ALL QUALITIES.
BLANKETS THE CHEAPEST IN TOWN.
BLANKETS TO SUIT EVERYBODY,
AT THE
BLANKET STORE,
S. E. cor. NINTH and ARCH STREETS.
no4-fmwtde31

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN THE PRICES OF DRY GOODS.
JAMES R. CAMPBELL & CO.,
727 CHESTNUT STREET,
OFFER THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS,
CONSISTING IN PART OF
MERINOES,
POPLINS AND REPS,
EPINGLINES,
CLAN PLAIDS,
ALPACAS AND MOHAIRS,
BLACK AND FANCY SILKS,
SHAWLS, GLOVES,
LINENS, WHITE GOODS,
FLANNELS, BLANKETS,
LINEN AND COTTON
SHEETINGS,
REPELLANTS AND
CLOAKING CLOTHS,
AT EXTREMELY LOW RATES.
We beg leave to assure the public that we have marked down every article in our stock, and now have it in our power to offer
RARE BARGAINS.
oc28-1m

1024 CHESTNUT STREET.
E. M. NEEDLES
IS DAILY RECEIVING
NOVELTIES
IN
LACES,
WHITE GOODS,
EMBROIDERIES,
VEILS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.
In every variety and at REDUCED PRICES.
SUITABLE FOR THE FALL TRADE.
1024 CHESTNUT STREET.

BRIGHT PLAID POPLINS.
JUST OPENED, several large lots, bought in New York at reduced prices for cash.
One lot single-width rich Plaids, 65c.
One lot double-width heavy gay Plaid Poplins, $1.25.
Two lots fine all-wool bright Plaids, cheap.
Three lots rich wool Plaid Poplins, $1.38, $2, and $2.25.
One lot fine wide French Merinoes, $1.50.
One lot Striped Brocade Reps, $1.25.
One lot figured, striped, heavy Mohairs, $1.25.
One lot figured Merinoes, $1.25; a bargain.
One lot black wool Delaines, 75c; cheap.
120 pieces American Prints and Delaines.
COOPER & CONARD,
oc29-tf S. E. corner NINTH and MARKET Streets.

H. STEEL & SON HAVE NOW open a large and choice assortment of FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS.
Plain Merinoes, $1.25 to $6. Plain Poplins,
Plaid Merinoes and Poplins,
Plain and Plaid Silk Poplins,
Plain and Figured Mohair Poplins,
and a great variety of new and choice Dress Goods, all at prices far below
THE PRESENT COST OF IMPORTATION.
SILKS—Of all kinds, a great variety, from 75 cents to $3 per yard below
THE IMPORTER'S PRICES.
SHAWLS—A large assortment, at a small advance over last season's prices.
se4-tf Nos. 713 and 715 North TENTH Street.

4-4 SUPERIOR QUALITY MANTILLA VELVETS, of Lyons manufacture.
Very heavy Corded Silks for Cloaks.
Splendid quality Frosted Beaver Cloths.
Black and Colored Velvet Beaver Cloths.
Ribbed and Plain Beaver Cloths.
Real Water-Proof Cloths, &c.
Cloaks ready-made, and made to order out of the above cloths.
Splendid quality long Broche Shawls.
Shawls and Scarfs in great variety.
EDWIN HALL & CO.,
no21 26 South SECOND Street.

BARGAINS FROM AUCTION.
One lot Swan's Skin Flannel, all wool, at 56¼; cheaper than Canton Flannel.
One lot Swan's Skin Flannel, all-wool, at 62½; a decided bargain.
Four lots of Marseilles Counterpanes, large size; pretty pattern and good.
Lead Colored Canton Flannel, 65 and 75 cents; scarce and desirable.
Ladies' Long Shawls, largest size and best styles; only $10. At JOHN H. STOKES',
no21 702 ARCH Street.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
825 ARCH STREET. 825
REMOVAL.
G. A. HOFFMAN,
FIRST PREMIUM SHIRT AND WRAPPER
MANUFACTORY, AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING EMPORIUM,
REMOVED FROM 606 ARCH STREET
TO THE NEW STORE,
825 ARCH STREET. 825
je11-fmw6m

COMMISSION HOUSES.
HAZARD & HUTCHINSON,
No. 112 CHESTNUT STREET,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
PHILADELPHIA-MADE GOODS.
3y1-6m

MERCHANT TAILORS.
EDWARD P. KELLY,
JOHN KELLY,
TAILORS,
612 CHESTNUT STREET,
Will from this date (October 3d) sell at
REDUCED PRICES,
FOR
CASH.
oc4-tf

CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS.
1864. FALL 1864.
GLENECHO MILLS,
GERMANTOWN.
McCALLUM & CO.,
CARPET WAREHOUSE,
509 CHESTNUT STREET,
se17-3m PHILADELPHIA.

1864. 1864.
McCALLUM & CO.,
RETAIL DEPARTMENT,
519 CHESTNUT STREET,
se17-3m OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

CANTON MATTINGS.
JUST RECEIVED,
A LARGE INVOICE OF FINE
COCOA MATTINGS.
McCALLUM & CO.,
no17-1m 509 CHESTNUT Street.

CURTAIN GOODS.

CARD.
I WILL OFFER
MY ENTIRE STOCK
OF
LACE CURTAINS
AT
FORTY PER CENT.
LESS THAN COST OF IMPORTATION.
I. E. WALRAVEN,
SUCCESSOR TO W. H. CARRYL,
MASONIC HALL,
oc6-tf

1026 CHESTNUT STREET. 1026.
CURTAIN STORE.
Constantly on hand a full line of
WINDOW CURTAINS,
CURTAIN MATERIALS,
FURNITURE COVERINGS,
WINDOW SHADES,
CORNICES, BANDS,
TASSELS, GIMPS,
CORDS, &c., &c.,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
For first-class goods. The workmanship of this establishment is second to no other in the United States.
C. M. STOUT & CO.,
oc31-2m No. 1026 CHESTNUT Street.

SEWING MACHINES.
THE "FLORENCE"—AMERICAN INVENTORS' GREAT TRIUMPH—THE SEWING MACHINE PERFECTED.—All the objections to other Machines are overcome in the FLORENCE. It makes FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES with the same ease, and with as little machinery as others make one. Besides, it has the REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION—a uniform, self-regulating tension of thread and no springs, cog-wheels, or cams to get out of order. It does ALL KINDS OF FAMILY SEWING, from the heaviest woolens to the most delicate fabrics, using all kinds of silk, cotton, and linen thread, from No. 20 to 200.
NO OTHER MACHINE does so large a range of work as the FLORENCE.
NO OTHER MACHINE pleases the ladies so well as the FLORENCE.
More than ONE THOUSAND of the FLORENCE have been sold in Philadelphia within the last few months. The FLORENCE is the only PERFECT FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, warranted to give entire satisfaction, or money returned. There is no one who owns a FLORENCE that would sell it at cost.
Call and see its operations, whether you wish to purchase or not. Samples of sewing, with price list, sent free by mail.
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
no22-tf 630 CHESTNUT Street.

FINANCIAL.

THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK,
FINANCIAL AGENT
AND
DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES,
RECEIVES SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
7 30-100 TREASURY NOTES,
10-40 BONDS.
no16-wfmlm B. B. COMEGYS, Cashier.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA.
FINANCIAL AGENT AND DEPOSITARY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Receives Subscriptions for the NEW THREE-YEARS 7 30-100 TREASURY NOTES, which are convertible at maturity into six per cent. 5-20 Bonds; also for the 10-40 Bonds, interest on both payable in Gold.
oc28-fmwlm W. RUSHTON, JR., Cashier.

THE CONSOLIDATION NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA,
FINANCIAL AGENT AND DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES,
Receives Subscriptions for the NEW THREE-YEAR 7.30-100 TREASURY NOTES, which are convertible at maturity into SIX PER CENT. 5-20 BONDS; also, for 10-40 BONDS, interest on both payable in gold.
JOS. N. PIERSOL,
no16-wfmlm CASHIER.

