

# SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN

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## SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.

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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

2011.

[From the Pioneer.]  
IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY W. F. D.

The tattoo beats—each loyal man is tented on the Rapidan.  
Midnight arrives, and one and all, are rousing at the bugle's call.

The morning dawns—each patriotic corps has pressed the river's southern shore, And now they wend, in blaze of day, To fields of death their winding way.

But see! they halt—now, dawns the hour To test the strength of freemen's power, Arise! brave men, awake! arise!  
Your deeds are seen with nation's eyes.

The line is formed—the word is given—Our ranks advance—the foe is riven—The battle's won—but next day's sun, Shall rise on hosts whose race is run.

Aye! in the wilderness they lie, With stiffened limbs, and sightless eyes; With blood-stained cheeks, and matted hair, They lie in tranquil slumber there.

No trumpet's sound, no war dog's bay, Shall call them from their sleep away; No mother's eye, no mothers face, Shall ever find their resting place.

Ten thousand graves shall mark the dell, Where Hancock fought and Sedgwick fell; Ten thousand brave true hearted men, Who sleep, shall never wake again.

And let them sleep—no laurel bed, Has ever found a soldier's bier; No kindred spirits known to fame, Have er left a brighter name.

## BATTLE AT WILSON'S WHARF. CONDUCT OF COLORED TROOPS.

We are permitted to publish the following letter from a Lieut.-Colonel under General Wild to his brother. It will be read with interest, not only by the many friends of the writer, but by those who feel an interest in the question of the employment of colored troops.

MY DEAR BROTHER:  
Our fight at Wilson's Wharf on the 24th inst. has been so mistated in the public prints that I propose to give you an account of the affair.

While at dinner the cry came up from camp, "The Rebels!" A glance was sufficient to show that something unusual was on the tapis; a minute more and the general and field officers were in the camp, and armed and equipped; not a word to the men was necessary, every man was in line ready for the strife in less than two minutes; another minute and all the men were in their proper places in the trenches, and then there rose up from the sable crew, a low, deep, curse upon every rebel who should have the temerity to show his head. Within two minutes from the time of the first alarm, a sergeant from the pickets reports the "Rebels" two or three thousand strong, mounted, within half a mile pushing forward. Away goes the officer of the day on a gallop to the pickets, who are already engaged with the enemy's advance in a skirt of wood, about a quarter of a mile to the front, in advance of which woods the pickets had been posted. They advance into the wood and receive a volley from the rallying pickets that empties some half-dozen saddles, and wounds a score or two. The enemy retire, dismount, and this time advance a heavy line of skirmishers into and through the wood; our pickets retire fighting; now they come across the open wheat field in front of our works; soon the rebel line has cleared the wood and is in the open field; our men retire slowly. The rebels have the best range pieces (carbines) and are wounding our men; three minutes more, and the two picket companies are safely inside of the works, and the rebels retire to the edge of the timber. We have two light field pieces; they are brought to bear with effect upon groups of mounted rebels behind a row of cedar off to the left. A General and his Staff are apparently among them reconnoitering our position. They soon "charge base" to behind a thicker row of bushes along a fence. Occasionally a gray back shows himself at the edge of the wood, and at once the artillery opens; now there is a lull and several companies change position in the trench. A boat with troops is coming up the river. Gen. Wild orders her to be stopped.

One hundred and fifty recruits and reinstated veterans are landed; only five of them are armed. Now at a quarter past one P. M., a flag of truce is seen approaching from the left, with an escort of three men all unmounted. A Captain goes out on foot with a white rag at the end of his sword. The two flags meet in the open field about 150 yards in front. A message in pencil, written upon one page of small dirty note paper, is delivered to the Captain; he brings it without envelope or seal to Gen. Wild who reads a demand for surrender, a promise to treat him and his command as prisoners of war, in case the demand was at once complied with; in case it was not thus complied with, the General commanding the force responsible for the conduct of his men when the place was captured, and that he had a force sufficient to capture the fort. This message was signed "F. H. Lee, Brig. Gen. Comdg Cavalry, C. S. of A." Gen. Wild answered in pencil upon a piece of paper, "We will try it." The Captain goes out, delivers the answer and returns. Under this flag of truce the rebels show themselves in considerable force and at one point advance, but are ordered back by the flag of truce officer.

