LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR. By John Ruskin, LL. D. Published by John Wiley & Son. Philadelphia agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

There is no doubt that a tolerably ingenious man can make almost any interpretation of the Greek myths plausible, and they have already been interpreted in so many different ways that when a new idea on the subject is put forth, it is apt to be received with suspicion. In fact, to give an explicit interpretation of these myths may be set down as an impossibility. They frequently may mean, and do mean, different things; they are combinations of different ideas, of different lines of thought, and of different religious systems. The threads of different legends are so twisted together that the most ingenious unraveller is unable to follow each of them out to a definite origin, or rather they are of such obscure and impalpable growth that it is impossible to decide when or where they had their origin. Mr. Ruskin takes Athena as the representative of the powers of the air, the clouds, the storm, the clear light, the shifting, changing and complicated phenomena of the sky and atmosphere. His theory is ingenious, and to a great extent satisfactory, while he develops it with that enthusiasm and eloquence of language for which all his writings are noted. The theme is a noble one, and the greatest regret in perusing this book is that Mr. Ruskin has not confined himself to it exclusively, and avoided his vile habit of digressing to talk about every subject under the sun except the one he professes to have in hand. As it is, about one-half or less of this book treats of the Greek myths of cloud and storm, while the rest is given up to some of Mr. Ruskin's absurd disquisitions on political economy and matters and things in general about which he knows nothing at all. When Mr. Ruskin discourses about art he is always worth listening to, even if we do not agree with his opinions and conclusions, and even in his most irrational moments he strikes out ideas and eloquent thoughts that command our admiration. His theories of political economy, however, are simply bosh, and it is a great blemish on such a work as the one before us that Mr. Ruskin should have wandered off from his real subject to talk nonsense. The book is full of fine passages that might be quoted, and the difficulty is to make a selection. We take the following, however, from the concluding chapter, because it is essentially true, and it contains thoughts that are worthy of the consideration of our artists and all who have any interest in art:—

"Fix that in your heads also, therefore, that Greek faces are not particularly beautiful. Of the much nonsense against which you are to keep your ears shut, that which is talked to you of the Greek ideal of beauty, is among the absolutest. There is not a single instance of a very beautiful head left by the highest school of Greek art. On coins, there is even no approximately beautiful one. The Juno of Argos is a virago; the Athena of Athens grotesque; the Athena of Corinth is insipid; and of Thurium, sensual. The Siren Ligeia, and fountain of Arethusa, on the coins of Terina and Syracuse, are prettier, but totally without expression, and chiefly set off by their well-curled hair. You might have expected something subtle in Mercuries; but the Mercury of Ænus is a very stupid looking fellow, in a cap like a bowl, with a knob on the top of it. The Bacchus of Thasos is a drayman with his hair pomatum'd. The Jupiter of Syracuse is, however, calm and refined: and the Apollo of Clazomenæ would have been impressive, if he had not come down to us much flattened by friction. But on the whole, the merit of Greek coins does not primarily depend on beauty of features, nor even, in the period of highest art, that of the statues. You may take the Venus of Melos as a standard of beauty of the central Greek type. She has tranquil, regular, and lofty features; but could not hold her own for a moment against the beauty of a simple English girl, of pure race and kind heart.

"And the reason that Greek art, on the whole, bores you (and you know it does), is that you are always forced to look in it for something that is not there: but which may be seen every day, in real life, all round you: and which you are naturally disposed to delight in, and ought to delight in. For the Greek race was not at all one of exalted beauty, but only of general and healthy completeness of form. They were only, and could be only, beautiful in body to the degree that they were beautiful in soul (for you will find, when you read deeply into the matter, that the body is only the soul made visible). And the Greeks were indeed very good people, much better people than most of us think, or than many of us are: but there are better people alive now than the best of them, and lovelier people to be seen now, than the loveliest of them.

"Then, what are the merits of this Greek art, which make it so exemplary for you? Well, not that it is beautiful, but that it is Right. All that it desires to do, it does, and all that it does, does well. You will find, as you advance in the knowledge of art, that its laws of self-restraint are very marvellous; that its peace of heart, and contentment in doing a simple thing, with only one or two qualities, restrictedly desired, and sufficiently attained, are a most wholesome element of education for you, as opposed to the wild writhing, and wrestling, and longing for the moon, and tilting at windmills, and agony of eyes, and torturing of fingers, and general spinning out of one's soul into fiddlestrings, which constitute the ideal life of a modern artist.

