Evening Telegraph

MONDAY, AUGUST 15, 1864.

HOW VERY HOT IT IS!

Who ever knew such weather,
Three burning days together?
When every moment's not enough,
Unless one's skin is very tough,
To burn his body to a crisp,
And scarcely give a chance to lisp.
As up he turns his frying pan,
"Alas! how very hot it is!"

In every spot or nook we turn,
The heat will sure our bodies burn;
And hardly can we move our place,
Before the sweat upon our face
Will soon in mighty torrents flow,
And keep increasing as we go,
Until, I feel compelled to say,
We melt our very selves away.

As I was walking down the street,
A fat old man I chanced to meet,
Puffing and blowing on he went,
With eye-balls red and vestment rent,
Who seemed to say, with mute surprise,
While upward gazing to the skies,—
For neither speech nor voice were his,—
"Alas! how very hot it is!"

I saw a maiden; quick she flung
Aside her harp so gently strung;
Instanter to her room she flew,
And loudly called her servant too;
Quick! to the window! raise the sash!
Bring me a fan!—cold water dash
Upon my forehead burning red,
And drive the fever from my head.

The servant heeds her known commands,
And quickly comes with nimble hands.
A dish of "Croton" then she throws
Upon the maiden's head and clothes,
But fearful lest the heat and "wet"
Would firmer still the fever set;
But what is very strange, I ween,
The water all passed off in steam.

Bring me a "cream" without delay,
I said to John the other day;
And off he went, as quick as thought,
And soon the frozen mixture brought;
But ere he reached the topmost stair,—
His look was wild with blank despair;
Whate'er it might have been before,
It certainly was "ice" no more.

Back once again and try your skill,
And do not leave the room until
You've taken breath—prepare aright
To run up stairs with all your might;
And do not stop for friend or foe,
If any you should meet below;
But then, detained by no delay,
It melted ere he got half way.

Wherever we may chance to go,
All whom we meet are sure to show,
By signs upon their fiery skins,
The heat that's raging wild within;
And each one says, while moving slow,
With faces long and heads hung low,
Wiping anon his dripping phiz,
"Alas! how very hot it is!"

GANDLER'S ANNUITY.

Some men are born to greatness, some achieve it, others have it forced upon them. The case was otherwise as regards the greatness of Gandler. Gandler purchased his greatness, and got it at a bargain. A century ago Gandler sold tripe at Tottle on. He sold good tripe, and consequently was a famous man in his line and time. But Gandler aspired to fame after death—to an immortal name in the ear of succeeding generations of Tottletonians. Tripe was not calculated to give it to him. Posterity would not be likely to remember that their ancestors bought good tripe at the shop of Gandler.

But still the tripe-seller of Tottleton was received that the name of Gandler should be handed down to generations yet unborn. This is how Gandler did it. He made a will, and died. The making of the will was a deliberate affair; but not so the dying part of the business. Gandler did not intend to die when he did; but he could not help himself. In the full vigor of his manhood he fell a victim to hard-boiled eggs. They opened Gandler, and declared hard-boiled eggs to be the cause, and then they opened the will, and found that the eminent tripe-seller of Tottleton, leaving all his relatives, had left all his worldly wealth to be applied to the purposes of charity. The reward of conscientious tripe-selling had not been great, for the whole of Gandler's worldly wealth amounted to no more than two hundred pounds. In his will he directed that this sum should be placed out at interest; and that the annual proceeds should form an annuity to be granted by the votes of the householders of Tottleton to de titute but deserving old men of good parts. It was especially directed that the benevolence should be called "Gandler's Annuity."

I was first brought to a knowledge of the name and fame of Gandler about two years ago, when I went out to take up my abode at Tottleton. Tottleton is a pretty place in the merry month of July; and the chesnut and laburnum trees which line both sides of the broad white road which constitutes Tottleton's only street, are most beautiful to see, especially when they are in full bloom. But there was another beautiful feature of Tottleton, which seemed to do it infinitely more credit—its almhouses. It appeared to me that the private houses bore no sort of adequate proportion to them, and that the only houses which did were the public houses. The way in which these two institutions were regularly alternated on both sides of the road for more than a mile, suggested that the one was the cause of the other.

