

NEW-YORKISMS.

From Our Own Correspondent. New York, Oct. 19, 1869. To the Rich Cuban! One of the pleasant fictions in a belief in which the public mind in the United States is educated, is that all Cubans are rich. You as naturally expect a Cuban to be wealthy, by report at least, as you expect to hear of a celebrated prima donna that she is the daughter of poor people, and once earned her living by singing in the streets. Heavy gold chains, small Koh-i-noors, rich clothing, and gold-headed canes are presumed to be as indispensable to the tout-ensemble of the unadorned Cuban, as a bronze complexion and eyes of vivid black. Your ideal Cuban is a brilliant, tawny, fascinating, savage creature, whose walking stick is a sword-cane, and whose eyes are like socket-pistols continually flashing in the pan. The real Cuban as he appears in the streets of New York is as unlike the ideal, as the Indian princess of everyday life is unlike the imaginary savage of tradition and the stage. He is very often very poor. A refugee from the warm latitude of Havana, or Trinidad, or Cienfuegos, or Matanzas, as the case may be, he has already begun to shiver in our chill October breathings, without the wherewithal to provide himself winter clothing, even of that comparatively cheap description which is labelled "Ready-made." He would perhaps have gladly enlisted under the standard of Céspedes or Quesada, but he is an exile from those very shores, whence it was all but impossible to escape into the territories occupied by those leaders. Of the nine or ten thousand refugees that have made their homes among us, many of them were wealthy in Cuba; but their wealth consisted principally of real estate, which has been appropriated by the Government. Comparatively few possess much unencumbered property in the United States, and against those who do it cannot justly be urged that they have not done much to aid their distressed countrymen. That the Cuban refugees are invariably wealthy, however, is, I repeat, a pleasant fiction, which those who meet him often very soon cease to believe in.

The correspondents and reporters of this city are busily engaged in their French, intent upon interviewing Pere Hyacinthe, who, if he can be induced not to dine at Delmonico's or the Astor House, not to drive out with Mr. Bonner and Dexter, not to make the tour of Mr. Stewart's retail establishment, not to take rooms at the Glenhouse or the Grand Hotel, and not to accept the hospitality of the city as represented in the Mayor and Common Council, may hope to take away with him some pleasant recollections of his visit to the United States. A foreigner's visit to this city is generally considered to be incomplete unless he has done each and all of these things, and if he can contrive, by hook or by crook, to be introduced to Mr. Fisk, and to have a chat with Corbin about religion in the Gold Room, the eclat of the thing will be complete. About the visit of Pere Hyacinthe there is a uniqueness which would fall to be discovered in the visit of prince or grandee, tragedienne, opera-bouffon, or gorilla-lecturer. It is the old story of the temptation in the wilderness. The world loves to tempt the Church. Fashion delights to tantalize Faith. The Pere Hyacinthe will not be let alone because he is a holy man. Saints are animals as well as sinners. They have appetites to be satisfied, and a neat taste in wines that delights to assert itself. They hunger and thirst after other things besides righteousness, and at this moment tables are preparing at which our godly guest will be desired to seat himself, with as much animal enjoyment as though the lot of priests, as well as of common men, was merely to eat and drink to day and die to-morrow.

Those Superfluous Youngsters. Upon the first of November a new institution (for New York) is to be opened. It is called the "Foundling House," and, as its name indicates, is intended for the accommodation of those superfluous youngsters whose fathers and mothers prefer depriving them of the opportunity of displaying that wisdom which is said to be evident in a child's capability of "knowing his father." It is situated on Twelfth street, is large enough to accommodate seventy infants, has already received contributions varying from one to one hundred dollars from many of our most prominent citizens, and is under the immediate care of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, who have already established orphan asylums on Fifth avenue, Madison avenue, and in Prince street, a home for Destitute Children in St. Stephen's parish, and a really magnificent hospital in Eleventh street, known as the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul. As soon as practicable a house will be built for the special accommodation of these baby-waifs. The present undertaking was begun on account of the number of foundlings left on the thresholds of the residences of the Sisters of Charity throughout the city. Under the old order of things it was found impossible to accommodate these door-step children, which, like other step-children, often bore marks of ill-treatment even at that early age. At the house in Twelfth street infants will be received at any hour of the night or day, and no questions will be asked. If, however, the baby-depositor should desire to make any statement, or to leave any suitable indication by which the child can be identified in after years, no objection will be made. In establishing this house the Daughters of St. Vincent have done what the Sorosis only talked about; but then what right have we to blame an association of fashionably-dressed women who only pretended to be and not to do?

