Of course I would; so away we went along a shady lane, with the old cake of Holland Park on one side, and the ivy-covered walls of Aubury House on the other; for though a part of London, Notting Hill is rich in gardens, lawns, and parks, such as one only sees in England. Our way led us by Konsington Palego. the residences of Addison, the Duke of Argyle, Macaulay, and, better than all the rest to me, the house of Thackeray. A low, long brick house, covered with ivy to the chimney-top; a sunny bit of lawn in front, trees and flowers all about; and, though no longer haunted by the gental presence of its former master, this unpretending place is to many eyes more attractive than any place in the land. I looked long and lovingly at it, feeling a strong desire to enter its hospitably open door, recalling with ever fresh delight the evening spent in listening to the lecture on Swift, long ago in America, and experiencing again the sense of heavy loss which came to me with the tidings that the novetist whom I most loved and admired would never write again. Leaving my tribute of affection and respect m a look, a smile, and a sigh, I gathered a leaf of ivy as a relic, and went on

Coming at last to a quiet street, where all the houses were gay with window-boxes full of flowers, we reached Miss Ingelow's. In the drawing-room we found the mother of the portess, a truly beautiful old lady, in widow's poetess, a truly beautiful old lady, in widow's cap and gown, with the sweetest, screnest face I ever saw. Two daughters sat with her, both older it an I had fancied them to be, but both very attractive women. Eliza looked as if she wrote the poetry, Jean the prose—for the former wore curls, had a delicate face, fine eyes, and that indescribable something which suggests the latter was plale, rather stout hair genius; the latter was plain, rather stout, hair touched with grey, shy, yet cordial manners, and a clear, straightforward glance, which I liked so much that I forgave her on the spot for writing these dull stories.

writing those dull stories.

Gerald Massey was with them, a dapper little man, with a large, fine head, and very unsenglish manners. Being oppressed with "the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "the reacher and me with the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "the reacher and me with the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "the reacher and me with the mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "the reacher and me with the me. with "my poems, my plans, and my publishers," till Miss Eliza politely devoted herself to him, leaving my friend to chat with the lovely old lady, and myself with Jean. Both being bashful, and both laboring under the delusion that ful, and both laboring under the delusion that it was proper to allude to each other's works, we tried to exchange a few compliments, blushed, hesitated, laughed, and wisely took re'uge in a safer subject. Jean had been abroad; so we pleasantly compared notes, and I enjoyed the sound of her peculiarly musical voice, in which I seemed to hear the breezy rhythm of some of her charming songs. The ice which surrounds every English man and woman was beginning to melt, when Massey disturbed me to ask what was thought of his disturbed me to ask what was thought of his books in America. As I really had not the re motest idea, I said so; whereat he looked blank, and fell upon Longfellow, who seems to be the only one of our poets whom the English know or care much about. The conversation became general, and soon after it was necessary to leave, lest the safety of the nation should be endangered by overstepping the fixed limits of

a morning call.

Later, I learned that Miss Ingelow was extremely conservative, and very indignant when a petition for woman's right to vote was offered for her signature. A rampant radical told me this, and shook her head pathetically over Jean's narrowness; but when I heard that once a week several poor souls dined comfortably in the pleasant home of the poetess, I torgave her conservatism, and regretted that an unconquerable aversion to dinner-parties made me decline her invitation.

GEORGE ELIOT. Having an intense desire te see the author of

"Adam Bede," we drove to the Priory one Sunday, hoping that a peep might be vouch-saled me. To my great disappointment, however, Mrs. Lewes was too feeble to see a stranger; so, while my friend went in for a moment, I was forced to content myself with admiring the laburnums and wisterias that fringed the garden-walls with plumes of violet and gold, and wonder in which of the pleasant-looking rooms the last book had been written, for "Felix Holt" was just finished, and its author preparing to seek rest and health at the German baths. When Mrs. T———returned, Mr. Lewes accompanied her, and while he lingered a moment, I took a woman's look at him under cover of my veil. A small, plain man, with keen blue eyes, marks of suffering in his face, and charm-ingly courteous manners.

As we drove home I asserted my Yankee privilege of asking questions—and, as the facts I then learned are no secret, I repent them here. Mr. Lewes, having forgiven and received back an untaithful wife, cannot, according to English law, obtain a divorce, although the wife has twice deserted him. Miss Evans is considered his wife, and called Mrs. Lewes by their iriends, in spite of gossip and scandal, Owing to her peculiar position, Mrs. Lewes seldom goes into general society or sees strangers, though every one is anxious to meet her, and many of her warmest friends are among the wise and good. All whom I saw loved, respected, and defended her; some upon the pleather that it can be seen to be seen that it can be seen to see the seen that it can be seen to see the seen to see that, if genius, like charity, covers a multitude of sins in men, why not in women? Others, that outsiders know so little of the sorrowful story that they cannot judge the case; and, though they may condemn the act, they can pity the actors, and heartily admire all that is admirable in the life and labor of either.