It seemed as if the public houses had brought the whole neighborhood to poverty, and consigned the entire population to dependence. The moral inscriptions which met the eye told but of two things—strong drink, and old men and women of the parish come to grief. The Cook and Bottle appeared to be responsible for seven poor old men; the Nag's Head for nine poor old women; and the Bell for fourteen orphan girls. There was, however, a striking disproportion between the size of the public-houses and that of the almshouses. The latter were so small and compact, and with a large inscription on the front of them, so like a neat parcel, that they might have been brought down from somewhere by the carrier. Possibly they might have been left at the Cock and Bottle till called for.

Well; if the sins of Tottleton had been multitudinous, Charity had done her best to cover them

I had mentally pointed this moral when Mr. Gubbins, running out from the Swan, addressed me. Perhaps I should state that I had honored the Swan with my patronage, as regards the family mid ale.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I'll take it as a favor if you will give your vote for Parsley."

I ventured to inquire who Parsley was, and what he was standing for. Was it the borough, the county, or simply the vestry?

No; Parsley did not aspire so high. He was merely a candidate for Gandler's Annuity. Parsley's qualification was all right. He was seventy-five years of age, a native of the parish, had paid rates and taxes for over forty years, was eaten up with the rheumatics, was great work, bore an excellent character, and hadn't a penny in the world. Gandler's Annuity, amounting to £9 14s. 7d. would make him happy and comfortable for the remainder of his days. The statement of Parsley's numerous merits in the way of age, destitution, and incapacity was not to be resisted, and I think I should have cried "Parsley forever!" on the spot, only it occurred to me, considering Parsley's age, that it wouldn't be much use. However, I promised to enter an appearance on the following evening, and vote for Parsley.

When at the appointed time I turned out into the village, and came in sight of the Swan's swinging sign, I could see that something was creating a great sensation. It was the election for Gandler's Annuity. Could Gandler have looked up from his grave, he would have had no regrets on the score of the hard-boiled eggs. That fatal indigestion had awoke to a glorious immortality. The honored name of Gandler was in every mouth. The boys shouted it in triumph; the grown-up people murmured it in grateful admiration; and in the bow-window of the Swan it was inscribed in large letters, bind side foremost, in the innocent idea that an inscription, designed to be read from the inside, could be easily deciphered from the out.

On mingling with the little crowd that had collected round the horseblock under the Swan's swinging sign, I found the merits of the candidates being discussed with great animation. I say candidates; for I now learned for the first time that Parsley was not the only one. There was another, and his name was Barrowfield. Would I vote for Barrowfield?

According to the representations of his friends at the horseblock, Barrowfield was aged, indigent, and afflicted to an unprecedented extent. One bold partisan ventured upon the assertion that Barrowfield had been present at the coronation of George the Third. Another declared that, however that might be, he could testify from his own knowledge that Barrowfield had been present at the artillery practice last Wednesday week, and that he had not even winked when they let off the six-hundred pounder. This was adduced in evidence of the profound and stoyy character of Barrowfield's deafness. It is mentioned, as further supporting Barrowfield's claim to the bounty of the immortal Gandler, that ever if he were elected and were provided with victuals for the rest of his life, it would not be of much advantage to him, as he hadn't a tooth left in his head.

It was also stated incidentally that, in the course of his long career, Barrowfield had sustained fractures (mostly compound) of almost every bone in his body; had lost two wives, three cows, and a donkey; and had had his grey hairs brought to the very verge of the grave by the misconduct of a large family of sons and daughters, who, according to the popular account, had fallen in and marched quick-step to the bad, in a deliberate and organized manner.

Hearing of the overwhelming merits of Barrowfield, I felt that Mr. Gubbins had not dealt fairly with me. Why had he artfully thrown the veil of silence over the candid nature of Barrowfield, and unduly enlisted my sympathies on behalf of Parsley? Entering the bar, I demanded of Mr. Gubbins why he had done this thing. The explanation was this:—For five-and-thirty years regular, Parsley had "used" the Swan; whereas, Barrowfield had "used" the Plough. Besides, if I would only take Mr. Gubbins' word for it, Barrowfield, as regards age, infirmity, and destitution, was a fool to Parsley. Would I come and look at Parsley, and judge for myself?

Certainly.

Whereupon Mr. Gubbins led the way to the parlor, threw open the door, and pointed to a little old man sitting smiling in an imbecile manner, in an arm-chair three sizes too large for him.