"Mary Warner." "Mary Warner? Who's Mary Warner?" I heard a theatrical critic ask the other day. "Mary Warner," whoever she is, made her first appearance in this country last night at Booth's Theatre, and was very well received by a large audience. With the drift of the play, that portion of the public which attends much to the theatrical matters is already sufficiently familiar. To describe the drama as a sort of female Tiber of Leave effort, is entirely too loose and careless a generalization. It is "Mary Warner" however, from first to last, and her mingled fortune and tenderness in one of the most trying situations that can be conceived of, lend a sad and sweet interest to the creation both of the dramatist and the actress. Meanwhile the masculine Batemans, both here and there, are as anxious about the newspaper criticisms as though she were still a promising debutante of eighteen about to appear in Gertrude. If any critic prove recalcitrant, I understand that the old gentleman whittles a very sharp stick and immediately seeks a public and argumentative interview with him.

The Hanlon Brothers. who have been practicing all spring and summer in Mr. Ethan Stone's Equine Gymnasium, at Passaic Falls, are soon going to make their appearance in a new athletic performance, unlike any other. In which anybody else has ever appeared. I know this to be a fact, because the advertisements say so. The brothers are now eight in number, five young men and three lads, all in prime condition. All B.A.B.A.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"Hunted Down" at the Chesnut Street Theatre. Boucicault's drama of Hunted Down; or, the Two Lives of Mary Leigh, is not entirely new to our playgoers, having been produced at the Chesnut Street Theatre, under the old management, about two years ago, with Mrs. Bowers in the leading role, and Mr. Leach as her chief support. Last evening the play was revived upon the boards of the Chesnut, by Miss Laura Keane's new company, with all the interest, on the part of the public, that attaches to the production of a new piece. A large audience was present, and the performance was so meritorious throughout that it was received as a pronounced success. Hunted Down need only be compared with Boucicault's latest creation, Forwards, to enable one to appreciate the rapidity with which that voluminous playwright is degenerating. The former play is immeasurably the superior of the latter, and although it cannot be pronounced one of his best effusions, it deserves to rank above the general run of the trashy stuff with which he has been flooding the stage during the last few years. The first act attempts to portray a scene of perfect domestic bliss; but the author has been so intent upon his object that he has verged upon the puerile, and in a dialogue between the artist "John Leigh" and his wife "Mary," he has given us a surfeit of the very smallest sort of small domestic talk. Miss Keane as "Mary Leigh," and Mr. Morland as "John Leigh," however, make the best use of their opportunities, and in their hands the love scene partakes as little of indifference as could well be possible. Miss Keane thoroughly appreciates the individuality of her part, and while rattling off the honeyed words of her wifely happiness, brings out with sufficient distinctness the undercurrent of sadness which at once serves to give us a clue to her "other life," and affords a background that sets forth the present in bold and striking relief. The contrast is still further heightened by the final of the act, in which appears the unscrupulous villain who has cast a shadow upon her life, and now emerges from the grave to complete the ruin of her hopes. The "Count de Willford" is modelled upon the traditional heavy villain of the stage, and in no essential respect does he differ from the host of heartless and conscienceless villains who have preceded him. To Mr. Morland is allotted this part, and his interpretation of it is happily not so dignified into necessary and unnatural ferocity. We were greatly disappointed in Mr. Morland's personation of "John Leigh." This actor is usually so bary in manner as well as in voice, that a partial failure of the part was to be apprehended at his hands. He succeeds, however, in keeping his admirable adaptation for such roles as that of "Bill Sykes" well in the background, and throws a great deal of tender sentiment into the part.

