THE BREAKERS.

Lecture by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage at Musical Fund Hall, last evening.

SPECIAL REPORT FOR EVENING TELEGRAPH.] The sea is an endless study. From the time that in childhood we first pick up pebbles from the beach, gathering our apron full, until in manhood we take passage in a Liverpool packet, we talk, and write, and dream of the sea. Its power and glory mingle with all Hierature, and arts, and poetry, and romance. You hear its dash against the prow of Cooper's "Two Admirals," and see its foam on the canvas of Turner's "Slave Ship," and hear its thunder in historical alcoves as it whelms the Spanish Armada, 'The "gusty waves" washed up into Shakespeare's tragedy, and their surf tumbled into the metre of Byron's "Corsair," with the rush and toss of his own impetuous nature. Southey's "Roderick," and Keat's "Endymion," and Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," stand like Chelsea beach and

Wyoming," stand like Chelsea beach and Eddystone lighthouse, sounding with the overlasting ide-ihrob of the sea. Genesis is spray-dewed with waters rushing to their own place, and Revelation flashes with a sea of glass mingled with fire.

Some of the world's most stupendous occurrences have taken place on the deep, from the old sea-lights of Lepanto and Actium, down to the modern battle in Hampton Roads, where the United States arose to the first naval power on earth, the guus of the Monitor sounding across the Black Sea and the Indian Ocean, making the British lion snuff the breeze, and Lord John to think he heard thunder. There is a mightiness in the smile of the sea, but when teased and lashed of the tempest, who shall depoint the foam, the fire, the darkness, the tumult, pict the foam, the fire, the darkness, the tumult, the almightiness of its wrath, till the very ele-ments, billded and woe-struck, bellow, and brick, and moan from cavern to sky, from sky to cavern. Ships caught in the fury are driven helpless and forsaken, till the breakers sound, and there is a rush up the rattines, and the trum-pet calls, "Stand by for stays!" "Ready about!" "Down helm!" "Hard down!" and there is a crash, and a plunge, and a struggle, and a cry to God, and a silence of all, save the storm's gabble, and the clang of sea-fowls, and the dull, heavy,

dead beating of a nulk among the breakers.

If some great geologist or navigator could bring the rocks into confessional, this one would say, "I dashed to pieces an East Indiaman, and all its treasures are at my feet." Another would say, "I sunk a man-oi-war, and captured all its guns in five minutes." Another, "I wrecked a steamer, and surrounded myself by the stark bodies of young men and fair maldens." Well, we are all running some kind of a craft, either ship, or schooner, or brig, or bark, or sloop, or scow. And often the sea is rough, and the maps are imperfect, and the pumps will not work, and there are squalls (all pareats know what a squall is), and we have to put the helm hard up, and let on the spanker sheet and out hand, and and let go the spanker sheet and out haul, and clew uproyals and top-gallants, and haul down flying-jib, and it is only by constant sounding of the lead that we can keep from crashing into

he breakers. My lecture is not so much for the old seam en who have long been out on life's voyage. It is fifty or sixty years since they went out from Nantucket and harpooned their first whale. I would as seon think of describing a school of porpoises to Captain Cook or Commodore Perry, as to instruct the aged. But there are those who may find it profitable to consider for a little while the rocks against which people

wreck themselves.

Rock the First—Multiplicity of occupation.
The general rule is, Mason, stick to your trowel;
carpenter, stick to your plane; lawyer, stick to
your brief; minister, stick to your pulpit; farmer,
stick to your plough. Fireman, if you please,
one locomotive at a time; navigator, one ship;
professor, one department. The mighty men
of all professions were men of one occupation.
Thorwaldsen at sculpture, Irving at literature,
Paxton at brewing. Rothschild at banking. Thorwaldsen at sculpture, Irving at literature, Paxton at brewing, Rothschild at banking, Forrest at acting, Brunel at engineering, Ross at navigation, Punch at joking, and the London Times at lying. It is only now and then that a Mitchell can successfully put down his telescope, and forsaking the bosts of light that march, and wheel, and fire on the hills of heaven, go forth to win still higher triumphs on the field of national struggle, until the stars in their courses seem to fight for the cause of liberty and union; this good man then passing up from the fever hospital to heaven, as if by coming nearer the throne of God, he might the better plead the cause of outraged justice and suffering humanity Sometimes, indeed, a man is prepared by Provi-Sometimes, indeed, a man is prepared by Providence through a variety of occupations for some great mission. Hugh Miller must climb up to his high work through the quarries of Cromarty, and a Western man must come up through farming, and afterwards through a law practice, and then through the Illinois Legislature, until he is ready for his work, and then e goes forth with the same hands with which e once split rails, to take Insurrection by the throat, and to bury Rebellion deep under the broken shackles of six millions of men coming

to resurrection.

