THE IRON CROSS. A Woman's Confession.

A little faded miniature of a young girl in all herfreshness. I scarcely believe that I ever looked like this—I, an old, sad woman, who looks longingly to the time when the places I have known will know me no more. And yet I, even I, was young and lovely once. Ah me; how long it seems! Long ago, longer than to most women, for the blight fell upon me soon, and I count nearly

all my years by my sorrows.

I was born by the seashore that, same everlasting flood upon whose waters I can look out from my window now, and to whose roar I listen as I write. My father look out from my window now, and to whose roar I listen as I write. My father was wealthy, and I was raised in the lap of luxury. He died when I was ten years old and most needed his care. I wish he had lived. He might have made me a better woman, and the story of my life might have been different. He died, I have said, when I most needed his care, and I was left alone with my mother. She was not fit for the charge conhis care, and I was lest alone with my mother. She was not fit for the charge confided to her. She was weak and giddy, and she reared me in her notions of fashion and folly. I do not blame her that my life has been so sad; for it was in my power to change it, but I would not. I grew up a beautiful, fascinating, fashionable woman, and was greatly admired. You would not think it. I know, to look at me now; but it think it, I know, to look at me now; but it is so. When I was grown, I made the discovery that my father's luxurious style of living had greatly diminished his fortune, and the persistency with which my mother clung to her accustomed mode of life made fearful inroads upon the rest. A few years, at the farthest, would exhaust it. I spoke of this to my mother, and she acknowledged it, but declared her inability to help it. In

it, but declared her inability to help it. In less than a year she died, and oh, such a fearful death! I shudder when I think of it, though it was years ago, and I seem to hear her last words to me even yet: "Nelly, never marry a poor man. Make a rich It need not the mother's wish to confirm me in my desire to contract a rich marriage, for I had determined to adopt the plan as the only means by which I could escape from the doom of poverty which I saw hanging over me. I had not the moral cou-

rage to face it, and resolved to fly from it:

it I little dreamed of the struggle that was in store for me; When I was a child, my only playmate was a boy a few years older than myself. He was named Walter Gwynne, and was the son of a neighor. Walter and I had been playmates and schoolmates together. He had carried me in his arms often, and used to call me his little pet. As we grew up our childish affection strengthened: and when we became man and woman we loved each other with a love that could not die. We were never pledged to each other; but I knew his heart and he knew mine. When my mother died Walter was very good to me. On, never Waiter was very good to me. On, never had I loved him so well as I did then. In my gratitude, I gave him a relic that had belonged to my father, and begged him to keep it for my sake. It was a small, curikeep it for my sake. It was a small, curl-ously worked cross of iron, and bore the in-scription in German: "I gave gold for iron, 1813." It was one of the famous iron crosses that were bestowed by the King of Prussia in the war against Napoleon, and had been conferred by merit on my grandfather. It had never been in unworthy hands, and I gave it to Walter, as he was the only one I

gave it to Walter, as he was the only one I gave it to Walter, as he was the only one I knew who merited it, and I did not think then that my hand would indeed lay upon him a cross of iron never to be laid down. I was deeply attached to my mother, and mourned her sincerely; but this was not my greatest sorrow. A heavier grief came upon me—one for which I alone was responsible, it is true, but which was not the easier to bear on that account.

I had resolved on marrying a rich man. as my own fortune would not last much longer, and I was firm in my determination. I loved Walter Gwynne with my whole heart; but he was poor, and I knew would have a hard struggle in life, and I had not the courage to face the world with him. I hated myself for my weakness, and would have given worlds to have been his wife; but I had not the moral courage to make the trial. These wicked I know here make the trial. It was wicked, I know; but I have suffered for it since, and if sorrow can atone for sin, then I have paid the usual

penalty.

