From Dickens' Household Words.

MY FIRST SUMMONS.

I vowed I never would keep another dog again, if I lived a thousand years; but I broke my word. I was sitting tête-à-tête with Mrs. Jones one day after dinner, when, in the midst of that kind of conversation which policemen and housemaids call promiscuous, she observed that a perfect love had been offered her by our friend Mr. Bowlaway; but, knowing my feelings, she had thrown cold water on his proposition; "though," she added, and in the same breath, "I must say he is a dear little creature. For a moment I fancied my wife's admiration for Mr. Bowlaway (who is not near so tall a man as myself) had led her a little too far; but, before the cloud had time to gather on my brow, she set me right by saying that he had a black tip to his tail. I laughed. That mirthful ebullition was fatal. Mrs. Jones at once took advantage of it to dilate on the admirable qualities of Scotch terriers in general, and of the one offered to her by Mr. Bowlaway in particular. As house-dogs, she said, they were invaluable, and quoted a remark made by a burglar to Sir Walter Scott, which I do not remember to have read in Lockhart's "Life," to the effect that, when you have a Scotch terrier, thieves never break in and steal. This allusion to the Wizard of the North further brought on the fact, that Mr. Bowlaway's dog was of the genuine Pepper and Mustard breed—a race which was becoming every day more and more difficult to meet with. What need, however, to repeat all that Mrs. Jones said, for the purpose—though she distinctly denied it afterwards—of shaking my resolution? I consented to accept Bowlaway's kind offer. Yes, I remember making use of the word—kind. I did more than that—I actually promised to go and fetch the dog myself, and next day I brought him home in a cab.

Mrs. Jones was in raptures. Now that the animal was her own, there was no end to disquisitions on his beauty. Had he actually been the boir to my ancient name, and to the large estates possessed by other branches of my numerous family—for the Joneses are all more or less related—she could not have admired him more. She was never weary of praising his points. She unhesitatingly predicted, that we should find him invaluable. We had some difficulty at first in giving an appropriate name to a dog of so much promise. Mrs. Jones proposed calling him Phœnix, but I rejected that as much too fine; and my suggestion of Thistle—which I thought eminently national—was scouted as vulgar. We met half-way, at last, in a compromise. We called the dog Sprig; but this arrangement was not a day or two afterwards by a straightforward friend, who, pointing significantly to the dog's thick coat and hairy muzzle, asked us why he should be called anything but Rough? As we had no good reason to show to the contrary, that name was finally adopted; but I have this remark to make—he always came in to his breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper, and casual refection, call him by what name you would.

Allusion to this particular readiness on the part of Rough causes me to observe, in this place, that of all the appetites bestowed by nature on a four-footed animal, Rough's was incontestably the finest I ever met with: the finest in that sense of the word which means the keenest. Nothing came amiss to him, nor any quantity. Mrs. Jones used to call him a good dog (!) because he would eat bread after meat, and buttered toast after drinking tea; and, a wonderful dog, in which expression I fully concurred, because of the relish with which he crunched egg-shells, and disposed of water-cress. The two latter articles involved no very material cost; but I can safely say, that during the six months' residence of Rough beneath my roof, my butcher's and baker's bills were nearly doubled. To be sure, the evening policemen used often to inquire of the cook, very kindly after his health.

Besides his addiction to a generous diet, Rough—as the gipsies tell you at Epsom—was a party as liked his own ease. He had two kennels; one, that he might have a place of refuge in bad weather, when guarding the premises outside; the other, when engaged in-doors in the same meritorious and dog-like function; and truth obliges me to say that Rough did not neglect these appliances. A love of repose was, indeed, one of his most conspicuous qualities, though he had periodical fits of activity, which developed themselves in the occasional vigorous pursuit of his own tail; in hunting the snowflakes as they fell; in cropping the carnations as they sprouted through the winter, and in throwing up earthworks all over the garden, with a zealous perseverance worthy of a royal sapper.

It will be seen, by my reference to the garden, that I do not live in a street. No. Although substantively in London with the postman five times a day, I reside in a horticultural metropolitan district. When I mention that the cows in an adjoining dairy, and the chanticleers opposite, continue to keep me awake five nights out of six, the rural nature of the neighborhood will not, I trust, be disputed.

