SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

BY HERMAN MELVILLE. Shoe the steed with silver That bore him to the fray. When he heard the guns at dawning,

Miles away; When he heard them calling, calling, Mount, nor stay; Quick, or all is lost;

They've surprised and stormed the post, They've pushed your routed host. Gallop! retrieve the day. House the horse in ermine-

For the foam-flake blew, While through the red October He thundered into view, They cheered him in the looming, Horsemen and horse they knew. The turn of the tide began, The rally of bugles ran, He swung his hat in the van, The electric hoof-sparks flew.

Wreathe the steed and lead him-For the charge he led Touched and turned the cypress Into amaranths for the head Of Philip, king of riders,

Who raised them from the dead. The camp (at dawning lost), By eve recovered-forced Rang with laughter of the host, As belated Early fled.

Shroud the horse in sable-For the mounds the heap! There is firing in the valley, And yet no strife they keep It is the parting volley, It is the pathos deep.

It is the pathos deep.

There is glory for the brave
Who lead and nobly save,

But no knowledge in the grave, Where their nameless followers sleep. The First Quarrel.

[From Once a Month.]
"Sakes alive! what a looking room! I declare, George Graham, if you arn't enough to try the patience of Job! I don't believe to try the patience of Joh: I don't believe there is another woman living has to bear what I do! Who'd ever think that I came in here after breakfast and worked a good hour putting things to rights! And now, what does it look like?"

Tears stood in the little wife's eyes, and her face lengthened out till you would have thought she had just heard of a death.

"What is it, Susie? What's up now? What does what look like? And Mr. Graham turned carelessly, and good-naturedly, too, from the double-leaded article on Reconstruction, which he had been so earnestly reading that though he had heard, he had scarcely comprehended a word of the com-

"That's just like you, George! If I were to tell you the house was on fire, you'd only look round and say, 'where, Susie?'"

He laughed; a hearty laugh it was too, clear and ringing; a laugh that many a wife would have treasured up as men do pearls and precious stones. It nettled Mrs. Graham, and she said.

sharply, "If you'd open your eyes, you'd see what does what look like," He rubbed them briskly, and then peered around. "I declare, Susie, I don't know what you mean. The carpet is swept, the furniture dusted, the lamps trimmed, the fire bright—what is it? I can't for the life

of me see anything wrong."
"You can't! No, of course you can't! See there, and there, and there," and she pointed rapidly, her emphasis growing more incisive each time, to his heavy over-ceat which lay in a tumbled mass on the lounge; to his hat which was lodged unceremoneously in the middle of her work basket; to his rubbers which were roasting on the stove hearth, and to his gloves which had demurely settled themselves on the

her and and drew her gently upon his lap and said soothingly as one might talk to a fretful child, "don't be cross now, pet, 'cause I did't mean anything bad, you know. Put up your lips and let me kiss away that pout." But the lips were not put up to meet the touch of those bearded ones. Instead, they assumed rigidity, squareness, immobility.
"Must I have the lecture first, wifey, before I can either give or claim a kiss? Well,

out with it then. The sconer I'm whipped the sconer it'll stop hurting, as I used to say to the boys when the schoolmaster was after me with the rod of correction. But, Susie," and here his tones, which had so far been jocular, assumed a touching earnest-ness, "I don't like this being scolded every time I come into the house. I've borne it so far patiently, but it is wearing out my temper. I shan't be able to hold it much longer, I'm afraid. I shall scold back, and then we'll quarrel, and then—our home will be no home, but—shall I say it, Susie?—what too many homes are; nothing more or less than cheap editions of hell itself." "But, George, how can I help it? You do try me terribly."
"How, Susie?"

"Why, by never putting your things where they belong. I was brought up to

where they belong. I was brought up to have a place for everything and everything in its place, and it does worry me to come in from the kitchen, tired and hot, and then find the sitting room looking so. I like to have things neat and orderly."

"But, you know we can't have all we want in this world, Susle, and is it worth while for you to fret your life away because I can't always think to put my gloves in my pocket, and hang up my coat and hat, and leave my rubbers in the entry?"

That word "fret" was an unfortunate one; it stung her, and she said, bitterly: "But you never think, George. You come rushyou never think, George. You come rushing in like a whirlwind, and you toss your things pell-mell every which way, and if they're ever picked up and put in their places, it is I, and not you, that do it, and I'm getting tired of it. I can't and I won't standat any longer."

