From Beery Saturday.

It is now some eighteen years since the present writer—then in his school days—took part in the earliest of those winter evening festivities at the house of the late Charles Dickens, which continued annually for several years, terminating with the performance of Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama of The Frozen Deep. And when he remembers the number of notable men who eitker shared in or assisted (in the French sense) at those dramatic revels, who have passed away in the interval, he is filled with a desire to preserve some recollections of evenings so memorable.

"What nights have we seen at the Mermeid!" What evenings were those at Tavistock House, when the best wit, and fancy, and culture of the day met within its hospitable walls! There was Thackeray, towering in bodily form above the crowd, even as he towered in genius above them all, save only one: Jerrold, with the blue convex eye, which seemed to pierce into the very heart of things and trace their subtle resemblances; Leech, with his frank and manly beauty, fresh from the portrayal of "Master Jacky, or some other of the many forms of boyhood he knew so well; Mark Lemon, "the frolic and the gentle" (dear to all us younger ones, irrespective of blood-relationship, as "Uncle Mark"); Albert Smith, dropping in late in the evening after a two or three thousandth ascent of Mont Blane, but never refusing at our earnest entreaty to sit down to the piano and sing us "My Lord Tomnoddy," or his own latest edition of Galignani's Messenger; Augustus Egg, with his dry humor, touching from contrast with the face of suffering that gave sad presage of his early death; Frank Stone, the kindly neighbor and friend, keen as any of us boys for part in the afterpiece; Stanfield, with the beaming face, "a largess uni-versal like the sun," his practiced hand and brush prompt to gladden us with masterpieces of scene painting for the Lighthouse or the Ice-fields; and last—but not here to be dismissed with a few lines only—our bountiful host, like Triplet, "author, manager, and actor too;" organizer, deviser, and harmonizer of all the incongruous assembled elements; the friend whom we have so lately lost, the incomparable Dickens. The very walls of that home and the furniture which filled it were rich in interest and eloquence of his fame and the tribute which it had brought him: the testimonial given him at Birmingham; the handsome case of cutlery sent him by Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield (recognizant of the chance mention of his name in the pages of "Copperfield"); Grip the raven, in his habit as he lived, under the glass case in the hall; the Chinese gong, then less common in English houses than now, reminding the reader familiar with his "Dickens," of that one at Dr. Blimber's which the weak-eyed young man, to Paul's amaze-ment, suddenly let fly at "as if he had gone mad or wanted vengeance;" the pictures which looked down upon us from the walls of dining-room and staircase, Sir Charles Coldstream in his ploughboy's disguise, or Bobadil prostrate on the couch; the lady in the barouche reading the current number of "Bleak House," and the curious tiger skimming the contents over her shoulder; Dolly Varden in the wood; poor Kate Nickleby at work in Madame Mantalini's show-room; little Nell among the tombs of that old church which in these days of restoration will soon have no existence but on the canvas of George Cattermole: these, and many more such signs of the atmosphere of art and literature in which we moved, were gathered then-and are now scattered to the four winds.

In one sense our theatricals began and ended in the school-room. To the last that apartment served us for stage and auditorium and all. But in another sense we got prometion from the children's domain by degrees. Our earliest efforts were confined to the children of the family and their equals in age, though always aided and abetted by the good-natured manager, who improvised costumes, painted and corked our innocent cheeks, and suggested all the most effective business of the scene. Our first attempt was the performance of Albert Smith's little burletta of Guy Fawkes, which appeared originally in the pages of his month-ly periodical, the Man in the Moon; at another time we played William Tell, from the late Mr. Robert Brough's clever little volume, "A Cracker Bon-bon for Evening Parties." In those days there were still extravaganzas written with real humor and abundant taste and fancy. The Broughs, Gilbert a Beckett, and Mr. Planche could write rhymed couplets of great literary excellence, without ever overstepping the bounds of reverence and good taste. Extreme purists may the bounds of reverence regret that the story of the struggle for Swiss independence should ever be presented to children in association with anything ludierous; but, those critics excepted, no other could object to the spirit of "gracious fooling" in which Mr. Brough represented William Tell brought up before Gesler for "contempt of hat;" Albert, his precocious son, resolving that, as to betraying his father, "though torn in half, I'll not be made to split:" and when he comforts his father, about to shoot at the apple, by assuring him that he is "game," the father replying, "Wert thou game, I would preserve, not shoot thee." This is drollery, it seems to us, not unworthy of Sydney Smith or Hood, and in no way to be placed in the same catalogue with the vulgarities and inanities of a later brood.

