Poetry.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Room of Sorrow.

Step softly; for the mother's heart is full of grief;
Her little one is sick—aye, very sick—his large eyes look
Sad, as though he was weary of this dark world,
And long'd to be at rest. Dear babe! thy journey
Hath been brief and toilsome. But thou art going
Where storm and blight no more can come.
Where thy young life shall bloom in never-fading
Loveliness. Yes, fond mother, thy bud of promise
Shall expand when it is transplanted to that
Better soil, into life and everlasting joy.
O, then, arise, shake off thy sadness; give back thy flower
To the good and gentle Gardener, who will
Ever watch and safely keep it; and O may He,
The great, the mighty one, who once became
The lowly Babe of Bethlehem, be thy support
And consolation.

How still the baby lies! Speak low,
You may awake it. No; "he sleeps the sleep
Which knows no waking." What sweet repose rests upon
The features. This pretty
Casket is all that is left us. The jewel it contained is gone.
Gone where? To shine forever and forever
In the Saviour's crown.

Book Notices.

SCIENCE IN THEOLOGY. Sermons Preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University. By *Adam Farrar, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.A.S.* Pp. 250. Philadelphia: *Smith, English & Co.* New-York: *Sheldon & Co.* Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.* Pittsburgh: *William S. Rentoul.* 1860.

The object of the author is to bring some of the discoveries and methods of physical and moral sciences to bear upon theoretic questions of theology. Consistently with this design, he has given nine sermons on the following subjects, viz.: Progressive and Gradual Discovery of the Divine Attributes, Through Scripture and Science; Divine Providence in General Laws; Divine Benevolence in the Economy of Pain; Jewish Interpretation of Prophecy; The Doctrine of the Holy Trinity; The Atonement; Laws in the Life Spiritual; The Gifts of the Holy Ghost; and Providence in Political Revolutions. These discourses are very able, will abundantly repay perusal, and will, at the same time, give valuable hints as to the way in which all knowledge may be made subservient to the pulpit.

Messrs. Smith, English & Company, have brought this volume out in their usual excellent style.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO THE REFORMATION. From the German of *Professor Kurtz.* With Emendations and Additions. By the *Rev. Alfred Eldersheim, Ph. D.*, author of "History of the Jewish Nation." Pp. 526. Price, $1.50. Edinburgh: *T. & T. Clark.* Philadelphia: *Smith, English & Company.* Pittsburgh: *William S. Rentoul.* 1860.

Professor Kurtz is already well-known to American theological readers, from his admirable "History of the Old Covenant," a translation of which has been issued by the eminent Edinburgh house, to which we are indebted for the present volume. In this work on the history of the New Testament Church, the plan of the author is to note the fulfillment of so many Old Testament promises; to trace theological opinions to their source, and to follow them along their course; to study the internal life of the Church; and to make his readers familiar with the outward events that effected the form, progress, and life of the Church.

The view taken is comprehensive, the materials are arranged with great care, the style is compact, and the whole work a complete success.

We are pleased to learn that this is to be followed by another volume that will continue this history down to our own days.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE; Suggested by a Tour Through the Holy Land. By *Horatio B. Hackett, D.D.*, Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institute. New and Revised Edition. Pp. 354. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.* New-York: *Sheldon & Co.* Pittsburgh: *Robert S. Davis*, and *Wm. S. Rentoul.* 1860.

The first edition of this work was cordially welcomed as a valuable help toward the understanding of sacred Scripture. In the present edition, great care has been taken in the revision, and consequently, additional value has been imparted. It is a book full of valuable instruction for every family where the Bible is read, and for every student of the Word of God.

RUTLEDGE. Pp. 504. New York: *Derby & Jackson.* Pittsburgh: *Robert S. Davis.* 1860.

The characters of this story are developed with remarkable skill, and the narratives and descriptions are of a superior order to what is generally met with in works of this class, at the present day. Such freshness and vigor cannot fail to secure permanent popularity.

EL FUREIDIS. By the Author of the "Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." Pp. 379. Price $1.00. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.* New York: *Sheldon & Co.* Pittsburgh: *Robert S. Davis.* 1860.

The previous success of this author is certain to give popularity to anything she may write. Of the "Lamplighter" alone, no less than one hundred thousand copies were sold. On the present volume great pains have been bestowed, and the story, it is believed, will be found in no respect inferior to its predecessors. The scenery, imagery, and characters, are mainly oriental.

