By THOMAS HARDY BAYLEY

Evergreen! Even though in summer hours
Their steps not over the eye with blooming flowers

In winter time thy melancholy hushes
Hangs o'er the dark and silent hours of death.

How can we forget the love of friendship?
How can we forget the love that never dies?

To the chilling marble fountains cling,
Claiming no sympathy from living things.

Beautiful widow! Thine is such a grief,
 Thy love unchanging as the ivy leaf.
 Thy feet are never footed by thy shade,
 Thou hast forgotten earth in thy despair.

But, oh! not thus must thou deny kindness
Thy child—his child still claims a Mother's love.

The younger ivy plant, that closely creeps
And soothes her widow's mother when she weeps.

It is no easy task to tear away
The ivy from the wall that was so stony!

The struggle is as hard when she is told

The ivy and its creeping roots

The ivy and its clinging boughs,

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Mr. President, for ten long years we have been warring against the alarming growth of Executive power; but, although we have been occasionally cheered, it has been constantly advancing and never receding. You may talk as you please about bank expansion, as there has been no permission in this country like that of Executive power, and, unlike the operations of national banks, this power never has any periods of contraction. You may denounce as you please the usurpations of Congress. There has been no usurpation but that of the Executive, which has been both of the powers of other coordinating departments of this Government and upon the States. There is no power in the Government but that of the President. He suggests, he directs, he controls, and, the inevitable result of the Stuarts upon the American throne on the 4th of March, 1828, it came under all the usual false and hypocritical pretences and disguises of love of the People, desire of reform, and disfigurement of power. The Scotch dynasty still continues. We have had Charles the First, and now have Charles the Second. But I again say, God that our deliverance is not distant; and that, on the 4th of March, 1841, a great and glorious revolution, without blood and without confusion, will be achieved.

TO THE WHOLE WORLD! It is estimated by all who have seen them, and who dare not say that Dr. Peters' Vegetable Pills is most unadulterated medicine ever discovered. By the largest experiments. There is one a comprehensive for the following complaints—

To improve the appetite,

To improve the digestion,

To improve the circulation,

To improve the larynx and throat,

To improve the bowels,

To improve the allaying of thirst,

To improve the cough, and to improve the sleeping.

The Dr. Peters' Vegetable Pills are the only pills which will accomplish the above results. They are the only pills which will cure consumption. They are the only pills which will cure all sorts of coughs. They are the only pills which will cure all sorts of cats.

PRODUCED BY EXTRACTS FROM A CERTAIN FRESH HERB.

Worcestershire Sauce.

WORM-LOZENGE.

The Peters Worm Lozenges are the surest and safest Worm destroyer ever discovered. It is a compound like no other, in the United States, and the Children Die Yearly from the effect of Worm infestation. This vast mischief can be almost entirely prevented by the use of Peters' celebrated Lozenges. They are not only the surest way of taking away and destroying the worm without subjecting the real danger. The following are a few of the symptoms:

Headache, pale lips, flushed cheeks, dry, hoarse tongue, insomnia, dry cough, fever, constant burning of the mouth, offensive breath, and the weight of matter in the stomach, nausea, intestinal impurity, swelling of the head, limbs, and some-