Another year found us more ambitious, and with stronger resources, for Mr. Dickens himself and Mr. Mark Lemon joined our acting staff, though, with kindly consideration for their young brethren, they chose subordinate parts. In Mr. Planche's elegant and most witty fairy extravaganza of Fortunio and His Seven Gifted Servants, Mr. Dickens took the part of the old "Baron Dunover," whose daughters so valiantly adopt man's attire and go to the wars; Mr. Lemon contenting himself with the role of the "Dragon," who is overcome by "Fortunio's" stratagem of adulterating the well, whither he usually resorted to quench his thirst, with a potent admixture of sherry. What fun it was, both on and off the stage! The gorgeous dresses from the eminent costumier of the Theatres Royal; our heads bewigged and our cheeks rouged by the hands of Mr. Clarkson himself; the properties from the Adelphl; the unflagging humor and suggestive resources of our manager, who took upon him the charge of everything, from the writing of the playbills to the composition of the punch, brewed for our refreshment between the acts, but "craftily qualified," as Michael Cassio would have said, to suit the capacities of the childish brain, for Dickens never forgot the maxima reverentia due to children, and some of us were of very tender age: the comedian who played (in a complete jockey's suit and top-boots) Fortunio's servant Light-foot, was-we are afraid to say how young-but it was somewhere between two and three, and he was announced in the sion to refer to her off the stage, as "Mrs. bill as having been "kept out of bed at a Gamp," some of whose speeches were as well

DICKENS' AMATEUR THEATRICALS. | vast expense." The same veracious docu- | worthy of preservation for droll extravagance ment, by the way, represented the sole lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Tavistock House, as Mr. Vincent Crummles, disguising Mr. Dickens himself in the list of dramatis persona as the "Modern Roseius," and Mark Lemon as the "Infant Phenomenon,"-an exquisitely conceived surprise for the audience who, by no means expected from the description to recognize in the character the portly form of the editor of Punch. The time, by-the-way, must have been the winter preceding the commencement of hostilities with Russia, for Mr. Dickens took advantage of there being a ferocious despot in the play-the Emperor Matapa—to identify him with the Czar in a capital song (would we could recall it!) to the tune of "The Cork Leg," in which the Emperor described himself as "the Robinson Crusoe of absolute state," and declared that though he had at his court many a show-day, and many a high-day," hadn't in all his dominions "a Friday!" Planche had in one portion of the extravaganza put into the mouth of this character for the moment a few lines of burlesque upon 'Macbeth," and we remember Mr. Dickens' unsuccessful attempts to teach the performer how to imitate Macready, whom he (the performer) had never seen! And after the performance, when we were restored to our evening-party costumes, and the school-room was cleared for dancing, still a stray "property" or two had escaped the vigilant eye of the propesty-man; for Douglas Jerrold had picked up the horse's head (Fortunio's faithful steed Comrade), and was holding it up before the greatest living animal painter, who had been one of the audience, with "Looks as if it knew you, Edwin!"

Another time we attempted Fielding's Tom Thumb, using O'Hara's altered version, further abridged and added to by the untiring master of our ceremonies. Fielding's admirable plece of mock-heroic had always been a favorite of Charles Dickens. It has often been noticed how rarely he quotes his books, but the reader of "Pickwick" will remember how in an early chapter of that immortal work Mr. Alfred Jingle sings the two lines:-

"In hurry, post-haste for a license, In hurry, ding-dong, I come back." They are from Lord Grizzle's song in Tom Thumb. Mr. Lemon played the giantess "Glumdalca" in an amazing get-up of a complete suit of armor and a coal-scuttle bonnet; and Mr. Dickens the small part of the ghost of "Gaffer Thumb," singing his own song on the occasion, a verse of which may be

quoted, if only to illustrate the contrast between the styles of the earlier and later burlesque. In O'Hara's version the ghost appears to King Arthur, singing:-" Pale death is prowling, Dire omens scowling Doom thee to slaughter, Thee, thy wife and daughter; Fories are growling With horrid groans. Grizzle's rebellion What need I tell you on?

Hark, the cock crowing, [Cock crows, I must be going. Mr. Dickens' substituted lines were, as nearly as we remember, the following: -

Tom Thumb devoured?

