AN APOLOGY.

Your coming in last night, my lady love,
Was some what sudden,
To the tire ribbon of her ringlets
She put the crimson of her cheeks up—well,
The Rich red blood—and then you singing,
came
into the room, and tossed your hand for shame.

I saw a sort of midday northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your
eyes!
I like such things. I like to see the wind
Drive rightforced clouds across the skies;
I like the sea, and, when it's easily bad,
A pretty woman—very, very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air
(You bear a queen's name, and a queen you
are)
With which you downed your Tilbot opera
cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star,
Sparkling in my admiration—but my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I should not like to own them. You would be
Proprietor of earthquakes or loose hurricanes,
Or comets planning in celestial wars?
Or wed a maid last could, if she should please,
Give me a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Don't be a female thunder storm
Bound to your eyes, with every mood, and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April, now be June again
And let your sine cuteybrows' silken rage
Be know of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that resebud if you twist it so!)
Give me both hands, that I may say, "Good Bess,
The good Queen Bess," and kiss you ere I go—
"The good Queen Bess," whose heart, and mind,
and face,
Teach me to love ALL women—as a race!

So, when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
I meant no wrong, you know, I only meant
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
But then, looking at it broadly upon her fingers
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
I pon my soul, I made believe 'twas you!

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

Scenes in a Gaming House in Germany.

"Carleton" writes to the Boston *Journal* from Wiesbaden:

"Thousands of pleasure-seekers are walking in the grounds around the *Kursaal* or public gaming-house. We steal across the grounds, passing through magnificent groves where are fountains playing, and enter the building beneath an impposing portico. I wish to play at hazard just to see men so gorgeous livery ready to take our hat and cane. We enter a spacious lofty hall, roof supported by fluted columns, its ceiling ornate with stucco, in golden panels, with fresco wall walls, damask drapery, dado floors, waxed and polished. This is the great dining saloon, where, from 9 o'clock this Saturday evening till the break of day on Sunday morning, the waltz and the quadrille will be kept up. There are coffee-rooms and reading rooms, and two or three thousand persons are sitting beneath the trees in the park, listening to the music of the band, sipping coffee and eating ices, supplied from these rooms.

"There are four great tables, surrounded with light—four restless, anxious throngs of men and women—seated, standing, walking nervously, calculating chances, exulting over gains, bewailing losses. The doors of this magnificent suite of rooms are open to everybody. The gambling is conducted on a democratic plan; prince and peasant, commoner and courtezan—all may enter and roam at will through the gilded hall, play if they please, provided they have the stake, say if they please, provided they have a guilder—forty cents American currency. That man yonder, who has pale and sunken cheeks and dreamy eyes, who wears an old threadbare coat, who conservatively clutches his last guilder, knows that if he loses it, will go to bed supperless, may win a thousand dollars, may ere daylight have his pockets bursting with handfuls of gold, or that portly dame in a clair upon the other side of the table, wearing a silk dress, covered with gold spangles, with a great pile of gold before her, may go hence without a penny in her purse. Be it now the one or the other, the men who wait the wheel and roll the ball will be utterly indifferent. Men are as remorseless as fate. They work for the bank, and the bank has no soul. Come not here for soul, or heart, or conscience. They are extinct—burned up. These men and women are automate forms, only—brained skulls, bones, cords, muscles—destitute, utterly devoid of a soul, of a conscience to be quickened or animated. After undertaking a number of

"At the first table is a gray-haired man with a white moustache and sunken pale cheeks. He has a florid countenance. He must be at least sixty years old, for time is multiplying and deepening the furrows. He is not a desperate gamester—perhaps plays for the fun of it. He has been here for a long time—loses, gains, loses, and after a while leaves the table. A young man with a tuft of hair on his chin and high cheek bones, hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, wearing a threadbare coat, has lost his last florin, has the vacant seat, pulls a lean portmonnaie from his pocket, lays a dollar on the green cloth and watches with intense eagerness the roling ball. He is poor, and this is the way he has taken to recover his fortune. Lucky is on his side. He is a dollar richer. He clutches the shining silver, turns it over, gloats upon it with miserly satisfaction. he lays another. 'Nineteen,' says the man at the wheel, and the dollar is scooped away. The next time he will win again. He is mistaken; the bank takes it. He tries once more; sees a second dollar disappear; then gives a great crestfallen, looking longingly at the growing pile of gold and silver beneath the hands of the raker.

