Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE EXILE.

"Ye vaults, resounds the vowed,
Ye cells, receive the bowed,
A broken heart."

A bugle through the world am I—
From place to place I wander by,
Full many a mile, and yet I sigh
For Cordie's sweet side and cheerly!

A little of the mountain air,
Pounced with lady groundsel,
O! ough, give me—
Than the world's treasures my heart prefer,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my shoon lessened track below
And the [illegible]

Some of thy stars, night after night,
Haunting well through the cold north
Rose from a rock and withering blight—
Thus I say [illegible] of lay
The crawling April sky of chance,
As if the throne life of [illegible]—
Give me, O! [illegible] gray.

Some of the [illegible] verse,
Some of thy [illegible] given,
For in the [illegible] of [illegible]
Thou gave me [illegible] the same Baltic light,
And dare me to a [illegible] white,
Ready to [illegible] fright—
O! [illegible] pine!

A little of thy merriment,
Or thy [illegible] bent [illegible],
Give me, my cheerful [illegible],
Th' [illegible] sold [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] wherever I be,
Though [illegible] [illegible] me
In some [illegible] [illegible].

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone out to fill my mouth;
But [illegible], old friends, every one—
Ye [illegible] to give set of [illegible]
Of all good things I would have part;
The [illegible] was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To be of the, dear Violet,
Some of thy modesty!
The [illegible] here as well, [illegible],
As if [illegible] the world thou [illegible] been
Oh glory, to strengthen me.

TIT FOR TAT.

I was going one morning from Southampton to London. I had the carriage to myself as far as Kingston; but a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress—everything about him, from the silk-faced dress coat to the patent-leather boots, being brand-new. A fact of which he was far from being unconscious; each of his garments, in turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his necktie—a blue one, negligently arranged *a la* Byron under a rolling collar.

From this I augured that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and care. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory; instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose, short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good; fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button hole he wore a magnificent white camelia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camelia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying:—

"Candidly, sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no uncommon ability. I added that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said:—

"And who, sir, may this client be with the distinguished figure and air? As you say you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy your flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the common herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, sir, really; no, indeed, sir, really;" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his round little limbs of more than paternal fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camelia by fair means.

"I should apologize," said I, "for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentler sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye; nay, that camelia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see; a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle love, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little diddyiddy feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "We are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, sir, brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes, and our sorrows."

"You forget that so long as you conceal the lady's name there can be no breach of confidence. She is an unknown quantity; let X represent her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the Poet's Corner of the Trottingbury *Mercury*, *except numerous are perennial!* You may have seen one of my contributions to that journal signed Beta. I will just repeat you my 'Ode to the Morning.'"

"Pray, don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to I—— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem, then; I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as London."

"Why, my dear Sir, there are six copies of the Trottington *Mercury* on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; not no one reads any part of it but the 'Poet's Corner.'"

"Not Trottington, Trottingbury. Well, I'll go in with my story. One evening I had just finished my 'Imitations of Anacreon,' and taken them to the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a calm quiet about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury* is a garden. There roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition: I never read the works of other people, it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path, I chanced to look towards the other gate; a fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden to chase, but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained my ankle, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk.—

"Who is that divine creature who has just left your office?"

"Well, said he, standing, as a contributor to our 'Poet's Corner.'"

"No, no, I express, there—I know it must be so. What is her name?"

"Why, they call her the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek, 'she writes to remain nameless.'"

"Blind as my eyesight, I coursed to my couch, but not to sleep. The vision still haunted me, the thought of the white hand the raven locks, the fairy form, the fairy form, the fairy form. Sometimes I fancy she flies in well to have the [illegible] of again meeting her, but in vain, indeed, I went on for a month, and every day I [illegible] a letter, no sign of diminution, and I [illegible] sleep and [illegible]. At length a happy inspiration came to me. I would pour out my soul in poetry. I would tell my love in the Poet's Corner of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. Alas, I was a poetess, she would read it; the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object adored. I wrote the lines entitled 'A Glorious Twilight Vision.' Never in my most fervent moments of love I so successfully portrayed the tender emotions of the inner soul, for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will give you the lines."

"Pray don't, sir. I can rather then walk."

