

# South Jersey Republican

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## SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.

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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

### Poetry.

#### DIRGE.

[The following beautiful dirge was sung at the consecration of the National Cemetery, Gettysburg, in beautiful style by the choir club. It brought tears to the eyes of many persons.]  
"Thy holy ground—  
This spot, where, in the graves—  
We place our Country's braves,  
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause,  
Fighting for liberties and laws—  
Let tears abound.  
Here let them rest!  
And Summer's heat and Winter's cold,  
Shall glow and freeze above this mound—  
A thousand years shall pass away—  
A Nation still shall mourn this day,  
Which now is blest.  
Here where they fell,  
Oh shall the widow's tears be shed,  
Oh shall fond parents mourn their dead,  
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,  
And maidens, where their lovers sleep,  
Their woes shall tell.  
Great God in Heaven!  
Shall this sacred blood be shed—  
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead,  
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,  
The knell of Freedom's overthrow?  
A Country risen?  
It will not be!  
We trust, Oh, God! Thy gracious Power  
To aid us in our darkest hour.  
This is our prayer—"Oh Father! save  
A people's Freedom from the grave—  
All praise to Thee!"

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### GROWLER'S INCOME TAX.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My neighbor Growler, an excitable man by the way, was particularly excited over his "Income Tax," or as he called it his "War Tax." He had never liked the war—thought it unnecessary and wicked; the work of politicians. This fighting of brother against brother was a terrible thing in his eyes. "Who asked him who began the war—who struck at the nations life—if self-defence were not a duty?" he would reply with vague generalities, made up of partisan tricker sentences, which he had learned without comprehending their just significance.  
Growler came in upon me the other day, flourishing a square piece of blue writing paper quite moved from his equanimity. "There it is! Just so much robbery! Stand and deliver, is the word. Pistols and bayonets! Your money or your life!" I took the piece of paper from his hand and read:  
"PHILADELPHIA, September, 1863.  
"RICHARD GROWLER, Esq.,  
"Dr. to JOHN M. RILEY,  
"Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fourth District of Pennsylvania, Office 427 Chestnut Street.  
"For tax on Income, for the year 1863, as per returns made to the Assessor of the District, \$43.21  
"Received payment.  
"JOHN M. RILEY, Collector."  
"You're all right," said I, smiling.  
"I'd like to know what you mean by all right!" Growler was just a little offended at my way of treating this very serious matter—serious in his eyes I mean. "I've been robbed of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents," he continued. "Do you say that is all right?—A million of the government has put his hand into my pocket and taken just so much of my property. Is that all right?"  
"The same thing can be set forth in very different language," I replied. Let me state the case.  
"Very well—state it!" said Growler, dumping himself into a chair, and looking as ill-humored as possible.  
"Instead of being robbed," said I "you have been protected in your property and person, and guaranteed all the high privileges of citizenship, for the paltry sum of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents as your share of the cost of protection."  
"Oh, that's only your way of putting the case," retorted Growler dropping a little from his high tone of indignation.  
"Let me be more particular in my way of putting the case. Your income is from the rent of property?"  
"Yes."  
"What would it have cost you to defend that property from the army of General Lee recently driven from our State by national soldiers?"  
"Cost me!" Growler looked at me in a kind of amazement, as though he thought me half in jest.  
"Exactly! What would it have cost you? Lee, if unopposed, would certainly have reached this city, and held it; and if your property had been of use to him, or any of his officers or soldiers, it would have been appropriated without so much as saying—By your leave, sir! Would forty-one dollars and twenty-one cents have covered the damage? Perhaps not. Possibly, you might have lost from one-half to two-thirds of all you are worth."  
Growler was a trifle bewildered at this way of putting the case. He looked puzzled.

"You have a store on South Wharves?" I remarked.

"Yes."  
"What has happened to the Alabama or the Florida from running up the Delaware and bugging the whole city front? Do you have forts and ships of war for the protection of your property? If not who provides them? They are provided and you are safe. What is your share of the expense for a whole year? Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents!—It sounds like a joke!"

