

THE YEAR OF TERRORS.

Outpouring of the Vials of Wrath—Volcanoes, Earthquakes, Cyclones—Tremendous Convolutions on Earth and in the Heavens—Meteors, Comets, and Revolutions—The Islands that are not Away, and the Mountains that are not Found—The Appalling Wonders of 1867—The Plagues that are Written in the Book.

Since the wonderful revelations of the Transatlantic theory were published, announcing the progress and rapid approach of tremendous changes in the condition of our globe and of the planetary system in which it is embraced, the attention of mankind has been continually arrested by astounding natural phenomena.

Perilous thunderstorms, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, both by land and sea, tornadoes and inundations, have followed each other with scarcely any intermission; and at this moment there is widespread mourning in every one of the four quarters of the world every habit, for immense losses of life and property, occasioned by these convulsions of nature.

Frightful typhoons at Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and St. Thomas, sweeping, as we learn by the latest advices, along the Gulf of Mexico and adjacent regions to Matamoros, thence westward to the Pacific, hurrying death and ruin as far northward as the shores of Alaska, and finally sweeping down upon Australia, China, Japan, and the British East Indies; the submergence of the island of Tortola for many hours; the sudden eruption of Vesuvius, and consequent volcanic perturbation of Etna in Sicily, of Stromboli and the Ionian Isles; the threatened eruption of mountains in our own Territory of Montana, and the sulphurous conflagrations extending for scores of leagues in the country west of the Yellowstone; the alarming activity of an crater in the populous valley of Mexico, whose fires have been apparently extinct for centuries; shocks of earthquake in Portugal, Russia, Bokhara, and other portions of the globe, augmented in their effect by the singular solar observations observed within the year, and the sublime meteoric display, visible over two continents, on the morning of the 15th instant, have convinced the learned that the cosmic shell, upon the outer surface of which we live, the vast system that embraces it, and even the ethereal spaces beyond, extending for myriads of millions of leagues into the Milky Way, are now undergoing some peculiar vicissitudes. Active readers are aware that upon the year 1867 has been concentrated a full stream of prophecy from seers of every creed and nationality, and that dozens of them insist upon the certainty of a general cataclysm in the heavens and on the earth to come before New Year's.

What there is real in these anticipations we shall not presume to decide. Our purpose is simply to review the situation of things rapidly, while furnishing, in brief, some notes of the celestial and atmospheric phenomena that have appalled our race in times gone by.

THE DELUGE.

Of course, was the most tremendous catastrophe of which we have any written record. All nations, in using this peculiar expression, refer to the general inundation of which Noah and his family were the sole survivors, according to the Mosiac narrative. The eye of profane science has, however, discovered the indubitable traces of at least fifteen deluges, or so to speak, in other words, fifteen grand variations by which the sea and the land have been made to change places. How many more preceded these it is for Omnipotence alone to know. These changes are accounted for by the comparatively late discovery of the conic movement of our globe, which causes the precession of the equinoxes, and is fully completed once in every 25,868 years. By this movement the earth reverses its entire attitude, and causes the oceans and the continents alternately to exchange places. For instance, there can be no manner of doubt that the solid ground on which we now repose was once the bed of a sea, in which our mountain summits were islands and promontories, if they emerged at all, and that it will be so again.

But these transformations, appalling to contemplate when fully effected, are the gradual work of ages, culminating here and there, however, in calamities precipitated by some great perturbation of the atmosphere or some sudden volcanic action. It is to these outside influences, heightened by the eccentricity of vast planetary bodies, such as comets, etc., that we owe the danger to which we are continually exposed, and which has often burst into the reality of dreadful calamities, as it now seems threatening to do.