So, then, the possibility of a garden is established—back and front—almost all round, which would be quite, only we are semi-detached. We have an apple-tree that bears—pear-trees that do not—broken glass on the walls—intrusive cats notwithstanding, and rows of poplars and limes, with laburnums and acacias interspersed, which gives us, in spring, a very green and yellow—but not at all a melancholy—appearance. Amongst the feræ naturæ are countless sparrows, the aforesaid cats, and, at rare intervals, a stray member of the family of the Meruidæ, commonly called thrushes, may be seen to disport itself on our turf, when the clothes are not hanging out to dry or the Felis domestica on the prowl. Then, when the season comes round, we have a barrowful of geraniums, calceolarias, verbenas, and so forth, suddenly planted, in full flower, in the rectangular space, ten feet by eight, in front, where we hold our annual flower-show. Another circumstance, which adds greatly to our rurality, is a lane that skirts us on one side along the entire depth of our premises; the protecting wall which divides us from it being (just as if we were miles in the country) easily scalable.

To preserve our flowers, it was necessary to adopt one of two courses: either to fasten Rough to his kennel, or to keep him out of the front garden by means of some insurmountable barrier. The chain was tried first, but that did not answer, for the wolf's long bowl was music to his melody when subjected to its control; so we were forced to consider the second expedient. Being myself of a somewhat uncolical turn, I proposed a strong hurdle; but, though we enlisted the milkman in our service, he could not succeed in procuring a defence of that sort, though he searched for one throughout the length and breadth of Saint Somebody's Forest, (our district.) I thought of making a public appeal, and had already written this heading to an advertisement—Wanted a Hurdle—when Mrs. Jones interposed.

"A neat iron gate," she said, "with an invisible wire, would look exceedingly pretty, and keep Rough out of the garden more effectually than fifty great staring ——." I decline to repeat the disparaging words.

To this I opposed the fact, that such a gate would be expensive, but the answer I received was, "Nonsense!"

Beaten out of my favorite scheme, I could only reply, as many husbands have done before me, that Mrs. Jones must do as she liked, and the next day she informed me that she had made an excellent arrangement with a most respectable tradesman, who had bound himself to make and set up the gate exactly in the way she wished, for the sum of five and sixpence of the current coin of the realm. That same afternoon a workman came to take measure of the space where the barrier was to be fixed, and he, too, in the hearing of Mrs. Jones's confidential domestic, repeated the terms of the agreement. This proved to be a work of supererogation, on his part—a proceeding wholly unnecessary—for, when he returned with the gate in complete order, he announced an advance in the price, to the tune of thirty-five per cent.

"It's all very well," observed Mrs. Jones; "but a bargain is a bargain, and I have no idea of paying a farthing more than I agreed for."

The workman replied, that he was only a servant, that that was what his master said, and there the matter rested—a wretched, petty, miserable imbroglio, fraught with the germs of future mischief.

"He won't dare to raise his charge," said Mrs. Jones.

Rough, who was standing by, wagged his tail, but said nothing; no more did I.

Well, the gate was now called upon to perform its duty, but this was by no means a matter of course. In the first place, the staples would not hold fast in the wall; in the next, the hinges were turned upside down; in the third, there was plenty of space for Rough to get beneath the gate; and in the fourth, he had only to scratch over so little and there was room for a passage close to the wall. Rough took advantage of the uncertain staples; he was artful enough to lift the gate out of the latch; he was strong enough to force his way under; and, as for scratching, that was only an extra pleasure in essaying the several varieties of his exodus. The gate, in short, was an utter failure.

"If my hurdle had been there!" I ejaculated; but Mrs. Jones either did not or would not hear me.

Although bad workmanship had failed us, one consolation remained. It was winter still, and three or four months must elapse before Rough could do the garden any serious damage. I had time before me, and I said, with King Lear, "I will do such things! What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be terrors of the earth;" or, if not that exactly, something that shall astonish Master Rough.

Meanwhile the inimitable Scotch terrier carried on in the usual manner, eating and sleeping ad libitum, but, in the matter of watchfulness, wholly discrediting Mrs. Jones's prediction. Not that he was incapable of barking. No! He would do that by the hour together in front of the antagonistic cats; but, when once he made himself up for the night, embedded in fresh straw, he declined to take the slightest notice of the outer world. Mrs. Jones, however, was wedded to her theory, and persisted in declaring that he would prove a capital house-dog—one of those days.

Events succeed each other so rapidly in this world of our's, that what excites our astonishment or indignation on Monday is generally clean forgotten by Saturday; we get reconciled to everything, even to the loss of an incapable ministry; what wonder then, that I should have forgotten the affair of the gate. Mrs. Jones, however—as she has since confessed to me—had not; but she remembered it only as a subject for mirth and self-applause. She took it into her head, as the ironmonger did not send in his bill at Christmas, that he was ashamed to do so, or had, perhaps, also forgotten it; as if any one ever forgot that money was owing. In this Fools' Paradise Mrs. Jones continued until a fortnight ago.

