Daily Evening Bulletin.

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor. | OUR WHOLE COUNTRY. | F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

VOLUME XXI.—NO. 198. | PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1867. | PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE EVENING BULLETIN
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING
(Sundays excepted),
AT THE NEW BULLETIN BUILDING,
607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,
BY THE
EVENING BULLETIN ASSOCIATION.
PROPRIETORS.
GIBSON PEACOCK, ERNEST C. WALLACE,
F.L. FETHERSTON, THOS. J. WILLIAMSON,
CASPER SOUDER, JR., FRANCIS WELLS.
The BULLETIN is served to subscribers in the city at 18 cents per week, payable to the carriers, or $8 per annum.

DIARIES FOR 1868—NOW READY AT 728 ARCH street, containing blank space for each day in the year, rates of postage, table of stamp duties, &c., published and for sale by W. G. PERRY, 728 Arch street. oc8-tf

DIED.

PUE.—On the morning of the 24th, H. A. Pue, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.
The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, 1808 Coates street, on Thursday afternoon, at one o'clock. **

SHERMAN.—On the 25th of November, Conger Sherman.
The relatives and male friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, 311 South Tenth street, on Thursday morning, the 28th inst., at nine o'clock. To proceed to Mount Vernon Cemetery. **

BURIAL CASKET.
PATENT FOR DESIGN GRANTED JULY 9, 1867.
E. S. EARLEY, UNDERTAKER,
S. E. CORNER OF TENTH AND GREEN STREETS.
I claim that my new improved and only patented BURIAL CASKET is far more beautiful in form and finish than the old unsightly and repulsive coffin, and that its construction adds to its strength and durability.
We, the undersigned, having had occasion to use in our families E. S. EARLEY'S PATENT BURIAL CASKET, would not in the future use any other if they could be obtained.
Bishop M. Simpson, Rev. J. W. Jackson,
J. H. Schenck, M. D., E. J. Crippen,
Com. J. Marston, U. S. N., Jacob S. Burdsall,
Rev. D. W. Bartine, D. D., Geo. W. Evans,
Benj. Orne, Wm. Hicks,
J. W. Claghorne, D. N. Sinn. oc18-3mrp

EYRE & LANDELL HAVE THE FIRST QUALITY Lyons Velvets for Cloaks.
Lyons Velvets, 28-inch, for Sacks.

EYRE & LANDELL, FOURTH AND ARCH, KEEP A fine assortment of Cassimeres for Boys' Clothes, Cassimeres for Business Suits.

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.—E. S. FARSON & CO.,
220 and 222 Dock street, below Walnut, corner Pear, now offer, very low for cash, their large and varied stock of House-Furnishing Hardware, Cutlery, Tea Trays, Silver Plated and Britannia Ware, Bright and Japanned Tin Ware, Moth Chests, Refrigerators, Clothes Wringers, Carpet Sweepers, Wood and Willow Ware, Brooms, Mats, etc., etc. Call and get an illustrated catalogue. Young Housekeepers will find it a great help. oc25-s,tu,th,tf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ HENRY VINCENT,
The English Reformer and Brilliant Orator, will deliver
TWO LECTURES AT CONCERT HALL,
Under the auspices of the
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26th,
Subject—JOHN MILTON,
The Scholar, the Poet, the Patriot—the prodigy of his own age, and the glory of all time.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28th,
Subject—GARIBALDI.

Tickets for sale at ASHMEAD'S, 724 Chestnut street, and at the door of the Hall on the Evening of the Lecture.
Doors open at 7.15; Lecture begins at 8 o'clock.
Admission, 25 cts. Reserved Seats, 50 cts. 1t§

☞ A CARD.—McELROY'S PHILADELPHIA CITY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
The subscriber takes leave to inform the public generally that from
THIS DAY, NOVEMBER 26th,
he ceases to be connected with the publication of the PHILA. CITY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY, having sold out his interest to Mr. Gopsill.
A. McELROY.

GOPSILL'S DIRECTORY OFFICE
is at 451 WALNUT, corner of Fifth, which will be opened for business
on the
2d OF DECEMBER. no26-3t§

☞ OFFICE OF THE LEHIGH COAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, November 16, 1867.
Subscription Books for the new Five Million Gold Loan of this Company, interest Six Per Cent. per annum in Gold, free of United States and State taxes, will remain open until the 30th inst., to Stockholders, to allow all of them an opportunity to participate. Price, 85 per cent. Four millions have already been subscribed for. The Company has reserved the right to pro-rate the subscriptions if the amount should exceed five millions.
SOLOMON SHEPHERD, Treasurer.
no18t30rp§

☞ THE CONSOLIDATION NATIONAL BANK.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23, 1867.
The Stockholders are hereby notified that the Bank will pay the Three Mills State Tax now due, assessed on their shares in this Bank.
no26-3t§ JOSEPH N. PEIRSOL, Cashier.