In the second act villainy appears to have full swing, but in the third and last the tables are turned, and, after the first life of "Mary Leigh" is brought out into full contrast with the happiness which marks her career at the opening of the play, virtue gets the upper hand and enjoys supreme vindication, according to the time-honored custom. But the grand lesson which the piece claims to teach, and which it does impress upon us in a very forcible manner, is the utter lack of wisdom displayed by those wives who fancy that their happiness is made secure by keeping disagreeable secrets from trusting and dotting husbands. A passion for startling situations is one of the pardonable weaknesses of Boucicault, and it has full play in Hunted Down. The scene wherein the reproachful "Count" lays claim to "Mary Leigh" as his wife, whereupon she calls upon "John Leigh," who she had just resolved upon abandoning, to protect her, is worked up with a great deal of skill, and is acted by Miss Keane and Messrs. Morland and McManus with a degree of energy and care that commands the hearty applause of the audience. Miss May Howard, who assumes the part of "Clara," the artist's model and the true wife of the heavy villain, throws a great deal of force and pathos into her role, which is one that makes a demand upon the higher qualities of art, and when well acted, as it is by her, engages the hearty sympathy of the audience. Little Nellie, to whom is allotted the charming child's part of "Willie Leigh," elicited last evening generous applause. Many of the best points of the piece are placed in her mouth, and she delivers them with a true childlike earnestness and innocence, and great care in her training and great capacity for the stage on the part of one of such tender age. Hunted Down, as given on the first evening of its performance, is certainly a pleasurable entertainment, and will deserve all the repetitions that Miss Keane may accord it.

"Progress" at the Arch. The real merits of Robertson's pieces are well understood by the public, in spite of the efforts on the part of some critics to elevate them to a position they cannot claim, and of others to degrade them below the level where they really belong. The real weakness of the drama of the present day is in the lack of competent playwrights. We have quite as good acting, on an average, as former generations, and in stage appointments and all the appurtenances of the theatre we are far in advance of former times. Dramatic writing only has fallen into neglect, and a really good play is so rare a thing that it is apt to excite unusual interest when it does appear. As every playgoer knows, the majority of the pieces now written are distinguished by an inanity of language that places them beneath contempt as literary works, and they depend entirely for success on scenery and mechanical effects that ought to be only the accessories to well-drawn characters, skilfully woven plot, powerful and effective dramatic situations, and wit, passion, pathos, and sentiment in the dialogue. No sensible person will object to sensational effects, for every great dramatist, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, has made use of them, and in a manner that Boucicault and Daly, when racking their brains to find work for the stage carpenter, would not dare to do. Æschylus and Shakespeare, however, have given us grand and noble poetry, or they would have been forgotten long ago, and the success of their plays did not depend solely upon the scenic painter and the machanic. If this was an age of great dramatic writers, Robertson would scarcely take the same rank he does now; but the qualities that have made his reputation are genuine, and his plays, so far as they go, are real works of art. He has a rare faculty of throwing a charm about subjects that in themselves are commonplace and often trivial. His plays are fresh, bright, and pure in tone; and it is creditable to the taste of the public that they like them, and to the dramatist that he can make such subjects attractive without resorting to the clap-trap devices that the Boucicault school of dramatists find necessary.

Progress, produced at the Arch last evening, is an adaptation of a comedy entitled Les Gascones, by Victorien Sardou. It is, apparently, a tolerably close copy of the original, as it lacks many of the characteristic of Robertson's style, and it is a more vigorous performance than any that he has yet given to the world.

The scene is laid in an old English abbey, removed from the centres of civilization, and inhabited by a set of old fogies who delight in contemplating the good old times and in declaiming against the progressive spirit of the present day that is fast obliterating the old landmarks. Love, however, comes in from the house of Montpensier, conceives a passion for a young engineer, and, falling into a severe illness, her relatives are obliged to consent to her receiving the addresses of her piteous lover as the only means of saving her life. The theme is well worked out, and the argument between foginess and progress fairly stated.

The love story is very beautiful, although the spectacle of a sick girl, with a consumptive cough, is anything but pleasant, and we could wish that the requirements of the scene did not render it necessary to see the heroine in a state of distress.

any for the heroine to appear in quite such a distressing condition. The part of "Ira" was very well performed by Miss Price, who in the delightful little love scene of the second act played with great feeling and tenderness. Mrs. Thayer as "Miss Myrtle," a mischief-making old maid, was admirably as usual, and Mr. Temple as "Bunyan," a retired contractor, had a part exactly suited to him, and he appeared to excellent advantage, as he always does in such circumstances. The honors of the evening, however, were carried off by Mr. Mathews, who made a great deal of the small part of "Lord Montpensier," and gave the best and most careful piece of acting of the evening. The rest of the characters were creditably sustained, and that is about as much as can be said. Most of the parts appear to be capable of greater elaboration than was bestowed upon them, and there was little or no attempt at genuine character-acting, except in the instances we have mentioned.