Or by a red cow

"I've got up from my churchyard bed And assumed the perpendicular, Having something to say in my head, I do not appear in sport, But in earnest, all danger scorning— And I hereby give you warning-

Who's dat crowing at the door ? Dere's some one in the house with Dinah! By a voice from Cochin China

Nonsense, it may be said, all this; but the nonsense of a great genius has always some-

thing of genius in it. The production next year, on the same stage, of the drama of The Lighthouse, marked a great step in the rank of our performances. The play was a touching and tragic story, founded (if we are not mistaken) upon a tale by the same author, Mr. Wilkie Collins, which appeared in an early number of his friend's weekly journal, Household Words. The principal characters were sustained by Mr. Dickens, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and the ladies of Mr. Dickens' family. The scenery was painted by Clarkson Stanfield, and comprised a dropscene representing the exterior of Eddystone Lighthouse, and a room in the interior in which the whole action of the drama was carried on. The prologue was written (we believe) by Mr. Dickens, and we can recall, as if it were yesterday, the impressive elecution of Mr. John Forster, as he spoke behind the cenes the lines which follow:-

"A story of those rocks where doomed ships came To cast their wrecks upon the steps of home: Where solitary men, the long year through, The wind their music and the brine their view, Teach mariners to shun the fatal light ... Eddystone Lighthouse"-

Here the green curtain rose and discovered Stanfield's drop scene, the Lighthouse, its lantern illuminated by a transparency)-

Fre he who built it died in the great storm Which shivered it to nothing—once again Beheld out gleaming ou the angry main. Within it are three men-to these repair In our swift bark of fancy, light as air; They are but shadows, we shall have you back Too soon to the old dusty, beaten track."

We quote from memory, and here our memory fails. We are not aware that the prologue was ever published, or indeed the play for which it was written; though the Lighthouse was performed two or three years later at the Olympic, with Mr. Robson in the character originally played by Mr. Dickens. The main incident of the plot—the confession of a murder by the old sailor, "Aaron Gurnock," under pressure of impending death from starvation (no provisions being able to reach the lighthouse, owing to a continuance of bad weather), and his subsequent retractation of the confession when supplies

unexpectedly arrive-afforded Mr. Dickens scope for a piece of acting of great power.

The farce of Mr. Nightingale's Diary, the joint production of Dickens and Mark Lemon, which followed Mr. Collins' play at Tavistock House, was well calculated to exhibit the versatility of the principal actor. Dickens played one "Mr. Gabblewig, which character he assumed four or five different disguises, changing his dress, voice, and look with a rapidity and completeness which the most practised "entertainer" might envy. This whimsical piece of extravagance had been before played by the same actors in the performances for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, but has never been printed, except privately for the use of the original actors. What portions were contributed by the joint authors respectively we can only surmise; but there were certain characters and speeches which bore very clearly stamped upon them the mark of their authorship. One of the characters played by Mr. Dickens was an old lady, in great trouble and perplexity about a missing child; of which character (being nameless in the drama) he always spoke, when he had occa-

- Beat

of incongruity as the best of her famous prototype in "Martin Chuzzlewit." In addition to her perplexity about the missing infant, she is further embarrassed as to the exact surname of "Mr. Nightingale," whose name she remembers to be that of a bird, but cannot always refer to the correct species of that order. A quotation we make from memory will leave no doubt as to the fertile and singular fancy from whose mint it came: -

"No, sir, I will not leave the house! I will not leave the establishment without my child, my boy. My boy, sir, which he were his mother's hope and his father's pride, and no one as I am aweer on's joy. Vich the name as was giv' to this blessedest of infants and vorked in best Vitechapel, mixed upon a pincushin, and 'Save the mother' likewise, were Abjolom, after his own parential father, Mr. Nightingale, who no other ways than by being guv' to liquor, lost a day's vork at the veel-right business, vich it was but limited, Mr. Skylark, being veels of donkey-chaises and goats; and vun vas even drawn by geese for a wager, and came up the aisle o' the parish church one Sunday arternoon by reason of the perwerseness of the animals, as could be testified by Mr. Wix, the beadle, afore he died of drawing on Vellington boots to which he was not accustomed, after an 'earty meal of roast beef and a pickled walnut to which he were too parjial! Yes, Mr. Robin Redbreast, in the marble fontin of that theer church was he baptized Abjalom, vich never can be unmade or undone, I am proud to say, not to please nor give offense to no one, nohows and noveres, sir. . . . Ah! 'affliction sore long time Maria Nightingale bore; physicians was in vain'-not that I am aweer she had any one in particular, sir, excepting one. vich she tore his hair by handfuls out in consequence of disagreements relative to her complaint; and dead she is, and will be, as the hosts of the Egyptian fairies; and this I shall prove, directly minute, on the evingdence of my brother the sexton, whom shall here produce, to your confusion, young person, in the twinkling of a star or humin Scarcely had the old lady quitted the

