NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BISHOP'S FOUR MONTHS IN A SNEAK-BOX.

FOUR MONTHS IN A SNEAK-BOX. A BOAT VOYAGE OF 2,600 MILES DOWN THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. 8vo, pp. 322. Lee & Shepard.

The "Voyage of the Paper Canoe," describing the journey of the author from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, has given him a wide reputation as a venturesome traveller and an interesting descriptive writer. In the voyage which forms the subject of the present volume, Mr. Bishop selected a boat of a purely American model, invented by the ingenious boat-builders on the New-Jersey coast, and recently introduced to the attention of sportsmen under the ambiguous name of the "Barnegat Sneak-Boat." The staunch little craft afforded ample stowage capacity, with many conveniences for the use of the voyager. It was a comfortable, homelike boat, and though only twelve feet long, four feet wide and thirteen inches deep, was strong, perfectly dry, and safe. The weight was about two hundred pounds; it could be sailed or rowed at pleasure; and could be easily transported from one stream to another in a common wagon. The original inventor of the craft was Captain Hazelton Seaman, a boat-builder and an expert shooter of wild fowl, who in 1836 conceived the idea of constructing for his own use a low-decked punt, in which while the deck was covered with sedge he could secrete himself from the wild fowl while shooting in Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor bays. While secreted in his boat, on the watch for fowl, with the craft hidden by a covering of grass or sedge, he could approach within shooting distance of a flock of unsuspecting ducks, and as this was done in a sneaking manner, the boat received the name of "sneak-box," which sobriquet she has retained to the present day. The model has been improved by various builders until it is believed that it has nearly or quite reached perfection. The boat sails well on the wind, though hard to pull against a stormy head sea. A fin-shaped centre-board takes the place of a keel, which can be quickly removed from the trunk, or centre-board well, and stored under the deck. Some of those boats carrying a weight of three hundred pounds well float in four to six inches of water. Mr. Bishop's boat, which he called the "Centennial Republic," was completed at Manahawkin, New-Jersey, in the month of November, 1875, and was carried in the freight-cars to Philadelphia, where she was delivered to the agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to be forwarded to Pittsburg. Here a dilemma arose which the author describes in his own lively style:—

> The agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia was sorely puzzled to know what to charge for a boat. He had loaded thousands of cars for Pittsburg, but could find only one precedent to guide him. "We took a boat once to Pittsburg," he said, "for twenty-five dollars, and yours should be charged the same." The shipping-clerk of a hardware house, who had overheard the conversation, interrupted the agent with a loud laugh. "Charge of twenty-five dollars freight on a little tank, like that! Why, man, that sum is nearly half her value! How large was the boat you shipped, Lee? Full to Pittsburg for twenty-five dollars." "Oh, about twice the size of this one," answered the agent; "out, size or no size, a boat's a boat, and we handle so few of them that we have no special tariff on them." "Hal," said the clerk, "you can easily and honestly establish a tariff if you will treat a boat as you do all other freight of the same class. Now, for instance, how do common boats rank, as first or third class freight?" "Third class, I should think," slowly responded the agent. "Ease your conscience, my friend," continued the clerk, "by weighing the boat, and charging the usual tariff rate for third class freight."

The boat, with its cargo still locked up inside, was put upon the scales and found to weigh three hundred and ten pounds, on which the charge of seventy-two cents a hundred amounted to a little more than two dollars instead of twenty-five, thus saving the owner from a pecuniary loss, beside the feeling of being imposed upon.