A few weeks after my mother's death,
Walter walked with me down to the rocks

It was one of our that lined the sea-shore. It was one of our favorite strolls, and it was the first time since my bereavement that we had been to gether for more than a few minutes at a time. He spoke to me about my future life, and asked me what I would do. I told him that I did not know; that my future was still shrouded in mystery and doubt. "I have thought of this a good deal, Nellie," he said, earnestly, "and I do not think that I shall do wrong to speak to you as I wish." gether for more than a few minutes at a

I glanced up at his face, and I saw the look there, knew what he wished to say. I

grew pale and faint.

"No, Walter," I gasped; "don't say it—don't say it!"

He looked at me in surprise, and with an

exclamation of pain.
"I must say it, Nellie," he went on, "and "I must say it, Neille," ne went on, "and you must listen to me. Ever since we were children I have loved you, and have looked to the day when I should claim you as my wife. Now that you are alone in the world, wife. Now that you are alone in the world, I think I have a right to urge my claim. You knew I love you, and I have believed you love me. You know my prospects as well as I do, and that I have a hard struggle before me; but with your encouragement and love, I think I can come out of it with

and love, I think I can come out of it with success. Will you be my wife, Nellie?"

I had sunk down on a rock, for I could go no farther. My limbs refused to sustain me, and it seemed that my heart would break. I covered my face with my hands and strove fiercely to control my emotions. All my love for Walter rushed upen me in a strong and mighty torrent, which well nigh swept away the barriers of my sinful resolution. How grand and noble he looked, as he laid his heart before me in all its simple truthfulness; and how false and foul I was, as I shrank before his avowal in my criminal weakness! I wish I had died then; it would have been better for me. I said nothing, for I could not trust my voice, and Walter mycke gerin. said nothing, for I could not trust my voice, and Walter spoke again:

and waiter spoke again:
"I want you to decide with a view to your
own happiness. If you do not love me
enough to be my wife, you must learn to do
so. But if it will make you happier to reject me, do not hesitate to do so."
"Happier?" I asked bitterly.

He had been gazing out upon the sea, and turned suddenly at the sound of my voice. I was so full of bitterness that it startled

"Are you sick, Nellie?" he asked, anx-

iously.

"No," I answered, with forced calmness,

"only I cannot talk to you about this now,

Townst now. At some other

time."
"I have been too hasty, Nellie," he said, tenderly. "Poor child; your grief has not grown calm enough for you to think of anything but your mother. I can wait, Nellie. I could wait a lifetime for you."

A sharp pain shot through my heart, and

A sharp pain shot through my heart, and it was with difficulty that I repressed a sigh of anguish. My heart was wrung with a terrible torture, and I felt that I could endura Welton's response dure Walter's presence no longer. I wanted to be alone. He seemed surprised at first,

to? "I asked, scarcely knowing what I said. | he held me thus. I called up all my forti"Not even then, Nellie. I would in such | tude to sustain me— "Not even then, Nellie. I would in such a case, feel great sorrow; but no unkindness. But what makes you ask me?" He looked at me anxiously as he spoke.

"Nothing," I replied. "Go,leave me now; I am weak and nervous. He turned off with a sigh; and as ke went he seemed to carry all the light of my exist-ence with him. I sank down on the rock ence with him. I sank down on the rock and gave way to my feelings. I suffered in tensely, and my self-hatred became most unendurable; but still I grew firmer in my resolution. The outburst enabled me to go through the rest with more calmness. It was

through the rest with more calmness. It was dark when I went back home, and by that time I had conquered my heart.

Among my friends was a gentleman whom I had known from my childhood. He was fifty at least, and I was just twentyone. I received a visit from him a few days offer my interview with Walter and before after my interview with Walter, and before he left he made me an offer of his hand. He told me he had loved me for a long time but had feared to speak before, as he was much older; that he feared I should not love him; but he knew that I was alone in the world; and he felt he had a right to tell me

These were almost the very words Walter had spoken to me, and they fell with a cold chill upon my heart. I asked him time to reflect on the offer he had made, and was given as long a period as I desired. It seemed to me that some hidden power was holding out this offer to tempt me to my fate. Here was a man of pure and noble heart, who wished to make me his wife. He was wealthy, and my position would be even better than at present; but I did not love him. Yet I had resolved upon a rich marriage, and I had no better prospect than this? Should I accept him? Oh! that fortune, the agony of those thoughts! I felt that I knew what my course would be. It would be to deceive a good, true man, who trusted me, and to prove false to my own heart.

