## LITERATURE

Why Will They Not Die ? Some one has well described the difference between a povel of fifty and of five years ago, by saving that "in the former the heroine endured three volumes of disasters to secure a husband, while in the latter she starts with two lords, and devotes three volumes to getting rid of one of them." While, however, a few years ago, bigamy, or rather, polygamy, was fashionable in the world of fiction, the plot had, anyhow, the merit of generally terminating with the death of the villain and the happy life of the virtuous. But of late a marked change has come over the spirit of the writer's dream. The villains, with a tenacity utterly in opposition to propriety, have unanimously refused to die. A greater respect for animal life has never been exhibited by the strictest vegetarian than characterizes the treatment by the writers of the personages they call into life.

With the tender solicitude of a mother, they nurse the villains through sickness, lead them to the footstool of repentance, guarantee them forgiveness, and let them start in life afresh, and disappear from our gaze highminded men. Now, while this modern treat ment may be very conducive to the increase of population, yet it robs us of those deli cious death-bed scenes which can be de scribed with such melo-dramatic effect What has become of the moral lesson inculcated by the rulned and baffled scoundrel who used to raise himself up in his bad, utter a few well-chosen words of warning to the young, and then fall back a corpse? Will any advocate of the new system of ethics in fiction dare to tell us that the repentance and future happiness of the human flend are half-no, not a tithe-as satisfactory as this highly respectable termination of a career of crime?

We view this amended theory of plots as an instance of the degeneracy of the age, and are not a loss to account for this unwarranted respect for human life. Not a decade since, a delicate lady would gloat and revel over the killing off of half a dozen tellow-creatures. This wholesale homicide was not only done because it came in her way, but she positively went out of her path to stand like "Pescara," and detail their last hours. But the heart of the temale novelist has melted since the war. The sight of so much human blood has convinced her that it is the duty of all writers to cultivate an increase of the nation; so, instead of having the wicked and the erring die, she reforms them all, and the Mercy Vints become mothers of ten children each, while to the Griffith Gaunts is given a carte blanche.

However favorable such a reform may be to the growth of the census, yet it is certainly | are utterly unknown to the American readerinjurious to the cause of literature and morality. We have said that the decease of the villain serves to point a moral and adorn a tale, but the death of the virtuous is also a fine effect. It was nearly universal once, when this false sentimentality caused the author to | speedily, when we can have an art literature of picture to us a perfection of beauty, a our own. It would pay handsomely if but a fair nymph, whose spotless form was too good | competent critic would appear, and give us just, for earth, and who lived an ethereal life, enlisting our sympathy by supporting life on a cup of mocha a day. Then this exquisite creature is about to marry, and we feel convinced that a blissful future is in store for her. How it touched the feelings and drew forth the tears to see her hurried to a premature grave! Or a young man struggling to gain a noble end, having just got it within his grasp, falls lifeless on the very threshold of success. Ah! when such was the ruling motive of the writer, we could indeed know what Byron calls the "luxury of tears." Now, however, their ethereal creations follow the example of the villains, and exhibit a longevity truly astonishing. In fact, judging from their remarkable strength, we would recommend mocha as an article of nourishment. They shock all our more delicate sensibilities by their persistent adherence to the dross of this life, and again we ask these creatures, "Why will they not die?"

We do not question thus without meaning what we say. It is not all badinage. The die, nor do any of the characters. Let us take an instance from "Griffith Gaunt." Had the hero only died, how comfortable everything would have come out! How every knotty point would have been unravelled, and the whole thing simplified! Kate Gaunt would have married Sir George Neville, and Mercy have lived a life of solitude, dispensing charity and exemplifying goodness. This would have been natural and proper. But no; Griffith wou'd not die. The conclusion was ruined, and the whole novel made a failure. And so it with the whole batch of novels lately received. Let the writers turn their pens into swords, "and slay and slay and slay." It gives zest to the work. By letting loose the floodgates of wrath, the termination is simplified, and a melo-dramatic effect secured. We say, then, decapitate without mercy, and whenever a hero seems ripe for plucking, have no hesitation in ending his life. "Off with his head. So much for Buckingham."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