Upon arriving at Pittsburg on the morning of December 2, 1875, after a dreary night's journey by rail from the Atlantic coast, the author found his boat safely perched on a pile of boards in the railroad freight-house, which was conveniently situated within a few rods of the muddy waters of the Monongahela. It was already past noon when the sneak-box was transported to the river's side. Only a few hours of daylight were left. It was the part of prudence to find a more retired camping-place for the night than that afforded by the great city and the neighboring towns. The little street Arabs were fighting among themselves for the empty provision boxes left upon the bank as the audacious voyager launched his well-freighted craft upon the whirling current. The stream was swollen by recent rains, and showed a great degree of turbulence. Mr. Bishop had expected an easy passage down the river in advance of floating ice. But the river, as it flowed from the South, though the thermometer was nearly down to zero, was not frozen. In a few minutes he had passed nearly the whole length of the Pittsburg shore, when he suddenly found the water covered with ice which was passing out of the Allegheny, and completely blocked up the Ohio from shore to shore. This unforeseen trouble had to be promptly met. A light canoe would have been ground to pieces by the icy cakes, but the decked sneak-boat, with its half inch of soft, but elastic white cedar, and its light oaken runner strips firmly screwed to its bottom, was fully able to cope with the difficulty. The resolute skipper had only to press the boat into the floating ice beyond the eddies into the steady flow of the strong current of the river. He could do nothing more to expedite the journey, so he sat quietly down in the little hold, and, wrapped comfortably in blankets, watched the progress of his vessel by the receding points of interest on the high banks of the stream. The rapid current bore him twenty-two miles in four hours and a half, and the boat rested on a shelving, pebbly strand on the left bank of the stream. He had not slept for thirty-six hours, nor eaten since morning, and was ready to go to bed at an early hour. It took but a few minutes to secure his boat to a stake, so that she should not be carried off by a sudden rise of the river while he was asleep, and a few moments more were occupied in arranging the thin hair cushions and a thick cotton coverlet on the floor of the boat. The bag which contained his wardrobe served for a pillow. A heavy shawl and two thin blankets furnished sufficient bed covering. He made a good supper of bread and butter, Shakers' peach sauce, and a generous slice of compressed beef, with a draught of water from the icy reservoir that flowed past the boat within easy reach of his arm. All was silence and security; his slumber was sweeter than he had ever experienced in the most luxurious guest-chamber; the night wore peacefully away; and in the early dawn, enveloped in a thick fog, he hastily dispatched a cold breakfast, and at half-past 8 o'clock was again in the midst of the floating ice. The use of bituminous coal along the river filled the valley with clouds of smoke. These clouds rested upon everything. Every sense felt the disagreeable presence. Smoky towns along the banks gave smoky views. During the second day the current of the Ohio became less violent. The navigator fought a passage among the ice cakes, and, wherever there was an opening, rowed briskly along the sides of the chilly raft in order to get below the frosty zone as soon as possible.

Beyond the city of Wheeling the river became free from ice, and was covered with a floating coat of oil from the petroleum regions, which followed him many a mile down the stream. His daily meals for the first two or three weeks consisted of cold, cooked canned beef, bread and butter, canned fruits, and cold river water. The absence of hot coffee and other stimulants did not affect his appetite, nor the enjoyment of the morning and evening repasts. The vigorous day's row in the open air, the quiet sleep that followed it at night in a well-ventilated apartment, the simple and unexciting life, proved superior to all the tonics of the physician; and he became more rugged as he grew accustomed to the labors of the oar, and gained several pounds in weight by the time he landed on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

A peculiar feature of the Ohio River was found to be the presence of tramps, rough boatmen, and hard customers of every kind. In fact the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers are the grand highways of the West for a large class of vagabonds. One of these worthies will steal something of value from a farm near the river, seize the first boat he can find, cross the stream, and descend it for fifty or a hundred miles. He will then abandon the stolen boat if he cannot sell it, ship as a working-hand on the first steamer he happens to meet, descend the river still further and thus escape detection. In order to avoid these rough specimens, the author always entered the night's camping-ground unobserved, but when once secreted on the wooded shore of some friendly creek, covered by the darkness, he had no fear of a night attack. Shut up in his box, with a hatchet and a Colt's revolver by his side, and a loaded double-barrelled gun stowed under the deck, the occupant of the boat would have had less to fear than any intruder. The people on the shanty-boats, as they are called, which are daily encountered on the Ohio, are a remarkable generation. They serve as the Winter homes of a family, carrying their passengers and cargoes from the icy region of the Ohio to New-Orleans. Their annual descent of the river resembles the migration of birds. It is not easy to trace these creatures to their lair, but most of them may be said to come from the Alleghany and Monongahela regions and the towns of the upper Ohio. Mr. Bishop's description of this strange race of American citizens affords an excellent specimen of his animated and expressive style of composition:—