I avoided Walter; but I could not help seeing him sometimes. He never said any-thing more with regard to the offer he had made me, but I perceived that he was anxiously awaiting my answer. Little did he dream how much suffering these interviews cost me, I would have given my life to have knelt at his feet, and laid my heart bare before him; to have asked him to take me to

bis own great heart and save me from my-self, but I could not—I could not. I resolved to end this trial. I sent to Mr. Grey, and gave him an answer to his suit. I promised to be his wife. When he left me I fainted, and after that my heart seemed

frozen within me. Only once it moved ne-yond my control.

One afternoon, about sunset, I went out out along the rocks near the seashore, where I had been so often with Walter. I sat for a long time looking out on the waves, which were overcast with a dull leaden hue, and listening to the moaning of the surf on the beach. The sadness of the scene calmed my tortured feelings, and I sat motionless, with a vague sense of relief from pain. How long I sat thus I do not know. I was aroused by an instinctive knowledge that I was not alone, and looking up, I saw Walter standing by me. He was sadder than I had ever ing by me. He was sadder than I had ever seen him. He sat down by me, and we talked for a long time. The moon was rising, but it was soon obscured by dark clouds. Still we sat there. I wished to tell him of my engagement, but I knew not how to do so. I thought it best that he hould learn it from my own line. hould learn it from my own lips. At last I nerved myself for the fearful effort.

"Walter," I said, and my voice sounded harsh and stern; "do you know Mr. Gray?" "Certainly. He is one of the best and most upright men in the place. Why do you sak?" "Because I have promised to be his wife,"

I replied. I shook like an aspen; my trength seemed going from me. Waiter only bent his head so that I could not see his face and then said in a low tone,

"I had feared this for some time, Nellie. I don't blame you; but I doubt the wisdom

of choosing so old a man,"
"Of course you do; it's natural that you should," I spoke sharply, and even rudely; but it was a relief to the pain that was gnawing at my heart.

He rose to his feet quickly, and walked a

few paces from me, then came back.
"That was unkind, Nellie," he said, "but tell me, do you love Mr. Gray?"
"Oh, my God!" I groaned involuntarily. "That question from you!"
He came and stood directly over me, and looking at me sternly, asked fiercely: "Tell me, do you love that old man?"
I had unconsciously betrayed myself, and I took rapes in anger.

and I took refuge in anger.
"You have no right to ask that question," I replied quickly.
"I have a right to ask it. I will tell you

"I have a right to ask it. I will tell you why. It is because you have deceived me; and wrung my heart until it is almost proken; because I know that my worst fears are confirmed—because you are about to trample upon my heart as well as your own, all for the sake of the old man's gold. I have a right to sak the quantien and to I have a right to ask the question, and to lemand an answer."

I rose to my feet. I was angry now, for he had spoken to me as no one had ever done before, and I did not pause to think of the provocation I had given him.

"I refused to answer it," I exclaimed.

"You shall answer me," he broke forth

excitedly.
"This is worthy of you," I exclaimed, scornfully. "You can insult me here, where I have no protector. I think I shall make a

lucky escape from marrying you."

He stood before mestlently, with his head bowed. He pointed to the rock and motioned that I should sit down; but I refused. "Nellis" "Nellie," he said, slowly, and the suffer-ing in his tone pierced my heart; I ask your pardon for my rudeness. When you were a little child I used to carry you in my arms over all the rough places in my way to the school; and, even then was pleased to look forward to the time when I should have the right to carry. right to carry you over the rugged road, along which we must all make our life journey. Since that time I have never had a thought that was not for your happiness. I love you better than I can ever love another batter over the life tever love. another—better, even, than life itself; but if it would secure your happiness, I would see that love change into a life-long sorrow and

murmur not." God knows what demon prompted me; but I answered, cheeringly, "So it would I saw him flinch under the cruel blow; out he continued with his eyes fixed on the

"I speak the truth; I could not lie to you

"I speak the truth; I could not lie to you here, Nellie, with God overhead, and His voice speaking to me in the booming of the waves. I feel that I have lost you forever, and I hope you will believe me."