"At the other side of the table sits a lady in the bloom of early womanhood, of a fair countenance, and large, lustrous eyes. She was here yesterday evening with a pile of gold before her, and was playing twenty francs at a time. She wears a jockey hat with a superb ostrich plume, and her rich silk blue-colored robe lies at her feet in wavy folds. When she wears this hat with the air of a queen, and she sits there seemingly indifferent whether twenty-franc pieces are won or lost, and yet in only four successive deals has been swept away a slight thus: overspreads her face; she bites her under lip; smooths the wavy hair upon her forehead, and with an air of lunado lays another piece and wins. A little later every one of her twenty pieces of metal have disappeared—all gone into the bank.

"Standing behind the lady is a young man, dressed with taste and elegance, who has a well-trimmed beard, smoothly brushed hair, who pays but a dollar at a time, but he lays it down with an air of one who expects to win. He goes from the table richer than he came. At the end of the table is a fellow with a large, cold face—as cold as the color of steel, wide looks not to the right or to the left, but only forward. He has thrown a thousand francs in gold. It is raked into the bank, and not a muscle of his countenance moves. He lays a second thousand and sees it drawn away with as much unconcern as if it were but a half-dime. True it is not a great amount, but the wheel is all the while turning and there are not many men who can afford to lose $200 every minute.

"A tall man—broad-shouldered, with a bald crown, thin locks of hair about his ears, great sluggy eyebrows, rough features, wearing a dark suit, with a heavy gold chain to his watch, lays a half dozen Napoleons—scattering them all over the table, to divide his risks. He loses, then wins—loses and wins again. Some are intently watching the playing—marking the numbers to see if there is any lucky figure. Among them is a woman wearing a black bonnet and faded black silk dress. She has a long row of figures, and is engaged in a mathematical calculation to find out the ratio between gains and losses. Look at her face narrowly. It is as cold and passionless as that of yonder marble statue in the park. She could see a man step upon the fatal drop and swing into eternity without giving her fan to shut out, even for a second, the horrid sight. No scene of suffering can change for an instant the rigidity of that corrugated countenance—as hard as the hardest steel. She has finished her calculations, folds her paper slowly, puts up her pencil deliberately, stretches the table, lays a double gold piece number twelve, seet it swept away: lays another—another—a fourth: all are gone, but the fifth wins—the sixth loses, yet there is no change of feature in that metallic countenance.

"There is another woman clothed in black—bonnet, shawl, dress all black—mourning relatives, perhaps, for some friend gone to the future life. Fifty years ago she was a child, but Time has changed her once raven hair to an iron-gray. Her cheeks were blooming once, but now they are bleached to ashy whiteness. Her lips are thin and at times they are drawn tightly across the teeth. She is restless. There is a constant movement of hands and arms, turning of the head, a quick glance upon the throng, now to the right, now to the left, a constantly re-adjustment of her shawl, a twitching of the muscles of the face, and when the dollar which she has laid down comes, there is a gasp and an involuntary reaching forth of the hand to save it. She had a pile of dollars a short time since, but they have disappeared. She turns with haggard countenance to go away, but the attraction of the place is irresistible. She opens her purse, finds another guilder, and while looking at it breaks upon her fingers as if they were hot. Passion has lighted the fires, and every fibre, muscle and tendon is heated. Her eyes burn, and she lays up the coin with a ghastly smile at this freak of fortune.

"Before we leave the hall let us take one look. There is one player whom we must not pass by; it is an old woman, with thin gray hair, hollow cheeks, wrinkles gaunt, shrivelled countenance, deep-set eyes dim with age, and trembling hands. She wears ill-fitting garments, an old straw bonnet trimmed with faded ribbons, a shawl worn threadbare. She is an *old habitue* of the place. Year after year she has sat by this table. Many thousand francs she has won and lost. She has down now, and will be lower soon—in the grave. Her wagg is peculiarly hollow, as if sounding from a tomb. She has six dollars in the corner of a dirty handkerchief: she plays and every one is lost. She leaves the table, walks round the room, mumbling to herself, her bent form and trembling limbs attracting for a moment the eyes of all around her. She goes to the door, looks out upon the star lit sky, but sees not a single star—no hand divine beckoning her upward to a purer sphere. There has been a time in her life when heaven was nearer than perdition. If there are voices still calling her to a better life, she does not hear them or she is perverse to such a degree that she turns toward the table, raises her arm over the shoulders of the crowd around the table, tosses down a dollar, and wins two.

