SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

Editorial Opinions of the Leading Journals upon Current Topics—Compiled Every Day for the Evening Telegraph

THE FENIAN AMNESTY.

From the London Spectator.

The condition which the Government have affixed to their liberation of the Fenian prisoners seems to us to be a miserable mistake, unwise, ungenerous, and unjust. To claim credit for it "as an act of pure clemency," which not even the most malignant enemy of the Government dare venture to misrepresent, is hardly worthy of Mr. Gladstone's keen intelligence and serious character. If it be proper to append Queen Victoria's name to an act of amnesty granted to Irish rebels, it should not be coupled with conditions which even Louis Napoleon would have been ashamed to subjoin to an amnesty offered to the most dangerous and unscrupulous of the French Reds. After all, the condition affixed to the liberation of these unhappy men is neither more nor less than banishment for life. They are required to leave the United Kingdom, and to undertake not to return to it. This sweeping and perpetual sentence is made applicable to all of them, though there is a wide variety in their degree of guilt, and also in the terms of imprisonment to which they are liable. Some of them, like Burke and Mackay, have had sentence of death for levying war against the Queen commuted to imprisonment for life—some, like Luby and Mulcahy, now five years in gaol, have gone through a great part of the period of punishment imposed upon them for writing newspaper articles which the Irish courts considered treasonable in the good old time when Sir Robert Peel, being Chief Secretary, declared that he and Lord Palmerston would stand or fall with the Irish Church, and when Mr. Cardwell solemnly warned the Irish people that Parliament would never listen to their demands for tenant-right. If Parliament has been wise in the work it has done during the last two sessions, there was surely some little excuse for strong writing in those days. To pass a fresh sentence of perpetual exile on such men, and on others whose sentences were only for spaces of seven and five years, and who would, therefore, be absolutely entitled to their liberty after a comparatively short period of further restraint—on men who have, in many cases, suffered so considerable a proportion of their sentence as has often sufficed to let some hardened thief or desperate garroter loose on our streets with a ticket-of-leave—on men the degree of whose guilt it would be impossible to distinguish from that of their comrades to whom a full and unconditional pardon was given two years ago—to do this is, we do not hesitate to say, simply, utterly, and flagrantly unjust.

But apart from this general consideration of the case, these unfortunate men are, we venture to assert, entitled to claim their liberation from Mr. Gladstone, if not as an absolute right, still in virtue of an undertaking on his part, in some degree conditioned by circumstances which very decidedly deprive it of the quality of "an act of pure clemency." When the Peace Preservation act was before the House of Commons last March, the late Mr. Moore, M. P. for Mayo, had given notice of his intention to bring the case of the Irish political prisoners before Parliament. Such a motion at the moment might have proved embarrassing. The Government was, at all events, exceedingly anxious to become possessed, with as little delay as possible, of the necessary but formidable weapon of law then in rapid process of fabrication. Some communications of the kind usual in such cases no doubt took place, for Mr. Gladstone on the 17th of March submitted to the process of an interpellation on the part of Mr. Moore, the course of which had evidently been arranged beforehand. A certain vague and gloomy amphibology nevertheless pervaded Mr. Gladstone's answer, which dissatisfied Mr. Moore, a man of vivid and precise phrase; and four days afterwards, when the question came on again, it transpired that Mr. Gladstone had agreed beforehand to give an answer in terms somewhat more distinct. These are the precise terms which Mr. Moore embodied in his notice of a second question which he addressed to the Prime Minister on the 31st of March:—"That the consideration of this question [the liberation of the prisoners] must necessarily depend upon the restoration of law and order in Ireland, and as soon as the disorders now prevailing in that country are repressed, Mr. Gladstone trusts that he will be able to give a very different answer to Mr. Moore, and to announce the liberation of the political prisoners."