COUPONS OF 1881 BONDS,
DUE JANUARY 1,
BOUGHT AT MARKET RATE OF GOLD, BY
no19-10t DREXEL & CO.

CHARLES EMORY.] [ALEX. BENSON, JR.
CHARLES EMORY & CO.,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS,
No. 15 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
All kinds of uncurrent funds and Gold and Silver bought and sold, and Collections made.
Particular attention given to the purchase and sale of Government, State, and other Stocks and Loans on commission. no15-6m

HARPER, DURNEY, & CO.,
BANKERS,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.
Particular attention paid to purchase and sale of Oil Stocks.
55 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
REFERENCES.—Drexel & Co., Philadelphia; J. B. Austin, President Southwark Bank. nov15-3m

U. S. NEW 7-30 LOAN.
Subscriptions received, and the Notes furnished free of all charges, by
GEORGE J. BOYD, Banker,
au25-3m 18 South THIRD Street.

OIL STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION,
BY
GEORGE J. BOYD,
18 South THIRD Street. au25-3m

D. L. TINGLEY,
TOBACCO AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE,
No. 8 NORTH THIRD STREET.
Agent for the sale of all the celebrated brands of BARNEY, GREEN, & CO., Cincinnati.
"BELLE OF THE WEST," "CINCINNATUS," "BURNIE," &c.
"FINE TURKISH" AND OTHER SMOKING TOBACCO.
A large lot of prime CIGARS and TOBACCO, now in store, and for sale cheap. oc25-1m

B. J. WILLIAMS,
NO. 16 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
Manufacturer of
VENETIAN BLINDS
AND
WINDOW SHADES.
The Largest and Finest Assortment in the city at the
LOWEST PRICES.
Repairing attended to promptly.
Store Shades Made and Lettered. se10-3m

LOOKING GLASSES.
JAMES S. EARLE & SON,
816 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILA.,
have now in store a very fine assortment of
LOOKING GLASSES,
of every character, of the
VERY BEST MANUFACTURE AND LATEST STYLES.
OIL PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS,
ap21. PICTURE AND PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

The Press.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1864.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1864.

A Gala-Day in Philadelphia.

A SABBATH AND A FESTIVAL COMBINED.

The Churches Filled with Worshippers.

The Streets Thronged with Pleasure-Seekers.

Wednesday night the temperature of the weather became very cold; the people felt its severity more keenly from the fact that the change came upon them suddenly. Ice was made to the thickness of an inch during the night. Yesterday morning the day dawned with unusual brightness; the sun looked gladness from the eastern sky; the temperature was mild; and the public having become acclimated, it may be said that the day was to the people at large a brilliant and pleasant one. Scarcely a cloud shrouded the great blue dome of the universe. There was just enough coolness in the atmosphere to impart a healthful glow to cheeks of beauty. The people were astir at an early hour. gentle breeze from the pure west was just strong enough to enliven the folds of the great American flag flung from tall poles and many of the residences of our citizens. It was a day of happiness, and during the morning all the churches were thronged. The stores generally were closed, and the great National Sabbath was all that could be required. The hotels and taverns were only partly open, the same as on Sundays; and there was little or no drunkenness visible on the streets. But the sublime scene of the day was reserved to the afternoon. Under the bracing air, genialized by the beams of a cloudless sun, our principal thoroughfares, Chestnut street particularly, presented a vast moving throng of people, made the more happy from the fact, no doubt, of having indulged in dinners worthy of the occasion and the day.

At noon the Cadets of Temperance made a parade, and attracted considerable attention, with their banners in the breeze and their music awakening many a harmonious echo.

In the afternoon the places of amusement were densely filled, but all these the National Circus exceeded in point of numbers. A more joyous congregation of ladies and children we never saw. Their eyes glistened with joy, and their hearts pulsated with rapture, at the grand mental feast prepared for them by Mrs. Charles Warner. Thanksgiving Day of 1864 will be an epoch in the history of the lives of four thousand ladies and children, who will long for the time when President Lincoln appoints a similar day. Taking everything into consideration, the day was one that will be long remembered by the one million of inhabitants of the great moral, intellectual, and business metropolis of the United States, popularly known as Philadelphia.

We present to-day extracts from a few sermons delivered yesterday:

LUTHERAN.

REV. E. W. HUTTER.

In the New-street Lutheran Church a numerous and appreciative audience had assembled to listen to a discourse by the pastor, Rev. E. W. Hutter. After appropriate introductory exercises a liberal collection was taken up in behalf of the Christian Commission. The pastor's theme was, "A Vindication of God's Providence." He spoke as follows:

Text—"*There be many that say, Who will show us any good?*" Psalm iv., 6.

It would seem that during the "good old times" of King David, not less than in our own degenerate days, there existed, among the diversities of human kind, a class of men who, happen what would, were never satisfied. Whatever the kind or degree of their virtues, 'tis plain *contentment* was not among the number. With the arrangements, both of earth and heaven, they were perpetually in conflict. If it rained, their meadows were always under water. If the sun was shining in his strength, he was always scorching their plants and vegetables. During the summer months they were ever on the verge of suffocation; during the season of winter they were ever in danger of freezing to death. No harvest could God send them in which the *tares* did not preponderate. Their banquet was never without a *death's head*. Their gate was never without a Mordecai. Their path was never without a lion—their chamber never without a frog. Their ointment was always being corrupted by flies. They never were, but always *to be*, blest. They were ever, like Diogenes, lantern in hand, traversing the thoroughfares, at high noon, in quest of a somebody or a something *good*. If the nation was at peace, they were dying of *ennui*; if at war, of over-excitement. In their noon-tide of prosperity there was ever a lengthening ... not all the wealth ... supplied by the treasures of a Croesus, could convince them that they were not in a condition bordering on destitution. For want of a better name we will call them *Croakers*, for their speech resembled none so much as that of the *raven*, confessed by all to be a bird of evil omen. Of course, these persons never joined in any *thanksgiving*—public or private, special or general. Why should they? They knew of none to whom any thanks were due, and of nothing to be thankful for. Their's was ever an unhinged and dissatisfied spirit. Evidently their besetting sin was *discontent*.

We almost wish, for the sake of the peace of the world, that, with the reign of King David, this race of croakers had ceased to exist. Unhappily, it has been perpetuated. Despite all advance in knowledge, religion, and virtue, there be still not a few, but, as then, "many," whose daily and hourly reiterated interrogatory it is: "Who will show us any good?" Or, paraphrased, "what have we received, to summon us to rendition of thanks."

Whatever the extent of our self-conceit, it proceeds to no such exceeding height as to lead us for a moment to imagine that by any fire of our kindling we shall be able to convert this "winter of their discontent into glorious summer." No! We wave no magician's wand. We have not delegated to us any powers of enchantment. But we do claim, under God, to the ability to demonstrate to the satisfaction of all reasonable and reflecting minds, that, notwithstanding the thousand ills to which flesh is heir, there still exist sources and occasions innumerable, to summon us to utterances of fervent thankfulness to Him, in whom we all live and move and have our being, who is the Father of lights, and from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift.

But, here supervenes a difficulty. Who shall recount all our blessings? Can we measure the waters of the great deep, or count the sands that serve to confine it in its bed? Shall we register the stars, or take a census of the autumnal leaves? Oh, are not our blessings, like the years of God, innumerable? But, our inability to know them all, or even a remote moiety of them, does not absolve us from the duty of an honest effort to approximate to them. Such exercises, too, enhance our appreciation of these benefits, and sincerely performed are well pleasing to their great Author and Dispenser.