"There, sir; how will that suit your fancy for a bald-headed, bandy-legged, broken-down old 'un?"

And Mr. Gubbins went up and patted old Parsley on the head, and turned him about to show his points, as if he had been a superannuated horse.

I was bound to admit that Parsley seemed old enough at any rate, and that his physical dilapidation was all that could reasonably be desired in such a case.

A burst of cheering outside announced the arrival of Barrowfield; and I was invited to go and take a look at the opposition. Overpowered by his exertions in walking from his committee-room at the Plough (exactly opposite), Barrowfield was sitting down to rest on the horseblock, surrounded by his partisans. His grey hairs, his feebleness, and his gasps for breath seemed to be received as an expression of his claims to the suffrage of the electors; for the more Barrowfield tried to get his breath and couldn't, the louder his partisans cheered; as much as to say, "There's infirmity for you; match that if you can!"

Mr. Nobbs the butcher appeared to be Barrowfield's principal supporter. Finding that the boys were getting too much to the front, as they always do on occasions of popular excitement, Mr. Nobbs rushed in among them, and whisked them away like flies from a sugar-cask; the sugar-cask on this occasion being Barrowfield. After walking round Barrowfield and surveying him at all points, Mr. Nobbs seemed to be satisfied that his candidate was fully up to the mark. Suddenly, however, he perceived that the candidate held something grasped tightly in his right hand.

In the bearing of Mrs. Donovan, from the coal and potato depot, Mr. Nobbs wondered what Barrowfield had got there.

"Oh, nothin' at all," said that lady; "only a penny I gave the poor old soul, in case he shouldn't get the Annuity."

Mr. Nobbs was furious. He turned fiercely upon Mrs. Donovan, and demanded to know if she wished to ruin the old man; and then rushing up to Barrowfield whispered in his ear:—

"Throw it; put it away; if they see you with so much money about you, they'll go and vote for Parsley." Barrowfield, not being able to find his pocket, Mr. Nobbs took possession of his penny and hid it for him. Mr. Gubbins came out to announce that the hour appointed for the election was approaching. Mr. Nobbs had better bring his candidate in-doors.

This was easier said than done; for Barrowfield, when he sat down on the horseblock, had, as regards his personal properties and effects (including his two walking-sticks, his hat, his pocket-handkerchief, and his spectacles), fallen to pieces, like a ruin. Mr. Nobbs proceeded, on architectural principles, to reconstruct him. He put a stick into each hand, placed the spectacles on his nose (subsequently to wiping that organ with the pocket-handkerchief), and finally roofed him in with his hat. The completion of the edifice was hailed with loud applause, which, however, proved to be premature; for at that moment Barrowfield suddenly missing his penny, made a spasmodic effort to search for it in his waistcoat-pocket, and immediately fell to pieces again.

The hopeless tone in which Mr. Nobbs said, "There now!" clearly indicated that he was coming round to the conviction that it was high time Barrowfield were condemned and disposed of in lots. Mr. Nobbs, however, though a butcher, was also a philosopher; and, consoling himself with the reflection that Rome was not built in a day, he proceeded to reconstruct Barrowfield on an improved plan. This time his efforts were crowned with complete success; and, by a careful system of combined traction and propulsion, aided by the judicious application of lateral supports, Barrowfield was transferred to the bar of the Swan, and was with difficulty propped up in a corner of the jug and bottle department.

Mr. Nobbs demanded a pot of porter, with an air of fatigue which might have been taken to represent the exhaustion consequent upon discovering the source of the Nile.

"Well, here's luck, old boy; and I wish you may get it." This was Mr. Nobbs's address to Barrowfield previous to drinking. After a parenthesis of occupation with the pewter, he continued with an appeal to the electors:—"Oughtn't he, now?"

Although pledged to Parsley—which, under a sense of Barrowfield's superior qualifications, I was beginning to regret—I ventured to say that Barrowfield seemed a worthy object.

"A worthy object!" said Mr. Nobbs; "I should just think he was an object. Look at him! He's as old as Methuselah, as poor as Job, and as weak as——" failing another scriptural illustration Mr. Nobbs fell back upon—"a rat."