Growler did not answer. So I kept on.  
"But for our immense armies in the field and navy on the water, this rebellion would have succeeded. What then? Have you ever pondered the future of this country in such an event? Have you thought of your own position of the loss or gain to yourself? How long do you think we would be at peace with England and France, if the nation were dismembered, and a hostile confederation established on our Southern border? Would our taxes be less than now? Would life and property be more secure? Have not you an interest in our great army and navy as well as I and every other member of the Union? Does not your safety as well as mine lie in their existence? Are they not at this very time, the conservators of everything we hold dear as men and citizens? Who equips and pays this army? Who builds and furnishes these ships? Where does the enormous sum of money required come from?—It is the nation's work—the people aggregated into power and munificence, and so irresistible in might—unconquerable. Have you no heart-swelling pride in this magnificent exhibition of will and strength? No part in the nation's glory? No eager helping hand to stretch forth?"

Growler was silent still.  
"There was no power in you or me to check the wave of destruction that was launched by pariah hands against us. If resisted by the nation, as an aggregate power it would have swept in desolation over the whole land. Traitors in our midst and traitors moving in arms against us, would have moved to destroy our beautiful fabric of civil liberty. The government, which dealt with all good citizens so kindly and gently, that no one in a thousand felt its touch beyond the weight of a feather would have been subverted; and who can tell under what iron rule we might have fallen for a time, or how many years of bloody strife would have elapsed before that civil liberty which ensures the greatest good to the greatest number would have again established? But the wave of destruction was met—nay, hurled back upon the enemies who sought our ruin. We yet dwell in safety. Your property is secure. You still gather your annual income, protected in all your rights and privileges by the national arm. And what does the nation assess you for your share in the cost of this security? Half your property? No—not a farthing of that property! Only a small per centage of that property! Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents! Pardon me for saying it friend Growler, but I am more than half ashamed of you."

"And seeing the way you put the case, I am more than half ashamed of myself," he answered frankly. "Why, taking your view, this is about the cheapest investment I ever made."

"You certainly get more for your money than in any other line of expenditure. Yesterday I had a letter from an old friend living in the neighborhood of Carlisle. The rebels took from him six fine horses, worth two hundred dollars a piece; six cows and oxen; and over two hundred bushels of grain. And not content with plundering him, they burnt down a barn, which had cost him nearly two thousand dollars. But for the army raised and equipped by the nation, in support of which you and I are taxed so lightly, we might have suffered as severely. How much do you think it cost in money for the protection we have enjoyed in this particular instance?"

"A million of dollars, perhaps!"  
"Nearer ten millions of dollars. From the time our army left the Rappahannock, until the battle of Gettysburg, its cost to the government could scarcely have been less than the sum I have mentioned. Of this sum, your proportion cannot be over three or four dollars; and for that trifle, your property, maybe your life, was held secure."

"No more of that, if you please," said Growler, showing some annoyance. "You are running this thing into the ground. I was quarreling with my best friend. I was striking at the hand that gave me protection. If my war tax next year should be a hundred dollars instead of forty-three, I will pay it without a murmur."

"Don't say without a murmur, friend Growler."  
"What then?"  
"Say gladly as a means of safety."  
"Put it as you will," he answered, folding up Collector Riley's receipt which he still held in his hand, and bowing himself out.

Not many days afterwards, I happened to hear some one growling in my neighbors presence about his income tax. Growler scarcely waited to hear him through. My lesson was improved in his hands. In significant phrase, he "pitched into" the offender, and read him a lecture so much stronger than mine, that I felt myself thrown quite into the shade.

"You have been assessed fifty-eight dollars," he said, in his excited way—"fifty-eight dollars!—One would think from the noise you make about it, that you had been robbed of half you were worth. Fifty-eight dollars for security at home, and protection abroad! Fifty-eight dollars as your share in the cost of defence against an enemy that, if unopposed, will desolate our homes and destroy our government! Already it has cost the nation for your safety and mine over a thousand millions of dollars; and you are angry because it asks for your little part of the expense. Sir, you are not worthy the name of an American citizen!"

"That's hard talk, Growler, and I won't bear it!" said the other.  
"It's true talk, and you'll have to bear it!" was retorted. "Fretting over the mean little sum of fifty-eight dollars! Why, sir, I know a man who has given his right arm in this cause; and another who has given his right leg. Do they grumble?"

"No, sir! I never heard a word of complaint from their lips. Thousands and tens of thousands have given their lives, that you

and I might dwell in safety. I know men or who have given their sons, and wives and children, where the people had to bring all their water from a well. Not a single house of a pump. At all hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea time, the feet and great, often unshod, but very stive, might be seen passing along a narrow lane, with every kind of pail, kettle, and can, to a fresh water well. Not a very trustworthy friend, after all, was this village well."