It was evening, one of those delicious balmy evenings in May, when a fire is more necessary than the depth of winter, and we were sitting in my little study, each absorbed by a favorite book. Our numerous household were all from home, having gone out, as they said, to buy a new bonnet-cap for the next Sunday, and Rough had been consigned to the outer air, with a view to the greater security of the premises. After about half an hour of that quiet, Mrs. Jones looked up, and asked me what noise that was? I had heard none, and said as much. Mrs. Jones, however, felt certain that she had heard something like a knock at the kitchen door. "The rats," I carelessly observed, and went on reading.

"There!" she continued, "I heard it again!"

"Why, then, don't Rough bark?" I observed, rather tartly.

"Poor fellow," observed my wife, "I dare say he's asleep in his kennel."

Another half hour of undisturbed reading, and then I thought I would smoke a cigar beneath the glimpses of the moon. Standing on the high flight of steps which gives such a noble aspect to my semi-detached mansion, I noticed, with surprise, that the garden-door stood half-open. At first I fancied that the household were on the point of entering; but as I heard no whispered last words, and saw no policeman, I concluded they had neglected to shut the door, and then a kind of misgiving came over me. "Rough!" I exclaimed, but there was no response. I whistled; and called again. No answer—no appearance. "My dear," said I re-entering the house, and uttering a hasty, but I trust an excusable word, "the dog's gone!—somebody has walked him off!"

I forbear to describe the scene that followed—the tears and protestations of the household, who vowed it was no fault of theirs—the clamor that was raised for the police—the hunting in all sorts of impossible places for the absent animal, and the complete upsetting of the establishment until long after midnight. If you wish properly to appreciate this state of things, marry and keep a dog till somebody steals it.

Day broke on the following morning dismal and lowering. Breakfast over, there came a ring at the bell. The household rushed to the door, expecting that the dog had been found and brought back; but, instead of heralding Rough's return, word was brought that it was the person about the gate, and a document of the value of eight and sixpence—when paid—was handed in.

"I declare," said Mrs. Jones, as she perused the bill, "Grinder has the impudence to persist in making that charge, though I distinctly told his man I wouldn't pay it."

"Who is Grinder?" I innocently inquired.

"The ironmonger, to be sure." Thereupon she entered into an elaborate history of the original compact.

"I advise you to get rid of it," I remarked, when I had been obliged to hear her out. "We shall only have some bother, if the bill is disputed."

"We'll see," said Mrs. Jones, as I withdrew into my study, "send the man in."

Deeply engaged in a scientific article on the prehensile faculty of monkeys' tails, with a view to the application of the principle for the benefit of timid horsemen, I had lost all recollection of Grinder and the garden-gate, when Mrs. Jones entered my study with a smiling air.

"I've settled that affair," she said.

"I am glad to hear it," I said. "Has the man receipted the bill?"

"No," returned my wife, "he has gone away without the money. I offered him within sixpence of the amount, and he refused to take it. But," she added triumphantly, "he'll come to his senses by-and-by!"

Moved by prophetic inspiration—I think I am justified in using these lofty words—I observed with emphasis: "Don't you imagine it! Depend upon it, he means to have every farthing he asks. Take my advice now, pay him, and have done with it."

A discussion ensued, detrimental to the progress of the prehensile question, but it ended in a promise from Mrs. Jones that she would do as I suggested; and, like a good wife, she put on her things, and went out for the purpose. I went into my study to write my article, when she came back.

"What do you think?" were her first words. "I called at Grinder's as you wished, and the shopman told me it was of no use my coming there, as his master had taken out a summons!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "A summons!" My pen fell from my hand.

The statement was repeated, with the comments which may easily be supposed.

I don't know whether the reader has guessed at my idiosyncracy; if not, I have no objection to tell him that I am, under certain conditions, an excessively nervous man. Lawyers, and everything that relates to their black art, are my utter abhorrence. I would give up every shilling I have in the world rather than go to law about anything, though I were certain of a verdict in my favor. I have always had a horror of citations, and of all matters juridical; I execrate the name of King Alfred, and abhor trial by jury. This confession may give a faint idea of my sensations when I heard the word summons. It had the same effect upon me as Mrs. Quickly owned she felt when anyone said swagger.

For several days after this announcement my mind was much disturbed; every ring at the gate was the apprehended summons; I expected to find it enclosed in every letter I opened; my imagination carried no favor in it that. At last, finding it did not come, I came to the conclusion that Grinder's man's declaration was a mere threat.

"If he had taken out a summons," I whispered, "it would have been 'served' (detestable term!) before now."

I must mention, that during this interval Mrs. Jones remained perfectly calm. I will not wrong her by the remark, that perhaps she knew she was femo coverte—as the lawyers say in their wretched attempt at Norman French—but rather admit, freely, that her dread of the law was less instinctive than mine.

After dinner that day, I had scarcely put my extra glass to my lips, when the hated summons was laid before me.