☞ WOMEN'S NATIONAL ART ASSOCIATION will hold their Second Annual Exhibition at 921 Chestnut street, commencing December 9th.
All women engaged in art pursuits, and persons having works executed by women, are invited to contribute for exhibition. no25-8trp§

☞ HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518 AND 1520 Lombard street, Dispensary Department.—Medical treatment and medicines furnished gratuitously to the poor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

G. W. PITCHER,
808 Chestnut Street,
Announces as Ready This Day:

"OPPORTUNITY," a Novel, by the Author of Emily Chester.
"JOSEPHINE," 11th volume of the Muhlbach Novels.
"CHRISTMAS STORIES," 13th volume of the Diamond Dickens, published at $1 50, closing-out price $1.
"OLIVER TWIST," one volume, illustrated.
"TALE OF TWO CITIES," one volume, illustrated.
"SKETCHES," by Boz, one volume, illustrated.
"AMERICAN NOTES AND ITALY," one volume, illustrated, being the concluding volume of the

Illustrated Library Dickens,

now complete in 26 elegant volumes, with over 500 illustrations, and pronounced by Mr. Dickens "as the best edition of my works." The same just ready in half-calf binding.

Selling at Closing-Out Prices.

Of new Publications and new Stereoscopic Views, we have been in receipt of so many within the last few days that it is impossible to advertise their titles, but it is needless to say that they are suitable for all ages and tastes, and one visit will show those in quest of Books or Pictures, that the best assortment and the lowest prices are at

PITCHER'S
Closing-Out Sale,
808 CHESTNUT ST. 808.

5 cts., "Every Saturday," for Nov. 30, 5 cts.
no25-2t rp

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOK!
THE WIDOW'S SON!
THE WIDOW'S SON!
MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW AND BEST BOOK.
Will be published on Saturday, December 7th, and be for sale by all booksellers, complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, for $2 00, or in paper cover for $1 50, and will be published and for sale by
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
no26-2t No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOK!
THE WIDOW'S SON!
THE WIDOW'S SON!
MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW AND BEST BOOK.
Will be published on Saturday, December 7th, and be for sale by all booksellers, complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, for $2 00, or in paper cover for $1 50, and will be published and for sale by
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
no26 2t No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

AMUSEMENTS.

See Sixth Page for Additional Amusements.

ST. JOSEPH'S, NEAR THE EXCHANGE, TO-MORrow evening, at 7½ o'clock. Sacred Drama and Concert, by the Philomenian Society of St. Joseph's College. 2t*

INDIA RUBBER MACHINE BELTING, STEAM Packing Hose, &c.
Engineers and dealers will find a full assortment of Goodyear's Patent Vulcanized Rubber Belting, Packing Hose, &c., at the Manufacturer's Headquarters.
GOODYEAR'S,
808 Chestnut street,
South side.
N. B.—We have a New and Cheap Article of Garden and Pavement Hose, very cheap, to which the attention of the public is called.

525 MILES
OF THE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
Running West from Omaha
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,
ARE NOW COMPLETED.

This brings the line to the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, and it is expected that the track will be laid thirty miles further, to Evans Pass, the highest point on the road, by January. The maximum grade from the foot of the mountains to the summit is but eighty feet to the mile, while that of many eastern roads is over one hundred. Work in the rock-cuttings on the western slope will continue through the winter, and there is now no reason to doubt that the entire grand line to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870.

The means provided for the construction of this Great National Work are ample. The United States grants its Six Per Cent. Bonds at the rate of from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, for which it takes a *second lien* as security, and receives payment to a large if not to the full extent of its claim in services. These Bonds are issued as each twenty-mile section is finished, and after it has been examined by United States Commissioners and pronounced to be in all respects a first-class road, thoroughly supplied with depots, repair-shops, stations, and all the necessary rolling stock and other equipments.

The United States also makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which will be a source of large revenue to the Company. Much of this land in the Platte Valley is among the most fertile in the world, and other large portions are covered with heavy pine forests and abound in coal of the best quality.

The Company is also authorized to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to an amount equal to the issue of the Government and no more. Hon. E. D. Morgan and Hon. Oakes Ames are Trustees for the Bondholders, and deliver the Bonds to the Company only as the work progresses, so that they always represent an actual and productive value.

The authorized capital of the Company is One Hundred Million Dollars, of which over five millions have been paid in upon the work already done.

EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY.

At present, the profits of the Company are derived only from its local traffic, but this is already much more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the Bonds the Company can issue, if not another mile were built. It is not doubted that when the road is completed the through traffic of the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States will be large beyond precedent, and as there will be no competition, it can always be done at profitable rates.

It will be noticed that the Union Pacific Railroad is, in fact, a *Government Work*, built under the supervision of Government officers, and to a large extent with Government money, and that its bonds are issued under Government direction. It is believed that no similar security is so carefully guarded, and certainly no other is based upon a larger or more valuable property. As the Company's

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

are offered for the present at 90 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, they are the cheapest security in the market, being more than 15 per cent. lower than United States Stock. They pay

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

or over NINE PER CENT. upon the investment. Subscriptions will be received in

PHILADELPHIA BY
DE HAVEN & BROTHER, No. 40 S. Third street.
WM. PAINTER & CO., No. 36 S. Third street.
J. E. LEWARS & CO., No. 29 S. Third street.
THE TRADESMEN'S NATIONAL BANK.

In Wilmington, Del., by
R. R. ROBINSON & CO.

And in New York at the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street, and by the
CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau st
CLARK, DODGE & CO., Bankers, No. 51 Wall st.
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 33 Wall st.

And by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States. Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP, showing the progress of the work, and resources for construction and Value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Office or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
November 23, 1867. NEW YORK.
no26-tu th s 6t§

RASH STEPS.