PORMS. 2 vols. By Alfred B. Street. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The poems of Mr. Street remind us of one of our Western prairies. They possess nothing above the conventional level, and very little below it. A dead monotony of merit appears through both his volumes, and whether he treats of a "Picnic," "A Beech Tree," "The Lost Hunter," or "Lookout Mountain," we see no elevation of thought that can distinguish the mountain from the tree. To look at the index, one would think that Mr. Street had selected every subject on which other poets wrote, and penned his own effusion either as rivals or supplements to those of lottler bards. Thus we are the beautiful style of binding and printing.

advised to "Beware the Bowl" in the same metre that Moore used in commending its use. In search of an original topic, the author selects the "Country School House," Determined to strike a vein never before reached, he goes back to Revolutionary times, and sings to us of "Bunker Hill," "Concord," and "the Battle of Bennington." Weary of sounding on that chord, he touches lightly on the notes of our great civil conflict, and treats of "Sheridan's Raid," "The Drummer Boy," "Chancellorville," and "The Flag of the Eagle:" while in personal matters he singsthe praises of Fanny Kemble, Abraham Lincoln,

and the "late Chief Justice Savage." It is not to be expected that a gentleman who follows carefully in the topics selected by estab lished poets, and who carefully avoids throwing any new light on their subjects, would give us much to either instruct or delight, "The Brook" has been tolerably well treated of by Tennyson, and "Sheridan's Ride" has been attempted by Read, and so on with all the poems of Mr. Street. One of two conclusions must be arrived at: either Mr. Street, with fine postic ability, selected all these subjects before any of his brother bards, and they copied their topics from him, or else he has, with a laudable desire to aid posterity, formed a little dictionary of popular poems, placed it as an index, and gave a few verses on their captions.

Still another theory suggests itself. Mr Street knew that many of the poems of the day would live in the future, and by adopting the same title as some famous lyric, he has hoped to make posterity conformd his effusion with "the simon-pure production. We rather pride ourselves on the originality of this theory, as it seems to explain satisfactorily his carious taste in the choice of his titles.

We can publish no extract from the work, because, as we have already stated, they all so closely resemble the average newspaper poetry, that we deem lilustration unnecessary. To sum up our judgment on the two volumes, we should say that if any one desires a rather weak dilution of war lyrics and sollloques on "School House," "Fortitude." and the like, we commend the very prettily printed wolumes before us. But as for vitality, force, or originality, they possess none. They read pleasantly, and if they contained any new thoughts, or expressed old ones in any noticeable way, would be very excellent verses.

Essays on Art. By Francis Turner Palgrave. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Philadelphia Agent: D. Ashmead, No. 724 Chesnut street. Mr. Palgrave has already secured a foremost place among the art-critics of the day, and we are glad to see his contribution to the Saturday Review compiled and issued in a more permanent form. While, for the sake of the fine arts, we welcome this contribution to that department of literature, too much neglected in our Anglo-Saxon literature, yet we cannot but feel sad at the contrast afforded us of English and American art literature. At least threefourths of the work before us is rendered point. less, and almost unintelligible, by allusions to English paintings and painters, whose styles That part which treats of Cruikshank of "Lost Treasures" is pleasant and reading, but that which criticizes the "Royal Academy" and the British artists, loses all interest when translated to this side of the water. We hope to see the day, and that unbiassed essays on the fine arts. The only kind that ever come under our notice is an occasional essay on "Painting" by Tuckerman, very pleasant, but not attempting to cover the ground, and a few newspaper articles. It is a shame to our painters that, while they are supplying works of national pride, no litterateur has appeared who is competent to point out their beauties or defects. Mr. Palgrave's essays are very pleasantly written, and illustrate the kind of contributions needed to elevate American art.

Cameron Hall, By M. A. C. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Miss Mary A. Cruse, of Alabama, is the authoress of the work before us. She has previously issued several minor novels, of no especial merit. The present work is her best, and we must say that is, when compared with the average of modern novels, a very good story. It treats of Confederates, and with the exception of being another addition to the surfeit of war novels, is, in all respects, welcome. It is written with considerable force. The plot and characters are natural, the one being well worked up, the others well portrayed. It is of the "Rutledge" order of fiction, affords us hero and heroines of the latest novels never | an insight into the Rebellion during the war, and gives us a readable love story.