The City Amusements. AT THE THEATRE BOUCICAULT'S drama of Hunted Down will be performed this evening by Miss Keane and her company. A laughable comedieta will conclude the entertainment.

AT THE WALKER Mr. Booth will appear this evening in The Stranger and Don Cesar de Bazan, Othello announced for to-morrow.

AT THE ARCH Progress will be repeated this evening.

AT THE ELEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE an amusing minstrel performance will be given this evening.

The "SAB" COURSE OF LECTURES will open this evening at the Academy of Music, with Miss Anna Dickinson as the first of the luminaries in Mr. Pugh's list. Miss Dickinson's subject is "Widowed Separation," and the substance of her discourse will be facts and opinions about the Mormons. The second lecture will be delivered on Thursday evening next by Mr. R. J. De Cordova. Subject, "The Sham Family at Home." Dr. R. H. CHASE will lecture this evening at Concert Hall. The subject chosen by this distinguished orator is "Building and Being." Dr. Chapin's fame is so widely known, and his eloquence so highly appreciated by our citizens, that we need only announce his appearance to insure him an appreciative audience, and a rare treat may be expected by those who attend.

THE CHURCH is now in its last week on Eighth street, between Race and Vine, and those who admire first-rate equestrianism should take advantage of the few remaining opportunities. There will be a grand street parade to-morrow up Vine to Fifteenth, to Calowhill, to Twentieth, to Arch, to Thirtieth, to Spruce, to Fifth, to Eighth. Performances will be given every afternoon and evening.

PERSONAL. A Glance at the Personals of Newspapers.—What they Are, and What They May Lead to. The newspaper is a household kaleidoscope, showing day by day the combining and dissolving visions of life about town. Each one finds in it what he or she has the wish and the power to see. The anxious trader notes the ups and downs of prices, and his wife of marriages, deaths, and burials. The cute wimples chuckles to see how astutely his leading strings are handled near election day, and the young miss delights in the news of toilettes and amusements. Yet the column which of all others proves most absorbing is that headed "Personal." It is so gossipy, tells odd things so innocently, and gives such good data for guessing how other folks are living, that we confess, for our own part, to taking a big interest in it. Being had the curiosity lately to glance over the Personals of the Ledger, the Herald, and the New York Sunday Mercury, each peculiar in this line, our readers shall have some of the experiences gained.

Here are a couple of items taken from one paper, the like of which occur often, and give a good insight into the ambitions of boy life: I LEFT SCHOOL ON THE INSTANT.—A Boy writes: "I had on brown mink suit, dark straw hat, and a fair complexion. Any information that would lead to my recovery will be rewarded at No. 212 West Broadway, Philadelphia." I LEFT THEIR HOMES IN TRENTON, ON Saturday, D—, aged 16, and P—W—, aged 15. H— is light complexioned, had on dark clothes, and had star marked on his hand. Any information that would lead to their recovery will be rewarded at No. 212 West Broadway, Philadelphia.

The first boy can easily be conjectured to be an admirer of those famous strollers, Jack the Sailor Boy, Robinson Crusoe, and Roderick Random; and, like young Roderick, he has packed his little bundle, thrown it over his shoulder, and set out on a long tramp to see the wonders of his country. Sleeping under a hedge or on a haystack, with the stars and moon shining down, sounds very pretty in reading, but a strong after-twing of the "rheumatics" feels scarcely so jolly. The other lads, no doubt, have vowed together to run away to sea, have cribbed in secrecy some of their old clothes, a lot of cold meat and bread, and by each other's aid having got themselves tattooed on arms and bodies with all sorts of "injun ink" figures, till they look as heathenish as they feel, have set out to trudge most likely to this city, and in all probability may find their romance drizzling out in an oyster smack.

Such youngsters too often have their heads full of romantic fancies that have nothing to match them in life, and tug hard at the restraints of the good mother's apron strings. Be patient, boys, and get all the happiness possible out of home life; the time may be soon enough of itself when you will have nothing of it with you but recollections. See how, when the time comes for the young swallows to fly, the old birds push them off the roof of the homestead that they may learn to use their wings by fluttering in the air; and be sure the time of bearing your share of the world's work will come fast enough.

