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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

Poetry.

THE MOANING SEA.

With her white face full of agony,
Under her dripping locks,
How the wretched, restless sea to-day
Moans to the cruel rocks.
Helplessly in her great despair
She shoulders on the strand;
And the spears are gone from her tangled hair,
And life shells from her listless hand.
'Tis a sorrowful sight to see her lie,
With her beating, heaving breast,
How she looks upon the shore,
How she looks upon her nest.
Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas! for the foolish sea,
Why was there none to say;
'Twas break that breaks on the heedless shore,
Must break, and fall away.
Why could she not have known that this
Would be her fate at length;
That the hand, unkind, must slip at last,
Though it cling with love's own strength?
For now, too late, she has learned the truth,
And this is the best that she can do
With the future left her yet.
To rise and wear on her face a smile,
Though her life be ebbing out;
And she have not even the wretched hope,
Born of a wretched doubt.

For there is no pity for a grief like hers,
But only scorn and blame;
And so, she must come to her feet again,
And hide from the world her shame.

Miscellaneous Selections.

RUMINATIONS.

A Series of Essays Upon Human Life.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

Chapter XV.

It is a common remark that a railroad car is an excellent place in which to study human nature; but the particular phase of human nature which is usually presented there is not, I think, sufficiently attractive to engage a man who desires to maintain a good opinion of his race. I would as soon catch of studying human nature in a pig pen as in a railroad car. I do not like to study even my own nature there, for I find that the more I ride the more selfish I become, and the more desirable it seems to me that I should occupy the space usually assigned to four men, viz: two seats for my feet and two for such other portions of my person as are not required for spanning the space between the seats. It must be a matter of regret to most persons, I am sure, that they are not large enough to cover twice as many seats as they do, and thus drive those who travel with them into more close and inconvenient quarters. Whenever I witness an instance of genuine, self-sacrificing politeness in a railroad car, I become aware that there is at least one man on the train who has traveled very little.

No, when I travel I turn my observation upon things outside—upon the farms and streams, and mountains, and forests, and towns and villages through which the train bears me. I am particularly interested in the faces of those who gather at the smaller stations to gaze at the passengers, get the papers, and feel the rush for a single moment, of the world's great life. I love to listen to the smart remarks of some rustic wit in shirt-sleeves, who, if the train should happen to be behind time, intimates to the brakeman that the old horse didn't have his allowance of oats that morning, or commiserates the loneliness of the conductor of a train not crowded with passengers—all of which is intended for the ears of a village girl who stands in the door of the "Ladies Room," with the tip of a parasol in her teeth, and a hat on her head that was jaunty last year.

Riding into the country recently, I saw at one of these little stations a pair of young men, leaning against the station house. They had evidently been waiting for the approach of the train, but they did not stir from their positions. They were young men whose life had been spent in unremitting toil. Their hands were large and coarse, and brown; their faces and necks were bronzed, their clothing was of the commonest material and pattern, and was old and patched besides; and they had a hard look generally. There was the usual bustle about them, but they did not seem to mind it. At last they started, and these are the words that one of them spoke: "Come, Bob, let's go over and see if we can't tuck away some of that grub." So both turned their backs upon the train, and upon me; and as they went over to see if they couldn't "tuck away some of that grub," I got a view of their heavy shoulders and their shuffling, awkward gait. A pair of old draft horses, going out in the morning to take their places in front of their truck, would not move more stiffly than those fellows moved.

Published by Charles Scribner, N. Y.

Now these young men taught me nothing, for I had seen many such before; but I thought I took a fresh and a very impressive glimpse into a style of life that is common among the rural population of America, and shows but feeble signs of improvement. These men, when they eat, only "tuck away grub," of course "go to roost" when they sleep. They call the sun "Old Yeller," naming him in honor of a favorite ox. When they undress themselves, "they peel off," as if they were onions or potatoes; and when they put themselves into their Sunday clothing, they "surprise their backs with a clean shirt." When they marry, they "hitch on," as if matrimony were a sled, and a wife were a saw-log. Everything in their life is brought down to the animal basis, and why should it not be? They labor as severely as any animal they own; they are proud of their animal strength and endurance; they eat and work and sleep like animals, and they do nothing like men. Their frames are shaped by labor; and they are only the best animals, and the ruling animals, on their farms. As between the wives and children who live in their houses, and the horses and cattle that live in their barns, the latter have the easier time of it.