Mr. Gladstone said in reply that this was the very meaning he had intended to convey on the previous evening. But what, may we ask, did Mr. Gladstone mean by the word "liberation?" Did he mean transportation for life? We know no case in which a political amnesty has been so interpreted except that of Poerio and his comrades, who, having been deported to the United States by the King of Naples, mutinied on the voyage, and carried their transport into Cork. But it is evident that Mr. Gladstone did not mean to transport the Irish political prisoners to America at the time that he gave the answer to which Mr. Moore objected as deficient in clearness and savor; because in that answer he spoke of the cruelty it would be to hold out misleading hopes prematurely to the friends of the prisoners. If it had been his intention then to release those prisoners on Christmas Eve, with the one condition that they should never see their homes, families, and friends again, then, we must say, so much and such ostentatious consideration for the feelings of their friends and families might well have been spared. Nor need the whole population of Ireland have been bound over to keep the peace on public conditions expressed in Parliament, if such was the sort of political amnesty that her Majesty's Ministers ultimately contemplated. It was not, perhaps, wise statesmanship so to identify the case of the political prisoners with the conduct of the general population, that their liberation should be made to depend on the amount of crime perpetrated during the following six months or so. But at all events, the peace preservation act appears to have answered its purpose. Law and order have been, so to speak, restored in Ireland. The disorders which prevailed in that country last March have been repressed. Mr. Moore, however, no longer lives to claim the very different answer which Mr. Gladstone held out the hope of his being able to give. Under such circumstances, to interpret "liberation" as meaning "banishment" is at least ungenerous. Of all the causes which have contributed to make the relations between the two countries so bitter and bloody, hardly any has been so potent as this holding the word of promise to the ear at one time and quibbling it away at another with professions that have, to the mind of a people at once simple and suspicious, all the effect of a somewhat solemn and exuberant insincerity.

But the unwisdom of sending these men to the United States at this moment—for the United States is, of course, the one country outside the United Kingdom open to them in the present state of the world—has in it something so inconsiderate as to be almost appalling. What must these men do of mere necessity when they arrive there? It would be too much to expect that a feeling of loyal gratitude should grow in their bosoms during the Atlantic voyage in consequence of the degree of "liberation" in which they have been indulged. These convicts, who were picking oakum or breaking stones a week ago, will arrive at New York and find themselves the idols of a popular ovation and in recognized command of a great political influence. The Irish vote will be at their bidding, at a time when the relations of America with England are again assuming a very anxious character. The city of New York will doubtless receive them with public honors. They may be admitted to the floor of the Senate and entertained at the White House. The Fenians of New York, in public meeting assembled on the 1st inst., came to the following resolution:—"*Whereas*, General Butler has avowed himself a friend of America and an enemy of England by his determination to have the plundered American citizens repaid for the depredations committed on them by the Alabama and other Southern cruisers, and having signalized the Irish as the men to fight England and humble her, be it, therefore, resolved, that we who love Ireland and wish her liberation, do hereby pledge ourselves to General Butler that the moment he says 'rally,' we will be with him." The terms of this declaration are sufficiently absurd. But the fact remains that at a time when the Fenian organization in the United States had fallen into a state of almost complete collapse from lack of leadership, we are sending its most daring and able spirits to the very base of the operations of the conspiracy. Ere many weeks we may reasonably expect to hear that Luby and Mulcahy are "stumping" the Union in aid of General Butler and the Russo-Prusso-American alliance, while Burke and Mackay are directing operations on the Canadian frontier to illustrate President Grant's peculiar views of that "irresponsible Dominion." It certainly is not wise statesmanship to send these men to the one part of the world where they may, and almost must, make much mischief; where there is every temptation to them to resume their old courses, and where those courses at present are the high road to popularity, influence, and means.