Then there is a species of notices for goods that have unaccountably strayed away, of which class a few dribbles are almost always in print. They may be pretty accurately sorted into two general heads—one puts on the virtuous indignant tone, and trusts by loud talk to bring the unknown offender to his or her knees, like this: THE PERSON WHO TOOK MY GOLD Spectacles off the table of my back room on Friday morning, October —, in house —, street, is requested to return them and spare their character. His — street.

The other philosophically strikes the bland persuasive key, and offers an inducement more pleasant yet fully as effective as Paddy's pick-fork argument with the bull in his garden: IF THE PARTY WHO, IN MISTAKE, TOOK A Basket from the Hotel, foot of — street, on Friday, October —, returns it and consents to Mr. — proprietor, they will receive fifteen (\$15) dollars, and no questions asked.

As human nature averages, "mine host" will be apt to get more good out of his advertisement than the old lady. Another piquant class of notices almost monopolize the personals of the New York journals, although we are glad to say, scarcely represented in Philadelphia papers. Those who are fond of cracking hard nuts may try their teeth on these: AN IMMENSE NUMBER OF SQUAW, her silence worries him.

IN THE RAIN, SATURDAY NIGHT LATE. — Got off Third Avenue car in the Bowery, near Stanton street, walking down under the canopy, and found some address to N. L. DESP., box 24 Herald office.

A H—135, WARM WEATHER. KEEP A still.

A TRUE FRIEND—HARDWARE.—IF I can serve you, command me in person or by letter at 12 1/2 West 5th of October. Will turn away for your villain.

STILL WATER.—SIXTH AVENUE, IN-STEAD of outside, at four "QUEENERS."

All, however, are not quite so puzzling to general readers. Here are a couple which seem to tell a plain story; the respective parties can scarcely be accused of over modesty in respect to their personal attractiveness: IF THE YOUNG LADY IN BLACK, WHO I noticed great who was unsuccessful in passing card in envelope when at table at the American Institute Fair on Saturday evening, desires his acquaintance, please address in confidence ADIRICK, box 29, Herald office.

IF THE STOUT GENTLEMAN WHO RODE UP in the Madison avenue stage Saturday afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, wishes to form the acquaintance of the young lady sitting opposite, who wore striped suit, he can do so by addressing ELLA, Union Square Post Office, 225 Broadway.

Scarcely applicable to the latter are Shakespeare's lines: "A maiden never bold; Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion Blushed at itself!" And as Miss Ella's admiration in this case seems to be given to a good many masculine pounds avoirdupois, she can scarcely be classed under another description of the immortal bard's: "Some there be that shadows kiss; Some have but a shadow's bliss."

A second edition of La Traviata might easily be made by any one patient enough to clip and arrange the personals contained in several issues of the Herald. From the first advertisement timidly inserted, half in joke and half in earnest, to the ad and appeals full of remorse and terror, the passage is soon bridged. Let us try the experiment: MISS GREEN.—PLEASE SEND YOUR ADDRESS to J. M. P., box 250 Post Office.

B.—ANOTHER LETTER, ADDRESSED AS before. Call for it. MARY MORTON.

"YOUR NEIGHBORS."—COMMUNICATION received. Will you be kind enough to write again your address (in strict confidence); will esteem it a great favor.

WILL MY LITTLE FAVORITE, PRETTY, curly haired Lottie F., of the K. O. grant me an interview? E. G., of St.

DARLING.—WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, 2 o'clock, corner Tenth and West Fourth streets; if not possible, write, post office box 250, New York City.

J. H. F.—MEET ME ON THURSDAY, THE 21st, corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway, at 4 P. M. MOLLIE.

NIBLOS, TUESDAY EVENING, AFTERWARDS sing to Delmonico's. If agreeable state when I can see you. Address C. HARTLEY, New York Post Office.

NELLIE—SHALL I SEE YOU AGAIN? REPORTER.

SAM—I WILL MEET YOU ON THE CORNER of Twenty sixth street and Third avenue on Saturday, the 19th, at 5 o'clock. MATTIE.

EMMA—"HOME IN TIME; NO THANKS TO YOU."—I am invited, at Howard street, without champagne. Write immediately.