stage when Mr. Dickens reappeared as "my brother the sexton," a very old gentleman indeed, with a quavery voice and self-satisfied smile (pleasantly suggesting how inimitable must have been the same actor's manner as "Justice Shallow"), and afflicted with a "hardness of hearing" which almost baffled the efforts of his interrogators to obtain from him the desired information as to the certificate of Mrs. Nightingale's decease. "It's no use your whispering to me, sir!" was the gentle remonstrance which the first loud shout in his ear elicited; and on the question being put whether "he had ever buried"-he at once interrupted to reply that he had brewed; and that he and his old woman -"my old woman was a Kentish woman, gentlemen: one year, sir, we brewed some of the strongest ale that you ever drank, sir; they used to call it down in our part of the country (in allusion, you understand, to its great strength, gentlemen), "Samson with his hair on,"—at which point the thread of his narrative was cut short by the reiteration, in a louder key still, of the intended question in a complete form. A third character in the farce, sustained by Dickens, was that to take part in an expedition to the polar of a malade imaginaire, for the time regions, and, as we remember, the moody being under treatment by a new specific, "mustard and milk," the merits of which he could not highly enough extol, but which nevertheless was not so soothing in its effects but that the patient gave every minute a loud shriek — explaining apologetically, "That's the mustard!" followed immediately by a still louder one, "That's the milk!" We are afraid to say in how many other disguises our manager appeared, but there was cortainly one other, a footman or waiter, in which character the actor gave us a most amusing caricature of the manner of one of his own servants; and we remember with what glee, one night at supper after rehearsal, Dickens learned that the man in question had been heard imitating his master in the part for the amusement of his fellow-servants, in utter ignorance that he himself had sat in the first instance for the portrait. The same amazing fertility and rapidity of invention, in which Dickens stands without a rival as a humorist, often served him in excellent stead, in the sudden substitution of extempore remarks known to the professional actor as "gag." On one occasion in a farce (we forget its name) played after "The Frozen Deep," one of the characters having occasion to disguise himself for the moment in the chintz-cover of the sofa, Mr. Dickens suddenly observed, to the astonishment of his fellow-actors, "He has a general appearance of going to have his hair cut!" a comparison so ingeniously perfect as to convulse everybody on and off the stage with laughter. In this rapid discovery of resemblances-for example, Mrs. Lirriper's description of the poor gentleman, when the fire broke out in her lodgings, carried out in a chair, "similar to Guy Fawkes," or the description of Captain Bunsby's eyes, "one movable and one stationary, on the principle of some lighthouses"—our great novelist has never been approached. "Thus," it has been truly said, "he makes human nature and its surroundings speak to us; and thus the richness of life is multiplied to us infinitely, so long as we are enabled to view it with his

It was perhaps partly owing to Mr. Dickens' sense that his mission in life was to be an "entertainer," that from the outset of his literary career he exhibited so strong a fellowfeeling with entertainers of all kinds; and these few rough notes of his own theatrical relaxations may be of interest if only as illustrating one undoubted characteristic of his genius. His love of the stage, and his familiarity with every aspect of it, are apparent in almost everything he has written, from the "Sketches by Boz," in which he described an evening at Astley's (which, by the may be compared, by those who to trace the growing power and the perfecting touch of a great artist, with a description of the same scene in the "Old Curiosity Shop"), to the casual mention in the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood" of the picture of "Signor Jacksonini the clown, in the act of saying 'How are you tomorrow?' quite as large as life and nearly as melancholy." The conventionalities and artificialities of the stage afforded him constant material for humorous description or comment. He has written nothing more genuinely humorous and clever than the account of Mr. Crummles and his company at the Portsmouth Theatre. Who can ever forget Mr. Crummles' expression of honest regret as he recalled the first-tragedyman, once a member of his company, 'when he played 'Othello' used to black himself all over. That's going into a part as if you felt it. It isn't common, more's the pity"; or the same gentleman's account to Nicholas of his first introduction to Mrs. Crummles: - "The first time I saw that admirable woman, Johnson, she stood on her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded by in accordance with the spirit and blazing fireworks"? But, although Mr. Dick-sign of the originator. Most of