LXV.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

ANOTHER "ENFANT PERDU!"

I have been sitting a good while, chin on fist, thinking how I could best introduce the subject I intended for this day's letter. It was to have been a rather solemn and weighty kind of a letter, devoted to politics and the rise in breadstuffs; there was to have been in it a shade of philosophy, a gleam of prophecy, a dash of scandal, a reminiscence of history, a glimmer of fun, a brimmer of conviviality, a shimmer of feeling, a simmer—in fact, a simmer of all the elements in general which go to the composition and modeling of a nice letter, properly so called. But I could no more order my thoughts than harness the zebras in the Garden of Acclimatation. The moment I tried to fancy, "How will the Emperor mention these menacing questions from the throne at the approaching opening of the Chambers? How will his poor creature and tool, Minister Rouher, compelled to do battle for him away down in the thick of the arena, against twenty opponents stronger than he is, and with his inspiration away off in his palace, listening by telegraph, and ready to chastise any failure with terrible severity, acquit himself?" No sooner did I try to fancy and weigh the difficulties of the political situation, than I found myself engrossed with a very different figure. I was lifting a tiny creature from the floor, playing with its flaxen curls, riding it on my shoulder, prattling to it, and studying with a kind of amused pity the false ease of its manners, and the old lines in its face. If you ask me why I permit myself to interrupt any serious studies with the apparition of a childish image like this, I should answer, I should tell you—

I have recently made the acquaintance of the famous little Camille.

This baby has played (I forget how many hundreds of times) the character of "Fanfan" in Victorien Sardou's comedy of the *Benoiton Family*, at the Vaudeville theatre.

Last winter she was the city talk. Her precocity, her self-possession, her mature way of handling the audience, her perfect representation of the part caused a mania. The public, identifying her with her *rôle*, regarded the pigmy actress as a specimen of nineteenth century forcework, just as the author of the drama intended her prototype to be considered. The little thing divided the town with the *diva* Patti. She was the joke. The wits declared her to be the object of a grand passion with the child who plays the little "Joash," in *Athalie*, at the Théatre Français; but added that the young lover was in despair on account of the Censorship, which forbade any alliance between classic and modern drama. The small mimic even earned the distinction of being ridiculed. André Gill, the best caricaturist in Paris, gave her the honor of a selection. This artist is a young soldier, with a ready knack at a likeness, who amuses the tedium of the barrack by sending a weekly grotesque to a sheet called *La Lune*. Now it is Victor Hugo "contemplating the ocean," the line of which comes just above his nostrils, *à la* The Toilers of the Sea. Now it is Houdon's statue of Voltaire, the great sneerer's head being replaced by that of Edmond About. Now it is Louis Veuillot, in scavenger's boots, wings, and a halo, collecting the "Smells of Paris." On a late occasion this artistic Juvenal bethought him of the "fast" tendencies of the time, and displayed the miniature Camille preserved in a bottle labelled "Esprit de l'homme"—grinning horribly a ghastly artificial smile, and developing a whole theory of phrenology in the swollen forehead. This was a perfect conquest for the childish aspirant. A travesty herself, she had been travestied. The value of such an advertisement is as well understood here as in a certain country where the press is a still more prolific engine. The humuncule was now in the eye of all the world—only all the world had already been to see it.

As I think of this microscopic object, with her unnatural manners, and her uneasy self-importance—talking to the company with a conscious mixture of shame and forwardness; now sweeping back her pretty child-locks from her unnatural forehead; now examining her fashionable little robe as if less familiar with it than with the jacket and knickerbockers she was to wear in the evening, trying hard to get from the society the same notice and applause she was accustomed to from the parquet—I feel a curious, and not quite cheerful, sympathy for her. While her little fellow-creatures of private life are softly asleep with their arms around the kitten, this poor public slave is reeling to the footlights in mimic drunkenness, and hiccupping:

"It's Fanfan coming, 'fan coming, 'fan coming,
Its little Fanfan,—I'm tight, papa!"

at the same moment estimating the steady paid applause of the *claque* against the voluntary laughter of the boxes, and retaining an uneasy sense of the manager, who is watching her over his newspaper from a *baignoir*. She will dine at midnight, she will not take off her small nightgown till noon. If you love children—and I care nothing for you if you do not—give a moment's thought to this poor little monstrosity, who sees less of heaven's blessed sunshine than the Marchioness herself in Brass's cellar—all, that you and I may derive a pointed conviction from a parable of modern folly. Camille was as white, the other day, as an asparagus-stalk.

Ah, satires are all very well, and *La Famille Benoiton* may be a very *Spectator* paper set upon the stage—but the poor child satirist! A celebrated essayist of the day points out how often, in our overshooting for some reform, we allow the promoters of the movement to go too far, lose their balance, strain themselves and leave their own characters as wrecks and victims to the measure. "Fortune-making, industrialism!" he says, "the future may benefit by it, only the passing generation of industrialists are sacrificed to it. In the same way, from our modern rage for gymnastics the future may get a sounder physical type to work with, but the passing generations of boxing boys and men are sacrificed." I looked upon the uneasy little phenomenon as an additional example of this truth: modern home-education may receive a vivid lesson from this picture of a spoiled child—but who thinks of the effect upon the poor living pictures? Are we to pass the children of our generation through the fire to Progress?