> The shanty-boatman looks to the river not only for his life, but also for the means of making that life pleasant; so he fishes in the stream for floating lumber in the form of boards, planks and scantling for framing to build his home. If is soon ready. A scow, a flatboat, about twenty feet long by ten or twelve wide, is roughly constructed. It is made of two-inch planks spiked together. These scows are caulked with oakum and rags, and the seams are made water-tight with pitch or tar. A small, low house is built upon the boat, and covers about two-thirds of it, leaving a cockpit at each end, in which the crews work the sweeps, or oars, which govern the motions of the shanty-boat. If the proprietor of the boat has a family, he puts its members on board—not forgetting the pet dogs and cats—with a small stock of salt pork, bacon, flour, potatoes, molasses, salt, and coffee. An old cooking-stove is set up in the shanty, and its sheet-iron pipe, projecting through the roof, makes a chimney a superfluity. Rough bunks, or berths, are constructed for sleeping quarters; but if the family are the happy possessors of a few articles of furniture, it is put on board, and adds greatly to their respectability. A number of chickens, pigs with the usual double-barrelled gun, or rifle, and a good supply of ammunition, constitute the most important supplies of the shanty-boat, and are never forgotten. Of these family-boats alone I passed over two hundred on the Ohio.
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> This rude, unpainted structure, with its door at each end of the shanty, and a few windows relieving the barrenness of its sides, makes a very comfortable home for its rough occupants.
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> If the shanty-man be a widower or a bachelor, or even if he be a married man laboring under the belief that his wife and he are not true affinities, and that there is more war in the house than is good for the peace of the household, he looks about for a housekeeper. She must be some congenial spirit, who will fry his bacon and wash his shirts without murmuring. Having found one whom he fondly thinks will "fill the bill," he next proceeds to picture to her vivid imagination the delights of "drifting." "Nothing to do," he says, "but to float with the current, and eat fresh pork, and take a hand at euchre." The woods, he tells her, are full of hogs. They shall fall an easy prey to his unerring gun, and after them, when further south, the golden orange shall delight her thirsty soul, while all the sugar-cane she can chew shall be gathered for her. Add to these the luxury of plenty of snuff with which to run her dainty gums, with the promise of tobacco enough to keep her pipe always full, and it will be hard to find among this class a fair one with sufficient strength of mind to resist such an offer; so she promises to keep house for him as long as the shanty-boat holds together.

Her embarkation is characteristic. Whatever her attire, the bonnet is there, gay with flowers; a pack of cards is tightly grasped in her hand; a blue and red old trunk, tied with a cord and loudly called a "Saratoga," is hoisted on board; and so, for better or for worse, she goes forth to meet her fate, or, as she expresses it, "to find luck."

