WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

Mis Life and Works. ranslated for "Every Saturday,"
"Revue des Deux Mondes,"

Almost ten years ago a premature death deprived the world of letters and his country of one of those men who have the most contributed to mark in the literature of the nineteenth century the place of the American peo-William H. Prescott, the eminent historian, died at Boston the 28th of January, 1859, searcely in the decline of life, in the fail vigor of his talent, rudely interrupted in the course of his most important works. He left behind him a reputation which spread far beyond the frontiers of his country, and works of the first rank become popular even abroad; but of himself, of his person, of the efforts at the price of which he had bought his reputation, little was known so far, in France at least. One had indeed heard of the obstacles which a deplorable state of health and an almost complete blindness had thrown in his way. He himself, in the preface to one of his principal works, had delicately informed his readers of his difficulties and his sufferings; but to these few lines, marked by a resigned melancholy, was limited the information which one possessed. It is only to-day that we know more on the subject. A well-known American litterateur, Mr. George Ticknor, has just given us a scrupulously faithful biography of him who has been during forty years his most intimate friend. Written by a hand which seems still to tremble with emotion, his narrative leads us from the first months of Prescott's childhood to the day of his sudden end with an interest which every moment increases. This interest is due to the abundance of details which have the charm of truth, to the minute care with which the friend makes us penetrate into the recesses of his friend's soul, and especially to a certain inspiration of tenderness which animates these pages consecrated to the recital of a simple and often painful existence. It is not, indeed, in the quantity and strangeness of events that the true attraction of the life of Prescott is to be sought. This life has passed away completely in the compass of his study, on the threshold of which, it seems, the clamor of without has always expired. In this America which our ignorant imagination represents to itself involuntarily as so disordinate, so noisy, which so soon after his death was to be delivered to the horrors of civil war, fate procured for him a destiny the calm of which would have caused envy in a monk of Monte Cassino. He has lived for work, he died working. We thought, however, that in the spectacle of the indomitable energy with which he struggled against his sad infirmity, in the analysis of his habitual methods of composition in fine, and perhaps especially in the study of his pure and noble nature, there would be something instructive and engaging. Thanks to the large loans we shall make of Mr. Ticknor's work and to the celebrity of the name of Prescott, we hope that such will be the opinion of our readers.

William Hickling Prescott was born at Salem, a little town in New England, the 4th of May, 1796, of William, a distinguished lawyer, atterwards Judge at Boston, and of Catherine Hickling, the daughter of a Massachusetts merchant. The Prescott family boasted of its descent in a direct line from one of those glorious emigrants of the sixteenth century, who, sacrificing their country to their faith, came to ask religious liberty of the desert shores of the New World. The first ancestors of the historian were, we are told, energetic and intelligent men, who exercised a great influence over the destinies of the infant colony. Such memories are not, as it seems, in democratic America a matter of complete indifference; and many times the young William lent his ear to the recital of exploits accomplished by one of his ancestors, who, marching against the Indians under the shelter of a coat of by his appearance only, terror into their inexperienced bands. Many times also was celebrated before him the part that his grandfather had played in the war of American independence, and the sabre borne by the latter on the glorious day of Bunker's Hill was held up to the admiration of his infantine eyes. Perhaps by these first impressions must be explained the taste Prescott always had for relating fine deeds of arms and mighty sword thrusts. No course of reading excited in him so much enthusiasm as that of romances of chivalry. In the first rank of his preperences the future historian of Hernando Cortes placed Amadis de Gaul, to which he paid, later on in his first work, a tribute of homage less enthusiastic perhaps, but more thoughtful. Far different, moreover, from what he was to be one day, he liked pleasure much better than work, and showed a singular aversion for all that resembled an effort of any description. His admission into the rank of Sophomores of the University of Harvard did not modify at all his habits of idleness. does not seem even that he was then able to resist all the temptations which pressed on his path, since, when he had escaped from the surveillance of his friends, nothing prevented him any longer from giving himself up to the impulses of an ardent nature and an impassioned heart. At least his biographer tells us that this period was the most dangerous of his youth, and that often, later on, when looking back, he thought of it with regret. A terrible accident, which was to have on his destiny a sad and considerable influence, changed suddenly the course of his life. In the midst of a students' brawl, he received in his eye a morsel of bread, thrown with force and by chance by one of his friends. This fatal blow was followed by an inflammation which endangered his existence during several days, and, when he returned to health, his eye was irrevocably The long weeks which he had passed in darkness and silence were propitious to wise reflections, and he rose from his long repose with the firm intention of redeeming by an assiduous labor the trivial idleness of his first years. Thanks to his remarkable faculties, of which he had so far not made much use, it was easy for him to succeed; and he obtained the distinguished honor of terminating his university career by the public reading of a poem in Latin verse of his composition, dedicated to Hope-a poem which he endeavored afterwards to find among his early papers, and the loss of which he always regretted.

