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TERMS

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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

Poetry.

[From the State Gazette.]

UNCLE ABE AND ANDY.

Dome, sling your banner forth, my boys,

And stir about right handy,

Did Abe in the field again,

And with him Uncle Andy.

Sing "Hail Columbia," with a will,

And "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"

The Stars and Stripes shall win the day;

Heretofore for Abe and Andy.

Although the Jersey track my boys,

To heavy like and sandy,

We'll beat the Copperheaded nags,

With Uncle Abe and Andy.

Then give them "Hail Columbia," boys,

And "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"

The Stars and Stripes shall win the day,

With Uncle Abe and Andy.

Miscellaneous Articles.

"FOR FATHER'S HONOR."

"So much gone! I might have known how it would be," said Mr. Sterling looking up from the morning paper with a most unpleasant expression upon his face.

"What is gone?" asked his wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Sterling.

"What money?"

"That money, I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling coldly.

"Dead!" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go that he'd never come back, except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?"

"Poor Mr. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him, as with him, was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been overpersuaded to loan the sick clergyman in order that he might go South during the winter. He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harry, how can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heart broken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Sterling. "He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars, I wouldn't."

But he checked for shame, not for any better feeling, the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honeysuckle, twined with a running rose bush, covered the lattice porch, and looked in at the chamber window, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere, not lavish, but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C. Now the shadow of death was upon it.

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. When her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little ones weeping over her in childish terror. The news of the death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said, "My appetite is better; I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home. Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away, two or three months before, his beloved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world."

Love and honor made the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. "She has no mental stamina," they said. "She cannot stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor made the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was able to go South in the hope of regaining his health through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger; 'What a noble woman! What a fine sense of honor she has!' But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, not a little to his pleasure, he discovered, about three months afterwards, that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile, little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with its dear, familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given more, if she had been able to do so. Mr. Sterling's hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

Katie Granger is the queerest little girl, I ever knew," said Flora Temple, to her mother, on the evening of the very day of which this first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied the mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child, "but then she is so queer."

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh, she doesn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to-day. I almost laughed out, but I'm glad I didn't."

Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bonfield, and I were walking round the square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten cent pieces, he said, 'here's a dime for each of you girls to buy sugar plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and were starting away for the candy shop in an instant, but Katie stood still, with her share of money in her hand.

"Come along!" cried Lillie. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. "Aunt you going to buy candy with it?" asked Lillie.

"Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words) 'It's for father's honor,' and leaving us, went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange!"

"Her mother is very poor, you know," replied Mrs. Sterling laying up Katie's singular remark to be pored over.

"She must be," said Flora, "for Katie's worn the same frock to school every day for most three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, as he felt an hour before.

He understood the meaning of Katie's remark. "It's for father's honor," the truth flashed at once into his mind.

There was another period of three months and Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Sterling. The pale thin face made a stronger impression upon him. It troubled him to take the money from her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, as it was counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark: "Do not trouble, or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidly whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, and so he kept silent.

"No, dear, it's for father's honor, I can't spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking in at the window when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie, and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years old.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister back from the window. "Don't look at them any more, don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie," pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a cent! but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of these pennies saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

"Here little one!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew out her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come!" repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said, but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way.

The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of a poor child's face, before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through over-taxing and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hand to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way, the edges of a little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him, he would never take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case;

they would hear of her self denial, and of her children in order to pay the debt of her father's honor, and they would ask naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket book and selected from one of the compartments the note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moment he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures, the sum of \$300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well, to come up squarely to the issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation, but he saw, pleading little face, and with the vision of this came to his ears the sentence, "No, dear, it's for father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "canceled," and then handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Sterling, "that I hold no obligation against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied, as she reached back the note:

"I thank you for your generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions entirely new to him. "It is as white as snow."

Then he thrust upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

"No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said. "It shall be as I will!" was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals."

"But keep this last payment," urged the widow. "I shall feel better."

"No madam! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men know him to be pure and upright. When God took him, he assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But he left you another and most sacred obligation, which you have over looked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children; whom you have pinched and decried in their tender years—giving of their meat to cancel an obligation which death had paid. And you made me a party in the wrong to them. Alas madam! Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much. "If I could all see right at the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true hearted self devotion, but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, am I your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time."

