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[For the SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.]

DEFENSE.

They say "I've sung enough of Love,
They're tired of it's changeless strain."
And with a word of good advice,
They send my voice back again.

I thank them, for the kind advice—
I take it so, however 'twas meant.
And trust the golden harvest soon,
Will spring from seed of good intent.

And when life's autumn days have come,
And I shall fade, as do the leaves,
I hope the love-thoughts I have sown,
Will be among Time's golden sheaves.

My thoughts, may be less grand than those,
By which the older bards have won
Their laureled fame. A swallow may,
Wing like an eagle, toward the sun.

And if I dwell on one sweet strain,
As the Old Masters loved to dwell,
In rapture o'er a single chord,
Enraptured by its dreamy swell.

Or as a bird, who warbles forth
The one song of his happy heart,
I only follow Nature's voice,
And humbly tried to do my part.

For Nature in her ceaseless round,
Is ever to her teachings true.
To-day's an echo of the Past,
And in the world, there's nothing new.

Has not the soul of Love been set
Upon the heaven in sunbeams gold?
Did not the Psalmist's songs of Love
Fall from his lips, in days of old?

What are the songs the sweet birds sing,
From nightingale to cooling dove?
(Whose every note a perfect song,
And every song a song of Love.)

What are the songs of Scotland's Burns,
The sweet lays of "Anacron Moore,"
The burning words that Byron sang,
But love repeated o'er and o'er?

Go hush the sea, that ever sings
Unto the shore, the self-same song,
Silence the gurgling, laughing brooks,
That through the blue flags sweep along.

Go hush the mother o'er her babe,
Whose love songs soothe her darling's sleep,
Go still the little prattler's tongue,
Who lispeth, "the Lord my soul to keep."

When you have hushed the myriad birds,
The tuneful hum of busy bees,
The sweet voice of the waterfalls,
The soft wind sighing 'mong the trees;

When you have still'd all songs of Love,
Have torn them from the hearts of men;
Then, will I cease to sing such songs,
But while I'm living, not 'till then.

Oh ye who have such wealth of love!
From the abundance of your store,
Feed ye the famished, thirsting ones
Within the shadow of your door.

How many tired, weary hearts,
Are yearning for one word of Love,
How many angels watch your lips,
From the white throne of God above.

JAMES NORTH.

Our New York Letter.

New York, Jan. 7, 1879.

If it were true in the musty days of the past that "all roads run to Rome," it is no less true in the feverish present that all interests in America centre in New York. Boston may indeed be the hub around which all New England revolves; Chicago and St. Louis, Philadelphia and New Orleans may be the suns around which their respective systems roll; but neither sun nor system refuses to traverse in its turn about the great North Star towards which the needs of every interest, political, social or commercial, steadily points—the longest and narrowest, richest and poorest, most christian and most heathen city West of the Atlantic. Who ever saw, in any country, a city so strangely constituted, so oddly inherited, so marvelous, and yet so young? Less than 270 years since the quaint craft of Hendrick Hudson dropped anchor in this magnificent Bay, and we have a city seven centuries old, holding a million and a quarter people, containing more Irishmen than Dublin, more Germans than Bremen, more Jews than Jerusalem and more politicians than any State in the Union—except Ohio.

METROPOLITAN LIFE.

Winter life in the Metropolis is so full of interest and fascination that one literally "takes no note of time" but by its Sundays; which, fortunately, are not yet constructed here on the "European plan"; otherwise one would find the winter gone and the trees budding before he realized that holiday week was fairly out of sight. The theatres are crowded with the best actors at their best roles, till they fairly jostle each other off the stage in the haste of the managers to give the public something new continually. The churches are open, not only Sabbaths, but largely on week days, and the spirit of New York, then, which an abler or more Godly cannot be found, is sounding its deepest thunders in the people's ears, or holding out the hands of earnest invitation to the unawed. The galleries are full of the rarest paintings, colors and engravings. The shops are blazing with "terrible temptations" to the frugal housewife, displayed with a depravity of skill that makes many a husband and father long for a longer purse or a less covetous household. The streets are crowded day and even-

ing; the elevated railroads whirl their thousands over the heads of the throngs below; the hotels are generally full of guests; the busy hum of a reviving trade is heard on every hand, and merchants and buyers, from every section of the Union, exchange daily greetings in the market places.

And here, in the centre of American life, activity and enterprise you propose to have a regular correspondent. Well! If you will let me, I mean to depart occasionally from the beaten track of city gossip, and tell your readers, now and then, about some of the many really great and deservedly famous features and men of New York; in fact, treat them as though they were visiting me in my uptown French flat, and wanted to see what was worth seeing in Gotham.

RAPID TRANSIT.