First, then, let us be thankful to God *for the preservation of our lives*. That we were ever born at all, ever had a being whatever, we owe to God's sovereign goodness. To His essential happiness and glory not one of us was necessary. He could have dispensed with all the angels and archangels, and felt it no loss to Him. Oh, what a lesson it is not for us, then, to learn our dependence! Sin has so benumbed our sensibilities, so darkened our perceptions, so alienated our minds, that we often fancy ourselves gods, living, and moving, and having our being in ourselves. Whereas, there never was a man, nor an angel, that could lift a thread or a pinion without the power and ministration of the unseen and universal providence of God. Relying on Him for every breath we draw, for every pulsation of our hearts, our dependence is *absolute*. Has He not kept us *alive* during another year? Has He not preserved us from "moving accidents by field and flood"? Has He not averted from us the pestilence that walks in darkness, and the destruction that wastes at noonday? Have not His holy angels encompassed our every pathway? Oh! is it not, then, the very essence and climax of sin and folly, overlooking our own being, to be asking: "*Who will show us any good?*"

Next, let us thank God *for our knowledge that there is a God*. This cometh not by intuition. God is our teacher as well as our creator. Not all the nations of the earth are thus favored; millions this day are bowing at the shrines of superstition and idolatry. Their gods have eyes but see not, ears but hear not, hands but handle not, feet but run not; and, as the stream can never rise above the fountain, they that make unto themselves such gods are like unto them. How different *our* situation. The true and only God has been revealed to us from heaven. We know His character, His perfections, and many solemn and instructive parts of His providence. What monstrous ingratitude, then, for men, having it in their power, if they will but open their goggle-eyes, to be basking in the sunlight of such a revelation, to be asking, "*Who will show us any good?*"

Next, let us give God thanks, *for our redemption through Jesus Christ*. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift! Now, unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor, and glory, forever and ever! Oh, for that incomprehensible and ineffable love which enthrones at his own right hand, even with Christ on the Throne, a poor, unworthy, blood-stained, blood-bought sinner; how shall we ever render suitable and sufficient thanks? *Pride*, that characteristic sin of the apostacy, alas, has infused into our minds a poison more virulent than the virus of the serpent's tooth. If that were eradicated, then might we realize, as we ought, the urgency of that implicit and eternal obligation that binds us, *for the sake of Jesus*, to the Throne of the Invisible. Then would we never so dishonor ourselves, nor prove ourselves so unworthy the best gifts of God, as to be asking, with the sunlight of redemption blazing all around us: "*Who will show us any good?*"

Next, let us thank God, that we possess, as well, *all the appointed means to render this redemption efficacious*. The Holy Ghost is given to all that seek him, to profit withal. We possess the Scriptures, that are able to make us wise unto salvation. We possess them in our mother tongue, with no *clasps* on them except such as the binder affixes. Their sublime statements we interpret for ourselves. We still behold our Sabbaths and hear the joyful sound. The feet of them that publish glad tidings are still beautiful upon the mountains. Public instruction still enlightens our minds, and awakens the ardor of our affections. The towers and battlements of Zion are still decked, and made glorious with the spoils of her adversaries. There still hang the shields of Pharaoh, the spoils of Sennacherib, the crown and power of Nebuchadnezzar. Salem, as of yore, is still glorious in the arrow of the bow, the shield, the spear, the sword, and the spoils of the oppressor. Amidst all our internal convulsions Zion still stands, "beautiful for situation," for no weapon formed against her has prospered. Oh! what dire and dark ingratitude to Zion's King, then, does it not betray, to be standing in the midst of such stupendous displays of love, and to be insulting high Heaven with the question, "*Who will show us any good?*"

Next, let us thank God *for our innumerable creature comforts, foremost among them our bountiful harvests*. During the months of summer, possibly to remind us of our dependence, it pleased God, for a brief season, to suspend the rain; and oh, what jeremiads were uttered all over the land! Hundreds of croaking ravens were uttering the cry of the text. One would have thought that the heavens had suddenly become brass, and the earth iron. But how premature these lamentations! God had not forgotten the bow of promise his hand had stretched across the firmament. Behold, the earth has again rewarded the investments of the husbandman with usurious interest. Our garners are filled with the finest of wheat—plenty for ourselves, and to spare to the starving masses of Europe. Our oxen have been strong to labor, and our sheep have vastly multiplied. We complain of the high prices of provisions, and perhaps not without reason. But God gives them to us *cheaply*. He is no extortioner. And they are worth all we pay for them, a thousand times over. Standing amidst waving wheat fields, and widely extended acres of full-eared corn, and in gardens, teeming with a vast profusion of vegetables, and fruits—our tables loaded down, often, with superfluities—a strange question it is, truly, to ask: "*Who will show us any good?*"

Next, let us remember, with gratitude, *our educational facilities*. Ours is emphatically a land of schools, and books, and newspapers. *Schools!* Stands there not either an academy, a seminary, a college, or a university, at almost every street corner? *Books!* As in the days of Solomon, of the making of these there is no end. Bring but one of each kind to one place and they will constitute a pile as large as the pyramids of Egypt. *Newspapers!* They are thick as the leaves of Valambrosa, and, at one cent per diem, we have them brought to our doors, before we are out of bed. They embrace, too, every shade and variety of opinion. Not the children of the humblest son of toil has here, therefore, any excuse for being reared in ignorance. Where power springs from the masses, their virtuous education is of the utmost importance. It was remarked by our own illustrious Luther, "teaching school is next in importance to preaching the Gospel." Luther spoke, as he always did, the truth. For, we know, that when we work upon *mind* we work upon materials immortal and imperishable, and that the impress we place there is ineffaceable. If we work upon marble, it will perish.

If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble to dust. But if we work on the immortal *minds* of our children, and imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God and their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten and brighten to all eternity. And this is a distinguishing element of the American institutions, that they place the highest possible estimate on popular universal education, and place the means of enlightenment within the reach of all. How unmindful of these blessings, then, are those who, with hundreds of boys and girls sweeping by them daily to and from school, are asking, "*Who will show us any good?*"

Next, let us return thanks unto God, fervent and sincere, *for our matchless form of Civil Government*. ... we eat under our own vine and our own fig-tree, encircled by the influences of those benign institutions which have been, under God, the kind nursing-mother of us all. We all love our country, and have reason to love it. It is the seat of pure and undefiled religion. It is the abode of liberty and law. It is the asylum of the down-trodden and oppressed of earth. Here dignity in the magistrate unites with freedom to the citizen, and security and protection to all. Here the humblest son of toil, if he but act his part with fidelity, has the opportunity of course. *perfection.* That on earth is a chimera, of rising to the highest places of distinction. I do not claim for our form of government, That belongs to Heaven alone. But this I do claim for it, that, more than any other form of government ever devised by man, it approximates to perfection. For even now, torn and tempest tossed, it is the model and centre attraction for all the nations of the earth. Like as some ancient oak, that has survived many a howling wind and storm, proudly overtops every other tree of the forest, so our American system of government, even in the midst of the horrible tempest, rises in majestic splendor, a mundane column, superior to and above any other!

"Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon," against such a Government, and against such institutions. Misguided and ambitious leaders of so-called Southern opinion, moved and instigated thereto by their own ungovernable passions, and the superadded "wicked devices of the devil," have *taken up arms* to effect its ruin and overthrow! And this after they had, ever since its organization, enjoyed almost a monopoly of its emoluments and honors! And this, too, against the well-known wishes of large majorities of the people of their own section. Gigantic crime! Horrible iniquity! This is my deliberate judgment, that for unmitigated depravity this rebellion has had no parallel since the nailing of our Lord Jesus Christ to the cross. For me it is ever difficult to speak of it and not be betrayed into violent and disorderly exclamations. Very properly did the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the United States, at its last two biennial conventions, unanimously pronounce it "wicked in its inception, unjustifiable in its cause, unnatural in its character, inhuman in its prosecution, oppressive in its aims, and destructive in its results to the highest interests of morality and religion."