> MADONNA MARY. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers, Philadelphia

Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co. About once a month Mrs. Oliphant presents the world with a new Minerva, fully armed, which springs from her teeming brain. The latest "Madonna Mary," is written in her usual happy vein, with her usual unhappy love of prolixity. It is run out too far. The story is good: the characters are, of course, original, yet natural. But there is too much given for the money. We are glad, however, to detect a gradual change of the fancy for details. It reached its zenith in "Miss Majoribanks." It is now on the decline. If Mrs. Oliphant writes and lives for ten years more, with her old power of description, and a new power of condensation, she will be at the head of female novelists.

SERMONS ON THE MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECTS OF THE BOOK OF GOD. By Rev. William Barnes, Philadelphia: J. G. Miller.

A cheaply got up book, of excellent contents. It is fitted for general circulation, and is probably designed for sale among the poor. It does not exhibit any great power. The writer has not genius: yet it is evidently the production of a godly man. It is written with the earnestness of faith, and will bring conviction rather by its evident honesty than its superior argumentative ability.

FONETTE. By Edward Laboulaye. J. E. Tilton & Co.; Boston. CHRISTMAS HOLLY. By Marian Harland, Sheldon & Co.; New York. Æsor's Fables. Fowler & Wells: New York.

Philadelphia Agents. We have before us the three little books, whose titles we give above. They are all executed in the highest style of typographical art, and are most suitable for holiday gifts, recommending themselves both by their contents and

-T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued a reprint edition of the ever popular little work, "Father Tom and the Pope." It will, of course, and a ready sale. The same firm have in press a new work, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, called the "Bride of Llewellyn." Coming from Mrs. Southworth, it needs no recommendation to secure its success.

-Hurd & Houghton send us a number of bandsomely illuminated children's books. Among them we notice three admirably adapted to please the little ones. "The Smart Cheater." "A Jolly Bear," and;"Reminiscences of Campo Bello."

-In connection with children's books, we may mention a very neat little contribution from J. B, Lippincott, & Co., called "Fuz Buz, the Fly." It will delight the child reader.

-Harper & Brothers send us the second part of the new style of a child's primer, 'Reading without Tears," It consists of a plan of teaching a child to read by pictures and names. It well merits the attention of teachers.

-"Charlie Godman's Cruise" is an admirable book for boys, which comes to us from G. W. Pitcher. It is spirited, and very well written. It will be received with delight by all our boys as a gift for the holidays. The same house has a large collection of all classes of books for boys, and elegant Chr stmax offia.

-We have received, and will shortly notice, "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" and Skurmtshing.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

Paris Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Paris, November 9 .- Two thousand pages bree columns to the page, each column an inch higher and a quarter of an such broader than a column of the last Merriam edition of Webster, and printed in closer order, such is the material description of the first volume, A to H inclusive, monumental work, 'Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," by Laure, A noble monument, harmoniously proportioned, of massive erudition and clear scientific method. As a lictionary its nomeactature is fuller, and definitions of usual and classical significations more satisfactory, than those of the Dictionary of the Academy. But it is more than a Thesaurus of words. It is a treasury of knowledge—ol ideas. But it is more than a Thesaurus of Here is the first value and distinctive feature of

The definition of a word, according to its usual and classic acceptation, is first supported by a numerous array of authoritative examples cirerom modern authors; then tollows an "historic" paragraph, showing the usage in chronological order, by selections from the earliest writer who can be called French, down to the sixteenth century; then on this outer French nontier we find the etymological article, pointing out whence and by what roads and in what company the word came. "I was so impressed," says our author, "with the bonds that unite the modern with the ancient French; I observed so many cases where the meaning and the expressions of our time are explicable only by the meanings and expressions of an earlier time, so many examples where the form of words is not intelligible without the preceding forms, that it seemed to me that the theory (doctrine) and even the usage of the language must remain unsettled, unless they rest on their ancient base." And again he says:—"The past of the language guides the mind directly towards its