Having brought everything down to the animal basis, in their homes and in their lives, their intercourse with other men will naturally betray the ideas upon which they live. They are usually very blunt men, who "never go round" to say anything, but who "blurt out what they have to say" in a manner entirely regardless of the feelings of others. They enter each other's houses with their hats on, and "help themselves" when they sit at each other's tables, and affect great contempt for the courtesies and forms of polite life. They are exceedingly afraid of being looked upon as "stuck up," and if they can get the reputation of being able to mow more grass, or pitch more hay, or chop and pile more wood, or cradle more grain, than any of their neighbors, their ambition is satisfied. There is no dignity of life in their homes. They cook and eat and live in the same room, and sometimes sleep there, if there should be room for a bed. There is no family life that is not associated with work, and no thought of any life that is not connected with bodily labor; and if they sit down five minutes, either at home or at church, they go to sleep. Their highest intellectual exercise is that which is called out by the process of swapping houses, and the selling of their weekly product of eggs and butter at the highest market price. They invariably call their wives "the old woman," or "sue," and if they should stumble into saying, "my dear," in the presence of a neighbor, they would blush at being self convicted of unjustifiable politeness and unpardonable weakness.

Those men have learned to read; but they rarely read anything except the weekly newspaper, taken exclusively for the prolate notices. The only books in their houses are the Bible and two or three volumes forced upon them at unguarded moments by book agents, who made the most of internal wood-cuts and external Dutch metal to place them in possession of the "History of the World," or the "Lives of the Presidents," or some other production equally extensive and comprehensive. There is no exhibition of taste about their dwellings. Everything is brought down to the hard standard of use. If their wives should desire a border for flowers, they regard them as very silly, and look upon their attempts to "fix up things" as a great waste of labor. They never go out with their wives to mingle in the social life of their neighborhood, and if the wives of their neighbors come to spend an afternoon, they harness their horses, and drive off to attend to some distant business that will detain them until the women get away. It is useless to say to me that this is an extreme picture, for I know what I am writing about, and know that I am painting from the life. I know that there are hundreds of thousands of American farmers whose life and whose ideas of life are cast upon these models. Some of these are as coarse and hard as I paint them, and others are only a little better.

Such a farmer's boy is brought up to the idea that work is the grand thing in life. Work, indeed, is supposed by him to be pretty much all of life. It is supposed to push farmers to get anything but work into their heads; and scientific agriculturists will bear witness that they have been obliged to fight the popular prejudices against "book farming" at every step of their progress. They will also testify that the improvements made in farming and in the implements of agriculture have not been made by farmers themselves, but by outsiders—mechanics and men of science—who have marveled at the brainless stupidity which toiled on in its old track of unreasoning routine, and looked with suspicion and discouragement upon innovations. The reason why the farmer has not been foremost in improving the instruments and methods of his own business, is that his mind has been unfortunately improved by the excessive labors of his body. A man whose whole vital energy is directed to the support of muscle has, of course, none to direct to the support of thought. A man whose strength is habitually exhausted by bodily labor becomes, at length, incapable of mental exertion; and I cannot help feeling that half of the farmers of the country establish insuperable obstacles to their own improvement by their excessive toil. They are nothing more than the living machines of a calling which so far exhausts their vitality that they have neither the disposition nor the power to improve either their calling or themselves.

To a student or a literary man, it is easy to explain the necessity of the proper division of the nervous energies between the mind and the body. Any student or literary man who has a daily mental task to do, will do it before he exercises his body to any great extent. If I wished to unfit my mind for a day of literary labor, I would use the hoe in my garden for an early hour in the morning. If I wished utterly to unfit a pupil for his daily task of study, I would put him through an exhausting walk before breakfast. The direction of all the nervous energies to the support of the muscular system, and the necessary draft upon the digestive and nutritive functions to supply the muscular waste, leave the mind temporarily a bankrupt. I have never seen a man who was really remarkable for acquired muscular power, and, at the same time, re-

