

THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-TRIPLE SHEET-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

NAUHAUGHT THE DEACON.

We make the following extract from the new poem by Mr. Whittier in the January number of The Atlantic .-

Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing

Cape Stretches its shrunk arm ont to all the winds And the relentless smiting of the waves, Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream Of a good angel dropping in his hand A fair, broad gold piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day Far inland, where the voices of the waves Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves

As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods, He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird

He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools The otter plashed, and underneath the pines The partridge drummed; and as his thoughts

went back To the sick wife and little child at home What marvel that the poor man felt his faith Too weak to bear its burden—like a rope That, strand by strand uncolling, breaks above The hand that grasps it. "Even now, O Lord! Send me," he prayed, "the angel of my dream! Nauhanght is very poor; he cannot wait." Even as he spake, he heard at his bare feet A low, metallic clink, and, looking down, He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held The treasure up before his eyes, alone With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins Slide through his eager fingers, one by one. So then the dream was true. The angel brought One broad piece only; should be take all these? Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods? The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss This dropp'd crumb from a table always full. Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt Urged the wild license of his savage youth Against his later scruples. Bitter toil, Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and pitiles:

eyes To watch his halting—had he lost for these The freedom of the woods—the hunting-grounds Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven Of everlasting psalms? One healed the sick Very far off thousands of moons ago; Had he not prayed him night and day to come And cure his bed-bound wife ? Was there a hell ? Were all his fathers' people writhing there, Like the poor shell-fish, set to boil allive, Forever, dying never? If he kept This gold, so needed, would the dreadful God Torment him like a Mohawk's captive stack With allow comming allinters? Unit to heavy With slow-consuming splinters? Up to heaven Would the good brother deacon grown so rich By selling rum to Indians laugh to see him Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His Christian

garb Seemed falling from him; while the fear and

shame Of Adam naked at the cool of day, He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian

Of evil blending with a convert's faith In the supernal terrors of the Book, le saw the Tempter in the coiling snake And ominous, black-winged bird; and all the while

The low rebuking of the distant waves Stole in upon him like the voice of God Among the trees of Eden. Girding up His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust The base thought from him .- "Nauhaught, be a man!

Starve, if need be: but, while you live, look out From honest eyes on all men, unashamed, God help me! I am deacon of the church. A baptized, praying Indian ! Should I do This secret meanness, even the barken knots Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it, The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves Whisper above me, "Nauhaught is a thief ! The sun would know it, and the stars that hide Behind his light would watch me, and at night Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes. Yea, Thou, God, seest me !" Then Nauha that

was the contestant of the bonse at the corner of Seventh and Market streets for the honor of having been the place wherein the Declaration was written. was situated at the southeast corner of Fourth and Market streets. Graydon refers to the building and states that in 1760 it was kept by the widow Nicholls,

In the recently published first volume of the "Life of Daniel Webster," by George Ticknor Cartis, we find some interesting passages which revive the old dispute about the precise spot on which Jefferson wrote the American Magna Charta, and which tend to leave the question in even greater doubt than before. In the autumn of 1824, Daniel Webster started on a journey to Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, in company with George Ticknor, one of his most intimate personal friends, who had been invited by Mr. Jefferson to assist him in regulating the course of studies at the University of Virginia. The party left Washington on the 9th of December. The roads were in a terrible state, and the journey was exceedingly tedious, both going and returning. On the return, when the party were stopping over night at a small inn by the way, Mr. Webster and Mr. Ticknor beguiled the time by dictating to Mrs. Ticknor, who acted as amanuensis, the conversations had by them with Jefferson during the four or five days passed at Monticello. The accuracy of the report of Jefferson's sayings on this occasion, which was first given to the public by Fletcher Webster, in the first volume of his father's correspondence, published in 1857, has been questioned on some points by Jefferson's biographer; but Mr. Curtis puts forth a strong argument in its support, citing the fact that it was carefully prepared a few hours after the departure of the party from Monticello, as a private record of the visit, but doubtless with a view of its being at some future time given to the public,

We have thus detailed at length the circumstances under which the paragraph given below was written, in order to give it its full weight as tending to settle, although in an unsatisfactory manner, a question which is not only of local importance, but of general interest. Among the memoranda of Jefferson's conversation as written down by Mrs. Ticknor are the following words, spoken by Jefferson in direct response to a question by Webster :---

"The Declaration of Independence was written in a house on the north side of Chesnut street, between Third and Fourth-not a corner house. Heiskell's Tavern. in Fourth street, has been shown for it-(to Mr. Webster)-but this is not the house."