If it were proper to couple conditions with an act of pure clemency, there is one which might with advantage be substituted for that which Mr. Gladstone has imposed. The political prisoners might have been bound to return to and to remain in Ireland. There they would find that the great injustices whose existence made political conspiracy possible ten years ago have been summarily abolished. They would find a popular Executive armed with powers ample and effectual to enable them to answer for the peace of the country. They would, in their own despite, serve as living monuments of the clemency of a wise and fearless Government. The Irish administration would hardly shrink from such an addition to their charge—for this is not a time to make things easy to the Irish Executive at the expense of the empire. Is it too late to hope that before this ungenerous and impolitic condition is enforced, the sovereign herself may object to have the quality of her mercy strained after such a fashion? If such an act were possible, that is to say constitutional, it would make the royal clemency a word of pure and serious meaning from shore to shore of Ireland.

RAILWAYS AND ROMANCE.

From the N. Y. World.

The name of Stokes, though respectable, is hardly romantic; and we suspect that even the author of those remarkable works of fiction known as the novels of Ouida would be slow to elect Mr. James Fisk as a hero of romance. How, then, can we sufficiently admire the audacity of the *Tribune*, which has invented and issued a "tale of two cities" wherein Mr. Fisk and Mr. Stokes are made to appear, now as Achilles and Agamemnon quarrelling over the beauty of Briseis, then as Richelieu and Cinq-Mars at odds for the favors of Marion, and then as Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild inflamed to deadly feud by the fascinations of a more lovely than Moll Flanders? If we are to believe the *Tribune*, Mr. Fisk has a soul so far above the railway bonds and the golden buttons which have been incessantly declared to divide his affections, that he fell into a perfect transport of fury on finding himself supplanted by a rival in the tender regards of a modern Lais, whom he had loved neither so wisely as he should, nor, as it would appear, so well as she would have him; upbraided the inconstant fair one with her fickleness, and vowed a vengeance deep and dire upon his rival. Had the scene of the *Tribune's* tale of love been laid on the Bosphorus or in the middle ages, it would doubtless have depicted Mr. Fisk to us in the character of the Grand Turk causing a sack to be clapped over the head of the Giaour who had extinguished the "Light of the Harem," and him to be dropped silently and succinctly into the seaward tide which makes forever westward through the Golden Horn. Or it would have represented the passionate Prince of Erie armed cap-a-pie, at the head of his retainers, storming by night the castle of Sir Lancelot de Stokes, and mingling the blood of that deluding knight with the red wine mantling in his goblets of price.

As it is, we are invited to believe that Mr. Fisk brought to bear on his foe not mangonels but injunctions; that he invoked not the "fair devil Venus" to aid him, but Astrea from her temple in the City Hall; that he laid not military but financial snares to entrap the too enchanting Stokes; and that he succeeded in wielding the whole machinery of the State to effect the commercial annihilation, the arrest and the imprisonment of his successful competitor. Could we suppose this story to be true, we should ask Miss Anthony and her agitating sisters what possible need there can be of enhancing the influence of woman in a community wherein such darts can be shot from "a white wench's black eye." But the story, of course, cannot possibly have originated elsewhere than in the Arcadian solitudes of Chappaqua. It is a mere jumble of "Daphnis and Chloe" with "Rinaldo Rinaldini" and "The Monk" and the "Mysteries of Paris." In comparison with such coruscations of amorous moonshine as this, the *Tribune's* story of its little triplex correspondent who sat on the crupper of a dead horse, and drank beer with King William sitting on its head, becomes almost credible.

