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D. B. SNOW Editor.

## Poetry.

### THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN T. SAGE.

[It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many countries that the uniform proportion of males to female births is as 21 to 20, accordingly in respect to marriage every 21st man is naturally superfluous.]

*Smith's Treatise on Population.*  
I long have been puzzled to guess,  
And so I have frequently said,  
What the reason could really be  
That I never have happened to wed?  
But now it is perfectly clear,  
I am under a natural ban;  
The girls are already assigned—  
And I'm a superfluous man!  
These clever statistical chaps  
Declare the numerical run  
Of women and men in the world  
Is twenty to twenty-and-one;  
And hence in the pairing, you see,  
Since wooing and wedding began,  
For every matrimonial score,  
They've got a superfluous man!  
By twentier and twentier they go,  
And giddily rush to their fate,  
For none of the number of course,  
Can fail of a conjugal mate;  
But while they are yielding in horror  
To nature's inflexible plan,  
There's never a woman for me,  
For I'm a superfluous man!  
It isn't that I am a churl,  
To solitude over-inclined;  
It isn't that I am at fault  
In morals, or manners or mind;  
Their what is the reason you ask,  
I am still with the bachelor's clan?  
I merely was numbered amiss—  
And I'm a superfluous man.  
It isn't that I am in want  
Of personal beauty or grace,  
For many a man with a wife  
Is uglier far in the face;  
Admired among elegant men  
I fancy myself in the van,  
But what is the value of that,  
When I'm a superfluous man?  
Although I am fond of the girls,  
For ought I could ever discern,  
The tender emotion I feel  
Is one that they never return;  
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,  
For struggle as hard as I can,  
They're mated already, you know—  
And I'm a superfluous man!  
No wonder I grumble at times,  
With women so pretty and plenty,  
To know that I never was born  
To figure as one of the twenty;  
But yet, when the average lot  
With critical vision I scan,  
I think it may be for the best  
That I'm a superfluous man.

N. Y. Ledger.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

[For the South Jersey Republican.]

#### THE FEMALE TEMPER.

No trait of character is more agreeable in a female, than a "sweet temper." Home is not pleasant without it. Let a man, weary and dispirited with the day's toil, go home at night and find a scolding wife, mother or sister, and what an unhappy, cheerless prospect before him. While instead, if he meets a smiling cheerful face, how soon the fatigue is forgotten, his face loses its tired expression, and how bright the world becomes. "Tis life's fading flowers in the desert. We think it a generally conceded fact, that the nearest, most particular housekeepers are apt to have—well, not the most mild and pleasant temper. We would not say this is always the case; perhaps we had better say as the man did of his son, "Always sometimes."  
Whenever I go into a house where everything is always in perfect order, not a speck of dirt to be seen, where everything looks as though it was never moved from its place; where the family always lives in a little addition built at the back of the house, which all the rest of the rooms are kept shut up against company coming; where the work is always "done up," and all the women-folks are busy embroidering, making rag carpets or rugs; then I come to the conclusion that the men folk of that establishment are a much better set; and if one of that unhappy fraternity should make his appearance, I should expect to see him come in on tip toe with a "I wiped my feet m/ath" kind of air, and that he would disappear again as soon as possible. I don't imagine it would take a remarkably clear headed person to see who's governor in that house. Wouldn't they stare though to see my husband come in, throwing his hat this way, his coat that, said hat alighting in the water bucket, coat upon the stove hearth, and gloves in the wood box, and marching into the parlor with boots covered with mud (the best man in the world for all that) saying the pleasantest words are the ones which should be used most? You needn't turn up your

noses so, you pink of propriety madams! I'm ten times prouder of him than I would be of one of your No. 1 model sprouting men. Who's going to let a few mud tracks on the carpet come between them and comfort. A good scrubber will soon remove the tracks, but it would take more than scrubber, soap, and sand to take out the uncomfortable feeling of being where one dares not step or stir for fear it might displease madam.  
I'm no advocate of disordered rooms nor untidy housekeepers. In my mind a woman who has any regard for comfort, has any taste, sensibility, or in fact sense, will have "a place for everything and everything in its place." But pray don't let this laudable trait be carried to such extremes as to crowd all comfort and ease from the house. A well ordered house, a tidy, cheerful, pleasant tempered housekeeper, would, I think, do more than anything else toward vacating barrooms and groceries, and filling the sitting rooms at home, pleasant home.