MISS COBBE.

As I sat pormg over Gustave Dore's illustrations of Dante one morning, the door suddenly flew open, and in rolled an immensely stout lady, with skirts kilted up, a cane in her hand, a fly-away green bonnet on her head, and a loud laugh issuing from her lips, as she cast hersel upon a sofa, exclaiming breathlessly;— Me dear creature, if ye love me, a glass of

The wine being ordered, I was called from my nook, and introduced to Miss Cobbe, I had imagined the author of "Intuitive Morals" to be a serious, severe lady, of the "Cornelia Blim-ber" school, and was much surprised to see this merry, witty, Falstaffian personage. For half an hour she entertained us with all manner of droll sayings, as full of sense as of humor, one minute talking earnestly and gravely on the suffrage question, which just then absorbed the circle in which I found myself, the next criticising an amateur poem in a way that con-vulsed her hearers, and in the middle of it jumping up to admire a picture, or trot about the room, enthusiastically applauding some welcome bit of news about "our petition." Cheery, sensible, kindly, and keen she seemed; and when she went away, talking hard till out of the gate, and vanishing with a hearty laugh, it was as if a great sunbeam had left the room, so genial and friendly was the impression she made. I saw her several times afterwards, and always found her the same. Wherever she was people gathered about her, as if she was a social fire, and every one seemed to find warmth and pleasure in the attractive circle which sur-rounded her. It was truly delightful to see a woman so useful, happy, wise, and beloved; and it confirmed still more my belief that single women are a valuable and honorable portion of the human race, in spits of the speers at of the human race, in spite of the sneers at "old maids" and lamentations over their unhappy lot.

MISS GARRETT.

Another interesting spinster whom it was my good fortune to meet was the female doctor who is conquering prejudices as successfully in London as Drs. Blackwell and Zakireuska are in New York and Boston. Hearing Miss Garrett announced at an evening party, I looked up, expecting to see an elderly person, but was agreeably disappointed when down the long drawing-room advanced a slender, golden-baired young lady, dressed with a taste which haired young lady, dressed with a taste which few English women possess. She could only stay a tew minutes, as a patient was waiting for her; it was curious to hear this girish little creature in white silk talk of her practice, her office, and the dally work she did. Very simple

Glimpses of Eminent Persons.

JEAN INGELOW.

"Will you come and call on Jean ingelow" said my hostess, one fine day.

Of course I would; so away we went along a shady lane, with the old oaks of Holland Park on one side, and the ivy-covered walls of Aubury House on the other; tor, though a part

MATILDA BLIND.

Under the blooming apple-boughs at Wimble-don I met the sister of Ferdmand Blind. A handsome, brilliant, Bettine-like girl, full of talent, energy, and enthusiasm. The pet of Mazzini, the friend of Browning, an aident ad-tairer of Goethe, and a hearty hater of Bismark. She approved of her brother's deel, considered him a matter and defined in him him a martyr, and gloried in him as a hero, refusing to lament his death as others did, but taking pride in it with a stern sort of satisfaction, such as a Roman girl might have felt at some brave act of friend or lover. To me she was very charming on account of the many peculiarities to which others objected. Simple and frank as a child in manner, the wit and wisdom of her conversation struck one all the nore strongly by the force of contrast, for she talked fluently and well on many subjects which few girls care even to hear of. Entirely unconscious of herself, she sat in the grass, idly pulling daistes, as she discussed Emerson, Carlyle, Kaot, Goethe, English politics, and German wars, with a sense and spirit that amazed me, and made other girls seem like pretty dolls beside an earned woman, with heart and soul all alive to the great questions of the world.