VAN GORDER.—COME, DARLING, WITH me; only because of "shadows." Received two. More when I see you. JULIA.

DEAR CHARLIE—I AM HEARTSICK AND discouraged. When will you come to PRAY.

YOUR LETTERS INTERCEPTED—YOU have been deceived; please write me at the New York Post Office. You have my address. D.

PRAY DO LET ME HEAR FROM YOU IMMEDIATELY, as I am very unhappy. BROOKLYN.

Y.—DARLING, I AM GREATLY ALARMED. I am invited, at Howard street, without champagne, to meet at the Madison Hall, CHENNETT street, on THURSDAY MORNING at 10 o'clock, to attend the funeral of Brother JOHN H. HUBBS. By order of the W. M. CHARLES H. KINGSTON, Secretary.

DEPARTED. CHAMBERS.—On the 18th instant, at the Broad Street M. E. Parsonage, No. 182 Chestnut street, by Rev. Samuel Lewis, Mr. JAMES CHAMBERS to Miss MARY BROWN, all of this city.

MOORE-LARER.—On the 29th of July, 1869, by Rev. C. W. Quirk, in the Church of Our Saviour, HENRY T. MOORE to MARY F. LARER, all of Philadelphia, Pa.

DEPARTED. BROWN.—At St. Louis, Mo., on the morning of the 18th instant, in the 20th year of his age, WILLIAM H., son of Laura A. and of the late William H. Brown, of this city.

OLAGHORN.—On Sunday morning, the 17th instant, JOHN W. OLAGHORN, in the 5th year of his age. His relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 1009 Arch street, on Wednesday afternoon, the 21st instant, at 3 o'clock, without further notice.

COURTNEY.—On Monday, the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY COURTNEY, wife of the late Samuel P. Courtney, in the 70th year of her age. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, No. 1119 Palmer street, on Thursday, the 21st instant, at 1 o'clock.

FELLOW.—On the 19th instant, EDWARD MITCHELL, son of John and Fannie Fellow, aged 9 months. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the parents' residence, No. 104 Franklin street, on Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, to proceed to the City Cemetery.

HUBBS.—On the 17th instant, Mr. JOHN H. HUBBS, only son of the late Allen J. Hubbs, in the 26th year of his age. The relatives and friends of the family, also Girard Park Lodge, No. 214 and Belmont's Lodge, No. 114, A. Y. M., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his father-in-law's residence Mr. David Bird, No. 134 N. 7th street, on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, without further notice. To proceed to Laurel Hill Cemetery.

KNASS.—On the morning of the 18th instant, CHARLES LOMBARD, infant son of William Harris and Amelia Stricker Knass.

EPHRAIM NOTICE. THE MEMBERS OF SOLOMON'S LODGE, No. 114, A. Y. M., and the Order in general, are fraternally invited to meet at the Masonic Hall, CHENNETT street, on THURSDAY MORNING at 10 o'clock, to attend the funeral of Brother JOHN H. HUBBS. By order of the W. M. CHARLES H. KINGSTON, Secretary.

DRY GOODS. EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTION IN PRICES OF DRY GOODS. RICKEY, SHARP & CO., No. 727 CHESTNUT STREET.

In order to close out their Fall and Winter Stock by December 1, will offer Extraordinary Bargains IN SILKS, DRESS GOODS, and MISCELLANEOUS DRY GOODS.

This stock is the largest and most varied ever offered at retail in this market, and more repete with staples and novelties of recent importations than any other in this city.

ONE PRICE AND NO DEVIATION. RICKEY, SHARP & CO., No. 727 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A BARGAIN IN SILK CLOAK VELVETS EDWIN HALL & CO., No. 23 SOUTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

OPENED THIS MORNING A CASE OF ST. ETIENNE THIRTY-INCH SILK CLOAK VELVETS, BELOW THE REGULAR PRICE. 9 1/2 tuthsurp

NOW OPENING AT THE EIGHTH STREET RIBBON STORE, No. 107 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, Four doors above Arch street: BONNET RIBBONS, SASH RIBBONS, SATIN RIBBONS, VELVET RIBBONS, SILKS, BLACK AND COLORED SATINS, BLACK ENGLISH CRAPES, FRENCH FLOWERS, FEATHERS AND PLUMES, LADIES AND MISSES' HATS, BONNET AND HAT FRAMES, All which I offer at the lowest prices.