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidly which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been at other times a stranger.

THE WOMAN'S COVENANT.

The following somewhat amusing account of the origin of the anti-foreign goods movement by "M. C. A." the talented correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* is worth reading. The writer is a lady.

My dear Republican, I am glad you espouse so energetically the cause of the woman's covenant. You should have been in Washington to have reported the proceedings of the first meeting. You should have been there if only to have seen us all trying to have our photographs taken at the instigation of the enraptured Dr. Sunderland. I am not in that picture. I can not go to Paris, and hang up in the Rev. Doctor's study. Perhaps the top of my bonnet can. You see my sister women were so eager for imperishable fame that many of them struck attitudes and stood up. As I was too lazy to do the same, I doubt if even the tip of my bonnet will peer into that immortal frame which is to preserve for posterity the faces of the first women who renounced for their country's sake foreign dry goods? Before I speak of the great principle, let me talk of the somewhat absurd meeting which introduced it, which I have not seen truly described, except in the columns of the Boston Commonwealth.

THE WOMAN'S MEETING IN WASHINGTON.

This meeting was held ostensibly to "organize a society," but, strange to tell, it was entirely organized in advance by a few who did not dream for a moment that any one in the great mob of the undistinguished would dare to propose amendment to any of their resolutions. These ladies brought their president with them, an imposing gentleman, a "D. D." and an "L. L. D." who was to do all their "public speaking," while they fawned and whispered, and told him what to say. This gentleman proceeded to open the meeting by delivering a prayer to the Almighty from a sheet of note paper, which performance constrained me to the wickedness of listening with my eyes open to see how a man looks when he is reading a literary composition and gesticulating to the Lord.

WOMEN RADICALS AND CONSERVATIVES.

These ladies wished to lead the van of a great public movement, to be the representatives of a great idea, without the cost of inconvenience to merchants or of self-denial to themselves. The pledge was not to take effect until the Fourth of July, and then they were only to renounce foreign fabrics where American can be substituted.

In self abnegation, in heroism, in devotion, these fine ladies were far below the demands of the hour. Self indulgence is so utterly their life, that they had not a misgiving but that this pledge involved the most terrible sacrifice. Not so thought

the merchants, and Parsons, and New England, and Massachusetts gave the first dissenting voice, and when called upon for the reason of her dissent, she rose up in the person of a delicate, dark eyed, graceful woman, with an emotional voice and a fervent manner. Mrs. Whitney Barker of Concord, whose days and nights are devoted to our suffering soldiers. She objected to the covenant because it afforded a loop-hole through which every signor could escape without self-denial. She wanted such a pledge as would oblige ladies to do without such articles as cannot be manufactured in America. Then Vermont took the floor in the person of Mrs. Nichols, the widow editor of the Windham County Democrat, who, with the most fervid eloquence, called upon her sisters to emulate the self denial of the revolutionary mothers. Then an unknown lady rose up, clothed in deep mourning, and with tearful voice asked the framers of the covenant to go to her empty home, from whence five sons had gone forth to battle, and then say of how much worth to them would be the gay-garbs of fashion. Next the clear, ringing voice of Elizabeth Stanton, the handsomest and most winning of all strong minded matrons, electrified the assembly. "She could conscientiously go no pledge but one of total abstinence. She would wear no fabric not made in America while the war lasted."

THE STRONG-MINDED VS. THE WEAK-MINDED.

Then came a hubbub. This opposition was as unpopular as it was unexpected. The gentlemen present were instructed to that such a pledge would never be assigned the "influential" the "ladies of society" whose signatures were indispensable to its popularity. Mrs. Nichols was accused of having broken up the organization, having defeated the proceedings of the ladies of the covenant. Mrs. Nichols replied with words of affectionate warmth to Mrs. Authorless. But for once, the path of Mrs. Authorless was not to be approved by praise. Mrs. Nichols was "imposed upon" to refer to her in public. "I have hung out before the public for thirty years, you can read it anywhere, in newspapers, in advertisements. Yet I was insulted and outraged that it should be spoken before a few hundred women half a dozen men! O dear! The answer of the hospital, the woman who educates her children by editing a newspaper, then went forth with them to settle in the wilds of Kansas; the woman who preaches conventions, and writes memorials, legislatures, besides educating her children, and then giving them up for battle, and a force strong enough to annihilate Authors, and "Mrs. Senator," and Representative, palpitating behind me, and sending forth petulant messages through their masculine mouthpieces, at great disadvantage under the most eloquent English of the opposition, who carried the moral conviction of the entire audience by acclamation.

