Evening Telegraph

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1864.

ON GUARD.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG STONECUTTER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadows wrap the wood and lea,
A vision comes my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses blow upon her cheek,
Her form is not a lover's dream;
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face;
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moonlight grace

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the right.

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene
And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet
Of her at home that prays for me.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham, in his palmy prime,
Stood foremost with a front sublime
And lips of flame,
The champion of the brave and free,
Wearing the badge of liberty
And crown of fame.

Lord Brougham, in his dotage, sneers
And mumbles in the House of Peers
Against the right;
No lightning leaping with his words,
That once were sharp as two-edged swords,
In freedom's fight.

GEORGE W. BUNDAY.

HOUSE OF MITON, IN BARBICAN.

Dr. Johnson, somewhat abating his "paltry acrimony against Milton," says, in his "Life of the Poet," "I cannot but remark a kind of respect, perhaps unconciously paid to this great man by his biographers; every house in which he resided is historically mentioned, as if it were an injury to neglect naming any place that he had honored by his presence." There has been abundant opportunity for this tribute of respect. Although Wordsworth has apostrophized Milton,

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;"

yet he did not regard "life's common way" from such a distance, but painted even the social aspects, the recreations, and pastimes of London with indulgence, as when he said:—"These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State. To sequester out of the world into Atlantis and Utopian politics, which can never be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God has placed us unavoidably."

Milton was a Londoner, and, from first to last, a lover of London; yet he felt an affection for

Our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.

Then he would return to town life:—

Towered cities please us then,
And the noisy hum of men.

And elsewhere he addresses London as

Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.

He is even thought to have drawn the rural pictures of "L'Allegro" from the "suburban shades," though he was much then with his father at Horton, and visited London occasionally. Mr. Charles Knight, in his charming paper, "Milton's London," has well characterized him as "the poet, at one and the same time, of the city and of the country." He was born in Bread street; he died in Cripplegate. During a long life we may trace him from St. Paul's school through a succession of London residences—St. Bride's churchyard, Aldersgate street, Barbican, Holborn, Petty France, Bartholomew close, Jewin street, Bunhill fields. The poet's fondness for town and country led him to choose, in most cases, a garden-house—that is, a house in a garden, of which there were, especially in the north suburbs of London, very many in Milton's time. The young poet is even thought to have studied under his father's roof in Bread street, "in some retired back room, looking most probably into a pleasant little garden," such as we may imagine to have existed in the Bread street of two centuries and a half since. His lodging in St. Bride's churchyard may not have had a garden; he made no long stay there, but took, Phillips tells us, a pretty garden-house in Aldersgate street, which was in existence a few years since, and was described in the "Column for the Curious," May 30, 1863. The dwelling was but a cottage, with insufficient room for his pupils, although this hardly agrees with Phillips' description of the "pretty garden-house." However, the houses in that locality were then noted for their fine gardens.

From Aldersgate street Milton removed to a house, now pointed out as No. 17, on the north side of Barbican, nearly opposite "Dixon's Repository." This house is now immediately to be taken down for the Metropolitan (Extension to Finsbury) Railway. The house itself was named by its last occupant "Milton House;" it is of brick, with bay windows.

It was in Barbican, his biographers state, that Milton lived after his reconciliation with his wife, recorded to have taken place in the house of a relation named Blackborough, residing in the lane of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Dr. Symmons, in his life of the poet, thus describes his removal here:—"Milton was now reunited to his wife, but his augmented family being too large for his present habitation (in Aldersgate street), he was obliged to beg for her in a friend's house till a more capacious mansion, which he had recently hired in Barbican, could be made ready for her reception. When the necessary preparations were completed, she removed to her new residence, whither she was soon followed by her parents and her numerous brothers and sisters, who were not unwilling to share in the entertainment which was now become requisite for their support. In this asylum they continued till the question respecting their property was adjusted with the Government, and till a period subsequent to the death of the author's father, in 1647." ("Life," second edition, p. 254.)

Johnson thus describes the change:—"He had taken a larger house in Barbican for the reception of scholars, but the numerous relations of his wife, to whom he generously granted refuge for awhile, occupied his rooms." In time, however, they went away; "and the house again," says Phillips, "now looked like a house for the muses only, though the accession of scholars was not great." From Barbican Milton removed to a smaller house in Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-inn-fields, which Johnson places at "about 1645," but the actual date was 1647, and his tenancy about two years.