markable for mental power. A man may be born into the world with a fine muscular system and a fine brain, and in early life his muscular system may have a fine development. Such a man may subsequently have a remarkable mental development, but this development will never be accompanied by large and regular expenditures of muscular power. If I wished to impress the mental growth and maturation of a man, I would undertake to educate him up to the point of lifting eight or ten kegs of nails. There is danger at first of getting "our muscular Christianity" dangled before a good deal more dangerous, regarding our muscular intellectuality, is the difference between the kind and amount of exercise necessary to produce a healthy machine, and the kind and amount necessary to produce a powerful one; and we are never to look for great intellectualty in a professor of gymnastics, nor to expect that the time will come when a man will not only walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, but compose a poem of a thousand lines at the same time.

If the temporary diversion of the nervous energy from the brain have this effect, what must a permanent diversion accomplish? It will accomplish precisely what is indicated by the look and language of our young friends at the station house. If we develop muscle for the uses of a special calling, and make ugly and clumsy men of those who should be symmetrical; and at the same time it will repress mental development, and permanently limit mental growth—at least, so long as the mind shall be associated with the body. I suppose that every foundation germ of human being is endowed with a certain possibility of development—a complement of vital energy which will be expended in various directions, according to the circumstances which may surround it and the will of its possessor. If it shall be mainly expended upon the growth and sustentation of muscle, it will not be expended upon the growth and sustentation of mind; and I have a hesitancy in saying that it is an absolute impossibility for a man who engages in hard bodily labor every day to be brilliant in intellectual manifestation. The tide of such a man's life does not set in that direction. An hour-glass has not in it a definite quantity of sand; and when I turn it over, the sand falls from the upper apartment into the lower; and while it occupies that position it will continue to fall until the former is exhausted and the latter is filled. Moreover, it will never take its place at the bottom of the instrument, until it is turned back. It is precisely thus with a human constitution. The grand vital current moves only in one direction, and when it is moving toward muscle it is not moving toward mind, and when it is moving toward mind it is not moving toward muscle. This fact is illustrated sufficiently by the phenomena of digestion. After a man has eaten a hearty dinner, he becomes dull, even to drowsiness or perfect sleep. Why? Simply because the tide of nervous energy sets toward digestion, and there is not enough left to carry on mental or voluntary muscular operations.

A resident of a city riding into the country, especially if he be an intellectual man, and engaged in intellectual pursuits, will be thrilled by what he sees around him. The life of the farmer, planted in the midst of so much that is beautiful, having to do with nature's marvelous miracles of germination and growth, moving under the open heaven with its glory of sky and meteoric change, and accompanied by the songs of birds and all characteristic rural sights and sounds, will seem to him the sweetest and the most enviable that falls to human lot. But the hard working farmer sees nothing of this. What cares he for birds unless they pull up his corn? What cares he for skies, unless he can make use of them for drying his hay, or wetting down his potatoes? The beautiful changes of nature do not touch him. His sensibilities are deadened by hard work. His nervous system is all embedded in muscle, and does not lie near enough to the surface to be reached by the beauty and music around him. All he knows about a daisy is that it does not make good hay; and he draws no appreciable amount of pleasure of his life from those surroundings which charm the sensibilities of others.

We are in the habit of regarding the farming population of the country as the most moral and religious of any yet we look at them critically, we shall find that their piety is of a negative, rather than a positive character. They are men in the first place who have very few temptations, either from without or from within. There are no professional temptations around him to lure them into the more seductive paths of sin. The woman whose steps take hold on hell does not pass their doors; the gambler spreads no snares for them; no gilded palace invites them to intoxicating music and intoxicating draughts; they are not maddened by ambition; and they have no vanity that leads them to degrading and ruinous display. If they are little assailed from without, they are not more moved toward vice from within. The fact that their vital energies are all expended upon labor relieves them from the motives of temptation. Men whose muscles are overworked have no vitality to expend upon vices. The devil cannot make much out of a man who is both tired and sleepy. If we inquire of the ministers who have charge of rural parishes, they will usually tell us that an audience of mechanics is better than an audience of farmers, and that the miscellaneous audience of a city is better than either. It is impossible for men who have devoted every bodily energy they possess to hard labor during the waking hours of six days, to go to church and keep brightly awake on the seventh. Country ministers will also admit that they have in their parishes less help in social and conference meetings than the pastors of city parishes, and that no great movements of benevolence ever originate in, or are carried on by, rural churches.