"What will you do, Susie?" There was severity in his tone now.
"Do? Why, I won't stand it. I won't be any man's slave;" and the black eyes flashed defiantly.
"Did I ever ask you to be my slave?" The man's eyes were flashing now.

The man's eyes were flashing now.
"But what else am I? I toil like one from
morning to night to do up the work and put things in order, and you come in and undo it all, just as I've got through. It is enough to make a saint swear."
She wasso excited now she hardly knew

what she said.
"And what am I?" he retorted. "If you're a slave, I'm one quite as much. Who earns every cent that's brought in? Who pays the rent, and buys, the fuel, and lays in the provisions? Who clothes Mrs.Susan

Graham, I'd like to know?"
"She earned her own clothes once, and can do it again, George Graham, if it is necessary, and no thanks to you, or any other

"It is a pity she hadn't kept on earning them herself. Then she'd never had to pick up and put away her husband's and he well, it wouldn't begentlemanly to say it"-"Out with it, sir. Never spoil a joke for

relation's sake.'

"And he wouldn't have caught a Tartar, but been a happy old bach. Lord, how I wish I was!"

"Are you in earnest, sir?" "In earnest, madam."

'To-day." "Why not!"

"Then perhaps we'd better part."
"Part it is, then." 'The seoner the better, too," "My sentiments exactly, madam."

"Where will you go?" "I? I shan't go. I shall stay here."

"But you don't mean to say you're going to turn me out of house and home! I never would believe that of you, George Graham.' "It isn't I that's turning you out. You're turning yourself out. Suppose you stay; you've no money to pay the rent, or run the affair. It costs something to keep the house, I can tell you. I've found it out by bitter

experience."

"But where can I go? You know I haven't a relative left me."

"You should have thought of that before

you proposed parting. 'Tis not my business to look you up a house,'
"I don't knew whose else it is. You might do as much as that for your own "For my wife I'd do a great deal more. But you are not my wife any more; only the legal tie remains to be severed, and I'll

apply for a divorce at once.'
And disgrace us both?" "But what can a fellow do? Now I've got used to having a home I want one, and once free from you, there are dozens of girls that'll be glad to take up with me, careless,

good-for-nothing scapegrace as I am."
"And a pretty life they'll lead you, too."
"It can't be worse than what you've led me the last six months. Zounds! but I've been a fool to bear it so long. Fret, fret, fret, fret, from morning till night. Thank Heaven, it is all over at last!" and he

whistled gayly.
"You seem glad to get rid of me, sir."
"You've made me glad, madam." He put on his overcoat, drew on his rubbers, and gathered up his hat and gloves. Was he really going and without his dinner.

"When will you be ready to leave, madam?—I'll order a carriage any hour you name."

name.' "You are an unfeeling wretch, George Graham; you are, and that's the truth. You might, for decency's sake, give me till to-morrow, to pack up my things and decide what to do.

"You can have a week, madam, if you wish, I thought you were in a hurry to go. Yes, you may have a week. Meanwhile, I'll go to a hotel,"

"And have the whole town talking about us! Why can't you stay at home just as well." "Because I never like to be in anybody's

way."
"But it is your own house, and—and—if you ever had any regard for me, you'll stay till—till I'm gone," Her voice was not you ever had any regard for me, you'll stay till—till I'm gone." Her voice was not quite as steady as it had been.
"Well, I'll stay then. But not now. I'll come back to-night. You needn't sit up for me, Mrs. Graham. It'll be late when I get

in, and—I'll take the spare chamber till you're gone."

The front door closed after him in another The front door closed after him in another moment. He was gone; gone without his dinner; gone, and not coming back till—nobody knew when, and then going upstairs to sleep alone. They had quarreled. They had as good as parted. They would be divorced. He could get another wife and bring her home here, and she—she would have to go alone into the cold drawy world. have to go alone into the cold, dreary world and earn herown living. She didn't know enough about divorce, poor thing, to think of alimony. And all this because he neof alimony. And all this because he ne-glected to leave his "things" in the hall, and and she found fault with him for the said neglect! Careless husband! Fidgety wife! And because he wascareless and shefidgety,

they must live apart!