"Her bleared eyes gleam once more. For a moment there is a hysterical movement of the toothless jaws and a sepulchral laugh at the unexpected luck, and then, as the clock ominous midnight, she sits down to the table to recover the losses of the evening.

"We leave her there and hasten to escape from such a suburb of the bottomless pit, where heart and soul and conscience are sold, all that is sweet, tender, loving, pure and holy in this life, where hell seems the portal of joy and bliss in the life to come are burnt out of the heart by the unquenchable flames of passion for play devouring the frequenters of the place."

The Every-Day Life and Habits of Pius IX.

[Translated for the Cincinnati Commercial from the *Gazzetta* of Turin.]

Pius the Ninth is a fine looking old man, seventy-five years of age, who in former times was called Giovanni Maria de Conti Ferretti, and was born at Sinigaglia, on the 13th of May, 1792. At first intended to enter the military service, but he changed his mind soon in favor of clerical life, and took orders. After undertaking a number of laborious missionary travels, he was appointed by Pope Leo XII. director of a hospice consecrated to St. Michael, and in 1827, at the age of thirty-five, he was promoted to the bishopric of Spoleto. His predecessor, Pope Gregory XVI., appointed him Archbishop of Imola in 1832, and conferred a Cardinal hat on him in the year 1840. Only six years afterward he ascended the highest grade in Roman Catholic Hierarchy; after a long, lingering struggle, the conclave of the Cardinals selected him Pope. It is not our purpose here to relate the interesting events connected with, and subsequent to, the accession of Monsignor Mastai-Ferretti to the Papal throne, but we shall only try to give our readers an insight into the habits and the every-day life of Pius the Ninth.

Pius the Ninth possesses an excellent constitution. His form is above the middle stature, he has a broad chest, full but small hands, and his gait is slow, but even on the most solemn occasions entirely natural and unaffected. His large, expansive head, with the regular, harmonious features, indicates rare mental faculties; the broad and high forehead is shaded by dense, dark-brown hair. At the first blush the countenance of the Pontiff exerts an indescribably winning effect upon the beholder, so great is its kindness and sweet expression. His nose is not regular, but equilibrium and healthy shapes the mouth, which bends somewhat toward the protruding chin, is singularly chiseled, the lower lip being somewhat fuller in the middle. The entire right side of the body is somewhat weaker than the left side, the right cheek is not as full, the right eye is more shaded by the eyelid. The whole face is wonderfully lit up by the radiance and kindness of the large, black eyes.

The Pope rises every morning at half-past 6 o'clock; in the summer time, generally somewhat earlier. He is accustomed to be his own servant, in many matters, and to serve himself. In effect, he has retained some of the simple habits of his early life, except an extraordinary predilection for the greatest cleanliness. At half-past 7 o'clock he can again be in his oratory, thereupon he assigns another mass, which is celebrated by one of the priests of the Vatican, so that his religious duties are fulfilled by half-past 8 o'clock. His soul being strengthened by prayer, his mind is free and disengaged for the labors of the day. He leaves the chapel, passes through a light breakfast, consisting of biscuits and a mixture of coffee and chocolate. Now the major-domo, the high chamberlain and the private secretary receive their instructions concerning the audiences and administration affairs. These appear in the side galleries of the Vatican the officers and ministers, and shortly afterward the ministers of State, cardinals, some heads of convents, as well as the ambassadors and travelers who wish to be introduced to the Pope, receive audiences. The Pope receives them all without exception in his cabinet, which is furnished in the simplest manner. The whole furniture consists of a large table, on which there is a crucifix and writing materials, a large, easy chair, which the Pope himself occupies, and another chair destined for his guest.

At 3 o'clock, the time for receiving visitors is up, and the Holy Father repairs to the dining hall in the right wing of the immense building, the windows of which enable him to look out on Monte Cavallo. This hall is very large and contains only a table covered with crimson velvet and an arm chair, both standing on a platform, surmounted by a canopy, which is adorned with the Papal coat of arms. In Rome, the Pope dines always alone in accordance with an ancient custom; but in the country, for instance, at Frascati or Albano, a few Cardinals and other prelates are admitted to his table. The habits of the last few Popes were very frugal, and their meals of the plainest description. Under Gregory XVI., the expenses of the Papal table amounted to three dollars a day; and Pius IX., who, when Archbishop and Cardinal, ate only a dollar a day for his table, practices the same economy since he has become Pope—of course, only when he dines alone. At the close of his repast, he retires to his bedchamber, where he holds a short siesta. At four o'clock his carriage is ready to take him into the country, where he generally promenades for about an hour. At six, he has already returned to the Vatican. Now he sits down to work, and does not stop before nine o'clock, when he takes a short meditation in his oratory, he retires to his bedchamber, where he meets the Minister of his house, who has always to be present when the Pope goes to bed. He chats with the Minister for half an hour on the domestic affairs. So soon as Pius IX. replies to him in longer, the Minister closes his portfolio and withdraws, after first convincing himself that his Pope's servant, who must sleep in the room adjoining to the bedchamber, is at his post.

