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**GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.**

A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the newspapers on the subject of intemperance. Her writing was full of pathos, and evoked such a deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a fanatic on the subject of intemperance, whereupon she wrote the following touching lines:

Go feel what I have felt,  
Go hear what I have borne—  
Sink, beneath a blow, a father's death;  
Then suffer on from year to year—  
Thy sole relief the sobbing tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,  
Implore, beseech and pray—  
Give the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay,  
Beset with bitter curse aside,  
Yours prayers, your tears, defend.  
Go weep as I have wept.

O'er a loved father's fall—  
See every promise broken—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Life's fading dawn strewn all the way,  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,  
Behold the strong man bowed—  
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—  
And cold and livid brow,  
Go catch his withering glance and see  
Howe'er his soul's a misery.

Go to my mother's side,  
And hear her broken cheer;  
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear,  
Mark her worn frame and withered brow—  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;  
With feeble frame and trembling limb;  
And trace the ruin back to him.

Where, blighted with early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth,  
But who, forewarned, hath yielded up  
That promise to the cursed cup;  
And led her down through love and light,  
And all that made her promise bright,  
And chained her there, mid woe and strife,  
That lovely thing—a drunkard's wife—  
And shackled to childhood's bliss, so white,  
That withering blight—the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,  
All that my soul hath felt and known—  
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone—  
Or if its favor you will try,  
When all proclaim, "tis drink and die!"  
Tell me, I warn the bowl,  
Hate is a foolish word!

I loathe—abhor—my very soul  
With strong disgust is stirred—  
When, I see, or hear, or tell  
Of that dark beverage of Hell.

**SELECTED SENTENCES.**

**MARRIED FLUCTUATIONS.**

[Concluded.]

**IN TWO CHAPTERS.**

**CHAPTER II.**

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Elwyn, I've had such a charming ride!"

And Aurora Raymond sprang lightly from the carriage step, one tiny gloved hand resting on Mr. Elwyn's arm; the other holding up the folds of her violet velvet mantle. He touched his hat gallantly as she tripped by the horse steps, all smiles and dimples.

"I wonder if Kate would like a turn round Jackson square before dinner," he said to himself, consulting his gold watch.

"I'll run up and see my poor little thing!"

He sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, and burst into his wife's room.

"Put on your bonnet, puss, and we'll have a ride," he exclaimed. "Hallo! she isn't here—what the mischief does this mean?"

No, she was not there—neither was her blue velvet hat with the white ostrich plume, nor the magnificent Cashmere shawl that had been sent over from India for her wedding present just five years ago—and Mr. Elwyn came slowly down stairs again, feeling very much inclined to get into a passion.

"Do you know where my wife is?" he asked Mrs. Arndworth, a lady who spent one half of her time at the hotel windows and the other in attending to the servants, and who was consequently well-informed as to the comings and goings of all the household.

"She's out riding in Colonel Warrington's park," he said.

"Strange—very strange," he muttered, to himself, as he went away, without so much as saying a word to me! I always fancied that Warrington was a pappy, and I am sure of it now!"

He went down and dismissed his equipage, and then returned to the drawing-room, as usual as the Wandering Jew. After one or two moody turns across the long apartment, he sat glumly down in the window recess. Even Aurora Raymond's pretty laughing chatter could not interest him now.

Presently Mrs. Kate reappeared in a magnificent dress of lustrous silver-green silk, lighted up by the flash of emeralds at her throat and wrists, and frosted green mosses dripping from her hair.

"Why have you put on that odious green dress?" asked Elwyn, catching at some slight pretext as an escape valve for his ill-humor.

"Oh, well," said Kate, nonchalantly, "you are so fidgety, Charles. What difference can it possibly make to you whether I wear green or yellow? It is entirely a by-gone fashion for husbands and wives to study one another's whims, a la Darby and Joan. We dress entirely to please the public, and the gay world, you know."

Charles Elwyn stared at his wife in speechless astonishment. What did it mean? She had always been the humblest slave to his slightest wish or caprice, and now she smilingly set him at defiance.

What evil spirit had possessed her? She never came near him in the evening—never sought his approval by the little shy glances of appeal or the questioning looks that had been so inexpressibly dear to him.

No, she chattered away, bewitchingly self-reliant, the centre of an adoring group, until Mr. Elwyn was ready to rush out of the room in a transport of exasperation.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your treasure of a wife, sir," said Colonel Warrington. "I have always known she was a beauty, but I never before appreciated her claims to be called a wit."