ens constantly introduced the theatre and the theatrical profession, to laugh at their too common absurdities and their adherence to tradition, he believed in them still. His own genius was too dramatic for him not to have strong sympathy with dramatic representations, if at the same time his close observation of haman nature and his keen sense of the ludicrous forced him to see how little illusive stage illusion commonly is. There is no theme on which he appears to love more to dwell. "The Uncommercial Traveller," and the miscellaneous papers which he contributed to his periodical Household Words, are full of exquisite instances in point. Hecannot mention Dullborough as "his boyhood's home" without remembering that he feels "like a tenor in an English opera when he does so." He cannot pass the Dullborough Theatre without calling to mind that there he had first seen "the funny countryman, but countryman of noble principles, in a flowered waistcoast, crunch up his little hat and throw it on the ground, and pull off his coat, saying, 'Dom thee, Squire, coom on with thy fistes, then!' At which the levely young woman who kept company with him (and who went out gleaning in a narrow white muslin apron with five beautiful bars of five different colored ribbons across it) was so frightened for his sake that she fainted away." And every one has noted, in reading that uncomfortable and rather dreary story "Hard Times," that the part which the author himself really enjoyed is that which deals with the interests of the poor horse-riding people—Mr. Sleary, Sissy Jupe, and Master Kidderminster. Mr. Gradgrind's method of gauging all human nature by statistics is a trifle caricatured, and the boasts of Mr. Bounderby a thought conventional, but poor old asthmatic Mr. Sleary's account of his new scene in the circle, as he imparts it to Sissy Jupe, reveals at once where the humorist was really strong and rejoiced in his strength: - "If you wath to thee our Children in the Wood, with their father and mother both a-dying, on a horthe-their uncle a receiving them ath hith wardth, upon a horthe-themthelyth both agoin' a blackberryin' on a hortheand the robinth a comin' in to cover 'em with leavth, upon a horthe-you'd thay it wath the completeth thing ever you that your eyeth on!" Dickens was drawn toward all that multifarious class who live by affording what he conceived to be innocent amusement. It was his favorite doctrine that people must be amused-that they needed it; and no form of Pharisaical propriety was more irritating to him than that which advocated the mechanics' institute or the lecture-hall as the only legitimate relief to the working man's hours of labor.

The success of The Lighthouse, performed at Tavistock House in the January of 1856, and subsequently repeated at Campden House, Kensington, for the benefit of the Consumption Hospital at Bournemouth, induced Mr. Wilkie Collins to try his dramatic fortune once more, and the result was the drama of The Frozen Deep, with an excellent part for Mr. Dickens, and opportunity for charming scenic effects by Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Telbin. The plot was of the slightest.

A young naval officer, "Richard Wardour," is in love, and is aware that he has a rival in the lady's affections, though he does not know that rival's name. His ship is ordered and unhappy young officer, while chopping down for firewood some part of what had composed the sleeping compartment of a wooden hut, discovers from a name carved upon the timbers that his hated rival is with him taking part in the expedition. His resolve to compass the other's death gradually gives place to a better spirit, and the drama ends with his saving his rival from starvation at the cost of his own life, himself living just long enough to bestow his dying blessing on the lovers; the ladies whose brothers and lovers were on the expedition having joined them in Newfoundland. The character of "Richard Wardour" afforded the actor opportunity for a fine display of mental struggle, and a gradual transition from moodiness to vindictiveness, and finally, under the pressure of suffering, to penitence and resignation, and was represented by Mr. Dickens with consummate skill.

The production of The Frozen Deep has a

literary interest for the reader of Dickens, as

marking the date of a distinct advance in his

career as an artist. It was during the performance of this play with his children and friends, he tells us in the preface of his "Tale of Two Cities," that the plot of that story took shape in his imagination. He does not confide to us what was the precise connection between the two events. But the critical reader will have noticed that then, and from that time onwards, the novelist discovered a manifest solicitude and art in the construction of his plots which he had not evinced up to that time. In his earlier works there is little or no constructive ability. "Pickwick" was merely a series of scenes from London life more or less loosely strung together. "Nicholas Nickleby" was in this respect little different. In "Copperfield" there is more attention to this specially dramatic faculty, but even in that novel the special skill of the constructor is exhibited rather in episodes of the story than in the narrative as a whole. But from and after the "Tale of Two Cities," Mr. Dickens manifests a diligent pursuit of that art of framing and developing a plot which there can be little doubt is traceable to the influence of his intimate and valued friend Mr. Wilkie Collins. In this special art Mr. Collins has long held high rank among living novelists. He is indeed, we think, open to the charge of sacrificing too much to the composition of riddles, which, like riddles of another kind, lose much of their interest when once they have been solved. And it is interesting to note that while Mr. Dickens was aiming at one special excellence of Mr. Collins, the latter was assimilating his style, in some other respects. to that of his brother novelist. Each, of late years, seemed to be desirous of the special dramatic faculty which the other possessed. Mr. Dickens' plots, Mr. Collins' characters and dialogues, bore more and more clearly marked the traces of the model on which they were respectively based. It is possible, however, that another consideration was influencing the direction of Mr. Dickens' genius. He may have half suspected that the peculiar freshness of his earlier style was no longer at his command, and he may have been desirous of breaking fresh ground and cultivating a faculty too long neglected. As we have said, we believe that his genius was largely dramatic, and that it was the overpowering fertility of his humor as a descriptive writer which led him at the outset of his literary career to prose fiction as the freest outcome of his genius. However that may be, he loved the drama and things dramatic; and notwithstanding what might be inferred from the lecture which Nicholas administers to the literary gentle-