> More than one quarrel usually occurs during the descent of the Mississippi, and by the time New-Orleans is reached the shanty-boatman sets his quondam housekeeper adrift, where, in the swift current of life, she is caught by kindred spirits, and being introduced to city society as the Northern Lily, or Pittsburg Rose, is soon lost to sight, and never returns to the far distant upriver country.
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> Another shanty-boat is built by a party of young men suffering from impecuniosity. They are "out of a job," and to them the charms of an independent life on the river is irresistible. Having pooled their few dollars to build their floating home, they descend to New-Orleans as free as minstrels, trappers, or thieves, as necessity may demand.
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> Cobblers set afloat their establishments, calling attention to the fact by the creaking sign of a boot; and here on the rushing river a man can have his heel tapped as easily as on shore.
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> Tin-smiths, agents and repairers of sewing machines, grocers, saloon-keepers, barbers and every trade indeed is here represented on these floating dens. I saw one circus boat with a ring twenty-five feet in diameter upon it, in which a troop of horsemen, acrobats and flying trapeze artists performed while their boat was tied to a landing.
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> The occupants of the shanty boats float upon the stream with the current, rarely doing any rowing with their heavy sweeps. They keep close to the shore while a milder climate is reached, when they work their clumsy craft into some little creek or river, and securely fasten it to the bank. The men set their well-baited steel-traps along the wooded watercourse for mink, coons and foxes. They give their whole attention to these traps, and in the course of a Winter secure many skins. While in the Mississippi country, however, they find other game, and feast upon the hogs of the woods' people. To prevent detection, the skin, with the swine-herd's peculiar mark upon it, is stripped off and buried.
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> When engaged in the precarious occupation of hog-stealing, the shanty-man is careful to keep a goodly number of the skins of wild animals stretched upon the outside walls of his cabin, so that visitors to his boat may be led to imagine that he is an industrious and legitimate trapper, of high-toned feelings, and one "who wouldn't stick a man's hog for no money." If there be a religious meeting in the vicinity of the shanty-boat, the whole family attend it with alacrity, and prove their belief in honest doctrines is a very different thing from their daily practice of the same. They join with vigor in the shoutings of their "amens" drown all others, while their excitable nature, worked upon by the wild eloquence of the backwoods' preacher, seem to give evidence of a firm desire to lead Christian lives, and the spectator is often deceived by their apparent earnestness and sincerity. Such ideas are, however, quickly dispelled by a visit to a shanty-boat, and a glimpse of these people "*at home*."

After a variety of piquant adventures on the four months' voyage Mr. Bishop, about the middle of March arrived at the Suwannee River, from which he had emerged in his paper canoe one year before and at once began to make preparations for returning to the Atlantic coast. His experience on attaining the end of his perilous journey cannot be better described than in his own words at the close of the volume:—

> While I gazed upon the smooth sea, a longing to pass the night on the dark waters of the river of song took possession of me, and mechanically weighing anchor, I took up my oars and pulled along the coast to my goal. Before sunset, the old landmark of the mouth of the Suwannee (the iron bolter of a wrecked block-de-runner) appeared above the shoal water, and I began to search for the little hammock, called Bradford's Island, where one year before I had spent my last night on the Gulf of Mexico with the "Maria Theresa," my little paper canoe. Soon it rose like a green spot in the desert, the well-remembered grove coming into view, with the half-dead oak's scraggy branches peering out of the feathery tops of the palmettos.
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> Entering the swift current of the river, I gazed out upon the sea, which was bounded only by the distant horizon. The sun was slowly sinking into the green of the western wilderness. A huge saurian dragged his mail-clad body out of the water, and settled quietly in his oozy bed. The sea glimmering in the long, horizontal rays of light which clothed it in a sheen of silver and of gold. The wild sea-gulls winnowed the air with their wings, as they settled in little flocks upon the smooth water, as though to enjoy the bath of soft sunlight that came from the west. The great forests behind the marshes grew dark as the sun slowly disappeared, while palm-crowned hammocks on the savannas stood out in bold relief like islets in a sea of green. The sun disappeared, and the pure air became heavy with the mists of night as I sank upon my hard bed with a feeling of gratitude to Him, whose all-protecting arm had been with me in sunshine and storm.
>
> Lying there under the tender sky, lighted with myriads of glittering stars, a soft gleam of light stretched like a golden band along the water until it was lost in the blue of the horizon. Beyond it all was darkness. It seemed to be the path I had taken, the course of my faithful boat. Back in the darkness were the ice-cakes of the Ohio, the various dangers I had encountered. All I could see was the band of shining light, the bright end of the voyage.

In addition to Mr. Bishop's personal narrative the volume comprises many valuable geographical and historical details, which furnish an important addition to its perusal, especially to English and other foreign readers, among whom the previous writings of the author have called forth a good deal of attention. Some cynical and captious persons may raise a question as to the utility or so dangerous an expedition, but not as to the exceeding interest of the author's recital of adventure. To this it may be replied that the voyage was undertaken not for physical discovery or pecuniary gain, but from the same restless curiosity and love of excitement which impels the Nimrods of the day to pursue buffaloes on the prairies of the West and lions in the jungles of Africa. Mr. Bishop has certainly no less right than the Gordon Cummings and the Jules Gérards, and other mighty hunters, to choose, his own amusements.

