

Selected Poetry.

Fair'd not Match'd.

Of wedded bliss
Bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it;
For I am small,
My wife is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

When we debate
It is my fate
To always have the wrong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

And when I speak,
My voice is weak,
But her's—she makes a gong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

She has, in brief,
Command-in-Chief,
And I'm but Aide-de-camp of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

She gives to me
The weakest tea,
And takes the whole Shou-chong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

She'll sometimes grip
My buggy whip,
And make me feel the thong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the long and short of it!

Against my life,
She'll take a knife
Or fork, and dart the prong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

I sometimes think
I'll take a drink,
And hector when I'm strong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

O, if the bell,
Would ring her knell,
I'd make a gay ding-dong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

Too Many Lovers will Puzzle a Maid.

Young Susan had lovers so many, that she
Hardly knew on which to decide;
They all spoke sincerely, and promised to be
All worthy of such a sweet bride.

In the morning she'd gossip with William,
And then
The noon would be spent with young
Harry,
The evening with Tom; so among all the
men,
She never could tell which to marry.

Heigh ho! I'm afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now William grew jealous and went away;
Harry got tired of wooing;
And Tom having teased her to fix on the day,
Received but a frown for so doing;
So among all her lovers, quite left in the
lurch,
She pined every night on her pillow,
And meeting one day a pair going to church,
Turned away, and did under a willow,
Heigh ho! I'm afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

FOR THE LEDGER. Reply to Kate.

You are very much mistaken dear Kate,
In your somewhat vague allusion,
That I should (sweetest dandelion) of late,
Arrive at such base conclusion.

And besides, you observe the thought is rash;
To ponder well my decision;
The future could no brighter flash,
Than with our nuptial collision.

My heart is warm as the noon-day sun,
And yields to mild impression;
She who is neither bought nor sold has won,
From me this earnest confession.

With you I'll welcome the proffered pleasure,
I'll dream not of the cares of life,
But with emotion grasp the priceless treasure,
In you the person of my wife.

A deplorable case mine you suppose,
And so must I dearest Kate;
Nor ne'er shall I bask in such dread repose,
Knowing that you and I may mate.

So we'll be happy in our modest rank,
And joyfully rest contented;
But I'd much rather 'twould be briefly blank,
Than with the children be tormented.

JASEN WANNA.

When a man looks a little pail, thoughts
Of kicking the bucket naturally suggest
themselves.

If a shilling's worth of beef come to nine
pence, what will a peck of apples come to?
Answer: Eight pie pans and a stewing
kettle.

When you see a man on the downward,
give him a kick. It shows that you are
disposed to assist a neighbor in distress.

NOT NATURALIZED.—An Irishman be-
ing in church where the collection ap-
pears resembled election boxes, on its be-
ing handed to him, whispered in the Car-
rier's ear that he was not naturalized and
could not vote.

Sunday Reading.

From the Banner of the Cross. Hours for Heaven.