Shall it succeed? Yes! when the sky falls! Yes! when sun, moon, and stars cease to shine! Yes! when judgment has fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason! Yes! when vegetation stops, when the rivers cease to empty themselves into the ocean! Yes! when judgment and justice are no longer the habitation of God's Throne. Then. *Not before.* There is no Sampson in the South strong enough to walk away with the gate posts of our political Gaza. There is no army of Philistines there numerous enough, valiant enough, to capture the ark of our national covenant. Mark our prediction. *The rebellion will fail—fail utterly, fail ignominiously, fail forever!* God has no attribute that is on its side. It is a failure *now*. "*Ichabod*" is already written against it, and, unless its leaders repent of their wickedness, return to their homes, and demean themselves as peaceable and quiet citizens, they will be swept, by God's avenging angel, as chaff is swept by the rude blasts of the tempest and the whirlwind.

The Republic will live! The Union established by the valor and cemented by the blood of our patriotic ancestry will be perpetuated. But one flag will float over this land, from the waters of the Aroostook to the Rocky Mountains. To accommodate two our sky is too narrow. There is room for but one, and that one the *Stars and Stripes*, the holy flag of freedom, under whose ample folds Washington conquered, and Montgomery and Warren offered up their lives; the flag, fired on by traitor hands at Fort Sumpter, but planted by our brave soldiers on "*Lookout*" Mountain, above the clouds. Disunion is simply, now and forever, impossible. "For Abraham and Lot to divide and maintain rival establishments, there is here not land enough. But one nation can exist here, and that one the *United States*. If the so-called *Confederacy* established, it must be established elsewhere.

Deeply do we deplore the loss of so many and such valuable lives. Widowed and childless hearts are bleeding with fresh sorrows; agonized bosoms are throbbing at the remembrance of joys, fled, never to return. The fallen martyrs will ever be embalmed in the nation's warmest and most abiding gratitude. Over their sacred ashes she drops bitter and scalding tears. The afflictions of the afflicted she makes *her own*. These widowed mothers and fatherless children God has given a sacred heritage to the Church and the country. Let them ever be assured of our sympathy, our substantial succor, and our holy enthusiasm of feeling.

Meanwhile, as we call to remembrance the valor, the heroism, the patience, and endurance, even unto death, displayed by our brave soldiers and sailors; as we call to mind the indomitable faith, the unflinching fortitude, evinced by the American people, in this gigantic struggle for the life of the nation; as we survey the bright auguries of hope, that begin to shoot up in almost every quarter of our national horizon; shall we not, with even a stronger than the old Covenanter's faith, trust in God, that, out of this terrible ordeal, the nation will emerge, as gold, after a seven-fold purgation, from the furnace—*not destroyed, but brightened, purified, refined*. And, in the exercise of such an unshaken confidence in the ultimate triumph of God's own eternal and immutable right, shall one friend and one neighbor be guilty of addressing to the other, the skeptical inquiry: "*Who will show us any good?*"

But time would utterly fail me to enumerate, even remotely, all the occasions that summon us to the altars of thanksgiving. In this respect we seem to be the very centre of a vast universe, encircled by the past, present, and future. Everything above us, and within and around us, admonishes us of a debt of gratitude which we all recognize, but which we all feel that not one of us can ever cancel.

As to our national condition, God be thanked, scarcely one of the prognostications of our enemies has been verified. The wish was father to the thought. Our quadrennial national election has come and passed, without bloodshed or revolution. That cardinal feature of our American system—*the right of the majority to rule*—the vital essence of a republic, and the terror of despotism, meets with universal acquiescence. Not much cattle has been nourished by the grass grown on Chestnut street. No very abundant crops of hay have been gathered from Broadway; the clatter of our factories and workshops has not diminished; our looms and spindles are not idle; no ships have rotted on our wharves; but our argosies of commerce, barring occasional slight interruptions from piratical rebel craft, plough every sea and fill every port; our climate is among the most salubrious and diversified in the world; our forests yield timber for the erection of houses and ships, such as almost challenges comparison; our railroads and telegraphs multiply with each advancing year, and establish between the remotest sections relations of friendship and neighborhood. Our mountains still afford an inexhaustible supply of coal, and iron, and recently a new source of wealth has been added to the general stock. I refer to the *oil wells* that have been opened in Western Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. King David represents the Lord as "*dropping fatness* on our paths." If he were alive now, he would, most likely, change the figure, for we, of our day, *pump* "fatness" from the bowels of the earth, and transport it to distant lands, in barrels. Strange if some day we should gather *wine, and milk, and honey* in the same way! These, it is true, are temporal benefits only, not to be compared to spiritual and eternal. They are, nevertheless, of immense value in themselves and in their relations, as ministering, in our reception and enjoyment of them, to our own good, and to the promotion of God's declarative glory. Taken in the aggregate, it is not exaggerated praise to affirm they constitute ours the nation of nations—constitute it what the tribe of Levi was among the Jews, God's chosen priesthood to the world.

Mingled with these numberless blessings, it is true, a great calamity is upon us. The magnitude of this ... betray an unenviable callousness. In view of it, we cannot, as a nation, bow ourselves too deeply, or too humbly, or too penitently, in the dust. But equally at fault would be the opposite extreme, if, because of our chastisements, we overlooked our mercies. As we have sought to show, we have still unnumbered blessings left, which summon us to the most fervent ascriptions of praise. Oh, are we not all conscious that there is one enthroned in the skies, who, hanging creation on his arm, feeds it at his festive board—in whose smile it rejoices, and under whose rebuke it is sure to languish? Are we not all conscious that we depend on him, daily and hourly, for every pulsation of our arteries? All benefits accepted bind the receiver. Jointly do we receive them. It becomes us jointly to acknowledge them.

What can we do less? Very true, to God himself, our thank-utterances are no compensation. The breath of our lungs does not enrich Him. He is happy, self-existent, supreme, eternal. His resources are infinite! His energies are unspent. Out of His inexhaustible fulness to communicate for our enrichment is the vocation of His own eternal life-time.

Nevertheless, if we offer unto God the homage of our *hearts*, neither our littleness nor His greatness to its acceptance will prove any barrier. He has placed us hereto be the priesthood of His sublunary creation. This constitutes it our peculiar province to the gratitude of *all* His creatures to impart firm and intelligent expression. And the nature of this service nothing qualifies so well, nor so influences piety in its performance, as a sense of our own unworthiness. If we cannot this day, therefore, buy costly ointment, and pour it on the head of Jesus, we have it in our power to render a far more valuable service, viz: Lay at His feet the richer offering of broken and contrite hearts.

Have we answered the question: "*Who will show us any good?*" If so, then let us not say again, if we have said so before, that we have nobody to thank, and nothing for which to render thanks. What is thanksgiving? It is the breath of faith. It is the pulse of the regenerated heart. It is the direct and inevitable outgoing and emanation of the quickened spirit. Nobody to thank! Nothing to be thankful for! What would not yon blind man give for the faculty of sight—the ability to see the blue sky and the starry heavens? What would not yon mute give for the faculty of enjoying the delicious melody of music? Alas! there is no benefit so large, that malignity will not lessen—none so narrow, that a good interpretation will not enlarge!

What field so desolate and barren as an unthankful heart? The most distinguished favors to such are as the motion of an arrow through the air, and as the path of a ship ploughing the waves. They leave no trace behind. Flint may be melted; adamant may be broken. We see it daily. But who shall either melt or break an unthankful heart? To this the hot flame and the powerful hammer of God's spirit are alone adequate.

Finally, Men and Brethren, with our thanksgivings to God let us strive to cultivate, habitually, an active charity towards our brethren of all mankind. The sum of the general guilt let us diminish by the diminution of our own. The aggregate virtue and piety let us seek to increase by an increase of our own. There are foes more menacing to our national safety than all the artillery of those in rebellion—they are the triple foes of luxury, venality, and corruption. God is holy. God is just. God is the avenger of guilt. Righteousness exalts a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people. Let us return, then, unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon us, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. Out of the depths let us cry unto Him. Then will we no longer have reason to ask, one of another, "*who will show us any good?*"

CONGREGATIONAL.

REV. D. L. GEAR.