The former Popes used to have a great many refreshments prepared during the summer months, when the heat became oppressive—Sherbets, ice-creams, &c., and great was the astonishment of Pius IX. when, a short time after his election to the papacy, he called for some orange-lemonade, and saw the servant appear with quite a variety of refreshments and iced cakes. He sent it all back, took a knife and an orange, whose juice he himself squeezed into a glass, thereupon he gave stringent orders that his servants should not bring him anything else, unless they wished to incur his serious displeasure. He observes the same simplicity in everything regarding his person. He lives for a long time was the same which he had used in his episcopal position at Imola; after regaining Rome immediately he had not yet made any alterations to his wardrobe, save the cassock, which he had ordered on being elected Pope, and this coat, made of fine white cassimere, contained, in consequence of the extreme roundness of its owner, no other seams than the traces of a few grains of snuff, of which the Holy Father is very fond.

The Terrors of a Telegram!

(From the Ohio State Journal.)

The rage of the storm king is always more terrible to the understanding than the raging of the storm present. A flash of lightning from a rolling thunder-cloud inspires more terror than the burning of the thunderbolt overhead. The loudest thunder is before the storm, and it most appalls when it bellows along the horizon. The raging cloud may have a silver border, but it is a relected light, and gives no hope. The murmurings, roarings and flashings threaten everything—tell you nothing. The language of the storm seems to be understood—the telegrams of the approaching storm cannot be translated. You have in it the basis for every fear—the foundation for hope. These mountains of uncertain threatening cumulus clouds may be illuminated with the brightest realm of sunshine, bringing darkness to the sky, disorder to the world and fear to the heart. So, sometimes, we are in our most cheerful moods, surrounded by our most genial friends, we are stricken by the thunderbolt of error in a telegram. In the midst of joy it tells us of sudden and dangerous illness, of dying friends, of months of miles away. While the loud laughing talk of boon companions rings in the ear and overwhelms a smile on the face, the telegram whisper freezes the heart and starts the cold sweat upon the brow. The sunshine is gone and the cloud envelops you and boon companions as well. There is sympathy in every eye, but it does not relieve. The telegram expressions of encouragement are only the sky, silver bordered, of the coming cloud, and give no hope.

The danger cannot be met face to face, to counsel and jump or spring, or fly two hundred miles, and so there is scarcely satisfaction in either—it is all in fear.

Fortunately Lalabiche sustained no injury. If the fears proved true, the consequence of the accident would have been serious. The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to disengage the Watchet greater violence than at first was used or not, the door in the instance was broken in fragments, and the cab (previously a good looking vehicle) now presented the most melancholy appearance imaginable. The Lalabiche cursed curses loud and deep, but it was perfect by accident, and the damage should be made good, and his loss of time remunerated. I do not think the great Lalabiche ever condescended to ride in a hack.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

The Story of the Japanese Student who Died at the Bonwell, Massachusetts.