"Is this well over-dry?" I inquired.  
"Dry? Yes, ma'am, very often, in hot weather."  
"And where do you go then for water?"  
"To the spring a little way out of town."  
"And if the spring dries up?"  
"Why, then, we go to the well, higher up—the best water of all."  
"But if the well higher up fails?"  
"Why, ma'am, that will never dry up—never. It is always the same, winter and summer."

I went to see this precious well, which "never dries up." It was a clear sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hills, not with torrent leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's little pail. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The ewes and lambs had trodden down a little path along its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way (as I could see by their tracks) to the well that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the "Rock of Ages," and brought within the reach of all men by the blood of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought, and adversity; but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Without waiting till earth's wayside brooks shall fail, let us all hasten at once, with hearts athirst, to the heavenly well that "NEVER DRIES UP."

### MRS. STOWEN'S ESTIMATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, writes in the Boston Watchman and Reflector, a biographical sketch of President Lincoln and a good analysis of the strong points of his character. We quote from the latter:  
"The world has been and wondered at the greatest sign and marvel of our day, to-wit, a plain working man of the people, with no more culture, instruction or education than any such working man may obtain for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world. The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats, of dukes, earls, scholars, statesmen, warriors, all turned on the plain back-woodsman, with his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incurable honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements with unprejudiced steadiness, striving to guide the national ship through a channel at whose perils the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant Courts of Europe leveled their opera glasses at the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had horny hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomats, were shocked at his system of etiquette, but old statesmen who knew the terrors of that passage, were wiser than Court ladies and dandy diplomats, and watched him with fearful curiosity, simply asking, 'Will that awkward old back-woodsman really get that ship through?' If he does, it will be time for us to look about us."

Sooth to say, our own politicians were somewhat shocked with his state papers at first. Why not let us make them a little more conventional and file them to a classical pattern? "No," was his reply, "I shall write them myself. The people will understand them." But this or that form of expression is not elegant, not classical. "The people will understand it," has been his invariable reply. And whatever may be said of his state papers as compared with the classic standards, it has been a fact, that they have always been wonderfully well understood by the people, and that since the time of Washington, the state papers of no President have more controlled the popular mind. And one reason for this, is that they have been informal and undiplomatic. They have more resembled a father's talk to his children than a state paper. And they have had the relish and smack of the soil, that appeal to the simple human heart and head, which is greater power in writing than the most artful devices of rhetoric. Lincoln might well say with the apostle, "But though I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge, but we have been thoroughly made manifest among you in all things. His rejection of what is called fine writing was as deliberate as St. Paul's and for the same reason—because he felt that he was speaking on a subject which must be made clear to the lowest intellect, though it should fall to captivate the highest. But we say of Lincoln's writing, that for all true, many purposes of writing, there are passages in his state papers that could not be better put—these are absolutely perfect. They are brief, condensed, intense, and with a power of insight and expression which make them worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold. Such are some passages of the celebrated Springfield letter, especially that masterly one, where he compares the conduct of the patriotic and loyal blacks with that of the treacherous and disloyal whites. No one can read this letter without feeling the influence of a mind both strong and generous.

Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind, it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things it is like the strength, not so much of a stone buttress, as of a wire cable. It is strength—swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that to popular needs yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry its great end; and probably by no other kind of strength could our national ship have been drawn safely thus far during the tossings and tempests that beset her way. Surrounded by conflicting claims, by traitors, by half-hearted timid men, by border state men and free state men, by radical abolitionists and conservatives, he has listened to all, weighed the words of all, waited, observed, yielded now here and now there, but in the main kept one inflexible, honest purpose, and drawn the national ship through.

### WHAT IS A COPPERHEAD.

A Union Democrat finds this word utterly without sense, and asks us to give its definition. It strikes us that he should first have a certain meaning of a word before pronouncing so decidedly on its significance. We will try to give it in dictionary form, as follows:

COPPERHEAD: n. 1. A very poisonous and malignant snake, who strikes without warning, and whose bite is almost certain death.

2. A human serpent, who hates those who stand up for their country against the deadly assaults of Slaveryholding treason, and pierces them with his poisonous fangs whenever he can and dare.