I am ordered to go down to the river and organize the unarmed men who have just landed. They are all white men in charge of Lieut. Col. Warkham, a splendid cavalry officer from Massachusetts, but knowing nothing of infantry he asks to have some other officer assigned to that duty, while he reports to Gen. Wild in the trenches. I sent the five armed men to the support of the pieces on the left. The arms of all the sick and wounded are gathered up, and about twenty-five more are armed and sent to the support of the same piece; the rest are organized into companies and held in reserve, and are soon found carrying and delivering ammunition to all parts of the line in the trenches.

Artilleries are called for and Sergeant Wm. H. Bingham Co. G, 1st Connecticut Heavy artillery, and four other men of the same regiment step forward and are at once sent to assist to work the gun on the right, and rightly did they perform that duty, under the most severe fire of the day. To my surprise, not one word was heard against negroes, naming all these white men. On the contrary, a hearty cooperation was manifested by all.

At 2 P. M., a weak line of the rebels advanced upon the left across the open field, and after much sharp shooting and rebel yelling they retire to the woods and behind the fence. At 3 P. M., a sudden volley from the Richmond papers only added to my discomfort. If it possible, mentally asked, that the Union is to be preserved and slavery perish? What would the U. S. be worth, what would the country be worth, and above all, what would my party be worth, without slavery? No, no. Slavery cannot be abolished. The Bible says "Cursed be Canaan," and the scriptures must be fulfilled. While reflecting on this text (which I have always received as true, although I have doubts about other portions of the Book,) my mind became more quiet, and I even began to doze a little when I was suddenly aroused by a distinct rap on my writing table. After satisfying myself that it was a spirit that had rapped, I inquired: "Will the spirit who is present please to give his name?" Without moment's hesitation, the spirit began, "and rapped out, "P. H. a. r. o. n." Judge my astonishment on finding myself in communication with the ancient and powerful king of Egypt; and strange to say my spirit seemed at once to be enveloped with his. We spent the whole of the night together, and after we had perfected our communications and established mutual confidence, he rapped out, with the following statement, which he desired me to give to the world:

## "RAPS" FROM THE SPIRIT OF PHARAOH.

BY SAMUEL COPPERHEAD, ESQ.

I was sitting in my study last Sabbath evening reflecting, in no pleasant mood, on the progress of fanaticism in this country. I had been to church, and, to my great satisfaction, and even chagrin, my old pastor,

in whose conservatism I had the utmost confidence, actually prayed for the emancipation of all that are enslaved! Of course I did not, could not remain to hear him preach, and left the place, endeavoring to be of some sacred associations, resolved never to enter it again unless I could be assured that it would not again be prostituted to the praying of politics; but of this have little hope, for the churches appear to be all going to "Old Nick," if I must say it, and not only hope for a pure gospel in the success of the new church enterprise headed by such men as Olds, Medary and Cox. Moreover, as I sat there in my study alone, the results of the last few elections came into my mind to increase my depression; and when I thought of the revolution in the border states, and of the unhappy movement for reconstruction on an abolition basis, in many of the seceded states, I could scarcely contain myself, glancing over the newspapers, but I found them no crumbs of comfort. In McClellan, the greatest military genius of the age, I found the news was interesting, but now it is not worth a ghost. Indeed the melancholy conquests of Grant, Banks and others, have almost blasted the hopes of those who are opposed to crushing our southern brethren. Even the extracts from the Richmond papers only added to my discomfort. If it possible, mentally asked, that the Union is to be preserved and slavery perish?