In vain the phylly-shally ladies cried out for two pledges. But one was adopted, and that, this uncompromising one. "We pledge ourselves to each other, and our country, that during the war we will buy no article of foreign manufacture." With the necessity of signing such a pledge upon them, the exclamations which came from some of the seats were most piteous and amusing. "O dear, I must have some trimming for my new dress," said one. "I have just bought a hat," said another. "How can I get along without a little ribbon?" And "my little boy," said a third, in most doleful accents, "he must have a jacket." "I cannot sign the pledge, no, I cannot." Upon these lamentations broke the sonorous voice of Dr. Sunderland, informing the ladies that if they would be quiet and patient till "Brady came, they should all have their pictures taken."

SELF DENIAL MADE EASY—A QUESTION OF KID GLOVES.

One week after there was another meeting of the members of "the covenant." To this, as to the former one, the now discomfited few came with every proceeding pre-arranged. Among the resolutions adopted in advance was one to give the advocates of the stringent pledge no opportunity to speak. This was carried out. The eloquent advocates of self-denying patriotism were silent. A new pledge was adopted, reading: "For three years or for the war, we pledge ourselves to each other, and the country, to purchase no imported goods, when those of American manufacture can be obtained," with a list of articles appended which were to be renounced. "It was an unconstitutional proceeding," said my friend Mrs. Pacific. "I was opposed to the changing of the pledge, but to tell the truth it was altered to suit Mrs. Barker."

and Mrs. Mrs. thinks it will be unpopular—she intends to make it fashionable by taking the lead in her own state. She would not sign the total abstinence pledge; and we need her influence you know. Good heavens, have we fallen so low as to "need" the influence of a creature like this! She sees the women of the nation giving up father and brother, husband and son to death, but with silks, and laces, and jewels enough in her wardrobe to last through her natural lifetime, she cannot lay her kid gloves upon "the altar of her country!" So far as her husband's position gives her influence, the more utter is her disgrace, that in an hour like this her whole being is given up to fashion, and herself. A cause which appeals to all the good and true of the land, needs no "influence" from such a source.

SELF RENUNCIATION FLOURISHES.

Despite the parasites of selfishness which cling about it, the great principle of self-renunciation flourishes and bears fruit. The women, who feel the issues of this hour, need no "pledge" to bind them to this economical and sober apparel. The women, who have given their hearts to their country, to life, to the fields of Virginia, may still put on costly garments, which were fashioned before the war; but it is with this bitter sigh: purple and fine linen covers me, and he—! Let the war continue, and the great army which now stays behind, to wait, and weep, and pray

for the army of heroes, whom they cannot save, will wait nothing, but the garments of woe to cover them as they leave the dead.

THE COVENANTS OF THE HOUR.

The covenant strikes only at the lavish expenditure in foreign luxuries, which has become the nation's shame, and, unchecked, will be its curse. I should think that Satan would be appalled by the contrasts afforded by this land. Down Broadway and Chestnut street, through all the fashionable avenues of our largest cities, embellished coaches, with liveried outriders, carry women clad in the costliest paraphernalia of fashion to and fro on errands of folly and pleasure; theaters and operas overflow, laces, gleam, diamonds glitter; grand mansions spring up like mushrooms, filled with every luxurious ornament, and on every brick and every article of furniture should be written "shoddy." Everywhere you meet fat, comfortable, complacent men, discussing horses, and stocks, and bargains, speedily, growing rich on war!