On another occation I met her in Loudon, and

enjoyed a lively argument between herselt and three or four young barristers on the subject of poetry. They were sensible fellows, well read, in good training for argument, and as enthusiastic as it was possible for Englishmen to be on any purely ideal subject; yet Matilda Blind not only astonished, charmed, and out-argued them, but convinced them that there was something ther in poetry than they had ever suspected before, and unconsciously gave them a sample of a kind which can never be put into words. We were at dinner when she came in, but long after the dessert was over we still sat on, too astonished to care for lights, though summer twilight soon hid the faces of the disputants from one another. One by one the young men fell silent; and we sat in the dusk, listening to the girl's eloquent voice, as she repeated line lines from Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Coleridge, and Schilter, with a dramatic power that charmed us all. Whenever she paused, some one cagerly said, "Please go on;" and she did go on, illustrating her theme with marveltous skill and beauty, holding us till late into the evening, and causing the whole party to volun-

eer as an escort when she left.
It was a moonlight night, and I walked with her a part of the way home, answering her questions about America, and hearing some of her pranks, which were decidedly of the Bettine order. She liked the freedom of her own country better than England, and said she was continually shocking some excellent person by doing what she liked, regardless of the strict rules set down for the guidance of young ladies.

"I desired to visit Switzerland when more young than now," she said, in her prettily broken English. "I took a friend to protect me, but we soon wearied of each other; I sent her home, and then I was greatly content. Ah, such adventures, all alone in a strange country; a girl, and so little! I spent my money, I lost my luggage, people thought me mad at home, and everything was so droll. Then I had a little lear, and was suddenly wise; I sent tor money, and redeemed my luggage; I went home and asked pardon for my prank. But it was the, I liked it well, and I shall go again. My life oiten becomes heavy to me; but I make freedom for myself, and so endure it. Wait a little, it may yet come to some good; for I have gifts, if I can only learn to use them." As she pressed my band at parting with a strong warm grasp, I could not doubt that the

life of this richly-gifted girl would come to some good, and I hopefully wait to hear of Matilda Blind.—N. Y. Independent. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

A new biography of Archbishop Whately, edited by his daughter, has appeared in London, from Longman's press. It consists chiefly of the Archbishop's letters, which are carefully arranged in chronological order. A please arranged in chronological order. A pleasant sketch of his early life shows that he was a very nervous and shy child, naturally more cared for by his details. cared for by his sisters than by his brothers. He learned very early to read and write, read eagerly, watched spiders, tamed ducklings, could distinguish notes of birds, and had so strong a natural turn for arithmetic that at six years old he astonished a man past sixty by elling him, and rightly too, how many minutes

The calculation was made mentally. For about the three years between the years of five or six and eight or nine this passion lasted. The child was calculating morning, noon, and The child was calculating morning, noon, and night. Absorbed in multiplication, division, and the rule of three, he ran against people in the streets. But none of the calculation was worked upon paper. The passion died out, and at school vanished so utterly that Whately was, he says of himself, "a period dance at ciphering, and so continued ever since." "But," says his daughter, "he always looked upon himself as a dunce in that line, though the readiness with which he solved curious problems and arithmetical puzzles would often surprise and baffle the first-class mathematicians. The clearbaffle the first-class mathematicians. The clearness of his explanation of the processes of arithmetic was always remarkable; but he was never distinguished as a mathematician at college The following are among the anecdotes told by

Miss Whately:-ELOCUTION.

"Being absolutely compelled, by the unwise opinion as to that friend's performance of the service, he told him. 'Well, then, if you really wish to know what I think of your reading, I should say there are only two parts of the service. vice you read well, and those you read unex-ceptionably.' 'And what are those?' said the clergyman. 'They are, 'Here endeth the first lesson,' and 'Here endeth the second lesson.'

What do you mean, Whately? "'I mean,' he replied, 'that these parts you read in your own natural voice and manner, which are very good; the rest is all artificial and assumed.' It may be added that his triend ook the hint, altered his style, and became a

very good reader. "He often related another incident, illustrating his strongly expressed opinion that the natural voice and manner are the best adapted o public speaking and reading, and also less trying to the voice than the artificial tone so generally preferred. A clerical friend of his who had been accustomed to make use of this artificial tone, complained to him that he was uffering so much from weakness of the throat, he feared he must resign his post. Dr. Whately told him that he believed if he would change his style of reading, and deliver the service in his natural voice, he would find it much less atlguing. 'Oh,' said his friend, 'that is all very well for you, who have a powerful voice; but mine is so feeble that it would be impossible to make myself heard in a church if I did not

make myself heard in a church if I did not speak in an artificial tone."

"'I believe you are mistaken,' replied the former; 'you would find that even a weak voice would be better heard, and at the expense of less fatigue, if the tone was a natural one."