THE WRONGED WOMAN.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

One of those Boston essayists whose cheerful humor and good English have drawn our literature into a chatty, good-tempered mood, took up last week the social evil as his text, and, after protesting that the wronged woman had become the bugbear not only of society but of literature, proceeded to give us a very effective sketch (after Hawthorne) of her dead in a cart and draped with a shawl. Our essayist spoke a deeper truth than, perhaps, he knew. In literature or art the one more unfortunate is always when lugged in picturesque and effective—whether as the Magdalene with face repentant, if not reformed, bending over a skull, or plunging out of life's mystery into death madly by night. But in real life the wronged woman is the problem that faces the reformer at every corner, unclean and commonplace, and, by virtue of its very commonness and uncleanness, the one problem yet unconquered. Hers is the sole figure about which in real life you can throw none of the softening shadows or half lights which belong to it in fiction. The wronged woman, dead in a cart, or drawn from the river which had drunk her down at last to easeful death, is a something which wrings our heart with pity; but Anonyma alive, brazen, starving—what will you do with her? She has made for herself a place, though on the very edge of the pit, and society (by which we here mean decent womanhood) refuses, with perhaps a reasonable instinct of self-protection, to give her an inch of safe standing ground. Wholesale reformatories, we cannot but perceive, are of but little practical value in her case. The very excess of the animal or emotional nature which caused her to fall renders it impossible to reach her by any machinery of generalizing system or rules. She will not be made to see the error of her ways by the clockwork routine of a decent life or instruction in needlework. You cannot marshal her nor her like by platoons into conversion. Ten to one, when she leaves the Rosine Asylum or the House of the Good Shepherd she goes back with redoubled zest into her old life. She is the leper at our gates. Say what we will, it is hardly safe or practical for many families to receive her within their homes, and by intimate fellowship to attempt her cure. We cannot legislate for her; we cannot ignore her. She is there, night and day, an inexorable, obstinate, death-dealing fact. We cannot even drown and make her the picturesque shadow of literature.

We find in our late English exchanges an account of an experiment for the redemption of fallen women now making at Brighton, which seems to us to embody so many elements of success that we wish to call to it the attention of our own reformers. The idea originated with a woman, the first essential of success, by the way, in any scheme for the help of woman. This lady (only known to us by an initial—another good sign) appears to have stamped her individuality upon every detail of the plan. The house which she governs is not a reformatory, but a home. "A girl who leaves it to go back to evil ways is not received into it again; other means are taken to help her, but that privilege she is held to have forfeited. Surely we cannot learn too early," says Mrs. V., "that justice is the backbone of mercy, and that the most merciless thing you can do in the world is to make sin easy to the sinner." Opposed to this necessary sternness in her system we find the keen tact and womanly tenderness by which she makes the home cheerful and heartsome; avoids clothing the inmates in uniform, giving them instead well-fitting and becoming dress. One hint we find especially suggestive in the story of a woman who had attempted suicide, and whom she wished put in the way of earning a decent livelihood. "I want you first," said Mrs. V. to her agent, "to hire a room with a nice sunny aspect, and get some flower-pots to put in the window. Mind, the plants must be in full flower." Another still more significant hint is to be found in her remarks upon the benefit of vehement religious excitement upon the women whom she has in charge. They are, she tells us, peculiarly susceptible to any such appeals. "A single, earnest, and rather sensational address to them on the Prodigal Son, or some moving portion of Scripture, with some allusion to their mothers and their early homes, is enough to throw them into an agony of uncontrollable weeping. But what have you gained? You have only ministered to the very want of self-control which has been one of the great sources of all their misery. Satan knows well enough, that just as a pot boiling over, for all the noise it makes, will end in putting out the fire, and half emptying itself, so if he can get but a young convert to boil over into much talk, loud professions, and preaching to others, before he can well stand himself; above all, if he can get him to boil over in his own estimation, and fancy himself something wonderful, he will soon cool down and be left half empty with the fire gone out." In conjunction with this sound sagacity we hear of the childlike practical faith which prompts her, when a butcher refused to sacrifice the rent of a night-house, and so prevented the reclamation of its inmates, to go down upon her knees with him and pray to God to show him his duty. The quiet, earnest prayer had its effect; the butcher yielded.

The whole story appears to us full of meaning. A fallen woman, to be saved, must come in contact, not with a system or rule, but with another woman. Not only Christ-like charity must go out to meet her, but careful, shrewd sagacity and knowledge of human nature. And underneath all must be that faith, downright and absolute, now, as in the days of the first Magdalene, in a power above earthly effort. A faith which, in order to accomplish God's work, would appeal as confidently and quietly that reason might be given to an obstinate butcher, as that the Angel of Death might be stayed in its course.

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.

From the Baltimore American.