THE EARL OF MAYFIELD. A Novel. 12mo. pp. 438. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The chief interest of this story consists in its pictures of public life and its sketches of leading political celebrities during the Civil War. Many prominent men of that day figure personally in the plot under their own names, and others are introduced in a transparent disguise, and with such marked peculiarities of conduct and manner that they cannot fail to be recognized by readers of ordinary quickness of observation. Others again are presented partly in the light, partly in the shade, and with features so ruffled up that the detection of their identity may tempt the skill of the amateur of conundrums. The work is written in the person of a young sugar-planter of Louisiana, who had entered the service of the Confederate army as a conscripted private soldier at the beginning of the war, but had obtained an honorable discharge in the Spring of 1862, just after the battle of Shiloh. Upon the fall of New-Orleans, Carew, for that was the name of the hero, made the best of his way to his old home in Louisiana, and soon repaired to New-Orleans for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, to which he had always remained faithful, notwithstanding his forced military service on the Confederate side. The condition of New-Orleans at this time under the rule of General Butler is depicted with a graphic pencil. The once gay city was now in mourning. Her gallant youth were bravely battling on distant and ghastly fields for what they believed to be right. Hordes of adventurers crowded the city from every quarter of the North. They looked upon it as an El Dorado which was their legitimate prey. Butler was surrounded by rapacious satellites who urged him on to many acts of oppression against the unresisting and defenceless people. Carew, during this period, had remained a passive observer of events. Not long after he determined to visit the North, and arrived at New-York in the midst of the riot of 1863. In company with a Louisiana friend of some political note, he makes a journey to Washington, and at once seeks an interview with President Lincoln, of which a humorous caricature is given in the narrative. The experience of the writer after the close of the war is described in too protracted detail, and terminates to a great degree the interest of the volume. Carew is tempted by the prospect of enforcing a claim to the inheritance of the title and estate of a deceased English nobleman to make a voyage to England in pursuit of that object, in which it would be contrary to all the traditions of romance-writing, not to say that he proves completely successful, and becomes the Earl of Mayfield. He accordingly leaves the paternal acres of Louisiana and settles upon the ancient ancestral estate, where the curtain falls upon him in the high enjoyment of domestic happiness, and an honored member of the British aristocracy. The work makes slender pretensions to literary merit. The author exhibits but a slight degree of inventive power, and no practice in artistic composition; but his narrative of actual experience is fresh and animated, and certainly throws a strong light on many passages in the history of the Great Rebellion. The reader familiar with Louisiana matters will readily identify Carew as Thomas B. May, the first sugar planter in Louisiana to emancipate his slaves, and cultivate sugar by free labor, and afterward United States Sub-Treasurer. The New-Orleans politician who accompanied him to the White House on his first droll visit to Mr. Lincoln, will be recognized as Thomas J. Durant, then a leading member of the Louisiana bar, and now one of the most conspicuous masters of the civil law practising before the Supreme Court of the United States.

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7:30 p. m.—For Easton.

For trains to local points see time-tables at stations.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave at 8:45 a. m., 12 p. m. for Round Brook and intermediate stations, and at 5:30 p. m. for Easton, Allentown, Reading and Harrisburg.

Boats of the "Brooklyn and Erie Annex" make connection at Jersey City station, to and from Brooklyn and Erie Depot, Jersey City.

NEW-YORK and LONG BRANCH DIVISION.

Leave foot of Desbrosses and Cortlandt-sts. for Perth Amboy, South Amboy, Red Bank, Long Branch, Ocean Grove, &c.: 8:45, 11:45 a. m., 1:15, 4, 5:15, p. m.

Stage connection to and from KEYPORT at Matawan Station.

FREEHOLD and NEW-YORK RAILWAY

Connection. Leave foot of Liberty-st. for Freehold at 8:45, 11:45 a. m., 4, 5:15, p. m.

NEW-JERSEY SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Leave New-York, Pier 8, North River, foot Rector-st. for Long Branch, Eatontown and intermediate stations at 4:0 p. m.