In Frederickburg, packed close together on the floors of deserted rebel dwellings and riddled tobacco warehouses, thousands of our wounded in their blood: in the same clothes in which they fell, often with wounds undressed, dying in agony; mangled for help, but there is no help. On the battlefields of the Wilderness lie the bones of our wounded who were burned alive. Farther on lie our dead unburi— Forth he beloved and consecrated, there is not even a grave. Still on, under the pitiless sun, presses our army, marching by night, fighting by day, resting only for the strip of ragged, and the bread, truly a stone. Surrounded by every horror, oft-times feeling as if forsaken by God, and their kind; hungry, worn, ready to die, yet marching and fighting on, bravely, hopefully; for the sake of being "a good soldier," for the glory of the cause, taxing human endurance to the last extremity. This is the fate of the sons of our homes, the men of our love! No language can exaggerate the horrors of the battlefields, still red with the blood of our best. I know strong men, who turned away from their fainting, who cannot mention them without tears. Can we lay our kid gloves on "the altar of our country?" M. A. C.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

It would be a curious history, could we tell when, and how, and where we first met this or that acquaintance; and especially, how very different he appeared, if we had heard of him before, from what we expected. How seldom is he as noble or as handsome, as we thought he would be!

A few days since I was sitting in the store of a friend, engaged in conversation, when suddenly there leaped upon the counter a little bright faced fellow whom I had never seen before. He came down with a ringing sort of laugh, and introduced himself as follows:

"Very politely my friend introduced me to him, and I soon saw that he was deaf and dumb. But his face was so bright and fresh that he could hardly think of his situation."

"This is Mr. Penny, sir, who has just arrived in town."

"Mr. Penny! Why I have seen many of that name. They are a modest quiet family, and great favorites with children."

"How is that?"

"I suppose it is because they are so generous, and are often giving candies and apples, and such things to children. But this one seems different from any I have ever met before. Let me see. He has a kind of double face, and what is no less curious, he has words stamped on each! On one face I see a beautiful shield; laid upon two arrows, and a vine hung over it, and the words 'In God we trust,' 1864. On the other side, 'United States of America, with a vine and arrows, and in the center '2 cents.'"

This then is Mr. "Two-penny," a new friend of my country! How many hands will receive and pass this very penny! How many poor men and poor children will it feed! How many patches will it put on the poor man's garment! I greet you Mr. Two-penny, for the good you will do in this way! But, my good friend, if you can help it, don't help the drunkard to injure himself and his family! But I hail you, good fellow, and welcome you above any coin I ever saw in my life! You are a little preacher! You are a catechism—a kind of walking Bible—to every man that will ever see you! You are the first coin of my country that ever acknowledged God! You are a perpetual proclamation! You are a little cable to anchor a great nation to the throne of God!

Oh, little coin! thy text is very short, thy words are few, but how many will read them! How many children in the future will read them, and learn that in '1864' our whole nation proclaimed to the world the great truth that "in God we trust." And that short proclamation will do more to bring God's blessing upon us, than armies and navies. Go thy way little preacher! thou hast already cheered one heart, and created new hope. Go thy way! and show thy bright face as often as thou canst. The poor widow and the orphan child will gain strength from thee, and the lofty man will learn that there is one loftier than himself. Go thy way, Oh coin of my country! adding to patriotism, adding to love of our own dear, dear country, and adding to our confidence that the God in whom "we trust" will never forsake us.

Oh, herald of better things! We shall hereafter put thy text on all our coin; for surely we shall not write "hoiness to the Lord" on our copper and not on our silver and gold! Surely, we shall want to say to this bright silver and the yellow gold, "our confidence and trust are put in you, but in God we trust." And this the voice of the nation, will teach the miser in his greed, the politician in his schemes, and ruler in his power, that we hope only in the living God. And it may be found in the final history of the world, as God shall write it, this one little lot of our government has become a blessing upon it, greatly great to all future generations.

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SILVER PATENT LEVERS,
SWISS PATENT LEVERS,
FINE GOLD.

BARS AND KEYS,
 BRASS TIPS, EAR-RINGS,
 BROS. & CUFF-BUTTONS,
 MEDALLIONS, LOCKETS,
 PENDANTS, & PENDOLS,
 THIMBLES, SPECTACLES,
 DIALS, DESKETS & TRASPPOHES.
 Equal to gold.
 plated Ware that is sold in the United
 States at our store
 and jewelry repaired by skillful and
 workmen.
 Country orders received and returned by
 31-4m

[illegible]

and, and
 cheap! Cheap!! Cheap!!!
 At the cheapest.
GROCERIES:
 COFFEY, TEAS, SPICES,
 BUTTER,
 LARD,
 HAMS, FEED,
 OIL.