In the Barbican house, in 1646, the wife of Milton gave birth to her first child, a daughter, baptised by the name of Anne, who was either lame from her birth, or in consequence of some accident in her early infancy. Symmons also states that the second child, Mary, was born October 25, 1648, though this contradicts the above-quoted statement as to Milton's quitting Barbican. One of the illustrations to Mr. Knight's paper, "designed from maps and elevations, temp. James and Charles I," shows the Barbican of that time, with its lofty gables and overhanging stories, very picturesque in comparison with the present street. The house, No. 17, appears small for the "mansion" of the poet's biographer; but it extends in the rear of the next house, No. 16, and is of extensive depth; and a large flight of stone steps ascends from the basement to the open space rearward, recollected as a large garden with fine trees, some forty years since. The two houses immediately opposite Dixon's Repository have more the width of a mansion. Barbican was, in Milton's time, well tenanted. Sir Henry Spelman, the antiquary, died at his house here in 1640. Here also were the mansions of the Bridgewater family (the poet's early patrons), and Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Garter King-at-Arms, whence Brackley street, Garter court, and Bridgewater square.

Milton, after a lapse of years, returned to the same quarter of the town, in Artillery walk, leading to Bunhill fields. Here he finished his "Paradise Lost;" and here, on Sunday, November 8, 1674, he died, without a struggle. "This," says Phillips, "was his last stage in this world, but it was of many years' continuance, more, perhaps, than he had had in any other place besides." He was buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in the same grave with his father; and the monument—a bust, by the elder Bacon—which Mr. Whitbread erected some seventy years since, has lately been restored, in reverence for our great epic poet and his religious and political independence.

—Hon. Green Clay Smith made a speech in Memphis, the evening of the 27th ult., upon the political issues of the day.

—General Kilpatrick has so far recovered from his wound that he was enabled to resume his command in the Army of the Cumberland a few days ago.

—At the recent dramatic *fete* at the Crystal Palace, in London, Mrs. Mellon got two sovereigns for a scrap of Thackeray's manuscript of *Philip*.

EARLY SCOTCH BANKERS.

In England, the first bankers were goldsmiths; but in Scotland they were, in a great many instances, tradesmen of a very different class, such as drapers, haberdashers, and corn-dealers. Of the many firms risen to eminence from these pursuits, the old house of Coutts—the trunk, so to speak, of the English and other Coutts—is the most remarkable. The founder of the house was Patrick Coutts, a native of Montrose, who settled at Edinburgh, at the beginning of the 18th century. He carried on mercantile speculations with France, Holland, and America, by which he acquired a fortune of £30,000 Scots, which represented a considerable sum in those days.

After the death of Patrick Coutts, his son John carried on the business, enlarging it considerably, and taking a cousin as partner. Their business was dealing in corn, buying and selling goods on commission, and the negotiation of bills of exchange on London, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The latter part of the trade was a very profitable one, so that Mr. John Coutts grew rapidly rich, and was chosen Lord Provost of Edinburgh in consequence. He distinguished himself in that capacity, by setting up as the first Lord Provost who entertained public guests at his own house, it having been the custom previously to do the honors of the city at some convenient tavern or ale house. Unfortunately, these hospitalities led the worthy merchant into excesses of the table, to which he succumbed in 1750, at the age of fifty-one.

This brought the third generation of the Coutts' on the stage—corn merchants and commission agents, gradually coming to be bankers. The two sons of John Coutts, Patrick and Thomas, on whom devolved the business of the father, were not yet able clearly to discern the advantages resulting from banking. They knew that their bill transactions were very profitable, and they even went so far as to hold money on trust from private persons, and to invest it in securities of various kinds, to the advantage of both their clients and themselves; yet they held to corn-dealing as the chief part of their business, only dabbling a little now and then in smuggled goods—as, spirits, tobacco, and the like.

To assist in defrauding his Majesty's revenue was held a perfectly legitimate matter, as is well known in the "go-downs." Of the way in which the firm of Patrick and Thomas Coutts carried on their business, in the middle of the last century, an interesting account is given in the "Memoirs of a Banking House," drawn up from the manuscript of Sir William Forbes, the subsequent head of the establishment. Half bankers and half corn-dealers, the brothers Coutts had a large number of clients from whom they held moneys in trust, or for whom they negotiated bills, and the whole of these often very important transactions was carried on in a couple of small rooms, on the second floor of a house in Parliament-close, Edinburgh.

