THE MONKEY-KING.

At Macao, a few years ago, lived Polydore Marasquin, son and heir of Juan Perez Marasquin, proprietor of one of the most famous menageries in the world, and celebrated for his skill in taxidermy. Unfortunately, Juan was killed one day while endeavoring to take a young tiger alive. On his death-bed he made his son swear that he would relinquish his dangerous profession. Polydore took the oath; and committed perjury. Far from abandoning his menagerie, he embellished and added to it, until it became one of the wonders of the Eastern world. He lighted it with gas; until then unheard-of in Macao. He gilded and burnished the cages until they shone like gold, and filled them with the rarest specimens of wild animals to be found in the two hemispheres. But his chief speciality was in monkeys, of which he had innumerable hosts of every race and species.

It is as well to mention here the notable change of character which came over Polydore after his father's death. From being the friend, companion, confidant, and student of his animals, he became their tyrant; his former government of kindness, patience, sympathy, and comprehension he exchanged for one of mere brute force, of whips and scourges, seeing in them all accomplices of the tiger who had so murderously objected to being taken alive. In consequence of the change, instead of being able to enter the cages as formerly, without weapon and without fear, he dared not trust himself within paw's reach of one; so that he and his beasts lived in a state of enmity and warfare which boded no good to either side.

The English Vice-Admiral Campbell landed at Macao. He went to Marasquin for pets wherewith to beguile his voyage when Malay pirates were scarce. Now, among his monkeys, Polydore had one of especial mark. Two were male baboons, named Karaboufli First and Second; tall, powerful, and intelligent as men, but horribly wicked and cruel; the other two were chimpanzees, male and female, called Mococo and Saïmira; mild, melancholy, intelligent, and beautiful, deeply enamored of each other, perfectly well-bred, and holding the poet's place in the world of apes. Mococo was Marasquin's "groom." He waited at table, changed the plates, poured out the wine, and, when invited, sat at the same table, with unfailing grace and distinction. The master's love for the two little chimpanzees filled the rest of the menagerie—the objects of his severity—with rage and jealousy.

Now, Karaboufli the First was in love with Saïmira.

The Vice-Admiral made some purchases, and the ship's crew followed his example. Each man bought a male and female monkey, in exact imitation of the commander. He, himself, took Karaboufli the First. Mrs. Campbell insisted on buying Mococo and Saïmira; and, after a few struggles of the heart, the keeper of the menagerie—"merchant before all else"—sold her his pretty favorites; beseeching the purchaser, however, to keep them out of the way of Karaboufli the First. The little lovers wept like children at parting with their friend; they clung to him and embraced him piteously; but, finally, the embarkation of the monkey host was effected; and Macao confessed to having never witnessed such a day. The rage of Karaboufli the Second, at being thus deprived of his companions, knew no bounds. He yelled, and howled, and tore about his cage like a demon; and, from that hour, conceived the most deadly hatred against Marasquin; but a hatred that showed itself rather by extreme sullenness and a black kind of dumb revenge, than by any overt act of violence.

A year after this sale, Marasquin was awakened one night by the suffocating smell of fire. He started up to find the whole place in a flame. His mother could not be rescued; his menagerie blazing; his superb birds fluttering and screaming; his magnificent tigers howling and writhing. In the midst of all, grinned, chattered, leaped and danced, the demon Karaboufli, with a lighted torch in each hand. He had stolen matches from the pocket of the gas-lighter; and, in imitation of him, had turned on the gas, lighted it, and set fire to the place. Some one shot as he capered through the flames; but Marasquin was none the less tried, and his mother was none the less burnt to death.