What would the U. S. be worth, what would the country be worth, and above all, what would my party be worth, without slavery? No, no. Slavery cannot be abolished. The Bible says "Cursed be Canaan," and the scriptures must be fulfilled. While reflecting on this text (which I have always received as true, although I have doubts about other portions of the Book,) my mind became more quiet, and I even began to doze a little when I was suddenly aroused by a distinct rap on my writing table. After satisfying myself that it was a spirit that had rapped, I inquired: "Will the spirit who is present please to give his name?" Without moment's hesitation, the spirit began, "and rapped out, "P. H. a. r. o. n." Judge my astonishment on finding myself in communication with the ancient and powerful king of Egypt; and strange to say my spirit seemed at once to be enveloped with his. We spent the whole of the night together, and after we had perfected our communications and established mutual confidence, he rapped out, with the following statement, which he desired me to give to the world:

## PHARAOH'S SIDE OF THE STORY.

History and fanaticism have done me injustice. A great deal has been said about the hardness of my heart. Indeed, my heart has been a target at which fanatical preachers, especially have been shooting their venomous arrows for ages, and yet a kinder heart, I will venture to say, I hope, shall not be pronounced an egotist for saying it) never throbbed. And I have been painted before the world as a cruel oppressor. I have been obliged to endure all this reproach patiently until now, because a class of spirits have never come down to my plane until quite recently. The advent of Northern Copperheads has been a God-send to me. I am now in congenial society, and am encouraged to hope that I shall be joined, before long, in my rather warm quarters, by a large concourse of congenial spirits. But let me state my case as it is:

When I was crowned king, Egypt was the most prosperous country on the globe. The water of the Nile enriched our lands, and such crops of corn as we raised, were produced in no other country. In fact, we had command of the situation. Corn was King. We had in our possession about two millions of slaves—the descendants of Abraham. Failing to make a living in their own country, they had come into ours, and as they knew very little, and were rather lazy race, our fathers found it best, after a few years' experience, to put them under task-masters, and constrain them to do their duty. To this they made no serious resistance. Indeed, the readiness with which they yielded to the superior race, suggested to our politicians that they were designed by the Creator for a subordinate relation. The inquiries of our ethnologists added strength to this position. Their skulls were not as well made as ours. Their noses instead of being turned up and flattened, were high, and many of them hooked. Their hair and heels were unlike ours, and their color a sickly white. Cases of

the most amusing feature in all this affair, was to see the first families of Virginia, the Chivalry of Lee's Cavalry, running in the most terror stricken attitude from before those, whom, not they, so much as the northern copperheads, so much affect to despise. The fact is the chivalry know that they have cause to fear the colored men, and their hair and heels were unlike ours, and their color a sickly white. Cases of

old Mrs. Darley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a knitting new fast fifteen years, by

war they ought to be allowed to have it, and when they don't want to fight, nobody ought to make them fight.

An Irishman, a jester, was walking along. A fool was making fun of him. He said, "Two nations are in the world, the foolish and the wise. The foolish nation is the one that makes mistakes, and the wise nation is the one that learns from them."

Do you know the Barber of Seville?

Not, the latter replied, "I have myself."

Friendships doubtless sometimes occur, but such things are common in all the relations of life. Masters oppress their slaves, husbands abuse their wives, and parents are unjust to their children. So here and there a "negro slave" was beaten to death, but as a rule they were kindly treated, given plenty to eat, and were contented, fit and jolly. They had no thoughts or

desires to perplex their minds, no financial trouble, no fears about what they should eat or drink. And, indeed, they multiplied rapidly that it became expedient to kill the male children of a generation now and then. I am aware that the fanatics have made very pathetic pictures of Moses in the bark of birches! Would God had an all-powerful and all-merciful master, who had allowed him to do this!

He was the first of that pestiferous race of abolitionists to perish in the jaws of the law.

As you have appointed me one of your delegates to the Convention, I

should be glad to know what is the opinion of the meeting in regard to the Presidency. I do not want instructions, so I will give you my opinion, and if you do not like it, you can substitute another man in my place.

It is my honest conviction that Abraham Lincoln is not only the man we ought to nominate, but he is the only man in the

United States that there is any certainty Kentucky can unite upon. [Great applause.]

I will go further, and say that if I shall be a representative in that Convention, it is not clear in my own mind that I would be willing to vote in that body, for dividers of those who have been nominated in the papers. I would be glad to feel authorized to vote for him all the time, and for somebody else. I believe we can give the State of Kentucky to Mr. Lincoln, I ap-

peal, but have grave doubts whether we can give it to anybody else. I even doubt whether we ought to give it to anybody else.

I want now to say something on the slavery question. I have had it in my mind a long time, but have never found an opportunity to say it to the people who would be favorable hearers, for there is about as much dependence on the hearer as on the speaker, whether any good result from speaking.