But, generally, by the time thirty years are reached the occupation is thoroughly decided, and there will be achievement in that direction if the occupation be thoroughly followed. It does not make much difference what you do is far as success is concerned), if you only do it, frandreth can make a fortune at pills, Adams by expressing, Cooper by manufacturing glue Van Nest by making harness, Genin by sell ing hats, contractors by the manufacturing of shoddy, and merchants by putting sand in sugar, and beet-juice in vinegar, and culckory in coffee, and lard in butter. One of the costliest dwellings I ever saw was built out of eggs. Palaces have been built out of species, out of tooth-ache drops, out of hides, out of pig's feet, out of pickles, out of tooth-brushes, out of hose (h-o-s-e and h-o-e-s), out of fluc-tooth combs, out of ice, out of water, out of bones, out of shells, out of steam, out of tunn-

der and lightning.

The difference between conditions in life is not so much a difference in the fruitfulness of occupations, as it is a difference in the endow-ment of men with that great and magnificent attribute of sticktoitiveness. Mr. Plod-on was doing a flourishing business at selling bantamy but he wanted to do all kinds of huckstering, and so his nice little property took wing of ducks, and turkeys, and Shanghais, and flow

away.

Mr. Loom-driver had an excellent factory on the Merrimac, and made beautiful carpets, but he concluded to put up another kind of factory for the making of snawls; and one day there was a nice little quarrel between the two factories, and the carpets ate up the shawls, and the shawls ate up the carpets, and having suc-ceeded so well in swallowing each other, they turned round and gulped down Mr. Loom-

Blackstone had a large practice, and was the best lawyer in town. He could make the most plausible argument, and had the largest re-tainers, and was a non at the bar, and some young men of the profession were proud to wear their hair just as he did, and to have just as hig a shirt collar. But he concluded to go into politics. He entered that paradise which men call a caucus. He was voted up and he was voted down. He came within three votes of getting it. He got on the Chicago Phitform, but Horace and Thurlow shook it so roughly that a plank broke, and he slipped through. He got on the Baltimore Piatform, but it rocked like an earthquake, and a plank broke, and he slipped through. Then, as a circus rider, with one foot on each horse, whirls round the ring, our hero puts one foot on the Chicago, and another on the Baltimore, and he slipped be-tween. Landing in a ditch, he feit he had enough of this. And our friend came back to

tween. Landing in a ditch, he feit he had enough of this. And our friend came back to his law office, and as he entered, covered with the mire, all the briefs from the pigeon-hole rustled with gladness, and Kent's "Commentaries," and Livingstone's "Law Register," broke forth in the exciamation, "Weicome home, Hon, Blackstone, Large practice! Jack of all trades is master of none,"

Doctor Bonesetter was a master in the healing profession. No man was more welcome in anybody's house than this same Doctor Bonesetter. The people loved to see bim pass, and thought that there was in his old gig a religious rattle. When he entered a drug-store, all the medicines knew him, and the quinine would shake as though it had the chills, and the great strengthening plasters unroll, and the soda fountains hiss and fizz, as much as to say, "Will you have vanills or strawberry?" Itiding along in his gig one day, he fell into a ahoughtful mood, and concluded to enter the ministry. He mounted the pulpit, and the pulpit mounted him, and it was a long while before it was known who was of the most importance. The young people said the preaching was dry, and the merchants could not keep from making financial calculations in the back part of the Psalm-book, and the church thuned out, and the salary was not paid, and the Dominie became as heavy as a load of bricks, and was Doctorated.

