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Poppy.

CAPTAIN SEMMES, C. S. A. N. JUNE 19, 1864.

Out of Cherbourg harbor one clear Sunday morning the cavalier Captain Semmes, with his cap a-cook, sailed from the friendly Frenchman's dock. Gaily along the rebel came, Under the flag of the cross of shame; Knight of the handout and bloody lash, He twisted the point of his red moustache, And swore, in English, not over nice, To sink our Yankee scum in a trice, Or hark our ship as the thing might be, Where the eyes of Cherbourg all should see. "Heigh-ho!" you don't say so!

Whipped his friend, little Jean Crapaud. Semmes has been a wolf of the deep For many a day to harmless sheep; Ships he scuttled and robbed and burned, Watches pilfered, and pockets turned; And all his plunder, bonds and gold He left for his Gallic friends to hold. A little over prudent was he For a cavalier of high degree; And Raphael Semmes don't sound, indeed, As if it came of the purple seed; But all the blood in his veins was blue, And his clay was porcelain through and through. Heigh-ho! the Lord doth know We are but dirt, and our blood's so-so.

What will the doughty Captain do With his British ship, his British crew, His gunners trained in the "Excellent," The guns his cousin Blakely sent, His shot and shell at Woolwich made, What will he do with the whole parade? Up to the top of his cliffs Crapaud Had clambered to see the Strand show; And his brother Bull, in his fancy yacht, Stood off and on towards the faded spot; And right across the bold Captain's way The Kearsarge steamed in her war array. Heigh-ho! said Semmes, "Let's blow That craft to splinters before we go!"

Semmes had heard with his lip a-curl, In Cherbourg, that some northern churl, Backed by a gang of onion eaters, Waited the noble negro-beaters, Shop-keeping, peddling, vulgar knaves, To stick their heads into open graves! "Death!" "Swounds!" "Ods bodkins!" He! what then, Will they dare to fight with gentlemen? O had I my lance and shield and things, With which I fitted at Sulphur Springs! Or a troop of horse Marines! Of course, A knight is nothing without his horse. "Heigh-ho!" this seemed to show Our hero's spirits were running low.

Straight out to sea the Kearsarge drew, And Semmes, who followed all that flew, Followed, perhaps by some mistake, Close in his foeman's frothing wake. But when three leagues were gained from shore, Slowly and grimly the Yankee wore; And our starry ensign leaped above, Round which the wind, like a fluttering dove, Coiled low, and the sunshine of God's day Like an open blessing on it lay; So we felt our friendless ship would fight Full under the great disposers' sight. Heigh-ho! it's well to know Who looks on the deeds done here below.

Semmes led the walk and struck the lance: Shots at the sea and at the moon! The warbling waterfowl cavilier Scattered around him far and near. The saving Yankees squandered shot, As cones of powder or ponds of shot, They held their peace till their guns would tell, Then out they burst like the mouths of hell. Terrible, horrible! how they tore The Alabama, until the gore From her bursting scuppers smoked and streamed, The dying groined and the wounded screamed! "Heigh-ho!" said Semmes, "let's show The Yankees the heels we boast of so."

Seven times in that deadly round Sped the ships to the cannon's sound, The vapors, through the smoke and din, Saw the signal circle's narrowing in; And every time her pivot roared, The fatal bomb-shell came strait aboard. His helm was useless, his engine failed; His powder was wet, his Britons quailed; And in his course, like a warning hand, Stretched forth the flag of his outraged land. For each shot he called, his foe called three, Heigh-ho! "Why hur's a blow!" Said Semmes, as he heaved his flag below!

Well it was for the cavalier, That brother Bull was lying near. His vessel with a haughty curl, Throwing her nose, and in the whirl Of the white sea, some foremost bore, As if in scorn of the crew she bore, There the shrilly Briton launched his boat, To pick up light that might be afloat.

And amongst other prisoners you'll find, "Mids me!" the gallant cried in affright; "Cover me up from the Yankee's sight." Heigh-ho! they laid him low, With a bit of sail to hide his woe.