He paused, and seemed waiting for me to speak; but I said nothing, and he went on, this time looking at me steadily.

"I am sorry you think so poorly of me. Since it is the case, however, I ought to return you this. When you gave it to me. you

Since it is the case, however, I ought to return you this. When you gave it to me, you said it was to be worn only by good and worthy men. I ought not to keep it."

He held out to me the iron cross, and his hand trembled as he did so. I could not take it; I knew that I was not worthy to wear it, and, I would have died at his feet before I would have received it from him.

"Keepit," I gasped; "keep it for you are worthy to wear it. I dare not take it, oh Walter, pity me! my heart is breaking!"

"Release me Walter Gwynne," I exclaimed coldly; "you have no right to act

"By Heaven," he shouted fiercely; "I will "By Heaven," nesnouted nercely: I will not part with you. Look at those waves. What is to hinder me from burling you into them, and saving you from a life of infamy? You do not love that old man, and you marry him for his gold. By Heaven, you shall not; I will plunge you beneath those waves and follow you there, before you shall be his wife."

shall be his wife."
A quick, firm footstep was heard behind us, and a voice exclaimed in angry astonishment: "Mr. Gwynne, what does this mean ?" Walter released me, and we both looked

water reseased me, and we not looked round abruptly. Mr. Gray was standing within a few feet of us. Walter looked at him for a moment, hesitated, and then sprang down the rocks and was out of sight. "What does this mean?" Mr. Gray asked

hesitatingly.
"Poor boy," I said, calmly," "he has just made me an offer of his hand, and disapmade me an offer of his hand, and disapm pointment made him forget what was due me. I hope you will pay no attention to him, for I am sure he will be ashamed of himself when he grows calmer." It cost me much to utter these words; but I did it so calmly and with such composure

that Mr. Gray was deceived.
"I am sorry for him, Nelly," he said, simply. "If he loves you as I do, I can well imagine how much suffering his loss has cost him." We went home in silence. I did not see Walter again. In the merning I received a note with only two words: "Forgive me,"

water again. In the merning I received a note with only two words: "Forgive me," and in the evening I heard that he was gone away from the village.

In a month after this I was married. I had learned to rule my heart, and I did not falter as I repeated the awful words which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned that Walter had fallen heir to an immense fortune left him by a distant relative. This was the beginning of my punishment. I wanted wealth, and had I been true to my heart I might have had it; and with it the love I

craved. Mr. Gray was kind and tender. All that wealth and affection could do to make me happy, he lavished upon me; but each fresh proof of his love and confidence only inproof of his love and confidence only increased my misery and self-contempt. I was a living lie. I hated myself and prayed for death; but could not find it.

At last a child was born to me—a darling

little blue-eyed girl. My whole soul was bound up in her, and just as I was looking forward to happiness in her, God took her from me. I know the punishment was just; but it was hard to think so then.

After my baby died, I became reckless, I cared for nothing. My husband's love was and every day I found it more

torture to me, and every day I found it more difficult to bear. At last there came one, who, though nominally my husband's friend, sought both his ruin and my own. He read my secret fully and humbled me with it is warmen. with it. I was mad-I was desperate. Even open shame was preferable to the life of treachery and falsehood I was leading. My nusband's false friend watched me closely; attended me like my shadow, and at last asked me to fly with him. In my wretchedness I consented. Heaven knows I was in-nocent of sinful intent, but in my misery I lutched the first chance of escape.