Mrs. Graham looked about her just then. Mrs. Granam looked about her just then. Everything was neat and orderly. There was nothing to worry her! Nothing? There was everything. And she sat down and cried; she who had been so resolute and defiant only ten minutes before. But that resolution, that defiance had been born of anger and the anger was all gone now of anger, and the anger was all gone now. How sorry she was she'd been so cross to How sorry sne was sne'd been so cross to him, for she had been cross, real cross, wickedly cross. What if he had tossed his things any and every way! It was a man's trick, and—and—here she sobbed outright, he never had a mother to train him. Poor the head here knocked around from hil-"I see, I see, Susie, but then you know I'm a careless, good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, he'd been knocked around from pilar to post all his life, till he got married, and now he would have to knock around again, for of course he couldn't get married right away; no, he would have to get a her and and drew her cently upon his land. nousekeeper, and sne'd worry the life out of him, and when he did get married could be find one who'd love him as she had and

did, yes, did!—the love was there yet, swelling up and overflowing.

She went into the kitchen, hardly knowing why, driven, perhaps, by the force of babit. There stood the table, laid for dinner, and so neatly; the cloth white in its creases, the plates and glasses shining brightly; the knives and forks polished to almost silver whiteness. She gave it one look, and mechanically opened the stove oven. The chicken was browning nicely; George liked roast chicken better than a fricassee, so she had cooked it that way. The potatoes and the turnips were dancing merry jigs in the pot, and the tea-kettle was softly humming. The mince pie stood on the hearth warming itself quietly, and exhaling a spicy odor that was tempting even to a dyspeptic stomach.

"Such a nice dinner and no one to eat it!

"Such a nice dinner and no one to eat it! Itwish—I wish—I—I hadn't been so cross to him. I began it, and kept it up, too; he wasn't cross first; he held out till I made him mad: I wish he was more careful, thoughtful—such a dear, good fellow as he is about everything else. Never scolds when bills come in like Hannah Renton's husband. Marcy! I don't know Benton's husband. Mercy! I don't know how she does live with him. An he's always giving me change; too, I never hardly have to ask for a cent; I don't know what I should do if I had to manage as Carrie Sanford does to get a dollar out of Jim. If I had such a man, I'd leave him, if I had to work my fingers to the bone to earn my own living. And 'he' wants me to have a girl and be dressed up all the time, and read, and practice, and go out with him, and there's poor little May Miller that never sits down once a week, but is forever stewing in the kitchen, and never a word of themes. stewing in the kitchen, and never a word of thanks, Joe always wondering why she don't do more than she does. He ought to go to a treadmill himself. And 'he' never tastes a drop of liquor, nor wouldn't for the world, and there's Nelly Grey's sot of a husband coming home beastly drunk every night of his life and scaring the life out of her. I'd see him drowned before I'd live with him, And 'he' never smokes, nor chews, while you can't go into any body else's house hardly withgo into any body else's house hardly with-out standing over spittoons, or being suffocated with somebody's pipe or cigar. Dear me! I should die in a week if I had to live that way. And 'he' is always so good-natured, too, never gave me a cross word till to day," but here she broke down entirely, sob after sob tearing away in her throat and

threatening to choke her. The paroxysm was too violent to last long. As it subsided, she dashed off the tears that flooded her cheeks, wiped her eyes, bathed her face thoroughly. Then she stood a few minutes as if gathering up resolution, a calm, beautiful expression playing about her

ps. The words of her old pastor had come The words of her old pastor had come back to her all at once as she sat there weeping. The words he had spoken to her the evening before her marriage. "My little girl you have made a good choice. George Graham, your promised husband, is a young man of excellent principles and good disposition, and will do his best to make you have. But he is not perfect. happy. But he is not perfect. No man is.
And you must be patient with his failings
—always patient. One cross word leads to
another, and that to another, till by and by there's a quarrel and then, good-by to hap-piness! Don't scold, but coax; don't drive, but lead. And if you ever feel tired with him, think how much worse it might have been. And always, always, remember that he is no saint, but only a man; a man, mortal and weak. Be it your work, little girl, to make his earthly home a happy one, and to lead him onward and upward towards that holier one not made with hands," "Dead; yet speaketh," she said solemnly

as that long, earnest talk came back to her.
"And—and, I'll do it any way. If he won't forgive, if he won't agree to begin again and try it over, why—Oh, I never, never can go out alone into the world, and see him married to another woman. Oh, I'll never say another word, I won't not one, if he has every chair piled to the ceiling with coats and pants, and the floor waist deep with boots and rubbers. I don't see what made boots and rubbers. I don't see what made me speak so cross to him. I'll get a girl to-morrow; somebody that can cook better than I, and I'll keep out of the kitchen; and whenever he comes in I'll take his thing; myself and take care of them. What must be have thought of me to bear a see that

he have thought of me to hear me say such dreadful things!" And filling up the stove with coal, draining the water off the vegetables, and leaving the oven door open, she ran up stairs and put on her sacque and bonnet, seized her muff and glove, and, locking the door

after her, went out.