The fabled land of the Atlantes did once really exist, as we could prove, had we here the space. The present bed of the Atlantic Ocean was then blooming in the rays of the sun, and full of life, while the surface now beneath our feet was fathoms deep below the billows. While we write, the ocean is gaining ground—and rapidly too, on Europe, and losing it in America, our shores are emerging; those of Britain, Scandinavia, Russia, France, etc., are sinking. From the Neapolitan shore one can look down upon the masonry of ancient temples that once were high upon the land, and now are many feet beneath the waves. But all geological narratives note these facts from year to year. Let us mention a few instances.

The Church of St. Denis de Caux, now, with the parish that surrounded it, swept over by the billows at the distance of two miles from land, at the mouth of the roadstead of Havre, stood high and dry in the eleventh century, and was not finally engulfed until 1378.

Near Rochelle, also in France, the town of Chateallon has been swallowed little by little by the waters. The Jersey Islands, too, undoubtedly once formed a portion of the northern mainland, and connected France with England by an isthmus.

At Douarnenez, not far from Nantes, the sea is undermining the cliffs, and steadily advancing to the invasion of the adjacent district. It has been calculated, too, that in a few centuries the city of Bordeaux will be completely covered with the hands of the sea.

Similar inroads are noticeable along the British coast, and at Wexford, in Ireland, there is a register of the taxes raised in Bannewell, a fine seaside town, which disappeared in the same way eight hundred years ago.

Hapless Iceland is gradually being drowned and frozen out, as we learn from the reports of the exploring voyage made thither by the Prince Napoleon. Her sixty thousand inhabitants will soon be driven away, or perish by the billows, the sand, and the ice. Spitzbergen, once quite habitable, is no longer frequented by the whale fishermen. Her waters have lost their Leviathan game, and the snow no longer melts in her valleys. The island of Jan Mayen and Eastern Greenland have shared the same fate. The rising of the bed of the Atlantic Ocean has already so greatly diminished the current of the Gulf Stream that it cannot reach those far-off shores in sufficient volume to support animal life, in sea or land as before; and the beautiful swarms of Greenland, Iceland, and Spitzbergen are vanishing. Even farther south, the whole has completely disappeared that fourteen

scow-steamers, which started on the fishery last summer, from Dundee, have returned with two whales only, thus making a loss of £100,000.

The surprising variations of the Gulf Stream have long been noticed to be increasing annually; until, during the last year, our American mariners have made it a subject of special report.

An eloquent French writer (Octave Girard) speaks of the Gulf of Gascony as a vast necropolis, in which one may sail over the ruins of former cities. The ancient town of Noviomagus was there engulfed in the year 560; and when the sea is calm, the walls and gables of its buildings can still be seen deep under water. Where the poet Anson once fished and wrote verses, the waves roll fathoms high. The rock of Cordouan, with its light-house, now three leagues from the beach, once touched it. Between 1818 and 1850 the water advanced 150 yards; and from 1830 to 1845, about 300 yards. From 1842 to 1845, it encroached 100 yards—550 yards in twenty-five years, on a high shore.

On the coast of Normandy, near to Regneville, there stood, in the Middle Ages, a handsome commercial mart, which is now submerged; and, in fact, the whole littoral France presents similar indications. It was but the other day that the port of France had to be strengthened, at a cost of 865,000 francs. On the 15th of March, the tide rushed in for hundreds of yards beyond the former limits of the coast of the Channel, near Pontort.

On the island of Walcheren, during the inundations of 1647, 1648, 1657, and 1703, the Jews were swept bare, and the sands carried away by the rage of the billows, leaving uncovered far below quantities of statues, urns, houses, and tombs, with inscriptions pointing to the highest antiquity!

In 1604 the eastern coast of England was inundated and lost considerable territory. In the Gulf of Bothnia, between Sweden and Finland, the depth of water has greatly diminished, and islands have appeared above it, within one hundred years, but on the western coast of the Swedish Peninsula the sea continues to gain.