man in "Nicholas Nickleby," he evidently

loved to see his own stories in a dramatic

shape, when, the adaptation was made

earlier works were dramatized, and enjoyed a success attributable not to the admirable acting which they called forth than to the fame of the characters in their original setting. His Christmas Stories proved most successful in their dramatic shape, and it is difficult to believe that he had not in view those admirable comedians, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, when he drew the charming characters of Britain and Clemency Newcome. His "Tale of Two Cities (which, by the way, Mr. Wilkie Collins has somewhere publicly referred to as the finest of his friend's fictions in point of construction) was arranged under his own supervision for the stage, and he seems to have had a growing pleasure in seeing his works reproduced in this shape, for "Little Em'ly," the last arrangement of "David Copperfield," was produced with at least his sanction and approval; and at the present date a version of the "Old Curiosity Shop," under the title of "Nell," is announced for immediate production, as having been similarly approved by himself shortly before his lamented death. In the present state of the stage we may well be thankful for pieces so wholesome in interest, so pure in moral, so abounding in unforced humor, as his best stories are adapted to

DIVIDENDS, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAIL ROAD COMPANY, Office No. 227 South FOURTH Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24, 1870. NOTICE.-In accordance with the terms of the Lease and Contract between the East Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Rallroad Company, dated May 19, 1869, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company will pay at their Office, No. 227 South FOURTH Street, Philadelphia, on and after the 17th day of January 1871, a dividend of \$1.50 per share, clear of all taxes, to the Stockholders of the East Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as they shall stand registered on the books of the said East Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the 31st day of December, 1870. S. BRADFORD.

Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. NOTE.-The transfer books of the East Pennsylvania Raiiroad Company will be closed on December 31, 1870, and reopened on January 10, 1871.

HENRY C. JONES,

Treasurer 12 27 tJ17 East Pennsylvania Railroad Company. OFFICE OF THE NORTH PENNSYL

WALNUT Street. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4, 1871. The Board of Directors of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company have this day declared a dividend of FIVE (5) PER CENT., clear of Taxes, payable in scrip bearing no interest, and convertible into the capital stock of the company when presented in sums of not less than fifty dollars. The scrip so issued will be deliverable on February 1, and convertible at any time thereafter. The Transfer Books will be closed on SATURDAY, the 7th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M., and the dividend will be credited to the stockholders as they may stand registered at the closing of the books.

The Transfer books will remain closed until MON-DAY, the 16th inst.

WILLIAM WISTER.

Transfer books will remain closed until MON-DAY, the 16th inst.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, TREA

The interest maturing January 1. 1871, on the Bonds of the State of South Carolina, will be paid in gold, on demand, on and after January 1, at the Banking House of H. H. KIMPTON, No. 9 Nassau street, New York, and at the TREASURY OFFICE in Columbia. S. C. The interest on the Registered Stock of the State will be paid in Columbia only, NILES G. PARKER, Treasurer State South Carolina.

Coupons will be received for examination on and after the 27th instant. H. H. KIMPTON, 12 30 15t Financial Agent State South Carolina.

TO THE HOLDERS OF OHIO STATE STOCKS.—Notice is hereby given that the Interest due January 1, 1871, on the Funded Deot of the State of Ohio, will be paid at the American Exchange National Bank, in the city of New York, from the 1st to the 15th proximo, and thereafter at our office in this city. Columbus, Ohie, December

1870.

JAMES H. GODMAN, Auditor of State,
ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, Secretary of State,
FRANCIS R. POND, Attorney-General,
FRANCIS R. POND, Attorney-General, Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the State of

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—A DIVI-DEND of FIFTY CENTS PER SHARE will be paid by the HESTONVILLE, MANTUA, AND FAIRMOUNT PASSENGER RAILWAY COM-PANY, free of State tax, on and after December 27th pext, at the office of the Company, No. 112 South FRONT Street.
Transfer books will be closed December 15th and reopen December 31st.
CHARLES P. HASTINGS,

12 10 smwtf

OFFICE OF THE UNION MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, N. E. Corner of THIRD and WALNUT Streets.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 5, 1871. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Company a dividend of SIX PER CENT. was declared on the outstanding scrip and stock of the Company, clear of taxes, payable on demand.

162w JOHN MOSS, Secretary.