**TILLY.**  
I DIDN'T THINK—"I didn't think," said a smart looking boy one day, as he stood with downcast eyes, in the presence of a grave looking gentleman.  
"You didn't think, eh? Then I am ruined, because you are a thoughtless boy. You may go, sir," replied the gentleman, in a tone of voice which expressed both sorrow and sternness.  
The boy silently left the room. He, too, seemed sad, and a tear glistened in the corner of his eye.  
"What is the matter? What has he done? I will tell you."  
He was an apprentice. His trade was that of a carpenter. It had been a part of his duty to light the fire in the shop half an hour before the men came to work. One cold windy morning he lighted the fire, as usual; but in doing so, he left a shaving burning outside the door of the stove. It was only one shaving. He didn't think it would do any harm, because it was a little shaving. But a puff of wind from beneath the door of the shop blew the shaving on the floor. There it set fire to another shaving; the fire spread unperceived by the boy, until it reached a pile of shavings, and blazed up into the room. Then he started and tried to put it out. But he was too late. It was beyond his control. He pushed out, shouted "fire!" and alarmed the people.  
They came but could not save the shop. It was burned down, and not being insured, its owner was ruined.  
He was ruined because that boy didn't think.

**A GREEN JURYMEN.**—The District Court in one of our neighboring counties was in session last summer, and after the first day's business was over, lawyers and others were sitting out before the hotel, when a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked:  
"Gentlemen, I wish you'd go on with this court, for I want to go home."—*Ed. B. Settle* looking out.  
"Ah!" said one of the lawyers. "Pray, sir, what detains you at court?"  
"Why, sir," said the countryman. "I am fetched here as a jury, and they say if I go home they'll have to find me; and they might 'nt do that, as I live a good piece off."  
"What jury are you on?" asked one of the lawyers.  
"What jury?"  
"Yes, what jury? Is it a grand or traverse jury?"  
"Grand or traverse jury?—Dad fetched it if I know."  
"Well," said the lawyer, "did the judge charge you?"  
"Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he charged anything or not."  
There was an explosion, and two or three of the legal gentlemen tumbled off their chairs.  
"No man," says Mrs. Stowe, in the Boston Watchman, "has suffered more and deeper albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain, that seemed to some like insensibility, than President Lincoln." "Whichever way it ends," he said to the writer, "I have the impression that I shan't last long after it is over." After the dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg, he is reported to have said: "If there is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him." In those dark days his heavy eyes and worn and weary air told how our reverses wore upon him, and yet there was a never-failing fund of patience at the bottom, that sometimes rose to the surface in some doleful, quaint saying or story, that forced a laugh even from himself.  
And yet men howl at the insensibility, the indifference, and unfeeling disposition of President Lincoln, and even charge him with a desire to prolong the war. When the great record is made up, when—stripped of all concealments, the human heart is exposed to the view of an astonished world—aye, when the great brook of God's remembrance is unsealed for judgement, none will have been truer, none have beaten more warmly and anxiously for his country's good, and the welfare of humanity, than our own President Abraham Lincoln.

**EXPANDING THE LUNGS.**—Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air not through the nostrils, but through the lips; into the lungs. When the chest is about full raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head, just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath; till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during many months.