In laborious America every one must be serionsly something. If you do not wish to be a merchant, be a lawyer; if you do not wish to be a lawyer, be a writer; but then let literature and work fill your life as business or law would have done. Thus Prescott understood For him the life of the man of letters was in some sort a business for which he had to prepare himself as for any other, and we are going to see how conscientious this preparation was with him. Poet laureate of the University of Harvard, he would have had the right to believe that his first education, in what concerned classics and English literature, was a sufficient foundation, and that on this side at least he had no need of a new initiation. He did not judge so, and under the date of the 30th October, 1821, he inscribed on his journal a programme of readings in which figured, by the aide of works on grammar and style, the Eaglish prose writers and the Latin classics. He had the courage to carry out this programme to

like a scholar the works on rhetoric in use at the universities. This task once performed, he resolved to devote himself to the study of foreign languages, embracing in his projects. with the French and Italian literatures, which he knew a little, the German literature, which he did not know at all, without neglecting, however, to read at the same time in the trauslation, if his eyes could not endure the fatigue of the original text, his old Greek authors. "That will be sufficient," he added, modestly, "as a general preparation." Spanish, which was to be later the principal occupation of his reading, did not then enter into his plans. He consecrated a year to the reading of French authors from Froissart to Chateaubriand, without much relish for any of them; and a year likewise to that of Italian authors, of whom he was always a great admirer. Once familiarized with Italian, he undertook German; but his will, in spite of its firmness, failed before this difficult work. So far he had been able, thanks to the help of a secretary, to accomplish such vast undertakings without making much use of his eyes, which moreover seemed to grow stronger; but it could not be so with German. The first condition was to habituate himself to these Gothic characters, which were completely unknown to him, and his sight was not sufficiently strong for the task which he imposed on it. After some months of useless efforts, he abandoned German, but it was not without a strong sentiment of regret and sadness. For the first time his infirmity became for him no longer an inconvenience, but a complete obstacle, and he could touch with his finger the unsurmountable limits which the weakness of his body opposed to the strength of his will. As the result of this trial, he fell into a profound discouragement, which had on his daily labors a rapid reaction. How he was drawn from this state of intellectual marasmus is what Mr. Ticknor can tell us better than any one; for he can assume the credit of having shown to his friend his true road, and of having brought him to the entrance of the way which was to conduct him so rapidly to celebrity.

our neighbors call a distinguished scholar. He has specially occupied himself with Spanish literature, and he has published a history of that literature, which has placed him in the rank of the most distinguished critics of America. At the epoch with which we are concerned he had just prepared a series of lectures on this subject for the students of Harvard University, and he proposed to himself to collect them in a volume. To distract his friend, who was both sad and ill, he offered to give him his manuscript to read. The proposition was accepted; soon Prescott took a passionate liking for this language, and he resolved to replace the study of German by that of Spanish. Without losing a moment, he borrowed from Mr. Ticknor grammars, books, dictionaries. By a singular accident, the History of the Conquest of Mexice, by Solis, was the first work on which he cast his eyes. At the end of some months he had so mastered the idioms, that he wrote to Mr. Ticknor letters in Spanish, in which he appreciated the literary value of the authors he was reading. At the end of a year, this new course of study was terminated, and as he wanted to have always before him some vast project, and as he could without vanity believe himself well prepared, he began to occupy himself seriously with seeking some subject for a work. He remained for a long time uncertain. Spain appeared to him with reason an inexhaustible mine for the historian; but a scraple of conscience stopped him. He feared that material obstacles would prevent his bringing to the work he would undertake the indispensable measure of care and exactness. Ambition ended by carrying the day, and, after some final hesitation, he fixed his design on the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Twenty years after, on the margin of the jour-nal in which he had recorded this resolution, he wrote with a pencil, "Happy