The First Congregational Church, Frankford road and Montgomery avenue, was filled with a large and attentive audience yesterday morning, to listen to an eloquent and impressive discourse by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gear, who took for the basis of his remarks the following text:

"*Offer unto God thanksgiving.*"—Psalm 50—14.

Thanksgiving is an act of grateful love. It is paying homage to the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as the source of all good. David was "offering unto God thanksgiving" when he said, "Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and forget not all His benefits who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Any attempt to number the multitude of our mercies would be like an effort to number the stars in the sky, or gather up the pebbles on the seashore. They are more in number than we can count; and this is the very reason why we should offer unto God thanksgiving for them. We may do this both in a mental and in a public and social way. The latter is the duty to which the Chief Magistrate of the nation calls us to-day.

But what have we especially to thank God for to-day?

First. The age we live in. An ancient philosopher used to bless the gods that he lived not in the more *uncultivated ages*, but in the time, and under the tuition, of Socrates. How much better reason have we to bless God that, in His providence, we are born in this interesting age of the world? I know, indeed, that there are men who see nothing hopeful in this age. They are men of the ancient times. To them the former days were better than these. For ... ages they now look back to as having been so full of hope and promise, it would have been the same. This temper of mind is the sign of weakness, of decay, and of premature old age. No sensible man thinks of claiming perfection for this age. It has great and grievous faults. It is an age of sharp and striking contrasts—of strange and wonderful mixtures. Tears and smiles, tombs and temples, gaols and hospitals, palaces and arsenals, are strangely jumbled together. There is something of pride, ambition, and boasting, and yet there is much of meekness, humility, and sincerity. There are manifestations of discontent, treason, and rebellion, and yet there is a good deal of submission, loyalty, and patriotism. There is a show of skepticism, and yet there is a growing number of real Christians.

It is also an age of startling changes. Everything seems disjointed and falling apart. "Wars, and rumors of wars," gleam up like lightning at every point of the compass. There were never so many hostile influences at work, and never such gigantic issues at stake as now. Every newspaper tells us that our own land is passing through a baptism of fire. And it is much the same on the continent of Europe. The rulers of the world tread lightly, for fear of an explosion. The hearts of the wisest and best of men, of all political creeds, feel solicitude for what is coming on the earth. But under all this the eye of the Christian sees the augury of good. The day of the Lord is not wholly light; neither is it wholly dark. At present it is a mixture of both; but at even-tide it shall be light. There is a bow in the cloud, and "unto the upright there ariseth a light in the darkness." Some really good things may be marred and injured in the fiery ordeal that is upon us, but only that which is temporary and worthless shall be wholly destroyed. When the work of chastisement and purification is completed, out of the evil God will educe good, and from the storms of war shall issue the calm and the sunshine of a sweet and lasting peace. The dust and turmoil of battle is just the tuning of the instruments preparatory to a grand jubilee that is to be. It is just because the Christian's serene eye of faith sees all this that he is calm, quiet, and self-possessed, "offering unto God thanksgiving" for the age he lives in.

Second. We should thank God for the homes that we inhabit. David said, "God setteth the solitary in families." Persecution had driven him from home to the friendly shelter of rocks and caves. Restoration he calls "God setting the solitary in families," and so great a blessing did he feel it to be that he puts it down among the special blessings of the God of salvation. Some idea of home exists among all nations, but its perfection is only realized in those countries where the Bible has unfettered circulation. The homes of heathen tribes are equally the homes of their beasts. The sacred ties and moral duties of home are overborne by selfishness and passion. The national religion of France denies the Bible to the people, and in its language there is no word for home. And the sequel is that Paris is the most profligate, suicidal city in the world. The German word for home signifies only *country*. Their language has no reference to those hallowed associations represented by the English word *home*. The translation of the Bible into English gave the Scriptures a controlling influence over the people that speak that language, and made the Englishman's home what it is, his castle, the crown of his glory, and the shrine of his heart. The Christian family has no treasure like the "old family Bible lying open on the stand." The Reformation of the sixteenth century gave us this sacred treasure in our mother tongue, that we might read in our own language the wonderful works of God. It is our light, our joy, our bulwark of defence. In its centre, between the two covenants, the *family record is kept*, the union of parents, the birth and death of children. "Its presence consecrates your weddings; its pages furnish names for your children; its teachings hallow the green sod where your dead repose." The Bible is essentially a *Home Book*.

The homes of the people are the support and ornament of the nation. It is the nursery where the youth of the land are trained and fitted to act their part on the exchange, in the army, and in the high places of power. The political struggles of the world and the care and energy of business life are but so many efforts to secure to home permanent plenty, safety, peace, and joy. For however untoward the outward affairs of the world may go for a time, if the homes of the people are still kept sacred in their design and influence, the nation will be safe and prosperous in the end. On the other hand, the decay of home will be the grave of the nation. The strong pillars of Government will break and the whole superstructure fall to pieces, as did the republics of South America. During the best days of ancient Rome the sacredness of home was watched over by two of their guardian deities. No battle-cry ever so roused the Roman heart as that which appealed to their "altars and their hearths." There is a tradition that for one hundred and seventy years no separation took place by law between those once united in wedlock. With the loosening of social ties began the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Their mightiest battle-cry lost its power, and the once invincible Roman became weak as Sampson shorn of his locks. And so it will be with ourselves when home-ties and sympathies decay and die out among us. If, therefore, your homes are to-day in safety, peace, and plenty, "offer unto God thanksgiving" for it. As your children gather about the well-spread table, under the old roof-tree, let your grateful song be:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys:
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

Third. We should thank God, to-day, for the *civil and religious liberty* we enjoy. There is, indeed, much of lawlessness, treason, and rebellion in the land. But in spite of it all the Constitution and form of government for which our fathers fought, and bled, and conquered, is not yet wholly subverted and overthrown. A part of the nation, at least, though ungrateful and sinning, has enjoyed, through another year, the blessings of our civil institutions and free policy. There has been, indeed, breaking in to war, and going out to captivity from among us. The hand of them that hate us has been stretched out to cast us down and write our annihilation in the sorrowful chronicles of fallen republics. But God in mercy has thus far counteracted their evil designs; and we stand before the world this day a people not forsaken of the Lord of hosts, though our land is filled with sin against the Holy One of Israel. It was the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Providence of God that made this nation at the first, and it is just these that keep us back from anarchy now.

Piety and patriotism are allied. The humblest Christian is always the truest patriot, and the bravest defender of the freedom of the State. It was the revival of piety that gave such liberty, civilization, and commerce to the Protestant nations in the sixteenth century. It secured the Protestant succession in England, and many of its liberties. It gave a martyr roll to the Scottish Covenanters, and led to the revolution settlement of 1688. It is that which, more than anything else, has maintained the political happiness and national independence of this country for so long a term of years. A full supply of the means of grace, and the ordinances of religion, is the beauty, the safety, and the happiness of the land. It is the glory of America that freedom of conscience, in all matters of religion, is secured to the citizen. He has an open Bible, and a free Church. He can associate with those whom he prefers, and can worship God without molestation or fear. There is no religious or political decree making him a stranger and an alien. If he will, he may be a citizen of the State, and a fellow-citizen of the saints, and of the household of God. He may buy and build, trade and worship, enjoy liberty and pursue happiness, glorify God and do good to man, live usefully and die happily in hope of a joyful resurrection to a state of glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life in the age to come; therefore "offer unto God thanksgiving" this day; "take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord ... most High in the presence of all the people."

REFORMED DUTCH.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMADGE.