### THE IRISH POET.

In my employ was one of the oddest of Irishmen. One day as he was carrying a hod of bricks he looked from his elevated height upon a coach which was just passing and broke forth in the following poetic strain:  
The rich can ride in chairs,  
But the poor may walk *dejean*.  
Instantly throwing his hod, with its load of brick to the ground, he came down the ladder, and hastened to where I was standing, an amused listener and observer of his words and movements. As he approached he doffed his hat, and with a low bow and scrape, said:  
"Begging yer honor's pardon, I would be much obliged to ye fur me wages; I'm going to lave yees now."  
"Why, Pat what is the matter? Why do you wish to leave me?"  
"Arrah! yer honor, I've mistaken me avocation. I's a born poet I am an it's beneath me dignity to be carrying the hod and the likes."  
"What! you a poet, Pat? Is it possible? Have you ever made any poetry?"  
"Troth an' I have sur; an' I'll be afra' astonishing the world yet. I jist now on the ladder beyant, made as wiate a bit o' rhyme as was ever printet, intirely."  
"You did indeed? Well, jist repeat it to me now, and then I can judge of your poetical abilities."  
"Sure an' I will yer honor," and he commenced:  
The rich can ride in chairs,  
But the poor—But the poor—  
Here he stuck fast, but commenced again:  
The rich can ride in chairs,  
But the poor—But the poor—  
He could get no further, but scratching his head, he exclaimed:  
"Sure, sur, I had it all right a bit since an' I'll give it to yees now," and again he began:  
The rich can ride in chairs,  
But the poor—But the poor—  
*Dejean they can walk!*

**THE LAWYER AND THE DUCKS.**—There is not a more common offence against the laws of common courtesy (we might say, oftentimes, common decency) than is practiced by a certain class of lawyers now-a-days in the examination of witnesses upon the stand. Now and then, however, an impertinent lawyer gets it back in such a way that he is fain to call the next witness.  
Of such was the following, not as yet put down in the books, but well worthy of being transferred from the papers.  
At a late term of the Court of Sessions a man was brought up by a farmer, accused of stealing some ducks.  
"How do you know that they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.  
"Oh, I should know them anywhere," replied the farmer; and he went on to describe their different peculiarities.  
"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "these ducks cannot be such a rare breed; I have some very much like them in my own yard."  
"That's not unlikely, sir," replied the farmer; "they are not the *only* ducks I've had stolen lately!"  
"Call the next witness."

### POLITICAL.

#### GEN. BUTLER AND THE MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

Parton's Life of Gen. Butler, recently published, contains many good things concerning the doughty General, hitherto unpublished. The interview of Gen. Butler with the Mayor of New Orleans, enlivened by a sprightly episode in which a mob is summarily dealt with, is the subject of an edifying description, which we cannot omit:  
The three officers and Mr. Glenn next proceeded to the City Hall in search of the Mayor. They found that public functionary, after some delay. They informed him, with all possible courtesy, that Gen. Butler, commanding the Department of the Gulf had established his headquarters at St. Charles Hotel; where he would be happy to confer with the Mayor and Council of New Orleans at 2 o'clock on that day. The reply of the Mayor was to the effect that his place of business was at the City Hall, where any gentleman who had business with him could see him during office hours. Col. French politely intimated that that was not an answer likely to satisfy the commanding General, and expressed a hope that the Mayor, on reflection, would not complicate a state of affairs, already embarrassing enough, by raising questions of etiquette. Gen. Butler was well disposed towards New Orleans and its authorities; he merely desired to come to a clear understanding with them as to the future government of the city. The officers retired. The Mayor, upon reflection, concluded to wait upon the General. At 2 o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Soule, and a considerable party of friends, highly respectable gentlemen of the city, he sat face to face with Gen. Butler in the ladies' parlor of the St. Charles.  
The interview was destined to be interrupted and abortive. The seizure of the St. Charles Hotel appeared to have rekindled the passions of the populace, who surrounded the building in a dense mass, filling all the open space adjacent. A cannon was posted at each of the corners of the building; a regiment surrounded it, and the brave General Williams was in command. But it seemed as if the quiet demeanor of the troops, since the landing of the evening before, had been misinterpreted by the mob, who grew fiercer, louder, and bolder as the day wore on. The Mayor and his party had not been long in the presence of Gen. Butler, when an aid-de-camp rushed in and said:  
"Gen. Williams orders me to say that he fears he will not be able to control the mob."  
Gen. Butler, in his sorest manner, replied:  
"Give my compliments to General Williams, and tell him, if he finds he cannot control the mob, to open upon them artillery."  
The Mayor and his friends sprang to their feet in consternation.  
"Don't do that, General!" exclaimed the Mayor.  
"Why not, gentlemen?" said the General. "The mob must be controlled. We can't have a disturbance in the street."