You recollect, in Kingsley's tragedy, what poignant anguish strikes the saintly Princess Elizabeth, when she thinks, from the midst of her anguish and abnegation, that perhaps this suffering is only meant as an improving example for the study of "some angels far away;" herself the experiment, the subject, the centre of some cold, unsympathetic, spiritual clinic.

The childish Camille does not, I hope, go quite so deep into the consideration of the subject. With all her precocity, I saw no signs of Metaphysics. Like Reginald Bazalgette, she is only terrible, not horrible. But none the less is she "a sacrifice." It is nothing that she is a phenomenon. The minute animals who play children on the stage always *are* phenomena, and we constantly wonder how it is that they always manage to drain into their small selves the wit, the tact, the vivacity and life of the piece. Who is the hero of the "Benoiton Family?" Fanfan. None of the other characters were pointed enough to be caricatured in *La Lune*. So much the better for Fanfan. So much the worse for Camille!

Camille teased and attitudinized before the callers, alternately a pet and a bore, like all such children. Her mother—one of those individuals of nameless descent who float best in Paris—talked, in alternate French and English—of the stinginess of managers, of a more liberal offer Camille had received from a rival theatre, and of the mere pittance she received after all for her remarkable talents. Camille understood it all perfectly as she played with the gentlemen's watch chains. I think she was meditating putting up herself for an American bid: she speaks our language without accent, and could play as well in a translation as the original. You may yet hear her from the boards of the Arch, weeping in her thin treble—

"The matter is, pa, that you made me play bull and I've lost my all! All my postage-stamps, the blues, the greens, the reds! It was you! You said, buy for a rise! I bought, I did, but look! All the boarding-school fellows coming to town for vacation—with their letters, and stamps on them! There was a great ugly Mexican boy. He had a hundred and sixty and more, of my very Guatemalas! He has broken the market! I'm sold out, myself, below—and I haven't funds to pay the diffe-tere-rence!"

After all, do you think this brilliant comedy, severe as it is, has any great claims to be regarded as a work of morality! What effect has it upon the thousands of young ladies who have made the most conscientious study of the *chic* and extravagant costumes in which the Benoiton girls first issue upon the stage—but have never looked twice at the reformed toilettes in which they are made to leave it, the "white muslin and a rose?"

To be sure, the characters have become typical. If your papa shows any sense of undue attention to the counting-house, if he does not come up as actively as he should when you creditably advance "the banner of the family," you may call him Benoiton, and say something about the iron-bed trade.

And the pretty Princess Metternich, who aims to be a leader in Paris society, has just brought a libel suit against a journal which alluded to her as "Madame Benoiton."

Well, it is too late now—I can never get back to politics and M. Rouher—my important intelligence is lost to you for the present. Fanfan has distracted me. I will try and do better another time, when that terrible child is out of the way!

ENFANT PERDU.

Death of Conger Sherman, Esq.

Conger Sherman, one of the oldest and wealthiest printers in the United States, died at his residence in this city, yesterday, at the advanced age of 74 years. He was born in New Scotland, near Albany, New York, August 7th, 1793. His father, Job Sherman, a native of Massachusetts, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was wounded at the battle of Saratoga, though he continued in the army until the end of the war. After his release from military service, he married Miss Anne Conger, of New Rochelle, New York, a lady of Huguenot descent, took up land near Albany, and commenced farming, in which pursuit he continued until his decease, in 1832. It will thus be perceived that the subject of this sketch combines in his blood the French Protestant and primitive English Puritan, than which there is no better ancestral stock.

Before he was thirteen years of age, young Sherman left his country home and entered the printing establishment of Barber & Southwick, then publishers of the *Albany Register*, and State printers. In this office all the Department and Legislative printing for the State was done, and during the session of the Legislature it was part of his duty in his new vocation to carry from the printing-office to the State House the printed bills and journals of the previous day's proceedings, and consequently he had access to all parts of the Legislative halls, the Committee rooms, the Governor's mansion, in all of which he was a welcome visitor. The following condensed account of his professional life, and some memoranda of his recollections of a few of the eminent men of that day, are quite interesting. They were furnished by Mr. Sherman for a forthcoming work, and we cannot do better than give them in his own words:

"It was at this time," he says, "that I had frequent opportunities of seeing some of the public men of that day, among others Daniel D. Tompkins and De Witt Clinton. In person, manners and mind, Clinton was a splendid man. Sedate and reserved, he yet appeared to me always cheerful and kind. He had just been appointed by the Senate of New York one of the Board of Canal Commissioners, and was engaged in perfecting the plan of the Eric Canal, of which he was the originator. I was sent to him one morning at his room for copy. When I entered I doffed my cap, made my bow, and said, 'Please, sir, I was sent for some copy.' 'Sit down, my son,' was the kind and encouraging reply. He took up from the table before him a neatly prepared manuscript, fastened at the top of the leaves like a lawyer's paper-book, and asked me if I could read that. I looked at it; it was written in a clear round hand as plain as print. 'Yes, sir, I can read it,' was my reply. He said. 'I have here a duplicate copy which I wished to verify before I give you the original; stand up before me and read.' This was the first Report of the Commissioners appointed to survey the route of the great Erie Canal. I did my best at reading. I was accustomed to reading copy—bad manuscript generally; this was good. I read on in a clear, firm tone, and with emphasis, pronouncing every word correctly, until I came to the estimated cost of the work—*five millions of dollars*. I drew a long breath, more, perhaps, from some natural cause, than a comprehension of the enormous sum of money in those days. The grave statesman looked at me as if I did understand it financially. 'Large figures, sonny,' said he; 'I may not live to see the work finished; but you will, and paid for, too, I hope.' I then read on to the end of the document, put the copy into my pocket, felt highly honored, and returned to the printing-office with it, where I came very near getting a good thrashing for loitering about the State House, which I sometimes did, for it was a very agreeable place for me to spend my time.