Examples.—Those who hurrah for Jeff. Davis in loyal communities; those who publicly huzza for McClellan, but privately, and among their intimate cronies, avow that they hope to see Lee's army marching up Broadway; and Jeff. receiving an ovation at the City hall; those who propose to send embassies to Richmond, ostensibly in quest of "Peace," but really to encourage the Rebels to hold out and await the chances of the Presidential Election; those who burned houses, and hunted unoffending negroes in our streets, diversifying the slaughter and maiming of these, by processions to cheer under the windows of Gen. McClellan.

—Now don't you see that "Copperhead" is one of the most significant words in our language?— *Tribune.*

### AT NEVER DRIES UP.

It was staying at a village on the west side; where the people had to bring all their water from a well. Not a single house of a pump. At all hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea time, the feet and great, often unshod, but very stive, might be seen passing along a narrow lane, with every kind of pail, kettle, and can, to a fresh water well. Not a very trustworthy friend, after all, was this village well."

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### POLITICAL.

#### CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

The anniversary of this organization that has done so much for the benefit of the soldier, bodily and morally, was held in Philadelphia on Thursday evening of last week. Many eloquent addresses were given. We take the synopsis as published in the North American, of the following:

Rev. Dr. W. J. R. Taylor, of the American Bible Society, now spoke.

The Committee, he said, has the sanction of the government, and the army and navy; but its title bears the blessed seal of a higher authority. What has Christianity to do with all this strife? It had been asked, has God anything to do with this war? God is our rock, not influenced by the noise and passions of men. God is our rock, but it is the glory of our common faith that in the midst of this rock even the rebel may find refuge to that of the Commission. We cannot forget that this Commission, representing the whole church of Christ, has its place and its power.

You found, from the first, that you could not do the work of Christ without the words of Christ, and when you, Mr. President, came to us, your knock was welcome at our door. The large grant of Bibles (500,000) was cheerfully given, and, please God, we will double it, if possible. (Applause.) What has the Bible to do with this war, then? But for the Bible, the government of the United States would have no existence; and if a copy of the scriptures were in every family this Union would be imperishable. We know that the basis of the common law is the law of God.

One of our most distinguished public servants, Mr. Everett, powerfully and eloquently laid down this fact. Had this not been so we should never have had a fleet of pirates sent out against us from a neutral country. The men in the army and navy crave the Book of God. It is no longer a question that they value it. Multitudes of them love it more than they ever did before. Your own delegates alone can set this question at rest. We have positive evidence that, in dying condition, the soldier has clung to the Bible when every thing else of earth had lost its value.

Rev. E. C. Eddy was now introduced. He narrated the scripture story of Cornelius the Centurion. He felt to-night like the centurion, unworthy to stand upon this platform beside the heroes who had carried this flag (God bless it) upon the battle-field, and of others not less worthy, who have followed in the wake of the battle, and have ministered to the wounded and the dying. The speaker stood to-night humbled in the presence of one of the grandest charities since Jesus bore his cross up to Mount Calvary. An old Persian fable tells that God visited earth with a vast barren plain. He sent His angels to sow it with choicest seed. Satan followed, and seeing the seed upon the soil, buried it to destroy it, and watched that the rains might rot it. As he gazed in beauty, he saw the field moved away he heard the Lord's voice, "Thou fool that which quickens cannot die." So with this Commission. Out of this carnage of battle comes forth a vitalized Christianity to bless and adorn humanity. This war has its compensations. It has brought forth flowers from the gory field. What said a noble Philadelphian lady: "I have given the country Commodore Ellet and Capt. Elliot of the marine brigade, and two grand sons. If I had twenty of them I would give them."

We are not accustomed to look for religion on the battle-field; yet we hear of the warmest revivals of religion. Not a grand scene has the world ever looked upon since the star shone over Bethlehem than that at Shiloh. A dying soldier boy, after the clouds of battle rolled away, saw a single star through the rifts of the clouds. He began the hymn—

"When marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering hosts lit up the sky,  
and it was taken up until a thousand voices round about him took it up, and the stars of heaven sent back the melody of that bleeding soldier's song.

Out of the war comes liberty. (Applause.) The ice of slavery is broken. Its fragments

are floating out to melt forever in the gulf stream of human freedom. (Long continued applause.) A better day is coming. I see the mountain tops already thick with gold, and down their sunny sides roll the billows of glorious light. We stand to-day on Lookout mountain, fighting God's battle in the name of God.

Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, spoke briefly upon the relation of Christianity to war. The man who follows the Bible and drinks in its spirit, cannot err. These points are settled by the Bible. No community can go to war upon the instigation of passion; it must be principle. The magistrate cannot lay down the sword that God has given him. And the people must stand by the government. The noble woman who said that she gave her sons and grandsons to the army felt this to be true. No Christian heart shall despair where right is confronted with wrong. From the day that Sumter was fired upon the only answer has been "Glorious others," but could never respond. Let the worse come, if it must, and may God give us His spirit to stay ourselves upon through all these trials.

This war can redound to the glory of God and the good of men. The lust of power, the pride of caste and color, the appetite for luxurious living, the mean desire of getting money at the sacrifice of others good—these have made the volcano, rolling and rumbling in the centre of this government, that has now broken. That is the moral origin of the struggle. When shall it end? That brook tells us: "The wrath of men shall glorify God." I don't believe that such a tone of feeling exists south of Mason and Dixon's line. God knows we do not hate them; that we pray for them; but will fill them if they stand in the way.

The speaker had seen much of the South. He had proclaimed his abolitionism in the South. He had travelled in Europe with southern gentlemen. He had noticed that they never spoke of themselves as Americans, but as Georgians, &c. This was the rumbling of the volcano—it has broken out now. As had been told in the South before the Presidential election, when he expressed his preference for Mr. Lincoln, that to say so was as much as his life is worth. The speaker had said that he did not believe there was an inch of country in which he could not name his choice for President, and should do so all the way back from Georgia to Boston, as he had done from Boston to Georgia. We have too long been potltoons. We should long before have resisted and rescued the Indignities we have suffered.

### SETTLING THE SOUTH WITH LOYAL PEOPLE.

The following documents containing instructions to those having charge of lands in South Carolina sold for direct taxes over due, explain themselves. The orders have been promptly acted upon, and the shrewdness of the officers has so far outwitted those who, though not entitled, attempt to avail themselves of the provisions of the order.

### CIRCULAR.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, BEAUFORT, S. C., Jan. 16, 1864.

The following instructions which have been received by the United States Direct Tax Commissioners, are announced for the information and benefit of all concerned.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Dec. 30, 1863.  
"GENTLEMEN:—By direction of the President I transmit the following instructions, which you will observe in disposing of lands struck off to the United States. You will consider them as applying to all lands in your district which are now, or may be hereafter owned by the United States, except such as are or may be set apart for military, naval, school, or revenue purposes, and the plantations on St. Helena Island known as 'Land's end,' and the 'Bon Chaplain Place,' and the City of Beaufort on Port Royal Island.

All previous instructions or parts thereof which conflict with those now given, are hereby rescinded. Yours respectfully,  
S. P. CHASE, U. S. Direct Tax Commissioner.

ADDITIONAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE DIRECT TAX COMMISSIONERS FOR THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN RELATION TO THE DISPOSITION OF LANDS.  
"1. You will allow any loyal person of 21 years of age or upward, who has at any time since the occupation by the national forces, resided for six months or more in your district, or is engaged in cultivating any lands in your district owned by the United States, to enter the same for preemption to the extent of one, or at the option of the pre-emptor, two tracts of twenty acres each, paying therefor \$1 25 per acre. You will give preference in all cases to heads of families, and to married women whose husbands are engaged in the service of the United States, or are necessarily absent.

"2. You will permit each soldier, sailor, or marine actually engaged in the service of the United States, or any who may have been, or hereafter shall be honorably discharged, to preempt and purchase in person or by authorized agent at the rate of \$1 25 per acre; one tract of twenty acres of land if single, and if married, two tracts of twenty acres each, in addition to the amount a head of family, or married woman in the absence of her husband, is allowed to preempt and purchase under the general privilege of loyal persons.

"3. Each pre-emptor, on filing his claim and receiving his certificate of preemption, must pay in United States notes two-fifths of the price, and the residue on receiving a deed for the parcels of land pre-empted, and a failure to make complete payment on receipt of the deed will forfeit all rights under the preemption, as well as all partial payments for the land.

"4. When persons authorized to purchase by preemption desire to enter upon and cultivate lands not yet surveyed, they may do so; but they will be required to conform in their selections as nearly as possible to the probable line of the surveys, and to take and occupy them subject to correction of title and occupation by actual surveys when made.