As if to bear out Mr. Nobbs' words, a bluebottle, which had been buzzing about for some time, settled upon Barrowfield's nose, causing him to let go his hold upon his right-hand walking-stick, the immediate result of which was, that the edifice which had been so carefully erected assumed the attitude of the tower of Pisa. Barrowfield would assuredly have become a total ruin had not Mr. Nobbs promptly rushed to the rescue and shored him up.

Mr. Gubbins, who had hitherto been occupied in serving his customers, here protested against the attempts of Mr. Nobbs to influence the electors in an unfair manner in favor of his own man.

What did Mr. Gubbins mean by an unfair manner, Mr. Nobbs would like to know. Mr. Nobbs meant to say that such language was not parliamentary.

Parliamentary be blowed! Mr. Gubbins meant to say that it was only fair that the electors should see both candidates before they pledged themselves. *Audi alterem party* was Mr. Gubbins' motto.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Nobbs; "trot out your *alterem party*."

After some high words it was agreed that Barrowfield should be set down on the chair in the parlor beside Parsley, and that the electors should go in and judge for themselves. Mr. Nobbs unedifyingly removed Barrowfield to the parlor, and placing him in a chair opposite Parsley, furnished him with a glass of gin and water to keep his spirits up. Mr. Gubbins, not to be outdone in that respect, immediately provided Parsley with a glass of hot rum, which was a flavor a cut above gin at any rate. The two "objects" were now left alone together, and on the motion of Mr. Gubbins, who, though a philanthropist, was also a man of business, the electors returned to the bar to fortify themselves with refreshment previous to entering upon their arduous and invidious duties. Under the influence of refreshment Mr. Nobbs, though still maintaining the superior fitness and propriety of Barrowfield, was so far reduced to an imperial and unbiased frame of mind as to be willing to take over the relative merits of the candidates quietly.

Well; they were both poor men; no one could deny that. No one did deny that. And they were both old men.

The opinion was unanimous that they were at least hot young.

Parsley was old; so was Barrowfield; one might be a little older than the other; but that was not the point.

Wasn't it, though? Mr. Nobbs would like to know what was the point, then.

Mr. Gubbins said, "Infirmity."

Mr. Nobbs would feel obliged by Mr. Gubbins explaining himself.

Mr. Gubbins explained. Both the objects were poor; both were old. In that respect there was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; but the question was, which was the least capable, in consequence of infirmity, of doing something for himself—that was the point.

On reflection, Mr. Nobbs was willing to admit that that was the point. The electors generally coincided in the same view.

But how was the relative infirmity of the two "objects" to be tested?

Our efforts at accommodation had here come to a dead-lock, when we were suddenly startled by a great noise proceeding from the parlor. Mr. Nobbs jumped over the bar, and rushed into the room, followed by the whole body of electors; and there we discovered Parsley and Barrowfield still sitting in their chairs, but engaged in mortal combat; prodding at each other with their walking-sticks, like two knights in a tournament.

Mr. Gubbins made a rush at Parsley, and said, "Ah! would you?" At the same moment Mr. Nobbs pounced upon Mr. Barrowfield, and said, "What are you up to?" accompanying the question with an admonitory slap.

An elector was struck with a brilliant idea.

"Don't part 'em; let 'em fight it out; and then we'll see which is the best man."

The proposal met with general approval; and the interference being suspended, Parsley and Barrowfield resumed the tournament; but being out of reach of each other, the only effect was a clashing of sticks. Eventually, however, by a great effort, Parsley made a lunge forward, and hitting the stick by which Barrowfield was shored up, knocked it from beneath him, and laid the edifice once more in ruins.

A cheer was immediately given for the victorious Parsley. The question was settled now. Parsley had proved the best man.

Mr. Nobbs made an attempt to resist this conclusion; but his logical effort to show that Barrowfield was the best man because he had lost the fight, was received with derision and scorn; and after a vain attempt to explain his views more clearly, Mr. Nobbs scratched his head, and appeared to be convinced that he was wrong.

The votes were taken in the presence of two churchwardens, and Parsley stood at the head of the poll. The declaration was made amid much applause; but after the excitement of the election had subsided a little, and the electors had had time for reflection over a quiet pipe in the bar-parlor, it began to occur to them that the conclusion they had come to was not exactly the right one. Perceiving that this was a mental step in the right direction, I endeavored to state the problem in a mathematical manner, and to show that the conclusion was wrong because it had been drawn from false premises.