This very unostentatious tenement likewise formed the residence of the brothers, and from here likewise they directed their transactions in corn, which were on a considerable scale. They had a settled agent in Northumberland, who was employed to make purchases for the house, and for no one else, in that county; and they had a great many other commission agents in the chief agricultural districts of England and Scotland. Among the latter number was a somewhat celebrated character, Cooper Thornhill, who at that time kept the Bell Inn, at Hilton. Thornhill deserves a few words notice in the *Railway News*, as a man who had traveled at railway speed forty years prior to the birth of George Stephenson.

His greatest feat in this respect was a ride from Hilton to London, back to Hilton, and then to London again, the whole distance being two hundred and twenty-five miles, which he performed—date April 29, 1845?—in twelve hours, or at the rate of very nearly nineteen miles an hour. This is double the speed of a certain brand-new metropolitan line, which we will not further describe, which we had the misfortune to travel a few days ago, which took two hours and a half to carry us over twenty-six miles of ground.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Cooper Thornhill's rapid locomotive was regarded as something absolutely wonderful in his days. The road over which he passed on the memorable 29th of April was lined with spectators almost over its whole length, and the traveler was received with such enthusiastic hurrahs as if he had been a great king, or a man who had killed thousands—what people call a conqueror. A mezzo-tinto print of the famous exploit is still preserved at the Bell Inn, at Hilton.

The Messrs. Coutts, at the period here sketched, stood by no means alone in being both bankers and corn-factors. Messrs. Fairholme, of Edinburgh, whose banking house had long been eminent, were also corn-dealers on a large scale; and so were the firms of Fordyce, Malcolm & Co., Arbuthnot & Guthrie, Gibson & Hogg, and many others. The only houses at Edinburgh, a century ago, who confined themselves strictly to banking, were the two firms of Mansfield & Co., and William Cuming. The founder of the first-named house, commonly called "old James Mansfield," began life in a very humble way, as a little draper in a back street, from which locality he emerged as a dealer in bills of exchange.

This led to more extended money transactions, ending in the establishment of a banking house of the first celebrity in Scotland. The firm of Mansfield, Ramsay & Co. continued to be of the highest eminence till 1807, when it merged its name into Ramsays, Bonars & Co. In a similar manner the banking house of Cuming rose into existence. Old Patrick Cuming, that is Cuming the first, kept a cloth shop in Parliament-close, which his son and heir William converted into a counting-house, where he confined himself entirely to the trade in bills and money, with so much success that after a long—probably also a hard—life, he died the possessor of a very considerable fortune. These individual examples show the differences in the origin of the principal banking firms.

It was the failure of many of their corn and other speculations which opened at last the eyes of the members of the firm of Coutts & Co. to the value of banking, as the throughout most profitable of their occupations. The personal experience of Mr. James Coutts, the son of John, the hospitable Lord Provost, did much to accelerate the accomplishment of this design. Mr. James Coutts, who had never been out of Scotland, went on a visit to some friends in London, in August, 1754, and while there fell in love with a young damsel called Miss Polly Peagrim, niece of George Campbell, banker in the Strand.

After but a few weeks' courtship, Polly got wedded to James, and the event was followed by the entrance of the bridegroom into the firm of Campbell, henceforth Campbell & Coutts. His London experience soon showed James Coutts that banking was better than corn dealing, even when taken in connection with smuggling tea and brandy, and he advised his friends in Scotland accordingly. Perhaps the advice would not have been so quickly taken but for disasters. The partners of the Scotch firm of Coutts & Co., among whom was now Sir William Forbes and Mr. Hunter, the latter a very enterprising man, undertook various operations which they did not understand, with the consequence—to use an expressive colloquial phrase—to "burn their fingers."

They set up a large paper mill at Melville at very considerable cost; but, when all was ready, discovered that they could not make paper, and had to consign their imperfect produce to America, from whence they learned, through their agent, "that the printers of the newspapers had bought some of the paper, because they could not find any of a better quality, and the apothecaries had bought the rest because they could not find any that was worse." Not more fortunate than in paper-making were the partners in a lead mine speculation. They sunk gold, but got no lead in return; and though the phenomenon might have been explained, in a physical sense, by the fact that gold is much heavier than lead, and will consequently have a much greater tendency to sinking, the adventurers had but little comfort from it.