While waiting the arrival of a friend, I
was sitting in a rocking chair, indulging
in a reverie; when my attention was at-
tracted to a little volume, on a marble
slab, entitled "Hours for Heaven," which
had been presented to me by my kind and
faithful pastor, exactly ten years before;
when he thought my hours were num-
bered, and death was standing at the door,
ready to convey me to "that bourne from
which no traveller returns." How deeply
I then regretted that all my past hours
had not been spent in a preparation for
heaven! Every earthly object had then
lost its attraction; and I resolved, if my
life were preserved, to redeem my mis-
spent time. I determined to renew my
baptismal and confirmation vows, and to
be "Christ's faithful soldier and servant
until my life's end." When I opened this
little book, all these thoughts and resolu-
tions recurred to me, and I was startled
by the voice of conscience, saying, "since
that time, your existence has been pro-
longed 87,000 hours! How many of
them have been spent in prayer and
praise? How many in reading and med-
itating upon God's Word? How many
of the hours in which you were apparently
engaged in worshipping God, in his holy
temple, were really hours for heaven?—
Did humility, faith, and repentance give
fervour to your supplications? Did the
most adoring contemplation of the Divine
perfections, and the most lowly reverence,
characterize your devotions, when in the
more immediate presence of the High
and Lofty One before whom angels and
archangels veil their faces? Did you listen
to your duty with an honest heart in
order to practice it? Have you carried
your religion into all the business of life?
Has every transaction been characterized
by strict integrity instead of worldly policy?
Has your heart, like that of the seraphim,
burned with love to God and man; and
has the law of loving kindness ruled in
your heart, evincing its vitality in kind
and gentle words, and disinterested acts
of benevolence? Have you walked in your
own house with a perfect heart? Has
your conversation, in your social intercourse
manifested the spirit of the angelic song
you have united in singing, in the Sanctu-
ary, "peace, good will towards men?"
Has your tongue never been sullied with
the venom of slander or vituperation, pro-
ceeding from the latent and unsuspecting
envy and malignity of your temper, pro-
ducing harsh and uncharitable judgments?
How often have you set at defiance the
prohibition, "judge not, that you be not
judged? Were those hours for heaven
which you wasted in the indulgence of
discontented, gloomy, and murmuring
thoughts, and melancholy anticipations
and mistrust of Providence; instead of
praising your Heavenly Father for all the
mercies bestowed upon his ungrateful child,
and "trusting his love for all to come?"
Were those hours for heaven which you
wasted in observing the errors and faults
of others, and investigating their motives
of action, which would have been so much
more profitably employed in self-examina-
tion, and analyzing your own actuating
principles? How have even your good
works been debased by your pharisaic self-
exaltation, and your depreciation of others
who were incomparably superior to your-
self, in all the passive christian virtues and
graces! Were those hours for heaven
which you spent in brooding over the un-
kindness, neglect, and slights of others,
(which were often imaginary, and fre-
quently unintentional;) in embittering the
feelings and prejudicing the minds of
others against those you supposed inimical
to you, and in cultivating reciprocal ani-
osity? How much more pleasantly you
would have passed your time in recount-
ing the various little tokens of affection
and respect you were constantly receiving;
and how much more profitably, in using
every means of conciliation, and praying
God to change their hearts, and to give
them a right judgment!

How many hours have you lost in list-
lessness and inaction; how innumerable
have been your sins of omission, for which
there is no excuse, as you were taught from
your earliest childhood, by precept and
example, "he that knoweth to do good,
and doeth it not, to him it is sin?"

How many more hours have you spent
in sensual indulgences, than in cultivating
the spiritual affections!

Is this the way you have adhered to
your resolution of devoting every faculty
to the service of your Creator; of keeping
all His commandments, of admiring the
doctrine of God your Saviour in all things;
of letting your light shine before men; of
being a witness for the truth of the gospel;
of being a lively member of Christ's church,
doing all those good works he appointed
for you to walk in, with zeal and fidelity,
with cheerfulness and gratitude; going on
your way rejoicing in the means of grace
and the hope of glory!

I was overwhelmed with the multipli-
city and accuracy of these accusations,
and felt the most poignant sorrow when I
reflected how many of the 87,000 hours
had been "time lost for eternity!" The
entrance of my friend relieved me from

the most probing and painful process of
self-examination, and mental confession, I
had ever undergone; and I hope the little
book may yet answer the purpose intended
by the benevolent donor; and when days
and hours, and time shall be no longer,
and every one must give an account of
himself to God, and every one shall be
judged for the deeds done in the body, and
the books are opened, may this kind little
act be found recorded in the book of re-
membrances!

DO YOU PRAY?

IT IS MORNING. A dark and stormy
night has past. The winds have howled
about your dwelling as though they would
tear it down. Many of your fellow beings
have been in great peril; and some are no
more in this world. What was a quiet
night of sleep to you, was to them the
sleep of death. You were resting on your
bed, on the great ocean they were thrown
about. You see the light, are in health,
and the blessings of a kind Providence are
most bountiful. God has watched over
you, and guarded you, and brought you
to enter upon the privileges and duties of
the day. Do you thank him for it?

IT IS EVENING. The day has passed;
and, during it you have dashed on in your
work. You have been fed and clothed,
and have had strength to meet its many
engagements. No accident has befallen
you—no loss to your property. You feel
that you have done a good business. The
hour of rest draws nigh. Will you sleep
without thanking God for the blessings of
the day, and asking him to keep you
through the night? How hard must be
your heart, and how stupid, if all God's
mercies call forth no grateful remembrance!

