THE ATLANTIC DEMOCRAT.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS.

VOLUME 6—NO. 40. EGG HARBOR CITY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866 WHOLE NUMBER [illegible]

THE ATLANTIC DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

AT EGG HARBOR CITY, N. J.

$2.00 per Annum,

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS [illegible] one insertion, [illegible] Two Dollars. Quarterly advertisements, Four Dollars per square.

Legal advertising at the rates allowed by law.

Yearly Advertisements may be changed quarterly without additional charge.

Marriages, 50 cents. Deaths inserted free, but remarks charged advertising rates.

SPECIAL NOTICES, ten cents a line for each insertion.

Transient, foreign and legal advertisements must be paid in advance.

All communications and advertisements should be received by Thursday morning, and addressed to the Democrat, Egg Harbor City, Atlantic county, New Jersey.

Printing of every description, such as Cards, Circulars, Bills, Books, Programmes, Pamphlets, Blanks, Handbills, &c., neatly and promptly executed, and at reasonable rates.

DOUGLAS & BRINK, Publishers.

THE PATRIOT FOR 1867.

Having adopted the cash system, which to many of our subscribers was a change from the manner of other papers in this county and district, it becomes us to say, that while a large number of our subscribers renewed their subscriptions at once, yet many have delayed, either from negligence, or fear of sending the amount of subscription through the mail.

The [illegible] newspaper in this section of the State, in the publication of County and State news, as well as news of a more general character, making it fully up to the times in which we live, and such that no man who is alive to the interests of the State and County can afford to be without.

During the coming winter we shall give the proceedings of the Legislature, together with the laws passed, and a brief synopsis of the proceedings of Congress.

We call upon our friends throughout the County and District to aid us in securing for it a more extended circulation in their several neighborhoods. The circulation of the PATRIOT ought to be doubled in the County, and it might easily be done, if those who now take it would each endeavor to secure one more subscriber. [illegible] will thereby aid us in making it a better paper than it has ever been, and thus benefit themselves at the same time.

[illegible]

ARE YOU INSURED!

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.

[illegible]

INSURE LIVES

[illegible]

The New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Co.

[illegible]

MERCHANTS' MUTUAL Fire and Marine Insurance Company,

[illegible]

POETRY.

[illegible]

THE SHIPWRECK.

"All hands on deck! take in sail!" was the hoarse shout of the mate down the companion way, and I tumbled out of my hammock, rubbed open my eyes, and hurried on deck. [illegible]

[illegible]

WOMAN.

[illegible]

GOING ASHORE.

"There she is, sir; that's she just off the pint there. She's a coming stem on; and in an hour, if she ain't on Bank Sands, I'm a Dutchman."

My companion was no native of damland; for Briton was written in every feature of his bronze red face, as he stood by me on Baythorpe shore, in his canvas trousers, heavy fisher's boots, blue Jersey shirts, and tarpaulin hat, tied on with a bit of oakum band, while the flap behind beat about in the tremendous wind that was raging in our faces.

"Bang!" went the dull smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain; while the whistling of the wind, and the thundering in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sands, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore close under the great sand bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread through the village that a three master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman's ears; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken water, now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shock as she strikes upon the sand, and seems immovable; a shuddering quiver through plank and beam; and then crash, crash, crash—mast after mast gone by the board—snapping like brittle twigs on a dead stem; while huge ropes part like burned twine; then the rising of the apparently immovable vessel, as she is lifted by the waves to fall crashing again upon the sands, parting in the middle, rushing billows pouring tons upon tons of water over the deck; a wild, wild cry for help; and then the shore strewed with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them on the sands, and then curling over to drag them back.—Going ashore; not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah," said the old salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did yer hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand, and pointing to where the flash could be seen, while directly after came another dull heavy report—"Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant object through the blinding storm of spray which beat dead in my face; but I just managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; "she's comin' fast there;" and he pointed to a spot among the waves where they seemed roughest; "she'll be there in less time than I could say, and then the Lord have mercy upon 'em, I say."

As he said this the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzly hair, bold, rugged and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as he stood there no inapt representation of a seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shouted.

It did look a desperate venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on; and having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large three masted vessel about five hundred yards from the shore; and once, as she heeled over, and showed her deck, I could see that it was crowded with people.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen," said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life-boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged "hurray" welcomed its arrival—as another flash, and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of sore distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for after the lull, the storm came down with redoubled fury—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed [illegible]

[illegible]

under the gunwale of the boat; and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance, and I dared not whisper the comfort I could not feel.

"It's all right sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half an hour—"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought to; but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall, but I wish there had been more."

"More what?" I asked.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see I've been afore now in action and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for—that's all. Perhaps they might go in the scale to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah," he whispered, "duty! Yes, sailors should do their duty; and I felt it was mine to-night to go. We old men-o'-war's-men were trained to answer to a call in calm or storm, and when lives were at stake to-night, I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them [illegible] just say a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I'm gone? I think I should like 'em to, for I'm an old sailor, and can't boast of my past life."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away—far away," he said, with a mournful shake of the head; "and some are a waitin' for me to join their watch.—Don't leave me, sir," he said piteously.

I promised I would not; and sat watching the [illegible] to sink into a state of stupor, only moaning at intervals, as he tossed his head from side to side of the pillow, and muttered a few words broken and half spoken. The storm gradually sunk till the wind quite lulled; and about three [illegible] out upon the sea, which still tossed fearfully, though all above was calm and peaceful—a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I was startled by a voice behind me shouting "Morning watch. Draw the curtain, and let that moon shine in."

I obeyed—turning cold and trembling as I did so—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed. "Here," he said; and as I approached the bed he seized my hand. "Hark! don't you hear that? It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There—

[illegible]

In the Omnibus—A Sketch.

[illegible]

A Talk With Dolly.

[illegible]

CHANGES OF LIFE

[illegible]

THE DEMOCRAT.

A Real Danger.—Every traveler per-

Special Notices.

Grand Ball.—The Second Promenade

Special Notices.

Grand Ball.—The Second Promenade

Special Notices.

Special Notices.

Special Notices.