OFFICE ANTHRACITE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 311 WALNUT Street. PHILADSLPHIA, January 2, 1870.
The Board of Directors have this day declared a Dividend of FIFTREN PER CENT. on the cap tal stock paid in, payable on demand, free of taxes.
WILLIAM M. SMITH,

PANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

COMPANY & BUILDING, NO. 460 WALNUT STREET. The Directors have this day declared a dividend of THREE PER UENT. on the capital stock of the Company for the last six months, payable on demand, free of all taxes.

1 21 Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAMBRIA IRON COMPANY .- THE ANnual Meeting of the stockholders of the Cambria Iron Company will be held at their office, No. 218 South FOURTH Street, Philadelphia, on TUESDAY, the 17th day of January next, at 4 o'clock P. M., when an election will be held for seven directors to serve for the ensuing year.

JOHN T. KILLE, Secretary. Philadelphia, December 17, 1870. OFFICE BUCK MOUNTAIN COAL CO.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. I, 1871.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the BUCK MOUNTAIN COAL CO. will be held at the office of the Company, No. 820 WALNET Street, on WEDNESDAY, February 1, 1871, at eleven (11) O'clock A. M.
An election for seven Directors to serve the en-

suing year will be held on the same day between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. 1 2 mw 10t T. H. TROTTER, Treasurer. PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.—The Annual Meeting of the Contributors to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb will be seld at the In-

with the pear and Dand with the streets, on WEDNESDAY, the 18th of January, at 4 o'clock

P. M.
The annual report of the Board of Directors will be submitted, and an election will be held for officers to serve for the ensuing year,

16 fmw6t JAMES J. BARCLAY, Secretary. MERCANTILE LIBRARY, THE AN WOAL meeting of stockholders of the Mercantile Library Company will be held at the LIBRARY BUILLING on TUESDAY EVENING, the 17th

JOHN LARONER. Recording Secretary. , at 7% o'clock. SHAMOKIN COAL COMPANY, OFFICE No. 226 WALNUT Street. PHILADELPHIA, Dev. 81, 1870

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above-named company, and an election of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at their office on WEDNESDAY, the 18th day of January, A. D. 1871, at 12 o'clock M. Transfer books will be closed from January 8th to 18th. C. R. LINDSAY.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE ENTERPRISE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF PHILADRIPHIA, Company's Building, No. 400 WALNUT Street.

At the annual meeting of the Stockhoiders of the Company, held on the 5th day of January, the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the casuing year. ensuing year:-F. Ratchford Starr,

F. Ratchford Starr,
Naibro Frazier,
John M. Atwood,
Benjamin T. Tredick,
James L. Claghorn,
George H. Stuart,
At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, F. RATCHFORD STARR was re-elected President, and THOMAS H. MONTGOMERY re-elected

Vice-President. ALEXANDER N. WISTER,

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13, 1871.

At an election held on the 11th day of January, 1871, the following-named Stockholders were elected Directors of this Bank:—

Edwin M. Lewis, George W. Bank ashburst. George W. Farr, Jr., William H. Woodward, Charles H. Hutchinson, Henry P. Sloan, Thomas McKean,

Anthony J. Antelo, Lindley Smyth, Richard C. Dale, Joshua B. Lippincott, J. Edward Farnum, George H. Kirkham. And at a meeting of the Directors this day, EDWIN M. LEWIS, Esq., was unanimously re-elected Pre-

W. RUSHTON, JR., Cashler. COMMONWEALTH ATIONAL BANK, PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13, 1871.

At the election held on the 10th instant the following gentlemen were elected DIRECTORS of this Bank for the ensuing year:

E. P. Mitchell,
H. N. Burroughs,
William F. Hansell,
Paul P. Keller

Bank for the ensuing year:

E. P. Mitchell,
H. N. Burroughs,
Paul P. Keller,
John Wanamaker,
C. H. Duhring,
H. W. Gray,
And at a meeting of the Board, held this day, ED-WARD P. MITCHELL, Esq., was unanimously re-elected President, and JAMES T. MITCHELL, Esq., Solleitor.

H. C. YOUNG, Cashier.

THE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, January 11, 1871.

At an election held January 9, the following gentlemen were duly elected Directors of this Company for the year 1871:—
Henry D. Sherrerd, Charles Macalester, William S. Smith, George H. Stuart, Samuel Grant, Jr..

Richard Dale Benson. Charles S. Lewis, Edward C. Knight, John B. Austin, Christian J. Hoffman, Richard Dale Benson, George H. Colket. Samuel Grant, Jr. Thomas B. Wattson, Henry G. Freeman.