It was bitter cold, but she did not mind it.

The wind was driving the sleet right into her face, but she only drew the thick veil closer over her swellen eyes and hurried on. It was slippery as glass; but her gaitered feet ran along as if sharp shod. She had but one thought; to see George again, tell him how sorry she was, and bring him back to dinner.

With a shout and a "hurrah!" a little fellow came coasting down one of the cross streets just as she had set her foot on the curb-stone. The sled whirled, zigzagged a moment and then ran her down. She screamed involuntarily, and, as she fell, put out her hands imploringly. Some one clasped them, held them tightly a brief spell, clasped them, held them tightly a brief spell, and then gently assisted her to her feet. Some one spoke to her. Some one said kindly, tenderly, lovingly, "Are you much hurt, Susie?" Some one drew aside her veil. Some one looked pityingly into her eyes. Who was it, think you?
"Oh, George! I'm so gladjyou happened

here. I was going down to the office after you."
"Were you, Susie? And I was coming up to the house to see you."

He looked about him a few seconds, and then said, meaningly, "Just half way and

we met.' The next minute he was tucking her little hand under his elbow and guiding her back home, walking slowly, cautiously, and asking at every few steps "if she were sure she were not much hurt," and adding, "he'd end the little rascal to jail if she were," to all of which she said earnestly, "Not any hardly; only frightened a little; he wasn't to blame for the sled turning; I'm so giad we met."

Inside the front door, before hardly the lock had sprung, he caught her to his heart, and as he held ner in the warm, close embrace, he kissed her passionately.
"What did you think of me, darling, for alking so to you? you don't know how

"What did you think of me, George, scolding you as I did; if you only knew how I cried afterwards." "But I plagued you dreadfully, I know,

Susie. You're so neat, and I'm such a care-"It was I who plagued you, George. I've no business to be so neat as to make myself a fussy, cross old thing, and I won't any more. I won't say a word, George, if you turn the house topsy-turvy every time you come in. Oh, George, to think of our quarreting so before we've been married a

"And you running away to leave me here alone. Oh, Susie, I should have run after you before morning."
"It was awful—the way we talked to each other. Can you ever forgive me?" "Yes, indeed; I forgave you ten minutes after Ireached the office; though going down there, Susie, I did wish, almost, that you were a little sloven, instead of such tidy bit

"I don't wonder, George. It's enough to make a man hate the very word neatness when his wife is forever scolding about it so. But do you knew what I'm going to do? I'm going to hire a girl to cook, wash, iron and scrub, and I'm going to meet you at the door arrow time you come in and put away all

scrub, and I'm going to meet you at the door every time you come in, and put away all your things for you, so that we'll both be suited. The house'll be in order, and you wont't be bothered helping about it."

"The deuce you will, Susie! Pardon, pet, I didn't mean to say it. Have the girl, I always wanted you to; but hang me if I am going to have such a doll of a wife to put away my things, and me a great six-footer.

going to have such a doll of a wite to put eway my things, and me a great six-footer. No, no. You may meet me, and kiss me, but—why just see how nice I can do it when I've a mind to," and releasing her from his filded arms, he deliberately took off hat and overcoat and hung them up by plummet and line, and then kicking off rubbers he set them squarely under the rack.

"Only, Susie, if I once in a while forget!"

"I won't scold, George; no, I won't, if I have to bite my lips till they bleed to keep the ugly words in."

"And when I see you biting your lips, Susie, I'll know what's up, and hurry and put things in their places, and then wipe the hurt off just so," and he pressed his bearded chin close to hers so smooth, and soft, and sweet, and took a dozen or so warm kisses.