Oh, the vile language in which it was couched! It began by calling itself a Plaint, was lettered L., and numbered Two hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and forty-eight. The plaint in which I was involved, was the two hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and forty-eighth—and the county court about to be holden, where I was summoned to appear, had not, in all probability, been in existence ten years! Verily, aggressive law travels with winged feet. Next, it set forth the debt or claim, and the Cost of Plaint—no great addition, it is true, but harassing to behold—and at the foot of the document was this nota bene: "If you owe the money and will consent to a judgment, you will save the hearing fee. SEE BACK." With a trembling hand I turned the paper, and there, in an instant, I found myself struggling with half a dozen contradictory paragraphs, which might as well have been so many Sepoys. I had already been told that by consenting to judgment, I should save the whole hearing fee, and here it was intimated in terms equally precise, that if I signed and delivered a confession to the registrar of the court, "five clear days before the day of hearing," only half that amount would be saved. Which was to be believed? Front or back?

I made a maniacal pun. FRONTI nulla fides; but it did not help me out of the difficulty. I read a little further: "You may deliver your confession at any time before the case is called on, subject to the payment of any further costs which your delay may have caused the plaintiff to incur." Ay, there was the rub! How did I know what Grinder might think fit to allege which he had turned round upon Mrs. Jones in the manner already described? Any further costs. Why, that might swallow up my estate! Such things have happened. People have been known to spend their All in costs. This frightful doom was to be mine, all because my wife chose to keep—no, not to keep, to have a dog! Was there nothing to console me in the midst of my misfortune? The last paragraph, perhaps. It began thus: "If you intend to rely on a Set-off, Infancy, Coverture, A Statute of Lunacy, or A Discharge under a Bankruptcy or an Insolvent Act as a defence:" What a bitter mockery! Did I, the literary Mr. Jones—to distinguish me from the others—did I exercise any base mechanical calling, like that of Grinder? Could I require him work for work? Cooperage for ironmongering? A set-off, indeed! Infancy! With what face could I, whose hair—the little that remains—is gray, go into court and call myself an infant? Coverture! For the sake of Mrs. Jones I will not be tempted to say anything about that. A statute of lunacy! That might very well be, before I had done reading the paper; I was well-nigh mad already. Bankruptcy and insolvency—yes, these were honorable pleas by one who never had owed a sixpence since the days of his nonage; when, to tell the truth, it would have taken a good many sixpences to have satisfied his bootmaker or his tailor. I felt sick at heart, and could neither read nor reason further.

Luckily I was spared the necessity of doing either, for, at this juncture, a message was brought in to say that Doublethong, the jobmaster, wished to speak to me about the hiring of a brougham for an excursion. As he was a neighbor of Grindor, I opened my mind to him on the subject. To my excessive astonishment he burst out laughing.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, as soon as the paroxysm was over; "but that's what Grinder does to all his customers. He summonses 'em all. Bill one day, county court the next."

"If that's his way of doing business," I replied warmly, "he'll very soon be without any customers to serve."

"Well, I believe you're pretty nearly right there, sir," replied Doublethong; "but," he continued, guessing what I was about to say, "don't give yourself no trouble about this affair. I'm more used to these things nor you, sir. I'll go down to the court, and make it all straight."

"But," said I, anxiously, "the five clear days, the declaration, the judgment, the confession, the costs of hearing, the statute of lunacy?"

"All gammon, sir. Don't you believe a word on it. People has their fancies. Grindor's fancy is law. He'd rather lose a five pound in the county court than win ten out of it. Leave him to me, sir; leave him to me."

I did so, and, except Doublethong's reimbursement, this was all I ever heard of MY FIRST SUMMONS.

Sales by Auction.