Well, one Monday morning, Messrs, Plod-on, Loom-driver, Blackstone Large Practice, and Doctor Bonesetter, met at one corner of the sireet, and all felt so low-spirited that one of them proposed to sing a song for the purpose of getting their spirits up. I have forgotten all save the chorus. But you would have laughed to hear how at the end of all they rses their voices came in, "Jack of all trades is master of

Young man! concentrate all your energies in one direction. Be not afraid to be called a man of one idea. Better have one great idea than five hundred little bits of ones. God has but one thought, but that thought is Eternity. Are you merchants? You will find abundant sweep for your intellect in a business which absorbed the energy of a Lenox and a Grinnell. Are you the energy of a Lenox and a Grinnell. Are you lawyers? You will in your grand profession find heights and depths of attainments which tasked a Marshall, and a McLean, and a Story, and a Kent. Are you physicians? You can afford to waste but little time outside a vocation which was the pride of a Rush, and a Harvey, a Cooper and a Sydenham. Helm hard up! Stand by to heave to on the other tack! Many a vessel as full sailed as yours has gone into the vessel as full sailed as yours has gone into the renkers.

Rock the Second—A disposition to invent. If

Rock the Second—A disposition to invent. If the Fatent Office reports could tell the whole truth, they would describe an amount of disappointment and lunacy positively terrific. At some time in our affe we are all smitten with the mania for invention. At twelve years of age I awoke to the stupidity of the world in never having discovered perpetual motion. You ought to have seen my success. The machine was a marvel. The wheels were all right, the levers all right. In fact, it was a complete success, with only one little exception. It would not go.

Now Americans are proverbially inventive. Every Yankee is born with a machine-shop in his head. At five years of age be begins to whittle. By the manner in which he does this you may form a very correct idea as to what will be his mechanical achievement. If he keep a sharp knife, and whittle the stick down

will be his mechanical achievement. If he keep a sharp knife, and whittle the stick down to a needle's point, you may know that that boy will be a smooth, graceful mechanic, and that he will be sharp in his insight into all possibilities of mechanism. If he gouge the stick, and the wood fly off, not in thin shavings, but in churily, you may conclude that he will be a rough workman, and he will spoil many a door, and leave the mark of his clumsiness on many a poorly turned bannister. If in whitting he hack his fingers ever and anon, and run long splinters under his nail, you may know that he will be a reckless man, blowing up people with boilers, and crushing his journeymen under rafters. Indeed, there is no hope for an American who cannot whittle well.

This disposition to make something has re-

can who cannot whittle well.

This disposition to make something has resulted in the ten thousand conveniences of house, and store, and street. God speed the wheels! God speed the corn-thresher! But a disposition to invent has sometimes absorbed all the man, and made complete havoc of his intellect and business. How many prosperous wheelwrights have ruined their business by the discovery of some new carriage spring that the world could neverappreciate! What estates have been absorbed in the introduction of reaping-machines, and churns, and beel-cutters, and nut-crackers!

Let this be known. The most useful discoveries have been those which have sprung into notice while in the discharge of every-day duty. Do not make a life-time business of invention, but go into straightforward industries beginning. and nut-crackers! tries, keeping your eyes open, remembering that all around the chemist's laboratory, and the mechanic's hammer, and the merchant's yardstick, there are constantly playing ten thousand wonders, some of which it may be your duly to launch upon the world's attention. your duly to launch upon the world's attention. Discoveries and new contrivances fly up as sparks from the blacksmith's anvil, as spray from the manufacturer's water-wheel. All hall, to the world's inventors, as they come forth with faces scarred in the explosion of dangerous experiments, and with their hands blistered of toll, and their garments smutched with the coal of furnaces, bringing engine, and loom, and knife, and mill, and factory to attest their skill—a Fulton, who put fire and water in one yoke; a Morse, who sends tidings flying through the midst of heaven with angels of fire. Nevertheless, it is well enough to know that a newly contrived coffee-mill, or plough, or horse-rake, or feed-grinder is often the rock on which people are wrecked, which people are wrecked.

Rock the Third-Bad temper, Good humor will sell the most goods, plead the best argu-ment, effect the best cure, preach the best ser-mon, build the best wall, weave the best carpet, The poorest business firm in town is Growl, Spitfire & Brothers. They blow up their clerks; they insult their customers; they quarrel with the draymen; they write impudent duns; they kick the beggars; the children shy off as they pass along the street; and the dogs, with wild yelp, clear the path as they come. Acrid, was pish, fretful, explosive, suddenly the money market will be astounded by the defalcation of Growl,

Spitfire & Brothers.