Safely they bore the chief aboard, Leaving behind his false and sword; And then the Deerhound stole away, Lost Winslow's galls might have a say; Landed him in Southampton town, Where heroes like him have had renown.

Ever since Lawrence, Perry, and Hail Took hold of the horns of great John Bull, Had I been Winslow, I say to you, As the sea is green, the sky is blue, Through the Deerhound I'd have sent a shot, And John might have liked the thing or not. Heigh-ho! come soon or slow, In the end we are bound to have a blow.

What said the Frenchman from his hill, After the cannon shots were still? What said the Briton from his deck, Gazing down on the smitten wreck? Something was said of guns like mortars, And something of smooth-boreds at close quarters; Chain armor furnished a word or two; But the end of all was both looked blue.

They sighed again o'er the "Great Contention," But never hinted at "Intervention." One thing they wished that they dared not say, "If the fight had but gone the other way!" Heigh-ho! I told you so!

Oh! Semmes was a sorry fool to go! GEORGE H. BOKER.

Miscellaneous Articles.

AN IRISH ROBBER. Doctor W., the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise, and the unbroken garrons used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop, being a very humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow-leaped from behind a heap of stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demonic yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The Bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stored it away in a spacious rent in his tattered garment, than with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed: "And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off? a few paltry tuppences! It's the gold I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains."

Arrest, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, your divil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone.

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents: "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill-use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly if you please, as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must search for your note-case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up; a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait a while, or may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but, without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all that's holy—"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horry pain of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unobserved by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said:

"And now be off with you, and thank the blessed saints that you have me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry he set off at what equestrians term "a hand canter;" scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance was there of a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel?

"Stop, you nible-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop! I tell you I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its

former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical sort of expression, as he said: "And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit of 'em."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel laid in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidences of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learnt by a few brief words the danger he had undergone. "My dear W.," exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch, or anything else, just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you, who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and, on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse, and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteau had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired to rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken, after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat, and covering his shaggy, curly locks with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the right reverend the Bishop of Cashel.

SHALL I GO TO A CITY? BY WM. T. COGGESHALL. I am a visitor at a farm-house. It is a cool evening; a group of children play gladly on the green sward of a spacious yard beneath my window, and I look out on a field of corn whose first opening tassels faintly gleam away in the mid-rays of a new moon. A thick wood stretches around the corn-field, and a deep shadow rest on the green grain. I gaze upon it, and think where a deeper shadow lies—a shadow which will not pass away with the changing of the moon or the rising of the sun.—The light of a household has gone out and that abode of sorrow is in gloom, which many years will not wear away.

Upon the wide porch of our country-house sits a number of elderly persons, and they speak of a sweet bright child, whose gleeful shouts, but a few hours ago, delighted them. But whose voice is now hushed in death. A neighbor has just brought the sad tidings from the home where shadow lies, deeper than any that ever fell from dark trees on smiling fields. To-morrow in a flower-garden, called the churchyard, will be laid all that remains earthly of the cherished child; and the green grass will grow upon its grave, and the flowers will exhale their odors around it, and the birds will sing above it, and all, becoming youth and innocence, will be calm and peaceful about its resting-place. Reflecting thus, one feels that when children must die it should be far away from the busy haunts of men, who lose all thoughts of the swift-coming hereafter, in the quick strife for much of this world's goods, which distinguishes the great city.

The spirit which has not yet learned what worldly ambitions are, should look last on friends and a kindred, where the excitement of such ambitions has least force. But it ways that can not be. Stern necessities forbid.

On the evening of the fifth of July (1852) celebrated with noise of guns and cannons, and glowing of fireworks, to commemorate that declaration which led to the rose of cannon as the battle-field for our independence, I was one of the busy and excited crowd which swept along Fifth-street, Cincinnati. When near Walnut-street, I met a man with a child in his arms, whose haggard look, and hasty, determined step arrested my attention. I watched him—Serpents blazed at his feet, crackers snapped and hissed around him, rockets and Roman candles whizzed over his head. Wild shouts and glad hurrahs fell upon his ear—but on he went, with the same haggard look and determined step. Close behind him followed a woman, who alone among all the women I saw on the street, took no heed of fiery serpents at her feet, or blazing whirring rockets over her head. She saw only him who carried a child before her.