Jaiawara, one of the six Japanese youths who have been pursuing their studies at Monson for several months, committed suicide by hanging on Sunday evening, his victim being fickle *Republicean* of July 24th. He was last seen alive about half past 7 o'clock, P. M. on that day, not far from the place where his body was found, and probably committed the act of self-murder soon after. His absence from his boarding-house was cause of no alarm for his companions, and alarm for his safety, and on Monday search was commenced by a number of the citizens, and about eight o'clock in the evening twenty-four hours after his disappearance, his body was found suspended from the limb of a tree, in a retired spot about a mile east of the village, and a little distance from the highway. Beneath him on the ground lay his hat, coat and umbrella, and around his neck was tied a handkerchief and a cotton cloth which he had taken with him from his house, showing that the act was one of premeditation and deliberate purpose. His watch was found going, and his money safe, and all the contents of his pocketbook undisturbed. His last walk on Sunday evening last was taken alone, an unusual circumstance for the Japanese, and he gave to his friends a promise to three or four, or quite often the entire six, take their accustomed walk, and this was gone from home for a long time on Saturday, on a similar solitary excursion, and another then remarked the act of the spirit, could catch the full fragrance of the new mown hay, and exclaim, "Oh, how sweet!" hopefuly, you could feel your tears flow in that religious duties are fulfilled by half-past 8 o'clock. His soul being strengthened by prayer, his mind is free and disengaged for the labors of the day. He leaves the chapel, passes through a light breakfast, consisting of biscuits and a mixture of coffee and chocolate. Now the major-domo, the high chamberlain and the private secretary receive their instructions concerning the audiences and administration affairs. These appear in the side galleries of the Vatican the officers and ministers, and shortly afterward the ministers of State, cardinals, some heads of convents, as well as the ambassadors and travelers who wish to be introduced to the Pope, receive audiences. The Pope receives them all without exception in his cabinet, which is furnished in the simplest manner. The whole furniture consists of a large table, while on the march by an overpowering enemy, you cannot form for action, cannot fight against the misfortune, cannot retreat from your pleasure, cannot be foundered ship in a storm, you cannot stand erect, you cannot resume your course, you cannot avoid danger; you can give no assistance to drowning friends. You are powerless to do, you have no strength to dare. There is too much rage With your sorrow to make it sacred and you are simply miserable.

You may listen at the telegram office for a cheerful "click, click;" you may stretch your ears impatiently into the dim distance of the two hundred miles; you may send your heart out into the darkness, but the "click, click," will turn in a dirge, your arms will seem so short, and your heart will come back with a rebound, torn and bleeding, to tell you that there is no terror like the Terror of a Telegram, whisper it to "Poor Carlotta" of Maximilian's death or to the humblest laborer of his dying child. RAMBLER.

The "Great" Baso.

It is a terrible thing to be an excessively large man, and yet large men are sometimes men of genius. Witness Lablache, for instance, the great bass singer. He was immense, both in size and in vocal music—how immense may be gathered from the following anecdote which we translate:

Lablache died at Naples on January 23d, 1858, at the age of seventy-five, in a house now inhabited by his son-in-law, Thalberg. We shall never see his like again. The Jovebuckmaker, where he meets the Minister of his house, who has always to be present when the Pope goes to bed. He chats with the Minister for half an hour on the domestic affairs. So soon as Pius IX. replies to him in longer, the Minister closes his portfolio and withdraws, after first convincing himself that the Pope's servant, who must sleep in the room adjoining to the bedchamber, is at his post.

The former Popes used to have a great many refreshments prepared during the summer months, when the heat became oppressive—Sherbets, ice-creams, &c., and great was the astonishment of Pius IX. when, a short time after his election to the papacy, he called for some orange-lemonade, and saw the servant appear with quite a variety of refreshments and iced cakes. He sent it all back, took a knife and an orange, whose juice he himself squeezed into a glass, thereupon he gave stringent orders that his servants should not bring him anything else, unless they wished to incur his serious displeasure. He observes the same simplicity in everything regarding his person. He lives for a long time was the same which he had used in his episcopal position at Imola; after regaining Rome immediately he had not yet made any alterations to his wardrobe, save the cassock, which he had ordered on being elected Pope, and this coat, made of fine white cassimere, contained, in consequence of the extreme roundness of its owner, no other seams than the traces of a few grains of snuff, of which the Holy Father is very fond.

The Terrors of a Telegram!

(From the Ohio State Journal.)

The rage of the storm king is always more terrible to the understanding than the raging of the storm present. A flash of lightning from a rolling thunder-cloud inspires more terror than the burning of the thunderbolt overhead. The loudest thunder is before the storm, and it most appalls when it bellows along the horizon. The raging cloud may have a silver border, but it is a reflected light, and gives no hope. The murmurings, roarings and flashings threaten everything—tell you nothing. The language of the storm seems to be understood—the telegrams of the approaching storm cannot be translated. You have in it the basis for every fear—the foundation for hope. These mountains of uncertain threatening cumulus clouds may be illuminated with the brightest realm of sunshine, bringing darkness to the sky, disorder to the world and fear to the heart. So, sometimes, we are in our most cheerful moods, surrounded by our most genial friends, we are stricken by the thunderbolt of error in a telegram. In the midst of joy it tells us of sudden and dangerous illness, of dying friends, of months of miles away. While the loud laughing talk of boon companions rings in the ear and overwhelms a smile on the face, the telegram whisper freezes the heart and starts the cold sweat upon the brow. The sunshine is gone and the cloud envelops you and boon companions as well. There is sympathy in every eye, but it does not relieve. The telegram expressions of encouragement are only the sky, silver bordered, of the coming cloud, and give no hope.