Mr. Ticknor is in foreign languages what

Happy choice, without doubt; but might one not also say singular choice? Is it not strange to see a democrat and a Protestant make himself the partial historian of two sovereigns, in whom the traditions of monarchical and Catholic policy were incarnated in the Middle Ages, in that in which they are most absolute? We would understand him better devoting himself to relate, as he for a moment thought of doing, the last days of the Roman republic and the last combats of liberty against Casarism. Prescott was to remain not less faithful to his first inclination. To the end he was to celebrate the exploits of this great and strong Spanish race, which has sustained everywhere a desperate struggle in favor of the principles the most opposed to the tendencies and sympathies of a citizen of the New World, and the most bitter, or even the most odious, of these principles had never found in him aught but an impartial and intelligent judge. Prescott is not the only example of this singularity, and one knows with what scrupulous equity one of his compatriots has not long ago caused to pass before our eyes one of the most agitated epochs of the history of Spain, the revolt of the Netherlands. Must we not conclude from this, that, to relate without passion and without prejudice the quarrels of our old Europe, the children of young America have a natural superiority? For us these struggles are of yesterday, the battle is hardly gained; victorious or vanquished, no one is sufficiently sure of his victory or defeat not to prepare in secret the arms for a new combat. For them, on the contrary, the phantom of a dreaded past does not come to haunt their minds; the glauces which they throw back awake no irritating memory; they have nothing to fear and noth ing to wish for. What is there astonishing that they do not become excited at the recital of our bloody disputes? They awake in them but an interest of curiosity, one might say of archeology; they have no difficulty in relating them without emotion. That is not one of the least advantages which the complete and assured liberty which they enjoy gives them over us. May God grant that we may one day share it with them !

The history of Ferdinand and Isabella, the appearance of which was saluted with so deep an enthusiasm, is certainly a work of great merit. Prescott exhibits in it a wonder'ul aptitude in seizing and putting in relief the striking feature of the different personages around whom the interest concentrates, the virile gentleness of leabella, the common-place cleverness of Ferdinand, the simple genius of Columbus, the intractable temper of Ximenes. In fine, we must acknowledge the happy effects of certain episodes which develop them selves in the midst of the rather limited framework of the book, as in a dark landscape a spot struck by a ray of the sun separates itself from the rest; but, while praising, we have at the same time criticised. A good history should not, to our mind, have any episcdes. It is not proper that the author, abandoning himself complacently to his preferences, should give to a certain portion of his recital an unmeasured extent and care, while to raestablish the equilibrium he shortens arbitrarily or neglects another. Without doubt, it is not possible for a long recital to preserve from the beginning to the end an always equal interest. Events have their character, one might say their personality, independently of him who relates them; but these inequalities must be the act of history, and not the act of the letter, and he was seen to study eagerly 'the historian. A painter can draw with a

a picture, and trace with a less careful pencil and clothe in duller colors those which are destined to lose themselves in the distance of perspective. The historian has not this license. He is rather to be compared to the architect who would not be forgiven the excessive carving of one stone of a facade, and the leaving the others untouched. A work of history is like a monument; proportion, harmony, are its imperious laws. If those laws be violated, one may accomplish beauties, but not beauty.

Perhaps Prescett did not sufficiently remember these eternal principles. Let us hasten to say that the subject of which he treated lent singularly to the error into which he fell. The period of which he undertook to give the history embraces more than a hundred years, and a hundred years filled, perhaps, with the greatest events of which Spain has been the theatre. Within, after a long period of civil wars, a sudden transformation takes place in her constitution, and she ceases to be a geographical expression serving to designate the peninsula comprised between the Pyrenees and the Straits of Gibraltar, to become the nation, one and formidable, whose monarchs were for a century to make Europe tremble. Alongside of this national movement, a great political revolution is accomplishing in her bosom. The crown, leaning on the Cortes, breaks and reduces to the role of courtiers these proud lords of Castile and Arragon, which still form to-day the most exclusive aristocracy of Europe. Ten years suffice to Ferdinand and Isabelia to arrive at this result, which the constant policy of our kings from Louis VI to Louis XI had in vain pursued. Without, the Spanish armies are always in the field; they struggle with France in the plains of Roussillon and on the banks of the Garigliano; they drive out of Spain the followers of the Koran, and, crossing the strait, carry the war even into their territory.