"I felt sure that she to whom all my verses revealed would read them and reply; and I was not disappointed. The next first I came to the office the clerk said—'There is a letter here addressed to you, I suppose.' It was in a lady's handwriting, addressed to the Poet's Corner of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the simplicity of sound wasted out the rare [illegible] [illegible]. It showed she wasn't a [illegible] [illegible], and I rejoiced at it.

"In make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence. Our love never crept, but ran, say she had given me a rendezvous at Pumpey, the pastry-cook, in Cornhill. It is in honor of this that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And the camelia," I suggested, "don't you think that a bedding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes?"

"By no means; I should have told you that is the signal for our recognition; we are each to wear a white camelia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facilis est descensus averni.* I had begun by coveting one fair camelia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means if possible. I now resolved to use the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camelia now in possession of the poetess of Trottingbury. To what a precipice was my passion for white camelias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously secured the stalk with a top from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the "Poet's Corner," in the Trottingbury *Mercury*, it would still be a treat to hear some of those *chefs-d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camelia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry until our arrival at the Waterloo station. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and transferring the camelia from my pocket to my buttonhole, drove to Turnell's to complete my conquest.

Four roses arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the coachman a double fare. But what!—what is that? I tried my pockets one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to Lincoln's Inn Fields. I have a friend there who will lend me some money." The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where my friends received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been latent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camelias, he had a weakness for articles of value and current coin of the realm.

It is needless to add that I did not return to Turnell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend, the poet.—*London Orient-Week.*

LL. D.

The degree *Doctor Legum*, or Doctor of Laws, as originally given in the universities of Europe, indicated just this, that a man was so learned in the Civil and in the Canon Law as to be competent to teach them. The reason why they said Law instead of Laws, and consequently why the abbreviation is LL. D. instead of L. D. is that there were two bodies or systems of Law studied and taught in these universities, the Civil Law and the Canon Law, and the person doctorated must be a master of both. We say in this country of a distinguished judge or advocate that he is learned in the Law. Not so in the Middle Ages. They said of such a person that he was learned in the Laws. What the Common Law is to Englishmen and Americans were and are the Civil and Canon Laws to most Europeans. The difference between these three bodies of Law is a point worth noticing.

The Common Law is the law of England. It was a home growth on English soil, and no exotic from a foreign land. It was not introduced, it grew. It was slowly developed out of the common relations between man and man by the decisions of judges who were guided mainly by the principles of justice. These decisions became precedents more or less to succeeding judges, who also applied similar principles to new cases as they arose, and thus still further developed the law. The principles of natural equity are so vital and constant, that a system of jurisprudence that rests back on them, rather than on statutes and dicta, and allows itself to be modified by them, is necessarily a living product; and, therefore, the common law, while in one sense it is the same system from age to age, is growing all the time, is shaping and adapting itself to new relations in society and new cases in litigation. It is alive. And although susceptible at any one time of being digested, in a code which shall exhibit the exact present state of the law, the vital principles of the law itself will work on outside of the code as well as within it, will decide new cases, will enlarge the law, and will, after a while, require a new codification. Moreover, like everything else that is vital, the Common Law sloughs off the useless and obsolete, as a snake does his skin, and though naturally conservative is also necessarily progressive. This common law, which is the natural heritage of all Englishmen, belongs just as much to Americans. Our ancestors enjoyed it and helped to develop it in England, and brought it with them as a sacred treasure to these shores. It lies at the foundation of the jurisprudence of every one of our States, Louisiana alone excepted. It has been modified and developed in all the States according to the social condition and legal exigencies of each. It has been codified in some of the States, as in New York; it has been incorporated into statutes in others, as in Massachusetts; but it remains in all a vigorous system still, instinct with manly rights, and full of the very breath of liberty. It is the greatest glory of England, and has contributed quite as much as their political system to the boasted freedom of Englishmen.

The Civil Law on the other hand is the ancient Roman Law. It is less flexible and vital than the English law, but as perfect in its forms as the other is admirable in its spirit. It knows nothing of any jury (the jury is a purely English institution), but leaves everything, facts and law, to the judge. The Romans above any people that has ever lived on the face of the earth were a nation of citizens. The citizen feeling during all the best ages of the republic predominated over every other feeling. Everything was subordinated to the State. But the State was a city. It was Rome. There was the sharpest contrast shown between the citizen and the non-citizen, as well as between the freeman and the slave.