KEROSENE OIL,
LAMPS.

Sell all articles usually kept in village stores,
constantly on hand and for sale at
prices to suit the People.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT

To Farmers.

The Ohio Phosphate Company of Cincinnati
offer the very best fertilizers for soil in Atlantic
or base and for sale in large or small
quantities.

Prod of all kinds!

Corn, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Buckwheat, Butter,
Eggs, &c., &c.

Taken in Exchange

for goods, and the highest prices allowed.
OLD RAGS

Received, good as Cash.

Come out! Come all!

NEW GOODS

Justly received. All who are able give us a
call, and all who are sick come and buy.

AYRES'

UNFAILING MEDICINES.

Which are sold here.

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STOVES & TIN WARE,
AND
IRON STOVES.

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Do not forget the old stand, No. 108
Market St., Philadelphia.

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BENJAMIN BOROUGH.

Having removed to his New Shop, he is pre-
pared to execute all orders of those who
bring in the Wheelwright's line on short notice,
in a substantial and faithful manner, and at re-
asonable terms.

Ashcroft, Aug 2d, 1862.

**Military, Naval, Banking &
Collecting Office**

BROWN & SHELTON,
SPRING PLACE, NEW YORK.

Attention of P.A. Borden, Postmaster Genl.,
U.S. Acc'ts. N.Y. City, please send me
together with all other bills claimed by me, ad-
mittedly supported claim purchased attention of
Soldiers discharged by the Government, and
others in PAYMENTS, I would like to see them
are collecting the Payroll of the U.S. Army and
Congress. An experience in the U.S. Army and
Navy during the present war, an extensive practical
knowledge of the Army and Navy, and a national reputation
as a Washington agent, give unusual facilities for
the transaction of business with the Government.

W.B. SHELTON,
Lucian Brown, of New
York, Browne & Co.
Washington, D.C.

We have by permission of the following agents:

TIN WARE
Pots, Kettles, Spills Per Up.
And all kinds of goods executed in

TIN SHOPS

Done
ON SHORT NOTICE,
And in.

Tip Top Style.
Orders from all parts of
The Country Received.
Don't forget the place,
Hammington, New Jersey,
Near the Depot.

A. G. CLARK,
Feb 26

Farrall, Irving & Co.
No. 510 Minor street, Philada.
Manufacturers and dealers in Writing, Manilla,
and Wrapping paper and Paper Bags.

Highest Price

MEN—
M. C. Kuhlsch, M. C. Law, Mary Brock-
ley, Hon. M. F. Odeh, M. C. Hon. Hulse, Wm.
C. C. Hon. Abrah. J. S. Hon. S. B. Hon. S. B.
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BROS & BOYS'S CLOTHING
RETAILERS
No. 904 MARKET STREET,
Philadelphia

We would respectfully inform customers to our
Large Stock of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHES
THING now on hand READY TO BE ORDERED
every year of Suit and Material, suitable for
the season.

We have also on hand a full assortment of
SPRING GOODS adapted to MEN'S and
BOYS' WEAR, and would have goods cat-
ter to their desires.

All these Goods have been purchased for CASH
from the Manufacturers.

<p>Paid for rage, rope, haggling, and old papers, at their mills, or store in Philadelphia.</p> <p>Merchandise are invited to call and examine on stock.</p> <p>W. NEILL IRVING & Co. P. Mils.</p> <p>FARRALL IRVING & Co. Phila.</p>	<p>and will be sold at a sacrifice for the purpose of clearing out the warehouse.</p> <p>W. NEILL IRVING & Co. Phila.</p>
<p>HATS.</p> <p>Men's, Boy's and Children's hats, at less than Philadelphia prices.</p> <p>S. L. FITZRIAN.</p> <p>777.</p>	<p>S. L. FITZRIAN.</p> <p>777.</p>
<p>NOTICE. All persons having claims against the Subscriber, either on Notes, Book accounts or otherwise, are requested to present the same for settlement, and all persons owing the subscriber, are desired to settle the same at an early day.</p>	<p>TIMOTHY HENDERSON.</p> <p>Pleasant Mills, April 12th, 1864.</p>

PROSPECTUS
SOUTH JERSEY
REPUBLICAN.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
Absecon, Atlantic County,
NEW JERSEY.