Mathematics and logic, however, did not achieve the triumph I expected, and the bearings of the question were not clearly perceived until Mr. Nobbs put it in this way:—

"When two donkeys is matched to run a race, the rule of the course is 'The hindmost wins.'"

When this law of the donkey race-course had been elaborately expounded in its relation to the peculiar disqualifications of Parsley and Barrowfield, the fog which had hung about the intellectual faculties of the electors gradually cleared off, and eventually admitted the clear light of conviction that Parsley had given their votes for the wrong man. It was Mr. Nobbs who remarked, by way of a toast, "What's done can't be undone."

To which Mr. Gubbins replied, by way of sentiment, "Better luck next time."

Meanwhile Parsley has been gathered to his fathers, and Barrowfield is a candidate without opposition for Gandler's Annuity.

THE DULL SCHOLAR.

At the end of the last bench upon my class sat a boy who was very backward in his learning. He was continually absent upon what seemed to be frivolous pretences. These absences entailed upon me much additional trouble. I had occasionally to keep him and a little remnant in the room when the others had gone out to play, to make up to him and them for lost time. And on one occasion my look was very cross, and my speech very short, for it seemed to me provoking that children should be so backward in their Latin. And when the work was over, and we two were left alone, he followed me to my desk and said:—"You have no idea, sir, how weak I am." And I said:—"Why, my boy, you look stout enough." But he answered:—"I am really very weak, sir, far weaker than I look!" And there was a pleading earnestness in his words that touched me to the heart; and, afterwards, there was an unseen chorus of sympathy that bound the master to the pupil, who was still very dull at Latin.

And still he would be absent; at times, for a day or two together. But it excited no surprise. For the boy seemed to sit almost a stranger among his fellows, and in play-hours seemed to take no interest in boyish games. And by-and-by he had been absent for some weeks together. But I was afraid to ask concerning him, thinking he might have been removed, as many boys have been, without a letter of explanation or his shaking me by the hand. And one morning I received a letter with a broad black edge, telling me that he had died the day previously of a virulent contagious fever.

So when school was over I made my way to his whilom lodging, and stood at the door, pondering. For the fever of which the child had died had been to me a death-in-life, and had passed like the angel of old over my dwelling, but, unlike that angel, had spared my first-born and only-born. And because the latter sat each evening on my knee, I was afraid of the fever, and intended only to leave my card, as a mark of respectful sympathy. But the good woman of the house said:—"Nay, nay, sir, but you'll see the laddie;" and I felt drawn by an influence of fatherhood more constraining than a father's tears, and followed the good woman into the small and dim chamber where my pupil was lying. And, as I passed the threshold, my manerhood slipped off me like a loose robe; and I stood, very humble and pupil-like, in that awful presence, that teacheth a wisdom to babes and sucklings, to which our treasured lore is but a jingling of vain words.

And, when left alone, I drew near the cheerless and dismantled bed, on which my pupil lay asleep in his early coffin. And he looked very calm and happy, as though there had been to him no pain in passing from a world where he had had few companions and very little pleasure. And I knew that his boyhood had been as dreary as it had been short; and I thought that the good woman of his lodging had perhaps been his only sympathizing friend at hand. And I communed with myself whether aught I had done could have made his dullness more dull. And I felt thankful for the word of sympathy that had united us unseen, for a little while. But, in a strange and painful way, I stood rebuked before the calm and solemn and rebuking face of the child on whom I had frowned for his being backward in his Latin.—*Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.*

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The listless, enervated youth, the over-tasked man of business, the victim of nervous depression, the individual suffering from general debility, or from weakness of a single organ, will all find immediate and permanent relief by the use of this Elixir or Essence of Life.
Price, $2 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, and forwarded by express, on receipt of money, to any address.
Sold by all druggists everywhere.

CHEROKEE PILLS!
SUGAR COATED!
FEMALE REGULATOR,
HEALTH PRESERVER,
CERTAIN AND SAFE
For the Removal of Obstructions, Guard against Miscarriage or Recurrence of the Monthly Periods.
This cure or obviate those numerous diseases that spring from irregularity, by removing the irregularity itself.