The Second Reformed Dutch Church, on Seventh street, above Brown, was well filled yesterday morning, on the occasion of a sermon from the reverend gentleman named. The musical exercises were admirable. The subject of the discourse was Philadelphia. The text was selected from Acts, 21st chapter, 39th verse: "*A Citizen of no mean City.*"

The reverend speaker said: This pride of city, expressed in Paul's exultation, is natural to men in all times, if they live or have lived in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. You would suspect a man of base-heartedness who carried about with him no such feeling of complacency. When I see Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, and Colophon claiming Homer's birth-place, I see that in other ages cities have been jealous of their rights and reputation. Our citizens will never be condemned for lack of interest in the place of their residence. We are often told in other cities that Philadelphians are proverbially proud. They say we never get tired of talking about the Mint, Independence Hall, and Girard College. They think we are the most intensely satisfied people in all the world. And many a brilliant period about Faneuil Hall and Boston Commons, or Central Park and Madison Square, is rounded off with a touching lamentation about the fact that Philadelphians are so awfully proud of their city. They think we are incorrigible, and will never be cured of our mania for marble steps and white shutters. We display more boasting. We would not kindle a spark of wicked pride in any man's heart, but when I remember that many of the world's great cities are to-day crouching under calamities, Charleston quaking under the shriek of the bombshell, and their streets abandoned to the outlaw and the beggar; New Orleans under the grasp of military authority; Richmond, once beautiful with parks and statues, and embowered in luxuriant shrubbery and foliage, now a barrack for a reckless soldiery, her churches groaning with the agonies of wounded men, her statues defaced, her hedges and trees knawed off by the bridled war-horse, our army ready to pounce upon it from the South, and Sheridan on horseback ready to ride in from the North just when he is not wanted. Thriving Atlanta depopulated, and prepared for the torch. The towns and cities on the border swept by fire, and battle, and massacre. Canton and Pekin with streets through which creep want, and disease, and pour down great tides of polution, and effete Constantinople afloat with impurities, and its minarets calling the deluded to their senseless prayers. Paris without Sabbaths, without Christian homes, without God, gay, and brilliant, and thoughtless in the dance of death; and others by the Black sea, and the Caspian, and along the Rhine, and sitting at the foot of Mexican Sierras, with vast populations, but no intelligence, with glitter, and pomp, and magnificence, unable to hide their gigantic deformities. Then I am humbled and rejoiced that we are *the citizens of no mean city*, and I proceed to show the reasons why Philadelphians should, on this autumnal day, be filled with thanksgiving.

First.—Rejoice in the *history* of your city.

A stout Englishman, swept out to sea by a storm of persecution, came ashore among the Indians at "Blue Anchor Tavern," the laughing stock of many who thought his undertaking a fool-hardy adventure. William Penn lays down the beginning of a city by the banks of the Delaware, a city as feeble in its infancy as Moses sleeping in the bulrushes. And there, like Miriam, he stood and watched it. The royalty of American commerce came down to the waters to bathe, and there she found it. She took it in her arms, and the child grew, and waxed strong, and the ships of foreign lands brought their gold and their spices to its feet, and stretching itself up into the proportions of a metropolis it has looked up to the mountains and off upon the sea, one of the mightiest of the forces of American civilization.

The character of the founder of a city will be seen for many years in its inhabitants. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome, the ancient Hollanders still live in Albany. The Pilgrims relax not their hold of the cities of New England. William Penn has left this place an inheritance of integrity, and every day you see in manners and customs his principles, his tastes, his hat, his coat, his wife's bonnet, and his plain "meeting house."

What city has on its historic scroll more illustrious names than Rittenhouse among astronomers, than Fitch and Fulton among inventors, than Decatur among heroes, than Robert Morris among financiers, than Bishop White among ecclesiastical worthies, than Lindley Murray among grammarians, than West among painters, than Rush among physicians, than Girard among philanthropists, than Kane among explorers? Oh! if Lycurgus could boast of his native Sparta, and Demosthenes of Athens, and Cæsar of Rome, and Virgil of Andes, and Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus, then may you in thanksgiving and exultation style yourself "a citizen of no mean city."

Again, I congratulate you on the safe and deliberate conduct of business. During a year when the Florida and the Alabama have been traversing the waters, our commerce has not paused. About forty thousand ships, barks, schooners, brigs, barges, and steamers, have in the past year come to our docks. Floating side by side are the ensigns of all nations, but not one rebel flag with its bars, appropriate emblem of dungeons, and its lights suggestive of those wandering stars for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

Our drays jostle each other on their way to deliver the goods. ... rivers of petroleum. In the pressure to hasten to our city all styles of commodities, the teamsters of the long line of Pennsylvania wagons lose their patience, and the canal locks are choked with boats, and the great railroad thoroughfares have heard the crash of terrific collisions. Within our city limits are about six thousand two hundred manufactories kept drumming, buzzing, clattering, booming, by about seventy-five million dollars of capital.

Some of the oil-wells may run dry. The widow of Sarepta might have a cruise of oil that never failed, but it would spoil most people. But when these things fail, God will start out some other wonder from the soil, or cleave it from the rock, or drop it from the air, or evoke it from the wave. He is saying "Take this California gold, and Nevada silver, and buy implements of war; this petroleum, and oil the wheels of your armories; this Pennsylvania coal, and fill up the furnaces of your blockading squadrons, and carry on the war until the Government that I founded for eternal purposes shall be re-established, and every bondman shall hear his chains fall off as though an angel struck them.

No wonder that traders of all classes have assembled to-day for thanksgiving to Him who grows the harvests, and lifts the clipper out of the trough of the sea, and draws into the lap of American thrift the spices of the tropics, the furs of the Arctic, the diamonds of Brazil, the teas of China, the cloths of France, the carpets of Axminster, and the affluence of a world.

The preacher spoke of our market-houses, distinguished for architectural beauty and abundant supply, holding fruits from the richest orchards, herbs from the best gardens, birds of every wing, sheep from every pasture, venison from every forest, and cattle from a thousand hills. Of institutions of mercy: The Insane Asylum, where they who once cut themselves among the tombs, now sit and clothed in their right mind; the Blind Asylum, where the eyes of those who never saw are touched, and into their vision pours the sunlight of science and religion; of the Magdalen societies, where the lost one comes to bathe the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head; of the medical institutions which have taken hold of the pulse of the world's sickness, assuaged pain, prolonged the life of the race, and into the hovels of wretchedness and lazarettos of pestilence followed the steps of the Great Physician: of the mighty machinery that sends streaming down into our city the clear, bright, sparkling, God-given water, that rushes through our aqueducts, and dashes out of our hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and roars in our steam-engines, and showers upon the conflagration, and sprinkles from the baptismal fount in our churches; and with a silvery cadence, and golden sparkle, and crystaline chime, says to the hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of Him who made it: "I will, be thou clean!"

The preacher went on to emphasize the fact, that this is a loyal and patriotic city.

How many of the wounded have been laid at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple? What hand here has not scraped lint; or carried a jar of delicacies to the suffering; or brushed away the summer insects from the pillow of the dying soldier? What knee hath not knelt beside the orphan and the widow, as they heard the tidings of father or husband picked off by the sharpshooter? Go to-day, and look at the crowded pantries, and smoking tables of our great hospitals, and, as you see the carving knives glitter, and the regiments drawn up to do Thanksgiving-day duty without one deserter from the ranks, tell me if Philadelphia is not a loyal city! How many of our citizens have shouldered arms and gone to the front! They helped Grant take Vicksburg, and Sherman capture Atlanta, and Farragut humble Mobile; and rode with Sheridan in the hurricane that swept the Shenandoah; and helped Hooker, who above the clouds at Lookout Mountain joined the regiment of the stars that in their courses fought against despotism; and they are marching now, with sixty days' rations, to swing the great scythe of battle across the Cotton States, throwing into one swath of ruin Macon, Augusta, Savannah, and Charleston, unless they surrender.