M. THOMAS & SONS,
Nos. 139 and 141 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,
(Formerly Nos. 67 and 69.)
TRADE SALE—TO BOOKSELLERS.
The fifty-first regular Philadelphia Trade Sale will commence on the 21st of September. Catalogues in Press.
REAL ESTATE, STOCKS, &c.
Public Sales at the Philadelphia Exchange every Tuesday Evening, during the business season.
☞ In July and August only occasional sales as heretofore.
☞ Handbills of each property issued separately, in addition to which we publish on the Saturday previous to each sale, one thousand catalogues in pamphlet form, giving full descriptions of all the property to be sold on the following Tuesday.
☞ FURNITURE SALES AT THE AUCTION STORE every Thursday morning.
REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.
☞ We have a large amount of Real Estate at Private Sale, including every description of City and country property. Printed Lists may be had at the auction store.
PRIVATE SALE REGISTER.
☞ Real Estate entered on our Private Sale Register, and advertised occasionally in our Public Sale Abstracts, (of which 1,000 copies are printed weekly,) free of charge.
Peremptory Sale.
STOCKS, &c.
On Tuesday Evening,
Aug. 17th, at 8 o'clock, at the Philadelphia Exchange, will be sold, for account of whom it may concern—
1,458¾ shares of the capital stock of the Tinkle paugh Coal Company, the same to be sold for arrears of assessment, pursuant to resolutions of said company.
☞ $1 to be paid on each share at the time of sale.
14 shares Delaware Railroad Company.
REAL ESTATE SALE—AUGUST 17th.
This sale will take place on Tuesday Evening,
Orphans' Court Sale—Estate of James M Powers, Deceased.
BRICK DWELLING, POPLAR STREET.—All that ——story brick dwelling and lot, south side of Poplar street, 39 feet west of Sixteenth street, lot 27 by 90 feet—two fronts
Peremptory Sale—Estate late of Joseph Young, Dec'd.
DWELLING AND GROCERY STORE.—Three-story brick dwelling and grocery, No. 876 Apple street, between Fourth street and York avenue.
Same Estate.
DWELLING AND LAGER-BEER SALOON.—Three-story brick dwelling and lager-beer saloon, No. 878 Apple street. Sale absolute.
Executor's Peremptory Sale—Estate of Thomas Dargin, Deceased.
VALUABLE BUILDING LOTS, FIFTEENTH WARD.—All those five lots of ground, east side of Nineteenth street, north of Anne street, each 17 feet front, and ranging in depth from 80 to 54 feet.
Also, all those five lots north side of Anne street, adjoining the above, each 17 feet front, ranging in depth from 80 to 44 feet.
Ladies' pocket Bibles will be sold separately. Lithographic plans may be had at the auction store.
Peremptory Sale.
NEAT DWELLING.—The neat two-and-a-half-story brick dwelling, with back buildings, No 407 Dillwyn street, below Noble street.
VALUABLE LOT OF GROUND, west side of Paul street, between Church and Unity streets, Frankford, 14½ feet front.
SALE OF SUPERIOR FURNITURE, WARDROBES, OFFICE FURNITURE, VELVET CARPETS, &c.
CARD.—Our sale to-morrow morning, at the auction store, will comprise, besides 500 lots excellent second-hand furniture, office furniture, velvet and Brussels carpets, china and glassware, beds and bedding, &c., worthy the attention of ladies and others desirous of purchasing
☞ Catalogues now ready, and the articles arranged for examination.
Sale at Nos. 139 and 141 South Fourth street.
SUPERIOR FURNITURE, PIANO-FORTE, FINE FRENCH PLATE MIRRORS, BRUSSELS CARPETS, &c.
On Thursday Morning,
At 9 o'clock, at the auction store, an extensive assortment of excellent second-hand furniture, elegant piano-fortes, fine mirrors, carpets, etc., from private families declining housekeeping, removed to the store for convenience of sale.
Sale on the Premises—Bristol Turnpike and Eleven-mile Lane.
COTTAGE, BARN, AND FIVE LOTS.
On Wednesday Afternoon,
August 11th, at 4 o'clock, will be sold, on the premises on the Bristol turnpike and Eleven-mile lane, 1¼ miles from Torresdale, and 4 miles from Tacony, modern cottage and barn, with 5 acres and 88 perches, on the Bristol turnpike and Eleven-mile lane
Two lots adjoining, on the Bristol turnpike, each 6 acres.
Lot on the Bristol turnpike, 6¼ acres.
Two lots, 7 acres each, on the Eleven-mile lane.
☞ Full particulars in handbills and lithographic plans.
AT PRIVATE SALE.
A well-secured first mortgage—$1,800.
Chestnut Hill.
REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.
SPLENDID BROWN-STONE MANSION, Chestnut street, with stable and coach house. One of the finest residences in the city.
NEAT MODERN RESIDENCE, No. 1626 Chestnut street.
ELEGANT BROWN-STONE RESIDENCE, Walnut street, west of Broad.
ELEGANT BROWN-STONE RESIDENCE, No. 1621 Walnut street, west of Sixteenth.
NEAT RESIDENCE, Southeast corner Walnut and and Seventeenth streets.
ELEGANT AND VALUABLE RESIDENCE, Southwest corner of Eleventh and Walnut streets.
TWO ELEGANT RESIDENCES, Rittenhouse Square.
TWO HANDSOME RESIDENCES, Washington Square.
ELEGANT BROWN-STONE RESIDENCE, North Broad street.
HANDSOME MODERN RESIDENCE, Northwest corner of Green and Fifteenth streets.
HANDSOME MODERN RESIDENCE, No. 1536 Green street.