To recruit his fortunes, and re-stock his menagerie, Marasquin set out for New Holland, charthering a Chinese junk for the voyage. But his crew of Chinamen and Lascars quarreled; a storm came on, the men got drunk; and the unhappy junk foundered in mid seas. After battling with the waves for a miraculous length of time, Marasquin, half-dead, was cast upon a small island—the only man saved of the whole ship's company. Recovering from his swoon, he found himself lying on the shore, alone; not a human being near him, not a human habitation in sight. Gathering his scattered senses together, he walked slowly forward into the interior of the island; when suddenly he saw a human form at an immense distance—he made for it—the man, or savage, fled—he pursued—the savage darted like lightning in and out among the trees, until at last Marasquin found himself at the spot where he first beheld him. But the savage had disappeared. While looking about for him and searching for his trail, something large, supple, and hairy, dropped from the tree at his feet. It was an ape; who, putting himself before him, seemed to forbid his further advance. Not liking this, Marasquin broke off a bough with which he advanced threateningly. The brute chattered and grinned, then mitered a peculiar cry—the twinkling of an eye, from all points of the compass, trooped a crowd of monkeys, darkening the horizon like a cloud, and forming a phalanx round Marasquin impenetrable and invincible. Dead with heat and thirst he tried to retreat, but the monkeys pressed thicker and closer upon him, so that he could not stir. On every bough, on every inch of ground, hanging, trailing, walking, leaping,—in every attitude of motion; of every size, shade, and species, they surrounded him, ready to tear him to pieces on the smallest pretext. At last, come a baboon—advancing from the company, came closer yet to Marasquin. Picking up the stick which he had let fall, he gravely, before them all, gave the unhappy ex-keeper such a flogging that he would soon have departed this life had it been prolonged. But a thought struck him. His bright red cravat—bought at a costly price a short time ago—that would do. He tore it off his neck and flung it in the midst of his persecutors. The stratagem succeeded. What monkey ever resisted finery and red? While the entire mass were occupied in fighting for the cravat he ran off, often looking back and finding to his joy that no monkeys followed him. At last he reached a beautiful little lake, to which he rushed, half frantic with thirst and delight; he knelt down on the brink, and drank much draughts as the gods never received from Hebe. On raising his head, he found the whole lake lined with apes, all drinking and all kneeling like himself. They had followed him silently, upon the trees, swinging from branch to branch like squirrels, and noiseless as birds. Alarming as his adventure was becoming, he could not help laughing aloud at the grotesqueness of their imitation. Immediately all the monkeys laughed aloud, too; and Marasquin was almost deafened. Some fruit grew tempting, but too high for him to reach. He flung a stone to bring some down; and every monkey flung a stone. In a moment the ground was strewn with luscious fruit and broken boughs; all the monkeys eating exactly as Marasquin ate—tearing off the rind, rejecting the seeds; choosing, selecting, like so many distorted images of himself.

Night drew on. Hoping to profit by this spirit of imitation, Marasquin made himself a bed of leaves; and all the monkeys made themselves beds of leaves. He then laid down, stretched his arms and yawned; and, turning round, pretended to sleep. But the monkeys were not to be caught. They stretched their arms and yawned; yet, not an ape among them closed his eyes; on the contrary, they gathered closer and watched him with redoubled vigilance. In about a quarter of an hour two great ourang-outangs, each of which could have conquered ten unarmed men, came on each side of him. They examined him all over, smelt him, looked in his hair after the manner of monkeys, poked his eyes, pulled off his shoes, which they tried to fit on to their hands; then pulled off his stockings, whereby they got to his feet. They were charmed! They played with his toes, doubled them, undoubled them, grinning and chattering with delight to find the monster as well made as themselves; they got hold of his arms and used them in Dutch-doll fashion. Finally, they proceeded to strip him. Marasquin knew that this would be the signal for death. He glided his hands into his waistcoat pockets and seized his pistols. Another moment and his tormentors would have been shot; but he would have stood revealed and torn to pieces, when suddenly a long sharp whistle was heard, and cric! cric!—not an ape was to be seen!

A night of awful fear passed. Day, at last, broke. Marasquin followed the lake and came to its outlet, where he found the shore strewn with half-opened oysters. The monkeys had opened them by watching when the oyster gaped, then flinging a small pebble between the shells. Polydore profited by the invention, ate five or six dozen, sank down on the strand, and slept for twenty-four hours. He dreamed. He dreamed of being still surrounded and persecuted by these detestable apes. He seized his pistols and fired. The noise awoke him, and he found himself, in truth, again surrounded, his discharged pistol in his hand, and a dead monkey at his feet. Another was wounded. The monkeys—all of whom were of a gentle, playful, and innocuous kind—after great lamentations, retired, carrying their wounded comrade mournfully in the midst. Whereupon Marasquin had a fit of conscience, and reproached himself with murder. But he had got rid of his companions. Left alone he wandered again into the island, hoping at last to find some traces of humanity. He went on, meeting nothing, until he came upon a colossal skeleton swinging in the wind; the skeleton of a malefactor who had been hanged, and left there as a warning. Surely here was man and man's work! No; it was still a monkey world. The skeleton was that of a huge mandrill, one of the largest species of ape.