As a matter of course, life cannot have much dignity or much that is characteristically human in it unless it be based upon active intellectuality; genuine sensibility, a development of the finer affections, and positive Christian virtue. When a man is a man, he never "tucks away grub." When a man lies down for rest and sleep he does not "go to roost." To a man marriage is something more than "hitching on," and a dirty shirt is a good deal more of a "surprise" to

him than a clean one. There is no doubt about the fact that a life whose whole energies are expended in hard bodily labor is such a life as God never intended man should live. I do not wonder that men fly from this life and gather into the larger villages and cities, to get some employment which will leave them leisure for living. Life was intended to be so adjusted that the body should be the servant of the soul, and always subordinate to the soul. It was never meant by the Creator that the soul should always be subordinate to the body, or sacrificed to the body.

I am perfectly aware that I am not revealing pleasant truths. We are very much in the habit of glorifying rural life, and praising the intelligence and virtue of rural populations; and if they believe us, they cannot receive what I write upon this subject with pleasure. But the question which interests these people most is not whether my statements are pleasant but whether they are true. Is the philosophy sound? Are the facts as they are represented to be? Does a severe and constant tax upon the muscular system repress mental development, and tend to make life hard and homely and unattractive? Is this the kind of life generally which the American farmer leads? Is not the American farmer, generally, a man who has sacrificed a free and full mental development, and all his finer sensibilities and affections, and a generous and genial family and social life, and the dignified and tasteful proprieties of a well-appointed home, to the support of his muscles? I am aware that there are instances of a better life than this among the farmers, and I should not have written this article if those instances had not taught me that this everlasting devotion to labor is unnecessary. There are farmers who prosper in their calling, and do not become dull.

There are farmers who are gentlemen—men of intelligence—whose homes are the abodes of refinement, whose watchword is improvement, and whose aim and vision it is to elevate their calling. If there be a man on the earth whom I honestly honor it is a farmer who has broken away from his slavery to labor, and applied his mind to his soil.

Mind must be the emancipator of the farmer. Science, intelligence, machinery—these must liberate the white bondman of the soil from his long slavery. When I look back and see what has been done for the farmer within my brief memory, I am full of hope for the future. The plough, under the hand of science, is becoming a new instrument. The horse now does the corn, digs the potatoes, mows the grass, reaps the hay, reaps the wheat, and threshes and winnows it; and every day adds new machinery to the farmer's stock, to supersede the clumsy implements which once bound him to his hard and unvarying toil. When a farmer begins to use machinery and to study the processes of other men, and to apply his mind to farming so far as he can make it take the place of muscle, then he lifts himself into the dignity of a man. If mind once gets the upper hand, it will serve itself and see that the body is properly cared for. Intelligent farming is dignified living. For a farmer who reads and thinks, and studies and applies, Nature will open the storehouse of her secrets, and point the way to a life full of dignity and beauty, and grateful and improvable leisure.

A WOMAN'S GENEROSITY.—The following interesting anecdote of female generosity is told by Washington Irving in his account of Gen. Greene in North Carolina during the latter part of the war of the Revolution:

Apprehending the rapid advance of Cornwallis, Gen. Greene hastened to rejoin Morgan, who with his division was pushing forward for the Yadkin. He spurred forward through heavy rain and deep miry roads. It was a dreary ride and a lonely one, for he had detached his aides-de-camp in different directions to collect the scattered militia.

At mid-day he was slightly weary and travel-stained, as he sat at Salisbury, where the army physician, who had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners, received him at the door, and inquired after his well-being.

"Fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless," was Greene's heavy-hearted reply.

The landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, overheard his desponding words.

"While he was seated at the table, she entered the room, closed the door, and drawing from under her apron two bags of money, which she had carefully hoarded in those precarious times.

"Take these," said the noble-hearted woman; "you will want them, and I can do without them."

This is one of the numberless instances of the devoted patriotism of our women during the Revolution. Their patriotism was apt to be purer and more disinterested than that of the men.