I verily believe we are near the death-throe of this organized and bannered abomination, that has become the laughing stock of the world, an insult to God, and a stench in the nostrils of the universe. Neither the blasphemous appeals of their Presidential proclamations, nor the prayers of the English aristocracy, nor the hopes of the French Emperor, nor the sympathies of all the tyrannies of the earth, will save them. They see the handwriting on the wall, and they stand in the Congressional halls at Richmond as men on the deck of a foundering steamer, without a life-boat large enough to save them; and there is no help on earth, and the heavens are deaf to their cry. God will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh. They sought, on the ruins of free institutions, to establish a slaveocracy. They put their heel on the neck of men for whom Christ died, and said that slavery should spread. Have their prophecies been fulfilled? Jefferson Davis tells us that of the four million slaves the South has lately lost the services of two millions. God has already sounded the trumpet of deliverance above Maryland, and one hundred thousand black people crossed the Red Sea dry shod, while the minions of darkness where whelmed in the rushing waters. And now the Confederate Congress meditates the arming of three hundred thousand black men for the defence of the system that makes them bondmen, and then proposes to give them, at the end of the war, as a reward, their freedom, which they have told us the slaves would not have if they could get it. The South left us in order to get rid of the negro question. Alas! the negro to-day stares upon them from every column of their President's Message, from every speech of their Congressmen, from every column of their newspapers, and the whole South is turned into an Abolition convention, so that we might have a little excuse if we seceded from such radicals. All hail to the rising sun that begins to shine upon the shadowy forehead of the black man! Let them arm their 300,000 slaves. We will send our cohorts of black men to meet them, and when the hosts of bondmen confront the hosts of freemen, and our President's proclamation of emancipation is sent into the opposing lines, and they see the flag that has no slave's tear to dim its stars, and no slave's blood to drip from its stripes, and the trumpets of our musicians shall sound the national air, down will go the muskets of the opposing hosts, and the sons who were fugitives years ago will embrace the fathers just come up from the plantations, and brother will fall upon the neck of brother, and from rank to rank will leap a shout such as the world heard never—"Free at last! Huzza! huzza! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men!"

All hail to the rising day! Mothers, your brave boys will soon be home. Get ready to greet them. Churches of God, your holy men will return. Prepare to ring your bells at their coming. Patriots, the long agony will soon be over, and the old ship will ride into smooth waters, the ensigns of all nations dipping as she passes, and the guns of freedom booming from their batteries. Through the speaking trumpet sing out, "All's well! We have weathered the storm! Down with the anchor!"

BAPTIST.

REV. JOHN ENOCH CHESSHIRE.

Rev. J. E. Chesshire, the pastor of the Falls of Schuylkill (Twenty-first ward) Baptist Church, preached a sermon from the following text, found in Genesis, 50th chapter, 20th verse:

"*But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good.*"

Mr. Chesshire said: We come here to-day to thank God for our homes; for the mercies enjoyed by us as a people during the past year; for bountiful harvests; for repeated successes vouchsafed to us during the progress of the war—every one of this brings its own lessons. They furnish themes for a grateful recognition of the superintending care of Divine Providence. We invite your attention to the import of some general lessons concerning *divine and human purposes*. The prominence given to Joseph's life in the Bible is remarkable. Various reasons can be assigned for this fact, but the essential one is, that in it is to be found a beautiful development of some of the principles of God's moral government operating among men. Here is an intermingling of Divine and human purposes producing a given result. Such is the work of the Almighty in our nation during the progress of this national affliction, which already has cost us invaluable treasures.

I. *God has His purposes.*—All His actions are but the workings out of His purposes. This can be clearly proven from the Bible and God in history. "God never made a plan which in the end will prove an abortion." This is not only a valuable truth, but equally one of comfort and interest. He has His plans. He controls agencies, great and small. Only by His permission can any plan prosper. His purposes are to bless us.

II. *Men have their purposes.*—The life of Joseph illustrates this truth in a remarkable manner. So in reference to our country at the present crisis. The leaders of the South had their purposes when they commenced the work of the rebellion. The Government and the people of the North had their purposes when they were compelled to make war on traitors. Both parties have found that the war has developed principles which neither anticipated when it commenced. We stand to-day before the world with the proof of our nationality, not only on parchment, but in law executed and sustained.

III. *God accomplishes purposes for good, through the successful and unsuccessful efforts of men's purposes for evil.*—Universal history abounds with apt and forcible illustrations. This was illustrated in the history of modern missions, Roger Williams, emancipation in Maryland, and the developments of the war as made known in the South. It was shown that the evil purposes of the *secret* and *open* foes of the Government have been overruled in the manifestation of the purposes of God, for the establishment and extension of the vital interests of present and future welfare of the nation. Two thoughts closed the sermon; one was drawn from the subject, namely: 1. There is no such thing as correct moral principles without corresponding religious principles. The occasion furnished the other: 2. Grateful anticipations for the future. God has directed us in the past; He will not forsake us in the future. These facts forbid us to despair of our country.

REV. JAMES B. SIMMONS.

The Baptist Church at Eighteenth and Spring Garden streets was well filled on the occasion of a sermon from the Rev. James B. Simmons, who selected as his text the 76th Psalm, 10th verse: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee; the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain." The Reverend gentleman commenced his discourse by saying, that it is universally conceded by scholars that the Psalm from which the text was selected was prepared as a thanksgiving ode. It was designed to celebrate some signal deliverance from a great public calamity wrought by the hand of God. The miraculous destruction of the Assyrian army by the angel in the days of Hezekiah is generally selected as the event to which this sacred and jubilant song refers. That portion of the text which says the remainder of the wrath shalt Thou retain, means that whatever little remnant of wrath there may be left after the controversy or war is over the Almighty will curb, restrain, subdue, extinguish. This seems to be one of the fixed laws in the administration of God as governing human affairs. On these points the Reverend speaker dwelt at considerable length, and fully exhausted the subject, now before the world, relative to the crisis of the day, as between the North and the South, contending that as history proves itself, so will that fraternal feeling be again manifested between the people, and a bond of Union much stronger than ever will be made.

In proceeding with the discourse, the Reverend gentleman divided his subject as follows, as the advantages achieved by the hand of God in the present war:

First of all—The pulpit has been disenthralled.

Second. That new and unusual activity and prosperity have characterized the movements of all the loyal churches of our land.

Third. The war under the sovereign guidance of God has resulted in wonderful advantages to the laboring classes.

Fourth. That our Government has been greatly strengthened by the war.

Fifth. The beneficial result of this war has been a great increase in the hearts of the people of a high and generous patriotism, or a sincere love of country.

Sixth. The grandest result of all achieved by the war is to be seen in the widely increasing domain, and in the ultimate dominion of liberty which it promises.

All these points were thoroughly discussed by the Reverend speaker, who closed his discourse in the following words: "Truly this is wonderful. Properly we may exclaim in our astonishment, 'What hath God wrought?' Surely help comes to liberty from the most unlikely sources; it is like oil from a flinty rock, or honey from the lion's carcass. The great opposer of interference now interferes; he who has hated emancipation so long now would emancipate. He who has fought the Abolitionists all his life now stands ready to abolish! *Jefferson Davis is an Abolitionist!* He has been made so by the irresistible logic of events, and the overruling providence of God. As Pharaoh, after the plagues, became the most eager man in all Egypt that the enslaved Israelites should depart with speed the utmost out of his kingdom, so with the modern Pharaoh, Jeff Davis, I have an idea that he wishes from his heart that ... part entirely out of the ... tion which has fallen upon Mr. Davis will be of great service to liberty. He is now our Southern coadjutor, and who doubts that he will be a powerful one? He is Mr. Lincoln's colleague in the work of emancipation, and just as Saul of Tarsus was a great help to the cause of Christianity after his conversion, so will this man Davis be to *our cause*. I welcome Jefferson Davis to the ranks of the champions of freedom, and I predict for him a career of distinguished usefulness."

PRESBYTERIAN.

REV. WOLCOTT CALKINS.

This distinguished divine was ordained on last Sunday evening as the pastor of the Calvary Church, on Locust above Fifteenth street, of the Presbyterian denomination. The occasion of Thanksgiving, yesterday, and an anxious desire to hear the new minister, caused the church building to be filled at an early hour. After the usual devotional exercises, the reverend gentleman said:

The proclamation of our President, which summons us to give thanks to Almighty God to-day, recommends that devout supplications be also offered for the return of peace. The same pious wish is expressed by the Governor of our State; and even our enemies, on an occasion similar to the present, are exhorted by their leaders to pray for peace. The angels are looking down upon the amazing spectacle to-day of a people engaged in deadly war among themselves, yet all praying to the same God for peace!