At last, however, still wandering forward, Polydore saw smoke and fire. Here, of course, was man. Overjoyed and grateful, he walked towards it, when, arrested by a most singular noise, he concealed himself behind a tree, and beheld an assemblage of apes, dressed in the shreds and rags of the English naval uniform. In the midst was a huge baboon with an admiral's cocked hat on his head. It was Karaboufli the First, passing judgment, in the midst of the court, on some misdemeanants. Farther off was a row of houses, which had been evidently pillaged and destroyed. A light touch on his arm recalled Marasquin from his wondering reverie. He turned; and Saïmira, making a sign of silence, led him gently away. Stooping her head to show him where he was also to stoop his, she led him in safety from that frightful assembly, until they came to some cages. Strongly secured in one was the unfortunate Mococo. Saïmira asked plaintively to have that cage opened, and Marasquin comprehended and obeyed. The bolt was shot back, and Mococo was free. The lovers embraced; but, even in the midst of his joy, Mococo rushed to Marasquin, and hung about him like a child; caressing and embracing him with eager affection. Their tenderness was at its height when Saïmira heard a noise. She hastily thrust Mococo back into his cage, and motioned Polydore to secure it as before. She then signed to him to follow her, and led him to a grotto; where, by looks and gestures, as eloquent as words, she assured him he was safe. But, notwithstanding Saïmira's attentions, and notwithstanding his terror of the apes, he had escaped, the tedium of his situation gained upon Polydore. After a week's confinement he ventured forth, directing his steps to the fire and smoke, which again he sees at a distance. He gains it, and finds it to be the crater of a volcano, round which innumerable apes are standing in perfect silence, throwing in leaves, sticks, branches, trees—all they can find wherewith to feed it. In a moment their silence is exchanged for a simultaneous cry; and once more Marasquin is in their hands. As they seize him, push, hustle, and ill-treat him, he is enabled to perceive that the buttons on the uniform, in shreds and rags of which they are all fantastically dressed, bear the impress of the Halcyon—Vice-Admiral Campbell's vessel.

Karaboufli appears, accompanied by his ministers, two kindred ourang-outangs; and the punishment of his old enemy is ordered. He is seized by a chain of monkeys and swung madly over the crater; higher, higher, faster, faster, the fierce flames leaping up, the fierce forms round him growing darker and more frantic; higher, faster, madder, until at last, when the swing is at the wildest, he is flung from the chain, and falls bleeding and bruised on the ground. He is not suffered to swoon at leisure, but is dragged up and forced into one of the houses he has seen before. The most pitiable scene of devastation meets him. Windows broken, furniture smashed, torn, and heaped in disorder about the rooms, fragments of ladies' dresses, rags of British uniform, books, all one mass of ruin and confusion, as if the place had been delivered into the hands of madmen—as indeed it had been; "the eternal madmen of the universe," as Marasquin calls his captors. He is thrust into a room, where Karaboufli appears covered with feathers, like some monstrous ogreish bird. On a nearer examination, Polydore discovers that the feathers are quill pens, which, in exaggerated imitation of clerks and secretaries, he has stuck about him wherever a quill would stick. At a sign and a sound, the former keeper is buffeted into a smaller room, where two monkeys are already at work, busily scrawling over sheets of paper, which then are caught by two older monkeys, signed, sealed, and thrown away. Marasquin is ordered to do the like, and for thirty-twenty-four hours is kept unremittingly at his labors, as secretary to his Majesty Karaboufli the First.

It was hard work. If at any moment the poor human creature was falling from want of sleep and weariness, the attendant apes pinched and scratched him, and pulled his hair, and drummed on his back, and would have gone to still worse extremities had he not roused himself, and resumed his labors. On the fourth day a bell rang, and all the world rushed out, Marasquin with them; expecting surely to find a human hand this time near his. No! An ape had pulled the dinner-bell, and apes assembled to dine at the sound. Marasquin followed the stream, and found Karaboufli and his ministers at table. They suffered him to eat with them, but he relished neither their food nor their companionship, and profiting by their pre-occupation, he rambled through the apartments.

He came upon the kitchens: half-dead with hunger as he was, the discovery made him forget his miseries. But the court of the Monkey-king had been before him, and the larder was empty. He found, though, some closet, locked and secured; he opened them, and fell into the midst of a world of edible wealth—a very mine of potted meats, essences, jams, preserves, wines, and, though not edible, yet valuable wax candles. He flung himself upon the viands, and devoured the meat of a dozen men in a trice. But, not to be greedy, he presented his majesty with a colossal pot of quince marmalade; and Karaboufli the First plunged himself up to his shoulders therein. By an inadvertence the closet was forced open, and the monkey-world began the pillage. Marasquin had broken the neck of a bottle of wine, and drank the contents; and all the apes broke the necks of all the bottles of wine they could find, and drank the contents, too. Here was a scene! The monkey-world verging into a state of universal drunkenness! Night was coming on; it was growing dark; Polydore, was becoming mad with horror, when he remembered the wax candles. He lighted one; and the apes, seizing the whole store, lighted every one in imitation. After nearly setting fire to the house, they seemed to remember a past scene, and, sticking them in the chandeliers, lighted the salon for a ball. So they had a ball, and Polydore had to play for them. One ape thrummed the piano, another the accordion; Polydore, after having been beaten about the head, was forced to attempt the guitar.

Worse than this: When the amusements of the evening grew rather slack, the unhappy man was ordered to enliven the monkey-guests by gymnastics; much of the same description of exercise as men force from monkeys. In vain he refused; he was beaten till he was black and blue. In vain he was unsuccessful, and fell instead of climbing to the top of a porche; he was beaten again. He had a taste now of captivity, indeed, and knew better than he had ever done before, what monkeys feel when they fall into the hands of men.