If the year 1828 deserves to be memorable as that which witnessed the opening of the Erie Canal, the year 1878 promises to be far more memorable in the annals of Gotham by virtue of rapid transit. Already the Third Avenue road is open to Harlem, and you can climb thirty feet into the air at the Battery and be whirled along on a level with the second story windows; eight and a half miles to Harlem, all for five cents—provided you go between five and seven in the morning, or the same hours in the evening. At other hours you pay ten cents—and get your money's worth even then. Shades of Jimmy Watt! That all this should have come from your idle watching of a frisky pot-lid while you toasted your spines before the fire! Blessed be the youngster that kept you out of doors playing till your teeth chattered and your nose grew blue! He never dreamed how great service he was doing for humanity, nor how the real estate owners at the upper end of the Island would rise up and call you both blessed. While Rapid Transit is a great boon to the clerk and salesman who can't pay the big rents down town, it is a sweeter blessing to the weary holder of uptown lots covered knee deep with mortgages, riddled by hideous nightmares and pursued by the avenging spirits of savage mortgages and bloodless tax-gatherers, that freeze his veins as they whiz in their "cutty sarks" from those of poor Tom O'Shanter. Jimmy Watt saves lot owners when all the horses in New York were leaving them to their fate.

MAKING THE CANALS FREE.

A strong movement is to be made this winter in favor of making the Erie and other New York State Canals absolutely free waterways. This, if accomplished, will be good news to the grain producers of the Great West, and will bring them into closer and more profitable connection with New York City and trans-Atlantic consumers. The scheme for a canal freight railroad will also be pushed during the session of the Legislature, and there is talk of a huge basin for canal boats on the North River side of the city to relieve the East River wharves and slips between Canities Slip and South Ferry from the pressure of canal boats; a locality that is greatly needed by West India and other shipping.

VANDERBILT'S GREAT GRAIN LINE.

Even more important, if possible, is the new project of Vanderbilt for cheapening terminal facilities here for handling grain. He has built a monster grain elevator at Sixty-fifth street, alongside which he proposes to run his trains laden with grain, which will then be discharged direct into the holds of a line of swift sailing iron steamships bound for various European ports. He has just bought fourteen of these ships and will run them regularly from Sixty-fifth street. They are not expected to carry passengers, but to be devoted exclusively to grain and merchandise. The first ship sails next week and others will follow rapidly. This makes a sure thing of low freights from the West, whether by rail or canal.

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

Times are better. There is no mistake about it. Every department of trade feels it more or less. In my next I will tell you how two items of farm produce are looking up till it takes no prophet to predict a vast profitable industry in each; and they are but two in a hundred. Why, look at one single branch of manufacturing—the sewing machine trade. One would suppose the world was already supplied with sewing machines, but the Singer Manufacturing Company report a sale of some 70,000 machines in the year just closed in excess of the number sold in 1877! The total sales of Singer machines for the year are some 350,000; in making and selling which no less than 40,000 persons and 3,000 horses are employed. Think of the men digging the ore, felling and dressing the timber, building the wagons, and cars and ships that carry Singer machines to the people, and adding them to the forty thousands, we see how mightily such an enterprise affects the whole community for good. Mr. Edward Clark, the old business partner of the original Singer, is President of the Company. A good story comes from Chicago about the "Singer." After the great fire the Relief Committee undertook to furnish sewing machines to needy women, permitting each applicant to take her choice from among six of the most popular kind. There were 2,944 machines thus supplied; 2,427 of the girls selected "Singer" machines, and the remaining 517 divided their choice between the

Are other kinds. The Singer has taken the first prize over all competitors more than 200 times. "Art is long," but newspaper correspondence mustn't be.

MONDAY.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 1879.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into the inflation bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

But when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped back into the honest money bush
To scratch 'em in again.

You will, Mr. Editor, bear me witness that I am tolerably free from the habit of "dropping into poetry." But by taking some liberties with the nursery bard I am able to make him so exactly epitomize the financial course of "the favorite son" and "great Senator of Ohio" that I have ventured to quote him, substituting and interpolating as demanded by the circumstances of the particular case, though at the expense of metre and symmetry perhaps. The damage resulting to Mr. Thurman's reputation as a financial guide from the success of resumption is sufficiently disquieting just at a time when financial promises to continue one of the leading issues in the campaign of 1880. But he is confronted by a still more serious dilemma in the revelations now being made before the Teller Committee. Mr. Thurman is an infatuated Bourbon and the associations of a life-time have tended to make him one of the most narrow-minded and bigoted of partisans. He has never lost an opportunity to defend the bloody code of the White League Democracy in the Senate. His championship of the bull-dozers is notorious; and they have shown themselves capable of no crime so atrocious or sickening as to shock Mr. Thurman into silence. But his pointless, rambling letter to the young Democrats of Ohio shows his perturbations of mind and the depths of depression in which he is at present wallowing. There are other demerits—well call them Democrats—unhappily disappointed at the success of resumption. As in the case of Mr. Thurman it discredits them abroad and at home as prophets, and makes the hand-springs and double summer-saults they have turned during the past two years with the hope of keeping on the winning side, regretted of principle or conviction, appear in a light so ridiculous, not to say contemptible, that they are in danger of being laughed out of future nominating conventions. Let us hope these men represent only themselves in their anxiety to thus trade on the National pledges to its creditors, to temperately obtain peace and power. Certainly if Republican and some Democratic representatives here correctly reflect the sentiment of their constituencies, a vast majority of the voters of this country share the feeling of heart-felt gratitude exhibited by most Congressmen here that we have been able to get down to a hard money basis with so little disturbance to any of our material interests.