"Also observe, there is entire masterhood of its business up to the required point. A Greek does not reach after other people's strength, nor outreach his own. He never tries to paint before he can draw; he never tries to lay on flesh where there are no bones; and he never expects to find the bones of anything in his inner consciousness. Those are his first merits—sincere and earnest purpose, strong common sense and principle, and all the strength that comes of these, and all the grace that follows on that strength.

"But, secondly, Greek art is always exemplary in disposition of masses, which is a thing that in modern days students rarely look for, artists not enough, and the public never. But, whatever else Greek work may fail of, you may be always sure its masses are well placed, and their placing has been the object of the most subtle care.

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"How far, then, have we got, in our list of the merits of Greek art now?

"Sound knowledge.
"Simple aims.
"Mastered craft.
"Vivid invention.
"Strong common sense.
"And eternally true and wise meaning.

"Are these not enough? Here is one more then, which will find favor, I should think, with the British Lion. Greek art is never frightened at anything, it is always cool.

"It differs essentially from all other art, past or present, in this incapability of being frightened. Half the power and imagination of every other school depend on a certain feverish terror mingling with their sense of beauty;—the feeling that a child has in a dark room, or a sick person in seeing ugly dreams. But the Greeks never have ugly dreams. They cannot draw anything ugly when they try. Sometimes they put themselves to their wits'-end to draw an ugly thing—the Medusa's head, for instance—but they can't do it, not they—because nothing frightens them. They widen the mouth, and grind the teeth, and puff the cheeks, and set the eyes a-goggling; and the thing is only ridiculous after all, not the least dreadful, for there is no dread in their hearts. Pensiveness; amazement; often deepest grief and desolateness. All these: but terror never. Everlasting calm in the presence of all fate; and joy such as they could win, not indeed in a perfect beauty, but in beauty at perfect rest! A kind of art this, surely, to be looked at, and thought upon sometimes with profit, even in these latter days.

"To be looked at sometimes. Not continually, and never as a model for imitation. For you are not Greeks; but, for better or worse, English creatures; and cannot do, even if it were a thousand times better worth doing, anything well, except what your English hearts shall prompt, and your English skies teach you. For all good art is the natural utterance of its own people in its own day.

"But also, your own art is a better and brighter one than ever this Greek art was. Many motives, powers, and insights have been added to those elder ones. The very corruptions into which we have fallen are signs of a subtle life, higher than theirs was, and therefore more fearful in its faults and death. Christianity has neither superseded, nor, by itself, excelled heathenism: but it has added its own good, won also by many a Nemean contest in dark valleys, to all that was good and noble in heathenism: and our present thoughts and work, when they are right, are nobler than the heathen's. And we are not reverent enough to them, because we possess too much of them. That sketch of four cherub heads from an English girl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Kensington, is an incomparably finer thing than ever the Greeks did. Ineffably tender in the touch, yet Herculean in power; innocent, yet exalted in feeling; pure in color as a pearl; reserved and decisive in design as this Lion crest—if it alone existed of such—if it were a picture by Zeuxis, the only one left in the world, and you built a shrine for it, and were allowed to see it only seven days in a year, it alone would teach you all of art that you ever needed to know. But you do not learn from this or any other such work, because you have not reverence enough for them, and are trying to learn from all at once, and from a hundred other masters besides."

—From Porter & Coates we have received "Hospital Sketches and Camp and Fireside Stories," by Louisa M. Alcott. About one-third of this little volume is taken up with a record of the writer's experience as a nurse in the hospital at Washington during a portion of the war, and the balance with a series of pleasantly written tales of camp life and home scenes. Miss Alcott is known as a graceful writer of stories and sketches, and several of her works have obtained a well-deserved popularity. This little book will be read with even more interest than her former writings. The story of the hospital life is told in a pleasant vein, which shows a fine sense of humor, while there are passages of simple but intense pathos that rise to the height of tragedy. Here we have a picture of a woman's rights woman fulfilling her mission:—

"John is going, ma'am, and wants to see you if you can come."