On our side of the globe, the Bank of Newfoundland is swiftly rising, to reunite, one day, with the mainland; our seaboard cities are getting farther away from the open water; the Gulf of Mexico is rising, and the Gulf of Mexico filling. In Australia, fresh islands are continually cropping up, and, within a twelvemonth, the discoloration of a large patch of the Pacific in the route of the San Francisco and Hong Kong steamers, has indicated the early appearance of a new island there.

Off the coast of the East Indies, on the other hand, the natives point out to strangers the remains of the ancient city of Mahabhapores, long hidden by the ocean, but still showing, at low water, pagodas and palaces that were occupied ages ago.

After contemplating these facts, we may find the asserted fate of Tortola less surprising than it seemed at first, if it had, indeed, been submerged. Since we have not only this encroachment of the sea, long working silently and gradually, then sweeping all before it at last, but

VOLCANIC ACTION

sufficient to account for it. In April, 1819, the island of Sumbara, in the East Indies, became the scene of a volcanic eruption, which lasted for months, and was heard 1000 miles in one direction and 750 in another, or over a diameter of 1750 miles in all. The sea rose from two to twelve feet along the entire coast, and the Bank of Binn, which had been six fathoms below water, was left dry, while in the opposite direction the waves rushed to the very foot of the volcano, overtopping the towers of Tombojo and the whole adjacent country. They left a depth of eighteen feet of water where none at all was seen before, and of 12,000 inhabitants on the island only 24 escaped.

On the 19th of March, 1805, the ship Veritas, in 20 degrees and 35 minutes north latitude, and 140 degrees 5 minutes east longitude, saw a new and magnificent island-volcano in mid-ocean. A crater with four vents shot fire, ashes, and lava thousands of feet into the air, offering a spectacle of appalling sublimity at midnight. It was on the 30th of January, 1806, that the tremendous volcanic eruption commenced, which lasted until the end of March with awful violence, and threw up three new islands in the roadstead of Santorino, in the Greek Archipelago, the trio finally uniting and forming a promontory to the adjacent land.

Similar eruptions have occurred elsewhere in all ages. Strabo, the historian, speaks of one in his time on the island of Methone. In more modern times, among the grandest have been that of Sokpatas, in Iceland, in 1783, which covered the sea with cinders for hundreds of miles, and caused an island crater to spring up amid the waves. The eruption and appearance of a new island among the Azores, June 15, 1811, had a crater a mile wide, and threw out volumes of scalding water above a cone two hundred feet high. It disappeared the next October, and by February, 1812, nothing could be seen of it but a cloud of vapor arising from the spot. In 1639, 1691, 1719, and 1757, there had been similar eruptions in the same group—the one that left its crater longest visible dating an island existence of three years. In 1796 an island rose out of the sea in the Aleutian group, near Oumkak, and continued to increase. Four years afterwards it emitted smoke and vapor, and in 1805 was still so hot that a man could not land on it. It was 2½ miles in length, and 180 feet high, and threw off a pleasant odor of petroleum.

By-the-way, this peculiar order was mentioned by ancient historians—was noticed at the earlier eruption of Santorino in 1650, and at the great eruption of Vesuvius in 1805. It gives a hint as to the probable connection of the volcanic fires with the interior reservoirs of apts, suggesting at the same time a very easy way by which (as Professor Loomis thinks) the entire globe might be blown up like an over-heated steam-boiler.

In 1830 a small volcanic island made its appearance off the island coast near Reykjavik, bestowing the sea for many miles with scorific from a submarine crater. In June and July the island of Ferdinand, or Julia, appeared off the coast of Sicily with a splendid eruption, covering the water with dead fish and filling the atmosphere for leagues around with sulphuric acid gas.

Thus it is clear enough that either the permanent incursion of the sea or the action of submarine volcanoes or earthquakes would account for even the sudden disappearance of Tortola, or if that island was simply swept bare by the billows borne to an unusual height by the force of a hurricane, its fate was no more than that which overtook "Last Island," off the Gulf Coast of Louisiana, a few years ago. Last Island was low and sandy, but had become quite a favorite bathing resort for the people of New Orleans, Mobile, and elsewhere. A terrific storm drove the sea over it; all the hotels, dwellings, and bathing-stalls were torn away, and 600 persons perished.