In asserting that the place was not a corner house Jefferson at one word disposed of the claims of the only two buildings which have generally been credited with the disputed honor, the Indian Queen Inn and the house at Seventh and Market streets, By Heiskell's Tavern he probably referred to the first named, which, as stated by Watson, was at one time popularly supposed to have been the place. But, while the exact location still remains a mystery, and will doubtless so remain for all time to come, we are able to get near the true site, and especially to dispose of the rival claims of the two buildings to which the credit was formerly awarded. Wherever the building was located within the limits described by Jefferson, it has long since disappeared, and as such is the case, perhaps the solution of the question is as satisfactory as could be desired.

THE FASHIONS.

New Styles of Fancy Goods for Presents. The holiday season being now upon us, everybody is inquiring what is new in the way of presents. It is something of an undertaking to remember all one's friends with a suitable gift; that is, all the friends one cares to so remember. If useful articles are selected, the probability is that he or she on whom they may be bestowed will be already supplied. Useful articles, when needed, are no doubt the most welcome presents to a comparatively poor friend, to all others fancy goods are more suitable. They are regarded in the light of indulgences which come only at Christmas time, and which no one would think of getting for oneself. Such are the fancy goods which are now being displayed in grea profusion in all the stores, also the plainer articles of home manufacture. Many articles partially completed may be bought, which when finished will bear the additional charm of the manipulation by home fingers. The embroidery stores are full of designs for the fair buyer to perfect and present to whom she will. The favorite gift is a screen, of any shape or size. Light rosewood, gilt, or walnut frames come for those which are to stand on a table before a lamp. The centre-piece is usually Java canvas, or tinsel leather, with large perforations, on which the design is quickly worked in floss, The tinsel leather is \$1.50 a sheet, which will make four cornucopias, six shaving-paper cases, or two screens. Shield-shaped screens and guidons are fancied to hold in the hand or place in a window. These frames are also filled with hanging portfolios or baskets in card-board, bound deeply with velvet and ruches of satin ribbon, a painted design, or one on perforated paper or canvas filling the centre. These are the prettiest things for school girls to make, as few designs show more for the work they cost. Small ottomans and footstools in Berlin work are not much larger than pin-cushions. They; are perfectly round, light blue or crimson usually chosen for the color, and shaded Greek designs in neutral tint wrought as a border, the centre plain, and the

in silk. The price is \$10 a pair. Cushions and slip-

purpose. Pin-cushions have wide velvet borders,

with white lace centres. An eight-inch cushion of

sky blue velvet, with applique centre laid on light

blue silk, finished by blue and tinsel cord and lace

quilling, is a present for a duchess. Velvet frames

and portfolios are pretty for parlor tables, and not

difficult to make. The velvet may be gummed at

the edges on passe partout frames, and carved ivory

The most elegant style of book cover now is ivory

or carved wood. Small prayer-books, minute 12mos

of Oxford edition, are bound in plain leaves of white

ivory with solid silver edges and clasps, a cross or

has a case of Turkey leather in which to carry it,

These are fancied especially for wedding presents.