"The moment this boy is asleep; tell him so, and let me know if I am in danger of being too late."

My Ganymede departed, and while I quieted poor Shaw, I thought of John. He came in a day or two after the others; and, one evening, when I entered my pathetic room," I found a lately emptied bed occupied by a large, fair man, with a fine face, and the serenest eyes I ever met. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend, who had remained behind, that those apparently worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John—his courage, sobriety, self-denial, and unfailing kindliness of heart: always winding up with:—"He's an out an' out fine feller, ma'am; you see if he aint."

I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two, before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately looking man, whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature; who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith. A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and beard, comely featured and full of vigor, as yet unsubdued by pain; thoughtful and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as it entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face, with a clear straightforward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life, as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed, was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder:—"Do you think I shall pull through, sir?" "I hope so, my man." And, as the two passed on, John's eye still followed them, with an intentness which would have won a truer answer from them had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face: then came the usual serenity, as if, in that brief eclipse, he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and, asking nothing yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hands, with that submission which is true piety.

The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P., I happened to ask what man in the room probably suffered most: and, to my great surprise, he glanced at John:

"Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there; so the poor lad can neither find forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle and a long one, for he possesses great vitality; but even his temperate life can't save him; I wish it could."

"You don't mean he must die, Doctor?"

"Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him; and you'd better tell him so before long; women have a way of doing such things comfortably, so I leave it to you. He won't last more than a day or two, at furthest."

I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man, when half a dozen worn out, worthless bodies around him, were gathering up the remnants of wasted lives, to linger on for years perhaps, burdens to others, daily reproaches to themselves. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave, and faithful; fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand, true soldiers of the Lord. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfillment, and blundered into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P. to say:—"Tell him he must die," but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means as "comfortable" as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophecies; so, rendering my task unnecessary.

A few minutes later, as I came in again, with fresh rollers, I saw John sitting erect, with no one to support him, while the surgeon dressed his back. I had never hitherto seen it done; for having simpler wounds to attend to, and knowing the fidelity of the attendant, I had left John to him, thinking it might be more agreeable and safe; for both strength and experience were needed in his case. I had forgotten that the strong man might long for the tendance of a woman's hands, the sympathetic magnetism of a woman's presence, as well as the feebler souls about him. The Doctor's words caused me to reproach myself with neglect, not of any real duty perhaps, but of those little cares and kindnesses that solace homesick spirits, and make the heavier hours pass easier. John looked lonely and forsaken just then, as he sat with bent head, hands folded on his knee, and no outward sign of suffering, till, looking nearer, I saw great tears roll down and drop upon the floor. It was a new sight there: for, though I had seen many suffer, some swore, some groaned, most endured silently, but none wept. Yet it did not seem weak, only very touching, and straightway my fear vanished, my heart opened wide and took him in, as, gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been a little child, I said, "Let me help you bear it, John."

Never, on any human countenance, have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise and comfort, as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"Thank you, ma'am, this is right good! this is what I wanted!"

"Then why not ask for it before?"

"I didn't like to be a trouble; you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone."

"You shall not want it any more, John."

Nor did he; for now I understood the wistful look that sometimes followed me, as I went out, after a brief pause beside his bed, or merely a passing nod, while busied with those who seemed to need me more than he, because more urgent in their demands. Now I knew that to him, as to so many, I was the poor substitute for mother, wife, or sister, and in his eyes no stranger, but a friend who hitherto had seemed neglectful; for, in his modesty, he had never guessed the truth. This was changed now: and through the tedious operation of probing, bathing, and dressing his wounds, he leaned against me, holding my hand fast, and, if pain wrung further tears from him, so one saw them fall but me. When he laid down again, I hovered about him, in a remorseful state of mind that would not let me rest, till I had bathed his face, brushed his bonny brown hair, set all things smooth about him, and laid a knot of heath and heliotrope on his clean pillow. While doing this, he watched me with the satisfied expression I so liked to see; and when I offered the little nosegay, held it carefully in his great hand, smoothed a ruffled leaf or two, surveyed and smelt it with an air of genuine delight, and lay contentedly regarding the glimmer of the sunshine on the green. Although the manliest man among my forty, he said, "Yes, ma'am," like a little boy: received suggestions for his comfort with the quick smile that brightened his whole face; and now and then, as I stood tidying the table by his bed, I felt him softly touch my gown, as if to assure himself that I was there. Anything more natural and frank I never saw, and found this brave John as bashful as brave, yet full of excellencies and fine aspirations, which, having no power to express themselves in words, seemed to have bloomed into his character and made him what he was.