Merryman & Warm Grasp were poor boys when they came from the country. They brought all their possessions in one little pack each of the boys two shirts, two pair of stock-ings, two collars, one jack-knife, a paper of pins, and a hunk of gingerbread which the nother gave them when she kissed them : by, and told them to be good boys, and mind the boss. They smiled, and laughed, and bowed, and worked themselves up higher and higher in the estimation of their employers. The young men soon had a store of their own the corner. They were obliging men, and ple from the country left their carpet-bags that store when they came to town. Henceorth, when the farmers wanted hardware clothing, or stoves, or books, they went to buy them at the place where their carpet-bags had been rested so kindly. These merchanis had a way of holding up a yard of clothing and shining upon it, so that plain cassimere would look almost as well as French broadcloth, and an earthen pitcher would glisten like porce-lain. Not by the force of capital, but by having money drawer and counting desk, and counter and shelves, all full of good temper, they rose in society, till to day Merryman & Warm Grasp have one of the largest stores, and most elegant show-windows, together with the finest car-riages, and the prettiest wives in all the town of Shuttleford.

A melancholic musician may compose a "Dead March," and make harp weep and organ wail, but will not master a "Battle March," or, with the grand old instrument, storm the castles of the soul as with the flying artillery of light, and love, and joy, till the organ pipes seem filled with a thousand clapping nosannas. A melancholic poet may write a Dante's "Inferno," till out of his hot brain there come steaming up barking Cerberns of wan sprite, but not the chime of Moore's "Melodies," or the roll of Pope's "Dunciad," or the trumpet-call of Scott's "Don Roderick," or the archangelic blast of Milton's "Paradise Lost," A melancholic painter may, with Salvator, sketch Death, and Gloom, and Monstrosity, but he cannot reach melancholic musician may compose Gloom, and Monstrosity, but he cannot reach the tremor of silvery leaf, or the sunning of sun through mountain pine, or the light of morning struck through foam-wreath, or rising sun leaping up on the sapphire battlements with banners of flame, or the gorgeous "Heart

of the Andes," as though all the bright colors of earth and heaven had fought a great fight and left their blood on the leaves,

If you let the dark night of melancholy swoop upon your soul, you will lose your bearings, and with no bright star of hope by which to steer, you will go crashing into the breakers. you will go crashing into the breakers,

Rock the Fourth-Bad treatment from others Rock the Fourth—Bad treatment from others, Sometimes a community gets a grudge against a man, and everybody considers it a duty to give him a kick. Some have formed the erropeous idea that gosslp is chiefly a characteristic of women. A wrong notion. While I would not always want to be responsible for all that is sometimes said at sewing societies, and tea fights, where women congregate, I should jusas heartily decline being responsible for much that is said at the meeting of bank directors and Boards of Trade, and in grocery stores, and in the smoking room on some long winter's night, when the howling wind outside, and the blazing fire within, induce men to great sociability and confidence. Alas! under such circumstances, what post-mortan examinations. oilly and confidence. Alas! under such circumstances, what post-mortem examination of dead character! What skitful flourish of the scalpel and dissecting knife! How soon the plumes of reputation are scattered, when each man pleks a quill! What a sumptuous dish of tittle-tatile, and plates for ten! How the fires of rareasm and stader will glow, when each one has a tongs with which to stir the blaze! How quick and be-attifully the heads fall off as the guillotine, hour after hour, goes chop! chop! A great flock of crows swooping upon one carcass.

chop! A great flock of crows swooping upon one carcass.

"Say! Did you hear that Mr. Well-to-do is embarrassed in business?" "Indeed! Well, I'm not surprised, for I saw him down among the note-shavers yesterday afternoon, which made me think he was hard up." "Ah! says another, "that explains a protest which I saw lying on his office desk a few days ago." "Well." says another, "they say he has been living far beyond his means." "Alas!" says another, "this comes from dressing his family so extravagantly, and sending off his children to school. God for him! He had no business to carry so much sail." "There!" says another, "I will 'nat make an end to this. I will tell

my friend from whom Well-to-do has borrowed money, he had better look out. Yes, I will go to the bank, too, and let them know just how matters stand." One fine morning Mr. Well-to-do says, "Thank God! I now see my way clear, and in six months I will have business matters all straight, and no man shall lose a dollar by ms, if I can only be let alone." A loud rao is heard against his office door. "Sir, the banker sent me to s.y that he must see you immediately." Another rap. "Sir, Mr. Loan sends me to say that he must have that money to day, or he will take some other steps to get it." Go home, Well-to-do, and tell your wife you are bankrupt, and the house must be sold and the children come home from school. What is the matter? On! nothing, only some Christian gentlemen one night felt it their Christian duty to look after the business of Well-to-do.