There ought to be, if there is not, a close sympathy between the pulpit and the press. They ought to both aim at the elevation and improvement of the people, morally and physically, as well as religiously. We do not think the press fulfils its entire mission by the discussion of politics or dissertations on State and national affairs; neither do we think that the pulpit comes up to the full meed of duty or usefulness when it confines its labors to expounding the Scriptures and the discussion of church dogmas. The two most popular and useful ministers now occupying pulpits are the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, and Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn. It will not do to say that they are sensationalists, for the truth is there is nothing sensational about either of them. Mr. Spurgeon is more of a conversationalist than a preacher. There is no effort made by him to carry away the minds of his ten thousand hearers by brilliant flights of fancy or by high-sounding rhetorical flourishes. On the contrary, he merely converses with his people, leaning leisurely over the pulpit; but every word he utters is addressed to the heart and the understanding. He abounds in original expressions, quaint similes, and striking comparisons between Scripture incidents and the occurrences of every-day life. He does not confine himself to the expounding of Scripture texts which have been worn threadbare by repetition, but shows his hearers wherein they fail to come up to Scripture requirements in their actions and thoughts, as well as in their conduct to their fellow-men. If preaching a charity sermon, he would not confine himself to a frequent repetition of the Scriptural assurance that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," but would reach the pockets of his hearers by showing them wherein it is their duty to give of their abundance to their suffering fellow-creatures cheerfully and ungrudgingly. He would appeal to their hearts and understandings, as well as to their duty as professing Christians. When the press undertakes a charitable work it is generally more successful than the pulpit, because it presents the points of the case in a more practical light, and depends on appealing to the humanity and sympathy of its readers for suffering fellow-man.

Some eleven years since we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Spurgeon, forming one of a congregation of eleven thousand. It was an ordinary occasion, and to this day we can remember many points of his interesting and practical discourse. He had then been preaching in London for ten years, and for eleven years since he has been holding forth twice every Sunday to congregations of ten thousand, the building being thronged to overflow. If he was a sensational preacher the novelty would have worn itself out long ago, and the vast edifice which has been erected for him would have been a failure. But there is no flagging in the desire to hear him. The vices and sins "which do so easily beset us" are handled without fear of giving offense, and his listeners feel that at least a portion of his discourse is directed especially at their individual follies. In the thousand other churches of London one can always find abundance of vacant seats, but the ten thousand seats of Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle are always filled, and the doors closed on hundreds of others seeking admission long before the hour for commencing service.

Nor will it do for any one in this country to say that Mr. Beecher is a sensationalist. He has at times meddled with matters not strictly within the province of the pulpit, and has committed some errors, but no minister has a more devout or devoted congregation. He exercises a wide-spread influence over the hearts and minds of the people, not only in New York and Brooklyn, but throughout the country. Everything that emanates from his pen is eagerly perused, and he recognizes the power of the press and a part of its mission to be the inculcation of sound moral principles and the correction of vice and immorality. He is not satisfied with merely expounding the Scriptures, but discusses the incidents and events of the day, not only in the pulpit, but with his pen, and seems never to rest from his labors.

The venerable Joseph Gales, a few years before his death, declared that an editor "should never write unless he has something to write about"—unless "what he has to say will interest and instruct his readers." As a general thing editors try to follow his advice, though they may not always be able to attain the point of securing the attention and earnest thought of those whom they address. They, however, nearly always write with this object in view. Can the same be said of our clergymen? Could not most of their hearers sit down in their libraries and read old sermons on the same texts, more vigorous, earnest, and applicable to the present day, even though they may have been delivered a century ago? A clergyman has a whole week to prepare his sermon, and one would think that he ought always to have something brilliant and instructive, as well as entertaining, to present to his congregation. The editor has to write one or two articles a day, and to make up the subjects on the spur of the moment, without time for preparation or research. He cannot shut himself up in his study, and revise and improve to-morrow what he has written to-day. The first portion of the editor's article is often in type before he has completed the last pages, and it is frequently the case that he has not even an opportunity to see the proof sheets. Thus the minister has the decided advantage, and if he preaches a dull and uninteresting sermon—a sermon that will not give his congregation something to think about after they have returned to their homes—why, we rather think he has mistaken his calling.