After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious, and he spoke in whispers; but from occasional conversations, I gleaned scraps of private history which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once he asked me write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said, with an irrepressible glimmer of feminine curiosity, "Shall it be addressed to wife, or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?" he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have; a look which young men seldom get until they marry."

"I didn't know that, but I'm not so very young, ma'am, thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years. Mother's a widow, I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry until Lizzy has a home of her own, and Jack's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt but you are both. John; yet how came you to go to war, if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?"

"No, ma'am, not as I see it, for one is helping my neighbor, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay; I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go;' so I went."

A short story and a simple one, but the man and the mother were portrayed better than pages of fine writing could have done it.

"Do you ever regret that you came, when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to; but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again, I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front; it looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know."

Poor John! it did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:—

"This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head, with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him:—

"I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me."

Merry Mercutio's dying words glanced through my memory as he spoke:—"'Tis no' so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough." And John would have said the same could he have seen the ominous black holes between his shoulders; he never read, but, seeing the ghastly sights about him, could not believe his own wound more fatal than these, for all the suffering it caused him.

"Shall I write to your mother, now?" I asked, thinking that those sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes. But they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one; doubtless remembering that the first led him to life, and the last to death.

"No, ma'am; to Jack just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done."

So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent; for, though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded, but most expressive; full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing "mother and Lizzie" to his care, and bidding him good bye in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines, with steady hand, and as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it;" then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before; now John was dying, and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in, John stretched out both hands:—

"I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am."

He was; and so rapidly that, even while he spoke, over his face I saw the grey veil falling that no human hand can lift. I sat down by him; wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help—and I could do so little; for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, "How long must I endure this, and be still!" For hours he suffered dumbly, without a moment's respite, or a moment's murmuring; his limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and again and again, he tore the covering off his breast, as if the lightest weight added to his agony; yet through it all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man's soul seemed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

One by one, the men woke, and round the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for, though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death; for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt, even in one little week. Presently, the Jonathan who so loved this comely David, came creeping from his bed for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand betrayed; but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching for its brevity.

"Old boy, how are you?" faltered the one.

"Most through, thank heaven!" whispered the other.

"Can I say or do anything for you anywhere?"

"Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best."

"I will! I will!"

"Good by, Ned."

"Good by, John, good by!"

They kissed each other, tenderly as women, and so parted, for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while, there was no sound in the room but the drip of water, from a stump or two, and John's distressful gasps, as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with his agonized appeal:—

"For God's sake, give me air!"

It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he had asked; and none of us could grant it, for all the air that blew were useless now. Dan flung up the window. The first red streak of dawn was warming the grey east, a herald of the coming sun: John saw it, and with the love of light which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help, for, over his whole face there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down; and, stretching out his strong right arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in a fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was forever past. He died then: for though the heavy breaths still tore their way up for a little longer, they were but the waves of an ebbing tide that beat unfelt against the wreck, which an immortal voyager had deserted, with a smile. He never spoke again, but to the end held my hand close, so close that when he was asleep at last, I could not draw it away. Dan helped me, warning me as he did so that it was unsafe for dead and living flesh to lie so long together; but though my hand was strangely cold and stiff, and fear white marks remained across its back, even when warmth and color had returned elsewhere, I could not but be glad that, through its touch, the human sympathy, perhaps, had lightened that hard hour.