Leave New-York, foot Liberty-st., C. R. R. of N. J.:

8:15 a. m.—For Farmingdale, Toms River, Barnegat and intermediate stations.

1:15 p. m.—For Toms River, Vineland, all stations to Bay Side AND FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

4:0 p. m.—For Farmingdale, Toms River, Barnegat, Tuckerton R. R. and Philadelphia.

NEW-YORK and PHILADELPHIA NEW LINE

BOUND BROOK ROUTE

FOR TRENTON AND PHILADELPHIA

Leave New-York from station C. R. R. of N. J., foot of Liberty-st., for Philadelphia.

For station corner Ninth and Green-sts. at 7:45, 9:00*, 11:15 a. m.; 1:00, 4:00*, 5:30, 7:15, 12 p. m. On Sundays at 8:45 a. m.; 5:30, 12 p. m.

For Station corner Third and Berks-sts. at 6:30, 9:00, 11:15 a. m.; 1:00, 3:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:15 p. m. On Sunday at 8:45 a. m.; 5:30 p. m.

For Trenton, Warren and Tucker-sts., 6:30, 7:45, 9:00, 11:15 a. m.; 1:00, 3:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:15, 12 p. m. On Sunday 8:45 a. m.; 5:30 p. m.

Returning trains will leave Philadelphia for New-York:

From Station Phila. & Reading Railroad, cor. Ninth and Green-sts., at 7:30*, 9:30 a. m.; 12:10, 1:40*, 3:30, 5:40, 7:15, 12 p. m. On Sundays at 8:30 a. m.; 5:30, 12 p. m.

From Third and Berks-sts. at 7:45, 9:30, 11 a. m.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:30, 6:45, 11:15 p. m. On Sunday at 8:25 a. m.; 4:30 p. m.

* Denotes Pullman Cars attached.

From Trenton, Warren and Tucker-sts.—1:20 (except Monday), 6:40, 8:20, 10:15 a. m.; 1:55, 3:25, 4:15, 4:45, 6:31, 8:05 p. m. On Sunday—10:15 a. m.; 4:45, 6:15 p. m.

Connection is made at Jersey City Station by ferry to and from Brooklyn and "Erie Depot" at Jersey City.

Tickets for sale at foot of Liberty-st., Nos. 239, 401, 944, 957 Broadway, at the principal hotels, Nos. 2 and 4 Court-st. and Annex Office, Jackson's Wharf, Brooklyn.

New-York Transfer Co., Rodel's Express Hall call for and check baggage from hotel or residence to destination. Application can be made at 944 Broadway, 736 Sixth-ave. New-York, and 4 Court-st., Brooklyn, at these offices in connection with the R. R.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

FOR BRIDGEPORT and all points on Naugatuck and Housatonic Railroads.—Steamers leave Catharine Slip (Pier 8), E. R., daily at 11:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Fast freight lines by any other route.

NEW-YORK CENTRAL and HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—Commencing Sept. 22, 1879, through trains will leave Grand Central Depot:

9:00 a. m. Western and Northern Express, to Rochester, St. Albans and Montreal, via Saratoga, with drawing-room cars.

10:30 a. m. Chicago and Western Express, drawing-room cars to Canandaigua, Rochester and Buffalo.

11:00 a. m. Express to Albany and Troy, with connections to Utica, Saratoga, Lake Ontario Parks and Rutland.

4:00 p. m. Albany and Troy Express.

6:00 p. m. St. Louis Express, daily, with sleeping cars for St. Louis, running through every day in the week; also sleeping cars for Buffalo, Toledo and Detroit, and for Montreal, excepting Sunday morning, via Saratoga.

8:00 p. m. Fast Express for Rochester, Niagara Falls and Corning, via Geneva. Sleeping cars to Geneva and Rochester.

8:30 p. m., Pacific Express, daily, with sleeping cars for Rochester, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and Chicago; also, excepting Saturday night, to Watertown, and, excepting Sunday and Sunday morning, Montreal via St. Albans; on Saturdays Montreal car leaves at 4 a. m.