In neither Mr. Beecher's nor Mr. Spurgeon's churches are there any pageants or ceremonials, which some at the present day think necessary in Protestant churches to get up a sensation among the people. The services are of the simplest character, and the attraction consists altogether in an effort on the part of these divines to please the ear and the heart, and improve the understanding, rather than to dazzle the eye. They flock to their churches to hear what is said, and not to see what is done. They expect to be enlightened, edified and instructed, and neither to be dazzled by brilliant rhetoric nor amused by tinkling ceremonials. There are no old sermons revamped at these churches. Their discourses are original, fresh, earnest, and sparkling. They, like the editor, never reproduce the labor of previous years, and put "old wine in new bottles." Would that we had a few such live teachers of the people in Baltimore! Our churches are, many of them, sadly in want of a "sensation" of this character—something to draw the people beyond the mere formal duty of "attending stated preaching."

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The company's fleet comprises the following magnificent full-powered ocean steamships, the six largest in the world:—
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ATLANTIC, Captain Thompson. BALTIC.
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These new vessels have been designed specially for the transatlantic trade, and combine speed, safety, and comfort.
Passenger accommodations unrivalled.
Parties sending for their friends in the old country can now obtain prepaid tickets.
Steerage, $32, currency.
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For further particulars apply to ISMAY, IMRIE & CO., No. 10 WATER Street, Liverpool, and No. 7 EAST INDIA Avenue, LEADENHALL Street, London; or at the company's offices, No. 19 BROADWAY, New York.
1 5† J. H. SPARKS, Agent.

NEW EXPRESS LINE TO ALEXANDRIA, Georgetown, and Washington D. C., via Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, with connections at Alexandria from the most direct route for Lynchburg, Bristol, Knoxville, Nashville, Dalton, and the Southwest.
Steamers leave regularly every Saturday at noon from the first wharf above Market street.
Freight received daily.
WILLIAM P. CLYDE & CO.,
No. 14 North and South WHARVES.
HYDE & TYLER, Agents at Georgetown; M. ELDRIDGE & CO., Agents at Alexandria. 6 1

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE STEAM TOWBOAT COMPANY.—Barges towed between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Havre-de-Grace, Delaware City, and intermediate points.
WILLIAM P. CLYDE & CO., Agents.
Captain JOHN LAUGHLIN, Superintendent.
Office, No. 12 South Wharves Philadelphia. 4 11

SHIPPING.

LORILLARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY
FOR NEW YORK,
SAILING TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND SATURDAYS AT NOON,
are now receiving freight at winter rates, commencing December 28. All goods shipped on and after this date will be charged as agreed upon by the agents of this company.
INSURANCE ONE-EIGHTH OF ONE PER CENT.
No bill of lading or receipt signed for less than fifty cents, and no insurance effected for less than one dollar premium.
For further particulars and rates apply at Company's office, Pier 38 East river, New York, or to
JOHN F. OTT,
PIER 19 NORTH WHARVES.
N. B.—Extra rates on small packages iron, etc. 9 8

FOR NEW YORK, VIA DELAWARE and Raritan Canal.
SWIFTSURE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.
DESPATCH AND SWIFTSURE LINES.
Leaving daily at 12 M. and 5 P. M.
The steam propellers of this company will commence loading on the 8th of March.
Through in twenty-four hours.
Goods forwarded to any point free of commission.
Freights taken on accommodating terms.
Apply to
WILLIAM M. BAIRD & CO., Agents,
4 5 No. 132 South DELAWARE Avenue.