"I look back with pleasure to my boyhood. What I learned th en made a good and permanent impression on my mind. Some one has said 'the boy makes the man.' I have always felt that it was for me great good fortune that my lot was cast among exemplary men, and in a profession where study and mental improvement were my daily business. Big figures I never expected to make, but for a respectable figure I have always had an abiding ambition.

"In the summer of 1811, I left my employers in Albany, to whom I was never indentured, and went to New York, where I staid about two months. Business of all kinds was then very dull in New York, and the printing business especially so. Sherman & Co., in Philadelphia, now in 1867, are using more paper for book printing in one day than was then required to supply all the book presses in New York for the same period of time.

"In September, 1811, I arrived in Philadelphia, and here began another epoch of my life. Fifty-six years are nearly gone since my advent in this city. Time flies fast. I cannot realize it. It seems but a few years. But when I recall all the eventful changes in the past years, memory revives many incidents personally impressive—the War of 1812, the subsequent depression of business, the years of toil and tuition as a journeyman printer from 1812 to 1830.

"Infancy very well expresses the state of the printing and publishing trades a half century ago. Yet there were, at that time, both printers and publishers who were solid men and men of enterprise. The pioneers were Johnson & Warner, Mathew Carey, and Philip H. Nicklin. Their successors were the Careys, John Grigg, Carey & Hart, Blanchard & Lea, T. & J. W. Johnson, most of whom have amassed fortunes and retired from business. The improvements in the art of bookmaking, such as stereotyping and steam-power presses, came just in time to insure prosperity to many engaged in the publishing business from 1835 to 1860; certain it is these were prosperous years for those engaged in printing, publishing, and the kindred professions.

"I say improvements came just in time; I should say that these improvements had their origin in the rapidly increasing requirements of the day for books and newspapers. *Necessity is the mother of invention*—the old hand press would no longer suffice. The Adams press was invented, and is still the approved machine for book-printing. Hoe's great invention, the eight and ten cylinder press for newspapers, is now indispensable in America and in Europe. Stereotyping was done here long before 1835, the date I have given as a marked period of prosperity.

"In May, 1830, I purchased the printing establishment of Messrs. Towar & Hogan, booksellers of Philadelphia, and began business with four or five hand-presses, printing for that firm the Bible and Henry's Commentary. I have said above that my probationary years as a journeyman were years of tuition; those years of toil prepared me for the future years of business, which required skill in my profession, constant industry and economy in all things: for I may as well here tell it—I began business on borrowed capital.

"For the first four or five years after my commencement, in 1830, my progress was very slow. In 1835, the country generally began to feel the reviving influence of trade. In 1837, I put up my first steam press—the second press of the kind for book printing in Philadelphia. From that period to the breaking out of the Rebellion, in 1861, there was a gradual increase of business, attended with moderate success, which I shared in common with my professional contemporaries.

"Many of the latter years of my professional life have been agreeably passed. I loved my business, and I was happy and contented. Frequent social evenings at home with some of our typographical friends—Johnson, Clark, Fagan, James Kay, and others—were in every way beneficial, happy, and agreeable. Time is a great leveler. Johnson, the youngest of the party, was the first to fall."

In 1864, Mr. Sherman sold his printing business to his only son, Roger Sherman, who has associated with him as co-partners Messrs. M. F. Benerman and Andrew Overend, under the firm style of Sherman & Co., whose establishment, which has been recently refitted, is now one of the largest and most complete in Philadelphia.

In his advanced age, Mr. Sherman retained, in a remarkable degree, the native vigor of his faculties, and possessing largely the elements of sociability, with a fund of anecdote, which attached to him a large circle of devoted and admiring friends, he enjoyed in competence the recollections of a well-spent life. His death will be sincerely regretted by all who enjoyed the pleasure of acquaintance and friendship. He may well be ranked among the masters in one of the most important branches of the mechanic arts.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE WALNUT.—Mr. John Brougham's new sensational drama, *The Lottery of Life*, was produced last evening at the Walnut Street Theatre to a crowded house. As far as an immense audience and unbounded enthusiasm constitute a success, this play was one. Every dramatic point was received with a hearty applause which proved that the spectators completely appreciated them, and were in perfect sympathy with the spirit of the piece. But we are free to confess that the drama is not quite so great a success in other particulars. The first feeling experienced by the more refined among the audience was one of regret that Mr. John Brougham should have written, produced and appeared in such a play. He is the author of several of the most pleasant comedies upon the stage, and of burlesques that are filled with the finest and richest humor. The public have been accustomed to look upon him as the Admirable Crichton of the profession, who could be poet, musician, dramatist, humorist, orator or actor by turns, and acquit himself with credit in either capacity. Nobody doubted his ability to succeed as author of, or actor in, the low sensational school of the drama, which is now so popular, but his admirers were disposed to believe that his fine instincts would prevent such indulgence. That such is not the case, the production of *The Lottery of Life* last night, with Mr. Brougham in the leading character, proves.