The danger cannot be met face to face, to counsel and jump or spring, or fly two hundred miles, and so there is scarcely satisfaction in either—it is all in fear.

You may listen at the telegram office for a cheerful "click, click;" you may stretch your ears into the dim distance of the two hundred miles; you may send your heart out into the darkness, but the "click, click," will turn in a dirge, your arms will seem so short, and your heart will come back with a rebound, torn and bleeding, to tell you that there is no terror like the Terror of a Telegram, whisper it to "Poor Carlotta" of Maximilian's death or to the humblest laborer of his dying child. RAMBLER.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

FOR CAPE MAY BY RAILROAD.
From Foot of Market Street (Upper Ferry).
COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.
9:00 A. M. Morning Mail. Dep 12:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M. Cape May Passenger. Dep 7:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M. Accommodation. Dep 7:00 P. M.
RETURNING, LEAVE CAPE ISLAND.
6:30 A. M. Morning Mail. 11:45 A. M.
6:45 A. M. Accommodation. Dep 12:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M. Cape May Passenger. Dep 8:30 P. M.
THE SUNDAY MAIL and PASSENGER TRAIN leave Philadelphia at 7:30 A. M.; returning leave Cape May at 4 P. M.
Tickets, good for ONE, THREE, or TWELVE months, can be procured at the Office of the Company, Broadway, Cape May.
Baggage checks can be procured at No. 828 Chestnut street under the Continental Hotel. Persons purchasing tickets at the office can have their baggage checked at their residences.
WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES FROM FOOT of Market street (Upper Ferry).
Commencing MONDAY, July 15, 1867.
A. M. Mail for Woodbury, Glassboro, Salem, Millville, and intermediate stations.
A. M. Express for Cape May and Sea Shore.
3.00 P. M. Cape May Accommodation.
4.30 P. M. Woodbury Accommodation.
4.00 P. M. Cape May Express.
5.30 P. M. Woodbury Accommodation.
7.30 P. M. Camden Accommodation.
SUNDAY MAIL TRAIN leaves Camden at 12 M. for Cape May.
Excursion Tickets to Cape May, good for the season, at reduced rates.
Commutation Tickets, at 25 per cent. discount, between Camden and Philadelphia.
Baggage Checked through to Cape May.
Freight received at the Company's Office, No. 228 South Delaware avenue.
JOHN LEAMING, Superintendent.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD—SUMMER TIME TABLE.—On and after MONDAY, July 29, 1867, Trains will leave Depot, corner of Broad street and Washington avenue, as follows:
MORNING ACCOMMODATION.—At 7.30 A. M. for Baltimore, stopping at all regular stations. Connecting at Wilmington with Express Train for Baltimore, and at Intermediate stations.
Express Train at 8.30 P. M. (Sundays excepted) for Baltimore and Washington, connecting at Wilmington with Express Train for Baltimore.
Express Train at 3.30 P. M. (Sundays excepted) for Baltimore and Washington, connecting at Wilmington with Express Train for Baltimore.
EXPRESS TRAIN at 8.30 P. M. (Sundays excepted) for Baltimore and Washington, connecting at Wilmington with Express Train for Baltimore.
NIGHT EXPRESS at 11.30 P. M. for Baltimore and Washington, connecting at Wilmington with Express Train for Baltimore.
Baggage Checked Through to Points in Maryland and Virginia.
Tickets and Baggage Checked through to Principal Points in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and the South, at the Office, S. E. corner Broad and Washington avenue, under the Baltimore Exchange, where Passengers by the Baltimore Express Trains can have their Baggage checked at their residences.
Baggage Checked Through to Points in Delaware.
Excursion Tickets from Philadelphia to Reading and Intermediate Stations by Reading Railroad Train, leaving Philadelphia at 7.30 A. M., returning leave Reading at 4.45 P. M. Excursion Tickets from Philadelphia to Pottstown and Intermediate Stations by Reading Railroad Train, leaving Philadelphia at 7.30 A. M., returning leave Pottstown at 5 P. M.
Excursion Tickets to Atlantic City, $3 for the Round Trip, by Express Train, leaving Philadelphia at 8.30 A. M. and 3.30 P. M., returning leave Atlantic City at 7 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.
Excursion Tickets to Cape May, $5 for the Round Trip, by Express Train, leaving Philadelphia at 8.30 A. M., returning leave Cape May at 7 A. M.
All the above trains call at Wilmington.
Excursion Tickets to points West, South and Southwest can be procured at the Office of the Company, S. E. corner Broad and Washington avenue, under the Baltimore Exchange, where Passengers by the Baltimore Express Trains can have their Baggage checked at their residences.
Baggage Checked through to Points in Delaware, in order to secure the lowest rates of fare, at the Office, 1 Broadway.
ELLIS CLARE, Agent.