MARY BUNYAN, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter. A Tale of Religious Persecution. Pp. 488. By *Sallie Rochester Ford*, Author of "Grace Truman." New York: *Sheldon & Co.* Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.* Pittsburgh: *Robert S. Davis.* 1860.

Everything connected with the history of the immortal Bunyan, is full of interest to vast multitudes. He had a blind daughter, around whom his affections fondly clustered; and she was worthy the love of such a father. This daughter is the heroine of this volume, that details so graphically the character of Bunyan, the persecutions to which he was subjected, the good he effected, and the spirit of the times in which he lived.

ST. PAUL'S TO ST. SOPHIA; or, Sketchings in Europe. By *Richard C. M'Cormick*, Author of "The Camp Before Sevastopol," "The Italian War of 1859," &c. Pp. 364. New York: *Sheldon & Co.* Boston: *Gould & Lincoln.* Pittsburgh: *Robert S. Davis.* 1860.

This is a series of sketchings of remarkable places encountered between the leaden dome of St. Paul's, London, and the golden minarets of St. Sophia, Constantinople. They are distinguished by familiarity of style, and much minuteness of detail; so that they are at once entertaining and instructive. But few books of travel, descriptive of the route pursued by our author, will so well repay perusal as this volume, which must be a favorite with those who would become acquainted with the subjects of which it treats, but who are denied the privilege of a personal visit.

FORTY YEARS' FAMILIAR LETTERS OF JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D. Constituting, with the Notes, a Memoir of his Life. Edited by the Surviving Correspondent, *John Hall, D.D.* In two volumes. Pp. ——. Price $1.50 per volume. New York: *Charles Scribner.* Pittsburgh: *Robert S. Davis* and *Wm. S. Rentoul.* 1860.

We are not certain that a biography of Dr. J. W. Alexander, prepared in the usual manner, will not be called for. But for our own part, we consider his Memoir, as contained in these two volumes, derived from letters written without the least thought of publication, during a period of forty years, superior to any biography of their author that can be written by the hand of man. Here we see him as the stripling of fifteen, as the student in College, the tutor, the theological student, the pastor of a church in the mountains of Virginia, pastor of a church in Trenton, Professor in the College of New Jersey, pastor in New York, Professor in the Theological Seminary, and again pastor in New York. We see him as the devoted friend, the loving husband and father, the man of letters, the theologian, the faithful pastor, and the humble, praying, striving Christian. Such a work is a precious gift to the Church, that will interest and instruct every intelligent reader and every pious heart.

DICKENS' SHORT STORIES. Containing thirty-one Stories never before Published in this Country. By *Charles Dickens.* Pp. 298. 12mo. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Bros.* Pittsburgh: *W. A. Gildenfenney.*

These stories had never previously been published in this country. They are in Dickens' style of ease and naturalness. They are attractive. When you begin one, you wish to finish it; and, before you lay down the book, you desire to know what the next is about; and thus you are led onward.

For the Fireside.

Young Ladies and House-work.

A gentleman, remarkable for his strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this it must be owned that his strong good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved But as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgments of comfort on this account, and he therefore made no objection to it. One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Nancy went off at ten oclock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chambermaid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon." "Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband, very coolly. "Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction." "Why so?" asked the husband, in surprise; "you certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner." "I certainly do, then," replied his wife; how should I know anything about cooking?" The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife. "You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed. "And so I am," he answered; "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

The Red Binding.

When I was a little girl, I attended Sabbath School in which it was the custom to reward good lessons by a little blue ticket bearing a verse of Scripture. Five blue tickets entitled the scholar to a red one, and a certain number of red ones might be exchanged for a book. Once when the time for giving out the rewards had arrived, my teacher brought to our class a pile of new volumes, bidding us to choose for ourselves. My fancy, as I remember, was attracted by a gaily bound book, with gilt edges, and profusely illustrated. I resolved to take that book, and looked most disdainfully on a plainer one, habited in sober black, which was pressed upon my notice.

Reaching my home, I sat down in a favorite corner, to make the acquaintance of my prize. Little friend, imagine my chagrin when I discovered that my treasure was suited only to the most infantile comprehension, and had no charms for me! I had been cheated by a fanciful binding, and for days and weeks the sight of the little book was a mortifying souvenir of my weakness.