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They cure Suppressed, Excessive, and Painful Menstruation.
They cure Green Sickness (Chlorosis).
They cure Nervous and Spinal Affections, pains in the back and lower parts of the body, Heaviness, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits, Hysteria, Sick Headache, Giddiness, &c., &c. In a word, by removing the irregularity, they remove the cause and with it all the effects that spring therefrom.

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Complaints of a private nature, which they are ashamed to claim, perhaps, from long exposure, have become deep-rooted and incurable. No case is too desperate or too long standing for the Elixir to cure. Some cases, which have resisted all other treatment, they speedily cure. In a word, they are a boon to the sick and suffering, and to those who have tried all other remedies without avail, they are a blessing.

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All letters seeking information or advice will be promptly, freely, and discreetly answered.
Full directions accompany each box.
Price $1 per box, or six boxes for $5.
Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.
Sold by all respectable Druggists.

The CHEROKEE MEDICINES are, old by all enterprising druggists in the civilized world. Some unprincipled dealers, however, try to sell worthless compounds in place of these—those which they can get at 1c. cheap price, and make more money by selling them than they can on the CHEROKEE MEDICINES. As you value your health—aye, the health of your offspring—do not be deceived by such unprincipled druggists. Ask for the CHEROKEE MEDICINES, and take no other.
If the Druggists will not buy them for you, send to us, and we will send them to you by Express. Parties addressing us should state the disease and symptoms, and full particulars in regard to their cases. We treat all diseases of a chronic nature in male or female.
Ladies or gentlemen can address us in perfect confidence, and we will in all cases frankly and freely answer their letters, and give our advice as regards each case.
Patients living at a distance need not hesitate because of their inability to visit us. We have treated successfully patients in all portions of the civilized globe.
Patients addressing us will please write Post Office, County, State, and name of writer, plain, and inclose postage stamp for reply.
We send to any address our 32-page pamphlet free.
Address all letters and orders to
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.,
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NEW YORK.
Agents for Pennsylvania, DYOTT & CO., No. 232 North SECOND street, Philadelphia. au21-3w6m

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UNITED STATES NATIONAL
WAGON AND COACH WORKS,
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And Factory, corner of
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All and every kind of
WAGONS, CARTS, DRAYS, WHEELBARROWS, and TIMBER WHEELS, adapted to Army, Road, Sutler, or Plantation purposes. All work warranted.
Orders promptly attended to. jel4-tf

WEALTH, HEALTH, AND BEAUTY.
It begets admiring eyes;
It is cause lovelorn sighs;
It is be a blooming flower,
Fading, dying in an hour—BEAUTY!
It is have a host of friends;
For who to man a enemy
Is with high-born friend to wed;
It a marble stone when dead—WEALTH!
It is live threescore and ten,
Wishing it a as long again;
It is live a life of peace;
It to die a—go to greener—HEALTH!
If you wish a file of pleasures;
If you value this world's treasures;
If every comfort you would see,
Take my advice, and wish all *three*.
Then, having Health, Wealth, and Beauty,
You'll be prepared for every duty.
By a careful perusal of Dr. WILLIAM YOUNG'S New Book, THE MARRIAGE GUIDE, which should be read by every one. Sold by booksellers generally, and at the Doctor's office, No. 416 SPRUCE STREET; price 25 cents. au15-tf

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WRIGHT & SIDDALL
No. 119 Market Street
BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND STREETS.
C. W. WRIGHT. P. S. SIDDALL.
DRUGGISTS, PHYSICIANS,
AND
GENERAL STOREKEEPERS.
Can find at our establishment a full assortment of Imported and Domestic Drugs, Popular Patent Medicines, Paints, Coal Oil, Window Glass, Prescription Vials, &c., at as low prices as genuine first-class goods can be sold.
FINE ESSENTIAL OILS
For Confectioners, in full variety, and of the best quality.
Cochineal, Bengal Indigo, Madder, Pot Ash, Cudbear, Soda Ash, Alum, Olive Oil, Annatto, Copperas, Extract of Logwood, &c., FOR DYERS' use, always on hand, at low cut net cash prices.
PURE SPICES FOR FAMILY USE.
Ground expressly for our sales, and to which we invite the attention of those in want of reliable articles.
Also, *INDIGO, STARCH, MUSTARD, &c., of extra quality.*
Orders by mail, or city post, will meet with prompt attention, or special quotations will be furnished when requested.
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
Wholesale Drug Warehouse,
jal1-1y No. 119 MARKET Street, above Front.