PHILADELPHIA, NEWCASTLE AND BALTIMORE STEAMBOAT LINE.—Leaving Philadelphia every Saturday at 4 P. M. Connecting at Newcastle with Express Trains for Baltimore and Washington.
Freight received at the Company's Office, No. 14 South Delaware avenue.
JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

QUICKEST TIME ON RECORD.
26½ Hours to Cincinnati
via Pennsylvania Railroad & Pan Handle.
7 1-2 HOURS LESSTIME
than by competing lines.
Passengers leave Philadelphia at 9 P. M., arrive in Cincinnati next evening at 10:00 P. M.; 365½ hours. Only one night spent on the road.
The Celebrated Palace Sleeping Car runs through from Philadelphia to Cincinnati.
Passengers take the 12 M. and 11 P. M. trains reach Cincinnati and all points West and South one hour in advance of all other routes.
To secure the unequaled advantages of this line be particular and ask for tickets "Via Pan Handle," at Ticket Office, 62 Chestnut street, and Depot, West Philadelphia.
For information relative to Tickets or Freight, apply
JAS. C. WILSON,
GENERAL AGENT,
62 Chestnut street.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN MAIL ROUTE,
Via Washington and Lynchburg,
Offers to travelers the shortest and most expeditious line to Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, NASHVILLE, MEMPHIS, MOBILE and NEW ORLEANS.
THROUGH TICKETS to Louisville, St. Louis, Nashville and PRIME TICKETS, at 11 P. M., and 11 o'clock P. M.
Sleeping Cars accompany the Night Express Trains through to NASHVILLE, TENN., and CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Tickets and Baggage Checked through at 828 Chestnut street, depot of W. and B. R. R., and at General Ticket Office, 434 Chestnut street.
Baggage checked through.
A FAST FREIGHT LINE has been established over this route, affording the shortest and most direct FREIGHT ROUTE, AND WITHOUT CHANGE.
For information relative to Freight, apply to
JAS. C. WILSON,
GENERAL AGENT,
434 Chestnut street.

PAN HANDLE LINE.—FOR NEW YORK.—THE CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, PAN HANDLE LINES.—Passengers for New York and points beyond, may take the Express Trains of the above lines, leaving Philadelphia as follows:
At 5 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express Mail, $3.00
At 8 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3.00
At 5.00 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, 1st class, 3.00
2d class, 2.50
MORNING EXPRESS LINE, at 8 A. M., for Bridgeton, Millville, Vineyard, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Wildwood, Hammonton and Vineyard.
AFTERNOON EXPRESS LINE, at 3 P. M., for Bridgeton, Millville, Vineyard, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Wildwood, Hammonton and Vineyard.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Atlantic City.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Long Branch.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Freehold.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Farmingdale.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Florence.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Burlington.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Beverly.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Fish House.
At 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Long Branch and intermediate points.
Market street, by upper ferry.
Passengers by the Express Trains will leave as follows:
At 11 A. M., 4.30 P. M. (except on Saturday), and 11 P. M. for Atlantic City.
At 11 A. M. and 11 P. M. for Long Branch.
At 11 A. M. and 11 P. M. for Freehold.
At 11 A. M. and 11 P. M. for Farmingdale.
At 11 A. M. and 11 P. M. for Florence.
At 11 A. M. and 11 P. M. for Burlington.
At 11 A. M. and 11 P. M. for Beverly.
At 11 A. M. and 11 P. M. for Fish House.
Market street, by upper ferry.
Returning, leave Philadelphia at 8.00 P. M.: arrives in Philadelphia at 11 A. M.
Trains for Atlantic City leave Philadelphia at 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. Excursion Tickets to Atlantic City, Tuckerton, Beach Haven, Long Branch, Eatontown, etc., at reduced rates.
Commutation Tickets, at 25 per cent. discount, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City.
Baggage Checked through to Points in Delaware, in order to secure the lowest rates of fare, at the Office, 1 Broadway.
ELLIS CLARE, Agent.