A strange curiosity led me, and I followed those people, who of all the inhabitants of the town seemed to have forgotten the day, and were lost to its confusion. They turned from the crowded streets, and on they went with wider and more rapid strides till they stopped at a mean-looking house in a narrow street. The door was open—when they entered, I stood in front of it.—The man laid the child tenderly upon a low bed—the woman bent over it an instant, when she sank upon the floor, and I heard her cry, "It is dead." I dared not enter, and I turned away, unwilling to be a spectator

to those parent's sorrow. Afterward I learned that father, mother, and child, had been in the country to celebrate the day—their only child had been suddenly taken ill—they hastened home—it had died in its father's arms on the crowded street, among the people who made noisy demonstrations in honor of their country's birthday.

To-night, while children play beneath my window, and the elderly persons converse of one taken out of their little circle, who this afternoon sank peacefully to his final sleep, I think of that child's death in the "hottest street" of that stormy hour commemorative of a more stormy hour, and from the shadow which lies on the moonlight falls unbroken, endeavoring to divert my mind from sad recollections which throng upon it.

There is a knock at my door, and a young man in whose welfare I feel deep interest comes to inquire whether, in my opinion, he had better go to a great city to begin his career in the world.

We talk till it is very late, and I bid the young man good night, after he has given me his promise that he will stay at home two years longer, at least, and endeavor to find reward for his energies in the quiet pursuit of the farm, and answers to his ambition in the opportunities which open to intelligence and enterprise among rural people.

Why did I insist upon that promise? The individuality which belongs to city society has a commercial value and an intellectual importance, but its manifestations are painful to the sensitive spirit which reaches after support or sympathy. From the city, not from the country, indeed, comes the saying, "This is a hard world."

There is a community of interest and regard among country people, which can be found only about cities in isolated cases or in reference to a crowning, absorbing movement—the career of great public benefactor, or the evil machinations of a grand rogue.

The tenderness and susceptibility of human nature is very much modified by circumstances—virtues, too, change with localities, or, at least, their practical requirements. When we contrast the rush and roar of city life—the eager grasping—the narrowing of sympathies, with the comfort in quiet—the large-heartedness, the generous spirit, and benevolent activity of country society, it is not a difficult question whether the increased intellectual and business advantages of crowded markets, are a remuneration for the bitter-tempting, delicate consistency, plainer principle, and firmer honesty, which the natural bond of brotherhood (mutual interest) secured in little communities. Men whose life-employment is nervous activity, and appropriate spheres in cities, but if any man has his pleasure in an atmosphere which calms his rougher and elevates his tender emotions, let him cast his lot far away from the smoke and stir, the care and trial which blend themselves necessarily with a life that is all strife, as life in a great city must be for him who is not content to be a cipher.

It is quite common for young men in villages and on farms, to long for an opportunity to visit the city. It is a natural desire and they should gratify it; for travel and contact with men, educate available; but unless young men know that they have strength for heated combats against great odds, we advise them to be visitors to, not denizens of the city. If a young man has not strength to stand his own, he is not fit in small circles of society, as in large ones; and, indeed, if he possesses superior, he can sooner make himself felt where there is least competition, and where he is widest known comparatively.

There are increased opportunities of advancement in large communities, to be sure, but there are also multitudes of competitors, and the preponderance of competition over the opportunities is such, if we have observed correctly, that young men of ability are more likely to gain positions where a state or nation observes them, from the rural districts, than they are from the chief cities of any part of our country. When once a bold prominence is gained, it may not be lost in a transfer of individuality from country to city, but yet it must never be forgotten that many men who occupied a space in public eye, when they were county leaders, having aspired to be greater and removed to a city, have been absorbed—lost—forgotten.—The Home Magazine.

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS JEFF DAVIS. Artemus Ward says he has been to see Jeff Davis about making "peas" (on being ashered into the "orgus" presence, the following conversation ensued: "I come, sez I, on a mission of peas. Your Copperhead friends in the North will soon cease to exist, of things can't be arranged to prohibit the Unionists from tearing the Constitution."