Devoted to Politics, Education, Morality and
Literature.

AS A POLITICAL PAPER,
We shall advocate those principles which we
believe lie at the foundation of all good govern-
ment. We intend to advocate the rights of all
men. We do not believe that manhood consists
in the color of the skin, the shape of the cranium,
or the texture of the hair; but that the mind is the
man, the world over, and that a mind of the
lowest order has as much right to life, liberty and
happiness, as one of the highest; and that every
man, of whatever nation, class or color, has the
right to cultivate his talents to the full extent of
his powers, and that no one has the right to de-
cide for another what that extent is. We will
advocate the rights of a negro as quickly, fearlessly
and boldly as the rights of a king. We stand
for mankind and for the rights which God has
given all men, and which men or governments
take away at their peril. We stand for the Con-
stitution as our fathers intended it, not for the
slaveholder's self-interested garbled interpreta-
tion of that noble old instrument.

We believe the war to be the cause of the nation,
and that upon its issue depends our liberties;
depends all that is desirable in our Government.
We shall therefore faithfully defend and uphold
the Administration in its efforts to subdue and
crush out the rebellion from every part of our
land, and to restore the supremacy of law where-
ever it has been defied. We are with the Govern-
ment heart and hand so long as they seek the in-
tegrity and perpetuity of the Union.

AS AN EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL,
We shall seek to promote the true interests of
education in every possible way, because we be-
lieve it conducive to the highest interests of man-
kind, and that free government cannot long ex-
ist in peace and prosperity without it. We also
believe it to be the duty of the State to educate
her citizens, and that until free schools are within
the reach of all, the duty is not fully done. When
it is seen that treason and rebellion thrive only
in those portions of our land where free education
has been wholly or nearly neglected, the impor-
tance of it must be soon and acknowledged.

AS A MORAL PAPER,
Though not what is known as a religious journal,
we shall ever be found on the side of morality,
integrity and virtue. Nothing sectarian can ever
be admitted in our columns, but we are willing to
do all in our power to advance the temporal and
spiritual interests of all evangelical churches, sab-
bath schools, and other institutions of the Gospel.
TO FARMERS.
There will always be one or more columns of
our paper devoted to the interests of Agriculture,
containing original or selected matter that will
not only be interesting but instructive to farmers.
Our columns are always open to communications
from those engaged in any of the branches of
husbandry, and we hope that successful cultiva-
tors will make our pages a medium of communi-
cation with the public.

ON OUR FIRST PAGE
Will generally be found selected family and po-
litical reading.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM,
Our paper will be second to none in the county.
Although a new enterprise, a circulation in all
parts of the county has been secured, and to some
extent in the various parts of South Jersey. No
pains will be spared to give it a wide circulation.

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Are such as to bring it within the reach of all.
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OF
FAMILY GROCERIES.

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TEAS, BUTTER,
COFFEES,
SPICES, SUGARS,
PORK, LARD, HAMS,
&c., &c., &c.

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LOWEST CASH PRICES.

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Produce taken in trade.
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ABSECON, N. J.

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BIBLE SOCIETY

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S. L. FITHIAN,
Absecon, and
WILLIAM S. BACON,
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styles of binding; Testaments, large and small;
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SUGAR EVAPORATOR.
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JARS. For sale by
H. SAMPSON,
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kinds,
JARS,
MILK PANS,
FLOWER POTS, &c., &c.

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Attorney and Counsellor.
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CAMDEN, N. J.

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FARMERS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!
TASKE and CLARK,
Are still manufacturing
Phosphatic Fertilizer,
from unburnt bones, Peruvian Guano, and other
Fertilizing materials; thus furnishing for Fruit
and Grass one of the most reliable manures in the
market.

All we ask is a fair trial! Price \$47.50
per ton, of 2000 lbs.

OUR MEAT AND BONE COMPOST,
made from refuse Meat and Bone, from the
Slaughter House, is well adapted to promote the
growth of Corn, Potatoes, Turnips, &c., &c. Price
\$30.00 per ton.