Mr. Brougham himself, seemed somewhat ashamed of the part he was playing, and deemed it necessary, in one of those pleasant speeches which he is in the habit of making when called before the curtain, to apologize for his downward step. He based his defence upon the plea of necessity. The public demand the agonizing drama; he is a caterer to the public; ambition without cash may be a good thing, but his aspiration is to cultivate the kind of ambition which aims at cash, hence this drama. The plea is, in some respects, a good one, and would be likely to find favor with the mass of humanity under similar circumstances. But Mr. Brougham forgets that there is such a thing as appreciation of high art, in this, and other communities, and that success attends upon its presentation, if it is the genuine article, as well as upon that, of the wild, half mad, ridiculous drama, which now serves the double purpose of pleasing the momentary fancy of the multitude, while it depraves their taste, and degrades the stage to the level which its enemies declare it has already reached.

Mr. Brougham's friends expected something better of him than this *Lottery of Life*, and it is his own fault if he has disappointed them, and sacrificed his art to his pecuniary aspirations. The latter are creditable and natural enough, but Mr. Brougham's career has not been such an absolute failure, as to render it at all evident that they could not have been satisfied in a legitimate manner.

Of the play but a few words are required. It is hardly necessary to premise that it contains many good things. Mr. Brougham could hardly drag his Muse down to such a depth that she would fail to yield something of that exuberant wit, rollicking humor and keen satire which characterize all his productions. The drama has many fine points in it, and plenty of enjoyable flings at the follies, crimes and absurdities of the day. But it is not only in the highest degree improbable, and in many cases in the lowest degree vulgar, but the plot is palpable from the beginning, the dialogue is stilted and unnatural, and the dramatic points of such terrible intensity as would be permitted nowhere outside of the agonized and sanguinary drama. It is filled with crime, and depicts phases of "life among the lowly" (and rascally), which are more disgusting than interesting. Mr. "Terry O'Halloran" is an impossible combination of chivalrous gentleman and confidence man. He talks sometimes like Dr. Johnson, and at others like Jack Sheppard. He robs unsuspecting men while he is trying to be honest, and refuses a present of five hundred pounds when he admits that he is a rascal. He combines the lofty unselfishness of Cincinnatus with the gentlemanly rascality of Dick Turpin and the sagacity of Machiavelli. He sells his wife's honor for filthy lucre, while, out of pure disinterestedness, he rescues a young man from the career of a felon. Most of the characters are as beautifully consistent. The heavy villain is a rich merchant, when he isn't a Hebrew monstrosity with a false nose, managing a thieves' den. The hero is a magnificent young fellow, who has no friends, and yet —O, absolutely impossible circumstance!—has been pardoned from the State prison by the Governor. The stern parent is an honest baronet, who ran away with what he mistook for another man's wife, went mad, became sane, took sparring lessons, behaved generally like a superior grade of idiot, and after twenty years of absence meets his long lost son precisely at the moment he had begun to hunt for him. The scene in the concert saloon was unique and original, and, as far as possible, faithful. But it was not pleasant, and does no credit to either Mr. Brougham's ingenuity or taste. The scene between "Allcroft" and "Polly" is indelicate and objectionable in the worst sense, and merely disgusted the audience below the gallery. Mr. Brougham owes it to himself and to the public to alter the phraseology of the drama in this episode. The unity and consecutiveness of the plot can be easily preserved by "Allcroft" giving another object for his mission.

It would be unjust not to assert that the play is put upon the stage in splendid style. The first scene is an excellent one. The view of Broadway and the Loew bridge is also faithful and good, and the ferry scene with the burning vessel is a very creditable effort in scenic art. And this is about all that it is necessary to say about the production. It is not worthy of elaborate criticism, and it is highly probable that is just what Mr. Brougham does not desire. He simply wishes to fill his pockets. The proprietors of the police journals desire the same consummation. Both use the same means to attain their end; both pander to a taste which certainly exists, but which is creditable neither to those who possess it or those who gratify it.

THE CHESTNUT.—The first representation of Charles Reade's dramatization of Tennyson's poem of *Dora* at this theatre last evening was a decided success, and the audience testified to their approbation by frequent and hearty applause. The plot of the original story has been followed closely, and the complications necessary in order to convert a short poem into a three-act play are for the most part judicious and in good taste. Charles Reade is not only one of the first novelists of the day, but he is also an experienced playwright, and the public have a right to expect from him something that will not only be a good acting drama, in which stage effects will be duly considered, but which will have literary merit to commend it as well. *Dora* is an excellent play, one of the best of its particular kind that has been produced for a long time, and we have no doubt that it will long continue to be a permanent attraction on the stage. It is interesting and affords opportunities for some fine acting, and it ought to draw better than any novelty that has lately been brought before the public.

The audience at the Chestnut last evening was not large, but the applause was genuine, and when the real merits of Mr. Reade's *Dora* become generally known, we think that it will prove as successful in a pecuniary as it certainly has been in an artistic point of view.