The parrow limits in which he thought to confine himself did not permit Prescott to measure according to their historic importance the place which he gave to each of these grand facts. Consequently, in the fear that this work should have no other merit than that of a clear, judicious, methodical exposition of the principal events of an important epoch, he has chosen, as we said just now, a certain number of episodes in the development of which he has taken pleasure. The wars with the Arabs and the conquest of Granada in the first part, the struggles with France and the exploits of Gonzalve of Cordova in the second, hold a place that one would hardly wish less important, for they are the finest pages of the book, but which one cannot prevent one's self from acknowledging as exaggerated. One pays afterwards the pleasure one has experienced in feeling the interest languish and the attention become distracted in reading certain chapters in which incidents of real importance are related with too much brevity. By deciding to lengthen his work a little, while at the same time not going back, perhaps, quite so far, and by knowing how to add and to retrench, Prescott could have made of his Ferdinand and Isabella one of those finished works which defy criticism and remain as models. His countrymen, as we have seen, had no fault to find; but for us, who know what he is capable of doing, we believe we render him homage by showing ourselves a little more severe.

If we are to believe Prescott, one of the faults against which he had the greatest diffioulty in contending was a constant inclination to idleness and discouragement. To whoever reads his biography, with the most attentive eye, it is difficult, however, to perceive at what moment he gave himself up to this inclination, and what space these attacks of discouragement fill. Scarcely four months after the publication of Ferdinand and Isabellathat is to say, in the spring of 1839—we find him writing to Europe to have sent out docuof Mexico, and, full of ardor for this new subject, beginning a vast course of general and preparatory reading. Great was his joy when the precious boxes of manuscripts which he had asked for arrived from Spain. While he occupied himself with delight in abstracting their contents, a new accident, of a very different nature from those which he had passed through so far, interrupted him in the midst of his labors, and was near making him abandon forever his design.

America numbered then among its most distinguished littérateurs the romancer-historiau, Washington Irving, better known in France by the graceful compositions of the "Sketchthan by his other more serious works, the "Life of Columbus" and the "Chronicles of Granada," the publication of which had preceded that of "Ferdinand and Isabella." It seems that a disagreeable fatality had always devoted itself to direct the attention of those two writers towards the same subject. Prescott had been absorbed for a year in the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," when he learned from a common friend that Washington Irving had forestalled him in this road. This friend, indeed, assured him, that, on the news of this rivalry, Irving had protested his repugnance to enter thus into a contest with the historian of "Ferdinand and Isabelia;" and that he had announced his intention of abandoning to him the ground on which they had both set foot at the same time. In this delicate conjuncture, Prescott decided on the only step worthy of himworthy also, as we shall see, of the man with whom he had to do-that of explaining himself frankly with Irving. An exchange of courteous letters took piace-letters which for the honor of both are worthy to be transcribed here in full. In this correspondence, Washington Irving acquainted Prescott of the definite abandonment he made in his favor of the disputed subject. Perhaps Prescott would have accepted less willingly this renunciation if he could have known at the same time how painful it was to his rival. "When I made this sacrifice to Mr. Prescott," wrote Washington Irving many years after, "it was my bread in some measure that I sacrificed to him, for I counted on the profit I should derive from this work to mend a little my impaired finances. My pecuniary position would have been transformed. Nevertheless, I do not

regret what I have done." To what do the great historians of antiquity owe their immortall y, if it is not that they have always in their works let facts speak for themselves, the eternal youth of which nothing siters, without accommodating them to dectrines which would to day be struck with sendity? Can one imagine Thucydides, in his Peloponnesian War, endeavoring to demonstrate by the triumph of Lacediemon the superiority of an oligarouy over a democratic constitution? Can one imagine Livy drawing from the murder of Virginia an argument against the dominion of the upper classes? If it was permitted us to name Prescot so soon after such models, we would say that, except the necessary difference of time and place, he has known how to give to his works the same stamp of unalterable serenity. How could be have done otherwise, and how could be have let himself be assailed by foreign preoceupations-he who, living in the midst of his time as if he were not of it, inexorably closed his ear to the clamors from without, to the tamults of parties, and shut up in his study, took, as he said himself, no interest in political discussions, if they did not relate to events or per- existences so exclusively consecrated to study,

cott's manner an affected search after simplicity, nor that he has fallen into the error of taking for his model the simple language of our ancient chroniclers. Prescott had too great and too simple a talent to delight in such proceedings. Joinville and Froissart might have been in their time historians of the first rank: the readers of our day do not the less require a more substantial food than their inimitable prattling. Prescott knew this well, and he excels in mixing in a just proportion general considerations with the recital of facts; but whatever he does, and whenever he appears for a moment to wander far from his subject by rising above it, everywhere and always he remains the historiannothing but the historian. To narrate is always Prescott's chief business, to narrate with intelligence and gravity, without puerility and wi hout affectation, but to narrate, however, that is to say, to give life to the persons and things of the past by taking pleasure unreservedly in the spectacle of human activity. If sometimes he set off his recital by foreign ernaments; if by some graceful comparison, by some poetic similitude, he colors the gravity of his style-it is always with a perfect proportion, with an exquisite sobriety, which takes nothing from the severe harmony of the whole.