HAIR MANURE.
A cheap and strong Fertilizer for the Root Crops.
Price \$20.00 per ton.
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LAMP HEATING APPARATUS
Boiling, Frying, Steeping, Steep-
ing, with the flame that
lights the room.

By the flame of a common lamp, at the cost of
a cent's worth of oil, a very comfortable break-
fast can be cooked. - N. Y. Tribune.

Simple in construction, easily kept in order,
ready for use in a moment, convenient to have
on hand, - *Drapery's Circular*.

Fish's Lamp is one of the most popular inven-
tions of the day; the utility of it is unquestionable;
a great saving is made in heating and cooking
small articles, and it can be made to cook meals
for a great many persons, which is a feat not done
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diers. - *Scientific American*.

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bathing, surgery, or sick room, it is an article of
comfort beyond all proportion to its cost. - *Half-
Century of Health*.

I have tried the apparatus, and my wife and I
proclaim the same a most valuable and indepen-
dent article, and a new wonder which would have
long ago been without it. - *Ed. Coal Oil Circular*.

An economical contrivance for getting up heat
at short notice for nursery and general household
purposes. One important point is the saving in
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PRICES FROM TWO TO SIX DOLLARS.
Capacity from one to four quarts.
Three articles cooked at one time with one
Burner.

Arranged for Kerosene, or Coal oil, or Gas. A
descriptive pamphlet of thirty pages
furnished gratis. Also
THE UNION ATTACHMENT.

Price 50 cents.
To be attached to a common Kerosene Lamp, or
Gas Burner, by which water may be boiled and
food cooked; also arranged to support a shade.
Every Family needs one.
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ELVINS & BRO.,
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BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions cheap
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Goods of all descriptions: good as the best,
cheap as the cheapest.

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VERMIN
EXTERMINATORS

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants,
Red Bugs, Moths in Furs, Wool-
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Animals, &c.

Put up in 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 Boxes, Bottles,
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"Sold by all Druggists and Retailers every-
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Bottle, and Flask, before you buy.
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SEWING MACHINES.

Three Machines make the lock-stitch, strike on
both sides, and use less than half the thread and
oil that the single or double thread loop-stitch
Machines do. They will

HEM, FELL,
GATHER, CORD,
Braid, Bind,
&c., &c.,

and are better adapted than any other
SEWING MACHINE

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variety of sewing required in a family, for
they will sew from one to twenty thicknesses
of Marseilles without stopping, and make
every stitch perfect, or from the finest gauze
to the heaviest Beaver cloth; or even the stoutest
harness leather, without changing the feed, needle,
or tension, or making any adjustment of Machine
whatever!!!

They are simple in construction, and easily
understood; and if any part is broken by accident,
it is rapidly replaced.

These are PECULIAR FACTS, and will go far to
determine the choice of any intelligent buyer.

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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Manufactures, Inventions, Agriculture, Com-
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is valuable and instructive not only to the Work-
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MUNN & CO., Publishers,
37 Park Row, New York

RAILROADS.
Camden and Atlantic R. R.
WEDNESDAY, June 1st, 1864.

DOWN TRAIN
LEAVE
Philadelphia, 7.20
Cooper's Point, 7.45
Haddonfield, 8.04
Ashland, 8.14
White Horse, 8.20
Long-a-coming, 8.30
Junction, 8.40
Waterford, 8.52
Spring Garden, 9.05
Haddonfield, 9.14
Da Costa, 9.20
Elwood, 9.30
Egg Harbor, 9.45
Patuxent, 10.00
Absecon, 10.16
Atlantic, 10.35

EXP.
7.45
8.04
8.14
8.20
8.30
8.40
8.52
9.05
9.14
9.20
9.30
9.45
10.00
10.16
10.35

EXP.
7.45
8.04
8.14
8.20
8.30
8.40
8.52
9.05
9.14
9.20
9.30
9.45
10.00
10.16
10.35

The Junction Accommodation train leaves
Philadelphia at 5.30, Cooper's Point 5.45; Had-
donfield 6.12; Ashland 6.23; White Horse 6.32;
Gravel Siding 6.43; Long-a-coming 6.54; Junction
7.00.