You talk of gossip as something light and feathery and insignificant. Why, more than once it has roused an earthquake that shook down half a cliy, and a tornado that, sweeping out to sea, has dismantled hundreds of merchantmen. Born in the lowest cavern of the pit, it crawls up, reeking with filth and vermin, and forked tongue, pointed at everything good, and uncoils lis herrid folds, and stands on end in market-place and social gathering, with flendish niss.

Reck the Fifth.—Excessive amusement. Agood game of ball is great sport. The sky is clear, the ground is just right for fast running. The club put off their coats, and put on their caps. The ball is round and hard, and staffed with litimitable bounce, Get ready the bats, and take your positions. Now give us a ball. Too low! Don't strike! Too ligh! Don't strike! The fight in the ball is round and hard, and staffed with litimitable bounce, Get ready the bats, and take your positions. Now give us a ball. Too low! Don't strike! Too ligh! Don't strike! Away it soars, higher, higher, Run! Another bass. Faster! faster! Good! All round at one stroke. All hailto the man who invented ball pinying. After tea, open the chec

What masterly skill he moves up his men;
Look out now, or he whil jump you. Sure
enough, two of your men gone from the board,
and a king for hob. With what cruel pleasure
he sweeps the board! What! only two more
move possible. Cornered, sure as fate. And
Bob hends over, and looks you in the face with
most provoking banter, and says, "Pop, why
don't you move?" "Ha! ha! ha!" shout all
the boys. They know why you don't move.
Call up the dogs. Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart—a good day for hunting. Get down,
Tray, with your dirty feet. Put on powderfiask and shoulder the gun. Over the hills and
through the woods. Boys! do not make such a
racket; you will scare the game. There is a
rabbit. Squat! Take good aim. Bang!missed
him. Sie him! Sie him! See the fur fly. Got
him at last. Here, Tray! Here, Tray!
John will get up the bays. All ready now.
See how the buckies glisten, and how the norses
prence, and the spokes flash in the sun! Now
open the gate. Away we go, Let the gravel fly,
and the tires rattle over the pavement, and the
horses' hoofs clatter and ring. Good roads now,
and let the span fly. Crack the whip. Go-long!

and the tires rattle over the pavement, and the horses' hoofs clatter and ring. Good roads now, and let the span fly. Crack the whip. Go-long! Nimble horses, on smooth roads, in a pleasant day, and no toli-gates—clatter, clatter, clatter!

I never see a man go out with a fishing-rod to sport but I silently say, "May you have a good time, and the right kind of bait, and a basket full of catfish and flounders." I never see a party taking a pleasant ride, but I wish them a joyous round, and say, "May the horse not cast a shoe, nor the trace break, and may the horses! thirst not compel them to stop at too many tayerns. In a world where God lets his iambs

taverns. In a world where God lets his lambs frisk, and his trees toss, and his brooks leap, and his stars twinkle, and his flowers make love to each other, I know he intended men at times to laugh, and sing, and sport. Out upon the fashion that will let a man smile, but pro-nounces him vulgar if he shout with laughter! Out upon a style of Christianity that would make a man's face the counter on which to

make a man's face the counter on which to measure religion by the yard!

"All work and no piay makes Jack a dull boy" is as true as preaching, and more true than some preaching. "Botter wear out than rust out," is a false maxim. We have no more right to do the one than the other.