In the beginning of the year 1858 the first three volumes of the Life of Philip the Second, the only ones which have seen the day, had already appeared. Of all Prescott's works, this history is certainly the least known. For our part, we should not hesitate, however, to class it with the History of the Conquest of Mexico. If it has not obtained in America and elsewhere more popularity, it is because it has remained unfinished. It was not to be given to Prescott to pursue further this great undertaking. For some time a vigilant eye could have foreseen by the gradual decay of his organs his approaching end. He could no longer, as he had done for a long sit down and work under the shade of a group of trees near Pep-perel, and known in the country by the name of the Fairles' Grove, where he came to enjoy the last fine days of that season that is called in America the Indian summer. Already his enfeebled eyes no longer permitted him to discern the outlines of the beautiful country he had so long contemplated. Soon he was forced to confine his walk to a solitary turn around an old cherry-tree quite near the house, hollowing out the ground under his feet, as the charmed Bonivard hollowed out the soil of the dungeon of Chillon. At the same time he felt the symptoms of a new infirmity. He lost by degrees the sense of hearing, and he perceived it with terror. Can one imagine what a trial deafness would have been for him? He would have probably known this last and cruel affliction, if he had remained longer on earth. One cannot then pity him, that a sudden stroke removed him before his hour. In the beginning of 1858 he had received the

first shock of a formidable malady, which, to judge from the words uttered by him as soon as he felt the attack, had nothing unforeseen for him. Struck by a slight attack of apoplexy, he murmured in an indistinct voice to his wife, who was leaning over him, "My poor friend, I am very sorry for you that this misfortune should happen so soon." He escaped the peril, however, and the entire recovery of his faculties could give him the hope that the danger was at least adjourned. The last lines found written in his journal express confidence in the future and gratitude towards God: but his friends were less confident than he, and experience was only too soon to verify their fears. The 27th of January, 1859, he was suddenly struck at the moment he was entering his study; and some hours after, surrounded by his wife, children, the favorite sister who his had been the companion and confiments relative to the history of the conquest dant of his early years, by his old friend, Mr. Ticknor, who had run to his bedside, yielded his last breath. To die in the midst of those he loved was one of the things he most wished for. In his will was found the expression of a singular wish. He asked earnestly that, before being carried to his last resting-place, his body might be left some hours in the study where he had passed the rleasantest hours of his life. His last wish was religiously fulfilled. The same day his coffin was carried to the church, and lowered into the vault where his parents were sleeping, and the little girl he had so tenderly loved, in the midst of the sobs of his friends, and the general emotion of an assemblage which exceeded in number all that it is possible to imagine. Many people who had seen Prescott once or twice in their life, or who knew him only by name, had followed to the end the funeral procession. Sadness was painted on every face, and it was easy to see, adds the faithful biographer to whom the last word should belong here, "that every one had suffered a great loss, and that a beneficent, as well as brilliant, light had just been extinguished by the hand of death." Prescott has been preceded a very few years

in the temb by another writer not less illustrious, not less tried, and who has sought like him in the joys of labor an alleviation for the most cruel bodily sufferings; we mean Augustin Thierry. His name is sometimes met with in Prescott's biography; but there is no need to find it there, in order that one's thoughts should be directed to him every moment. How many points, indeed, were there in common in the destiny and in the nature of these two men! Both have had to exhibit an almost equal energy, in order to triumph over obstacles which their common infirmity opposed to the strength of their will. Both devoted themselves, Prescott for the inligenous populations of Mexico, Thierry for those of Great Britain, to celebrate, one might almost say to sing, the misfortunes of two proud and generous races, both crushed under the barbarism of conquest. Both writers have known how to color with the reflections of a brilliant imagination the most obscure episodes of an almost unknown history. In one of the most touching pages that he has written, Thierry tells us, that, having condemned him self to an absolute repose in the hope of saving what sight was left to him, he tried to divert his weariness by undertaking a sort of pilgrimage to the principal monuments which the architecture of the Middle Ages has left on our soil: and he adds that on his return from this expedition he astonished his friends by the vivacity and precision with which he described the edifices he had visited-not that his weak eyes had discerned clearly their details, but because a sort of wonderful intuition represented them to his mind as they should It is in the same way, it is with the same intuition, that these two glorious rivals represented to themselves and to the reader the personages which they brought on the scene and the events which they narrated. Both finally at the price of a struggle courageously undertaken against one of the greatest trials with which Providence can afflict our miserable humanity, have conquered two blessings of this world which are the most seldom to be enjoyed, reputation and serenity. The touching saying of Augustin Thierry is well known: "I have then able to make a friend to myself of the darkness." On the other hand, we have seen in this recital how peaceful, and one may say how happy, the life of Prescott was. There is in the spectacle of these two