Karaboufli had mysteriously quitted the ball some time ago. He now returned, bearing on his arm Saïmira, weeping, plaintive, and disconsolate. It was plain that the king had divorced the lovers, and forced poor faithful Saïmira to herself. That was the reason, then, why the unhappy Mococo was confined; that the monarch might both feed his revenge, and hold the threat of his hostage over Saïmira, should she be recalcitrant and disobliging. The little chimpanzee could only look her tender plaintive sympathy with her former master undergoing these indignities. At last a thought seemed to strike her. She became gay, lively, coquettish; roused the jealousy of Karaboufli; flirted openly before his eyes; until the king, in a passion, dragged her rudely from the ball-room; and the whole court fled in his train. This was Saïmira's mode of delivering Marasquin.

To barricade himself in the verandah, as this portion of the house was called, was not a work of time. In ten minutes Polydore was safe from all attacks from the monkey-world outside. He had food and lights here; what more did he require? He laid himself down and slept as tranquilly as if he had been in his apartment at Macao. The next day he ascended a small spiral staircase, which led to Admiral Campbell's private study. Looking out through the lattice-work, he saw the whole army of apes drawn up about his castle, strongly armed with sticks and bludgeons, silently, and patiently, and watchfully besieging him. But he knew that he was safe, and despised them. Searching about, he found Lord Campbell's journal, where, among other things too long to mention here, he learned the mystery of the skeleton. It was that of a mandrill, the former monkey-king of the island, who, disputing the admiral's possession, had been first shot, then hung as a terror to all recusants and rebels. The journal mentioned where the rifle was placed, and Marasquin thus saw himself in possession of a formidable weapon of offence. On the strength of the good news he went to dine. But a new difficulty had arisen—there was no water to be had; and Polydore was beginning to suffer from the strong and fiery wine of the British sailor. This difficulty, though not immediately pressing, was not wholly despicable. Peeping again through the lattice-work, Polydore beheld the besieging army still at their posts, but with an increase of weapons. Before each ape lay a heap of stones.

Days passed. Polydore portioned out his provisions, and found that he could live for three years, at the least, on the Vice-Admiral's stores. But for water? Not a drop! Champagne and fiery wines in abundance, but of pure water—not a drop. This wine-drinking made the temperate keeper ill and mad. After about a month of it, in a fit of frenzy, he rushed to the arm-chest, seized thirty rifles, loaded them all, broke out two-loopholes in the wall, and prepared to deal death on all who opposed him in the search for water. But what a sight met his eyes! He had last looked on two or three thousand apes; now, there were twenty thousand, at least, and their stone heaps had risen into mountains, piled up higher than the top of the bell-tower. Maddened and in desperation, Polydore fired; and the battle began. Each rifle was loaded with six balls, and each shot slew multitudes; but multitudes appeared to take the places of those who fell; while, like hail, came thundering down showers of huge stones, battering walls and roofs, and threatening to end the siege in quicker time than was agreeable to the besieged. However, night came on, and a truce came with it.

Marasquin was in a state of habilimentary destitution. His clothes had left him, even to the last shred, and he was dying of cold. Turning over the few chests yet unrifled in the apartment, he came upon the magnificent skin of Campbell's slaughtered mandrill—the very thing for the poor naked, shivering combatant. He thrust his arms into the mandrill's arms, his legs into the mandrill's legs, he pulled the hairy scalp over his forehead, then sewed himself up with twine—an ape complete.

When day dawned he ascended to his post; but a few minutes' bombardment set the question of the siege at rest; the walls were falling about his ears. Resolved to die like a man, he seized a Malay kreese in one hand and a revolver in the other, then leaped from the verandah into the midst of his enemies. But what a miracle! The army, instead of falling on him and tearing him to pieces, slunk back in reverent dismay. It was a panic—a superstitious awe. After a moment Karaboufli crawling on all-fours, and full of the most terrible fear, writhed and crept up to him at the head of the prostrate forces. He licked his hands and feet, and all the army licked his hands and feet. He abased himself in a kind of mute admiration, mingled with abject terror, and the army abased itself in like manner. Polydore saw it all. He was their Fetisch, their Avatar, their King Arthur Redivivus—their resuscitated Mandrill Monarch! What could be done, but accept the rôle which chance and superstition had thrust upon him? Karaboufli resigned; and Polydore reigned in his stead. His first act of regal power was to reunite Saïmira and Mococo, in spite of the ex-monarch's jealousy and despair; and his first prudence was, to escape from his body-guards, one heavy night full of electricity, when every monkey slept as if dead, and to bury the bones of his defunct self.