THE SABBATH HAS COME. The church
bell is beginning to make its peals. The
people are going to the house of God.—
You are permitted to join them. You
hear the prayers and praises of the sanctu-
ary. The gospel too—its warnings and
promises. You are edified and comforted,
perhaps. Do you pray, and praise, and
thank God for all these privileges?

YOU ARE IN HEALTH. A short time
since you were sick. You were confined
to your bed. You could not see to any
of your business. It was thought that you
might not recover. Who raised you?
Who has given you health and strength
again? From God cometh every good
and perfect gift. Do you thank him for
it? Should you not esteem it a great priv-
ilege to do so?

Reader, you can live without prayer.—
You can be unmindful of all your obliga-
tions to God. You can neglect all the vi-
tial duties of religion, and go through life
as stupid as an ox. But what then?—
There is a God, and a heaven, and a hell.
You are bound to the judgment, and must
answer for it all. You are most unwise
to be irreligious. If you live without
prayer, it will be a sad matter to settle in
the end. Those who pray not, have no
grace, and no ground to hope. Of if you
have lived prayerless till now, do it no
more. Pray in the morning—pray in the
evening—pray upon the Sabbath—pray in
health—pray always with all prayer and
watch thereunto—pray without ceasing.
It will do you good. It will fit you to
live or die. Pour out your heart before
God.

A philosopher was once question-
ed how he could prove the existence of a
God? "Why," answered he, "by open-
ing my eyes. God is seen everywhere;
in the growth of the grass, and in the
movements of stars, in the warbling of the
lark, and in the thunders of heaven."

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.—Six
things, says Hamilton, are requisite to cre-
ate a "happy home." Integrity must be
the architect, and tidiness the upholster.
It must be warmed by affection and light-
ed up with cheerfulness; and industry
must be the ventilator, renewing the at-
mosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity
day by day; while over all, as a protecting
canopy and glory, nothing will suffice ex-
cept the blessing of God.

POST OFFICE ENVELOPES.—The post-
route bill passed by Congress contains a
provision authorizing the post office de-
partment to cause envelopes to be made,
with suitable water marks on the paper,
identifying them as official, and with a
printed stamp, for single or double post-
age with a suitable device. These envel-
opes are to be sold at all the post offices,
at the price of the stamps now sold—with
the very small addition of the actual cost
of the envelopes. This will enable persons
to deposit their letters, pre-paid, in the
post offices, at all hours, without trouble
or inconvenience, and without the risk of
having double postage charged on a let-
ter, by reason of the stamp slipping off, by
the time the letter gets into the office, if
not before, as is too often the case now. It
will also admit of the safe transmission of
letters by private hand, when preferred,
without a violation of the post office laws,
which, after the 1st of October, will be very
stringent on the subject.

When one sees a family of chil-
dren going to school, in clean and well-
mended clothing, it tells a great deal in
favor of their mother; one might vouch
that those children learn some valuable
lessons at home, whatever they may be
taught at school.

Wit and Humor.

Dick Dalley's Great Stump Speech.

Feller Citizens: This are a day for the
population of Boonville, like a bobtailed
pullet on a rickety her roost, to be lookin'
up! A crisis has arrivin'—an' somethin'
bust! Where are we? Here I is, and I'd
expiate here from now till the day of
synagogues if you'd whoop for Daily.

Feller Citizens: Jerusalem's to pay and
we haint got no pitch. Our hyperbolic
and majestic canal of creation has onshipped
her rudder and the Captain's broke his
neck, and the cook's div to the depths
of the vasty deep, in search of dimuns!—
Our whigwam's torn to pieces like a shirt
on a bush fence, and cities of these here
latitudes is a vanishin' in a blue flame.—
Are such things to be did? I ask you in
the name of the American Eagle, that
whipped the shaggy headed Lion of Great
Britain, and now sits roostin' on the mag-
netic telegraph, if sich doins is goin' to be
conglomerated? I repeat to you in the
name of the peacock of liberty, when he's
flew in o'er the cloud cap summits of the
Rocky Mountains, if we are to be extem-
porarily bigyogged in this fashion?
"Oh answer me!"