NEAT RESIDENCE, Spruce street, between Broad and Fifteenth.
HANDSOME MODERN FOUR-STORY RESIDENCE, No. 1605 Spruce street.
ELEGANT BROWN-STONE RESIDENCE, No. 822 Pine street, west of Eighth.
HANDSOME BROWN-STONE RESIDENCE, No. 1516 Pine street.
HANDSOME MODERN RESIDENCE, No. 1805 Pine street.
HANDSOME RESIDENCE, No. 532 Pine street.
TWO HANDSOME BROWN-STONE RESIDENCES, Third street, below Spruce
NEAT RESIDENCE, No. 241 South Eighth street, below Walnut.
HANDSOME MODERN RESIDENCE, No. 818 North Eighth street.
HANDSOME MODERN RESIDENCE, No. 531 North Seventh street.
HANDSOME RESIDENCE, No. 521 North Sixth street.
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH PROPERTY, New Market street
SUPERIOR AND ELEGANT BROWN-STONE OFFICE BUILDING, Nos. 407 and 409 Walnut street.
LARGE AND VALUABLE LOT, Locust, Mary, and Church streets, West Philadelphia, 200 by 175 feet.
HANDSOME RESIDENCE, Northwest corner Locust and Mary streets, opposite the above.
VERY HANDSOME COUNTRY RESIDENCE, near Tioga station, on the Germantown Railroad.
VALUABLE FARM AND COUNTRY SEAT, 160 acres, between Torresdale and Bristol.
COUNTRY SEAT, with about seven acres, Chestnut Hill.
AN ELEGANT FARM, 309 acres, with superior improvements on the River Delaware, one mile from New Castle.
LARGE, ELEGANT, AND VALUABLE FARM, between the city of Wilmington and Brandywine Springs.
ELEGANT COUNTRY SEAT, 10 acres, with fine improvements, School House Lane, Germantown, opposite the late Dr. J. K. Mitchell's.
HANDSOME MODERN DWELLING, No. 1184 Callowhill street.
BRICK STORE, DWELLING, AND BAKERY, No. 135 Arch street.
FOUR-STORY BRICK STORE AND DWELLING, No. 1309 Chestnut street.
BRICK STORE AND DWELLING, No. 702 South Fifteenth street
NEAT MODERN DWELLING, No. 840 Federal street.
RESIDENCE NORTH SIDE OF WALNUT Street, east of Alexander street, at a private sale.
☞ Also, a large amount of City property, Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c. Printed lists may be had at the auction store.
PRIVATE SALE REGISTER.
☞ Real Estate entered on our Private Sale Register and advertised occasionally in our Public Sale Abstracts (of which 1,000 copies are printed weekly, during the business season,) free of charge.
JAMES A. FREEMAN, AUCTIONEER,
NO. 422 WALNUT STREET, above FOURTH.
☞ Persons favoring us with consignments can rest assured that their property will not be sacrificed.
☞ Commissions more moderate than those charged by any other Auction House in the city.
☞ Consignments respectfully solicited.
☞ Sales paid immediately after the goods are sold
REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.
Handsome mansion, southwest corner of Seventeenth and Walnut streets.
Residence, Washington Square and Walnut street.
Dwelling house, No. 827 Vine street.
20 acres of land, Indian Queen lane.
Valuable property, Frankford road
Handsome dwelling, No. 1012 Wallace street.
Business stand and dwelling, Seventeenth and Washington streets.
Elegant property, 80 acres, &c., above Torresdale.
14 acres of land, Chelton avenue, Germantown.
Handsome residence and lot, West Philadelphia.
Valuable lot of ground, Germantown Railroad and Columbia avenue.
Handsome dwelling, Spring Garden street, above Twelfth.
CABINET OF MINERALS.
At private sale, a valuable Cabinet of Minerals, comprising over 1,000 specimens, the collection of several years. The property of a gentleman who has no room for them. They are very desirable for a public institution. Apply at the auction store.
SAMUEL NATHANS, AUCTIONEER,
and MONEY LOAN OFFICE, No. 224 South THIRD Street, below Walnut, opposite Pear st., only eight doors below the Exchange.
Hours of business from 7 o'clock, A. M., until 10 o'clock in the evening.
Out-door sales, and sales at the Auction House, attended upon the most satisfactory terms.
CAPITAL $200,000.
Established for the last Thirty Years.
Advances made from one dollar to thousands on Diamonds, Silver Plate, Watches, Jewelry, Hardware, Merchandize, Clothing, Furniture, Bedding, Cigars, Musical Instruments, Guns, Horses, Carriages, and Goods of every description.
All goods can remain any length of time agreed upon.
All advances, from one hundred dollars and upwards will be charged 2 per cent. per month; $500 and over, the lowest market rate.
This Store House having a depth of 120 feet, has large fire and thief-proof vaults to store all valuables, and private watchmen for the premises; also, a heavy insurance effected for the benefit of all persons having goods advanced upon.
N. B.—On account of having an unlimited capital, this office is prepared to make advances on more satisfactory and accommodating terms than any other in this city.
Money advanced to the poor, in small amounts, with out any charge.
AT PRIVATE SALE.
Gold Patent Lever and other Watches, Jewelry, and Clothing will be sold at reduced prices sul-1y
BONES.—100,000 Shin Bones, suitable for Umbrella and Button Makers, in store and for sale by ORGSDALE, PETRCE, & CO.
je5 104 NORTH WHARVES
SHOULDERS.—60 hhds. Shoulders, dry in salt, for sale by C. G. SADLER & CO.,
je6 9 North WATER street,