"The other appeared unconvinced; but meeting his adviser some time after, he told him he had at last come round to his view. The weakness in his throat had so increased that he was on the point of retiring from active duty, but

on the point of retiring from active duty, but resolved, as a desperate final effort, to try the experiment of altering his manner of reading and speaking. He did so, and not only succeeded beyond his bopes in making himself heard, but found his voice so much less fatigued by the effort, that he was able to continue his imployment."
Whately once wrote to his friend, the Bishop

eo. My plans of education fully answer my ex-pectations; she has never yet learned anything as a task, and that, considering she has learned more than most, will make tasks far lighter when they do come; and she has never yet learned anything by rote, and I trust never will tall the turns. Panist

They say a letter should be the pic-ure of the writer; if so, this ought to have cen on yellow paper."
To this extract Miss Whately adds the follow-

"The allusion to his children's education is very characteristic. He greatly objected to teaching children to learn by rote what they did not understand. He used to say that to teach thus mechanically in the hope that children would always a trade of the meaning the mea

teach thus mechanically in the hope that children would afterwards and out the meaning of what they had learned, was to make them 'swallow their food first and chew it afterwards.'
"When Mrs. Whateley and I first married,' he observed, many years later, 'one of the first thimes we agreed upon was, that should Providence send us children, we would never teach them anything they did not understand,' Not even their prayers, my lord?' asked the person addressed. 'Not even their prayers,' he replied. To the custom of teaching children of tender To the custom of teaching children of tender age to repeat prayers by rote without attending to their sense, he objected even more strongly than to any other kind of mechanical teaching; is he considered it inculeated the idea that a person is praying when merely repeating a form of words, in which the mind and feelings have no part, which is destructive of the very essence

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. His Habit of Attending the Theatre. W. O. Stoddard, one of Mr. Lincoln's Secretaes, writes at follows to the New York Citizen:—
much has been said about Mr. Lincoln's theatre-going that a great many people have imbibed the idea that his tastes were gramatic: but this was not so. With the exception of a lew of Shakespeare's plays, I do not believe that he ever read a play in his life. I have board him say that there were several of even shake-speare's dramas at which he had hardly ever looked. Macbeth was certainly one of his prime favorites, and I went with him one night to see Charlotic Cushman as "Lady Macbeth." It was, of course, a grand impersonation; but it was impossible to get Mr. Lincoln to make many mments upon it. He seemed to have a poor opinion of his own powers as a dramatic critic. Another of his favorites was Othello, and he when Dayenport and Wallack brought it out in Washington. I was very much struck with the keen interest with which he followed the gevelopment of "lago's" subtle treachery. One would have thought that such a character would have had few points of attraction for a man to whose own acture all its peculiar traits were so atterly loreign. Perhaps he was fascinated by that very contrast. He did not lose a word or a very contrast. He did not lose a word or a motion of Mr. Davenport, who played his part exceedingly well, and conversed between the acts with, for him, a very near approach to excitement. He seemed to be studying what sort of soul a born traitor might have. The strong love of humor made "Faistall" a great favorite with him, and he expressed a great desire to see Hackett in that character. The correspondence between that gentleman and Mr. Lincoln has been already published. He expressed himself greatly pleased with the representation, and went more than once during Hackett's engagement. ment. I was with him the first night, and expected to see him give himself up to the merri-ment of the hour, although I knew that his mind was very much preoccupied by other things. To my surprise, however, he appeared even gloomy, although intent upon the play, and it was only a few times during the whole perormance that he went so far as to laugh at all. and then not heartily. He seemed for once to be studying the character and its rendering critistudying the character and its rendering criti-cally, as if to ascertain the correctness of his own conception as compared with that of the pro-fessional artist. He afterwards received a call from Mr. Hackett, and conversed freely, frankly acknowledging his want of acquaintance with dramatic subjects. Had his earlier education been of a sort to develop more perfectly his literary tastes, his keen insight into human ature, and his appreciation of humorous and other eccentricities of character, would have enabled him to have derived the highest degree of enjoyment from the creations of the great As it was, he probably understoo shakespeare, so far as he had read him, far better than many men who set themselves up for critical authorities. He himself deserves to be depicted by some pen not less graphic than the immortal bard's. When Mr. Lincoln first came to Washington as President, there was very little in the way of public amusement to call out him or anybody else, and for a long time he worked away steadily in his official tread-mill, hardly caring for or thinking of any such thing as recreation. To such an extent was his absorbed devotion to busine s carried, that the perpetual strain upon his nervous sys-tem, with the utter want of all exercise, began to tell seriously upon his health and spirits. nd occasioned some alarm among his friends, Mrs. Lincoln particularly remarked frequently upon his gradually changing appearance. Even his temper suffered, and a petulence entirely foreign to his natural disposition was beginning o show itself as a symptom of an overtasked oram. Gradually, however, under the auspices new managers of experience and enterprise the crowded and excited capital was endowed with several highly meritorious places of amusement, theatrical and musical. A good degree of healthy sociability was restored to the various social circles of the city. The very evees at the Waite House became more bril liant, more conversational, and less insufferably tedious. All other faces put on a more cheerful aspect, and though Mr. Lincoln never, to the day of his death, entirely recovered the old elasticity of his spirits, he seemed to feel in some degree the general reaction, and was willing to listen to the various plans suggested for relaxation and amusement. He never could be persuaded to travel any distance from the scene of his immediate duties—never out of close communica-tion with the army—but readily con-ented to spend his summers at the Soldiers' Home, and was easily drawn into many little excursions down the Potomac, which were planned from time to time for his recreation. He was somewhat fond of attending military reviews, and these always included a good ride on horseback or in his carriage. His most available resource however, as least interfering with his official duties, was to spend an hour or so at the theatre or the concert. Perhaps, too, the drama, by drawing his mind into other channels of thought, afforded him the most entire relief, and the most rigid enemy of theatrical representa-tions could hardly have grudged him what was to him, at least, so harmless and innocent a medicine. The proprietors of Grover's theatre his especial use, and there was always a similar secommodation ready for him at Ford's. The latter, alas! is destined to a mournful immortality in connection with the last sad tragedy of his career. It matters little, however, where or when the matignity of the assassin succeeded n reaching his victim, whether working or esting, though it is clear enough that the halfasane vanity of Booth found a species of barbarian pleasure in the dramatic surroundings of his cowardly deed. Just here I may as well record an anecdote which furnishes an all-suffi-cient answer to more than one speering libel pon some of the circumstances attending so ad an event. One of the excellent ladles who ave their sympathizing attention to Mers. Linoln at the time of the murder, and who has frequently expressed admiration of her conduct, happened to be in company where some individual, whose narrow and bitter soul was unaffected even by such an event, had ndulged in strictures as untrue as they were ncalled for, and answered about in these ords:-"Suppose, madam, that you were at such a place of amusement, in company with a ausband whom you tenderly loved, in the enjoyment of all that earth can give of prosperity and happiness—in the very hour of triumphant success, after long continued sorrow and trouble,