Time passed on, and monarch and subjects were mutually well pleased and on eminently fraternal terms; when one day, as Polydore was enforcing some useful lesson on his court, crack! went the mantle of royalty behind, and with it his chances of monkey deification. After an agonizing day the rent was repaired at night—but not very stoutly or enduringly. A disturbed dream completed the catastrophe, and behold Polydore Marasquin with his monkey-skin in two! His reign was over; his life would also soon be over, for there was no possibility of sewing himself up again; and Polydore, without his skin, was a demon, and no demigod to the monkey world. What should he do? What could he do, indeed, but fortify himself once more within the verandah, while his subjects assembled in troops, and howled forth their fond dismay at his disappearance?

At last, out of guiding love, they began their bombardment as of old, and Polydore felt that his hours were numbered. The walls were cracking; the roof was falling; death, in the shape of twenty thousand furious apes, pressed close upon him—when boom! boom! boom! three cannon-shots. After waiting and watching, peering curiously this way and that, Karaboufli gave his signal—the same long, shrill, strange whistle which Polydore had heard before; and, swift as a flash of lightning, the whole monkey world vanished. Not a trace was to be seen; not the tip of a tail nor the point of an ear, where two minutes before had swarmed an army of twenty thousand howling, fighting, desperate, and king-deserted apes. The cannon announced the return of Admiral Campbell from a cruise after the Malay pirates, and Polydore Marasquin was saved. Returning to Macao, he married, became rich, was independent and happy; but often he was heard to sigh to himself, and whisper softly: "Ah! when I was an ape!" He wrote his "emotions," and made Léon Gozlan his editor.

M. Léon Gozlan, in a word, is an excellent French writer, who has written an excellent and odd book. It has been published at Paris by M. Michael Lévy, under the title of *Les Emotions de Polydore Marasquin*; and the portrait of these emotions of Polydore Marasquin has led to the present account of the Monkey King.

Proposals.

STEAM MACHINERY FOR SCREW PROPELLER SLOOP-OF-WAR.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, November 16, 1857.

SEALED PROPOSALS, endorsed "Proposals for Steam Machinery for Screw Propeller sloop-of-war," will be received at this Department until 3 o'clock the 16th December next, for the complete machinery of the steam machinery and appendages, and placing it on board a screw propeller ship of war building in the United States navy yard at Philadelphia.

The offers must be for a specific sum for putting the whole in successful operation; must include all patent fees for any arrangements that may be proposed; state the time in which the work will be completed, and be accompanied by the usual guarantee required by law. The name of the establishment in which the work is to be executed must be stated.

The details of the design and arrangement of the machinery will be left with the party whose proposition may be accepted as combining the greatest number of advantages, keeping in view simplicity of construction, readiness of access for adjustment when in operation, and not being subject to derangement in the working parts; it being the object of the Department to obtain the most speed and power with the most economical consumption of fuel, and the greatest amount of power which the space available for that purpose will admit.

The boiler to be of iron, with telescopic smoke-pipe, which must be placed at the greatest practicable distance from the mainmast; the propeller, with the connections for hoisting, to be of composition; the machinery for hoisting, for pumps, apparatus for reefing, and supportenances of all kinds necessary for the perfect working of the whole, to be of the most approved kinds. The coal-bunkers, shaft passage, two 1½ shaping iron bulkheads, and a distilling apparatus for fresh water from which can be made not less than 1,1000 gallons per day; all the tools and duplicate pieces necessary and satisfactory for an efficient cruising steam ship-of-war must be included in the proposition, and a list of them must be furnished.

The wood and carpenter work (except the boring out the dead-wood for the shaft) necessary to adapt the vessel for the reception of the machinery, boilers, and appendages, will be provided at the expense of the Navy Department, and it will permit the use of such facilities as it may have for hoisting the heavy machinery on board.

For the accommodation of the entire steam machinery and the fuel, there will be allowed in the body of the ship the entire space, under the berth deck, commencing at 17¼ feet abaft the mainmast, and thence extending forward a distance of 56 feet; the greatest breadth of side clear of the plank under the beams being 42¾ feet, and the height from the top of the timbers to the under side of the beam amidships being 13 feet 9 inches. Within this space it is expected to carry coal for thirteen days' full steaming, the daily consumption of which the bidder will state in his specifications; and the weight of the machinery, water in boilers, shaft, propeller, and appendages, with the tools and spare work, must not exceed 240 tons, of 2,240 pounds.

The distance from the aft side of the mainmast to the aft-side of the forward stern-post will be about 100 feet, and the distance between the forward and the after stern-post will be 7 feet; the depth from the load water line to the top of the keel under the propeller will be 10¾ feet.

Steam-engine manufacturers who desire to bid can obtain a copy of the section of the vessel upon making application to the Department.