When they had made him ready for the grave, John lay in state for half an hour, a thing which seldom happened in that busy place; but a universal sentiment of reverence and affection seemed to fill the hearts of all who had known or heard of him; and when the rumor of his death went through the house, always astir, many came to see him, and I felt a tender sort of pride in my lost patient; for he looked a most heroic figure, lying there stately and still as the statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb. The lovely expression which so often beautifies dead faces soon replaced the marks of pain, and I longed for those who loved him best to see him when half an hour's acquaintance with Death had made them friends. As we stood looking at him, the ward master handed me a letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had longed and looked for it so eagerly; but he had it: for, after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand, still folded as when I drew my own away, feeling that its place was there, and making myself happy with the thought, that, even in his solitary grave in the "Government Lot," he would not be without some token of the love which makes life beautiful and outlives death. Then I left him, glad to have known so genuine a man, and carrying with me an enduring memory of the brave Virginia blacksmith, as he lay serenely waiting for the dawn of that long day which knows no night."

—Turner Brothers & Co. send us a cheap paper-cover edition of James Greenwood's "Seven Curses of London." A portrait of the author which is given gives the likeness of a shrewd, active, and earnest reporter, the man to work up such a subject in good style. Price, twenty cents.

—We have received Nos. 41 and 42 of "Zell's Popular Encyclopedia," which is brought down to title "Bosphorus." The publishers make the following statement with regard to the work for the benefit of subscribers and others:—"It will not cost subscribers over $25, complete, unbound; or $27, bound in two volumes, in good English cloth. This is an advantage which subscribers obtain—that if it be necessary to add more to the number advertised, viz., 50 numbers at 50 cents, to complete the work, these additional numbers will be given to subscribers, and to none others, gratis. Letters A and B are those requring more space than perhaps any other, hence the room necessarily devoted to them. Some letters will need but few pages to complete them—but, while we feel sanguine of finishing this work within the number at first stated, we shall not permit the cost of a few additional numbers to deter us from making the work full and complete. If such extra numbers are issued, however, subscribers and those only get the benefit of them, and at no additional cost to them."

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LOOKING-GLASS,
PORTRAIT, AND PICTURE FRAMES.
NO. 910 CHESNUT STREET,
3 1§ Fifth door above the Continental, Phila.

ICE CREAM AND WATER ICE.
THE NEAPOLITAN
ICE CREAM AND WATER ICES.
THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
This celebrated Brick Ice Cream and Water Ice can be carried in a paper to any part of the city, as you would candy. Fifteen or twenty different kinds of them are kept constantly on hand, and ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT FLAVORS can be made to order for those who desire to have something never before seen in the United States, and superior to any Ice Cream made in Europe.
Principal Depot—No. 1324 WALNUT Street.
Branch Store—No. 1020 SPRING GARDEN Street.
6 1§ F. J. ALLEGRETTI.

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.
BEAN & WARD,
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE
PAPER HANGINGS,
NO. 251 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
BETWEEN WALNUT AND SPRUCE,
PHILADELPHIA.
COUNTRY WORK PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. 2 18§

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!—WALL PAPERS and Linen Window Shades Manufactured, the cheapest in the city, at JOHNSTON'S Depot, No. 1033 SPRING GARDEN Street, below Eleventh, Branch, No. 307 FEDERAL Street, Camden, New Jersey. 2 25]

1115.—HOPKINS'
HOOP-SKIRT AND CORSET MANUFACTORY AND SALESROOMS,
No. 1115 CHESNUT STREET.
Our CHAMPION SKIRTS better and cheaper than all others. 19 to 50 springs, 65c. to $2.25. Our Keystone Skirts, 20 to 60 springs, 60c. to $1.40; New York made Skirts, from 20 to 40 springs, 65 to 75c.
R. Werley Corsets, $2.50, $3.50, $4.50.
Beckel Corsets, from $1 to $7.
Thomson's "Glove-fitting" Corsets, from $2.20 to $5.
Mrs. Moody's patent self-adjusting abdominal supporting Corsets, from $3 to $7—highly recommended by physicians, and should be examined by every lady.
Over 40 other varieties of Corsets, from 75c. to $9.50.
Skirts and Corsets made to order, altered and repaired.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. 7 23 3m
WILLIAM T. HOPKINS.