Older children than I have been imposed upon by bright outsides. Many a rosy apple is rotten at the core. Many a bright, cherry hides a little worm. The tiger is a very beautiful animal, with a glossy fur, most elegantly striped and mottled; but he is cruel and blood-thirsty, and often springs from the deep jungles upon an innocent victim. The most poisonous plants have deep-green leaves and waxen berries. So some of the worst men and women who have ever lived, have been famed for their beauty and grace. Cleopatra, who in ancient times was famed for her attractive appearance, perpetrated the most shocking crimes, and finally killed herself.

Little Majee.

There was once a little Hindu girl named Majee; she went to a missionary's school, but she would not eat with her school fellows because she belonged to a higher caste than they did. As she lived at the school, her mother brought her food every day, and Majee sat under a tree to eat it. At the end of two years she told her mother she wished to turn from idols and serve the living God; her mother was much troubled at hearing this, and begged her child not to bring disgrace on the family by becoming a Christian. But Majee was anxious to save her soul. She cared no longer for her caste, for she knew that all she had been taught about it was deceit and folly. Therefore, one day she sat down and ate with her school-fellows. When her mother heard of Majee's conduct, she ran to the school in a rage, and seizing her little daughter by the hair of her head, began to beat her severely. Then she hastened to the priests to ask them whether the child had lost her caste forever; the priest replied, "Has the child got her new teeth?" "No," said the mother. "Then we can cleanse her, and when her new teeth come she will be as pure as ever; but you must pay a great deal of money for the cleansing." Were they not *cunning* priests? and *covetous* priests, *too?* The money was paid, and Majee was brought home against her will; dreadful sufferings awaited the poor child; the cleansing was a cruel business; the priest burnt the child's tongue; this was one of their cruelties. When little Majee was suffered to go back to the school, she was so ill she could not rise from her bed. The poor deceived mother came to see her; "I am going to Jesus," said the young martyr. The mother began to weep—"Oh, Majee, we will not let you die." "But, I am glad," the little suffer replied, "because I shall go to Jesus; if you, mother, would love him, and give up your idols, we should meet again in heaven." An hour afterwards Majee went to heaven, but whether her mother gave up her idols is not known. —*Children's Magazine.*

A Child's Prayer.

A gentleman who had a large property, was led into evil courses. He drank hard and gambled much. Soon his property began to waste away; and at last it was all gone.

One night he came to his unfurnished home. He entered his empty hall, sick at heart; and passing on to his wife's chamber, there saw her sitting sobbing and broken-hearted, and his little child by her side. Sullen and wretched, he seated himself, without saying a word.

Presently the mother said, "Come my child, it is time for you to go to bed." And the little one, as was her usual way, came up to her mother's side, and knelt down on her knees to say her evening prayers.

When she had finished, she looked up to her weeping mother, and said, "Dear ma, may I say one more prayer?" "Oh, yes my sweet pet," said the mother.

So she put her tiny hands once more together, and prayed, "O God, spare; oh do spare my dear father?"

That little prayer, so simple and earnest, was wafted to heaven, and heard there. It went also to the father's heart. He melted, and wept. He rushed to his wife and child, fell on his knees, and confessed his bad life, and resolved in God's strength to become a better man. God helped him; he left off his bad ways; and once more he had a home, wife and child, all happy.

Children see what a little child's prayer can do! Do you pray continually and earnestly for your parents, and your brothers and sisters?

The Mother Moulds the Man.

That it is the mother who moulds the man, is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer.

"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs, respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among many other things, he informed me that at their start they made a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest both in wife and children. 'And now,' said he 'if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers they educate their sons.'" This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home-work of education.

Morning Thoughts for a Little Child.

Night is over; light is streaming;
Through my window pane 'tis come,
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear, happy home.
God has watched me through the night;
God it is who sends us light.

Night is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love;
Raise my morning thoughts above.

Night is over; Heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.

Lady Morgan and Young Ladies.

In a *tete-a-tete* conversation on the subject of some young ladies who had been suddenly bereft of fortune, Lady Morgan said with an emphatic wave of her dear old green fan: "They do everything that is fashionable imperfectly; their singing, and drawing, and dancing amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and had there been time they might have gone off with—and hereafter from—husbands. They cannot earn their own salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves: I desire to give every girl, no matter what her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word please you better; cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing to perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, house-keeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel 'this will carry her through life without dependence.' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Dr. Mason to His Son.