PHILADELPHIA & BALTIMORE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Summer Arrangements.—On and after Saturday, June 15, 1867, the Trains will leave Philadelphia, from the Depot of the West Chester & Philadelphia Railroad, corner of Market and Twenty-fourth streets, as follows:
Leave Oxford for Philadelphia at 6.10 A. M. and Leave Oxford for Philadelphia at 6.10 A. M. and 3 P. M.
Leave Delaware Junction for Philadelphia at 6.50 A. M. and 3.40 P. M.
Leave Delaware Junction for Oxford at 7.30 A. M. and 4.20 P. M.
Leave Chadds Ford Junction for Philadelphia at 6.40 A. M. and 3.30 P. M.
Leave Chadds Ford Junction for Oxford at 7.20 A. M. and 4.10 P. M.
Leave Kennett Square for Philadelphia at 7.05 A. M. and 4.00 P. M.
Leave Kennett Square for Oxford at 7.45 A. M. and 4.40 P. M.
Leave Parkesburg for Philadelphia at 7.25 A. M. and 4.20 P. M.
Leave Parkesburg for Oxford at 8 A. M. and 4.55 P. M.
Leave Lenape for Philadelphia at 7.40 A. M. and 4.35 P. M.
Leave Lenape for Oxford at 8.15 A. M. and 5.10 P. M.
Leave Downingtown for Philadelphia at 8.05 A. M. and 5.00 P. M.
Leave Downingtown for Oxford at 8.40 A. M. and 5.35 P. M.
Leave Coatesville for Philadelphia at 8.20 A. M. and 5.15 P. M.
Leave Coatesville for Oxford at 8.55 A. M. and 5.50 P. M.
Leave Malvern for Philadelphia at 9.05 A. M. and 6.00 P. M.
Leave Malvern for Oxford at 9.40 A. M. and 6.35 P. M.
Leave Phoenixville for Philadelphia at 8.45 A. M. and 5.40 P. M.
Leave Phoenixville for Oxford at 9.20 A. M. and 6.15 P. M.
Leave Norristown for Philadelphia at 9.45 A. M. and 6.40 P. M.
Leave Norristown for Oxford at 10.20 A. M. and 7.15 P. M.
Leave Conshohocken for Philadelphia at 9.35 A. M. and 6.30 P. M.
Leave Conshohocken for Oxford at 10.10 A. M. and 7.05 P. M.
Leave Manayunk for Philadelphia at 9.45 A. M. and 6.40 P. M.
Leave Manayunk for Oxford at 10.20 A. M. and 7.15 P. M.
Leave Spring Mill for Philadelphia at 9.50 A. M. and 6.45 P. M.
Leave Spring Mill for Oxford at 10.25 A. M. and 7.20 P. M.
Leave Conshohocken for Phoenixville at 6.10 A. M.
Leave Phoenixville for Conshohocken at 7.10 A. M.
Leave Norristown for Phoenixville at 6.35 A. M.
Leave Phoenixville for Norristown at 7.35 A. M.
Leave Norristown for Lenape at 7.00 A. M.
Leave Lenape for Norristown at 8.00 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Lenape at 7.20 A. M.
Leave Lenape for Downingtown at 8.20 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Malvern at 7.40 A. M.
Leave Malvern for Downingtown at 8.40 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Parkesburg at 8.05 A. M.
Leave Parkesburg for Downingtown at 9.05 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Coatesville at 8.20 A. M.
Leave Coatesville for Downingtown at 9.20 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Kennett Square at 8.35 A. M.
Leave Kennett Square for Downingtown at 9.35 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Chadds Ford Junction at 8.50 A. M.
Leave Chadds Ford Junction for Downingtown at 9.50 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Delaware Junction at 9.05 A. M.
Leave Delaware Junction for Downingtown at 10.05 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Oxford at 9.20 A. M.
Leave Oxford for Downingtown at 10.20 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Philadelphia at 9.35 A. M.
Leave Philadelphia for Downingtown at 4.00 P. M.
Leave Downingtown for Oxford at 5.00 P. M.
Leave Oxford for Downingtown at 6.10 A. M.
Leave Downingtown for Philadelphia at 6.25 A. M.
Leave Philadelphia for Downingtown at 3.30 P. M.
Leave Downingtown for Oxford at 4.30