WINDOW GLASS.
The subscribers are manufacturing daily, 10,000 feet best quality of
AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS.
They are also constantly receiving importations of
FRENCH WINDOW GLASS.
Rough Plate and Ribbed Glass, Enamelled, Stained, Engraved, and Ground Glass, which they offer at lowest market rates.
EVANS, SHARP & WESTCOATT.
5 29 3m No. 613 MARKET Street, Philada.

BARGH, FARRELL & WARREN
DEALERS IN PAPERS
OF ALL KINDS,
NO. 631 CHESNUT STREET
AND
NO. 624 JAYNE STREET,
7 6 2m PHILADELPHIA.

STATE RIGHTS FOR SALE.—STATE Rights of a valuable Invention just patented, and for the SLICING, CUTTING, and CHIPPING of dried beef, cabbage, etc., are hereby offered for sale. It is an article of great value to proprietors of hotels and restaurants, and it should be introduced into every family. STATE RIGHTS for sale. Model can be seen at TELEGRAPH OFFICE, COOPER'S POINT, N. J.
5 27tf MUNDY & HOFFMAN.

ALEXANDER G. CATTELL & CO., PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 126 NORTH WHARVES AND No. 27 NORTH WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 2 29§
ALEXANDER G. CATTELL. ELIJAH CATTELL.

TO THE PUBLIC.—THE FINEST AND largest assortment of the latest styles of Boots, Gaiters, and Shoes for Men and Boys can be had at ERNEST SOPP'S Large Establishment, No. 230 S. NINTH Street.

SHIPPING.

FOR LIVERPOOL AND QUEENSTOWN—Inman Line of Mail Steamers are appointed to sail as follows:—
City of Boston, Saturday, August 21, at 1 P. M.
Etna, via Halifax, Tuesday, August 24, at 1 P. M.
City of Paris, Saturday, August 28, at 10 A. M.
City of Brooklyn, Saturday, September 4, at 1 P. M.
And each succeeding Saturday and alternate Tuesday, from Pier 45, North River.
RATES OF PASSAGE.
BY THE MAIL STEAMER SAILING EVERY SATURDAY.
Payable in Gold. Payable in Currency.
FIRST CABIN.....$100 | STEERAGE.....$35
To London..... 105 | To London..... 40
To Paris..... 115 | To Paris..... 47
PASSAGE BY THE TUESDAY STEAMER, VIA HALIFAX.
FIRST CABIN. STEERAGE.
Payable in Gold. Payable in Currency.
Liverpool.....$80 | Liverpool.....$30
Halifax..... 20 | Halifax..... 15
St. John's, N. F.,} by Branch Steamer.....} 45 | St. John's, N. F.,} by Branch Steamer.....} 30
Passengers forwarded to Havre, Hamburg, Bremen, etc. at reduced rates.
Tickets can be bought here at moderate rates by persons wishing to send for their friends.
For further information apply at the Company's Office
JOHN G. DALE, Agent, No. 15 BROADWAY, N. Y
or to O'DONNELL & FAULK, Agents,
4 5 No. 411 CHESNUT Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.
FAST FREIGHT LINE,
EVERY THURSDAY.
The Steamships PROMETHEUS, Captain Gray, J. W. EVERMAN, Captain Hinckley, WILL FORM A REGULAR WEEKLY LINE.
The steamship J. W. EVERMAN will sail on TUESDAY, August 19, at 4 P. M.
Through bills of lading given in connection with S. C. R. R. to points in the South and Southwest.
Insurance at lowest rates. Rates of freight as low as by any other route. For freight, apply to
E. A. SOUDER & CO.,
2 22tf DOCK STREET WHARF.

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE
THE GENERAL TRANSATLANTIC COMPANY'S MAIL STEAMSHIPS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND HAVRE, CALLING AT BREST.
The splendid new vessels on this favorite route for the Continent will sail from Pier No. 50, North river, every Saturday.
PRICE OF PASSAGE
in gold (including wine).
TO BREST OR HAVRE.
First Cabin.....$140 | Second Cabin.....$85
TO PARIS,
(Including railway tickets, furnished on board.)
First Cabin.....$145 | Second Cabin.....$85
These steamers do not carry steerage passengers.
Medical attendance free of charge.
American travellers going to or returning from the continent of Europe, by taking the steamers of this line avoid unnecessary risks from transit by English railways and crossing the channel, besides saving time, trouble, and expense. GEORGE MACKENZIE, Agent,
No. 58 BROADWAY, New York.
For passage in Philadelphia, apply at Adams' Express Company, to H. L. LEAF,
1 27§ No. 320 CHESNUT Street.

