

THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

"LIPPINCOTT'S."

The October number of Lippincott's Magazine has the following list of articles:—"The Ghost of Ten Broek van der Heyden;" "Mary Ann and Ching Loo: Housekeeping in San Francisco," by Margaret Hosmer; "Marie: a Poem," by Kate A. Sill; "The Great Monopoly," by Abram P. Eastlake; "Prussia the German Nation," by Stephen Powers; "Irene: a Tale," Part I, "The Porcellan Fabrik at Meissen," by Helen W. Higson; "On the English Hustings," by George M. Towle; "Blood Will Tell: a Tale," by O. S. Adams; "Mexican Reminiscences," concluded; "A Friend's Meeting;" "To Atlantic City by Way of —," by A. G. Penn; "Forbidden: a Poem," by Edgar Fawcett; "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite: a Novel," Part VI, by Anthony Trollope; "Gustavo Flanbert, the Realist," by W. P. Morris; "Our Monthly Gossip," "Literature of the Day."

From the paper entitled "Prussia the German Nation," by Stephen Powers, we quote the following:—

Prussia has always used a more broadly German and catholic policy than Austria. One of the most notable features of Vienna journalism is the absurd violence with which every German who was born twenty miles away from that city is attacked as a "foreigner." The great Count von Bunsen, the most astute Premier, and the one who has given Austria the most splendid diplomatic triumphs since Metternich, was stigmatized as a "foreigner" because he came from Saxony. Prussia is never unwilling to be redeemed by any man of ability, especially if he is a German; Austria will accept almost any dotard born above the rank of a baron, especially if he is not a German. Austrian statesmen, like poets, are born, not made. What a world of bitter sarcasm there is in the words of poor Sommerfeld: "I was in Austria and had talents, but no protection." The looker-on in Vienna is strongly impressed with the fact that while the authorities have neglected to erect monuments to Beethoven or Mozart, whose names are known wherever music has power to tame the savage, they have erected one—the only one in the city raised in honor of a civilian—to Joseph Pessel. And who was Joseph Pessel? Every reader asks in astonishment. Why, he invented the screw, to be sure, by which mighty vessels are propelled across the briny deep. Beethoven and Mozart had talents, but no protection. The looker-on in Vienna is strongly impressed with the fact that while the authorities have neglected to erect monuments to Beethoven or Mozart, whose names are known wherever music has power to tame the savage, they have erected one—the only one in the city raised in honor of a civilian—to Joseph Pessel. And who was Joseph Pessel? Every reader asks in astonishment. Why, he invented the screw, to be sure, by which mighty vessels are propelled across the briny deep.

Prussia asks only these questions:—Is he capable? Is he a German? Indeed, when the great University of Berlin was established, learned men were invited to professorships from nearly the whole civilized world. "March Forward," Lebrecht von Blucher, who was Prussian, but a Mecklenburger. It was one of the few notable mistakes of Frederick the Great that he did not discern the merits of Blucher. Little did the blunt old soldier think, as he wrote on the back of a paper sent him by an obscure captain of cavalry, complaining of neglect, "Captain Blucher can take himself off to the devil," that he was slamming the door in the face of a man who would afterwards save Prussia. Blucher did not re-enter the Prussian service till Frederick was dead.

Gneisenau, the real planner of Blucher's campaigns, was born in a Saxon baron's castle, the author of the best military system Europe ever saw, was a Hanoverian. Moltke, too, the greatest of living Prussian soldiers, distinguished scarcely less as the perfect master of seven languages than as the victor of Sadowa, is a Mecklenburger.

The House of Hapsburg, being descended on one side from the family of the Guises, is only half German; it is true, but it has shown even less appreciation of German talent than has the House of Bourbon or the wholly Italian family of the Bonapartes. It was Duke Bernhard von Weimar who added Alsace to France. The great Marshals Saxe and Schomberg were Germans both; and the gallant Kleber, who was assassinated in Egypt, was an Austrian captain before he was a French general. Hansmann has done more than any other man to secure France against revolution. Meyerbeer, Kellerman, Weiss, Scholer are illustrious names from Germany.

Even the wholly Slavonic Russia has done greatly more honor to German genius and learning than has the half Slavonic Austria. Kaufmann and Berg are among her most distinguished generals, and German professors are found in her universities by scores, in the most honored places.