FOR ST. THOMAS AND BRAZIL.—UNITED STATES AND BRAZIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
REGULAR MAIL STEAMERS sailing on the 23d of every month.
MERRIMACK, Captain Wier.
SOUTH AMERICA, Captain E. L. Tinklepaugh.
NORTH AMERICA, Captain G. B. Slocum.
These splendid steamers sail on schedule time, and call at St. Thomas, Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio de Janeiro, going and returning. For engagements of freight or passage, apply to
WM. R. GARRISON, Agent,
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FOR NEW YORK via Delaware and Raritan Canal.
EXPRESS STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
The Steam Propellers of the line will commence loading on the 8th instant, leaving daily as usual.
THROUGH IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
Goods forwarded by all the lines going out of New York, North, East, or West, free of commission.
Freights received at low rates.
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CORDAGE.
Manilla, Sisal and Tarred Cordage
At Lowest New York Prices and Freights.
EDWIN H. FITLER & CO.,
Factory, TENTH St. and GERMANTOWN Avenue.
Store, No. 23 N. WATER St. and 22 N. DELAWARE Avenue.
4 12 12m PHILADELPHIA

PROPOSALS.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLIC PRINTING AND BINDING.
Notice is hereby given that Sealed Proposals for the Public Printing and Binding for the State of Pennsylvania, for the term of three years from the first day of July, 1871, will be received by the Speakers of the Senate and House of Representatives from this date to the fourth Tuesday of January, 1871, in compliance with the act of Assembly entitled "An act in relation to Public Printing," approved 9th of April, 1856; said proposals to be accompanied by bonds, with approved securities, for the faithful performance of the work, as required by the act of 25th February, 1862, entitled "A further Supplement to an Act in relation to Public Printing," approved the 9th day of April, 1856.
F. JORDAN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.
HARRISBURG, Jan. 2, 1871. 1 2 13t

NAVY PAYMASTER'S OFFICE, No. 427 CHESNUT Street.
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6, 1871.
Sealed Proposals, endorsed "Proposals, Construction and Repairs," will be received at this office until 1 P. M. MONDAY, the sixteenth day of January, 1871, for the following supplies, which must be of the very best quality, to be delivered at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, *free of charge*, subject to the usual conditions of inspection, approval, etc., viz.:—
One (1) Planer, to plane 30 inches wide by 30 inches high and eight feet long; to be put up in complete running order, with shafting, belting, pulleys, etc.
One (1) twelve (12) inch Shaping Maching, to be put up, etc., as above.
One (1) Lathe, to swing 22 inches over V slides, and 14 inches over rest carriages, etc.
Full specifications of the requirements in the above tools can be seen on application at this Office, or to the Naval Constructor at the Navy Yard.
Bidders must state in their bids the time within which the articles can be delivered. Responsible security required for the prompt and faithful delivery of the above, in conformity with stipulations on the blank forms for bids, to be had at this office; otherwise bids will not be entertained.
A. W. RUSSELL,
1 6 fmw3t Paymaster U. S. Navy.

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CARSTAIRS & McCALL.
No. 126 Walnut and 21 Granite Sts
IMPORTERS OF
Brandies, Wines, Gin, Olive Oil, Etc.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
PURE RYE WHISKIES,
IN BOND AND TAX PAID. 2 2p5

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(Successors to North, Chase & North, Sharpe & Thomson, and Edgar L. Thomson,)
Manufacturers of STOVES, HEATERS, THOMSON'S LONDON KITCHENER, TINNED, ENAMELLED, AND TON HOLLOWWARE.
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ROPE AND TWINE, BAGS and BAGGING, for Grain, Flour, Salt, Super-Phosphate of Lime, Bone Dust, Etc.
Large and small GUNNY BAGS constantly hand. Also. WOOL SACKS.

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EASTON & McMAHON,
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We are prepared to ship every description of Freight to Philadelphia, New York, Wilmington, and intermediate points with promptness and despatch. Canal Boats and Steam-tugs furnished at the shortest notice.

COTTON SAIL DUCK AND CANVAS, OF ALL numbers and brands. Tent, Awning, Trunk and Wagon-cover Duck. Also, Paper Manufacturers' Drier Felts, from thirty to seventy-six inches, with Paulins, Belting, Sail Twine, etc.
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