But they took the wise resolution of keeping henceforth to banking, giving up all the other branch occupations, even smuggling. This was about the year 1770; and the movement was followed by a number of other Scotch houses, previously devoted to trading speculations as well as banking. Probably the number thus starting into existence, all at once, was too great, for there soon came a tremendous crash which overtopped one-half of the new bankers. The disastrous event, as sudden as an earthquake, is still well remembered in Scotland, and generally spoken of as "Black Monday"—namely, Monday, the 8th of June, 1772.—*The Railway News.*

—General Lamar, who left Mobile on the 31st ult., reports that Hood has been reinforced at Atlanta by two divisions of Beauregard's Corps from Richmond, and two brigades from Mobile.

—Robert S. Mallory, member of Congress from Kentucky, has not been murdered by a soldier, as was reported. Mr. Gibson' Mallory was the person shot.

—H. O. Kent, Esq., of New Hampshire, Postmaster of the Senate, has been removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. A. P. Gorman appointed in his place.

—Lamartine has left Paris for Burgundy, where, it is said, he intends completing a play he has already commenced, to be represented next winter.

—A Paris letter says of Mires, the convicted banker, that "he has not yet reached the end of his trials or his lawsuits, but had a meeting of the shareholders of his old company a few days ago in the Cirque de l'Imperatrice. He was received by the immense assemblage with the favor which, notwithstanding his reverses, the very men whom they effected have never withheld from him. He drew tears as well as applause from his audience, when he read a letter from his daughter, the widow of the Prince de Polignac, who died about a year ago, in which she promises to expend the last franc of her fortune to aid him in defending his honor and the interests of his shareholders."

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

In the Parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, Scotland, lived a widow woman by the name of Simpson.

In her family resided, in the capacity of help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, the widow's son, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regarded a match, till at last the following event having occurred, and caused her to give way:—About the hay-making time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way to Linlithgow.

It was not often that the superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of those uncertain days which vary the Northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm-men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half secured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit, the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay-field, who should come that way but Geordy Wilson!

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window-seat, and at length discovered there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the brothpot boiling on the fire, and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with a potstick, and muttered "very thin." His proceeding with the latter must remain unmentioned; but, half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farm-house a mile off, and the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, the whiting and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Where's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house; they were certain that nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm-house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding, and searching. Robin, Nancy, and the farm-men were despatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been espied from the hay-field. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at the appointed time, and he had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored.

The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirk-gate and market-place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search-warrant for the beggar's meal-pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month were away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns, and magpies to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had borne an unquestionable character; but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking.

After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran, with tears in her eyes, to tell the minister.

As was then common to the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates, were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits and scandal prevented. The minister had heard—as who in Bathgate had not?—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls of his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true; yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighborhood, would come over the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after the spoons. She put on her best mutch (that is to say, cap), prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean-scoured kitchen, the ministers, elders, and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin, and the farm-men sitting by till their turn came, when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze, for the evening was sultry, was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's no room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Has you heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bounding from her seat.

"I couldna miss bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin', and what's better, I saw them," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy? What are they? and here's a whole shilin' for ye;" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in an day, and seein' the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and laid it by. I may say among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed, but never opened Bible, and interposed between its leaves lay the dozen of long-sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often that the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious profession, and it may be hoped turned her attention more to practice.

Has the story no moral for you, dear reader? —*Leisure Hours.*

Complimentary Order.

The following order has been issued by General Meade:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, August 5, 1864.—General Orders No. 32.—The Commanding-General takes great pleasure in acknowledging the valuable services rendered by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, 48th Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, and the officers and men of his command, in the excavation of the mine which was successfully exploded on the morning of the 30th ult., under one of the enemy's batteries in front of the 2d Division of the 9th Army Corps. The skill displayed in the laying out and construction of the mine reflects great credit upon Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, the officer in charge, and the willing endurance by the officers and men of the regiment of the extraordinary labor and fatigue involved in the prosecution of the work to completion, are worthy of the highest praise. By command of

Major-General MEADE.

S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

—Among the Union soldiers recently released from the Rebel prisons in Texas was Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. H. Duganne, of the New York 175th. He employed his enforced leisure in writing a book on "Camps and Prisons."

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The Restless, 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.

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All letters seeking information or advice will be promptly answered, and discreetly answered.

Full directions accompany each box.

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We send to any address our 32-page pamphlet free.