THE LAW LIBRARY of the late Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, was sold under the auctioneer's hammer, in Boston, last week. An account of the first day's sale says that "of the personal friends of the statesman but one or two were present, while others, if represented at all, must have hid through persons whose names are entirely unfamiliar. It appeared that many of the more valuable and choice works, remembered as once belonging to this collection, must have been withdrawn from it, but enough still remained to make the occasion one of no ordinary interest. A large part of the books contained the autograph of Mr. Webster, here and there were presentation copies, and some volumes had personal associations of interest; while in general it could not fail to cause the spectator some emotion and to excite a sad interest, as he witnessed the dispersion of the books collected through the course of such a career, and which were the daily companions in public and professional life of a man whose place in our history as a statesman and as a forensic orator is so memorable."

Politeness goes a good way. Henry Ward Beecher says, "An impudent clerk can do as much injury to his store, as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his goods." Two undoubted and significant facts which every one interested will please bear in mind.

POLITICAL.

CARIBALDI'S MANIFESTO.

The following is the manifesto of General Garibaldi, for the publication of which the *Davide di Turin*, is to be prosecuted:

CAPRI, Jan. 1864.
Events press: If the year 1863 has left behind shameful traces of egotism and discord, the new is inaugurated by other promises. In the agitation of oppressed peoples, in the fears of despotism which reigns to bow to right; in the Italian struggles of Poland, Indonesia and still erect; in the embarrasment even of diplomacy; on every side, in fact, arise the promises of coming events. I am convinced that they will decide the safety of Italy, and will supply the occasion so long desired of realizing its wishes. If the liberal element is not content with invoking the morrow, in the inert expectation of something better, but is ready and united, Italian democracy, which includes in itself all the militant patriotism for the contested unity ought to see that it is not sufficient to be numerous, young, confident, but it must above all, be organized and disciplined. I have not found a better way of applying this want than by choosing a phalanx of friends. And with them I have instituted a Central Unity Committee. The same defines the object: To receive pecuniary aid to dispose men's minds to the accord of sacrifice and duty, all with the holy end of national deliverance, and of fraternal assistance to the enslaved provinces on the longed for day of battles. Such is its mandate: it has no other. If the reaction, as tenacious, as crafty in its designs, conspires against the unity of the country; if the latter is threatened by the errors of a Government policy, against which I have protested, because it has appeared to me forgetful of the national interests and will, the duty of abnegation becomes more forcibly urgent, more sacred for the Liberals. Thus, far from being in vain and perhaps dangerous agitations, the uncontrolled energy of their patriotism, let them keep it entire for the days in which the only means of safety will be the cooperation of all good citizens in the assistance of their brothers oppressed by the foreigner. Consequently I invite the friends, existing societies, and all the Italians who disdain to remain passive spectators of the great drama which decides their existence and their rights, to group around this one centre, to recognize its authority, and to regard as mine the instructions emanating from this committee, or from its delegates. I also invite the liberal press to lend the aid of publicity to the acts of this committee. In the name of the whole committee and in mine, the deservedly esteemed citizen Benedetto Cairoli will sign the documents. Such once more, is the Roman faces which I ask of the Italians. May their hearts understand the nature of my intentions.

G. GARIBALDI.

THE TEST OATH.

The following is the test oath adopted in the Senate, about which there has been so much debate:

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have neither sought nor accepted nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever, under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended government, authority, power or constitution within the United States, hostile or inimical thereto.

And I do further swear (or affirm) that, to the best of my knowledge and ability, I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God.

The above oath was adopted by an act of Congress a year ago, and has been administered ever since to Federal officers. No loyal man can object to it. Secession sympathizers only refuse to take it. It was framed to meet just such cases.

ANECDOTE OF GOV. BOUCK.

Archbishop Hughes always had a penchant for political management; and at various times he had considerable influence upon public affairs. It was the policy of Mr. Seward, when Governor of New York, to court that influence.

An authentic story is told of the attempt of Bishop Hughes to negotiate with Gov. Bouck the same position he had enjoyed with Gov. Seward; Bouck being a rich Dutch farmer, but little versed in either political or ecclesiastical subtleties. The Bishop called upon the Governor and sent in his card.