In a word, then, all indications point to Prussia as the only rightful regenerator and conservator of those Teutonic forces which Austria and the petty princes have so prodigally wasted. To Prussian statesmen every thing that is German is exceedingly precious, while every other German government practically co-operates with France in scattering, dissolving, dividing, and frittering away the noblest inheritance of Europe. In their moral character and in the greatness of their simple earnestness the Germans are worth infinitely more than any other people on the Continent, but Prussia is alone "Great German" and every one else is "Little German," which is virtually not German at all. "I am a Prussian" (the first words of the national hymn) is to-day the proudest utterance in the language, and Germany will never be at its best till one tongue, and only one, is spoken from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Then, and not till then, will it have a government which will look well to it that no German child shall wander away and sink into the unfathomable abyss of practical *Unwissenheit* for lack of an education in that language of which Leibnitz says, "at least it is honest."

"PUTNAM'S."

The contents of the October number of Putnam's Magazine, which has been sent us by Turner & Co., are as follows:—"Shakespeare in Germany to-day," Prof. J. M. Hart; "More of the Domestic Romance," Louisa Palmer Smith; "The Fox," John Burroughs; "Pictures in the Private Galleries of New York," Collection of Marshall O. Roberts; Eugene Benson; "A New Story of Gen. Putnam," J. Franklin Flitts; "The Antiquity of Celtic Literature," Prof. E. Clark Seelye; "The Last of the Proud Palifers," Mrs. J. G. Austin; "Reconciliation," Edgar Fawcett; "Love in Fiji," concluded, edited by Dr. T. M. Coan; "Eirene: a Woman's Right," IX, Mrs. M. C. Ames; "A Little Further On," Caroline Howard; "The Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau, July, 1870," Lucy Fountain; "To a False Mistress," "Folk-Songs," Rev. J. Vila Blake; "Causes of the Prussian-French War," Prof. C. A.

Eggert; "Editorial Notes," Parke Godwin; "Literature at Home," R. H. Stoddard; "Literature, Art, and Science Abroad," Charlton T. Lewis.

From the paper on "Folk-Songs," by Rev. J. Vila Blake, we quote as follows:—

The two lands which surpass all others for beauty, richness, and variety of popular songs are Germany and Scotland. The romantic lyre of Provence bequeathed little or nothing. France and Spain have each a highly characteristic music, but small in quantity and inferior in depth. The Irish music has many charms investing an unmistakable individuality. Nowhere, in the ancient days, were bards and poets held in higher honor than among the Irish. Their profession was a hereditary privilege, allowed only to members of industrious families; and many of their ballads, which were devoted chiefly to the memory of national achievements, still remain sources of the materials of Irish history. But the legend of St. Patrick, according to which he destroyed three hundred volumes of ancient Irish songs in his zealous determination to root out all antiquities superstitious inconsistent with Christianity, at once reveals the former national fecundity in song, and reminds us of the present comparative paucity of Irish folk-music. Ireland's melodies are not very many in number, and though characteristic and often very pleasing, seldom or never reveal much depth of mental or moral experience. England has an unequalled store of ballads, which are most delicious poetry and by far the noblest specimens of heroic lyrics that any tongue possesses; but the melodies to which minstrels sung them have died out, and the popular memory has faded; nor have they been successfully speaking generally, by any other folk-songs of musical value. An exception is the well-known beautiful air of Ben Jonson's song, "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes"—the many efforts to discover the composer of which have been unsuccessful, although it dates only from the last century. England, however, whatever may be its popular musical status now, has had its thriving time of folk-songs and of general musical culture. A song which has descended from about the middle of the thirteenth century presents the first example of secular music in parts (it was elaborately harmonized in six parts) which has been found in any country.

Although a law of Queen Elizabeth pronounced minstrels to be "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," music seems to have been much esteemed and cultivated during that Queen's long reign. The minor air, "Which Nobody Can Deny," dating from that time, is still popular, and yet flourishes as a street song in London. In Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time," to which work we refer in later parts of our specimens of old English songs, there are many specimens of interesting and curious details illustrative of the prominence of music in the sixteenth century. Musical abilities were advertised among the qualifications of persons wishing to be servants, apprentices, or farmers. An impostor who pretended to be a shoemaker was detected because he could not "sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme." Each trade had its special songs, and the beggars also had theirs. The fine whistling of earthenware became proverbial. Base-violins hung in the parlors, for the convenience of waiting guests, and were even played upon by ladies in James' reign.