But even without recurring to the supernatural powers we find in the

quite enough to account for all the devastation that occurs upon islands of the sea or on the solid mainland. The spirits of the air are sufficiently malignant and potent, whether they act in conjunction with the awful influence of the void above and the abyss below, or vent their own unaided fury upon the habitations of man. Whether they come on as the hot strokes of Egypt, the Kurmatian of the Guinea Coast, or the stifling smog of the Great Desert, they are appalling. But Victor Hugo has designated them all in language of matchless force, that has been eagerly perused by thousands of American readers in his "Tollers of the Sea." We shall not attempt to repeat the description, but confine ourselves to a few salient incidents.

Our daily papers, particularly the organs of the French population residing in New York, have given accounts more or less desultory and incoherent of the frightful cyclone which seems to have ravaged all the West India islands, excepting Havana, within the last thirty days. We may briefly state that the Danish colonies, being the northernmost of these groups, were the first to feel the tempest which struck St. Thomas, on the 25th of October, coming from the northwest, and raged from 2 o'clock until 8 P. M., destroying in the four hours property that cannot be replaced in years. It devastated the southern half of Porto Rico on the night of the 29th, and the south of San Domingo on the morning of the 30th, every where blowing down houses, sweeping the country clear of crops and stock, and sinking or hurrying ashore all the shipping in the roadsteads.

The same scenes were re-enacted at St. Pierre and the Fort de France, in the French colony of Martinique, on the night of the 7th and 8th instant; and Tortola, a British island, was, at least, completely drenched and desolated by the billows. At Calcutta, Hong Kong, Matamoros, Manila, and close to Sitka Island, in the North Pacific, our new possession, the same cyclone or its coadjutors continued their dread work. The sum total of property destroyed is estimated at \$50,000,000, and of life lost at 10,000, including the destruction at Tortola. Over 200 ships of different nations, and 6000 dwellings and public buildings went down; fire in some cases completing the distress.

We have had many tornadoes on this continent, but none comparable in fury to these West Indian storms, although, in Iowa and other Western States, whole districts have suffered. The most terrific of these tornadoes ever known in the United States was that which enveloped Charleston, S. C., on the 2d of May, 1761. It was nearly equal to the worst cyclone. It came up Wappo creek like a dense column of smoke, and contained such a prodigious mass of vapor, in such rapid rotation, that the channel of Ashley river was completely laid bare. When it reached the river, it made a hole like continents thunder. Among the Antilles, in the Gulf of Mexico, or in the East Indies, these cyclones seem like a return to original light and chaos. Sometimes, again, the whole sky and sea appear in flames. Vessels caught in them, if they live at all, lose every sail, and half a dozen stalwart men, working together for their lives, can hardly hold the helm.

In an awful storm of this kind, on July 25, 1825, at Guadeloupe, the wind at the height of its intensity seemed luminous; a silver flame played from all the points and interstices of the walls, keyholes, and other issues, and made the trembling inmates of the houses think that the heavens were on fire! The diameter of these cyclones, or circular storms, varied from fifty to one hundred miles, and their height from one to ten miles.

But these dreadful tempests are not by any means confined to the more torrid portions of the earth, as the experience of France, England, and the United States only too fully proves. The tropical record is one long narrative of disastrous storms, increasing, however, in intensity in these later years. The annals of the temperate zones do not offer so many instances, but there have been some which history and tradition will transmit to the remotest generations.