"Good morning, Miter Hughes," said Bouck. "I am glad to see you, sir."

A pause ensued, when Hughes said, "Bishop Hughes your excellency of New York."

"Ah! Bishop Hughes, so good morning Bishop Hughes, I am glad to see you, sir."

The Bishop again interposed, saying with emphasis:

"Perhaps your excellency does not recognize the title of his visitor. I am the Bishop of this diocese."

Oh, ah—so, I am glad to see you Bishop Hughes, and how is Mrs. Hughes? [This to Catholic priest!]

The Bishop gave over in despair. The interview ended what one of Gov. Bouck's partisans had said during the canvass to a neighbor who had urged him to vote for Seward.

Gov. Seward, said one, "is a much smarter man than Bouck; he has a much longer head."

So? Well, may be it is longer, but it is not so thick.

These two lines that look so solemn, Are put in here to fill up the column.

NOTES AND QUOTATIONS.

Rev. G. D. of Fayette County, Arkansas, one of our genuine, first born orators, preaching not long since, on "the glory of the saints," delivered the following burst of "nature" eloquence, which is too good to be lost: "Who, my brethren, can describe the glory of a saint? Why, nothing on earth can liken it. If you drill a hole through the sun and put it on your head for a crown, and split the moon in sunder and put the pieces on your shoulders for epaulettes—if you tear down the slaty curtain of the skies and wrap it around your body for a robe, and ride to heaven on the lightning wings of the tempest, this will be nothing to the glory of the saints!"

The arrival of the new conscripts gives rise to some fun. Many of them are fellows who have re-enlisted, and deserted several times, under different names, of course. To-day a first sergeant of a company of the 47th N. Y. was making the roll:

Peter O'Shaughnessy, No answer.

Peter O'Shaughnessy, No answer.

Peter O'Shaughnessy, No answer.

Three or four took off their caps and looked into them, and one exclaimed, "Huch! sure, that's me! last name I tak—Here he is, sir!"

A poet lecturer was congratulated the other day on the pleasures of popularity.

"Don't you find it pleasant," said a pretty woman, "to be surrounded by a crowd of ladies in the way you were last night after the lecture?"

"Yes," said—smiling his acknowledgment of the compliment, "but it would be vastly pleasanter to be surrounded by one."

Now gentlemen! said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men, or beasts? "Some what indignant the guests exclaimed, "Like men of course."

"Then," he replied, "we are going to get fully drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

A man from the "Cape" lately told his experience in life, after this wise:—"About twenty-five years ago I began business—set up in life—made my grand start. I made this resolution at the outset, that I would be something; or nothing; and I have done it; I have lived up to it—I am nothing!" Honest man, that!

President Lincoln tells a good story on Senator Wade of Ohio. Wade told the President that he had played during all of Buchanan's term that old Toney would not die during his administration, for fear Buck would fill his place with a copperhead. "The Chief Justice holds yet, and Wade says he overdone the business."

During a sermon in one of the New England States the minister had occasion to quote the Declaration of Independence. This so disgusted a Copperhead who was present that he left the church and went to another, and got into the pew with a nigger. The nigger left in disgust.

An Irish paper publishes the following item:

A deaf man, named Taff, was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a singular way about a year ago.

The "Sugar-Stick" is the name of a new vessel launched in Baltimore.

Prentice says he doubts about the patriotism of the chap who named this vessel. It looks as if he wanted to get his licked.

A hard shell preacher is discoursing about Daniel in the lion's den, said:—"And there he sat all night long, looking at the show for nothing, and it didn't cost him a red cent!"

A few days ago two large trunks filled with fine tooth combs, were seized in Washington on their way to Rich. That was too bad. It was true. A new remorseless. Do the enemies of the combs that the rebels shall be combed out.

The Springfield is a new military order in that city, purporting the street on a war horse, and does not go to the front.

If you come to the front, you will see the rebels take you to the front.

A man who was lately sold his wife to a white man, and

lately sold his wife to a white man, and

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NOTICE.

**Atlantic Circuit
To Qualify
Attendants.**

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We believe that the rights of the colored man, and that of the negro as a whole, are as much the rights of the nation, and that upon its issue depends our liberties, as the rights of the white man.