We left the house one dark, stormy night, and entering a close carriage, set off at full speed for the railway station. The horses speed for the railway station. The horses took fright and ran away. I sat in the carriage, dumb with terror and almost unconcious of everything, until a sudden crash startled me, and I found myself buried in one corner of the vehicle, which fell heavily on one side. In an instant my companion was out of the wagon, so that when the people collected about it no one knew that he and occupied it with me. They helped me to alight, and congratulated me on my forunate escape.

As I was moving away I saw them take something like a human form from under the wheels, and was told that it was the body of a man who had been run over and almost killed when the carriage upset. Inmost killed when the carriage upset. Involuntarily I sprang forward, and saw in the flickering lamplight the pale ghastly features of Walter Gwynne. I did not laint or cry out, but sustained by a superhuman energy, followed the men with their burden to a room in the tavern close by. A physician was summoned, and he prenounced the injuries mortal. He said that Walter would eie during the night.

eie during the night.

At my request all but the physician and byself were excuded from the room. I never left it until Walter lay in it a corpse. In about an hour he recovered his conciousness. The doctor told him he must iie, and asked if he was prepared. A soft-weet smile lit up his dear face as he an-

wered:
"Yes, God be praised that I am so near
he end of my trials."

and saw me, his face shone with joy.
"It was kind in you to come, Nellie," he

vhispered.

I stayed with him during the night. I old him that I loved him—had always loved him, and how I had suffered; but kept from him my shameful attempt at flight. I ould not bear to embitter his last moments

with such a confession.

He held my hand lovingly, and never took his eyes from me until they were closed upon earth. "Will you kiss me, Nellie? There will be no sin in it. I am so near heaven that here will be no taint of earth in it."

I bent down and kissed him, and my ears rained upon his face. His hand reears rained upon his face. His hand released its grasp, and his eyes closed gently;
then there came into his face a look of perfect happiness and peace, and I knew it was
hat peace which passeth all understanding.
In a few years my husband died, blessing
me for having been a true and faithful wife.
He never knew how I deceived and wronged
him, and I am thankful he did not. It
would have darkened his last hours with
a sorrow which his trust in me spared him. would have carkened his last hours with a sorrow which his trust in me spared him.

I am still watching for the day when I shalf follow them. I have sinned; but I baye suffered and repented. I have sought mercy and forgiveness at the foot of the cross, and wait humbly for the day when

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be weary be at rest.

ross, and wait humbly for the day when the heavy laden shall travail no more and

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"Walter!"

"Nelle!"

"Nelle!"

"If anything should happen to give you cause to hate me, would you do so?"

"Hate you, Nellie? I do not think I could hate you?"

"Not even though I should give you cause.

"Not even though I should give you cause.

"I felt that I could no longer resist him, if

"I felt that I could no longer resist him, if

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10.000 Cans FRESH PEACHES, WINSLOW berries Mushrooms, &c., in store and for sale, whole sale or retail, by M. F. SPILLIN, N. W. corner Arch and Eighth. DRIED FRUIT.—Very handsome pared peaches by M.F. SPILLIN, N. W. corner Arch and Eighth.

BUCKWHEAT, BUCKWHEAT.—5,000 lbs, of the celebrated Silver Filmt Buckwheat, in store and for sale by M. F. SPILLIN, Tea Dealer and Grocer, N. W. corner Arch and Eighth. NEW RAISINS AND FIGS—Superior new Layer Raisins and choice Elma Figs. for sale by M. F SPILLIN, N. W. corner Arch and Eighth streets.

NEW BETHLEHEM BUCKWHEAT & WHITE Cover Honey, in store and for sale at COUSTY'S East End Grocery, No. 118 South SECOND atreet. QUEEN OLIVES.—300 gallons choice large Queen Olives, in store and for sale by gallon or barrel, at CUUSTY'S East End Grocery, No. 118 South SECOND Street.

NORTH CAROLINA HOMINY GRITS, NEW NORTH CAROLINA HOMINY GRITS, NEW NO. 118 South SECOND Street.

STUFFED MANGOES AND PEPPERS, GENUINE Chulney Sauce, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, always on hand at COUSTY'S East End Grocery, No. 118 South SECOND street.