RAILROAD LINES.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF HOURS.
On and after MONDAY, August 1, 1864, Passenger trains leave Philadelphia for
Baltimore at 4:30 (Express, Mondays excepted), 8:00 A. M., 12 M., 2:30 and 10:30 P. M.
Chester at 6:05, 11:15 A. M., 1:20, 2:30, 4:30, 6:00 and 11:00 P. M.
Wilmington at 4:40 (Mondays excepted), 8:05, 11:12 A. M., 1:50, 2:30, 4:30, 6:0., 10:30 and 11:00 P. M.
New Castle at 8:15 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Dover at 8:60 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Milford at 9:46 A. M.
Salisbury at 8:10 A. M.
TRAINS FOR PHILADELPHIA.
Leave Baltimore at 8:45, 9:40 A. M. (Express), 1:10, 5:25 and 10:20 P. M.
Wilmington at 1:48, 6:45, 9 A. M., 12:24, 1:45, 4:00, 4:30, 7 and 8:10 P. M.
Salisbury at 11:55 A. M.
Milford at 2:45 P. M.
Dover at 6:10 A. M., and 4:15 P. M.
New Castle at 8:30 A. M., and 6:27 P. M.
Chester at 7:45, 9:40 A. M., 1:00, 2:45, 4:40, 5:00, 7:56, 9:40 P. M.
Leave Baltimore for Salisbury and intermediate stations, at 10:25 P. M.
Leave Baltimore for Dover and intermediate stations at 4:30 P. M.
TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE.
Leave Chester at 6:39 A. M., 3:05 and 11:05 P. M.
Leave Wilmington at 5:55, 9:25 A. M., 3:40 and 11:40 P. M.
Freight Trains, with Passenger Car attached, will run as follows:—
Leave Wilmington for Perryville and intermediate places at 7:45 P. M.
SUNDAYS—Only at 4:30 A. M., 10:30 P. M., from Philadelphia to Baltimore.
From Philadelphia to Wilmington at 4:30 A. M., 10:30, and 11 P. M.
From Wilmington to Philadelphia at 1:48 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Only at 10:25 P. M. from Baltimore to Philadelphia.
ja4 H. F. KENNEY, Superintendent.

1864. CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD. 1864.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THROUGH IN TWO HOURS!!!
Four trains daily to Atlantic City.
On and after MONDAY, July 4, trains leave Vine street Ferry as follows:—
Mail, 7:30 A. M.
Freight, with passenger car attached, 8:15 A. M.
Express (through in 2 hours) 2:00 P. M.
Atlantic Accommodation, 4:15 P. M.
Junction Accommodation, 5:30 P. M.
RETURNING LEAVES ATLANTIC.
Accommodation (Atlantic) 5:46 A. M.
Express, 7:08 A. M.
Freight, 10:30 A. M.
Mail, 4:48 P. M.
Junction Accommodation, 6:22 A. M.
Fare to Atlantic, $2:00. Round Trip Tickets (good only for the day upon train on which they are issued) $3:00.
EXTRA HADDONFIELD TRAINS.
Leave Vine street 10:15 A. M. and 1:00 P. M.
Leave Haddonfield 1:45 P. M. and 2:45 P. M.
ON SUNDAYS.
Mail train for Atlantic leaves Vine street 7:30 A. M.
Leaves Atlantic 4:48 P. M.
je30-tf JOHN G. BRYANT, Agent.

PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE CENTRAL RAILROAD, OPEN TO OXFORD—SPRING ARRANGEMENT.
On and after FRIDAY, April 1, 1864, the trains will leave as follows:

LEAVE EASTWARD.			LEAVE WESTWARD.		
STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.
Oxford	6:30	3:23	Philadelphia	8:00	4:30
West Grove	6:47	3:42	West Chester	7:15	3:45
Avondale	7:05	4:01	W. C. Junction	7:08	3:41
Kennett	7:19	4:17	Concord	6:23	3:56
Chadd's Ford	7:32	4:31	Chadd's Ford	6:41	4:14
Concord	7:40	4:40	Kennett	6:51	4:24
W. C. Junction	8:15	5:15	Avondale