To be a Roman citizen was honor enough, and generally protection enough, anywhere. Among a people who were so pre-eminently citizens, the forms of municipal law were well-nigh perfected. The relation of citizen to citizen in marriage, in inheritance, in traffic, in debt, in court, in house, and in city, are nowhere more sharply and equitably defined than in the Roman law. Accordingly the Roman law survived when the Roman dominion perished. And even in England itself, and in the United States also, the admiralty courts are guided by the forms and precedents of the Civil Law. That is the reason why we have no jury in prize cases.

Judge Betts in his prize courts in New York adjudicates upon millions of dollars of property without the sign of a jury. That is Roman, not English. All the German States have the Civil Law. It is studied in their universities, just as Blackstone is studied in our law-school. And the famous Code Napoleon in France, which is said to reflect so much honor on the first Bonaparte, is derived substantially from the Civil Law. It is beyond doubt a most admirable municipal code; and what wealth of legal wisdom must not the Civil Law contain, when so many and such diverse States can draw from it the substance of their laws.—*Springfield Republican.*

ROBIN ADAIR.

Robert Adair, the hero of the song, was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the *sobriquet* of the "Fortunate Irishman;" but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but his dexterity in an early among drove from precipitately from Dublin," to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the Channel when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune commenced.

Near Holyrood, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was a lady of fashion, well known in polite circles," who received Adair's attentions with thanks; and, being mightily hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis she presented her with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after life Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of this fee, but the time it was given, that was of a circle to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to his house was a still greater service, for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him, and her emotions were so sudden and strong as to attract the general attention of the company.

Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuance; while the Albemarle and Richmond famous were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible mésalliance. Every means were tried to induce the young lady to alter her purpose—but without effect.

Adair's biographer tells us that many years, at "young, set advantageous offer, and other common modes of checking all that was considered to be family an improper match, were already tried, but in vain; the health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense that reflects honor on their understandings, as well as their hearts, that it was possible to prevent, but never to dissolve, an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable, and indeed the only alternative that could secure her happiness and life.

When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town talk of the period, though now little more than family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song, the words of which, as originally written, are the following:—

What is the thought within me?
Why do I sigh so?
Why is my mind so restless?
Why can't I know?
Why is my heart so restless?
Where is all the joy and mirth,
Made my life so happy?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was over,
What made my heart to throb?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But I now thee art far from me,
Robin Adair!
But me I never can
Robin Adair!
Yet in my dreams we meet,
Still fix my heart shall teach,
Oh! can I ever forget
Robin Adair!

Immediately after his marriage with Lady Caroline, Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and subsequently, becoming a favorite of George III, he was made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Very fortunate men have seldom many friends, but Adair, by declining a baronetcy that was offered to him by the king for surgical attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, actually acquired considerable popularity before his death, which took place when he was nearly four score years of age, in 1799. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year there are verses "On the Death of Robert Adair, Esq., late Surgeon-General, by J. Crane, M. D.," who, it is to be hoped, was a much better physician than a poet.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short, but happy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her death-bed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; which he scrupulously did, save on the King's and Queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at court in full dress. If this injunction concerning mourning were to prevent Adair from marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers.

Adair seems to have been a universal favorite among both women and men; even Pape Garganelle conceived a strong friendship for him when he visited Rome. Adair's only son by Lady Keppel served his country with distinction as a diplomatist, and died in 1855, aged ninety-two years, then being the Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., the last surviving political and private friend of his distinguished relative, Charles James Fox. His memory, though not generally known, has been also enshrined in a popular piece of poetry; for, being expressly educated for the diplomatic service at the University of Gottingen, Canning satirized him in *The Rovers*, as "Rogero," the unfortunate udem-lover of "Sweet Matilda Pottingen."

Idolatry in China.