No barber-shop was complete without the lute, cittern, and virginals, wherewith customers might amuse themselves while waiting their turns. To read music at sight was an essential in a gentleman's education, and lute-strings were common New Year's gifts to ladies. "Some idea of the number of ballads that were printed in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth may be formed from the fact that seven hundred and ninety-six ballads, left for entry at Stationers' Hall, remained in the cupboard of the council chamber of the company at the end of the year 1560, to be transferred to the new wardens, and only forty-four books."

But however pleasing many of the old English songs may be, however original also, we must recur to our previous statement that, of all countries, Scotland and Germany stand pre-eminent for folk-music; and if we consider not only the number, richness, and beauty of these songs, but their present vitality in their fatherlands, and indeed all over the earth, where men are sensible of refined music, Germany and Scotland appear to surpass all other countries in this respect that, in comparison, hardly any other can be said to have any people's-music at all. The superiority of these two exists, however, with this striking difference between them, that the Scottish people's-songs appear like a case of arrested development, since they exist unaccompanied by any high art. Notwithstanding the beauty, the witchery, the originality, and undoubted genius of the Scotch people's music, Scotland never produced a great composer or exhibited any scientific musical activity or power; while above the people's songs of Germany towers that wonderful and sublime art with which all the world is familiar as the grandest musical expression of the human soul. Between the charms of the Scottish and German people's songs we shall not venture to decide authoritatively or dogmatically. But, for ourselves, we must own that we find the shadow or light of every mood of mind and soul reflected in the German music we find it nowhere else. It plays upon pulses to quicken or subside like a beloved face, so complete is the human nature and human life on all its sides, that floats on this wonderful Amazon of melody and harmony. German life, in its habits, manners, tastes, and feelings, is a deep calm, partly philosophic, partly patriarchal. Their most populous and most busy cities "are quiet haunts for meditation" compared to American or even even English activity. When an intelligent lady, of simple tastes and poetic culture, returned recently from Germany and landed in New York, she remarked that she had not encountered anything during her absence so fatiguing to her whole being, mental and physical, as the mere sight of Broadway; and she assured us that no words could do justice to the contrast between that whirling, dizzy torrent and the limpid repose of Dresden. Goethe says of his grandfather:—"In his room I never saw a novelty. I recollect no form of existence that ever gave me, to such a degree, the feeling of unbroken calm and perpetuity." Therefore, German music has a serenity and placid depth, a restfulness and repose, which come like a voice or memory recalling childhood's home, and fold the soul again upon the bosom of maternal peace. But German life, too, has been a tragedy, a battle for freedom: the Fatherland has been invaded by Frenchmen, and the young men went to war. Therefore German people's music is set on fire with fervent patriotism and martial sacrifice. The Fatherland! the Fatherland! rings like a clarion through it; it is tender and

thrilling, too, with the rapture of passionate parting, devoted deaths, or glad returns. And in the whole circle of its subjects and passions, from the quiet contemplation of nature to patriotic and martial pride, there is one thing that this music always is—it is always *being* in tone; there is not a skeptical song, not a faithless refrain, not a melody or note of moral indifference or hopelessness in these people's-songs, so far as we have become acquainted with them. "In his songs and in his lectures," it has been said, "the German dreams of making a heaven of earth. A kind of glow is cast over all common things and daily life; nature is beautiful in the common landscapes of the Fatherland. The hunter's life and the song of the shepherd boy; the sleeping babe and the quiet of the night; friendship and companionship; domestic peace and modest content; the delights of social pleasure and the German beer-mug; the dance and common stories; all these are sung with a certain warm heartiness and cheer, a simple good faith and belief in human nature and pleasure in things as we find them; a sensitiveness to the lovely side of lovely things, that comes like a benediction to the tired and disappointed, and sings the heart into "leisure from itself," to soothe and sympathize. "One of the most amiable characteristics of German poetry," says a writer, "is its celebration of the domestic affections. Goethe has given us a domestic epic in his 'Hermann and Dorothea,' and Voss, in his 'Luisie,' has produced a popular idyll on the espousals of a country parson's daughter. Even Freiligrath softens the music of his verse when he sings of 'the old pictured Bible in his father's house.'"

"THE GALAXY."