"Shall I go out and speak to the people?" asked the Mayor.  
"Anything you please, gentlemen," replied General Butler. "I only insist that order be maintained in the public streets."  
The Mayor and other gentlemen addressed the crowd; and as their remarks were enforced by the rumor of Gen. Butler's order, there was a temporary lull in the storm. The crowd remained, however, vast, fierce, and sullen.  
The interview having been resumed, the Mayor was proceeding to decant, in the high-flown rhetoric of the South, upon Gen. Butler's former advocacy of the rights of the Southern States. The South had humiliated both him as its special friend and champion etc.  
"Stop, Sir," said the General. "Let me set you right on that point at once. I was always a friend of Southern rights, but an enemy of Southern wrongs."  
The conversation was going on in an amicable strain, when another aid entered the apartment, Lieut. Kinsman of Gen. Butler's staff, who requested a word with the General.

This officer had been sent to the fleet that morning in search of telegraphic operators. On board the Mississippi (the man-of-war, not the transport steamer), he was greeted by Judge Summers, who had sought refuge on board the ship, as we have before related. The unhappy Judge, who was anxious to get to the city, requested Lieut. Kinsman to take him on shore, and give him adequate protection against the mob, who, he said, would tear him limb from limb, if they should catch him alone. The lieutenant, who had left the city perfectly quiet, was disposed to make light of the danger; but said he could go on shore with him if he chose, and he would endeavor to get him safe to the St. Charles. On reaching the levee, Lieut. Kinsman impressed a hack into his service, and the two passengers were started for the hotel. Unluckily the ex-recorder is a man of gigantic stature—six feet five, and of corresponding magnitude; a man of such pronounced peculiarity of appearance, that even if he had never sat on the bench, and thus become familiar to the eyes of scoundrels, he must have been known by sight to all who frequented the streets of the city. He was immediately recognized. A crowd gathered round the carriage, hooting, yelling, cursing; new hundreds rushed in from every street, for all the men in the city were idle and abroad. Several times the carriage came to a stand; but Lieut. Kinsman, pistol in hand, ordered the driver to go on, and kept him to his work, until they reached the troops guarding the hotel, where both succeeded in alighting and entering the building unharmed.  
Judge Summers was thoroughly unerved—as most men would have been in the same circumstances. A mob is of all wild beasts the most cowardly, the most easily managed by a man unscarred by phantoms. The mob that attacked the Tribune office last July, was scattered by the report of one pistol. I saw it done. Never have I seen the square in front of the building so bare of people as it was, ten seconds after that solitary pistol was fired. But a mob is at the same time, the most terrific thing to look at, especially if its vulgar and savage eye is fixed upon you, that can be imagined. Mr. Summers felt unsafe, even in the hotel.  
"Give me some protection," said he; "they'll tear me to pieces, if they get in here; and it looked at the time, as if the mob would get in."  
Hence it was, that Lieut. Kinsman interrupted the General, and asked word with him. Gen. Butler came out and heard the report of the Lieutenant. The ex-recorder said there was no place in the St. Charles where he could be safe.  
"Well, then," said the General, "there's the Custom House over yonder; that will hold you. You can go there if you chose."  
"But how can I get there? The mob will tear me to pieces."  
The General reflected a moment, then said, assuming all the major-general commanding:  
"We may as well settle this question now as at any other time. Lieut. Kinsman, take this man over to the Custom House. Take what force you require. If any one molests or threatens you, arrest him. If a rescue is attempted, fire."  
Having said this, he returned to the conference with the Mayor, and Lieut. Kinsman proceeded to obey the order. He conducted Mr. Summers to a side door, which he opened, and disclosed to the view of his charge, a compact mass of infuriated men, held at bay by a company of fifty soldiers.  
"Don't attempt it," said the Judge, recoiling from the sight.  
"I must," returned the lieutenant. "The general's orders were positive. I have no choice but to obey."  
The company of soldiers were soon drawn up in two lines, four feet a part, two men closing the front, and two the rear of the column. In the open space were Lieut. Kinsman and Mr. Summers.  
"Forward, march!" The column started. The crowd recognizing the giant judge, yelled and boiled around the slowly pushing column. The active men of the mob were not those within reach of the soldiers. The nearest men prudently held their peace and waited their chance. Consequently no arrests were made until the column had gone half way to the Custom House. At that point stood an omnibus with one man in it, who was urging on the mob, by voice and gesture, with the violence of frenzy.  
"Halt!—Bring out that man!"  
Two soldiers jumped into the omnibus, collared the lunatic, drew him out, and placed him between the lines, where he continued to yell and gesticulate in the most frantic manner.  
"Stop your noise!" thundered the Lieutenant.  
"I won't," said the man, "my tongue is my own."  
"Sergeant—, lower your bayonet.—If a sound comes out of that man's mouth, run him through!"  
The man was silent.  
"Forward, march!" The column pushed on again, but very slowly. After going some distance, the Lieutenant perceived that one man, who had been particularly vociferous was within clutching distance.  
"Halt! Bring in that man," pointing him out.  
The man was seized and placed in the column. He continued to shout, but a lower