"What terms do you offer?" queried Jeff. "Wall," sez I, "I air instructed by the Copperheads (Wood & Co.) to propose anything which will most disgrace the North. You can take your niggers, a.d. over creation, includin' Jarsey."

"Would that be Constitution?" asked J. D., with a sly twinkle ov his eyes. "Oh," sez I, "it's a matter of no difference how much your chaps break that artikkel to sever the Union, so the Republicans are stopt from doin' the same to keep the sed Union together. That's what your North-ern chums want to see done."

"Wall," says the Confed Pres, "if your gov'ment will let us secess and will pay all our debts, and give us Brute Butler to hang, we might come to terms."

"Is that nothin' else you could wish?" "Wal, yes—give us all the territories." "Nothin' else?" "Throw in 2 or 3 free States—New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, furinstans."

"Nothin' else?" "Yes—in footer we must have all we ask."

"J. Davis, sez I, 'I have no doubt your friends in the North would make all these secessions, still more too; but it has just occurred to me that was nothin' said to Old Abe about it but I left Washington. Shoold's wonder if he'd object to the plan game. But your Democ'rat friends air doing all they kin for you."

"I know," sez J. D., "and that's what keeps our spirits up. We air waitin' for 'em to get in power, and then air expect to get all we ask. And yet, us chivalry considered 'em the contemptible set of dirt-cats inwards in the North. We cood buy 'em all for a Confed amiplaster."

THE YOUNG PATRIOT. "Zaccheus Wilson was found on the flank of the British army under Cornwallis, with his rifle, endeavoring to diminish his majesty's losses. He was immediately taken to the head of the column, and charnelised by Cornwallis, who took the boy along with him on his march to the Catawba, and show him the best ford. Arriving at the river, the head of the army entered at the point designated by the lad, but the soldiers had so severely gone half across, before they found themselves in deep water—and drawn by a rapid current down the stream. Believing that the boy, on whom he had relied, to show him the best ford, had purposely brought him to a deep one, in order to embarrass his march, the general—his sword and flourishing it over him—said he would cut off his head for his treachery. Zaccheus replied, that he had the power to do so, as he had no arms, and was his prisoner; but air," said he, "don't you think it would be a cowardly act for you to strike an unarmed boy with your sword? If I had but the half of your weapon, it would not be so cowardly; but then you know it would not be so safe!"

Struck by the lad's cool courage, the general became calmer—told him he was a fine fellow, and that he would not hurt a hair of his head. Having discovered that the ford was shallow enough by bearing up in safety, and proceeded toward Winshorn. On this march, Cornwallis dismissed Zaccheus, telling him to go home and take care of his mother, and to tell her to keep her boys at home.

THE DEVOTED SON. In the first battle in the South, Captain Messer was made prisoner; and was sentenced to be hanged the day after the battle. His wife, informed of his intended fate, hastened to him with her little son, a lad ten years old. She pleaded for her husband's life in vain. Messer was led to execution while his wife lay weeping upon the ground, her boy at her side. Just as Messer was to be drawn up, the boy went to General Tryon and said, "Sir, hang me, and let my father live."

"Who told you to say that?" said the governor. "Nobody," replied the lord. "And why," said the governor, "do you ask that?"

"Because," the boy replied, "if you hang my father, my mother will die, and the children will perish." The heart of the governor was touched, "Your father shall not be hanged to-day," was his reply, and Messer was offered his liberty under conditions with which he attempted to comply.

HIS LAST WORDS. It has long been observed by medical writers, that death is frequently preceded by insanity. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago, in a Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate; his relations grounded their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be well to premise that the presiding Judge was not only convivial, but also gallant.

"What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney. The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down replied:—"I don't recall them."

"But, indeed, you must, ma'am. Your claim must be decided by it." Still the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

"He said kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne." We do not know whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the Judge at that instant, but he at once cried, with all the enthusiasm of conviction—"Sensible to the last!" and gave a verdict in her favor at once.