But while all this is so, every thinking man will acknowledge that too much devotion to amusement is ruinous. Many of the English clergy lost their theology in a fox chase, Many

amusement is ruinous. Many of the English clergy lost their theology in a fox chase. Many a splendid business has had its brains kicked out by fast horses. Many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanas of the best orand. There are buttles in life that cannot be fought with sportsman's gun. There are things to be caught that you cannot draw up with a fishing tackle. Even Christopher North dropped a great deal of usefulness out of his "Sporting Jacket." Through excessive amusement many acket." Through excessive amusement many clergymen, and lawyers, and physicians, and mechanics, and artists have gone staving into

I offer this as a safe principle—Those amuse-ments are harmless which do not interfere with home duties and enjoyments. Those are ruinous which give one distaste for domestic pleasures and recreations. I offer home as a preventive as an inspiration, as a restraint, loating off from that, look out for the rocks, Home! It is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrills untold melody, the laughter one syllabic thrills untold melody, the laughter of children, the sounds of well-known footsteps, and the voices of undying affection. Home! I hear in that word the ripple of meadow brocks, in which, knee-deep, we waded, the lowing of cattle coming up from the pasture, the sharp niss of the scythe and thick grass, the creaking of the hayrack where we trampled down the load. Home! Upon that word there drops the sunshine of voyhood, and the shadow of tender sorrow, and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. When I see it in book or newspaper, that word seems to rise, and sparkle, and leap, and thrill, and whisper, and chant, and pray, and weep. It glitters like a shield. It springs up like a fountain. It riis like a soug. It twinkles like a star, It leaps like a flame, It glows like a sunset. It sings like a nangel. And if some Lexicographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it under garlands of wild flowers; and the wealthy would come forth to cover it up with their diamonds and pearls; and kings would hide it under their crowns; and after Herod had hunt-ed its life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day i would breathe from under the garlands, and sparkle from among the gems, and flash from under the coronet, and the world would read it fresh, and fair, and beautiful, and resonant as before, Home! Home!

LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. By Isaac Dis-raeli, George Rutledge & Sons, London: New York, No. 416 Broome street, Philadelphia Agent: George Gebbie, No. 730 Sansom

Mr. Disraeli's "Curiosities" is certainly one of the most remarkable compilations of odds and ends ever published. Displaying as it does astonishing research, abounding in quaint incidents of great men, treating with familiarity of the literature of all languages, it has been for many years a standard epitome of oddities, a work to which all scholars refer for curious tales of great men. The edition before us is handsomely printed in clear type, and yet is not extended over such a sized volume as to make it costly. In fact, it is a miracle of cheapness, and that it can be issued for the merely nominal sum at which it is held, is only accounted for by the fact of its publication in Great Britain. Of the intrinsic value of the work itself, it is certainly too late for us to speak. Popular judgment was pronounced a quarter of a century ago, and it was in favor of the work. We can to-day only welcome a new edition, which is calculated not only to attract popular attention to a field already being deserted, but also to place the work within the reach of the poorest student. We hope to see a revival | popularity of the literature of the school sisraeli, Sr., for in it is found little of the superficial, and a store of substantial information on the world

of letters. LITERARY LIFE OF J. K. PAULDING: By J. N. Paulding, Harper & Brothers, Philadel-phia Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co. The late Mr. Paulding was far better known

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rather incidental than the aim of his life. It is principally as a contributor to the journals and periodicals of the day that he essayed authorship. Judging from the selections made, he possessed fine powers of portrayal and cultivated style. The scraps of correspondence between Mr. Paulding and the leading men of the country are interesting, and the whole work is calculated to raise our estimate of Mr. Paulding as a general writer. CHRISTIE'S FAITH. By the author of "Mattle, A Stray." Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia Agents: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The novel before us is one of singular force. As a rule, we do not see much to praise in flctions which treat of efforts to reclaim the fallen from sin, and create a feeling of self-respect in the breast of those who have no self-respect in them. Such novels usually degenerate into sentimental discourses, and do nothing but make us familiar with a set of Pharisees. But "Christie's Faith" is different from the usual run of such works. It is a portrayal of real characters, and some of them are drawn with a free, bold pen, which admirably suits this style of works. It is a marked improvement over its predecessor from the same author-or rather, we should judge, authoress-and promises yet better things in the future. The characters pictured from low life are better than the philanthropists of whom the work treats. It is a pleasing addition to that literature which owes its revival to the powerful works of James Greenwood on London poverty and crime.

History of England. By Rev. James White, No. 129 Grand street, N. Y. Philadelphila Agent: Geo. Geoble, No. 739 Sansom street, A history of England from the year of our Lord to 1858, to be compressed within 800 pages, in large type and duodecimo-size volume, must necessarily be a very imperfect record of events. The work of Mr. White, therefore, is the mere skeleton of English history. Thirty pages are devoted to the reign of Elizabeth, fifty to Charles I, and forty-four to George III. Within such limits, it is hardly just for a writer to claim to give even a running commentary of a nation's progress. We cannot, therefore, award to the work of Mr. White any other praise than that due to a

collection of incidents out of British history, strung together by means of a table of chronoogy. As such it is interesting, and its brevity compels the writer to state many facts without opinions, wherein the principal merit of the work consists. It is issued in the cheapest style, and is useful for reference.