And we live in a city that was founded on the principles of peace. Standing on ground consecrated to brotherly love, and fenced in on every side by the petitions of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity for the return of the dove that brings the olive-branch, what more acceptable offering of thanksgiving can we bring to this altar to-day, than a calm, hopeful, and prayerful consideration of the conditions on which an honorable peace may be restored to our beloved land?

The lessons in our service this morning declare that God alone can give us peace. Neither the Union nor the Democratic party; neither the loyalists nor the insurgents have power to stay the ravages of the sword. The conflict has long since passed out of the control of any of the parties engaged in it. "I, I alone will give peace to the land," saith the Lord God of Hosts. And the conditions on which He will perform this promise are equally surprising. It is not that we recognize the independence of the rebel Government; not that we recognize the sovereignty of each separate State; not that we conquer the military power in arms against us. We have no assurance on any of these conditions alone of a lasting peace. Nay, we have fearful reasons, from recent plots and disturbances in our Northern States, to fear that we are not secure from fresh civil wars starting up from new centres. "If ye will *walk* in my statutes and keep my commandments, and do them, then I will give peace in the land, neither shall the sword go through your land." Complete subordination to God, as the personal ruler of the nation, and humble obedience to Him, is here the plain, comprehensive condition of a peace which shall be honorable, true, and lasting, because it is the gift of God.

We have just been voting on the plan of an "immediate cessation of hostilities," and of "exhausting the resources of statesmanship in the effort to restore peace," and we have voted about right, thank God. We have been pouring out blood and treasure untold to fight for peace. We have carried the portraits of Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan in proud processions as our commissioners of peace. All this was well. But now shall we not recognize God as the author of peace, and a penitent and loyal walking in his ordinances as the sole conditions of peace? And when we seek for a commissioner of peace, and religiously feel that he is to proceed from us, not to the stronghold of rebel armies, but to the throne of an offended God, who shall he be—oh, who shall be but the Prince of Peace, who ever liveth to make intercessions for us? Nowhere on earth, it seems to me, and at no time in history, was there such a need of turning from bewildered man, and looking to God, and you and I surely would be devoid of piety and conscience and even sensibility, if we did not bring to this discussion a sense of responsibility which would silence all bitterness or prejudice in our hearts, and make us tremble before God here, as we shall soon tremble before his judgment-seat; for these walls are hardly silent yet with the echo of the most solemn vows in which human hearts were ever sealed, when I am summoned to speak and you to hear my first official words as your pastor upon the duties of a ransomed and vested church to the country and guardian of us all.

I purpose, therefore, to pass by all considerations of a political and military nature, and try to seize upon the moral and religious causes, and these are the real causes of our civil war and the delay of peace. The central cause of the rebellion, and of all that has been unblessed in our efforts for peace from the rebellion, has been the gradual dislodgment from the public conscience of the great doctrine that God in Christ is the personal ruler of our nation.

The speculations of modern rationalists, admitted in some unguarded expressions, even in our Declaration of Independence, together with the spirit of liberty run mad, have combined to exalt the people as king, in a sense which altogether obscures the sovereignty of God over us as a nation. The best service we can perform this hour, then, in the course of peace, is to endeavor to restore to the public conscience the ancient doctrine of the saints, and of the Church in all ages, that every nation is a theocracy in reality, though not in form; that national government is an ordinance of God for the redemption of man from sin, and it is directly administered by God himself in the person of Christ His Son.

The Rev. speaker, after a few further preliminary remarks, proceeded to subdivide his discourse as follows:

First. To defend and enforce the Christian doctrine of the State as a Gospel institution.

Second. To define the conditions of peace in the present contest on the exalted principles thus established.

On these two points the Reverend speaker addressed the congregation at considerable length, concluding his remarks as follows:

But there was one sin among the Jews which always caused public uproar, and aimed at the utter overthrow of the ordinances of God. This was the sin of idolatry. Therefore, God commanded that this sin be utterly purged from the nation, even at the appalling cost of civil war and slaughter. Idolatry resisted the ordinance of God, and received to itself damnation. Idolatry took the sword, and it perished by the sword.

This is precisely what American slavery has now attempted. It has risen up in violence and blood against the ordinance of God; it will not do that which is good; it will not be subject to the Power; it has taken precisely the stand which idolatry assumed toward the Jewish theocracy. It will not do the only thing which sin is suffered to do under the ordinance of God, be afraid of the Power and keep within its dark prison land of uncleanness. Therefore it must feel the sword of the avenger. It has taken the sword and must perish by the sword. There can be no peace which takes Maryland out of the list of free States, and blackens her shield again with the sinister bar of oppression. There can be no peace which sends back to bondage again the million of happy beings who have welcomed our armies as deliverers, and swelled its ranks in gratitude with their brave husbands and fathers in crowds of hundred-thousands. There can be no permanent peace till our Constitution has recognized what the Providence of God has recognized as an accomplished fact ... ordinance of God, and it must receive to itself *damnation!* Amen. Let all the people say *Amen!*

THE STATE.

NEW RAILROAD.—The new railroad of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, on the opposite side of the Lehigh, is being energetically pushed. A large gang of workmen are engaged on the section opposite our town. This road, as most of our readers are aware, is to run from Mauch Chunk to Easton, on the east bank of the Lehigh. At Easton it will connect with a new road that is being built by the Morris Canal Company. At Bethlehem the track will run between Fetter's hotel and the stables. It is said the company intend to bridge the Lehigh above the Allentown Furnace with a view to run a branch track on this side of the river down to the East Pennsylvania junction, where it is proposed to bridge the river for both roads.—*Allentown Democrat.*

A BRAVE SET.—Last week a gentleman who has occasion to travel through the county periodically, gathered the particulars of the following story, which is located somewhere in the vicinity of Womelsdorf. Some person in the aforesaid neighborhood (we mention no names), walking out in the dusk of the evening, happening to cast his eyes on a tree, beheld a suspicious-looking object, and went back to his house for a rifle. In his absence, however, the object had increased in size so much that he was afraid to fire. So he went off in search of a neighbor, who, taking down his rifle, went with him to the tree, and found the object still there. A consultation was held, and it was decided that they would call more aid. Two more neighbors, with rifles, were brought as reinforcements; after which another detachment of two with rifles was called in. These held a long consultation as to what was best to be done, when one, bolder than the rest, concluded to shoot, just making a verbal will, commending his family to the care of his neighbors, &c. He then fired into the tree, when down dropped an old she opossum and three of her young, which had concluded to lodge in the tree. The courageous man, who finally gathered courage enough to fire into the tree, "still lives."

PATENTS TO PENNSYLVANIANS.—The following patents were issued to Pennsylvanians for the week ending Nov. 15:

Artificial Arm—Dieterick W. Kolbe, Philadelphia.
Stair-rod—S. C. Lane, Philadelphia.
Fastening Buttons to Fabrics—W. H. Reed, Philadelphia.
Wool-burring Machines—Daniel and George T. Jones, Philadelphia.
Reaping and Mowing Machine—John S. Truxel, Mt. Pleasant.
Furnace and Cupola—Zabina Ellis, of Philadelphia.
Boiler for Heating—Zabina Ellis, of Philadelphia.
Plough—Loure Green, of Great Bend.
Churn Dashes—A. W. Cramer, of Bethany.
Apparatus for Purifying Mineral Oils—Wm. Adamson, of Philadelphia.
Forming Sockets on Terra Cotta Pipes—Louis Scharff, Conshohocken.

MISS MOLINDA COPET, aged seventeen, died at Pittsburg, on Friday, from the effects of chloric ether, which she had inhaled preparatory to a dental operation.

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