PHILADELPHIA, RICHMOND, AND NORFOLK STEAMSHIP LINE THROUGH FREIGHT AIR LINE TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.
EVERY SATURDAY,
At noon, from FIRST WHARF above MARKET Street.
THROUGH RATES to all points in North and South Carolina, via Seaboard Air Line Railroad, connecting at Portsmouth and to Lynchburg, Va., Tennessee, and the West, via Virginia and Tennessee Air Line and Richmond and Danville Railroad.
Freight HANDLED BUT ONCE, and taken at LOWER RATES THAN ANY OTHER LINE.
The regularity, safety, and cheapness of this route commend it to the public as the most desirable medium carrying every description of freight.
No charge for commission, drayage, or any expense at transfer.
Steamships insured at the lowest rates.
Freight received daily.
WILLIAM P. CLYDE & CO.,
No. 12 S. WHARVES and Pier 1 N. WHARVES.
W. P. PORTER, Agent at Richmond and City Point.
T. P. CROWELL & CO., Agents at Norfolk. 6 1§

LORILLARD'S STEAMSHIP LINE FOR
NEW YORK.
Sailing on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.
REDUCTION OF RATES.
Freight by this line taken at 12 cents per 100 pounds, cents per foot, or 1 cent per gallon, ship's option. Advance charges cashed at office on Pier. Freight received at all times on covered wharf.
JOHN F. OHL,
2 28§ Pier 19 North Wharves.
N. B. Extra rates on small packages iron, metal, etc.

NEW EXPRESS LINE TO Alexandria, Georgetown, and Washington, D. C., via Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, with connections at Alexandria from the most direct route for Lynchburg, Bristol, Knoxville, Nashville, Dalton, and the Southwest.
Steamers leave regularly every Saturday at noon from the first wharf above Market street.
Freight received daily.
WILLIAM P. CLYDE & CO.,
No. 14 North and South Wharves.
HYDE & TYLER, Agents, at Georgetown; M. REDRIDGE & CO., Agents at Alexandria. 6 1§

NOTICE.—FOR NEW YORK, VIA DELAWARE AND RARITAN CANAL. EXPRESS STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
The CHEAPEST and QUICKEST water communication between Philadelphia and New York.
Steamers leave daily from first wharf below Market street, Philadelphia, and foot of Wall street, New York.
Goods forwarded by all the lines running out of New York, North, East, and West, free of commission.
Freight received and forwarded on accommodating terms. WILLIAM P. CLYDE & CO., Agents,
No. 12 S. DELAWARE Avenue, Philadelphia.
JAMES HAND, Agent,
5 3§ No. 119 WALL Street, New York.

NOTICE.—FOR NEW YORK, VIA Delaware and Raritan Canal. SWIFTSURE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.—DESPATCH AND SWIFTSURE LINE.
The business by these lines will be resumed on and after the 8th of March. For freights, which will be taken on accommodating terms, apply to
W. M. BAIRD & CO.,
3 25 No. 132 South Wharves.

DRUGS, PAINTS, ETC.
ROBERT SHOEMAKER & CO.
N. E Corner FOURTH and RACE Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
Importers and Manufacturers of
White Lead and Colored Paints, Putty, Varnishes, Etc.
AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED
FRENCH ZINC PAINTS.
Dealers and consumers supplied at lowest prices for cash. 12 4§

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.
R. R. THOMAS & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Doors, Blinds, Sash, Shutters
WINDOW FRAMES, ETC.,
N. W. CORNER OF
EIGHTEENTH and MARKET Streets,
5 26 3m PHILADELPHIA.

GEORGE PLOWMAN,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
No. 134 DOCK STRET, PHILADELPHIA. 3 8§

WIRE GUARDS
FOR STORE FRONTS, ASYLUMS, FACTORIES, ETC.
Patent Wire Railing, Iron Bedsteads, Ornamental Wire Work, Paper-makers' Wires, and every variety of Wire