Sales by Auction.

COMMERCIAL SALES ROOM,
GIRARD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, Philadelphia. Office No 415 WALNUT Street, (Schuylkill Navigation Company's Building.)
CAPITAL, $200,000.
DIRECTORS.
Wm. M. Swain, (of Public Ledger.) John Aspinch, Jr., H. N. Burroughs, J. B. Hughes, Wm. S. Boyd, Geo. W. Woodward, Jno. W. Claghorn, Wm. C. Rudman, C. D. Shoemaker, Jer. Walker, Thos. Craven, Francis Peters, H. R. Coggeshall, Jno. McClure, Joseph Klapp, M. D.
Hon. JOEL JONES, President.
A. S. GILLETT, Vice President,
JAS. B. ALVORD, Secretary. jy26-1y
HOWARD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY—Office No. 412 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.
DIRECTORS.
John H. Diehl, P. M. Potts, C. B. Spangler, Abraham Rex, E. S. Warne, George Howell, Wm. F. Leech, H. H. Houston, Abraham P. Eyre, Charles F. Norton, J. Edgar Thomson, H. H. Shillingford, G. G. Bower, John W. Sexton, John Garrison, Nathan B. Potts, R. T. Kenzie, Jos. R. Withers, E. Booth, John H. Lewars,
JOHN H. DIEHL, President
CHAS. A. DUY, Secretary. my10
CORN EXCHANGE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 331 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.
CHARTERED CAPITAL $500,000
FIRE, MARINE AND INLAND.
ASSETS JULY 1st, 1858.
Bonds and Mortgages, Stocks, &c. $349,625 00
Bills Receivable, (for policies issued,) 2,137 76
Unsettled Book Accounts, (for policies,) 1 613 83
Cash in Bank and in Office 10,483 45
Cash in hands of Agents and Correspondents, ... 1,393 31
..... 365,148 35
No losses unadjusted, unpaid, or reported.
DIRECTORS.
William M. Godwin, James W. Queen, George W. Hall, B. Franklin Jackson, J. O. Hopper, S. R. Crawford, Jno. L. Rednor, William B. Thomas, S. N. Winslow, Henry Deams.
WM. M. GODWIN, President.
J. O. HOPPER, Secretary. my10-dtf
CITY INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 110 South FOURTH Street.
CHARTER PERPETUAL.
Capital ..... $200,000.
Organized 1851.
Privileged to insure Houses, annually or perpetually; Personal Property, annually, or for a less period; take Marine, Inland, and Life Insurance Risks; receive Deposits; hold Trusts and grant Annuities.
ALFRED WEEKS, President.
B. O. TYLER, Vice President.
J. W. MARTIN, Secretary.
DIRECTORS.
Alfred Weeks, B. O. Tyler, J. W. Souder, G. R. Bickley, J. L. Hutchinson, J. W. Stokes, Hon. W. D. Kelley, J. W. Forney, P. B. Mingle, James Watson, Ludlam Matthews, William Curtis,
G. F. Turner.
LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.—The PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Northeast Corner of THIRD and DOCK Streets. Capital, $612,725.03.
INSURES LIVES for short terms, or for the whole term of life—grants annuities and endowments—purchases life interests in Real Estate, and makes all contracts depending on the contingencies of Life.
They act as Executors, Administrators, Assignees, Trustees, and Guardians.
TRUSTEES.
Daniel L. Miller, Benjamin Coates, Richard S. Newbold, William P. Hacker, William H. Kern, Samuel C. Huey, Charles Hallowell, Henry C. Townsend, Rodolphus Kent, William H. Carr, Edward T. Mott, William Robertson, Warner M. Rasin, Samuel J. Christian, Joseph M. Thomas, John G. Brenner,
P. S. Michler, Easton.
DANIEL MILLER, President.
SAMUEL B. STOKES, Vice Pres't.
JOHN W. HORNOR, Secretary. jn13-ly
COMMONWEALTH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
OFFICE, NORTHWEST CORNER FOURTH AND WALNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.
Subscribed Capital, $500,000. Paid up Capital, $200,000.
DIRECTORS.
Dr. D. Jayne, H. L. Benner, J. M. Whitall, Edw. C. Knight, H. Lewis, Jr., Thos. S. Stewart, J. M. Butler, J. K. Walker, M. B. Wormell, S. K. Hoxie,
DAVID JAYNE, M. D., President.
THOMAS S. STEWART, Vice Pres't.
SAMUEL S. MOON, Secretary. ja20-y
DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY.
INCORPORATED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1835.
OFFICE, S. E. CORNER THIRD and WALNUT Streets, PHILADELPHIA.
MARINE INSURANCE,
ON VESSELS, CARGO, FREIGHT, To all parts of the World.
INLAND INSURANCES,
On Goods, by River, Canals, Lakes, and Land Carriage to all parts of the Union.
FIRE INSURANCES,
On Merchandise generally.
On Stores, Dwelling Houses, &c.
ASSETS OF THE COMPANY,
November 2, 1857.
Philadelphia City and other Loans $101,862 24
Stock in Banks, Railroads, and Insurance Companies 12,508 00
Bills Receivable 220,292 95
Cash on hand 88,892 66
Balance in hands of Agents, Premiums on Marine Policies recently issued, on other debts due the Company 92,780 57
Subscription Notes 100,000 00
..... $702,785 87
DIRECTORS:
William Martin, Joseph H. Seal, Edmund A. Souder, John C. Davis, John R. Penrose, George G. Leiper, Edward Darlington, Dr. R. M. Huston, Wm. G. Ludwig, Hugh Craig, Spencer McIlvain, Charles Richardson, H. Jones Brooks, Jacob P. Jones, James C. Hand, Theophilus Paulding, James Traquair, William Eyre, Jr., J. F. Peniston, Joshua P. Eyre, Samuel E. Stokes, Henry Sloan, James B. McFarland, Thomas C. Hand, Robert Burton, Jr., Jno. B. Semple, Pittsburgh, A. J. Phillips, Dr. T. Morgan, " J. Ross Snowden, "
WILLIAM MARTIN, President.
THOMAS C. HAND, Vice President.
HENRY LYLBURN, Secretary. ja9-y
FIRE AND INLAND RISKS.—FAME INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital ..... $100,000.
(Organized under the Act of Assembly relative to Insurance Companies, April 4, 1856.)
GEORGE W. DAY, President.
THOMAS S. MARTIN, Vice-President.
WILLIAM I. BLANCHARD, Secretary.
Office 411 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia.
DIRECTORS.
George W. Day, William W. Walters, Charles Richardson, Barclay Lippincott, Jos. B. Brognard, Chas. Stokes, Jacob K. Vaughan, Henry Lewis, Jr., D. B. Birx, John W. Everman, A. H. Rosenheim, M Stern.