To his little son, afterwards Rev. Dr. Erskine Mason, when he was studying in Schenectady, the celebrated Dr. John H. Mason thus wrote:

"There is a little hint my dear boy, in the close of your letter to your mother, which very sensibly touched my heart, and awakened all my solicitude for you. You speak of a revival of religion among the children, and of your endeavoring yourself to seek the Lord. Oh, should it be so indeed, that my beloved boy is in earnest about his immortal soul? Should he have gone from home to find Jesus and life eternal! How blessed would this be! How should my thankful heart pour forth praise to God for my mercies! my youngest son, in the days of his early youth, safe for eternity; what happiness like this? Yes, seek the Lord, my child, and he will be found of you. You have much to be forgiven, although you are so young. Spread it out before God; confess it without extenuation, and beg of God the free pardon of it for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Take care that you be not satisfied with conviction of sin. Conviction is not conversion. 'You must be born again.'"

Teach the Women to Save.

There's the secret! A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings-bank yet established—one that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if "the women" would imbibe it at once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus, when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house, has a large field to save in. The best way to make her comprehend it, is, for her to keep an account of current expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Where from one thousand to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something, if the attempt is only made. Let the house wife take the idea, act upon it, and strive over it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds, where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon "the woman," as well as the man; but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most, and regard themselves as examples in most matters. "Teach the women to save," is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Pride Reproved.

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent.

"But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as prettily as ever I do, and she has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish anti-American, "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father; I play with her. She ain't a shoemaker."

If Charity does n't keep her eyes open as well as her hands, she is quite as likely to do harm as good.

Miscellaneous.

Recipes.

Election Cake.—Four lbs. flour, two lbs. of butter and two of sugar. Stir the butter and sugar together thoroughly; then mix half of it with the flour, together with a tablespoonful of good home-made yeast, and one quart of warm milk. Beat it and pat it with both hands, until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Then let it stand in a warm place until it is light, say five or six hours. Then add the remainder of the butter and sugar, two lbs. of raisins, and a small quantity of pulverized mcae. This may stand over night, and be put in pans for baking early in the morning. It should rise in the pans, and then bake an hour in a slow oven. This cake requires no eggs, and is used by economical housekeepers in Winter, when eggs are dear. The loaves nicely frosted, will be preserved moist for a long time.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Water-proof Cloth.—To every quart of raw linseed oil, add half a pint of copal varnish and two ounces of sugar of lead. Mix well together and apply with a brush. This mixture applied to thin sheeting, answers a good purpose in place of glass, for hot beds, letting in plenty of light, excluding cold and wet equally as well, and protecting the young plants from the hot breach of the old shiner which proves oftentimes fatal to them.—*Genessee Farmer.*

Potatoes and Plaster.—When seed potatoes are cut, it is well to roll them in plaster. We know farmers who think this one of the best means of preventing the rot. If smeared with tar-water, and then dried with plaster—as seed corn is usually treated—so much the better.

To Keep off Insects from Vines.—It is observed that an English journal puts forth the statement that the common elder bush scattered among cucumber and melon vines, will keep off the bugs which infest them. We should like to know if any of our readers ever tried it.

To Clean Paint.—Smear a piece of flannel in common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way, be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

Cleaning Kettles.—A bit of pearlash, as large as a walnut, dissolved in hot water, will remove grease from iron cooking vessels, and also take out the taste left by onions, or other highly-flavored food.

Recipe for Neuralgic Affections.—Equal parts of sweet oil, spirits of hartshorn, turpentine, and camphor. It can be made an anodyne by adding a little laudanum.

To Entirely Clear out the Red Ant.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp, rub fine salt on them, quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

To Prevent Moths in Carpets.—Rub or strew around the edge of carpets, and on them, salt and pepper, and moths will not eat them.

To Prevent Bed Bugs.—After cleaning the dust off, wash with strong salt water anything they get on or into. (?)

Havana Hotels.