## A LIFE-LONG EMANCIPATIONIST.

In 1859 I was a candidate on the Emancipation ticket for the Convention to alter the Constitution of Kentucky, and was beaten, as probably some other respectable men, who would not like to acknowledge it, were beaten at the same time. And in the sense of the Emancipation party of Kentucky, I wrote three letters: First, one to Mr. Sumner, in answer to a speech he made, second, one in answer to a speech of Ward's, and the third in answer to a speech made by John Breckinridge, being elected Senator. They were all written in the sense of an Emancipation ticket, and I voted for it without endorsing either candidates, as I have often said, for their probable opponent whose opinions have less weight with me than my own when I have found out where they are wrong on this subject I have made no change, for I have been an Emancipationist all my life. The first thing I remember in my boyhood is that, while playing with a little negro boy that was given to me by a relative of mine, I felt sorry and ashamed of my Proclamation. I had yielded to the agitators. I had been bored to death with lectures about the "Lord's will," and the rights of man," and had yielded to my fears, in a moment of agitation and weakness. Regaining my equanimity, I called together my captains, placed myself at the head of my best army and started in pursuit of the fugitives. Everything went well. I succeeded in getting them hemmed in at the Red Sea. They were terribly frightened and would gladly have accepted my pardon, and returned to my service had it not been for their leaders. But the result of the matter gave me much pain, and always will. Moses managed to get his deluded followers across an arm of the Sea safely, but while I was crossing, a sudden gust of wind, or something else, caused me to rise in the water which put a most unfortunate termination to the well planned expedition. What added a little to the mortification of its failure was the conduct of our escaped female slaves. One of them, an impudent woman, Miriam by name, extemporized a song, and led her insolent sisters in what they considered a religious dance, while our dead bodies floated about the Sea below them. But the unseemly jollification only puts in a strong the high universal depravity of slaves and their base ingratitude to the kindest masters. Thousands of years have passed since, but I can never think of the affair at Red Sea without extreme agitation. But we are not the only brave and chivalrous people who have made an unsuccessful pursuit of their rights.

After they had gone, however, the more conservative of our people became dissatisfied with the measure, and when I reconsidered the matter, and reflected upon the conduct of those who are opposed to crushing our southern brethren. Even the extracts from the Richmond papers only added to my discomfort. If it possible, mentally asked, that the Union is to be preserved and slavery perish?

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## PROSPECTUS OF THE SOUTH JERSEY

REPUBLICAN,  
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
Absecon, Atlantic County,

### NEW JERSEY.

Devoted to Politics, Education, Morality and  
Literature.

#### AS A POLITICAL PAPER,

We shall advocate those principles which we believe lie at the foundation of all good government. We intend to advocate the rights of all men. We do not believe that manhood consists in the color of the skin, the shape of the cranium, or the texture of the hair; but that the mind is the man; the world over, and that a mind of the lowest order has as much right to life, liberty and happiness, as one of the highest—and that every man, of whatever nation, class or color, has the right to cultivate his talents to the full extent of their powers, and that no one has the right to decide for another what that extent is. We will advocate the rights of a negro as quickly, fearlessly and boldly as the rights of a king. We stand for mankind, and for the rights which God has given all men, and which men or governments take away at their peril. We stand for the Constitution as our fathers intended it, not for the slaveholder's self-interested, glibbed interpretation of that noble old instrument.

We believe the war to be the cause of the nation, and that upon its issue depends our liberties; depends all that is desirable in our Government. We shall therefore fearlessly defend and uphold the Administration in its efforts to subdue and crush out the rebellion from every part of our land, and to restore the supremacy of law wherever it has been defied. We are with the Government heart and hand so long as they seek the integrity and perpetuity of the Union.

The number of these shells has been variously stated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty, the size ranging from nine to thirteen and a half inches. The best information however, would seem to place the number below two hundred.

Some accounts give the quantity of powder,

as high as 15,000 pounds, which was probably near the truth.