Let me not bust in ignorance!
As Shakapeel says. Shall we be bam-
boozified with such unmitigated audaci-
ousness? Methinks I hear you yelp—
"No sir, hossly!" Then let me to Con-
gress and there'll be revolution shure.

Feller Citizens: If I was a standin' on
the adamant throne of Jupiter, and the
lightnin' was a clashin' around me, I'd
continue to spout! I've sprung a leak, and
must howl like a bear with a sore head.—
I'm full of the bilin' lather of Mt. Etna, an'
I won't be quenched! Flop together,
jump into ranks and hear me through.

Feller Citizens: You know me, and
rip my lungs out with a mill grab if I
don't stick to you like brick dust to a bar
of soap. Where is my opponent? No
where! I was brought up among you,
feller citizens, and papped in a schoolhouse,
but he cant get me with his highfalutin'
words. Hictum, strictum, abrantio, catnip,
Brazel, Togloony, and Baffin's Bay!—
What do you think of that?

"Go it parkey: root pig or die!"
as Shakapeel said when Caesar stabbed
him in the House of Representatives.

Feller Citizens: Let me to Congress,
and I'll abolish mad dogs, musketeers an'
bad cents, and go in for the annihilation
of niggers, campeetins and jails. I'll
repudiate crows, end fustly henlocks.
I'll have barn raisins every day, Sunday
excepted—and liquor enough to swim a
skunk. Yes, feller citizens, let me to
Congress, and I'll be led to exclaim in the
sublime, the terrific language of Bony-
part, when preachin' in the wilderness—
"Richard's himself again!"

On, then, onward to the polls—gallop
apace, fiery footed steeds! and make the
welkin tremble with anti-sparmodic yells
for Daily. Cock your muskets, I'm com-
ing.

Hence ye Brutus, broadaxe and glory.
Let's licker.

"Mother, I would not be surprised if
our Susannah gets choked some day."
"Why my son?"
"Because her beau twisted his arms
around her neck, and if she had not kissed
him to let her go, he would have strangled
her the other night."

"My tail is ended," as the tadpole said
when he turned into a bull frog.

We will never hope for real, per-
manent improvement in agriculture, till
the farmer becomes a reading man. This
done, reformation will follow, as a matter
of course, and success, permanent and ef-
fectual, will follow as a consequence. Let
every farmer, then, begin to read, to read
good books at home, and he will soon de-
light in the exercise, we were going to say
amusement.—New Era.

SELF-HOLDING SCREW-DRIVER.—Jacob
W. Twizer, of Basil, Fairfield Co., Ohio,
has taken measures to secure a patent for
a self-holding screw-driver, which consists
in combining with the ordinary brace and
bit stock, a self-holding screw-driver,
for holding the screw firmly and securely,
while the operator is driving or withdraw-
ing a screw. There are spring catchers
on it, which have jaws, into which the
screw is placed to be driven in. With
pointed screw-nails it dispenses with the
use of the gimlet entirely. It is certainly
very convenient to work it, like a bit-
stock.—Scientific American.

There is probably not another word
in the English language which can be worse
"twisted" than that which composes the
burthen of the ensuing lines:

WRITE we know is written right,
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know 'tis not written right;
For write, to have it written rite,
Must not be written right nor wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write—for so 'tis written rite.

One thousand tons of tobacco are annually
squirted over the face of creation, and twenty
tons of ivory are worn out chewing the
weed every seven years.

Agricultural.

From The Soil of The South. Farm Regulations.