utterly unsuspicious of any coming misfortune, and in one terrible moment found your hopes and your prosperity all crushed, yourself a

widow, your very dress sprinkled with the blood

and brains of your husband, a undered at your side; if you could preserve your a quantimity unruffied and your nerves unshatters, byou would be more or less than a woman; and I should say less. "That is the whole store, and the whole argument, and does not require any a boration. It was not my fortune to be in washington at the time Mr. Lincoln was murdered. I learned the terrible afory from the booming ton at the time Mr. Lincoln was murdered, learned the terrible story from the booming minute guns away in the Southwest, and it was not until after my return to the North that I ever found a man or woman mean or hard enough to speak lightly of that event or its surroundings. There are such creatures at the South, but in those days they were silent, and all the worth and wisdom of that region joined the loyal men in unaffected regret.

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Between Sixth and Seventh Streets.

ENCLISH ROYAL WILTON. ENCLISH BRUSSELS. ENCLISH TAPESTRIES.

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CARPETINGS. NEW FALL IMPORTATIONS.

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M'CALLUMS, CREASE & SLOAN No. 519 CHESNUT St., (Opposite Independence Hall,) Have just received an invoice of

ENGLISH OIL CLOTHS

COCOA MATTINGS.

ARCH STREET CARPET WAREHOUSE.

FALL IMPORTATIONS CARPETINGS. NOW OPENING.

LATEST STYLES LOWEST PRICES.

JOS. BLACKWOOD. No. 882 ARCH Street. TWO DOORS BELOW NINTH STREET,

CARPETINGS! CARPETINGS! Reduced to Present Gold Prices. J. T. DELACROIX, No 37 S. SECOND Street.

ABOVE CHESNUT, Has received per late arrivals. 200 PIECES J. CROSSLEY & SONS' BRUSSELS CARPETING

NEW AND ELEGANT PATTERNS. Also, a large line of THREE-PLY EXTRA
AND FINE INGPAIN CARPETS. DAMASK
VENETIANS STAIR AND HALL CARPETINGS.OOF
TAGE AND RAG CARPETS. OIL CLOTHS. SHADES
Etc., which will be sold low in consequence of their
in Gold.

No. 37 S. SECOND Street,
Between Chesnat and Market.

LEEDOM & SHAW. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CARPET WAREHOUSE

No. 910 ARCH STREET. Just received per steamer "Manhattan," new and bandsome PATTERNS OF CROSSLEY STAPESTRIES, entirely new for this market Also, a full assortment of DRUGGETS in all widths.