Two boats were to accompany the ketch one an exceedingly fast rowing four oared boat, being lent for the purpose by the Siren, and the other a six-oared cutter of the Constitution. The service requiring but few men, no more were employed than was necessary to pull the boats. To have gone in with a single boat would have been unnecessarily hazardous, as a shot might have disabled her, while the chances of escape were nearly doubled by adding a second, at the time that the additional men did not more than make an ordinary crew for a Mediterranean craft of the size of the Intrepid. A second officer, however, was thought necessary, and Lieut. Henry Wadsworth, of the Constitution, volunteering his offer, was accepted. Mr. Joseph Israel, of the same ship, who had just been promoted, was also anxious to be of the party, but Com. Preble deeming his assistance unnecessary, permission to go was refused him. Thus it was intended that the adventurers should be limited to twelve, of whom ten were common seamen, one lieutenant, and the other a commander, or Somers himself.

It now became necessary to obtain volunteers for the Siren's boat and a call for this purpose was made by Somers on the crew of his own vessel, the Nautilus. Notwithstanding the desperate character of the service, when the want was stated to the people of the little vessel, every man in her offered himself to go. This compelled their superior to make a selection. The other six seamen were obtained from the Constitution, and were chosen, it is believed, by Mr. Wadsworth, under the supervision of the ship's first lieutenant, who at that time was the late Capt. Gordon. The four men belonging to the Nautilus were James Simms, Thomas Tompkins, James Harris, and William Keith; all seamen rated. Mr. Wadsworth took with him from the Constitution, William Harrison, Robert Clark, Hugh McCormick, Jacob Williams, Peter Penner, and Isaac W. Eowens, all seamen and rated also.

It is related of Grant that after the battle of Shiloh, and his complete victory at that point, Gen. Buell, a thorough soldier, began criticising in a friendly way the impolicy of his having fought a battle with the Tennessee river behind his men.— "Where he beaten, could you have retreated," asked Buell. "I didn't mean to be beaten," was Grant's sententious reply. "But suppose you had been defeated, despite all your exertions?"— "Well, there were all the transports to carry the remains of the command across the river." "But, General," urged Buell, "your whole transports could not contain even ten thousand men, and it would be impossible for them to make more than one trip in the face of the enemy." Well, if I had been beaten," said General Grant, pausing to light another cigar, as he spoke, "transportation for ten thousand men would have been abundant for all that would be left of us." This anecdote is eminently characteristic—the data for the proper appreciation of it being that Grant had about fifty thousand men over the river.

"A ROLLAND FOR AN OLIVER!"—A wounded Virginian rebel and a wounded Pennsylvania occupying adjoining beds in one of the hospitals at Washington, had a good-humored verbal tilt a few days since, as follows:

"Union, say, sir, where are you from?"— "Secon, I'm from Virginia, the best State in America."

"Union, that's where old Floyd came from, the old thief."

"General, where are you from, Yank?"— "I'm from Pennsylvania."

"General, we don't talk about the South coming from Virginia as long as we can get away from Pennsylvania.—

"General, we hadn't said anything,

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We shall seek to promote the true interests of education: in every possible way, because we believe it conducive to the highest interests of mankind, and that free governments cannot long exist in peace and prosperity without it. We also believe it to be the duty of the State to educate her citizens, and that until free schools are within the reach of all, the duty is not fully done. When it is seen that treason and rebellion thrives only in those portions of our land where free education has been wholly or nearly neglected, the importance of it must be seen and acknowledged.

AS A MORAL PAPER,

Though not what is known as a religious journal, we shall ever be found on the side of morality, integrity and virtue. Nothing sectarian can ever be admitted in our columns, but we are willing to do all in our power to advance the temporal and spiritual interests of all evangelical churches, Sabbath schools, and other institutions of the Gospel.

To FARMERS.

There will always be one or more columns of our paper devoted to the interests of Agriculture, containing original or selected matter that will not only be interesting but instructive to farmers. Our columns are always open to communications from those engaged in any of the branches of husbandry, and we hope that successful cultivators will make our pages a medium of communication with the public.

ON OUR FIRST PAGE

Will generally be found selected family and patriotic reading.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM,

Our paper will be second to none in the county. Although a new enterprise, a circulation in all parts of the county has been secured, and to some extent in the various parts of South Jersey. No pains will be spared to give it a wide circulation.

OUR TERMS

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