Educational.

MISSES CASEY AND MRS. BEEBE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, No. 1703 WALNUT Street, west of SEVENTEENTH, Philadelphia, will be re-opened on WEDNESDAY, the 8th of September. su2-2m*
CRITTENDEN'S PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, northeast corner of CHESTNUT and SEVENTH Streets.
An Institution designed to fit young men for ACTIVE BUSINESS.
The whole building is occupied, and fitted up in a style surpassing anything of the kind in this country. Thorough preparation for the counting-house
BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
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Joshua Lippincott. ap22-tf
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LONG'S SPRING GARDEN ACADEMY, N. E. corner EIGHTH and BUTTONWOOD Sts.
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MATHEMATICAL AND CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.—(Separate from the above,) Young Men and Boys are prepared for any grade of an English and Classical Education, viz: Spelling, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Philosophy, Astronomy, Ancient and Modern Languages, with all the higher Collegiate Studies. Sessions of 5 months commence September 1st, and February 1st. Pupils received at any time before or after these dates and charged accordingly. Catalogues furnished gratis.
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BRYANT & STRATTON'S CHAIN OF NATIONAL MERCANTILE COLLEGES, Philadelphia College, Southeast corner SEVENTH and CHESTNUT Streets. For information, call or send for circular. je16-tf

Dissolutions and Copartnerships.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE THIS DAY entered into a limited partnership, agreeably to the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, approved March 21, 1836, entitled "An Act relative to Limited Partnerships," and the supplement thereto; and we do hereby certify:
1. That the name of the firm, under which such partnership is to be conducted, is F. & E. B. ORNE.
2. The general nature of the business intended to be transacted is the purchase and sale of Carpeting in the city of Philadelphia.
3. The name of the general partners are JOHN F.