The Dictionary, of which this colossal volume. previously issued in thurteen avraisons, is one-nalf, is completed in MS. Seeing that M. Littre has lived only sixty-live years, and seeing what his other labors have been the wonder is, at first, when he found time to execute this work. Nor is the wonder more than half removed when we are told that out of the last twentysix he has given to it fifteen solid years. But his years count double. A gentleman of his acquaintance tells me that he habitually gives tourteen hours a day to study. His customary bedtime is three o'clock in the morning. Th he has had a most sustaining, efficient collaborator in his daughter, who inherits his love and patience of study, and, educated by him, is said to be almost as learned as her fatner. The French Academy, one of whose high and special functions it is to compose a Dictionary of the French language (they say that at the rate the work is getting on it will be ready for publication towards the close of the next century), will not admit Littre to membership, because he has translated Strauss and helped to popu-

larize Comte's philosophy.

Taine is likewise tabooed by the majority of that professedly literary body; with what un-reasonableness each new book from his pen treally demonstrates. The latest we have to thank him for is the "Philosophie de l'Art en Italie." It is the second series of his lectures at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the first of which were published last year under the title of "Philosophic de l'Art," and have been translated

by Mr. Dunlap of your city.
Yet another occupant of the "41st Arm Chair" has laid all lovers of good letters under obliga-tion by his "Voyage en Russie." Understand at the outset, that Theophile Gautier does not attempt-he would shamefully fail if he didto instruct the reader as to the politics or socialistics of Russia. But beyond any other living writer he has, and exercises the rare faculty of painting with his pea—not merely the objects that have met his eye, but the very atmosphere in which they were bathed. And so if you want to see the outside, the picturesque sides, of Russia and Russian life, and be helped to a nice perception and appreciation of the treasures of art in Russian museums, read these two de-lightful volumes, the perusal of which will also give you, dear general reader, who read French as well as you do English, though you don't

speak it, some surprise in respect of your anowledge of the French written tongue.

Prevost-Paradol is an Academican; as, for finished definess and Jelicaey in the use of the French language as an instrument of thought. surely deserves to be. The potent reason for his election, however, was that the literarily best and eleverest of his unvoluminous writings had been sharply critical of the actual political regime. His election was opened when he was condemned to fine and imprisonment for one of his articles. He has just collected and published, in a small volume entitled "Quelques Pages d'Histoire Contamporaine," a series of letters on the political topics of the day. Two volumes of a French translation of Henri

Hein's "Correspondance Inedite" will be very welcome to those who cannot obtain or read the German original. This first series extends fr m 1820, the beginning of his public literary life, to 1843; a final volume will give his private letters dating from that period to 1856. Forty of the letters in this collection are addressed to the writer's early and intimate friend Moser, and reveal qualities of hearty gentleness and goodness which are a graieful relief to the bright and burning daylight of persifiage and sarcasm with which his works abound. The first number of "Lafontaiae's Fables,"

with Dore's illustrations, is on sale. Judging from these two, and from others that have been shown in anticipation of publication, it is no venture to saylthat, as illustrations, they are far superior to most of the wood engravings intereaved in the so-called Dore Bible. The medium in which Mr. Dore lives and works is so en-tuely different from the medium in which Moses and the Prophets and Christ lived and did, that he should succeed in giving apt illustra-tions to their life and work. If I could venture to speak to the narrower artistic question in the case, I should say that these illustrations are superior to most of those in the Dore Bible on the scere of invention and sentiment.