The Haddonfield Accommodation train leaves
Cooper's Point 10.30 A.M.; and 8.00 P.M.

UP TRAINS
LEAVE
Atlantic, 6.50
Absecon, 6.16
Patuxent, 6.29
Egg Harbor, 6.45
Elwood, 6.57
Da Costa, 7.09
Haddonfield, 7.16
Winslow, 7.25
Spring Garden, 7.32
Waterford, 7.40
Junction, 7.51
Long-a-coming, 7.59
White Horse, 8.14
Ashland, 8.27
Haddonfield, 8.43
Cooper's Point, 8.45

EXP.
6.50
6.16
6.29
6.45
6.57
7.09
7.16
7.25
7.32
7.40
7.51
7.59
8.14
8.27
8.43
8.45

The Junction Accommodation train leaves
Junction 6.25; Long-a-coming 6.34; White Horse
6.52; Ashland 6.58; Haddonfield 7.10; arriving
at Cooper's Point at 7.36.

The Haddonfield Accommodation leaves Had-
donfield at 7.15; P.M. and 8.30 P.M.

Mail and Freight Trains connect with the trains
on the Raritan and Delaware R. R.

RARITAN AND DELAWARE
BAY RAILROAD.
[TIME TABLE TO TAKE EFFECT SEPT. 14, 1863.]
FOR NEW YORK.

LEAVE
Jackson, 10.55
Asheville, 11.30
Harris, 12.00
Shannon, 12.25
Lebanon, 12.45
Woodmansie, 1.15
Whiting's Mills, 1.56
Manchester, 2.35
Ridgeway, 2.42
White's Bridge, 2.47
Baconton, 2.53
Squamunk, 3.15
Farmington, 3.35
Shark River, 4.00
Brown's, 4.10
Junction, 5.35
Shrewsbury, 5.41
Bank, 5.55
Middleton, 6.10
Highland, 6.17
Pt. Monmouth, 6.25
Pier, 6.32
New York, 6.30

EXP.
11.30
12.00
12.25
12.45
1.15
1.56
2.35
2.42
2.47
2.53
3.15
3.35
4.00
4.10
5.35
5.41
5.55
6.10
6.17
6.25
6.32
6.30

*Connects with Camden and Atlantic Freight &
Accommodation, which leaves Camden 9.45 A.M.
† Connects with train from Long Branch
‡ Starts from Long Branch.

FROM NEW YORK.
LEAVE
New York, 6.45
Pier, 6.53
Pt. Monmouth, 8.20
Highland, 8.37
Middleton, 8.44
Red Bank, 9.09
Shrewsbury, 9.19
Junction, 9.25
Brown's, 9.34
Bank, 9.54
Farmington, 10.19
Squamunk, 10.50
Bergen Iron Works, 11.20
White's Bridge, 11.35
Ridgeway, 11.45
Manchester, 12.05
Whiting's Mills, 12.32
Baconton, 1.05
Squamunk, 1.25
Lebanon, 1.48
Harris, 1.57
Asheville, 2.35
Jackson, 3.04

EXP.
6.45
6.53
8.20
8.37
8.44
9.09
9.19
9.25
9.34
9.54
10.19
10.50
11.20
11.35
11.45
12.05
12.32
1.05
1.25
1.48
1.57
2.35
3.04

* Connects with train from Long Branch.
† Connects with Long Branch.
‡ Connects with Freight and Accommodation
from Atlantic to Philadelphia, and in time for
the down Express from Camden and Atlantic road,
which leaves Junction at 4.59.

SOUTH JERSEY
STOVE STORE.

COOKING AND PARLOR
STOVES
Of the best patterns constantly on hand

CHEAP
ALSO,
LAMPS of all kinds and LAMP TRIMMINGS
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FANCY TOYS for Children,
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SHOVELS and TONGS,
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SPOONS, &c., &c.

Call on Geo.
GEORGE F. CURRIE,
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\$225! SEVEN OCTAVE \$225!
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NEW ENGLAND SCALE PIANO-FORTES
with all latest improvements. Thirty years
experience, with greatly increased facilities for
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ceived the highest award at the World's Fair, and
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