The story is one that appeals strongly to the sympathies, and the performance is of a character that deserves the support of the more intelligent class of play-goers. There is so much trash before the public now-a-days, that when a really good thing is brought out it ought to receive liberal patronage. *Dora* is a good play, and it is infinitely more entertaining than most of the so-called sensation dramas which appeal only to the lower order of tastes. We are pleased to see that Mrs. Bowers has taken our advice and dropped the historical drama for something better suited to her abilities and style of acting. If *Dora* had been brought out at the commencement of her engagement, instead of the attempt at high art which preceded it, crowded houses would have been the result.

The principal characters of the play are the same as those of the poem, except that an addition has been made in the shape of "Luke Bloomfield," a constant lover of "Dora," who finally succeeds in winning her hand. This is a variation from Tennyson, who informs us that

"Mary took another mate,
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

And the alteration can scarcely be considered an improvement.

The character of "Dora" is finely performed by Mrs. Bowers, who has a nice appreciation of its requirements, and gives a delineation that is at once earnest, quiet and natural. "Marie Antoinette" was beyond her powers, and we frankly gave our opinion in regard to the merits of that personation, although we regretted the necessity for censuring the efforts of such a really excellent artist as Mrs. Bowers. We therefore take a genuine pleasure in heartily commending her on this occasion. Miss Josie Orton was good as "Mary Morrison," and Mr. Sedley Smith was very fine as "Farmer Allen." Indeed, Mr. Smith gave a remarkable piece of acting, which is well worthy of special notice on its own account, independent of any merits of the play itself. It was a complete idealization of Tennyson's stubborn, self-willed farmer, and as a truly artistic effort it is entitled to the warmest praise. Mr. Leak did well as "William Allen," but we cannot speak with equal approval of the performance of Mr. McManus in the part of "Luke Bloomfield." Mr. McManus is an actor of very decided talent, and nearly everything he attempts he does well. But in the present instance he drawls too much, and he makes "Luke" quite a silly fellow, which we think was not the intention of the dramatist.

As this is the last week of Mrs. Bowers's engagement, we hope that those of our play-goers who can appreciate a play and a performance of more than usual excellence will make the most of the opportunity, and give the actress the encouragement of full houses.

MRS. LANDER.—We are glad to be able to announce that Mrs. Lander has arranged to appear on Monday evening next at the Academy of Music in her celebrated impersonation of "Elizabeth." Below we give Mrs. Lander's toilet as "Elizabeth:"

First Costume—Scarlet Moire Antique and Genoese Velvet Train Dress, superbly embroidered in gold; Cestus of Emeralds and Diamonds, with Stomacher of the same; Robe of Royal Purple Velvet, richly trimmed with Gold; Blue Ribbon and Order of the Garter and St. George. On her head will be worn a Wig—made from correct authorities by Mons. Dible, the celebrated "Coiffeur de Dames," of New York, a small Regal Crown of Diamonds, with ornaments of Diamonds, Emeralds and Opals; Earrings, Necklace and Bracelets to match; Elizabethan Fan Ruff of Gold and Minor Ruff of real Lace.

Second Costume—Sea Green Antique Silk, with Deep Ermine Robings, edged with large Pearls, Sleeves and Corsage embroidered with large Pearls; Close Ruff edged with Silver; Marie Stuart Jewelled Head Dress and Pearl Pendants.

Third Costume—Cloth of Gold Dress brocaded with gems of Rubies, Pearls, Emeralds and Sapphires bordered with heavy bullion fringe; Stomacher of Emeralds, with Diamond Pendants; Earrings of the same and Necklace of large Pearls; Lace Ruff; Robe of Scarlet Velvet, gorgeously embroidered with Golden Stars, lined with White Lyons Satin and edged with Royal Ermine; Head Dress of Diamond Sprays and Crescents of Pearls surmounted with the Royal Crown lined with Scarlet; Coronet of small Diamonds; Earrings of Diamonds and Sapphires; Bracelets of superb Diamonds, Emeralds and Topaz; Silk Gloves; Sceptre of Gold and Diamonds, encrusted with Precious Gems and surmounted with a Jewelled Orb; Signet Ring of Diamonds and Carbuncles.

This Magnificent Toilet was made expressly for MRS. LANDER and exported by Mons. Grayer—Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

Fourth Costume—Rose Colored Terry Velvet—Embroidered in Stripes of Silver, with Lace Puffings and Corsage and Ruff a la Elizabeth.

Fifth Costume—Under Robe of Rich White Brocaded Satin. Over Dress of White Watered Silk Floretted and enwreathed with Gold and Scarlet—Ruffle of Spanish Blond, with Point de Venice Cap—Large Crown of State—Royal Robe of Blue Velvet lined with Ermine.

THE THEATRES.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers will appear again this evening in her charming impersonation of "Dora." Mr. Brougham's *Lottery of Life* will be given to-night at the Walnut. At the Arch *Surf* is announced. The American will give a miscellaneous performance this evening.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Abyssinia has so far cost England $20,000,000.

—A New York blacksmith put a pistol into his forge and was shot dead.

—Weston kissed seventeen babies in Cleveland.

—A Bourbon county (Ky.) minister is preaching on the sinfulness of agricultural fairs.

—A correspondent says Venice looks like Pittsburgh partly under water. Graphic, but repulsive.

—Aleppo, Syria, has had a first-class fire, which made 50,000 people homeless.

—Mrs. Letitia Bullock, sister of General John C. Breckinridge, has just died in Kentucky.