ed bayonet brought him to his senses also. The column pushed on again, and lodged the Judge and the two prisoners safely in the irremovable Custom House, the citadel of New Orleans. The company marched back, in the same order, through a crowd "as silent as a funeral," to use the Lieutenant's own language.  
This scene was witnessed from the windows of the St. Charles by Gen. Butler and his staff and his friends, the conference being suspended by common consent. The General informs me that the firmness of Lieut. Kinsman on this occasion aided by the soldierly coolness of the troops, and the perfect coolness of their officers, contributed most essentially to the subjugation of the mob of New Orleans. It was never so rampant again. The company was Capt. Paige's of the 31st Massachusetts.

#### GEN. MCCLELLAN'S LETTER.

[See article headed "Impudence" on second page.]

#### HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VA.

Monday, July 7, 1862.

Mr. President—You have been fully informed that the Rebel army is in our front with the purpose of overwhelming us by attacking us in our position, or reducing us by blockading our river communications. I cannot but regard our condition as critical, and I earnestly desire, in view of possible contingencies, to lay before you, with solicitude for your private consideration, my general views concerning the existing state of the rebellion, although they do not strictly relate to the situation of the army, or strictly come within the scope of my official duties. These views amount to convictions, and are deeply impressed upon my mind and heart. Our cause must never be abandoned—it is the cause of free institutions and self government. The Constitution and Union must be preserved, whatever may be the cost in time, treasure and blood. If Secession is successful, other disolutions are clearly to be seen in the future. Let neither military disaster, political faction nor foreign war, shake our settled purpose to enforce the equal operation of the laws of the United States upon the people of every State. The time has come when the Government must determine upon a civil and military policy covering the whole ground of our national trouble. The responsibility of determining, declaring and supporting such civil and military policy, and of directing the whole course of national affairs in regard to the rebellion, must now be assumed and exercised by you, or our cause will be lost. The Constitution gives you power sufficient even for the present terrible exigency. The rebellion has assumed the character of a war, as such it should be regarded, and it should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any State in any event. It should not be at all a war upon population, but against armed forces and political organization. Neither confiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organizations of States, or forcible abolition of slavery, should be contemplated for a moment. In prosecuting the war all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessity of military operations. All private property taken for military use should be paid or accepted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes, all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited; and offensive demeanor by the military toward citizens promptly rebuffed. Military arrests should not be tolerated except in places where active hostilities exist, and oaths not required by enactments constitutionally made should neither demanded nor received. Military government should be confined to the preservation of public order and the protection of political rights. Military power should not be allowed to interfere with the relations of servitude, either by supporting or impairing of the master, except for repressing disorder, as in other cases. Slaves contraband under the act of Congress, seeking military protection should receive it. The right of the Government to appropriate permanently to its service claims of slave labor should be asserted, and the right of the owner to compensation thereof should be recognized. This principle might be extended upon grounds of military necessity and security to all the slaves within a particular State, thus forming manumission in such State, and in Missouri, perhaps in West Virginia, also, and possibly even in Maryland, the expediency of such a measure is only a question of time. A system of policy thus constitutional and conservative, and pervaded by the influence of Christianity and freedom, would receive the support of almost all truly loyal men, would deeply impress the Rebel masses and all foreign nations, and it might be humbly hoped that it would commend itself to the favor of the Almighty. Unless the principles governing the future conduct of our struggle shall be made known and approved, the effort to obtain requisite forces will be almost hopeless. A declaration of radical views, especially upon Slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies. The policy of the Government must be supported by concentrations of military power. The National forces should not be dispersed in