"And now put your things away, wifey, and let's have some dinner, for I'm as hungry as a church rat."
"I'm afraid it's all dried up by this time. but I'll hurry and make you a nice cup of

"You know what the good book says, Susie; better is a dry morsel" "I know, I know, George," and turning back again she took his right hand and laying it tenderly on her heart, said tearfully, "Help me to be good."
"We will help each other, wife, and Heav-

en shall help us both." And so ended the first quarrel. God grant it may be the last!

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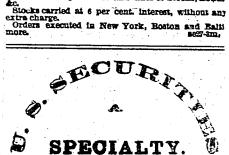
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Business exclusively on Commission.

All orders will receive our personal attention at the STOCK EXCHANGE and GOLD BOARDS, dil-ly?

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Special business accommodations reserved for Ladies.

\$12,000. \$5,000, \$5,000, \$5,000, \$2,000. DESIRABLE for sale, E. R. JONES, del5 \$t.

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J. MARTIN, Buccessor to Geo. W. Gray, BREWER, 24, 26, 28 and 30 South Sixth St., Philad's. Fine Ild Stock & But-Brown Airs,
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WINES.—The attention of the trade is solicited to the following very choice Wines, &c., fer sale by JOSEPH F DUNTON, No. 151 South FRONT street, above Walnut.

MADEIRAS.—Old Island, 8 years old.

SHERRIES.—Campbell & Oo., single, double and triple Grape, E. Crusoe & Sons, Rudolph, Topas, Rieg Spanish, Crown and F. Vallette.

PORTS.—Vallette, Vinho Velin Real, Danton and Rebello Vallente & Oo., Vintages 1836 to 1836.

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favorite brands.

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OLD WHIRKIES.—500 Casea Pure Old Wheat, Rys
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E. P. MIDDLETON,
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W HITE CASTILE SCAP.—106 boxes genuine what Castile Scap, landing from Brig Fennsylvania from Genos, and for sale by IOS, R.BUSSIER & GO 106 South Delaware avenue. 108 South Delaware avenue.

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South Wharves, Philadelphis,
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The Philadelphia and Southern Management of Savannah, Tona Wannah, Capt. W. Jenningt.

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Of SAVANNAH, will commence receiving freight.

Of SAVANNAH, will commence receiving freight.

Of Savannah, December 20th, and sail on Satura on Thursboay, December 20th, and sail on Satura on Thursboay.

This steamenth as one State Rooms and other accommodations for passengers.

Cabin passenger 975. Deck for \$15.

Through tickets sold to the following points—Macon, Ga., \$25; Columbus, Ga., \$40; Monigomery, Ala., \$46; Ed. fauls, Ala., \$40; Monigomery, Ala., \$

No freight received or bills of issuing signed on sensing day.

Agents at Savannah, Hunter & Gammell.

For freight or passage, apply to

WM. L. JAMES. General Agent,

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314 South Wharves.

FOR NEW ORLEANS, DIRECT.
FOR NEW ORLEANS, DIRE

ning, will leave NEW ORLEANS on SATUR-DAY, January 5th.
This Steamer has superior State Rooms and other ccommodations for passengers.
Cabin passage, \$00 Deck do., \$30.
Freight taken at low rates.
No freight received or bills of lading signed on self-

ng day.

Agents at New Orleans, Messrs. Crevy, Nickerson &
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814 South Wharves,

FOR WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE PHILADELPHIA AND SOUTH
ERN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S REGULAR
LINE, from Second Wharf below EPRUCE street.

The first-class steamship PIONEER, Captain Hear
reight on WILMINGTON, will commence receiving
freight on THURSDAY. December 13th, and sail on
SATURDAY, December 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and
every siternate Saturday thereafter—vis.: Decamber
29th, January 12th, &c.
Passengers will find superior accommodations and
best strendance.
Cabin Jassage, \$50; Deck do., \$19.

est sucheance. Cabin 1 assage, 220; Deck do., 210, Freight carried at low rates. No freight received or bills of lading signed on said No freight received or bins of lading against ing day.

Agents at Wilmington, WORTH & DANIEL, who will give especial attention to forwarding goods addressed to their care to and from the interior.

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FOR BOSTON.

STEAMBHIP LINE DIRECT.

ALLING FROM EACH PORT BY LEVE DIRECT.

ALLING FROM EACH PORT BY LEVE DIRECT.

AND LONG WHARK ENGINE MY.

FROM PINEST. WHARK. PHILADELPHIA.