JULIUS SICHEL, No. 107 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, Four doors above Arch. J. CHAMBERS, No. 810 ARCH STREET. BARGAINS OPENING DAILY IN BLACK GUIPURE LACES, BLACK TRÉPÉE LACES, POINTE APPLIQUE LACES, VALKENBURG LACES, POINTE OLLARS, TRÉPÉE OLLARS, VALENTINERIE HDKFS, from \$2. FRENCH MUSLINS, 3 yards wide, 65 cents. Hamburg Edgings, new designs, very cheap. 10 1/2 in

GLOVES! GLOVES! GLOVES! No. 130 MARKET STREET. MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN LADIES' GLOVES, GENTS' AND COACH-ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF WHITE SHIRTS, TOGETHER WITH A FULL LINE OF GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. 10 1/2 surp

DRY GOODS. C. H. HAMRICK & CO., (LATE HAMRICK & COLE), No. 45 North EIGHTH Street, OFFER FOR \$5.16

Lyons Velvets, Lyons Silks, Irish Poplins, Sain de Chines, Black Alpaca, Black Silks, The cheapest line ever offered. General Dry Goods, All at Low Prices.

C. H. HAMRICK & CO., No. 45 N. Eighth Street, (10 16 surp)

MARSEILLES QUILTS. We are determined to reduce our stock of these quilts; we have therefore marked the prices for a few days at less than the wholesale price. Good Marseilles Quilts, \$2 each. Good Marseilles Quilts, \$2 each. Excellent Marseilles Quilts, \$4 each. Fine Marseilles Quilts, \$6 each. Very fine, \$8, \$5, and \$10 each.

R. D. & W. H. PENNELL, No. 1017 MARKET STREET.

MUSLINS AND FLANNELS. Largest stock in Philadelphia, at lowest prices. R. D. & W. H. PENNELL, No. 1017 MARKET STREET.

HOUSE-FURNISHING LINES. BARGAINS in these Goods at R. D. & W. H. PENNELL'S, No. 1017 MARKET STREET.

DAMAGED BLANKETS. We will open this morning, direct from the mill, a few lots of Blankets that are damaged by being slightly stained, which we will sell at \$3.00 per pair, \$4 per pair, and \$5 per pair. This is a considerable reduction from the usual price, and they are not injured for wear in the least.

Also, perfect Blankets of every kind made, to which the attention of families and storekeepers who buy for cash is particularly invited. R. D. & W. H. PENNELL, No. 1017 MARKET STREET.

BLANKETS. We receive our Blankets direct from the manufacturer, and can sell any Blanket, wholesale or retail, at the right price. Storekeepers will find they can supply themselves of us cheaper than elsewhere. We have every make made. White Blankets, \$2 per pair. White Bed Blankets, \$2.50 per pair. Good size Blankets, \$3.25 per pair. Large Blankets, \$4.50 per pair. Very fine Blankets at \$5 per pair; been retailed at \$11. Cradle Blankets, Crib Blankets, Gray Blankets, etc. etc. Also, German Woolen Quilts, in all styles, at reduced prices. (10 16 surp)

R. D. & W. H. PENNELL, No. 1017 MARKET STREET. J. W. THOMAS, Nos. 405 and 407 North SECOND St., Has now in stock a splendid assortment of DRESS GOODS,

Fabrics: VELOUR OTTOMANS, VELOUR RISSE, SILK EPIINGINES, SILK CHAIN PLAID POPLINS, PLAID BERGUES, TARTAN PLAIDS, JASPE POPLINS, SILK STRIPE POPLINS. PIM BROS. & CO. FIRST QUALITY IRISH POPLINS, in all colors. MEKINGES, in all shades and quantities, including the new color, BLEU LURNIERE. (9 11 surp)

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H O V E R ' S PATENT Combination Sofa Bed. It is decidedly the best Sofa Bed ever invented. It can be extended from a Sofa into a handsome French Bedstead, with hair springs and mattress, in ten seconds of time. It is quick in stretching or detaching, has no separation between back and seat, no creaking or break, and no hinges or straps attached to the top of the back to support it when down, which is unsafe and liable to get out of repair, as the attachment of a bureau for holding chairs, is easily managed, and it is impossible for it to get out of order. Price about the same as an ordinary sofa.

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