"5. In making surveys such reservation for paths and roadways will be made as will allow easy and convenient access to the sev-

### APPROVED DEC. 31, 1863.

These instructions will be applied to all soldiers as well as citizens. The pre-emptors and Teachers in the Districts must be hereby directed to give their entire attention to the carrying out of these instructions, and to assist the people to the extent of their power in locating, settling out their claims, and securing assistance in preparing their grounds for the coming harvest. The foundation of all our wealth and prosperity is in the soil, and the people can be truly prosperous who secure its cultivation.

Freedom, you should show the people carefully and in season, cultivate diligently, and you will reap abundant harvests. Provide for an ample supply of food and vegetables; then remember that wheat is the great staple here. I desire to see all of this you can. So profitable was it at the old days of Slavery, that your former masters said "Cotton is King." Be expected that you will show in the South that cotton is more of a king than ever was.

Brig-Gen. and Military Governor.

The West Jersey Press, has the following sensible remarks:—

A large majority of the voters from this section of the State, under the false impression have been negroes. Salem county makes up for extra votes, with the exception of about twenty, from among her negro population, which outnumbered that of any other county in the First Congressional District. Cumberland has sent quite a number of black volunteers, and so has Gloucester and Camden. But for the wise decision of the part of the Government to accept the services of the black men to aid in crushing the rebellion, we are confident that a draft could not possibly have been avoided in any of the above counties. Since the black men have so nobly stepped forward at the call of the country, let them be treated hereafter with that magnanimity which they deserve.

### THE LOYAL LEAGUERS.

The North Hilly Herald asks "What has become of the Loyal Leaguers?" We answer, they were enough of them to carry the election in every Northern State except New Jersey; there were enough of them in the army to increase Brough's majority as Governor of Ohio to 102,000; enough in the army from Iowa to add thousands to the loyal vote of that State. The Loyal Leaguers! Why, sir, they are everywhere, both in and out of the army; their name is legion, and next fall when they are called upon to elect a President enough of them will be found to carry the entire North for the man of their choice—New Jersey not excepted. The Loyal Leaguers are where the copperheads are not—on the side of the Government, against rebels and traitors.—*Cum gratias.*

### ODDS AND ENDS.

A merchant examined a hoghead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och, don't be troubled," said the Irish porter; "I shure, the magur took it out to open the hoghead wid."

"See, here Murther," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was treading by a dog. "If you don't take that dog away I'll eat up all your apples."

A correspondent of a Western paper reports that Senator Jim Lane was seriously exercised at the failure of the House to re-elect Mr. Stockton. He was a good old man, he said—a pure, saintly old man, and beside, sir, he repeats the Lord's prayer every morning; and before the end of this Congress he would have kept it till some of these members would have learned it!

An Irishman who had given a quantity of cotton near Memphis, was asked if cotton was the most profitable crop he could raise; to which, with the Irish instinct for ballroom food, he replied, "No, indeed, but avant parities; and thim I always raised till the boys soldiers come about, and then I grow something now that they can't eat."

A jealous woman at Washington, gowhided her husband for dancing with a former sweetheart, and was freed from his suit and battery. What is the remedy to a wife can't whip her own husband?

"So you are going to teach school?" said a young lady to her maiden aunt.  
"Well, for my part, sooner than that, I would marry a widower with nine children."

"I would prefer that myself," she replied quietly.  
"But where's the widower?"

A story is told of a fellow who was a venerable doctor one winter's night about 12 o'clock, and on his coming to the door, coolly inquired:  
"Have you lost a knife, Mr. Skowid?"  
"No," growled the victim.  
"Well, never mind, I thought I'd look call and inquire, for I found one yesterday."

Spurgeon sometimes comes out with a good thing:  
"Brethren," said he; "if God had reformed the ark to a committee, or saved affairs, it's my opinion it wouldn't have been built yet."

HOW PAT TRANSLATED GERMAN. At a table of hot reception, Hamburg, an Irishman was seated next to a German lady, who did not speak English. "Handing her a plate of peaches he said: 'Eat, but don't have a peach, ma'am!'"

"Nip," said he, starting with astonishment. "First at her and then at the German table." "Why, ma'am, there's a copper stick on the chair, that you see for the same time, rolling the whole mass of it plate."



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