Price, \$15. Large photograph albums are imported

with sides of carved oak in beautiful foliage designs

embossed leather, the back and edges being of crim-

son velvet. In white holly these books are more

Music rolls, to protect sheet music when car-

ried in the hand, are prepared in Russia leather.

russet, green, or purple, with gilt cord and tassel,

Silk fans are the novelty of the season. The sticks

are the same shape as those of the enamelled wood

fans, but covered entirely with tafeta in soft colors,

violet, apple green, white, or blue. There is no or-

nament beside the monogram in the centre. Plain

gold fans are admired because they suit all colors of

dress. The painted satin fans are pretty for white

dress. Glove and mouchoir cases in fine green

leather are fitted with extension, and complete sets

of minor toilet implements in the cover. Purses and

wallets of seal-skin are homely caprices of fashion,

and very cheap-\$2 to \$4. Porifolios and writingcases of carved wood and velvet are among the

Bohemian glass is put to every use that can be

made of it-lamp-globes, window-screens, and vases.

green is fancied for toilet sets; gold bronze is ad-

mired now rather than the darker shades for mantel

ernaments. Enamel stands, with oval cameo me-

and lining of crimson moire. Price, \$6 to \$13.

-holly, ivy, and tendril entwining, like sumptuously

ornaments fastened at each corner.

beautiful than carved ivory.

handsomest gifts for a lady.

west corner of same crossing street. Mrs. Sargeant said there was no doubt it was the same since so well known as Graiz's store, at sonthwest corner of Seven th and High street." The "Indian Queen" Tavern, which in earlier days and extremely fine medallions are of malachite or agate. Price for the latter, \$37. Racks of green leather are provided to hold writing paper of different sizes. Viennese counters for whist are 16 a set. Fur muff-bags vary from the ordinary satchel-shape in looking more like a wallet than a muff. They are of white and red fox, or scal skin.

Price, \$18 to \$32. Large, thin cases of tuya-wood have slides of sterling silver inside, to secure visiting cards, and an ivory leaf for tablets, \$22. Tortoiseshell card-cases are of two leaves, held by a silver chain, to which a pencil is fastened, and an ivory ienf is added inside. These are evidently designed to suit the large French cards which another season will see used here. A fine present for an elderly lady is a camp-kettle of silver; a small tea-kettle of antique shape, swung from crossing silver uprights,

MUD.

over a spirit lamp.

A Few Hints and Some Advice-The Condition of Our Streets. Man is but a formation of dust monided into shape

by the marvellous power of the Divine Creator of the universe, and although some few soft specimens are occasionally to be met with on this bustling planet styled the earth, yet we have never, as yet, heard of one turning into mad. Petrifaction, of late years, has claimed the attention of scientific men and discoveries innumerable have been made : but a careful research has failed to disclose the fact o the finding of any clayey form of human resemblance. For the past week we have been wasting our energy and strength, poring over works of ancient authority by the dim, defective, dismal light furnished by the city of Philadelphia, in vain research for some] substantial reasoning as to the cause o human dust always retaining its volatileness and particles, and have at length come to the philosophi cal conclusion that the sole, simple, argumentativ deduction is cleanliness. Cleanliness, we are told is next to godliness. Would that some of our street contractors might be led to so believe; would that some zealous worker might set about the conversion of these creatures. The soles of thousands would then daily creak hosannahs in his name, and the purity of hosiery would form a lasting monument to perpetuate his memory. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust; if heaven won't have you, perdition must," is an old Bucks county consigning phrase.

Do our street cleaning contractors ever recall #? Alas, no! for it they did, they would soon clear their conscience by cleansing their ways. It may not be considered sinful by them to neglect the fulfilment of their pledges, but they should remember that the prayers of the righteous avail much, and out of the numerous pleas that daily ascend, from the lips of mud-bespattered "angels" in feminine shape, some surely will meet with response. Down with your army of sweepers and scrapers then, ye contractors; resolve to at once do all that within you lies; to avert the impending fates call to your aid that purest of all assistants, water, and make your respective fields to serve as lasting mementos to your skill in the art of cleansing. Remember that as men are judged by the work they perform, so will ye be judged. Labor is plentiful, the noble Schuylkill is overdowing, and brooms are cheap. Think of the beatific smiles that will daily gladden your hearts, if woman, lovely woman, be but once more allowed to drag her fourteen-foot trail along our thoroughfares without dragging with it enough clayey matter to start a brickyard! Think of the counteracting prayers, numerous and fervent, that will then ascend in your behalf from the lips of the Kates, the Chlocs, and the menwomen who are now daily compelled to toil and serub our mud-stained steps !