expeditions, posts of occupation, and numerous armies, but should be mainly collected into masses and brought to bear upon the armies of the Confederate States. Those armies thoroughly defeated, the political structure which they support would soon cease to exist. In carrying out any system of policy which you may form, you will require a Commander-in-Chief of the army; one who possesses your confidence, understands your views, and who is competent to execute your orders by directing the military forces of the nation to the accomplishment of the objects by you proposed. I do not ask that place for myself—I am willing to serve you in such position as you may assign me, and I will do so as faithfully as ever subordinate superior. I may be on the brink of eternity, and, as I hope forgiveness from my Maker, I have written this letter with sincerity towards you, and from love for my country.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

### GOV. ANDREW'S LETTER.

Gov. Andrew's letter to the Massachusetts Legislature is as follows:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:—Several topics among others of the militia—limited from this office, and long, can be better satisfied, however, should occasionally demand their attention. I must not omit to hear public opinion again to the efficient manner in which the recruitment of volunteers is conducted through the municipal governments. The work is brought directly home to the people. Led by their own local magistrates, it is patriotically done. Time is not so not unusually understood, with the view to all our contingent. I can not express my sense of the sublime devotion to public duty I have witnessed in this people, from my watch-tower of observation, and the gratitude I owe for their noble co-operation. But the heart smelt with emotion when we see the brave soldiers and brothers, whose constant valor has sustained on the field, during heavy three years of the war, the cause of our country, of civilization and liberty. Our soldiers have represented Massachusetts, during the year just ended, on almost every field and in every department of the army which our flag has been unfurled. At Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Fort Wagner, at Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Chickamauga—under Hooker, and Meade, and Banks, and Gillmore, and Rosser, and Burge, and Grant, in every scene of danger and of duty, along the Atlantic and the Gulf, on the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Mississippi, and the Rio Grande, under Dupont and Dahlgren, and Fouts, and Farragut, and Porter, the sons of Massachusetts have borne their part, and paid the debt of patriotism and valor. Obnoxious as the stock they drew from, national in their opinions, and universal in their sympathies, they have fought shoulder to shoulder with men of all sections and of every extraction. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable. The Muse herself demands the lines of silent years, often, by the influence of time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of war—the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But, during the ages to come, she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests, will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying Beauty, Sublimity, and Truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature and plastic art. By the homely traditions of the fireside, by the headstones in the church-yard, consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in remote graves by the Rappahannock, or along beneath the sea—embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in mortal youth. By their name, their character, their service, their fate, their glory, they cannot fail who die. In a great cause, the blood may soak their gore; their heads may sodden in the sea; their limbs be strong to city gates and castle walls; but still their spirit walks abroad. Though years Elope and others stare as dark a doom, they but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts which overpower all others, and conduct The world at last to freedom. The edict of Nantes, maintaining the religious liberty of the Huguenots givers lustre to the fame of Henry the Great, whose name will gild the pages of Philosophic history after mankind may have forgotten the marshal pro cess and the white plume of Navarre. The great proclamation of liberty will lift the ruler who uttered it, our nation and our age, above all vulgar destiny. The bell which rang out the declaration of independence has found at last a voice articulate, to "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land, and to all the Inhabitants thereof." It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the old world, have heard it, and their heartstopt to catch the last whisper of its echoes. The poor slave has heard it, and with bounding joy, tempered by the mystery of religion, he worships and adores. The waiting convict has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit "redeemed, regenerated and disenthrall'd by the Genius of Universal Emancipation."