Of these the most recent and terrible may, with propriety, be briefly mentioned here. July 16, 1866, was made memorable by the most awful thunder-storm ever witnessed at Paris. About 1 P. M. the clouds gathered with magical rapidity over the city until, in less than ten minutes, the capital was plunged in darkness. The rain fell in such torrents that the streets were immediately inundated, and many workmen employed in the public sewers, not having time to regain their ladders, perished. The thunder was continuous and perfectly appalling for three hours, and the lightning struck more than two hundred places, directing its chief fury upon the Quartier Latin, and including churches, hospitals, and academies in its desperate attacks.

Gay, skeptical Paris was struck dumb with horror, and "the bravest held his breath for a time." The statue of liberty surmounting the column of July, on the site of the old Bastille, was dazzlingly illuminated and surrounded with a halo of ruddy light, until evening. All night long, fear rested on the hearts of nearly 3,000,000 of people, and it was twenty-four hours before they breathed freely again.

On the 20th of last August, about 10 in the evening, a thunder-storm unequalled in violence for a century past, burst upon London, and lasted all night, blowing off roofs, causing conflagrations, and leveling crops in the surrounding country, with an extent of damage amounting to £1,000,000 sterling. Nearly a hundred persons were struck by the lightning, and a lady of rank residing some miles from the metropolis died of fright at the height of the tempest. Several counties suffered and their inhabitants were wild with alarm.

On the night of August 18, a grand thunder-storm passed near Portland, Me., and swept over Gorham, North Yarmouth, Pownal, and Durham, unroofing buildings, tearing up trees, and prostrating crops. At Casca, Bridgeton, Winthrop, Leeds, and Waterville, the thunder was as regular as the swift beating of a pulse, and the lightning seemed one incessant flash. It greatly resembled the storm of April 4, 1866, at Paris, which, without being so imposing as that of July in the same year, was remarkable for the number of lightning strokes which fell in every direction. The United States have been remarkable for the frequency and proportions of their hail-storms. In 1851, hailstones fell at Pittsburg, Pa., measuring two and three inches in diameter, and weighing, in some cases, more than a pound.

All accounts that we have of great tempests occurring within the northern latitudes during the last two centuries are eclipsed by the story of

"THE GREAT STORM OF 1703.

"The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet" (Nab. i. 3) is the appropriate motto of a quaint old book bearing the following title:—

"The Storm; or, a Collection of the most remarkable Canals and Distresses which happened in the late dreadful Tempest, both by Sea and Land. London, 1704." The height of this overwhelming calamity was during the night of the 26th and 27th of November, 1703, at the full moon, after an unusually wet season of six months. A tremendous wind arose on the 24th, and blew on with increasing violence, day and night, until the 26th, when it became an appalling hurricane that hurled timber, signs, telegraph poles, and all that was not fastened to the ground, and awakened the utmost fear that the entire city of London would be levelled. All the ships on the Thames were blown from their moorings and tossed ashore, head and stern together. This dreadful wind never intermitted for seven days and nights.

Hundreds of vessels were destroyed in port, and scores of others never returned from sea, while at least eight thousand sailors perished. To give some idea of the force and velocity of this atmospheric current, we may mention that a vessel laden with tin was driven out of Helford at midnight, with only two men and a boy on board, dragging her four anchors, and without sail was dashed into a creek in the Isle of Wight, at 8 the next morning. Thus she must have been carried thirty miles per hour, and the velocity of the wind was probably three or four times as great.

We have not room to-day to do more than refer to the terrific volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, inundations, flights of shooting-stars, showers of blood, stones, animalcula, sulphur, soot, frogs, etc., that have been witnessed; vast spaces of the ocean covered with inflammable oil, or with fluids resembling milk and blood; and columns of rocky fragments, and dust, and smoke suddenly rising from the earth and ascending to the clouds on fair days, torrents of rain descending without a speck to be seen in the sky; dry, dark mists, evidently not of aqueous vapor, rising to the zenith and resting over whole provinces for days together, obscuring the sun.