Elwyn glared speechlessly at the polite colonel, who was evidently surprised at the ungracious reception of his compliment.

"Just what I might have expected," he muttered to himself, plucking fiercely at his mustache. "What the deuce did I bring her here for, if I didn't want every fool in society to fall down and worship her?"

"Would you like a drive after dinner, Kate?" he asked, one evening, after about three days spent in this edifying manner.

"I couldn't possibly this evening, dear," she said, adjusting the wreaths or ivy that depended from her shining hair. "We've arranged such a nice moon-light party to ride out to the Navy-Yard."

"Well, what's to prevent me from driving you there?" answered Mr. Elwyn, anxiously.

"Our party is all made up," said Kate, coolly. "I've promised to go in Mr. Garnett's carriage. He is so delightfully agreeable, and I like him so much."

"The dickens you do," growled Elwyn, his face elongated and growing dark.

"But I'll tell you what you might do, if you pleased," suggested Kate, innocently. "Miss Raymond would like to go, I've no doubt, or Mrs. Everest, and there can be no possible objection to an extra carriage in the party, so that—"

"Hark! Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everest!" ejaculated the irate husband.

and sitting more or less down to the perusal of the newspaper. Alas for the midnight curls and oriental eyes—their spell was broken.

How long the poor weeping hours seemed before Kate came back! Long were the hours of carriage wheels grating on the pavement before the door, he went up to his own room, and tried, uselessly enough, to amuse himself with books and letters.

All his efforts were in vain, however, between him and every occupation to which he turned, there was a gloomy thought—a thought that Kate was happy without his society—that she enjoyed his absent voice and smile.

A wonder if, in London, he muttered darkly, as he looked at the clock, "it is not an agreeable sensation at all events! I wonder it Kate feels so whenever I flirt with Aurora and the widow!"

That was quite a new consideration. Would there ever be a time when Kate's heart would be estranged from him?—estranged by his own idle and absurd conduct?—when the loving, sensitive nature would cease to respond to his tone? The very fancy was awful!

He was wrapped in those gloomy meditations, when the door opened, and his bright-haired little wife tripped in, looking very much like a magnified sunbeam! She suddenly when she saw his head stopped bowed down upon his hands.

"Charles—does your head ache?"

"No!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"My heart aches, Kate," he said, sadly, "it aches to think that my wife has ceased to love me!"

She came to his side and threw her arms around his neck with increasing affection.

"Charles, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Kate, that when you desert me for the society of others, and cease to pay any regard to my wishes, I can come to but one conclusion. And that—"

"Charles," said Kate, smiling archly up into his face, "does it grieve you to have me prefer the society of others to your own?"

"It breaks my heart, Kate!" he said, passionately.

"Then, dearest, let us make a bargain. Let us allow Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everest to console themselves with Col. Warrington and Mr. Garnett, while we are happy with one another. Shall it be so?"

"Of course I have. Did you suppose for a moment that I was in earnest?"

The loving kisses she showered upon his brow dispelled every lurking shadow from the husband's heart, and he felt how inexpressibly dear his young wife was to him.

In the next day's train Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn left Washington, mutually convinced that they had had quite enough of the gay capital. There were two unmistakable good effects consequent upon their journey, however. Kate was satisfied to remain quietly at home for the rest of her life, and Charles was completely cured of every latent tendency to jealousy.

In the early days of winter, before roads had been laid out and saw mills built, a blacksmith located on one of the river banks in California, and erecting a forge of stones and clay, set the anvil on a stump which he sawed low for the purpose, and sharpened the picks and drills of the boys who worked in the vicinity. He worked at winning himself in the day time, and did his blacksmithing at night; and not knowing what day his claim might fail, and he was compelled to pull up stakes and leave, did not think it worth while to build a root over the shop.

One day Bill S—and two others left the bar for Weaverville, the county seat. As they came into the main trail, leading to that place they met a disconsolate-looking chap, leading a horse that stumbled at every step. The man at once inquired:

"Strangers, can you tell me how far it is to a blacksmith's shop? My horse has lost a shoe, and goes powerful lame."

"Oh yes," answers Bill, "you're in the shop now, but it's about four miles to the anvil!"

I said one day to Charley Wipe, the most inveterate joker in our neighborhood: "Did you ever get the worst of it in your many and serious encounters?"