Turner & Co. send us the October number of The Galaxy, which has the following table of contents:—"Lady Judith: a Tale of Two Continents," chapters V and VI, by Justin McCarthy; "In and About Peking," by N. B. Dennis; "James Buchanan," by Horatio King; "Ante Mortem," by Edgar Fawcett; "Overland," chapters XI, XII, and XIII; "Does it Pay to Visit Yo Semite?" by Olive Logan; "Playing Beggars," by Sarah M. B. Platt; "Private Picture Collections in Cincinnati," by George Ward Nichols; "The Galley-slave," by Henry Abbey; "L'Amour ou La Mort," adapted from the Spanish of Larra, by Antony Armstrong; "The Murder Out?" by Edward Crapsey; "The King of Just," by John W. Aldrich; "Drift-wood," by Philip Quillbet; "Literature and Art," "Memoranda," by Mark Twain; "Nebula," by the Editor.

From the readable article by Justin McCarthy on "The King of Prussia" we mark this extract:—

With the success of Prussia at Sadowa ended King William's personal unpopularity in Europe. Those who were prepared to take anything like a rational view of the situation began to see that there must be some manner of great cause behind such risks, sacrifices, and success. Those who disliked Prussia more than ever, as many in France did, were disposed to put the King out of their consideration altogether, and to turn their detestation wholly on the King's Minister. In fact, Bismarck so entirely eclipsed or occulted the King, that the latter may be said to have disappeared from the horizon of European politics. His good qualities or bad qualities no longer counted for anything in the estimation of foreigners. Bismarck was everything; the King was nothing. Now I wish to take this view of the matter. In everything which has been done by Prussia since his accession to the throne, King William has counted for something. His stern, uncompromising truthfulness, seen as clearly in the despatches he sent from recent battle-fields as in any other part of his life, has always counted for much. So too has his narrow-minded dread of anything which he believed to be a savor of the revolution. So has his thorough and devoted Germanism. I am convinced that it would have been far more easy of late to induce Bismarck to make compromises with seemingly powerful enemies at the expense of German soil, than it would have been to persuade Bismarck's master to consent to such proposals. The King is far more of a typical German character (except for his lack of intellect) than that of Bismarck, in whom there is so much of French ancestry as well as of French humor. On the other hand, I would say to his readers, if they wish to rush into wild admiration of the King of Prussia, or to suppose that liberty owes him personally any direct thanks, King William's subjects know too well that they have little to thank him for on that score. Strange as the comparison may seem at first, it is not less true that the enthusiasm now felt by Germans for the King is derived from just the same source as the early enthusiasm of Frenchmen for the first Napoleon. In each man his people see the champion who has repelled the aggression of the insolent foreigner, and has his own strength enough to pursue the foreigner into his own home and there chastise him for his aggression. The blind stupidity of Austria and the crimes of Bonapartism have made King William a patriot King. When Thiers wittily and bitterly said that the Second Empire had made two great statesmen, Cavour and Bismarck, he might have said with still closer accuracy that it had made one great sovereign, William of Prussia. Never man attained such a position as that lately won by King William with less of original outline, or to qualify him for the place. Five or six years ago the King of Prussia was as much disliked and distrusted by his own subjects as ever the Emperor of the French was by the followers of the Left. Look back to the famous days when "Bookm-Dolff's hat" seemed likely to become a symbol of civil revolution in Germany. Look back to the time when the King's own son and heir apparent, the warrior Crown Prince who since has flamed across so many a field of blood, felt called upon to make formal protest in a public speech against the illiberal, repressive, and despotic policy of his father. It was these things, and say whether any change could be more surprising than that which has converted King William into the typical champion and patriot of Germany; and when you seek the explanation of the change, you will simply find that the worst enemies of Prussia have been unwittingly the kindest friends and best patrons of Prussia's honest and despotic old sovereign.

I think the King of Prussia's subjects were wrong when they disliked and dreaded him, and I also think they are now not wrong when they trust and applaud him. It has been his great good fortune to reign during a period when the foreign policy of the State was of infinitely greater importance than its domestic management. It became the business of the King of Prussia to help his country to assert and maintain a national existence. Nothing better was needed in the sovereign for this purpose than the qualities of a military dictator, and the King, in this case, was saved all trouble of thinking and