Rev. S. Wells Williams, the well-known missionary and author, writes from China to the New York *Observer* that "the Emperor of China still regards it as his prerogative to deify mortal men, and command his subjects to worship them," and adds:—

"The Pekin *Gazette* lately contained several notices of rewards, honors conferred by the Emperor (who is, by virtue of his position, the Son of Heaven, and Vice regent of Heaven and Earth), upon the gods of certain cities for exerting themselves to preserve them from the power of the rebels. They are samples of many such memorials inserted in the Government paper at Pekin, and their requests are always granted, though the funds for carrying the plan into effect are generally raised among the people who are to be benefited. One of the memorials referred to is as follows:—

"July 11.—The Governor of the Province of Shensi reports, that in the assault upon the city of Ning-shen by the Mohammedan insurgents on the 8th of March, they brought up a force of ever twenty thousand horse and foot, and most violently attacked it. The troops on the ramparts were struck with fear, but after a few discharges of their cannon, a flame was seen to issue and rise up from the municipal temple, and the enemy immediately fell back in alarm. Some Rebel prisoners taken afterwards said—"Just as we assaulted the city, we saw on the wall a godlike man, wearing a turban and green robe, gigantic in size and of severe aspect, who pointed with his hand, and from his lofty position could look into the city and direct several myriads of horse and foot following him. We therefore fled in affright." The gentry of the place, who corroborated the story of the retreat, also informed me that the god who dwelt in the municipal temple had often exhibited his spiritual power for their protection. This attack upon the city was therefore another instance in which he repaid the honors given to him; and the testimony of the Rebels proves that the appearance they saw was like the appearance of the god of the municipal temple. I therefore request that a memorial tablet may be granted for the divine protection manifested on this occasion; for it would not be proper to oppose the united wishes of the gentry and people after their experience of this rescue. The Emperor's will has been received. Let it be as requested.'"

Mr. Williams adds:—

"In Macao, where Chinese and Portuguese leave each other to the free employment of their religious rites, the former apply the same name to the images in the churches of the latter, their processions on Corpus Christi and other festivals, and to the services of the priests in their ceremonies, that they do the idols in their own Buddhist temples, and the processions and performances of their priests. In some shops, images of the Crucified, of the Virgin, and Bambino, St. Antonio and others are sold with images of the Goddess of Mercy, God of War, of Wealth, and other Chinese gods."

—A gentleman complaining of the income tax says he cannot put on his boots in the morning without a stamp.

Ire Heard From.—Mrs. Partington discourses concerning Ike:—"Betsy Jane writ to you about poor Isaac bein' grafted into our noble army; it was during the late prevailing restriction. I've been so dreadful uneasy, laws a me! But Dan'l, at last we've heard of him by a neighbor who is home on a furrow. He—poor innocent! at one's took his place, so neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corpulent, and soon proved so deficient that he was promoted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear knows about taking up arterials, and computation of lims, and the like, surpasses me. Howsumever, if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the gallus fellows whose heads have been deseminated by the bursting open of pontoons and things, why, we must sacrifice him freely, and may the Lord have mercy on his solar system."

As Awful Pun.—Walter was engaged in a discussion as to the probability of a future existence for mankind. "The doubts and anxieties on the subject are agonizing," said he. "Would that I were of benighted, and then I should have all my doubts resolved in this life." "Why a hen?" asked Pauline. "Because," said Walter, with a solemn air, "they have hen-scales twirled in this!"

Short Stories.—Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr ——," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "There're very pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're uncommon short."

Mare versus Money.—If men were a savage, the principle of valuing only merit might be true; but in civilized society, we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man will a good coat on his back meet with a better reception than he who has a bad one. You may analyze this, and say what is there in it? But cast will avail you nothing, for it is part of a general system. In civilized society, a second with all can serve you as much as money will.

Monkey Money.—A player applied to the manager of a respectable company for an engagement for Dick. He said, stating that he had been capable of playing the first line of business, and as for himself he was "the wonder of the world." They were engaged, and the lady an inward character which he had given her. The gentleman having the part of a mere walk, expressed a great dislike for the first appearance for a less fee more. "Well, I'm sorry," said the lady, "but I'm sure I don't know how to act any passengers between and cities.

The 10 A. M. and 12 Midnight Lines from New York to Washington, and the 11:30 A. M. and 8 P. M. Lines from Washington to New York, will continue as at present, and carry passengers to and from the intermediate stations and Baltimore, Washington, and New York.

ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

Lines leave Philadelphia, from Kensington Depot, at 11:15 A. M., 4:00, and 6:45 P. M., and from Walnut Street Wharf (via Camden), at 6 and 8 A. M., 12 M., 4 and 6 P. M., and at 12 midnight.

ON SUNDAYS.

Philadelphia for Bethlehem at 9 A. M.
Philadelphia for Doylestown at 8 P. M.
Doylestown for Philadelphia at 7:30 A. M.
Bethlehem for Philadelphia at 4:17 P. M.

Bulkley's Express Express will call for and deliver baggage at the depot. Orders may be left at No. 113 S. THIRD Street.

ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES—Sun Arrangement.—On and after TUESDAY, November 1, 1864, trains will leave from Walnut Street Pier as follows:—

For Cape May and all places south of Millville at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

For Millville, Bridgeton, Salem, and all intermediate places south at Glassboro at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

For Glassboro at 9 A. M., 12 M., and 3 P. M.

For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 9 A. M., 12 M., 3 and 6 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Cape May at 6 A. M. and 12:45 A. M.
" Millville at 8:10 A. M. and 2 P. M.
" Bridgeton at 7:10 A. M. and 1 P. M.
" Salem at 7 A. M., and 6 P. M.
" Woodbury at 7:40, and 11 A. M., and 4:30 P. M., and 6:30 P. M. in Camden only.

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY

Will attend to all the various branches of Express business, receive, deliver, and forward through other responsible Express Companies in all parts of the country any article entrusted to them. A Special Messenger accompanies each through train.

J. VAN KENSSELAER, Superintendent.

Philadelphia, November 1, 1864. [11-1]

PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON AND CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD COMPANIES.

On and after MONDAY, January 4, 1864, the Trains for New York, leaving Kensington Depot, Philadelphia, at 6 A. M. (Night), and 2:30 P. M., and the trains leaving New York at 9 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., will hereafter be run exclusively for the United States Mails and New York and Washington Passengers, and will not take in nor let out any passengers between and cities.

The 10 A. M. and 12 Midnight Lines from New York to Washington, and the 11:30 A. M. and 8 P. M. Lines from Washington to New York, will continue as at present, and carry passengers to and from the intermediate stations and Baltimore, Washington, and New York.

ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

Lines leave Philadelphia, from Kensington Depot, at 11:15 A. M., 4:00, and 6:45 P. M., and from Walnut Street Wharf (via Camden), at 6 and 8 A. M., 12 M., 4 and 6 P. M., and at 12 midnight.

ON SUNDAYS.

Philadelphia for Bethlehem at 9 A. M.
Philadelphia for Doylestown at 8 P. M.
Doylestown for Philadelphia at 7:30 A. M.
Bethlehem for Philadelphia at 4:17 P. M.

Bulkley's Express Express will call for and deliver baggage at the depot. Orders may be left at No. 113 S. THIRD Street.

ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

NET CASH DRUG HOUSE.

WRIGHT & SIDDALL

No. 110 Market Street

BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND STREETS, O. V. WRIGHT. C. S. SIDDALL.

DRUGGISTS, PHYSICIANS AND GENERAL STOREKEEPERS.

Offer for Sale at Lowest Prices, a full assortment of Imported and Domestic Drugs, Pure Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Coal Oil, Window Glass, Preservative Fluid, &c., at wholesale or retail, at the lowest cash prices.

PURE ESSENTIAL OILS

For Confectioners, in full strength, and of the best quality.

Concentrated Lye, Saleratus, Soda Ash, Sulphur, Sal Soda, Alum, Oil of Vitriol, Aquafortis, Copperas, Bristol's Fluid, Extract Logwood, &c., FOR DYERS, and always on hand, at low cash prices.

PURE WINES & LIQUORS FOR FAMILY USE.

Orders accompanied by the cash, or satisfactory references, will receive prompt attention, or articles not to be found in the city will be procured at the lowest cash prices.

WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
Wholesale Drug Warehouse,
No. 110 MARKET Street, above Front.

GODDARD & CO.,

APOTHECARIES,

Southwest Corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets,

Drugs,
Perfumery,
Toilet Articles,
and Specialties.