PARISIAN LITERATURE. -The Paris correspondent of a New York

weekly writes:-The favorite of the hour, Victorien Sardon, has proused, the interestfor the Parisians during the ast day or two. It was mentioned in a former effer, as evidence of the fecundity of the talent of this successful dramatist, that on the night

Worthy Villagers at the Gymnase, another play, by the same hand, was read and accepted at the Vaudeville. So unusual a "run of luck" natu slly excited (in this amiable city) n good deal of not very aviable feeling, and a couple of the petty dailies, the Gazette des Etrangers and the igoro (the most spiteful little journal ex ant), having contrived to get some slight knowledge of the new play, Maison Neuse, gave in their respective columns what purported to be an analysis thereof, with a running comment-ary of ill-natured criticism, which made fortbwith the round of the Paris press. M. sardov, feeling himself immensely aggrieved by this very arregular proceeding, so atterly decant of all received rules in regard of theatrical novelties, determined to suppress the new p ece altogether, retused to superintend the rehear-sals of the same, and called upon the manager of the Vaudeville to give up the manuscript. The latter retused to do this, alleging the heavy pecuniary loss that such a step would entail us on him, and declaring that, as all the for-malities of transfer had been completed between himself and the author, the latter had no longer any right over the play. The quarrel went on thus for some days, neither party being willing to give way; but as the delay was extremely pre-indicial to the Vandeville, the manager of the judicial to the Vaudeville, the manager of the latter brought a suit against M. Sardou, de-manding that the court should sentence the latter to pay him the sum of five hundeed trancs for every day's delay in conducting the re-bearsals of the piece. M. Sarcou, on his side, feeling the absurdity of protracting such a dispute, called together a number of the leading dramatists, newspaper editors, and literary men, and bogged them to decide what course e ought to take under the orcumstances: The ury to whom the matter was thus referred, eter hearing all that could be added on both sides of the question, gave it as their unani-mous verdict that the indiscretions of the journals complained of by M. Sarson were extremely reprehensible, but could not be considered as constituting a sufficient ground for the withdrawal of the play. At the same time the suit brought by the manager being decided in that gentleman's favor, M. Sardou has deemed it best to submit with a good grace to the double verdict; and, accordingly, the rehearsals of the new piece have been resumed, M. Sardou super-intending them with his usual zeal and good

The new play just brought out at the Francais y M. Auguste Vacquerie, son-in-law of Victor Hugo, has been a tailure. Its plot is nul, its "situations" are uninteresting, and so tired was the audience that, long before its conclusion, The Son was actually hissed—a very unusual proceeding on the part of a Parisian public, The Odeon, meantime, has secured, with the new play of M. Louis Bouithet, The Conspiracy of Amboise, a success as brilliant as that of the Gymnase with Nos Bons Velageois. The struggles between the party of Conde and that of the Guises, during the regency of Catharine de Medici, form the groundwork of the drama, in which the facts of the childhood of Francis II have been somewhat modified to suit the requirements of stage effect. The versification of the piece is terse, elegant, and sparkling; many of the declamatory passages approaching as nearly to the poetic as it is in the capacity of the essentially prosaic French tongue to do. M. Bounhet, whose new play is his sixth successful theatrical "venture"—each of them occurring at regular intervals of two years-began life in Rouen as a preparatory teacher of aspiring to university honors. Erudite literary, he taught for a living, and amused his leisure moments by writing stories and verses for his friends. One of the latter, a "chum" of the editor of one of the reviews here, having got hold of one of Bouilhet's manuscripts, offered it to the editor, who published it to please his friend. The story, called "Molœnis," was so favorably received by the public that its author at once determined to take up the pen in good earnest, and soon achieved a reputation as a dramatist that has lifted him to honor and fortune. The Odeon having been the first to welcome his productions, M. Bouilhet has remained faithful to that theatre; and every fresh success obtained by him is the occasion of a "fisternal fete" in the Latin Quarter, where he possesses a nuicerous cohort of enthusiastic riands who celebrate each of his new triumphs ov giving him a banquet.

Tae Woes of an Authoress. Gail Hamilton recently travelled over the rail-road from New York to Springfield, and the following advertisement in the Hartford Press tells the result:-

STRAYED OR STOLEN-From the subscriber, somewhere on the New York, New Haven, and Springfield Railroad, between Meriden, Conn., and Boston, a camel's-hair scarf, valuable in its own right and as a keepsake. Wnoever will return the same to box 16, Hamilton, Mass., shall receive the warmest thanks of the owner The over would offer a more substantial reward, it to the same journey she lost her portemonnaic. If that shall be returned, the portemonnaie shall be given to the finder, and all the money in it to the finder of the scarf.