planning. He had but to accept and agree to a certain line of policy—a certain set of national principles—and to put his foot down on these and see that they were carried through. For this object the really manly and sturdy nature of the King proved admirably adapted. He upheld manfully and firmly the standard of the nation. His defective qualities were rendered inactive, and had indeed no occasion or chance to display themselves, while all that was good of him came into full activity and bold relief. But I do not believe that the character of the King is any wise changed. He was a dull, honest, fanatical German liberal in 1848; he was a dull, honest, fanatical martinet when he unfurled the flag of Prussia against the Austrians in 1866 and against the French in 1870. The brave old man is only bappy when doing what he thinks to be right; but he wants alike the intellect and the susceptibilities which enable people to distinguish right from wrong, despotism from justice, necessary firmness from stolid obstinacy. But for the war and the national issues which rose to claim instant obedience, King William would have gone on discharging his Parliamentary and newspaper, paying taxes without the consent of representatives, and making the police officer the master of Berlin. The vigor which was so popular when employed in resisting the French would assuredly otherwise have found occupation in repressing the Prussians. I see nothing to admire in King William but his courage and his honesty. People who know him personally speak delightedly of his sweet and genial manners. In private life, and I have observed that, like many another old *monarch*, he has the art of making himself highly popular with the ladies. There is a celebrated little *prima donna* as well known in London as in Berlin, who can only speak of the bluff monarch as *der susse Konig*—"the sweet King." Indeed, there are not wanting people who hint that Queen Augusta is not always quite pleased at the manner in which the venerable soldier makes himself agreeable to dames and demoiselles. Certainly the ladies seem to be generally very enthusiastic about his Majesty when they come into acquaintance with him, and to the *prima donna* I have mentioned his kindness and courtesy have been only such as are well worthy of a gentleman and of a king. Still we all know that it does not take a great effort on the part of a sovereign to make people, especially women, think him very delightful. I do not therefore make much account of King William's courtesy and *bonhomie* in estimating his character. For all the service he has done to Germany last him have full thanks; but I cannot bring myself to any warmth of personal admiration for him. It is indeed hard to look at him without feeling for the moment some sentiment of genuine respect. The fine head and face, with its noble outlines and its frank pleasant smile, the stately, dignified form, which some seventy-five years have neither bowed nor enfeebled, make the King look like some splendid old paladin of the court of Charlemagne. He is, indeed, despite his years, the finest physical specimen of a sovereign Europe just now can show. Compare him with the Emperor Napoleon, so many years his junior, compare his soldierly presence, his manly bearing, his clear frank eyes, his simple and sincere expression, with the prematurely wasted and crippled form, the face blotched and haggard, the lack-lustre eyes, which seem always striving to avoid direct encounter with any other glance, the shambling gait, the sinister look of the nephew of the great Bonaparte, and you will say that the Prussians have at least had, from the beginning of their antagonism, an immense advantage over their rivals in the figurehead which they have enabled to exhibit. But I cannot make a hero out of stout King William, although he has bravery enough of the common military kind to suit any of the heroes of the "Nibelungen Lied." He never would, if he could, render any service to liberty; he cannot understand the elements and first principles of popular freedom; to keep the people is always, as a child, to be kept in leading strings and guided, and, if at all boisterous or noisy, smartly birched and put into a dark corner. There is nothing cruel about King William; that is to say, he would not willingly hurt any human creature, and is, indeed, rather kind-hearted and humane than otherwise. He is as utterly incapable of the mean spites and shabby cruelties of the great Frederick, whose statue stands so near his palace, as he is incapable of the savage brutalities and indecencies of Frederick's father. He is, in fact, simply a dull old disciplinarian, saturated through and through with the traditions of the feudal party of Germany, his highest merit being the fact that he keeps his word—that he is "a still stronger man" who "cannot lie," his noblest fortune being the happy chance which called on him to lead his country's battles, instead of leaving him free to contend against, and perhaps for the time to crush, his country's aspirations after domestic freedom. Kind Heaven has allowed him to become the champion and the representative of German unity—that unity which is Germany's immediate and supreme need, calling for the postponement of every other claim and desire; and this part he has played like a man, a soldier, and a king. But one can hardly be expected to forget the past to forget what Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense wrote, what Jacobi and Waldeck spoke, what King William did in 1848, and what he said in 1861; and unless we forget all this and a great deal more to the same effect, we can hardly help acknowledging that but for the fortunate conditions which allowed him to prove himself the best friend of German unity, he would probably have proved himself the worst enemy of German liberty.