Ma EDITOR: A little work has been
recently issued from the press—Duties of
Masters to Servants—published by the
Southern Baptist Publication Society, at
Charleston, S. C.—price, fifty-five cents—
which will be of immense value to all mas-
ters, and particularly to the young, who
are but now in their novitiate. The work
is composed of three prize essays, which
have received the sanction of an able com-
mittee. They are all excellent—the Mell-
ville letters, by the Rev. C. F. Sturgis,
of Greensboro', Ala., being rather the
fullest and best adapted to our use as
agriculturists. These letters are written
by a man unquestionably well versed in
the matter. Having for many years car-
ried out nearly, if not all his plans, I speak
from experience. The many regard look-
ing all food for negroes, making up for
their clothing, and giving long rests, to
be lost time; they will reluctantly try the
plan; or if they do, it will be as is said of
certain persons acting on the principle,
"condemning with faint praise." I usually
make my corn, meat, provender, &c., &c.,
and yet a crop of cotton, equal, if not larger
than my neighbors average. I cultivate
as much land and as well. I prefer a
little more time be allowed at the nooning,
especially at this season. Three hours is
not too long. Never permitting any
description of labor at nooning, except such
as must be done to work animals—horses
and mules—not even washing clothes—
half of every Saturday being allotted for
this, the year round.

My order to my overseer is, regular
beds to be made up, and house swept out
by daylight in the winter time, and break-
fast eaten before going to work. In the
summer, beds made up, and houses swept
out at noon. This the women can do
whilst the men are feeding and currying
their plow animals. Having fed negroes
from my own garden and had all food
cooked by a woman delegated to this pur-
pose, for twenty years, I can speak con-
fidently as to the plan. I suppose my ne-
groes may steal occasionally, but I know
from feeding thus for twenty years, that
if half a pound of bacon was not enough,
that long before this time I would have
discovered it. During these twenty years
I have overseen my own hands one half
the time myself, and speak entirely from
personal experience. I hope your readers
will purchase the work, believing that not
one will regret the bargain.

"How to Popularize A Taste For Planting."

Ma EDITOR: I have thought the
August number of your paper too late
for the article on the summer culture of
greenhouse plants, that we were speaking
about. Will you permit me to suggest
instead, "How to popularize a Taste for
Planting," from the last Horticultural—
and also, if you have room, "Rhapsodie
about Roses." They are both good, I think
and much in accordance with your views;
and tend to promote one of the objects of
your journal.

I did not read until a few days since,
in the June number, a very good, sensible
letter from Mr. Crowell, of S. C. I wish
you had many such correspondents. There
can be no doubt, that he who contributes
to forming and diffusing a taste for home
occupations, and home enjoyment, confers
a far greater benefit on society, than he
who furnishes the knowledge necessary to
gaining wealth. The capacity to enjoy, is
itself a blessing that the possession of gold
alone does not give. Like many other
endowments of heart, and it is the result
of culture and habit. It is no less true
that a love of gardening, horticulture, and
many other domestic avocations, do fur-
nish unceasing sources of pleasure, health-
ful, simple, safe pleasure, and perfectly
within reach of all—the small establish-
ment being quite as interesting to the poor,
as the large is to the rich.

There are heaps of trash and rubbish
around the yards, and even doors, of many
dwellings, (offensive to the eye and un-
wholesome to the neighborhood,) that
would speedily vanish, and give place to
cleanliness and beauty, if their owners
could learn to love pleasures, or to desire
to have nice lettuce and radishes on their
tables in early spring. Nothing is more
conducive to health than the out-door
exercise acquired in such culture. Those
in humble circumstances think they have
no time for such work, but it would be
much better for even them to spend some
time each day working in their yard and
garden, than expose themselves to the loss
of much more by confinement, from dis-
eases produced by inaction, or sitting all day
sewing, as very many do. Physical health
being essential to mental, it is easy to
perceive how this seemingly small matter
swells into importance—assuming almost
a religious aspect. Healthy minds are
indispensable to forming perfect characters.
Disease makes more than half the unam-
iable women in the world. Imperfect
health, nervousness and ill temper usually
go together in despite of moral precept or
religious purpose.

The worth of this floral and domestic
taste is as much, if not more consequent-
ly, to men than women. Who will say
that the immense amount of misery and
intemperance seen now, in every part of
this country, would have existed if those
unhappy men had early acquired a taste
of planting, a love of flowers, of domestic
duties, or rural decorations! What beau-
tiful homes they might have had! Happy
homes, where now many have no homes
at all, and more no happiness in such
homes as they have. There may be some
that all those pure simple enjoyments
could not have shielded from dissipation
and its terrible consequences, but surely
there are not many. Therefore I repeat
Mr. Crowell's urgent "Go on!" Few oc-
cupations are more noble than the one
you are now engaged in—indeed, none
—for to lead people to be wise and hap-
py, is to make it easy to be just towards
men and devout towards God.