And at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, HENRY D. SHERRERD, Esq., was unani-mously re-elected as President of the Company. 1 12 6t. J. H. HOLLINSHEAD, Secretary. PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAIL-ROAD COMPANY, Office No. 227 S. FOURTH

At the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company, held this day, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for 1871:—

President-FRANKLIN B. GOWEN. J. B. Lippincott, John Ashhurst, Charles E. Smith. H. Pratt McKean, A. E. Borie, R. B. Cabeen, Treasurer—SAMUEL BRADFORD, Secretary—J. W. Jones.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

J. M. HUTCHINGS (of Yo-Semite)
will give a Lecture—Illustrated with the Finest
Series of Views ever taken—on "The Wonders of
Yo-Semite and the Big Trees of California," at
CONCERT HALL, CHESNUT Street, near Twelfth,
on MONDAY EVENING, 16th inst., at 8 o'clock."
Tickets, 50c. To be had at GOULD & FISCHER'S
Piano Rooms, No. 923 CHESNUT Street, from 9 A.
M. to 5 P. M.

19 mwfsm5t*

THE LORRAINE VEGETABLE CATHAR-TIC PILL is far the best Cathartic remedy yet discovered. The most complete success has long attended its use. It never falls to accomplish all that is claimed for it. It produces little or no pain; leaves the organs free from irritation, and never overtaxes or excites the nervous system. In all diseases of the skin, blood, stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys of children, and in many difficulties peculiar to women, it brings prompt relief and certain cure. The best physicians recommend and prescribe it; and no person who once uses it will voluntarily return to any other cathartic. It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines. ers in drugs and medicines.
TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
10 6 thstut No. 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

TURNER'S UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA
PILL IS AN UNFAILING REMEDY for Neuralgia Facialis. No form of Nervous Disease fails to yield to its wonderful power. Even in the severest to yield to its wonderful power. Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia its use for a few days affords the most astonishing relief, and rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure. It contains no materials in the slightest degree injurious. It has the unqualified approval of the best physicians. Thousands, in every part of the country, gratefully acknowledge its power to soothe the tortured nerves and restore the failing strength.

It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.

TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
9 29 mwf51 No. 120 TREMONT St. Boston. Mass.

9 29 mwf5] No. 120 TREMONT St., Boston, Mass. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.—THIS SPLENdid Hair Dve is the best in the world, the only
true and perfect Dye. Harmless—Reliable—Instantaneous—no disappointment—no ridicalous tints—
"Does not contain Lead nor any Vitalic Poison to injure the Hair or System." Invigorates the Hair and
leaves it soft and beautiful; Black or Brown.
Sold by all Druggista and dealers. Applied at the
Factory, No. 16 BOND Street, New York. [4 27 mwf5]

THE IMPERISHABLE PERFUME !- AS A rule, the perfumes now in use have no permanency. An hour or two after their use there is no trace of perfume left. How different is the result succeeding the use of MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER! Days after its application the handkerchief exhales a most delightful, delicate, and agreeable fearures. and agreeable fragrance.

THE UNION FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA Manufacture and sell the Improved, Portable Fire

D. T. GAGE. No. 118 MARKET St., General Agent. INSTEAD OF USING COMMON TOILET Soap at this season of the year, use "Wright's Alconated Glycerine." It softens the skin, prevents redness and chapping by cold, and beautifies the complexion.

Extinguisher. Always Reliable.

For sale by Druggiats generally.

R. & G. A. WRIGHT,

16 fmw26t No. 674 CHESNUT et., Philad'a.

JAMES M. SCOVEL HAS ESTABLISHED A Law and Collection Agency for Pennsylvania and New Jersey at No. 514 WALNUT Street, [1229 JOUVIN'S KID GLOVE CLEANER restores soiled gloves equal to new. For sale by all druggists and lancy goods dealers. Price 25 cents per bottle.

DR. F. R. THOMAS, No. 911 WALNUT ST., formerly operator at the Colton Dental Booms, devotes his entire practice to extracting teeth without pain, with fresh nitrous oxide gas.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER is the best article for cleansing and preserving the teeth. For sale by all Draggists. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 11 26 stuthly

GROOERIES, ETC.

LITIZ

CURRANT WINE.

ALBERT C. ROBERTS.

Dealer in Pine Groceries,

Corner ELEVENTH and VINE Sta.

OUTLERY, ETC.

RODGERS & WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET RANIVES, Pourl "and Stag handles, and beautiful finish; Rodgers', and Wade Butcher's Razors, and the celebrated coultre Razor; Ladies' Scissors, in cases, of the finest quality ; Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Carvers and Forks, Razor Strops, Cork Screws, stc. Ear instruments, to aselst the hearing, of the most ap-P. MADRIRA'S, proved construction, at No. 115 TENTH Street, below Chesnut.