### Olds and Ends.

A young lady in one of our principal streets, who loves to lie late in bed of mornings, was accosted a day or two since, while snoozing, by a friend, with "Miss, get up, breakfast is coming on!" "Let it come," she replied, with a look of defiance, "I am not afraid of it."  
A poor Irishman who applied for a house to sell spirit in one of the provincial towns of England, being questioned by the board of excise as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied; "Och, an' it's there ye are? sure and its net much character a man needs to sell whiskey."  
"Oh, I am glad you like birds." "What kind do you most admire?" said a young wife to her husband. "Ahem! Well, I think a good turkey with a plenty of dressing, is about as nice as any," said her husband.  
A man in Orange county was found one night in a falling mill, trying to climb the overshot wheel. When asked what he was doing, he said he was trying to get up to bed but somehow or other the stairs wouldn't hold still.  
Mrs. Parlington is delighted that Prince Alfred would have nothing to do with foreign Greece. She says she always thought he would much better stick to his native Isle.  
An American gentleman to his Siberian servant: "Pat, here comes a fellow, do you know who is dead?" "Faith, I guess so," was the reply. "It must be the gentleman in the coffin."  
A certain writer boasts that he has fired all his shots at error. It is a pity he should not shoot at her, for he never gets within gunshot of the truth.

It does not fall to the lot of every man to go to college, or to engage in what are called literary pursuits, yet all who desire any success in the world, must be conversant with the pen.

There are many who are content with the lot of a farmer, or a mechanic, or a tradesman, and who are not desirous of any other profession.

There are also many who are desirous of a liberal education, and who are not content with the lot of a farmer, or a mechanic, or a tradesman.

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Table with columns: Term, Rain, etc. for the week ending Jan 11.

Mar. 26, min. 10, max. 24. I. S. S.

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UP TRAINS. LEAVE Absecon, 6.25; Atlantic, 6.26; Swamp Killing, 6.40; Egg Harbor, 6.56; Weymouth, 7.10; Da Costa, 7.23; Hammonton, 7.39; Winslow, 7.39; Spring Garden, 7.47; Waterford, 7.53; Junction, 8.03; Long-a-coming, 8.12; White Horse, 8.23; Ashland, 8.23; Haddonfield, 8.41; Cooper's Point, 8.57.

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FROM NEW YORK. LEAVE New York, 6.15; Jersey, 6.25; Pl. Monmouth, 6.30; Highland, 8.37; Middletown, 8.44; Red Bank, 9.09; Shrewsbury, 9.19; Junction, 9.25; Brown's, 9.34; Shark River, 9.51; Farmingdale, 10.50; Squankum, 11.20; Bergen Iron Works, 11.20; White's Bridge, 11.56; Ridgeway, 11.45; Manchester, 12.05; Whiting's Mills, 12.32; Woodmansie, 1.05; Lebanon, 1.25; Shamong, 1.45; Harris, 1.56; Atsion, 2.25; Jackson, 3.10.

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