THE LAST DAYS OF A KING. By Maurice Hart-

man, J. B. Lippincott & Co Any historical romance labors under the double difficulty of a comparison with Sir Walter Scott's novels in the past, and with the series of which "The Court of Joseph II' is a type, which have recently appeared. Compared with either of these styles, "The Last Days of a King" is a failure. But viewing it without the brighter light of the most absorbing of our novelists, it is a very pleasant contribution. It treats of the closing scenes of the unfortunate Joachim Murat, King of Naples. The tale of his tragic death is too well known to our readers to need a reference to the novel for the details. But all the scenes are powerfully worked up. The deadly hate of the Corsicans, the power of the great Colonna family, the bonhommic of the unfortunate Marshal of France, all combine to render the work attractive, by the vivid portrayal they receive in its pages. It is handsomely printed by Lippincott. The translate tion from the German is by Mrs. M. E. Miles, and is elegant.

LECTURES ON THE NATURE OF SPIRIT, AND OF MAN AS A SPIRITUAL BEING. By Chauncey Glies. New York: Published by the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

The lectures before us give a comprehensive idea of the doctrine of Spiritualism, and are generally received as the correct exposition of the views of the Spiritualists. They are interesting. Being evidently prepared with great care, they present such a view of the doctrine as makes it seem least absurd, or, rather, as little of the absurd is admitted as is possible. They are very specious, and abound in logic, which, if we grant the premises, must come to certain conclusions. In theory they are plausible, and were it not that experience teaches us that all the sophisms are fallacy, we would consider the work as a valuable essay on things immaterial. As it is, the book is a standard exposition of the doctrines of the disciples of the New Jerusalem, and as such will be received by the citizens of the celestial city as an ordinance fully approved by their own Councils.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF LITTELL & GAY. Philadelphia Agent: Howard Challen, Chesnut and

Thirteenth streets. We have received from Mr. Challen a number of novels which have been issued by Littell. They comprise all of the serials which have appeared in Blackwood's Mayazine for years back, and consequently number among them many of the most interesting fictions of the day. The entire "Carlingford series" is included, with "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," and all of Lever's recent works, as well as Mrs. Oliphant's. The same house is agent in this city for Littell's Living Age, a periodical composed of the best articles in all foreign magazines, which is issued weekly, and to which nearly all of our leading citizens have subscribed for many years. Coming, as it does, in a weekly instalment, it is a welcome visitor at every

"NEW JERSEY MAGAZINE," NEWARK, N. J .-We have received the first number of a remarkably well-printed magazine with the title of New Jersey. It is published in good paper and handsome type, and compares in appearance most favorably with any of our old monthlies. As this is the first number, it would be unfair to deal critically with its to our readers as a politician than as a man of articles. The best article is on "Dean Swift,"

literature. His triumphs in letters were , by James W. Wall, of Burlington. We wish it every success in the future, and hope that the literary talent of the State will place it in the front rank of American periodicals.

> WE HAVE received from J. P. Skelly & Co., No. 21 South Seventh street, several works for children, all of which are well written, and abound in that healthy style of literature which is suited to the young. The best of the recent publications is "The Cabin in the Brush," which is a thrilling story, well told, and with an excellent moral.

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DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSU-RANCE COMPANY, Incorporated by the Legis-inure of Pennsylvania, 1838.

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8ix Per Cent, Bonds (Pennsylvania Railroad Six Per Cent, Bonds Six P 186,500*00 211,500'00 54,700.00 7,000 State of Tennessee Six Per Cent. 15,000 300 Shares Stock of Germantown

18,000 300 Shares Stock of Germantown
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Company.

180,900 Loans on Bonds and Mortgage,
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Market value 2,956.00 28,000'00 195,900.00 Market value, \$1,070,28078 Cost, \$1,050,652'05. \$1,045,050 par, Real Estate.
Bills receivable for insurances 36,000:00 88,923 10

\$1,407,321.56 *This being a new enterprise, the Par is assumed as the market value.