Also, lost on the same journey, a rigolette. Also, a green veil. Also, a drab veil. Also, a water-proof closk. In short, any little things lying about the country probably belong in the ame box, and shall be given to the finder of the scart as fast as they come in, and no ques-

N. B. If any person shall find a large new, black silk umbrella, and shall wish to communicate with the owner, he can do so at once by addressing box 16, post office, Hamilton, Inssachusetts.
The Springfield Republican and all the Wor-

cester papers are tearfully requested to copy this advertisement.

The "Memoirs and Letters of Madame Riedesel" relate to 'bat interesting period of the Revolutionary was which included the campaign of Burgoyne in Northern New York, and his subsequent defeat at Saratoga. A translation of her memoirs was published in 1827, but has been long out of print. This translation was not only very incorrect in many passages, but omitted nearly forty pages of the original German edition. Mr. William L. Stone, one of the editors of the Journal of Commerce, and the author of the "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson," is, therefore, about to publish a re-vised translation, with notes and comments, and a portrait of Madame Riedesel. It will form the sixth volume of "Musell's Series of Local American History," and will be about three hundred pages octavo. Mr. Stone is also busy over a translation of the "Life and Writings of General Riedesel," edited at Berlin in 1856, by Max Elking. This contains Riedesel's military and personal journal during his residence in America, and many letters from Washington, Gates, Burgoyne, and others, that have never been published in English. It will form one of the same series.

- One of the most vi luable books announced this week is "The Constitutional Convention: Its History, Powers, and Modes of Proceeding, by John A. Jameson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Chicago, and Professor of Constitutional Law in the law department of the Chicago University. Judge Jameson has given long study to this subject, and his work is an ex-hostive treatise. Four species of conventions are described—classed as the spontaneous, legislative, revolutionary, and constitutional; a lefinition of sovereignty follows; and pitomes of the history of various national and ate conventions are given, with able discusiens of the powers of such bodies, and suggestions for the amendment of constitutions. documentary appendix adds to the value of the work, and an excellent index makes reference bundred pages, printed on the Riverside Press.

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## LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR
THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.
In the matter of the petition for the sale of real
estate by the Ge-man Lutheran Congregation—
The undersigned, appointed by the said Court to hear
and report upon the claims of Dersons holding lots in
the burying ground of the above congressation, situate
on the east side of Eighth street, between Race and
Vine streets in the city of Philadelphia hereby in
accordance with the order of Court of November 21,
1866, gives notice to all parties holders of lots, or interested therein to apsear before him at his office, No.
433 Walnut and, in said city, on THURSDAY, the
thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1866, at 8 o'clock
P. M. then as a here to present their several claims.
This notice is given for the purpose of enabling persons having relations buried in said ground, or having
rights or burfait granted to them by said corporation to
present their objections to the sale of the ground and
removal of the dead.

Il 28 12t THOMAS J. WORRELL, Fxaminer.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Estate of THOMAS HANSELL, deceased
The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the account of WILLIAM F. HANSELL, deceased, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on THURSDAY, December 13, 1866, at 3 o'clock F. M., at his office, No. 462 WALNUT Street, in the city of Philadelphia.

12 4 tuthsot\*

HULLIAM D. BAKER,
Auditor.

DENTISTRY.

THE GOVERNMENT HAVING coministering Silrous Oxide Gas, by which I have extracted many thousands of Teeth without pain, I as justiful d in asserting that it is both safer and superior to any other now in use. DR. C. L. MUNNS No. 781 SPRUCE Street.

GREAT REVOLUTION

IN THE WINE TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES

Pure California Champagne, Made and repared as if done in France, from pure California Wine, and taking the place of Imported

he undersigned would call the attention of Wine Dealers and Hotel Keepers to the following letter. which may give a correct idea of the quality of their

"CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, Cot. 25, 1866.

"MESSES, BOUCHER & Co.:—
"Gentiemen:—Having siven your California Champagne a tholough test we take cleasure in saying that we think it the best American Whos we have over used.

"I can be seen that the continue of the c CALL and TEX OUR CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

BOUCHER & CO.