BRANDIES, WINES, &c., sold only for Medicinal purposes. [10-6-1m

No. 1228 CHESTNUT STREET.

PATENTED JULY 19, 1864.—JOSEPH MOYER, First St. Patin, French Steam Dyeing and Scouring on any kind of wearing apparel, or Ladies' robes, and Children's Patent apparatus for stretching pants from one to five inches. No. 206 RACE Street. Branch No. 209 S. NINTH Street, Philadelphia, and the

TO SHIP CAPTAINS AND OWNERS.—The undersigned having leased the KENSINGTON SCREW DOCK, begs to inform the friends and patrons of the Dock, that he is prepared with increased facilities to accommodate those having vessels to be raised or repaired, and to bring a practical ship-carpenter and caulker, will give personal attention to all vessels entrusted to him for repairs.

Captains or Agents, Ship-Carpenters, and Machinists having vessels to repair, are solicited to call.

During the winter for the application of "Smartsdale's Patent Metallic Composition," or Copper Paint, for the preservation of vessels' bottoms, for this city, I am prepared to furnish the same on favorable terms.

JOHN H. HAMMITT,
Kensington Screw Dock,
Delaware avenue, above Laurel street.

SHIPPING.

STEAM WEEKLY TO LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool and Philadelphia Steamship Company are intended to sail as follows:—

GLASGOW, Saturday, November 5.
CITY OF MANCHESTER, Saturday, November 12.
CITY OF NEW YORK, Saturday, November 19.

And every succeeding Saturday, at noon, from Pier No. 54 North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.

First Cabin to Liverpool ..... $100 00 Steerage $40 00
First Cabin to London 110 00 Steerage to London 45 00
First Cabin to Paris ..... 130 00 Steerage to Paris 60 00
First Cabin to Hamburg 110 00 Steerage to Hamburg 50 00

Passengers also forward to Havre, Bremen, Rotterdam, Antwerp, &c., at equally low rates.

Rates from Liverpool or Queenstown:—First Cabin, $80, $90, $100. Steerage from Liverpool and Queenstown, $30. These vessels do not carry cattle. Apply to or address

JOHN G. DALE, Agent,
No. 113 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA Steamship Line, sailing from each port on SATURDAYS, from first wharf above PINE Street, Philadelphia, and from Atlantic wharf, Boston. From first wharf above PINE Street, on Saturday, November —, 1864.

No steamer from Philadelphia this week.

The steamships NORMAN will sail from Boston for Philadelphia on Saturday, November 5, at 4 o'clock P. M.

These new and substantial steamships form a regular line, sailing from each port punctually on Saturdays.

Insurances effected at one-half the premium charged on sole vessels.

Freights taken at fair rates.

Shippers are requested to send Ship Receipts and Bills Lading with their goods.

For Freight or Passage (having fine accommodations) apply to

HENRY WINSOR & CO.,
No. 132 SOUTH DELAWARE Avenue.

FOR LIVERPOOL, TUESDAY, November 15,

The British ship PHILADELPHIA, Captain C. F. Pool, will sail for the above port on the 15th November.

Steerage $35 in currency.

THOMAS RICHARDSON & CO.,
No. 101 WALNUT Street.

FOR NEW YORK.—DESPATCH and Accommodation Lines, via Delaware and Raritan Canal.—The steamers of these lines are leaving daily at 12 o'clock M., and 5 o'clock P. M., from third pier above Walnut street.

For freight, which will be taken on accommodating terms, apply to WILLIAM M. BAIRD & CO., No. 124 DELAWARE Avenue.

RAILROAD LINES.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF HOURS.

On and after MONDAY, October 10, 1864, Passenger trains leave Philadelphia for

Baltimore at 4:30, 8:00 A. M., 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 7:30 and 11:00 P. M.

Wilmington at 4:30 (Mondays excepted), 8:00, 11:15 A. M., 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:30 and 11:00 P. M.

New Castle at 6:45 A. M. and 4:07 P. M.

Dover at 10:45 A. M. and 5:50 P. M.

Milford at 11:45 A. M.

Salisbury at 3:15 A. M.