Think of the many words of praise that will be spoken of you by the men who are now compelled to work an hour or two in brushing their mudstained clothing; and oh! picture to yourselves the delights of once more seeing the surfaces of the bricks and cobble-stones. Marc Antony has been made to say, "The good that men do is often interred with their bones." This is not an axiom, by any means. A little good on your part now will last

I'll vote for you; that is, I mean if you're nominated. I suppose you do not want to be President, however. I have made somewhat of a digression from the subject, but I am very much interested in it. The fact is, I was thinking that my own name was Smith.

As was being remarked, it is necessary that a man should have some peculiarity or handle to himseli, as it were; something by which he may be known beside his name, for that is not sufficient to create an im-pression. It must be something, too, which can be spoken of easily, and if it can be ridiculed, or is very funny, so much the better. If, in private conversation, you say Mr. Smith was knocked down in the street last night, the hearer naturally asks which Mr. Smith. Then you are obliged to explain, and give his characteristic, and then he is known. You say, Why, don't you know? Smith. The feilow with the long red hair, or the crooked nose, or the fellow that swears so terribly. If in the newspaper paragraph you say John Smith, the man who bites his finger nails so much, met with a serious accident, it

is probable that all who read it will take particular notice of the fact. They may have seen the man before, remarked his peculiarity, and know him by it. When attention is called to his accident they know who it is. It is much easier to remember men by this method than by their names only. Afterwards, should this Smith turn out a public character, his name becomes a byword, on account of the finger-nail characteristic, and once generally

known, his fortune is sure. He can become Congressman, Councilman, President of an engine company or of the United States, as he will. I do not wish you to confound this word charac teristic with the word hobby. A hobby is also necessary for a great man, but that it is very easy to get. I want no advice on that subject. I have that article already selected, and will tell you what it is before closing.

It is a very easy thing for a man to devote his spare time, or perhaps some which is not spare, to an exclusive pursuit or pleasure. He can pretend to be very much interested; he can create an impression that he cares for and is good for nothing else; he can bore everybody with it, and can bring it up as a subject of conversation at every inopportune moment. It is very easy to collect postage stamps or old coins, to the disadvantage of your pocket, if you only make up your mind to do so; it is comparatively easy to collect such curious relics as old street door-knockers or bell-handles; it is easy to pretend that there is nothing in the world like history or chemistry or photography; but it is not of this sort of thing of which I am speaking. What I refer to is a distinctive personal characteristic, or something about the individual himself which is pecultar, and by which he may be known. These personal characteristics may be divided into two classes, natural and acoured. A natural characteristic is one which has been bestowed upon the person by nature, and which he cannot well avoid. Red hair or a squint to the eyes would be among this class. An acquired peculiarity is something which has come from the possessor's own efforts, whether intentionally or otherwise. All peculiar habits be long to this class. One man has a habit of stancing

with his arms a-kimbo; another has a habit of scratching his head when excited. One man dresses in certain outlandish styles; another wears a very queerly shaped beard or moustache. Some men's minds are so arranged that their actions show them to be very peculiar.

George Washington the Great had a characteristic, It showed itself when he was a young man, in his tendency to chop down fruit trees and then go and tell on himself. Horace Greeley's characteristic is bad writing; General Grant's is smoke; Henry Ward Beecher's is peculiarity itself.