AND LONG WHARK BOSTON.

The steamship SAXON Captain Crowell, will assert from Boston on Thursday, Dec. 22, at 10 A. M.

The steamship SAXON Captain Matthews, will assert from Boston on Thursday, Dec. 23, at 3 P. M.

The line between Philadelphia and Boston is now composed of the SAXON. Captain Raker, 1,455 toms burthen.

SOMAN. (new), Captain Baker, 1,455 toms burthen.

SAXON. Captain Linithews, 1,255 toms burthen.

SAXON Captain Linithews, 1,255 toms burthen.

NORMAN, Captain Linithews, 1,255 toms burthen.

NORMAN, Captain Crowell, 1,235 toms burthen.

NORMAN, Captain Crowell, 1,235 toms burthen.

These sabstantial and well appointed steamships will sail punctually as advertised and freight will be received every dzy, a steamer bein; always on the berth to receive carge.

Shippers are requested to send Bills of Lading with their goods.

For ireight or prinsige having superior accommodations, apply to HENHY WINSOK & CO., and the Second Policy of the South Medical Steamship Company.

THROUGH AIR LINE TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

PHILADELPHIA, RICHMOND AND NORFOLK STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Also, to all points in NORTH and SOUTH CAROLINA, via Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, and to LYNCHBURG, VA., TERNINESSEE, and the WEST, via NORFOLK, PETERBBURG AND SOUTHSIDD RALINGAD.

The regularity, safety and shortness of this route, tagether with the moderate rales charged, commend the general processing the substance of this route, tagether with the moderate rales charged, commend the substance of the substa

The regularity, safety and shortness of this route, to gether with the moderate rates charged, commend it to the public as the most desirable medium for carrying every description of freight.

No charge for commission, drayage, or any expense of transfer.

Steamships insure at lowest rates, and leave regularly from the first wharf above Market street.

Freight received daily,

MM. P. OLYDE & OO.,

seld 14 North and 14 South Wharves. HAVANA STEAMERS.

AU20

140 North Delaware avenue.

FOR NEWBERN, N. C., VIA NORTOR AND PLYMOUTH, N. C., VIA CANAL.
TO SAIL ON SATURDAY, DEC. 15TH, UNLESS
SOONER FULL.

The steamer HANNAH SOPHIA, Teaf, master, is now rapidly loading for the above ports at WILLOW street wharf, and having reariy all of her cargo engaged, will rositively sail as above.

For freight, apply to

BISHOP, SON & CO.,

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No. 105 Arch street.

NEW EXPRESS LINE TO ALEX-ANDRIA, Georgetown and Washington, via Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, with connections at Alexandria, Va., form the most direct route for Lynchburg, Bristol, Knoxville, Nashville, Dalton and

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Steamers leave First Wharf above Market street.

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14 North Wharrest.

J. B. Davidson, Agent at Georgetown; M. Heridge of Co., Agents at Alexandria.

FOR NEW YORK.—Philadelphia Steamer FOR NEW YORK.—Philadelphia Steamer Fropeller Company—Despatch and Swifsware Lines, via Delaware and Raritan Canal—Leaving Mally at 12 M. and 5 P. M. connecting with all the Northern and Eastern Line.

For freight, which will be taken on accommodating Market M. and S. W. M. BAIRD & CO., mhisti mhisti No. 12 South Delaware avenua.

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Philadelphia and Baltimore Union Express Steamboat Company will leave the second wharf below Archstreet every. Wednesday and Saturday at 2 P. M.

Freight taken at low rates.

For ineight or passage, apply to

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THE FAVORITE STEAMBOAT
BOTH JOHN A. WARNER for Burlington,
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BARGES towed to and from PHILADELPHIA.

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Ether Class ship UNCLE JOE, Captain Sewall, will have immediate despatch for the above port.

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Ether Company of the control of the

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WANTED TO PURCHASE.—A centre-board

WANTED TO PURCHASE.—A centre-board

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years old, and not over 26 feet 4 inches beam,

Apply to EDMUND A; SOUDER & CO., No. 3 Dock

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Particular attention given to repairing.

WASHING, STARCHING, SCOURING AND CLEANSING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES BEST WORK, at lowest prices. Office, 1309 Chestnut St.

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A LMERIA GRAPES.—100 kegs of these splends.

A white grapes in the order landing and for sale ag.

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