**GRAND DIVISION OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE.**

The annual meeting of this body, says the State Gazette, held at Temperance Hall, in Trenton on Wednesday. Rev. R. Lawrence, of New Brunswick, presided. The subordinate Divisions were generally represented, about twenty-five delegates being present. The reports of officers show some increase of membership, during the quarter. The aggregate membership, reported at the close of the quarter, is thirteen hundred and seventy-two, and of the visitors six hundred and sixty-nine. Among the items of business transacted by the meeting, was a resolve that a petition presented to the Legislature asking the enactment of a law to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors on election days.

The following members were chosen officers for the ensuing year:

G. W. P.—Geo. H. Hick, of Plainfield.

G. W. A.—Simon Lake, Smith's Landing.

G. S.—Henry B. Howell, Trenton.

G. T.—Franklin Devereaux,

G. Chaplain—Rev. A. G. Lawson, Perth Amboy.

G. Conductor—Edward K. Drake, Elizabeth.

G. Sentinel—Abraham Runyon, Newark.

The following places were selected for the regular meetings during the year: April session, at Elizabeth; July at Vincentown; October at Plainfield; January 1867, at Trenton.

At noon the delegates, and a number of invited guests, partook, temperately, of a most excellent dinner, provided by the lady members of Excelsior and Mercer Divisions, of Trenton. In the evening, a public temperance meeting was held at the Green-street M. E. Church. Hon. John Hill, of Morris County, Speaker of the House of Assembly, presided. Mr. Hill offered a few remarks before introducing the speaker of the evening. He is known as a most earnest and consistent advocate of temperance.

Rev. B. V. Lawrence, of New Brunswick, Rev. Dr. Crane, of Morristown, and Rev. Mr. Lawson, of Perth Amboy, successively delivered addresses. A number of ladies and gentlemen, friends of temperance, sang a number of temperance songs during the evening. The audience, notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, was quite large.

A friend in Stroudsburg, Monroe Co., Pennsylvania, writes:

A man was arrested for stealing chickens, and was brought before our court. The case was given to the jury, who brought him before our court. The case was given to the jury, who brought him before our court. The case was given to the jury, who brought him before our court.

The jury sentenced him to three months' imprisonment in our county jail. Captain Hallock, the jailer, was a jovial man, fond of a smile, and feeling particularly good on that particular day, felt insulted at once when the prisoner looked around his cell and told him it was dirty, and not fit for a hog to be put in. One word brought on a quarrel, and finally Captain H. told the prisoner that if he did not behave himself he would put him out; to which the prisoner replied: "Captain Hallock, I will give you to understand I have as good a right here as you have!"

**IMPORTANT TO HEIRS OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.**—On the 10th inst. Mr. Myers introduced into Congress, a bill of importance to the heirs of deceased soldiers, which was referred to the Committee on Pensions. It provides:

First, That the death of a soldier, sailor or marine while in the service, shall be considered evidence that the said death was caused by such service.

Second, That when the proper rolls fail to show otherwise, the death of any such enlisted man shall be presumed, upon satisfactory proof, that he has been absent two years without being seen or heard from.

Third, The heirs in each case to be entitled to the pension and bounty.

As Deacon A—, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B—, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with,

"Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

ART OF LOVE. A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

**SIGNS OF COLD WEATHER.**

Funch notes the following signs of a cold snap. It is probably sharp winter weather—When you think that you don't know whether the first bell has been rung or not. When it strikes you that your watch is at least ten minutes fast, and so if you get up when the minute hand is "at a quarter to" you'll be in capital time.

That if you could only be taken out of bed to be washed and dressed in a second by machinery, you wouldn't mind getting up.

That another five minutes' sleep will make you all right for the day.

That it's three minutes to the half-hour, and you'll get up exactly at the half-hour.

That it's just one minute past the half-hour, so you'll get up exactly at the thirty-five minutes.

That as five minutes won't make much difference, say, get up at the quarter punctually.

The following considerations will also lead you to the conclusion that the winter has come at last:

That you can't get up without hot water.

That you don't think that water is quite hot.

That he had better bring a little more water, please, and take care it's quite hot.

That you can't get up until your clothes are all ready for you.

That a little snooze while James is bringing the clothes (and while he fetches some hot water) will do you all the good in the world.

That when you do get up, you won't be a second dressing.

That you'll get up in exactly two minutes from now.

That (the two minutes having passed) you'll just settle what you're going to do to-day, and then get up.

That, if that's the first bell, you've plenty of time; and if it's the second, it's no good hurrying up now, as you are late anyhow.