The proposal must be accompanied by full specifications and general drawings, having the position of the centre of gravity of the machinery, boilers, &c., marked on them; giving also the capacity of the steam cylinders and area of foot and delivery valves, and of air pump, and outboard delivering valves, space for steam above the water line to boilers, the fire and grate surface; also, the diameter, pitch, surface, and kind of propeller, and other principal points, that comparisons can readily be made. There will also be given the estimate of the weight of engines, boilers, water, bunker, appendages, tools, and spare work, in tons of 2,240 pounds.

The terms of payment will be that when one-fourth of the materials and labor provided for in the contract shall have been completed to the satisfaction of the Department, there will be made a payment of one-fifth part of the whole amount of the contract; when one-half the work shall in like manner have been completed, there will be a further payment of one-fifth; when three-fourths the work shall have been completed, a further payment of one-fifth; when the whole shall have been completed, and have made a satisfactory trial of one week, then a further payment of one-fifth; and when the ship shall have performed satisfactorily at sea for a period of three months, then the remaining sum shall be paid.

The repairs necessary during this period from defective workmanship or materials will be at the expense of the contractor.

The proposals must be explicit, and no qualified or conditional offer will be considered.

ISAAC TOUCEY,
no23-m & th t Dec18 Secretary of the Navy.

UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE, IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

SEALED PROPOSALS, for supplying materials and workmanship required in the erection and construction of a Post-office building in the City of Philadelphia, for the United States Post-office Department, will be received at the office of the undersigned, Commissioner for the building, No. 206 South FOURTH Street, on or before the twelfth day of December next.

Contracts will be awarded only to master-builders and mechanics. Each Proposal must be accompanied by a written guarantee, signed by two responsible persons, to the effect that the bidder, will, when required, if his proposal be accepted, enter into a contract and bond with proper and sufficient sec urieties for its faithful performance.

Plans and specifications for the building can be seen upon application at the office of the Architect, John McArthur, Jr., No. 16 Mercantile Library Building, where every information respecting materials and workmanship will be given.

The Proposals must be sent to the office of the Commissioner, and addressed to John Rice, and endorsed "Proposals for the United States Post-office at Philadelphia," and will be opened at noon of the last-named day for receiving the same. JOHN RICE,
nov 12-dtd12 Commissioner.

Wines and Liquors.

OLD WHEAT WHISKEY.—E. P. MIDDLETON & BRO., No. 5 North FRONT St., importers of Cognac and Rochelle Brandies, Holland Gin, Scotch and Irish Whiskey. Also, sole proprietor of the Old Wheat Whiskey. E. P. M. & Bro. have on hand the largest and best stock of fine old Monongahela Bourbon, and Rye Whiskey of any dealer in the United States, all of which is highly improved by age. no7-3m

BRANDIES.—"Pinet Castillon," Marett, and other Cognacs of various vintages, in half pipes and quarter casks; Pellevoisin Rochelle Brandies, pale and dark, in half pipes, half casks, and one-eighth casks. Imported and for sale by HENRY BOHLEN & CO.,
oc22 221 and 223 South Fourth street.

PORT WINE.—In bond and entitled to debenture 250 casks St. Joseph's Pure Juice Port Wine, in qrs. and eighths.

Ten puncheons John Ramsay Islay Malt Scotch Whiskey, 2 years old.

Fifty pipes Anchor Gin.

Marett, Martel, Bouvet, and J. J Dupuy Brandies, all of which I offer to the trade at reduced prices.

JOS. F. TOBIAS,
au27-3mos 88 and 90 S. Front St., below Walnut.

ALEXANDER V. HOLMES, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE, No. 226, Southeast Corner of GEORGE and SOUTH Streets. aul-1y

C. I. LEWIS, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, &c., 26 South FIFTH Street, Philadelphia. au1-1y

BRANDIES.—Pinet, Castillon & Co., Marett & Co., and other brands of Cognacs of various vintages, in half pipes and quarter casks; Pellevoisin Rochelle Brandies, pale and dark, in half pipes, quarter casks and one-eighth casks, all in Custom House stores, imported and for sale by HENRY BOHLEN & CO.,
au 6 Nos. 221 and 223 South Fourth street.

DITHMAR & BUTZ, PORTER, ALE AND LAGER BEER BREWERY, No. 520 (new No. 938) North THIRD Street, Philadelphia.—Shipping orders promptly attended to. au1-tf

Shipping.

SAN FRANCISCO PACKET NOTICE—California Line.

Shippers per ship J. JONES, Wm. Ellery commander, will please hand in their bills of lading this day for signature, and oblige

BISHOP, SIMONS, & CO.,
no28-2t 120 (late 36) North Wharves.

SHIP MARGARET FOR NEW ORLEANS—Louisiana Line—Guaranteed first vessel.

Freight taken at as low rates as any other vessel loading.