TRAINS FOR PHILADELPHIA

Leave Baltimore at 4:00, 7:50 A. M. (Express), 1:15, 5:30 and 8:00 P. M.

Wilmington at 5:45, 7:45, 8:45, 11:15 A. M., 12:45, 3:00, 4:30, 6:45, 8:30 P. M.

Newark at 6:40 A. M.

Dover at 6:45 A. M., and 3:55 P. M.

New Castle at 7:45 A. M., 1:00, 5:45 P. M.

Chester at 8:15, 9:00 A. M., 1:00, 2:45, 4:45, 7:30, 9:40 P. M.

Leave Baltimore for Newark and intermediate stations at 3:30 P. M.

Leave Baltimore for Dover and intermediate stations at 1:30 P. M.

TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE

Leave Chester at 6:30 A. M., 3:30 and 11:30 P. M.

Leave Wilmington at 6:55, 7:55 A. M., 2:40 and 12:05 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS, with Passenger Car attached, will run as follows:—

Leave Wilmington for Port Deposit and intermediate places at 7:00 A. M.

Leave Port Deposit for Wilmington and intermediate places at 2:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS.—Only at 4:30 A. M., 10:00 P. M., from Philadelphia; and 10:00 P. M. from Baltimore.

Train leaving Philadelphia for Wilmington at 4:30 A. M., 10:30, and 11:30 P. M.

Train leaving Baltimore for Philadelphia at 12:45 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. Only at 10:30 P. M., train leaving Philadelphia for Baltimore.

H. F. KENNEY, Superintendent.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA TO PITTSBURG—356 MILES!
WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

THE SHORT LINE ROUTE
TO ALL POINTS IN THE GREAT WEST!

The Ticket Office of the PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD is now located at the Depot, corner of MARKET and CHESTNUT Streets.

THROUGH TICKETS

Can be procured in PHILADELPHIA to

CLEVELAND, INDIANAPOLIS, DAYTON,
DETROIT, ST. LOUIS, CINCINNATI,
CHICAGO, LEAVENWORTH, LOUISVILLE,
ST. PAUL, KANSAS, CAIRO,
COLUMBUS, WHEELING,

and all principal points.

Baggage checked to destination.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD,

Passenger Trains leave Philadelphia for Erie, without change of Cars.

The Shortest, Quickest, and Cheapest Route to

OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA

at 8 A. M., for Downingtown, Lancaster, Columbia, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, and all intermediate points, making close connection at Harrisburg with the trains of the Northern Central Railway for Baltimore, Williamsport, Lock Haven, Danville, Renovo, Rimersburg, and Oil City, and at Sunbury, Plymouth, Kingston, Wyoming, Pittston, Scranton, Elmira, Buffalo, Rochester, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, No change of cars between Philadelphia and Lock Haven. With the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad for Castle Cranberry, and Bayswater. At Columbia, with the York and Wrightsville Railway for York, Hanover, and Gettysburg.

THE FAST LINE,

at 11:40 A. M., for Pittsburg and the West, makes connection at Lancaster with the Reading and Columbia Railroad for Ephrata, Lititz, and Reading. At Harrisburg with the Cumberland Valley and Shippensburg Railroads for Carlisle, Millersburg, Georgetown, Selinsgrove, Sunbury, etc. At Pittsburg with through trains on all the diverging roads from that point—North to the Lakes, West to the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers, and South and Southwest to all points accessible by Railroad.

THE HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,

at 2:00 P. M., runs via Columbia, where connection is made with the York and Wrightsville Railroad for York, Hanover, and Gettysburg. This train stops at all intermediate points, and reaches Harrisburg at 7:45 P. M.

THE MAIL EXPRESS,

at 8 P. M., runs through without change of cars, for Sunbury, Northumberland, Lewisburg, Milton, Williamsport, Dewart, Montoursey, Muncy, Williamsport, Renovo, Driftwood, St. Marys, Warren, Corry, Waterford, Erie, etc. At Corry connection is made with Oil Creek Railroad for Titusville and Oil City, and with the Atlantic and Great Western Railroads for Franklin, Meadville, and Jamestown. This train connects at Harrisburg with the Baltimore Express for Pittsburg and all western points.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS,

at 10:30 P. M., runs through without change of cars to