more skilful hand, paint in more brilliant sons at least two centuries old? It must not, and so generously rewarded, something encolors the figures placed on the foreground of however, be imagined that there is in President Couraging and strengthening. What have they to regret in not having played an active part in the tumultuous movement of public affairs, and in having yielded to an inexorable necessity by living outside and above the noisy quarrels of their time? One would assign too humble a rank to the abstract and disinterested labor of thought, if one would only see in it a harbor of refuge open to all those whom the inconstant to all those whom the inconstant wave of politics leaves disabled on the beach. Is it not, after all, the most glorious and the most extensive field that it is given man to fertilize? Is it not the only soil where he can sow germs which shoot out deep roots and branches eternally green? In hours of trouble and anxiety, men like Augustin Thierry and Prescott are there to recall it to us. They are there to tell us that the everopen breast of study offers to the impatient and the discouraged the same sanctuary that, as the immortal verses say, the ever-open breast of nature offers to the man disabused of the affections of this world. At the bottom of this sanctuary, where they sought especially repose of soul, both found glory. Without hoping for so much, one may be sure of finding in it at least independence, dignity, the employment of one's life. This is already a good deal for a child of the second half of the nineteenth century.

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White Hill. Leaves Aich Street Wharf Leaves South Trenton. Waite Fin.
Leaves Aich Street Wharf | Leaves South Trenton, Saturday, Aug. 29, 10 A.5 | Saturday, Aug. 29, 2 P.M. Sunday, Aug. 24, 2 P.M. Sunday, Aug. 24, 24 Leaves Briston at 10\(\frac{1}{2}\) A. M. and 4\(\frac{1}{2}\) P. M. Monday, Aug. 31, 11 A. M. Monday, Aug. 31, 3 P.M. Tuesday, Sept. 1, 12 M. Tuesday, Sept. 1, 4 P.M. Wed'day, " 2, 4 P.M. Thursday " 3, 1 P.M. Funsday, " 3, 5 P.M. Friday, " 4, 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) P.M. Friday, " 3, 5 P.M. Friday, " 4, 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) P.M.

FOR CHESTER, HOOK, AND WILMINGTON—At 8 30 and 9 50 A. M. The Steamer S. M. FELTON and ARIEL leave CHES.NUT Street wharf (Sundays excepted) at 8 30 and 9 50 A. M., and 3 50 P. M., returning leave Wilmington at 6 50 A. M., 12 50, and 8 20 P. M. Stepping at Chester and Hook each way.

Fare, 10 cents between all points.

Excursion tickets, 15 cents, good to return by either boat.

OPPOSITION TO THE COM-Stamer JOHN SYLVESTER will make daily excursions to Wilmington (Sundays excursions to Wilmington (Sundays exceeded), touch-Excursions to Wilmington (Sundays excepted), Outching at Chester and Marcus Hook, leaving ARCH, street what f at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., returning, leave Wilmingtor at 7 A. M. and 1 P. M.

Light freights taken.

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DAILY EXCURSIONS,—THE spie add attemboat JOHN A. WAR-N.E. leaves CHESNUT Street Wharf, Philada, at 2 O'clock and 6 O'clock P. M., for Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton. Torresdaie, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leaves Bristol at 7 O'clock A. M. and 4 P. M.

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TINITED STATES PATENT OFFICE, WASH-NITED STATES PATENT OFFICE, WASHingion. D. C. Aug. 15 1868
CHARLES PARHS M. of Philadelphia, Pa., havieg petuloued for an extension of the Patent granted
him on the first day of November 1854, and ressued
on the fid day of November, 1865, for an improvement
in Sewing Machi +8.

It is ordered shall said relition be heard at this office
on the 2d day of November next. Any person may
oppose this extension. Objections, depositions, and
other parers should be filed in this office twenty days
before the day of hearing ELISHA FOOTE,
6 24 m34