In no part of the world does one get so little comfort for so much money as on the Island of Cuba. To wit: an early cup of black coffee, oftenest very bad; bread not to be had without an extra sputtering of Spanish, and darkening of the countenance—to wit, a breakfast between nine and ten, invariably consisting of fish, rice, beefsteak, fried plantains, salt cod with tomatoes, stewed tripe and onions, indifferent claret, and an after cup of coffee or green tea—to wit a dinner at three or four, of which the inventory varieth not—to wit, a plate of soup, roast beef, tough turkeys and chickens, tolerable ham, nameless stews, cayota, plantains, salad, sweet potatoes; and for dessert, a spoonful each of West India preserve—invariably the kind you do not like—oranges, bananas and another cup of coffee—to wit, tea of the sort already described—to wit, attendance and non-attendance of negro and half-bred waiters, who mostly speak no English, and neither know nor care what you want—to wit, a room whose windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, inclose no glass, and are defended from the public by iron rails, and from the outer air, at desire, by clumsy wooden shutters, which are closed only when it rains—to wit, a bed with musquito netting—to wit, a towel and a pint of water, for all ablution. This is the sum of your comforts as to quantity; but as to quality, experience alone can enlighten you.

And for this you have to pay $3 or $3,50 per diem, and which is the simplest hotel charge in Havana, and which should, in any civilized part of the world, give you a creditable apartment, clean linen, and all reasonable diet.—*A Trip to Cuba.*

Pretty Hard Ice.

Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence, as far as he is seen. Not long since he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fireplace, it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody. A decanter, a tumbler, and a pitcher were cozily reposing there as if they had stood there from the beginning. The Deacon was summoned, and as he beheld the blushing bottles he exclaimed:

"Wall, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must have been old Bains left them when he went out of this house thirty years ago."

"Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter, "but Deacon, the ice in the pitcher must have friz mighty hard to stay all this time."—*Indiana American.*

Sensationalism.

The age demands a new word to describe one of its leading characteristics. That word cannot be invented by philological ingenuity. It must be accepted as it flows out of the life of American society. The form it has taken is none other than *sensationalism. It* is the polite term employed to denote the art above all other arts, of *humbugging* the ignorant, the credulous, and the excitable. The material from which it shapes its fabrics, is falsehood; its drapery is a verbose species of lying; and the object of its exhibition is the end and being of a selfish mammonism—to wit, to make money out of dupes, *supes*, and innocents of every kind. This art is limited to no one particular sphere. It is imaginative, literary, financial, church-ial, brokerish, jobberish, and ministerial-ish. So we have sensation novels, papers, Wall street bulls, churches, and preachers, all belonging to the same fraternity, and all trading in the gullibility of the people—that is of ignorant, credulous, half-poised people, who think they must believe everything they see in print, and patronize everything that craftiness is able to puff. Sober, experienced, and sensible folks do indeed know that where there is much wind, and blowing and puffing, and noisy self-laudation, there cannot be much solid worth or enduring substance. But unhappily, the majority are neither sober nor sensible; and fools being plenty, the art of sensationalism thrives.

We are sure, however, that in the end windiness becomes exhausted, and the collapse of emptiness is inevitable. The art of sensationalism can never replace the trusty facts of solid experiment, and supporting truth. And so churches which puff themselves most, and ministers who suffer their sublime qualities to be ventilated much in swollen paragraphs of startling fustian, and papers that exhibit their windy propensities in prolonged boastings, are sure to be shunned and despised by those who have ability to reflect, or character to preserve, or public good to effect and conserve.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Three Poets in a Puzzle.

I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy,) since the collar was put on, for he said it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar! Just at this moment a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you do n't go about the work in the right way. You should do this," when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were hights of knowledge in the world, to which we had not yet attained.—*Cottle's Life of Coleridge.*

The Drunkard's Rock.

If you examine your chart, you will find put down not far from the latitude in which you now are, a most dangerous rock, called the Rock of Intemperance, or Drunkard's Rock. This rock, on which there is a high beacon, is almost white with the bones of poor sailors who have been cast away upon it. You must be careful to give this rock a good berth, for there is a very strong current setting toward it. If you once get into that current, you will find it very difficult getting out again; and will be almost sure to strike and go to pieces. You will often find a company of wreckers round this rock, who will try to persuade you that it is not dangerous, and that there is no current. But take care how you believe them. Their only object is plunder.