THE GRAGE MODEL PAPER COLLARS ARE THE BEST. TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

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A PPLES.—76 barrels Belle Fleurs, and other choice varieties, just arrived and for sale by J. B. BUSBER & CO., 108 South Delaware avenue. WALNUTS AND ALMONDS.—New crop Granoble Walnuts and Paper Shell Almonds, for sale ky J E, BUSSLER & CO., 108 S, Delaware Avenue.

SHIPPING FOR NEW YORK. EXPRESS STEAMSHIP LINE. Commence their regular.

OUTSIDE TRIPS. to continue during the close of Canal Navigation, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH. NORFOLK
ALEXANDRIA
VIRGINIA
Leaving from each city,

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS, From first wharf below MARKET street, Philadelphia, and Pier 14 EAST River, New York.
These steamers insure at lowest rates.
FREIGHT received DAILY, at our usual low rates.
WM. P. CLYDE & CO. Agents,
14 South WHARVES, Philadelphia,
JAMES HAND. Agent,
104 WALLstreet, New York.

FOR SA VANNAH, GA. The Philadelphia and Southern Mai Company's Regular Lines, second whan

The Philadelphia and Southern Mail steamship Company's Regular Lines, second whar below Spruce street.

The steamship TONAWANDA Capt W. Jennings, for SAVANNAH, will commence receiving freign on THURSDAY, December 20th, and sail on SATURDAY, is seamer has nine state Rooms and other accommodations for passengers.

Cabin passage, 25t Deck do., \$15.

Through tickets sold to the following points—Macon Ga., \$30; Columbus, Ga., \$40; Augusta.Ga., \$27, Atlanta, Ga., \$29; Albany, Ga., \$40; Monigomery, Ala., \$46; Enfault., Ala., \$40; Mobile, Ala., ~; New Orleans, \$50.

Freight taken at low rates.

Through receipts given at through rates to Macon. Augusta Columbus, Atlanta, Ga.; Knoxville, Chats. No freight received or bills of lading signed on sailing day.

Agants at Savannah, Hunter & Gammell. No freigns received of black of Gammell, ing day,
Agents at Savannah, Hunter & Gammell,
For freight or passage, apply to
WM. L. JAMES. General Agent,
set2 314 South Wharves.

FOR NEW ORLEAMS, DIRECT.
THE PHILADELPHIA AND SOUTH.
ERN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S REGULAB.
LINE.
The first-class Steamship
JUNIATA.
1.500 tons register, P. F. Hoxle, Master,
Will commence receiving freight for the above port at second wharf below Spruce street, on MONDAY,
December 17th, and sail on SATURDAY, Dec. 22d, at
12 o'clock. M.
Returning, will leave NEW COVEN.

, will leave NEW ORLEANS on SATUR DAY, January 5th.
This Steamer has supering State Rooms and other accommodations for passengers.

Cabin passage, 50; Deck do., \$30.

Rreight taken at low rates.

No freight received or bills of lading signed on sail

No freight reserved to summers. Crevy, Nickerson & ing day.

Agents at New Orleans, Messrs. Crevy, Nickerson & Co., who will give careful attention to shipment or goods to Galveston, Mobile, Vicksburg, and interior points.

For freight or passage, apply to

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FOR WILMINGTON, N. C.

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THE PHILADELPHIA AND SOUTH
ERN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S REGULAB
LINE. from Second Whart below SPRUCES treet.

The first-class steamship PIONEER, Captain Benpett for Wilmington, will commence receiving
freight on THURSDAY. December 27th, and sail or
SATURDAY, December 39th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and
every alternate Saturday thereafter—viz.: JROUARY
12th, 25th, &c.
Passengers will find superior accommodations and
best stiendance.

Cablin lassage, Ex; Deck do., \$10.

