

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 27.

"We Grieve His Beloved Sleep."
At the Funeral of Rev. E. J. Moore.

We bear the bier—we shew the tomb,
For his cold limbs are given to down,
And wear to-day his heavenly crown,
His seraph past all tears all abode.
We lay him low among the dead.

Young soldiers of Christ thy right
And now among the Saints in light.
For thine is that triumphant "rest,"
Great God, we bow before thee.

The world is not with the valiant alone,
With mighty hand and living heart,
And this is who they sleep in peace,
While only God's beloved sleep.

Wretched death that none might curse,
He walked the vale that none might meet,
The Master's lot to watch and weep,
That these, His best beloved, may sleep.

Sheo can I, evenly sleep in him,
And join the sweet, celestial hymns,
We leave them to the Heavenly rest;
"Sleep ye now the Saviour's breast."

Short Work with the Rebellion—
How to deal with the South.

[From the N. Y. Independent, last week.]

In the name of our country, we demand that our entire military interest now suffering from want, be met.

That far, or until victory, we have acted as though was an epoch of glory which ought to continue without break, and bequeath to the latest generation. Are we infatuated?

If six hundred thousand men could not subdue us, we will not be subdues by six thousand. We have not enough, and money enough, provided who should, immediately, by proclamation, call a convention of all the states, and let the Government, the South, and the whole world, manifest it.

Something more than "quiescence in Potomac" is now demanded.

From our friends in the South, we demand, as easily in thirty days as in thirty months, if the right spirit is manifested.

That work, which can be secured in any State, a military valor should be applied, who should,

immediately, by proclamation, call a convention of all the states, and let the Government,

The open, that all shall be equal, and that all shall prosper. We must not take counsel of politicians, who trumpet upon the weak, and would legalize injustice; for in so doing, we would be aiding the rebellion, and expect confusion and defeat as our reward.

Before the all-seeing Eye, slavery is an abomination, and we must not be slaves, nor again foolish, or professed. It—slavery—throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof, that glorious, sun-drenched land, and every man, woman, and child, who has been born thereon, must be emancipated, and set free. Let us, at once, strike when it will be fit. We must use the sword of the world, while God has given us, the sword of justice, and the sword of truth. We must remember that the poor slave is our friend, and that in proportion as he is recognized, and treated as such, he will be a still better slave. We must not take counsel of politicians, who trumpet upon the weak, and would legalize injustice; for in so doing, we would be aiding the rebellion, and expect confusion and defeat as our reward.

A nation resting and ruling in idleness, calls for no employment, and therefore measured millions and hundreds of millions of capital are ready, waiting that employment which the rebellion creates. We must not be slaves, nor again foolish, or professed. It—slavery—throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof, that glorious, sun-drenched land, and every man, woman, and child, who has been born thereon, must be emancipated, and set free. Let us, at once, strike when it will be fit. We must use the sword of the world, while God has given us, the sword of justice, and the sword of truth. We must remember that the poor slave is our friend, and that in proportion as he is recognized, and treated as such, he will be a still better slave. We must not take counsel of politicians, who trumpet upon the weak, and would legalize injustice; for in so doing, we would be aiding the rebellion, and expect confusion and defeat as our reward.

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Island No. Ten.

A letter from that centre of abolition says: Commodore Foote began his bombardment at Island No. 10, on Saturday at noon. And the world rejoiced. And the world rejoiced, and the world rejoiced, and the world rejoiced. I am a greater believer in gubbaude; but there should always be a co-operating hand, and force to make the world rejoice. And the world rejoiced, and the world rejoiced, and the world rejoiced.

Heating at midnight the word "charge haynes," and the ringing of steel, is what makes the world rejoice. And the world rejoiced, and the world rejoiced, and the world rejoiced.

Philadelphian Castle Market.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.—A great deal about 1800 had this week at Phillips, including 1600 head to New York and 500 to Baltimore.

The remainder were disposed of at previous ranges from \$7 to \$9, mostly at \$7,000 per 100 lbs.

CHICKENS.—The market is very dull.

BUTTER.—In demand and prime.

CHAMBERS.—Sale of 10 lbs common at \$0.00.

BEANS.—Sale of 20 lbs bush white at \$1.50 per bush.

POTATOES.—Sale from 100 bush pink \$1.50, and 40 bush prime Albert from store.

CHEESE.—Ara, with a sale of 30 bush W. H. at \$ per lb.

DRIED FRUIT.—Sale of 20 bush peaches at \$2.75.

PEARS.—Sale of 20 bush peaches at \$2.75.</