Thomas C. Hand,
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188

1829—CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Franklin Fire Insurance Co. OF PHILADELPHIA.

NOS. 435 AND 437 CHESNUT STREET

ASSETS ON JANUARY 1, 18 82,553.14613, .4400,000000 ccrued Sarptus 1,206,432 15 INCOME FOR 1866, UNSETTLED CLAIMS. LOSSES PAID SINCE 1829 OVER \$5,500,000. Perpetual and Temporary Policies on Liberal Terms

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No. 111 South FOURTH Street.
INCORPORATED 3d MONTH, 22d, 1865.
Insurance on Lives, by Yearly Premiums; or by
10, or 20 year Premiums, Non-toriesture.
Encowments, payable at a future age, or on prior
decease by Yearly Premiums, or 19 year Premiums—
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Annutities granted on favorable terms
Term Policies, Children's Endowments.
This Company, while giving the insured the security
of a paid-up Capital, will divide the enlire profits of
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Moneys received at interest, and paid on demand,
Authorized by charter to execute Trusts, and to act
as Executor or Administrator, Assignee or Guardian,
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PANY-Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual—No.
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This Company, favorably known to the community
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N. E. COR. CHESNUT AND SEVENTH STS. PHILADELPHIA. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER \$200,000. INCOME FOR 1866, 8103,934,

847,000, Of which amount not \$3880 remain unpaid at this date, \$100,000,000 of property has been successfully insured by this Company in thirteen years, and Eight Hundred Losses by Fire promptly paid.

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THOMAS CRAVEN, President
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PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

No. 111 S. FOURTH STREET, Commenced Business 7mo. 24, 1865, Organized to extend the benefits of Lile insurance among members of the Society of Friends. All good risks of whatever denomination solicited, SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, President,

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Annulties granted on favorable terms. [122fmwam]

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INCORPORATED 1865—CHARTER PERPETUAL, No. 224 WALNUT Street, opposite the Exchange, In addition to MARINE and INLAND INSURANCE, this Company insures from loss or damage by FIRE for liberal terms on buildings, merchandise, furniture, etc., for limited periods, and permanently on buildings, by deposit of premium.
The Company has been in active operation for more than SIXTY YEARS, during which all losses have been promptly adjusted and paid.

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PROPOSALS.

DROPOSALS FOR FRESH BEEF,-FRANKFORD ARSENAL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

April 17, 1867.

Sealed Proposals, in duplicate, will be received by the undersigned until 12 M., April 27, 1867, at this office, for furnishing the troops stationed at Frankford Arsenal with

FRESH BEEF,

of a good and marketable quality, in constant

of a good and marketable quality, in equal pro-portions of fore and bind-quarter meat (necks, shanks, and kidney tallow to be excluded), in such quantities as may be from time to time required, and on such days as shall be designated by the commanding officer.

The contract to be subject to the approval of The contract to be subject to the approval of the Commissary-General of Subsistence, and to remain in ferce for six months, or such less time as he may direct, commencing on the 1st day of May, 1867.

Upon acceptance of the offer, security and bond in the sum of six hundred dollars will be

required for the falthful performance of the Bids must be endorsed "Proposals for Beef,"

GEORGE D. RAMSAY, Ju.,

4 17 wfm5t Bvt. Capt. U. S. A., A. C. S.

OFFICE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COM.

PANY.

PHILADELPHIA, February 4, 1867.

Proposals will be received at the Office of the Penney(vania Railroad Company, Philadelphia, until the first day of May, 1867, inclusive (unless a satisfactory proposal should be received and accepted previously), from responsible parties desiring to contract with said Company for the establishment of a direct Line of Steamships between Philadelphia and Liverpect. Blank forms of proposals, with detailed informswill be furnished upon application to 15 1 EDMUND SMITH, Secretary.

REMOVAL.

DREER & SEARS REMOVED TO NO. 412

OF PRUNE Street.—DREER & SEARS, formerly
of Goldsmith's Hall, Library street, have removed to
No. 412 PRUNE Street, between Fourth and Fith
streets, where they will continue their Manufactory
of Gold Chaine, Bracelets, etc., in every variety. Also
the sale of fine Gold, Silver, and Copper. Old Gold
and Silver bought.

January I, 1867.

ROBERT SHOEMAKER & CO WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

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