Not far from this terrible rock, you will find marked, a whirlpool almost equally dangerous, called the Whirlpool of Bad Company. Indeed, this whirlpool often throws vessels upon Drunkard's Rock, as it hurries them round. It lies just outside the Gulf of Perdition; and everything which it swallows up, is thrown into that gulf. It is surrounded by several little eddies, which often draw mariners into it before they know where they are. Keep a good look out, then, for these eddies, and steer wide of this whirlpool; for it has swallowed up more sailors than ever the sea did. In fact, it is a complete Hellgate.—*Dr. Payson's Address to Seamen.*

There are charitable Christians, who are so drily—barren fig-trees, with leaves only. There are also some whose souls are narrow, who will give once or twice and no more. Let us resemble the olive—let us bring forth abundant fruits, the fruits of peace and mercy.—*Chrysostom.*

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During the last fourteen years, some four hundred patents have been granted on inventions designed to lighten the drudgery of family sewing, and at the same time to produce a machine that could be profitably used for manufacturing purposes; but, strange to say, out of this large number of Sewing Machines, only some half dozen have been proven to be of practical value; and of this small number, not one has in it combined the advantages of a family and manufacturing machine. There are large, heavy, noisy, cumbrous, and complicated machines, designed for heavy work, that answer the purpose very well; while there are others of light mechanism and delicate adjustments, which perform on light work to advantage; and while the former are exclusively confined to heavy work, the latter are of little value, except on light fabrics. Therefore I take great pleasure in stating the important fact that Mr. Howe, the original inventor of Sewing Machines, has recently perfected his Shuttle Machine so as to combine, in a much smaller space and with far less machinery, the strength and durability of the manufacturing machines, and at the same time possessing that delicacy of movement and ease of operation peculiar to the family machine, and which renders this the only machine in market capable of working *equally well the lightest and heaviest fabrics*, and is therefore designed for
ALL KINDS OF WORK!
For Shirt-makers, Vest-makers, Tailors, Shoe-binders, Gaiter-fitters, Harness-makers, Carriage-trimmers, as well as for all varieties of FAMILY SEWING,
THE HOWE MACHINE
Is the only one that can give *satisfaction; and they will be sold for one-half the money charged for any other machine* capable of doing as heavy work in as good a manner. These machines cannot be got out of order by any fair means, and they will be fully warranted for one or more years. They will stitch, hem, tuck, cord, bind, gather, and fell, *without basting*—making the lock-stitch seam (alike on both sides) of great beauty, strength, and elasticity, and which cannot be ripped or raveled.
The public are cordially invited to call at my rooms, NO. 26 FIFTH STREET, up stairs, and thoroughly test these machines on all kinds of work; don't be satisfied by merely seeing a Machine sew on a rag, but bring along your lightest and heaviest work, and put the Machine to the most rigid tests.
Active and responsible Agents are wanted for the sale of these Machines, upon liberal terms. Please send for samples of work and particulars of agency. Address
W. B. LASSCELL, Agent, ap21-3m Pittsburgh, Pa.

CARBON OIL, For Brilliancy and Economy, SURPASSES ALL OTHER ILLUMINATING OILS now in market. It will burn in all styles of coal oil lamps, is perfectly safe, and free from all offensive odor. Manufactured and for sale by
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WM. E. SCHMERTZ & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 31 Fifth Street, Bank Block, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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BOOTS AND SHOES,
obtained at first hands strictly from manufacturers, having been selected with the greatest possible care, has never been surpassed, and is particularly adapted to the wants of WESTERN PURCHASERS.
Our Goods we have had manufactured with especial reference to the wants of those engaged in *Retailing*, and are warranted to give satisfaction.
Purchasers visiting this market are respectfully requested to call and examine our stock, as we are prepared to accommodate them with prime goods, and of just such
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All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction warranted. WM. E. SCHMERTZ & CO., ap7-3m No. 31 Fifth Street.

CATARACT WASHING MACHINE
CLOTHING, TIME, AND LABOR SAVED!
INDISPENSABLE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
The most simple, economical, and durable article ever offered to the public to alleviate the discomforts of wash-day.
DESCRIPTION.
It consists of a metal cylinder, with ribs on the inside, and an interior cylinder of wood, with ribs. There is a space of from six to eight inches between the two cylinders. One crank turns both cylinders at the same time in opposite directions, rapidly creating a suds, forcing the water through the clothes, and effectually removing the dirt. The action of the water does the work quickly, dispenses entirely with rubbing, and thus saves the wear of clothes.
JAMES B. RODGERS, 104 Jones' Alley, Phila., is Agent for Pennsylvania.
SULLIVAN & HYATT, Proprietors, 54 Beekman Street, New York.
N. B.—State and County Rights for sale, and purchasers supplied with Machines at wholesale on liberal terms.
A Machine is in operation by a laundress daily, at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway. mar17-3m