Cablin assage, 25; Deck do., \$10.
Cablin assage, \$25; Deck do., \$10.
Freight carried at low rates.
Freight received or bills of lading signed on sail log day.
Agents at Wilmington, WOETH & DANIEL, who will give especial attention to forwarding goods addreased to their care to and from the interior.
For freight or peasage, apply to lreased to their care to and the For freight or passage, aprly to

Wat, L. JAMES. General Agent,
sel2 314 South Wharver

FOR BOSTON.
STEAMSHIP LINE DISICAL
ALLING FROM RACH PORT EVARY FIVE DAY:
FROM PINE ST. WHARF, PHILADELPHIA.
AND LONG WHARY, BOSTON.
The steamship NORMAN, Captain Crowell, will sail
from Philadelphia on Saturday, Dec. 22, at 10 A. M.
The steamship BAXON Captain Matthews, will sail
from Boston on Thursday, Dec. 20, at 3 P. M.
The line between Philadelphia and Boston is now
composed of the The line between Philadelphia and Boston is now composed of the BOMAN (new), Captain Baker, 1,488 tons burthen. SAXON, Captain Matthews, 1,250 tons burthen. NORMAN, Captain forwell, 1,200 tons burthen, These substantial and well appointed steamships, will still punctually as advertised and freight will be received every day, a steamer bein; always on the centh to receive carge. Shippers are requested to send Rills of Lading with their goods.

For freight or passage having superior accommode.

Enippers are requested useful failed in the code.

For freight or passage having superier accommodations, apply to HENRY WINSOR & CO.

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THROUGH AIR LINE TO THE SOUTH

AND WEST.

PHILADELPHIA, RICHMOND AND NORFOLF

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

THROUGH RECRIPTS TO NEW SERN,

Also, to all points in NORTH and SOUTH CARO
LINA, vis Seaboard and Reanoke Railroad, and K
LYNCHEURG, VA. TRNNESSEE, and the WEST.
VIA NORFOLK, PETERSBURG AND SOUTHSIDE

RAILROAD. LYNCH BURS.

VIA NORPOLE, PETERSBURG AND SOUR AND SOUR PAIL ROAD.

The regularity, safety and shortness of this route, to gether with the moderate rates charged, commend it to the public as the most desirable medium for carrying every description of freight.

No charge for commission, drayage, or any expense of transfer.

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Steamships insure at lowest rates, and leave rego larly from the first wharf above Market street
Freight received daily.
WM. P. CLYDE & CO.,
selo 14 North and 14 South Wharves. HAVANA STEAMERS.
SEMI-MONTHLY LINE

The Steamships

HENDRICK HUDSON Capt, Howes
HENDRICK HUDSON Capt, Holms
These steamers will leave this port for Havans
every other SATURDAY, at 8 A. M.
The steamship HENDRICK HUDSON, Howes,
master, will sail for Havans on BATURDAY MORE.
ING. December 20th, at 8 O'clock,
Passage to Havans \$50.
No freight received after Thursday,
For freight or passage, apply to
THOMAS WATTSON & SOME,
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10 North Delaware avenus

NEW REPRIES LINE TO ALEX
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ANDRIA, Georgetown and Washingtor
via Cherapeake and Belaware Canal, with connection
at Alexandria, Va., form the most direct route for
Lynchburg, Bristol, Knexville, Nashville, Dalton and

intender, Bristol, Knexville, Bashville, Dalton and the Southwest.

Steamers leave Hirst Wharf above Market stree very Wednezday and Esturday at 19 M.

For freight apply to the agents.

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MORE. via CHESAPEAKE AND

DELAWARE CANAL.

Philadelphia and Baltimore Union Express Steamboat Company will leave the second wharf below Arch
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For freight or passage, apply to

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JOHN A. WARNER for Burlington

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Than 10 W-BOAT COMPANY.

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SAVER-DE-GRACE, BALTIMORE, WASHING

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WANTED TO PURCHASE.—A centre-board

Vessel, suitable for grain trade. Not over three

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New Turkey Prunes, quality very fine; New Crop
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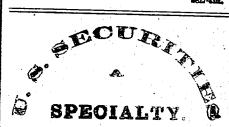
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