—Victor Hugo has pocketed $9,000 from his "Hernani."

—Jeff Davis's bail bond has been lithographed and is for sale in Richmond.

—Hen-hawks hunt the sparrows in the New York parks.

—Workers in tar in New Orleans escaped the yellow fever.

—A Washington news-boy was found to be a likely young girl in breeches.

—Newman Hall's sermons are to be published in the *Methodist*. It is in a method-dist-ressed for sensational matter.

—Adelaide Ristori is delaying her departure for Havana until the last traces of cholera and yellow fever shall have disappeared from there.

—A LL. D. recently told a graduating class—"Remember that the eyes of the *vox populi* are upon you."

—The *post mortem* on Governor Andrew revealed an apoplectic effusion more extensive than the doctors had ever seen before.

—Carlotta wears a red neck-tie, blue bonnet and yellow gloves. There is an insane costume for you.

—An inhuman editor in the West quotes Tupper's "A babe in a house is a well-spring of joy," and begins "well" with an h.

—Dr. Carl Mendelssohn Bartholody, son of the famous composer, is publishing the second series of his father's posthumous works.

—The title of the new Christmas story written by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins is "No Thoroughfare."

—Kansas City, Missouri, papers have quotations of the horse market. The latest prices were $20 to $45.

—Rotterdam has dedicated a monument to Count Hogendrop, the statesman who offered the crown of Holland to William of Orange.

—A wag says he isn't afraid of ballet girls so long as he is sure that sawdust won't explode.

—An editor in Illinois was obliged to shoot a man dead for disturbing him in his sanctum. Keep away from us; these crimes are epidemic.

—It excites considerable surprise in Europe that the King of Belgium has appointed three of the most determined opponents of Napoleon III. guardians of the Empress Carlotta.

—When the Pope blessed his army in bulk, the Pontifical benediction descended upon the head, among others, of a tenor opera singer whom he had excommunicated a few years before.

—"A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea."

—Governor Peirpoint has pardoned Mrs. Kirby, lately convicted in Richmond of murder. The man who wanted to be waked up when Kirby died can have his nap out now.

—An Illinois editor, all of whose memories are associated with the war, says he does not know what Fitz Greene Halleck could do as a poet, but that he was a very bad general.

—Ulysses Grant Walling, of tender age, challenges the world on geography. Cheerful infant, answer one question: Where is the island of Tortola?—*Boston Post.*

—"Bull-dog" is a hard word to translate into French, and the journals which published the list of species of dogs at the late show in Paris, gave it up and used the English name.

—A French writer, M. Leo, says it is an incontestable fact that in the New World woman is superior to man. We won't accuse Leo of lyin'. We agree with him.

—As Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood" was longer than he had intended, Robert Bonner gave him $5,000 additional to the $25,000 previously paid.

—Three small boys in England have been sentenced to be well whipped and imprisoned for fourteen days, for obstructing a railroad train.

—Anna E. Dickinson having been applied to by a committee from the West, for a political lecture, offered "Breakers Ahead." She received answer by telegraph: "All right; give us Break his Head."

—One of the Boston banks recently paid $200 to a man who accidentally threw into the fire two $100 notes fourteen years ago. We will throw the same amount in the fire if any bank will pay us.

—A Scotch paper publishes an advertisement to this effect: "A gentleman, aged 38, of sound Christian principles, wishes to correspond with a pious lady, with a view to matrimony. Genuine."

—The day before the Paris Exposition closed, two pleasant, affable, and very taking individuals managed to secrete and carry off a diamond aigrette, worth $8,000, from one of the show-cases.

—Boston people are the least bit critical on Mr. Dickens's agent because he puts on his bills an arbitrary and earnest "request that the audience will be seated ten minutes before the readings commence."

—A Memphis paper says: "We understand that the celebrated 'J. N.,' the philosopher, has joined Costello's Circus, and will deliver one of his characteristic speeches at each representation."

—A man at Lindsay, in Canada, has been fined five dollars for cursing Queen Victoria. Suppose every man in the United States who cursed Andrew Johnson suffered the same penalty. What a fund there would be!

—A youth, appropriately named Franklin, and aged thirteen years, is said by the *Mechanics' Magazine* to have discovered a mode of causing a vacuum without condensation, which will save half the fuel hitherto used in working steam engines.

—At a county fair in New Jersey, a little boy who was wildly running about and bawling loudly, was asked why he wept. The following reply touched all hearts: "I want my mammy; that's what's the matter; I told the darned things he'd lose me."

—Fra Pantaleo, ex-monk and priest, fought with Garibaldi in the late flurry. He once edited a paper in Naples, and accepted a challenge from the son of Signor Gaulterio, a young lieutenant, only on the condition that the combat was to continue till one of the two was wounded severely, and it was continued till that result was obtained.

—The chief *prima donna* in Vienna is a charming singer, but she cannot undertake the part of Juliet in Gounod's new opera, owing to the trifling fact that she weighs over two hundred pounds. The production of the opera is, therefore, postponed for a year; during which period she will probably "do Banting."

—The London *Saturday Review* thinks an English peer would dislike the position of minister to this country, where he would be "expected to give precedence to every Western Senator and be slapped on the back by every Western Representative." But it considers that Mr. Thornton would be none too fastidious for that sort of thing.