WE INVITE THE ATTENTION OF the public to the PHILADELPHIA Housekeeping Dry Goods Store,
where may be found a large assortment of all kinds of Dry Goods, required in furnishing a house, thus saving the trouble usually experienced in hunting such articles, in various places. In consequence of our giving our attention to this kind of stock, to the exclusion of dress and fancy goods, we can guarantee our prices and styles to be the most favorable in the market.
IN LINEN GOODS,
we are able to give perfect satisfaction, being the *Oldest Established Linen Store* in the city, and having been for more than twenty years regular importers from some of the best manufacturers in Ireland. We offer, also, a large stock of
FLANNELS AND MUSLINS,
of the best qualities to be obtained, and at the very lowest prices. Also, Blankets, Quilts, Sheetings, Tickings, Damask Table Cloths, and Napkins, Towellings, Diapers, Huckabacks, Table and Piano Covers, Damasks and Moreens, Lace and Muslin Curtains, Dimities, Furniture Chintzes, Window Shadings, &c., &c. JOHN V. COWELL & SON, S. W. corner of Chestnut and Seventh Sts. ap30-tf Philadelphia.

SPRING STYLES FOR Gentlemen's Garments,
In great variety; embracing in part, a large and well selected stock of Fancy French and English
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Together with as fine an assortment of Black and Colored CLOTHS AND VESTINGS, as the manufactories of Europe can produce, which are adapted to the wants of gentlemen of taste, who appreciate style and quality in clothing.
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RULES:
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HON. HENRY L. BENNER, President.
Robert Selfridge, Vice President.
William J. Reed, Secretary.
OFFICE: Walnut Street, South-West Corner of Third Street, Philadelphia. jan23-1y

NEBRASKA LANDS.
The undersigned will attend to the locating of Land Warrants in the Omaha and Nebraska City land districts, N. T. The land sales will take place in the months of July and August. After the sales, Land Warrants can be used: The lands of this Territory are of the finest quality. Good selections can be made near the Missouri River, and near settlements. All warrants entrusted to my care will be located on lands selected by careful land examiners.
Letters of inquiry requested. Terms reasonable.
ALEX. F. M'KINNEY, Oriapolis, Cass County, N. T.
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NEW TEA WAREHOUSE.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
J. P. WILLIAMS, 114 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh,
(nearly opposite the Custom House,) has just opened a very choice selection of
GREEN AND BLACK TEAS,
of the latest importations. Also,
RIO, LAGUAYRA, AND OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA COFFEES;
New Orleans, Cuba, Coffee, Crushed, and Pulverized Sugars; Rice, Rice Flour, Pearl and Corn Starch, Farina, Yeast Powders, Maccaroni, Vermicelli, Cocoa, Broma, Extra No. 1, and Spiced Chocolate; Pure Ground Spices; Castile, Almond, Toilet, Palm, German, and Rosin Soaps; Sup. Carbonate of Soda; Cream Tartar; Extra Fine Table Salt; Pure Extracts Lemon and Vanilla; Star, Mould, and Dipped Candles; Sugar-Cured Hams; Dried Beef; Water, Butter, Sugar, and Soda Crackers; Foreign Fruits, &c., &c.
This stock has been purchased for CASH, and will be offered to the Trade, and also to Families, at very moderate advances, from whom we respectfully solicit a share of patronage. jan14-tf

CARPETING.
W. D. & H. M'CALLUM, 87 Fourth Street,
Have received their SPRING STOCK of
CARPETS, OILCLOTHS,
Shades, Matting, Rugs,
MATS, STAIR RODS, &C.
Their assortment is unsurpassed, and will be sold at very lowest rates, for Cash. ap21-2m

ROOFING.
WILLIAM JOHNSON, (Late Bates & Johnson,)
Sole Manufacturer and Dealer in the following three distinct kinds of Roofing:
1st. Gum Elastic Cement, Felt and Canvas Roofing.
2d. Improved Felt, Cement and Gravel Roofing.
3d. Patent English Asphaltic Felt Roofing.
All Fire and Water Proof, and Warranted.
Roofing Material for sale, with printed instructions for using.
Office at Bates & Johnson's old stand, 75 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
N. B.—This GUM CEMENT is unequaled as a paint for Metal Roofs, lasting twice as long, and cheaper than common paint; also as a paint to prevent dampness in Brick Walls. dec2-1y WM. JOHNSON.

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OFFICE HOURS:
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