Senator Oglesby has secured the respect of the public by his straight-forward course here as a National legislator. Nevertheless Gen. Logan is the popular favorite with those who sympathized with the Union cause; at least that is the impression one gets from the tone of comment heard on the chances of the different candidates for the Senatorial succession from Illinois. I believe he is the preference of a very large majority of the class named, as between him and any other man Illinois Republicans could select to represent them in the upper House of Congress. His course in the Senate was narrowly scrutinized and generally commended itself to Republicans, and the conspicuous services he rendered the country in its hour of peril will not be forgotten till the last loyal man of this generation shall have succumbed to the last enemy.

About the only thing settled relative to yellow fever by the world's experience with that terrible scourge, is that when the temperature touches the freezing point its power of death and desolation is effectually stayed. The remedy introduced by Prof. Gamgee, of London, and endorsed by medical and other scientific men is based on this known action of frost; and many officials and others are urging an appropriation for its application South, to save us from the danger that now menaces us from the fever germs lodged in the sheltered places there and which it is felt may break out into terrible activity with the warm weather of spring and invade the whole country.

A little reflection is convincing that Mr. Sunset Cox is figuring to get the census machinery into the hands of the bull-dozers, that he may inflate the white vote of his section, to his liking.

MAXWELL.

It is unlawful for any saloon keeper in British Columbia to allow a lad under sixteen to enter on his premises, to drink or play billiards, bagatelle, or any other game. The fine for every offence against the law in this respect is \$50, and on the third conviction the saloon-keeper loses his license.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society was held in Trenton, Wednesday. Hon. Amos Clark was re-elected President; P. T. Quinn, Secretary, and Samuel Manning, Treasurer.

Counsel for the employees of the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Narrow Gauge Railroad Company, has been applied for in the Court of Chancery for an order of removal of Receiver Colwell. The application is based on the ground that the order of the Chancellor to pay said employees \$6,000 on the 1st of December last, and \$6,000 on the 1st of the present month, has not been complied with.

About Advertising.

My success is owing to liberality in advertising.—Bonner.

The road to fortune is through printer's ink.—P. T. Barnum.

Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices.—J. J. Astor.

Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own.—A. T. Stewart.

My son, deal with men who advertise.—You will never lose by it.—Ben Franklin.

Advertising is the oil which tradesmen put in their lamps. They that are unwise put no oil in.

How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it?—Vanderbilt.

An advertisement is a window through which all the world may look into your shop and see just what you wish it to see—no more, no less.

People are quite apt to go where their attention is called, and, if they find things as represented, will purchase there in preference to spending their time in seeking elsewhere.

Where is "partis unknown?" asks a correspondent of the Danbury News. To which Bailey answers: "Where they don't advertise." And though Bailey does say it, this is no joke.

A good advertisement in a newspaper pays no fare on railroads; costs nothing for hotel bills; gives away no boxes of cigars to customers, or merino dresses to customers' wives; drinks no whiskey under the head of travelling expenses, but goes at once and all the time about its business free of expense.

Phrenology.

The prosperity of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL would indicate an increasing interest in this subject, and that many people have a proper appreciation of its practical value. In the prospectus of The Phrenological Journal for 1879 the publishers make liberal propositions to subscribers. The price has been reduced to \$2.00 (from \$3.00), and to each subscriber is offered a choice of two premiums. First, a Phrenological Bust, a model head, made nearly life-size, of plaster of Paris, so lettered as to show the exact location of all the Phrenological Organs. It is a handsome ornament, well adapted for the mantel-piece, center table, library, or office. With the aid of this and the key which accompanies it, together with the series of articles published in The Phrenological Journal on Practical Phrenology, each person may become quite familiar with the location of the different Phrenological Organs. The second is a new book, The Temperaments; or, Varieties of Physical Constitution in Man, considered in their relation to Mental Character and Practical Affairs of Life. By D. H. Jacques, M. D. Price, \$1.50. This work discusses a very important subject and one which is of interest to every student of Human Nature, and who is not one? It shows the relation of Temperament to marriage, education and training of children, occupation, health and disease, etc. The work contains 450 pages, and over 150 portraits, handsomely printed and bound, and cannot be obtained except at a premium at less than retail price, \$1.50. When either of the premiums are sent, 25 cents extra must be received to pay for boxing Bust or for postage on Book and Journal. Readers who desire a more complete description, together with prospectus of The Phrenological Journal, should send address on a postal card, or accept the publishers' offer, and send ten cents—half price—for a sample number of the Journal, to S. R. WELLS & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway, N. Y.

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United States Courts and Departments.
Claims prosecuted in the Supreme Court of the United States, Court of Claims, Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, Southern Claims Commission, and all classes of war claims before the Executive Departments.

Arrests of Pay and Bounty.
OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Send close stamp, and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

Pensions.
All OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS wounded, captured, or injured, in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension, many now receiving pensions are entitled to an increase. Send stamp, and information will be furnished free.

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