The remarkably fast-sailing packet ship MARGARET, Merryman master, now loading rapidly at Race-street wharf, will continue to receive what freight offers, and, being of moderate capacity, will have quick despatch.

Shippers will please hurry their goods alongside, and bills of lading to the counting-house for signature, and may depend on this being the first vessel to sail.

For balance of freight, at low rates, apply to

BISHOP, SIMONS, & CO.,
120 (late 36) NORTH WHARVES.

Agents at New Orleans, O. J. MEEKER & CO. The Margaret insures at the lowest rates, and will take steam down the Delaware and up the Mississippi. no26

FOR LIVERPOOL.—THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10.—The Packet Ship PHILADELPHIA, Capt. OBADIAH F. POOLE, will sail as above.

Cabin passage..... $60
Second cabin..... 20
Steerage..... 18

Second Cabin and Steerage Passengers found with Provisions, according to the American passenger act.

For freight or passage, apply to

THOS. RICHARDSON & CO.

Drafts on the Agents in sums to suit, from £1 upwards. no18

FOR HAVANA—Packet ship NAPLES.—To sail with quick despatch.

The fast-sailing packet ship Naples, Eastman master, is now loading at Race-street wharf, and having nearly all her cargo on board, will sail as above.

For balance of freight apply to

BISHOP, SIMONS, & CO.,
no23-dtf 120 (late 36) North Wharves.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—THE FIRST class Clipper Ship MARY ROBINSON, Captain HARDING, and the magnificent A 1 Clipper Ship VIKING, Captain WEMPSON, will have quick despatch from New York. For freight, apply to

BISHOP, SIMONS, & CO.,
no18-dtf 120 (late 36) NORTH WHARVES.

SAVANNAH STEAMSHIP LINE.

STEAMSHIPS
STATE OF GEORGIA
AND
KEYSTONE STATE.

In consequence of the depressed state of trade, the above ships will be withdrawn for the present.

D. TORRANCE, Agent
October 16th. No. 5 Bowling Green, New York.

Letters for England and Europe, pre-paid, 25 cents each half ounce, (by enclosure of postage stamps if from out of the cities,) will be received at No. 5 Bowling-green, New York, up to 11½ o'clock on the morning of sailing. oc10-tf

FOR ENGLAND AND FRANCE, 1857.—New York and Havre Steamship Company.—The United States Mail Steamships ARAGO, 2,500 tons, David Lines, commander, and FULTON, 2,500 tons, James A. Wotton, commander, will leave New York, Havre and Southampton, for the years 1857 and 58, on the following days:

LEAVE NEW YORK.

1857.		1858.	
Fulton,	Saturday, Aug. 22	Arago,	Saturday, Jan. 9
Arago,	do. Sept. 19	Fulton,	do. Feb. 6
Fulton,	do. Oct. 17	Arago,	do. March 6
Arago,	do. Nov. 14	Fulton,	do. April 3
Fulton,	do. Dec. 12	Arago,	do. May 1
		Fulton,	do. May 29

LEAVE HAVRE.

1857.		LEAVE SOUTHAMPTON. 1857.	
Arago,	Tuesday, Aug. 25	Arago,	Wednesday, Aug. 26
Fulton,	do. Sept. 22	Fulton,	do. Sept. 23
Arago,	do. Oct. 20	Arago,	do. Oct. 21
Fulton,	do. Nov. 17	Fulton,	do. Nov. 18
Arago,	do. Dec. 15	Arago,	do. Dec. 16
1858.		1858.	
Fulton,	do. Jan. 12	Fulton,	do. Jan. 13
Arago,	do. Feb. 9	Arago,	do. Feb. 10
Fulton,	do. March 9	Fulton,	do. Mar. 10
Arago,	do. April 6	Arago,	do. April 7
Fulton,	do. May 4	Fulton,	do. May 5
Arago,	do. June 1	Arago,	do. June 2
Fulton,	do. June 29	Fulton,	do. June 30

PRICE OF PASSAGE:

From New York to Southampton or Havre—First Cabin, $130; Second Cabin, $75.

From Havre or Southampton to New York—First Cabin, 600 francs; Second Cabin, 500 francs.

For freight or passage, apply to

MORTIMER LIVINGSTON, Agent, 7 Broadway.
WILLIAM ISELIN, " Havre.
GROSJEAN & CO., " South'ton.
AMERICAN EUROPEAN EXPRESS AND EXCHANGE CO. } " Paris. au6

THE NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.—The Ships composing this line are:

The ATLANTIC, Capt. Oliver Eldridge.
The BALTIC, Capt. Joseph Comstock.
The ADRIATIC, Capt. James West.

These ships have been built by contract, expressly for Government service; every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines, to ensure strength and speed, and their accommodations for passengers are acknowledged to be unsurpassed.