The consideration that is generally required before making a move out of bed, is in itself a pretty sure sign of the presence of winter.

SOME years ago, in a fracas which occurred upon a boat on the river between Indiana, a man was severely wounded with a knife by one of the bull-dozers. Much alarm was excited, and doctors were hastily sent for, and one Es-culapian came "armed and equipped," as he thought was exactly right; at any rate, he went to work upon the case as if he was going to do something. Rolling up his sleeves and "diving into it," he said to the horror-stricken bystanders, "Bad case—incised cut of the perineum membranous—and through the umbilicus misinjury to the liver and spleen. The viscous and the sigmoid are incised—and the pleuro orifice of the hepatic ductus is lacerated to the anterior spinus of the attachment of the fifth gang—"

"It was too much for a particular friend of the poor sufferer. He gave up, and hastened out into the fresh air to revive his fainting faculties. While walking up and down, painfully and despairingly wringing his hands, in front of the saloon where the mischief had been done, an acquaintance came hurriedly up and said to him, "How is Sam?" He replied, "There is no chance in the world for him; he must die, poor fellow! The Latin parts of his bowels are all cut to pieces!"

Does any body wonder that Sam died?

**THE PRICES OF NEWSPAPERS.**—Those who grumble at paying four cents for daily and ten cents for weekly papers here, would do well to notice what European papers cost. The London Times costs forty-five dollars a year. The Morning Chronicle, Daily News, Globe, Herald and Post, charge the same rate. The London Evening Mail is published three times a week at twenty-five dollars a year. The London semi-weeklies twelve dollars. The French daily papers, large ones, are about the same price as the London prints. Those about the size of our pennies cost twenty and twenty-five dollars a year. The German papers cost from twenty-two to thirty-six dollars a year.

A half-drunken, was passing along the sidewalk, stopped opposite the large, low window of a tailor's shop. The window was wide open, and the tailor was seated at work on the table near it, when the wag walked up, and in a loud voice said, "Hallo, Cabbage! what o'clock is it?" Cabbage seized his yard-stick and gave Mr. Wag a heavy blow over the shoulders, exclaiming, "It has just struck one!" The wag sprang back, and rubbing his sore shoulder, but with a very sober face, said, "Look here, old Cabbage, I want to know if your watch is a repeater?"

MILTON was asked: "How is it that a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years of age, but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

The following resolution was adopted by the House of Representatives:

That the hall shall not be used for any other purpose than the legislative business of the House, nor shall the Speaker entertain any proposition for any such purpose, or any suspension of the rules: Provided, that this rule shall not interfere with the performance of Divine service therein under the direction of the Speaker, or of the members in caucus, or for occasions where the House shall, by resolution, take a direct part in the ceremonies to be observed therein.

A boy, who displayed a long, tangled watch-chain, was asked:

"What's the time of day, Jim?"

The lad drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while, referred to another boy, and said:

"Is this the figure nine or the figure seven?"

He was told that it was the figure seven.

"Well, then," said the genius, "it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

A story is told of an inveterate drinker, who, after a great deal of politeness, signed the temperance pledge, but later after was noticed to imbibe as frequently as ever. To his friends, who remonstrated with him, he replied that the document which he had signed was illegal, and of no binding force, because it had upon it no internal seal.

A lady wrote upon a window pane verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady whose resolve these verses do betoken,  
Wrote them on glass to show that it may be broken.

An elderly and good-natured spinster, on being rallied as to her "single blessedness," declared, "I never yet have lost heart, because I have always kept in constant remembrance the fact that Noah's daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she got married."

During the examination of a witness to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wit, replied: "One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs." This learned counsel winked his eyes, and they took a look at the ceiling.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day.

"Ah! he was a good, clever, old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions, for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS was married to Major Robert Williams, U. S. Army, at her residence, corner of New Jersey Avenue and I street, Washington, on Tuesday evening 23d inst. The ceremony was performed by Father Lynch of the Catholic Church, in the presence of a small and select circle of friends of both parties.

An editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. "Like all editors' wives, she was of an exceedingly poetic nature, and said to her mate, "Notice the moon; how bright and calm, and beautiful!" "Couldn't I think of nothing for any less than the usual rates—dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines?"

When a man and woman are made one by a dargyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

The man who, on account of the high price of sugar, attempted to sweeten his coffee with his wife's smiles, has succeeded to fall back on the "granulated juice of the cane."

The Military Committee have decided to make the minimum number of men in the army 60,000.







**A PRESENT FOR ALL**

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