I myself am without any natural characteristic. It follows that if I wish to become great 1 must acquire one. I have experimented so far with every variety and species which has ever been noticed, but without success. I want something which has not been remarked of any other person. It must be novel, or at least not well known, or else if it cannot be distinctive, I have tried bad writing, but find that with this accomplishment it is really impossible to get along in the world. I have tried the truthfulness of George Washington, and have found that also to be impossible, with our present ways of doing things. I have endeavored to acquire an artificial squint, and have also gnawed my finger-ends very industriously, and find that both processes hurt too much for general use. I find that other men surpass the most outrageous swearing that I can do. I have ordered the most peculiar garments which were ever constructed, but the result was only to get me into the police station, when there was no reporter in the neighborhood. I have thought of getting some person to twist my nose, or other part of my countenance, into a new shape, so as to give me a peculiar expression; but this is too painful a subject for discussion. To put it in small compass, I have tried everything. and find that nothing will work. Cannot you editors, you men with the big brains, set yourselves to work and give me an idea which I can work out for



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drew

Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back To the brown fishing hamlet by the sea; And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked:-"Who hath lost aught to-day ?" "I," said a voice.

"Ten gelden pieces, in a silken purse, My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo One stood before him in a coat of frieze, And the glazed hat of a seafaring man, Shrew-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings.

Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand

The silken web, and turned to go his way. But the man said:-"A tithe at least is yours; Take it in God's name as an honest man. And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed Over the golden gift, "Yea, in God's name I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand, Ran, white in sunshine, to the Summer sea, He sought his home, singing and praising God; And when his neighbors in their careless way Spoke of the owner of the silken purse-A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port That the Cape opens in its sandy wall— He answered, with a wise smile, to himself: "I saw the angel where they see a man."

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

colors.

(For additional City News see page 12.)

THE DECLARATION

An Interesting Local Question-Where was the Declaration of Independence Written?-Jefferson Appears to Contradict Himself.

For years upon years the old brick building at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets has been pointed out to the stranger and native alike as the place wherein Thomas Jefferson, the author of Declaration of Independence, wrote the first the straft of the immortal document which was the original framework of our liberties and the announcement of our claim to a position in the sisterhood of nations. A large sign bearing a portrait of Benjamin Franklin seated at a desk and perusing a book decorated the space between the fourth-story windows of the Market street front until within a few months past, and there was an accompanying inscription in large black letters designating the building as "The Birthplace of Liberty."

In support of this theory, Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia" (edition of 1850, vol. ii, page 309), tells us, in his quaint style, that "the place of writing the Declaration has been differently stated. Some," he continues, "have said that it was at Jefferson's chamber, in the Indian Queen inn; but Mrs. Clymer, with whom Mr. Jefferson boarded, at the southwest corner of Seventh and High (now Market) streets, said it was there, and to settle this point Dr. Mease wrote to Mr. Jefferson, and had it confirmed as at her house.

In the first volume of his "Annals" (same edition, page 470), Watson touches upon the same mooted question, in the following terms :-

"In the Indian Queen Tavern, South Fourth street, "In the Indian Queen Tavern, South Fourth Street, in the second story, front room, south end, Jefferson had his desk and room where he wrote and stadied, and from *that cause* it has been a popular opinion that he there wrote his "Declaration of Independ-ence." I have seen the place of the dask, by the side of the fire-place, west side, as pointed out by Cassar Bodney's son.

Rodney's son. "But my friend, John McAllister, told me in 1833 that he was told by the stepmother of the present Hon. John Sargeant that Dr. Mease had inquired of Jefferson himself, by letter, and that he was in-formed by him that when he wrote that instrument he fived in a large near house, belonging to the Minterimer inimity, up Marnet street, at the south- |

a very, very long while, and besides, the chances are that your names may perhaps be interred in the ever increasing coating now covering our streets. An old proverb says "A new broom sweeps clean." Then, by all means, purchase a good supply, for a clean sweep is now the thing most needed. Let there be a large sweep, a strong sweep, and a sweep all together; and let the result be the sweeping of all the dirt into one common pile, and the cleaning of your characters from their decidedly dirty surroundings. That the prevailing public sentiment is opposition to dirty work is well known, but this need not deter you ; our streets are not dirty, oh no ! only muddy; therefore you need fear nothing from the public, provided you make things once more clear and cleanly (understand, not as clear as mnd). But if not, then prepare to have all your future fame buried in oblivion, as deep as are the pavements now in MUD.