Price of passage from New York to Liverpool, in first cabin, $130; in second do., $75; from Liverpool to New York, $80 and $50 guineas. No berths secured unless paid for. The ships of this line have improved water-tight bulk heads.

PROPOSED DATES OF SAILING.

FROM NEW YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
Saturday, June 20,	1857	Wednesday, June 24,	1857
Saturday, July 4,	1857	Wednesday, July 8,	1857
Saturday, July 18,	1857	Wednesday, July 22,	1857
Saturday, Aug. 1,	1857	Wednesday, Aug. 5,	1857
Saturday, Aug. 15,	1857	Wednesday, Aug. 19,	1857
Saturday, Sept. 12,	1857	Wednesday, Sept. 2,	1857
Saturday, Sept. 26,	1857	Wednesday, Sept. 30,	1857
Saturday, Oct. 10,	1857	Wednesday, Oct. 14,	1857
Saturday, Oct. 24	1857	Wednesday, Oct. 28,	1857
Saturday, Nov. 7,	1857	Wednesday, Nov. 11,	1857
Saturday, Nov. 21,	1857	Wednesday, Nov. 25,	1857
Saturday, Dec. 5,	1857	Wednesday, Dec. 9,	1857
		Wednesday, Dec. 22,	1857

For freight or passage, apply to

EDWARD K. COLLINS, No. 56 Wall street, N. Y.
BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO., Liverpool.
STEPHEN KENNARD & CO., 27 Austin Friars, London.
B. G. WAINWRIGHT & CO., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, or celous stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor and the value thereof expressed therein. au1-tf

GREAT REDUCTION IN FARE TO EUROPE.

First Cabin..... $80 | Second Cabin..... $50

In the first-class paddle-wheel steamship ADRIEL, 2,000 tons, Lennox, commander, and NORTH STAR, 2,500 tons, P. E. LEFEVRE, to sail from pier No. 3 North River, at noon precisely, carrying the UNITED STATES MAILS, viz:

Leave New York for Southampton, Havre and Bremen.	Bremen for Southampton	Southampton for New York.
Ariel, N. Sat'y, Oct. 31.	Saturday, Oct. 31.	Wedn'day, Nov. 4.
	Saturday, Nov. 28.	Wedn'd'y, Dec. 30

These steamers touch at HAVRE. Specie delivered in London and Paris. For passage and freight, apply to D. TORRANCE, Agent, No. 5 Bowling Green, New York. oc10-tf

THE BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL.

Chief Cabin Passage..... $130
Second Cabin Passage..... 75

FROM BOSTON TO LIVERPOOL.

Chief Cabin Passage..... $110
Second Cabin Passage..... 60

The ships from Boston call at Halifax.

PERSIA, Capt. Judkins.	CANADA, Capt. Lang.
ASIA, Capt. E. G Lott.	AMERICA, Capt. Wickman
AFRICA, Capt. Shannon.	NIAGARA, Capt. Ryrie.
EUROPA, Capt. Leitch.	ARABIA, Capt. J. Leitch.

These vessels carry a clear white light at mast-head; green on starboard bow; red on port bow.

PERSIA, Judkins, leaves	N. York, Wednesday, Nov. 11.		
CANADA, Lang,	Boston,	Nov. 18.	
ARABIA, Stone, "	N York, Wednesday, Nov. 25.		
NIAGARA, Wickman,	Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 2.		
AFRICA, Shannon, "	N York, Wednesday, Dec. 9.		
AMERICA, Lott, "	Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 16.		
EUROPA, Leitch, "	N. York, Wednesday, Dec. 23.		

Berths not secured until paid for.

An experienced Surgeon on each ship.

The owners of these Ships will not be accountable for Gold, Silver, Bullion, Specie, Jewelry, Precious Stones or Metals, unless Bills of lading are signed therefor and the value thereof therein expressed.

For freight or passage apply to

no21-y E. CUNARD, 4 Bowling Green, N. York.

Merchant Tailors.

JOHN P. DOHERTY,
FORMERLY WITH KELLY & BROTHER,
LATE WITH LUKENS, KELLY, & CO.,
TAILOR,
814 CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE EIGHTH,

Has now with him the best Tailors that are engaged in the business in this country.

CHARLES ROTH, formerly the leading tailor of this city; M. KAYSER, formerly cutter for C. Roth & Co., and late Coat and Vest cutter with Lukens, Kelly, & Co.; HENRY WAGNER, the best Pants and Vest cutter in the United States, for years cutter with Depierris, of Boston, Broadway, and with Depierris & Poitus, under the St. Nicholas Hotel, Broadway.

The most unremitting attention paid to the wishes of all who patronize the establishment.

The best of Clothes made at *moderate prices for credit, low prices for cash.* oc13-tf

JAMES SHERIDAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, Nos. 16 and 18 South NINTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT.

A large and well selected stock of CLOTHS and CASS