"Circumstances alter cases," as the
toper said, on blundering into a printing
office the other day.

MEDICINES & PERIODICALS.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, AND ALL

DISEASES ARISING FROM A DISOR-
DERED LIVER OR STO-
MACH, SUCH AS CONSTI-
PATION, INWARD PILES, FULLNESS,
OR BLOOD TO THE HEAD, ACIDITY OF
THE STOMACH, NAUSEA, HEART-BURN,
DISGUST FOR FOOD, FULLNESS, OR WEIGHT
IN THE STOMACH, SOUR ERUCTIONS, SICKING
OR FLUTTERING AT THE PIT OF THE STO-
MACH, SWIMMING OF THE HEAD, HURRIED,
AND DIFFICULT BREATHING, FLUTTER-
ING AT THE HEART, CHOKING OR SUF-
FOCATING SENSATIONS WHEN IN A
LYING POSTURE, DIMNESS OF
VISION, DOTS OR WEBS
BEFORE THE
SIGHT.

FEVERS AND BULL PAIN IN THE HEAD, DEFICIENCY
OR PERTURBATION, YELLOWNESS OF THE
SKIN AND EYES, PAIN IN THE BACK, CHEST,
LIMBS, &c., SUDDEN FLUSHES OF HEAT, BURN-
ING IN THE FLESH, CONSTANT IMAGININGS
OF EVIL AND GREAT DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, CAN
BE EFFECTUALLY CURED BY

DR. HOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN
BITTERS.
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
120 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Their power over the above diseases is not
exceeded—if equalled—by any other prepara-
tion in the United States, as the cures attest, in
many cases of skillful physicians had failed.
These Bitters are worthy the attention of
invalids. Possessing great virtues in the
rectification of diseases of the Liver and
lesser glands, exercising the most searching
powers in weakness and affections of the
digestive organs, they are, withal, safe cer-
tain and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

From the "Boston Bee."
The editor said, Dec. 23d,
Dr. Hofland's Celebrated German Bitters
for the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice,
Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, is
deservedly one of the most popular medi-
cines of the day. These Bitters have been
used by thousands, and a friend at my elbow
says he has himself received an effectual and
permanent cure of Liver Complaint from the
use of this remedy. We are convinced that,
in the use of these Bitters, the patient con-
stantly gains strength and vigor—a fact wor-
thy of great consideration. They are plea-
sant in taste and smell, and can be used by
persons with the most delicate stomachs
with safety, under any circumstances. We
are speaking from experience, and to the
afflicted we advise their use.

"Scott's Weekly," one of the best Liter-
ary papers published, said, Aug. 25:
The Hon. C. D. Hines, Mayor of the
City of Camden, N. J., says:
"HOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.—We
have seen many flattering notices of this
medicine, and the source from which they
came induced us to make inquiry respecting
its merits. From inquiry we were persua-
ded to use it, and must say we found it spe-
cific in its action upon diseases of the liver
and digestive organs, and the powerful influ-
ence it exerts upon nervous prostration is
really surprising. It calms and strengthens
the nerves, bringing them into a state of re-
pose, making sleep refreshing."
"If this medicine was more generally used,
we are satisfied there would be less sickness
as from the stomach, liver, and nervous sys-
tem the great majority of real and imagina-
ry diseases emanate. Have them in a health-
y condition, and you can bid defiance to
epidemics generally. This extraordinary
medicine we would advise our friends who
are indisposed to give it a trial—it will
recommend itself. It should, in fact, be in
every family. No other medicine can pro-
duce such evidences of merit."

Evidence upon evidence has been receiv-
(like the foregoing) from all sections of
the Union, the last three years, the strong-
est testimony in its favor, is that there is
more of it used in the practice of the regu-
lar Physicians of Philadelphia, than all other
medicines combined, a fact that can easily be
established, and fully proving that a scien-
tific preparation will meet with their quiet
approval when presented with their firm
opinion.