OUR NEW WANT COLUMN.

WANT THE SECOND.

Wanted-A Distinctive Characteristic. The following letter which has lately been received, explains itself :--

Dear Mr. Want-Editor :- I take the liberty of sending to you for advice. If you will excuse me, and if whole finished by a deep worsted fringe of the you are able and willing to give it, I shall be thank-Slippers are now worked in Chinese fashion, with ful. You must know that I am a distinguished man; a spray of flowers thickly done in silk directly on the that is, I expect to be some day. Being distininstep. This is so highly raised as to seem emguished, it becomes necessary for me to have what bossed. Men's slippers come prepared in fine momay be called a distinctive characteristic. The posrocco, russet, or mode color, with applique of velvet session of this article is not only an accompaniment stamped on them, and a pattern ready drawn to be of greatness, but it is absolutely one of the means by filled with gold braiding and very little embroidery which greatness is attained. What great man is there who is without such a characteristic? I am pers are worked in floss designs, and filled with determined to be great, and therefore must have the worsted. Braces are wrought in silk on the perarticle at all hazards. forated leather, or on fine morocco straps for the

Great men have to be noticed in the papers. They have to be spoken of in familiar conversation. Their names must be engraved on the memories of the people, and how can this be done without a pesuliarity? If a name as yet unknown to fame, as for instance, John Smith, is mentioned in a newspaper, who will notice it? There might as well be a blank in place of the letters which form the word. Though you yourself may be the Smith who has, for instance, met with an accident, to a stranger the paragraph conveys only the impression of an accident having happened to some impersonal creature; it might as well be a block of wood. To yourself and friends the effect is quite different. The name then stands monogram in silver raised on the cover. The bijou for some definite idea. If your circle of friends is small, the infinence of the paragraph is small, and consequently the impression which it has made on the minds of the people in general.

If your name is afterwards mentioned as a prominent speaker before a political meeting or something of that sort, who of all the various individuals who are strangers to yourself would remember that they had seen the name before in a notice of your accident?

One who knew something of you would call to mind, when he reads the accident paragraph, your particular appearance or peculiarity, no matter how insignificant it may be, and by so doing the words make an impression upon his mind. When you are afterwards the political speaker, your friend calls to mind that you are the same Smith who was so badly injured at such a time, which strengthens the impression. If you afterwards become an alderman, member of the Legislature, or Congressman, or even Governor of your State, or President of the United States, your friend would still remember you, simply because he knew something of your distinctive characteristic in the first place. By the way, should you happen to be President of the United States, your friend would probably use his remembrance for his own private advantage; but that is foreign to the subject. You need not worry yourself about that point, for we never had a President of the name of lce-crystal in tints, ultra-marine blue, pink or light Smith, and the probability is we never shall. It would be funny if we did, now, wouldn't it? Should you, however, aspire to that situation, it may be well to state that, on considering the subject

dellions on the case, opening with a spring to ; I have come to the conclusion that the chances will

myself; I will pay any one well who will do it. And besides (I almost forgot that) I will tell you what my hobby is to be. You see I have determined to be an anthor. Every spare moment of time I intend to devote to writing. I shall write, write, all the time, until people begin to say, "What a writer he is! But the best part of it is that no editor, or publisher, or, in fact, any one is ever to see what I write. You need not suppose that I am ever going to trouble you with my productions. I am only going to write for the sake of being called a writer. I will work and work and store away, until my name is well known, but no one will ever know if my writings are good or bad. Some may possibly suppose that these writings may consist of copy-books filled up, but they may also be mistaken. I can afford to bear their ridicule, for they will take it all back when they A find that I have become the ----. I beg your pardon, but I again supposed that my name was Smith. Now give us your candid opinion, is not this a good plan? Note by Want-Editor. - This closing paragraph shows so much good judgment and sound common sense, that we have been induced to print the entire

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