11:00 p. m., Night Express, with sleeping cars to Albany and Troy.

Tickets for sale at Nos. 252 and 413 Broadway, and at Western Express Company's offices, Nos. 3 Park-place, 785 and 942 Broadway, New-York, and 33 Washington-st., Brooklyn.

C. E. MELKER, General Passenger Agent.

ONE DOLLAR TO BOSTON,

VIA THE FALL RIVER LINE.

For special limited tickets, the magnificent palace steamers BRISTOL and PROVIDENCE leave New-York daily, including Sundays, at 4:30 p. m., from Pier 28, North River, foot of Murray-st. Leave Brooklyn, 4:00 p. m.; Jersey City, 4:30 p. m., via Annex.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—Great Trunk Line and United States Mail Route.—On and after July 7, 1879, trains leave New-York via Desbrosses and Cortlandt Street Ferries, as follows:

Express for Harrisburg, Pittsburg, the West and South, with Pullman Palace Cars attached, 9 a. m., 6 and 8:30 p. m. daily.

For Williamsport, Lockhaven, Corry and Erie, at 8:30 p. m., connecting at Corry for Titusville, Petroleum Centre and the Oil Regions. Williamsport and Lockhaven, 5 a. m.

Baltimore Washington and the South. "Linden Washington Express" of Pullman Parlor Cars daily, except Sunday, 10 a. m., arrive Washington 4:12 p. m. Regular at 4:30 and 8:20 a. m., 1 4, and 10 p. m. Sunday, 10 p. m.

Express for Philadelphia, 4:30, 7:30, 8:20, 9, (10 Limited), 11 a. m.; 1, 3:30, 4, 5, 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 p. m.

and 9 a. m., 5, 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 p. m. Emigrant and second class, 7:30 p. m.

Boats of "Brooklyn Annex" connect with all through trains at Jersey City affording a speedy and direct transfer for Brooklyn travel.

Trains Arrive—From Pittsburg, 6:05, 10:40 a. m., 10:10 p. m. daily, also 6:50 a. m., 6:20 p. m. daily, except Monday. From Washington and Baltimore, 6:55 a. m., 2, 3:50, 4:50, 10:10 p. m. Sunday, 6:55 a. m. From Philadelphia, 3:50, 6:05, 6:5, 10:10, 10:40, 11:30 a. m., 2, 3:50, 4:50, 6:20, 8:30 and 10:10 p. m. Sunday, 3:50, 6:05, 6:50, 10:40, 11:30 a. m., 6:20, 10:10 p. m.

Ticket Offices, 526 and 944 Broadway, No. 1 Astor House and foot of Desbrosses and Cortlandt-sts., No. 4 Court-st., and foot of Brooklyn Annex Depot, foot of Fulton-st., Brooklyn. Nos. 114, 116 and 118 Hudson-st., Hoboken; Depot, Jersey City. Emigrant Ticket Office, No. 8 Battery-place.

FRANK THOMSON, General Manager. L. P. FARMER, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

TO PHILADELPHIA VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED ROUTE AND SHORT LINE between NEW-YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

Fourteen Through Trains each way daily; three depots in Philadelphia, two in New-York.

Double Track, the most improved Equipment, and the Fastest Time consistent with absolute safety.

On and after July 7, 1879,

Express Trains leave New-York via Desbrosses and Cortlandt Street Ferries as follows:

4:30, 7:30, 8:20, 9 (10 limited), 11 a. m., 1, 3:30, 4, 5, 6, 7:30, 8:30 and 10 p. m. Sunday, 4:30 and 9 a. m., 5, 6, 7:30, 8:30, and 10 p. m.

Boats of "Brooklyn Annex" connect with all through trains at Jersey City, affording a speedy and direct transfer for Brooklyn travel.

Returning trains leave Philadelphia, 12:01, 3:20, 3:55, 7, 7:30, 8, 9:30 and 11 a. m. (Limited Express, 1:30 p. m.) 2, 4, 5:30, 7 and 7:35 p. m. On Sunday, 12:01, 3:20, 3:55, 8:00, and 8:30 a. m.; 4, 7:35