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No. 119 Market Street
BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND STREETS.
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For Confectioners, in full variety, and of the best quality.

Cochineal, Bengal Indigo, Madder, Pot Ash, Cudbear, Soda Ash, Alum, Oil of Vitriol, Annatto, Copperas, Extract of Logwood, &c., FOR DYERS' use, always on hand, at lowest net cash prices.

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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.*

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WEALTH, HEALTH, AND BEAUTY.

If to gain admiring eyes;
If to cause lovelorn sighs;
If to be a blooming flower,
Fading, dying in an hour—BEAUTY!

If to have a host of friends;
If for vice to make amends;
If with high-born blood to wed;
If a marble stone when dead—WEALTH!

If to live threescore and ten,
Wishing it as long again;
If to live a life of peace;
If to die and go to *grease*—HEALTH!

If you wish a life of pleasures;
If you value this world's treasures;
If very comfort you would see,
Take my advice, and wish *all three.*

Then, having Health, Wealth, and Beauty,
You'll be prepared for every duty.

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☞ Orders promptly attended to. ja4-tf

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), 6:00 A. M., 12 M., 2:30 and 11:00 P. M.
Chester at 8:05, 11:15 A. M., 1:30, 2:50, 4:30, 6:00 and 11:00 P. M.
Wilmington at 4:30 (Sundays excepted), 8:05, 11:15 A. M., 1:30, 2:50, 4:30, 6:00, 10:30 and 11:00 P. M.
New Castle at 8:50 A. M. and 4:20 P. M.
Dover at 9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Milford at 9:45 A. M.
Salisbury at 10:15 A. M.

TRAINS FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Baltimore at 6:45, 9:40 A. M. (Express), 1:10, 3:25 and 10:25 P. M.
Wilmington at 7:45, 8:45, 9 A. M., 12:24, 1, 1:45, 3:00, 4:30, 7 and 9:50 P. M.
Salisbury at 11:55 A. M.
Milford at 2:40 P. M.
Dover at 6:0 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., 1:05, 2:45, 4:40, 5:00, 7:00, 9:40 P. M.
Leave Baltimore for Salisbury and intermediate stations, at 10:25 P. M.
Leave Baltimore for Dover and intermediate stations at 4:10 P. M.

TRAINS FOR BALTIMORE.

Leave Chester at 6:40 A. M., 3:05 and 11:05 P. M.
Leave Wilmington at 5:35, 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 7:40 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 1:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Only at 10:20 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 from Atlantic City.
On and after MONDAY, July 4, trains leave Vinestreet Ferry as follows:—
Mail, 7:30 A. M.
Freight, with passenger car attached, 9:15 A. M.
Express (through in 2 hours) 2:00 P. M.
Atlantic Accommodation, 4:15 P. M.
Junction Accommodation, 5:30 P. M.
RETURNING LEAVE ATLANTIC.
Accommodation (Atlantic), 6:45 A. M.
Express, 7:08 A. M.
Freight, 10:45 A. M.
Mail, 3:45 P. M.
Junction Accommodation, 5:22 A. M.
Fare to Atlantic, $2:00. Round Trip Tickets (good only for the day and train on which they are issued) $3:00.
EXTRA BAGGAGE FREE.
Leave Vine street 12:15 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 4:45 P. M.
JOHN G. BRYANT, Agent.
jy30-tf

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA Steamship Line, sailing from each port on SATURDAYS, from first wharf above PINE Street, Philadelphia, and Long Wharf, Boston. From first wharf above PIER, Boston, on Saturday, August 13, 1864.
The steamship SAXON, Matthews, will sail from Philadelphia for Boston, on Saturday, August 13, at 10 o'clock A. M.; and the steamship NORMAN, Baker, from Boston for Philadelphia, on same day, at 4 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 sale 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.,
jy6-tf No. 532 S. DELAWARE Avenue.

FOR NEW YORK.—DESPATCH and Swiftsure 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 S. DELAWARE Avenue.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—REOPENING of the Nicaragua Route.—The elegant new steamship GOLDEN RULE, will leave
ON SATURDAY, August 27, at noon.
Lowest rates of passage through from Philadelphia to San Francisco.
Apply to W. A. HAMILL,
Agent,
jy16 1m* No. 217 WALNUT Street.

FOR LIVERPOOL, SATURDAY, August 13, 1864.
The British ship VANCOUVER, Captain J. D. Carlisle, will sail as above.
For freight or passage,