Suffice it to say that all the resistless forces of nature which have wrought such revolutions in other epochs, even to the sand storms of the Desert that entombed the entire army of Cambyses, letting not one man escape, seem to have received some recent renewed impulse, and that phenomena multiply upon us with startling rapidity.

It has just been discovered that a comet of great size undoubtedly exists, and completes its slight within the limits of our solar system, and that it is attended by an accumulating train of cosmic matter. Close astronomical observation confirm the belief that our globe and its satellite plunged directly through the train of the comet that appeared in 1861, and since that date there has been an unusual recurrence of celestial and terrestrial phenomena reflected, as it were, in the moral and political perturbations of mankind.

The approaching size and number of the spots visible on the disk of the sun, the gathering hosts of shooting-stars now regularly looked for, and the eccentric variations of the magnetic needle, all point to some unusual phase of existence through which our earth is passing. If we look around us, on the condition of the nations, we find it agitated, confused, and expectant of calamity and change—all Europe and Asia heaving with the fires of suppressed revolution, and every part of America, including the United States, anxious and ill at ease.

At the 23d of December coming, we may expect to behold a succession of wonders which the student ponders but scarcely mentions.—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

GROCERIES, ETC.

SHOWELL'S SWEET OIDER.

Our usual supply of this

CELEBRATED OIDER,

JUST RECEIVED.

ALBERT C. ROBERTS,

Dealer in Fine Groceries.

117 1/2 P. Corner ELEVENTH and VINE STS.

FRESH FRUITS, 1867.

PEACHES, PARS, PINEAPPLES,

PLUMS, APRICOTS, CHERRIES,

BLACKBERRIES, QUINCES, ETC.

FRESH AND PRESERVED, IN CANS AND GLASS JARS,

Put up for our particular trade, and for sale by the dozen, or in smaller quantities, by

MITCHELL & FLETCHER,

910 N. NO. 1204 CHESTNUT STREET.

JAMES R. WEBB,

TRADE DEALER AND GROCER,

N. E. COR. EIGHTH AND WALNUT STS.

Extra Fine Souchong, or English Breakfast Tea.

Superior Oolong Tea, very cheap.

Oolong Tea of every grade.

Young Hyson Tea of finest quality.

All fresh imported. 614

NATIONAL UNION

GROCERY AND PROVISION COMPANY.

Groceries and Provisions at Cost.

OFFICE: No. 228 South THIRD Street.

STORE: No. 608 ARCH Street.

Cash Capital.....\$30,000

President—WILLIAM D. HALFMANN 11 16 1/2

SADDLERY, HARNESS, &c.

THE UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF THE

NEW CHESTNUT STREET (NO. 1216),

SADDLERY, HARNESS, AND HORSE-

FURNISHING GOODS HOUSE

OF

LACEY, WEEKER & CO.

Is attributable to the following facts:—

They are very attentive to the wants of their customers.

They are satisfied with a fair business profit.

Their goods only on their own merits.

They guarantee every strap in all harness they sell over \$40, the fault of the purchaser only who does not get what he is guaranteed and paid for.

Their goods are 25 per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere.

They have cheaper and finer goods than can be bought in the city.

They have the largest and most complete stock in Philadelphia.

All Harness over \$25 are "hand-made."

Harness from \$14 to \$20.

Gentle saddles from \$6 to \$7.

Ladies' Saddles from \$8 to \$12.

They are the oldest and largest manufacturers in the country.

LACEY, WEEKER & CO.,

614 CHESTNUT STREET.

DRIVE WELLS—OWNERS OF PROPERTY—

They will clean and fix every Well cleaned and

maintained at very low prices.

A. PEYSON,

Manufacturer of Portland Cement,

100 GOLDENITE'S HALL, LIBRARY Street.

ember, 1703, at the full moon, after an unusually wet season of six months. A tremendous wind arose on the 24th, and blew on with increasing violence, day and night, until the 26th, when it became an appalling hurricane that hurled timber, signs, telegraph poles, and all that was not fastened to the ground, and awakened the utmost fear that the entire city of London would be levelled. All the ships on the Thames were blown from their moorings and tossed ashore, head and stern together. This dreadful wind never intermitted for seven days and nights.