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Godley's Lady's Book for October is illustrated by a steel plate frontispiece and numerous fashion plates. It maintains its ancient reputation in the literary department, and its numerous readers will find in the number before us ample entertainment.

The October number of The Lady's Friend has a steel plate engraving entitled "the Miller's Daughter," a double page colored fashion plate, and other illustrations, with an attractive series of stories, poetry, and hints on housewifery which will be appreciated by the fair sex.

—From the Central News Company we have received the October number of the

Transatlantic, which has a capital selection of stories and sketches from the best foreign periodicals, and also the September number of London Society, which is finely illustrated and which contains an agreeable variety of light reading matter.

—The American Exchange and Review for September presents an interesting and valuable series of papers on scientific, commercial, manufacturing, artistic, political, and other subjects.

—Porter & Coates send us monthly part No. 18 of Appleton's Journal, which contains the weekly numbers of September.

—The September number of The Mason's Year Book concludes the "Dictionary of Symbolic Masonry" and commences "The History of Initiation," by Rev. George Oliver, D. D.

—From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger we have received Harper's Magazine for October.

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of the city of Philadelphia, bearing date of eighteenth day of April, 1868, and recorded in the office for recording deeds and mortgages for the city and county of Philadelphia, in Mortgage Book A. H., No. 54, page 465, etc., the undersigned Trustee named in said mortgage, to-wit:—

WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, in the city of Philadelphia, by MESSRS. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers,

at 12 o'clock M., on TUESDAY, the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1870, the property described in and conveyed by the said mortgage, to-wit:—

No. 1. All those two contiguous lots or pieces of ground, with the buildings and improvements thereon erected, situate on the east side of Broad street, in the city of Philadelphia, one of them beginning at the distance of nineteen feet seven inches and five-eighths southward from the southeast corner of the said Broad and Coates streets; thence extending eastward at right angles with said Broad street eight feet one inch and a half; thence northward or eastward with said Broad street, thence southward along said Coates street, and at right angles with said Coates street, seventy-two feet to the northeast corner of an alley six feet wide, and thence westward leading southward into Penn street; thence westward crossing said alley and along the lot of ground hereinafter described, to-wit:—

No. 2. The other of them situate at the northeast corner of the said Broad street and Penn street, containing in front or breadth on the said Broad street eighteen feet, and in length or depth eastward along the north side of Penn street, thirty-two feet and two inches, and on the line of said lot parallel with said Penn street seventy-six feet five inches and three-fourths of an inch; said two lots six inches wide. Subject to a ground rent of \$75, silver money.

No. 3. All that certain lot or piece of ground beginning at the southeast corner of Coates street and Broad street, thence extending southward along the said Broad street nineteen feet seven inches and five-eighths of an inch; thence eastward along the east side of Broad street, seventy-nine feet to the east side of the said Broad street; thence northward along the east line of said Broad street seventy-two feet to the place of beginning. Subject to a ground rent of \$75, silver money.

No. 4. Four Steam Dummy Cars, twenty feet long by two feet wide, with all the necessary machinery, steam machinery, seven-inch cylinder, with ten-inch stroke of piston, with heating pipes, etc. Each will seat thirty passengers, and has power sufficient to draw two extra cars.

NOTE.—These cars are now in the custody of Messrs. Grace & Long, at Trenton, New Jersey, where they can be seen, and where they will be subject to a lien for rent, which on the first day of July, 1870, amounted to \$600.

No. 5. The whole of the depot, plank road, and railway of the said Central Passenger Railway Company of the city of Philadelphia, and all their land (not included in Nos. 2, 3, and 4), roadway, railway, rails, rights of way, stations, toll houses, and other structures, depots, depot grounds and other real estate, buildings and improvements whatsoever, and all and singular the property, franchises, and franchises connected with said company and plank road or railway, and relating thereto, and all the tolls, duties, issues, profits to accrue from the same or any part thereof belonging to said company, and generally all the tenements, hereditaments and franchises of the said company. And also all the cars of every kind (not included in No. 4), machinery, tools, implements, and materials connected with the proper equipment, operating and conducting of said road, plank road, and railway; and all the personal property of every kind and description belonging to the said company.

Together with all the streets, ways, alleys, passages, waters, water-courses, easements, franchises, rights, liberties, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever, into any of the above-mentioned premises, and the profits to accrue from the same, and the reversions and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand of every nature and kind whatsoever of the said Company, as well as every law in equity, in, and to the same and every law of the land.

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