That this medicine will cure Liver Com-
plaint and Dyspepsia, no one can doubt af-
ter using it as directed. It acts specifically
upon the stomach and liver; it is preferable
to calomel in all bilious diseases—the effect
is immediate. They can be administered to
female or infant with safety and reliable
benefit at any time.

Look well to the marks of the genuine.
They have the written signature of C. M.
JACKSON upon the wrapper, and his name
blown in the bottle, without which they are
spurious.

For sale Wholesale and Retail at the
GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 120 Arch street, one door below Sixth,
Philadelphia; and by respectable dealers
generally through the country.

PRICES REDUCED.
To enable all classes of invalids to enjoy
the advantages of their great restorative pow-
ers.

Single Bottle 75 Cents.
Also, for sale by HAILE & TWITTY,
Lancaster, Pa., and by
Wholesale Agents for N. C., S. C., Geo.,
&c., HAVILAND, HARRAL, & Co.,
Charleston, S. C.
July 14 23 cow 1y

THE LADIES' WREATH.

THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF THIS
popular magazine commenced with the
May number, 1852. From the unpreceden-
ted success that has attended its publication
the publisher is encouraged to renewed ef-
forts, and will spare no expense to make the
Wreath a welcome visitor to the fireside o-
f its 100,000 readers. Each number will con-
tain at large pages, filled with entirely orig-
inal articles, from the pens of the best Amer-
ican writers, and one story—engraving, and a
beautifully colored flower plate—making a
volume of 423 pages and 24 embellishments.
The Wreath will be mailed, on receipt of
the money, at the following prices, viz:—
One copy, \$1; four copies, \$3; seven do.,
5; ten do., 7; fifteen do., 10; and twenty-
do., 12. Specimen numbers furnished gratis
to those desiring to form clubs.

Agents wanted, in all parts of the United
States, to procure subscribers, and send bound
volumes. To meet furnishing testimonials
of character, liberal encouragement will be
given. Address, J. C. BURDICK,
143 Nassau street, New York.

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER! GREAT CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA, DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S



DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN, the
true Digestive Fluid, or Gastric Juice,
prepared from Rennet, or the fourth stom-
ach of the Ox, after directions from Baron
Liebig, the great Physiological Chemist, by
J. S. Houghton, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

This is truly a wonderful remedy for in-
digestion, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Com-
plaint, Constipation and Debility, curing af-
ter Nature's own agent, the Gastric Juice.

Half a teaspoonful of Pepsin, infused
in water, will digest or dissolve Five
Pounds of Roast Beef, in about two hours,
out of the stomach.

Pepsin is the chief element, or Great Dis-
gesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the
Solvent of the food, the Purifying, Preserv-
ing and stimulating agent of the stomach and
intestines. It is extracted from the digestive
stomach of the ox, thus forming an artificial
digestive fluid, precisely like the natural
Gastric Juice in its Chemical powers, and
furnishing a complete and perfect substitute
for it. By the aid of this preparation, the
pains and evils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia
are removed, just as they would be by a
healthy stomach. It is doing wonders for
Dyspepsia, curing cases of Debility, Emac-
iation, Nervous Debility, and Dispeptic Con-
sumption, supposed to be on the verge of
the grave. The scientific evidence upon
which it is based, is in the highest degree
curious and remarkable.

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE.

Baron Liebig in his celebrated work on
Animal Chemistry, says: "An artificial di-
gestive fluid, analogous to the gastric juice,
may be readily prepared from the mucous
membrane of the stomach of the calf, in
which various articles of food, as meat and
eggs, will be so completely changed and digested,
just in the same manner as they would be
in the human stomach."

Dr. Combe, in his valuable writings on the
"Physiology of Digestion," observes that "a
diminution of the due quantity of the gas-
tric juice is a prominent and all prevailing
cause of Dyspepsia;" and he states that "a
distinguished Professor of Medicine in Lon-
don, who was severely afflicted with this
complaint, finding everything else to fail, had
recourse to the gastric juice, obtained from
the stomach of living animals, which proved to
be perfectly successful."

Dr. Graham, author of the famous works
on "Vegetable Diet," says: "It is a remark-
able fact