Hundreds of vessels were destroyed in port, and scores of others never returned from sea, while at least eight thousand sailors perished. To give some idea of the force and velocity of this atmospheric current, we may mention that a vessel laden with tin was driven out of Helford at midnight, with only two men and a boy on board, dragging her four anchors, and without sail was dashed into a creek in the Isle of Wight, at 8 the next morning. Thus she must have been carried thirty miles per hour, and the velocity of the wind was probably three or four times as great.

We have not room to-day to do more than refer to the terrific volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, inundations, flights of shooting-stars, showers of blood, stones, animalcula, sulphur, soot, frogs, etc., that have been witnessed; vast spaces of the ocean covered with inflammable oil, or with fluids resembling milk and blood; and columns of rocky fragments, and dust, and smoke suddenly rising from the earth and ascending to the clouds on fair days, torrents of rain descending without a speck to be seen in the sky; dry, dark mists, evidently not of aqueous vapor, rising to the zenith and resting over whole provinces for days together, obscuring the sun.

Suffice it to say that all the resistless forces of nature which have wrought such revolutions in other epochs, even to the sand storms of the Desert that entombed the entire army of Cambyses, letting not one man escape, seem to have received some recent renewed impulse, and that phenomena multiply upon us with startling rapidity.

It has just been discovered that a comet of great size undoubtedly exists, and completes its slight within the limits of our solar system, and that it is attended by an accumulating train of cosmic matter. Close astronomical observation confirm the belief that our globe and its satellite plunged directly through the train of the comet that appeared in 1861, and since that date there has been an unusual recurrence of celestial and terrestrial phenomena reflected, as it were, in the moral and political perturbations of mankind.

The approaching size and number of the spots visible on the disk of the sun, the gathering hosts of shooting-stars now regularly looked for, and the eccentric variations of the magnetic needle, all point to some unusual phase of existence through which our earth is passing. If we look around us, on the condition of the nations, we find it agitated, confused, and expectant of calamity and change—all Europe and Asia heaving with the fires of suppressed revolution, and every part of America, including the United States, anxious and ill at ease.

At the 23d of December coming, we may expect to behold a succession of wonders which the student ponders but scarcely mentions.—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

GROCERIES, ETC.

SHOWELL'S SWEET OIDER.

Our usual supply of this

CELEBRATED OIDER,

JUST RECEIVED.

ALBERT C. ROBERTS,

Dealer in Fine Groceries.

117 1/2 P. Corner ELEVENTH and VINE STS.

FRESH FRUITS, 1867.

PEACHES, PARS, PINEAPPLES,

PLUMS, APRICOTS, CHERRIES,

BLACKBERRIES, QUINCES, ETC.

FRESH AND PRESERVED, IN CANS AND GLASS JARS,

Put up for our particular trade, and for sale by the dozen, or in smaller quantities, by

MITCHELL & FLETCHER,

910 N. NO. 1204 CHESTNUT STREET.

JAMES R. WEBB,

TRADE DEALER AND GROCER,

N. E. COR. EIGHTH AND WALNUT STS.

Extra Fine Souchong, or English Breakfast Tea.

Superior Oolong Tea, very cheap.

Oolong Tea of every grade.

Young Hyson Tea of finest quality.

All fresh imported. 614

NATIONAL UNION

GROCERY AND PROVISION COMPANY.

Groceries and Provisions at Cost.

OFFICE: No. 228 South THIRD Street.

STORE: No. 608 ARCH Street.

Cash Capital.....\$30,000

President—WILLIAM D. HALFMANN 11 16 1/2

SADDLERY, HARNESS, &c.

THE UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF THE

NEW CHESTNUT STREET (NO. 1216),