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DOWN TRAINS.
Mail. Exp. P.M.
Philadelphia, 7:00, 8:00, 9:15
Cooper's Point, 7:45, 8:15, 9:45
Haddonfield, 8:02, 8:46, 9:17
Ashland, 8:15, 10:02, 4:30
White Horse, 8:23, 10:12, 4:36
Long-a-coming, 8:36, 10:34, 4:49
Junction, 8:44, 10:53, 4:59
Waterford, 8:57, 11:16, 5:12
Spring Garden, 9:03, 11:26, 5:18
Winslow, 9:11, 11:40, 5:20
Hammonton, 9:20, 11:53, 5:35
De Costa, 9:27, 12:07, 5:42
Weymouth, 9:30, 12:33, 5:55
Egg Harbor, 9:52, 12:52, 6:07
Swamp Siding, 10:08, 1:13, 6:23
Absecon, 10:24, 1:46, 6:35
Atlantic, 10:46, 2:12, 6:55

UP TRAINS.
Exp. P.M. Mail.
Atlantic, 6:26, 12:10, 2:58
Absecon, 6:26, 12:45, 3:24
Swamp Siding, 6:40, 1:13, 3:38
Egg Harbor, 6:50, 1:37, 3:54
Weymouth, 7:10, 1:55, 4:06
De Costa, 7:23, 2:14, 4:19
Hammonton, 7:30, 2:25, 4:26
Winslow, 7:39, 2:39, 4:35
Spring Garden, 7:47, 2:47, 4:43
Waterford, 7:53, 2:50, 4:51
Junction, 8:04, 3:20, 4:59
Long-a-coming, 8:12, 3:33, 5:10
White Horse, 8:23, 3:53, 5:29
Ashland, 8:41, 4:17, 5:36
Cooper's Point, 8:57, 4:45, 5:55

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FOR NEW YORK.

LEAVE. Arr. Mail. Market. P.M.
Jackson, 10:30
Atlantic, 11:30
Harris, 12:00
Shamong, 12:25
Lebanon, 12:45
Woodbury, 1:00
Whiting's Mills, 1:15
Manchester, 2:35
Ridgeway, 2:42
White's Bridge, 2:47
Bergen Iron Works, 3:20
Squankum, 4:15
Farmington, 4:35
Shank River, 5:10
Brown's, 5:10
Junction, 5:35
Shrewsbury, 5:41
Red Bank, 5:55
Middletown, 6:10
Highland, 6:17
Pt. Monmouth, 6:22
Pier, 6:32
New York, 7:00

Connects with Camden & Atlantic Freight & Accommodation, which leaves Camden 9:45 A.M.
Connects with train from Long Branch.
Starts from Long Branch.

FROM NEW YORK.
LEAVE. Arr. Mail. P.M.
New York, 6:45
Pier, 8:23
Pt. Monmouth, 8:30
Highland, 8:37
Middletown, 8:44
Red Bank, 8:59
Shrewsbury, 9:10
Junction, 9:25
Brown's, 9:34
Shank River, 9:54
Farmington, 10:19
Squankum, 10:50
Bergen Iron Works, 11:20
White's Bridge, 11:45
Ridgeway, 11:45
Manchester, 12:05
Whiting's Mills, 12:32
Woodmanville, 1:05
Lebanon, 1:25
Shamong, 1:45
Harris, 1:57
Atlantic, 2:35
Jackson, 2:50

Connects with train from Long Branch.
Connects to Long Branch.
Connects with Freight and Accommodation from Atlantic to Philadelphia, and in time for the down Express on Camden and Atlantic road, which leaves Junction at 4:59.

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At 11 A.M., via Kensington and Jersey City, Express, 3 00
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At 2 P.M., via Camden and Amboy, Camden and Amboy Express, 3 00
At 3 P.M., via Kensington and Jersey City, Washington and N. Y. Express, 3 00
At 6:15 P.M., via Kensington and Jersey City, Evening Mail, 3 00
At 11:15 P.M., via Kensington and Jersey City, Southern Mail, 3 00
At 1:30 (night) via Kensington and Jersey City, Southern Express, 3 00
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