The Cincinnati Morning Herald has achieved this remarkable local item: As a gentleman was passing a place where some boys were playing marbles, one of them, in shooting his marble cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and stumbled against a lady, also passing, precipitating her, along with himself, upon a large hog, who was examining the gutter geologically for debris. The hog, frightened out of his propriety, bolted off, and ran between the legs of another gentleman, who, in falling, drew the string of the kite from the hands of a boy. The kite of course fell, and in falling frightened a span of horses attached to a wagon in an alley near by. The horses ran down the alley. A man building a fire in a carpenter shop, by which they passed, started up to see what was the matter, and in doing so dropped his lighted match among the shavings. A fire was the consequence.—The engines assembled, and, in the hurry consequent upon the alarm, a man fell in the track of one of them, and had his arm broken, which ended this budget of accidents for the day. Query—Is the boy who shot the marble responsible for all the consequent damages?

The sun flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water in a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales, in a hundred and seventy-two days, about one hundred thousand grains of water. An acre of growing wheat on this calculation, drains and passes out about ten tons of water.

The following is the latest story about Grant:—"In the third day's fight of the recent engagements in Virginia, Gen. Grant turned to Gen. Meade and said: 'Well, Meade, if they are going to make a Kilkeney cat affair of this, all I have to say is, our cat has got the longest tail.'"

At the battle of Fort Mifflin, in our Revolutionary war, a soldier who performed all the duties of a private in the ranks and a general in the eyes of his comrades, the power of a general, who, in the event of the death of President Lincoln would have been the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. This consciousness he is willing to sacrifice in the position of a common soldier, and share with them in their meagre pay, his own tin dipper, and make a mess with his rucks. This is the position of the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United States and private in Co. A of the State Guard of Bangor. Some of the best of the beauties of Republicanism, but it requires still more men in Hamlin, than to display the most beautiful features of the simplicity of our institutions.—Portsmouth Journal.

CAN'T BE SEEN OFF.—Grant maintains his grip on the throat of the Rebel lion at Richmond with the relentless tenacity of a bull-dog with its blood fully up. Many of our readers may have seen such a dog when fairly infuriated, and noticed how nothing could shake off or knock the teeth he held. There is a story told of a bull-dog, which having strayed from his first master's house, was first nearly beaten to death, then he got out of it, and then he was a dog, but he was actually saved from his fate, but he was not even in danger of the same. The law relax. Grant's grip is such, and will hold fast. The Rebels may as well try to get a kick from the dog's face, and under his terrible paw, the Rebellion will faint and fall.—Portsmouth Journal.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in early, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

"I wonder where they are going to?" sighed Flora peevishly, as she pointed with her finger to the baggy shapes that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her mother.

In a criminal court, the witness, dissatisfied with his want of success with an Irish witness, complained to the court. Paddy replied, "Sure, an' I'm no lawyer, yer honor, and the spalpeen only wants to puzzle me." "Come now, do you mean that you are no lawyer?" said the official. "This an' I do; and you may swear the same about yourself, too, without fear of perjury."

We have been pained in yesterday of a safe remedy for the fifty years of a quinine, and we give it to our readers with the satisfaction of knowing that it is good on them, in this case, a hundred times twice the price of the substitution. The remedy is simply, "What's the matter? and play the game!" A friend who has tried it, assures us that it is good.

Our Democratic friends are filled with bitter complaints about the "business of the press." What remedy have they that they dare not publish? Do they desire to preach a more bold treason than they now hold forth? If they print can be said by a man, whose name is "abridged," what would be said by an unshackled press?

A Hartford fisherman, who had the other day (during the absence of the Connecticut river) was told by a "Low," said the fisherman, "that you'd think so if you'd seen me yesterday." "What was the matter?" questioned. "Why, he said he'd seen a couple of suckers hanging a neck over the bar."

A day, was that the best of a very tough tree, but his arm was broken some time with but very little pain. A storm occurred, and the tree was blown down, and the splinters near him. "Bress de Lord!" exclaimed "dar's well done." "You see, the next—guess you get your money's worth."

As two women were walking together, one of them said to the other he was carrying. "He was carrying when the other boy asked her to go on so." "Cause," said the mother, "I'll tell you, I'm a mother will whip me for carrying a child." "What!" said the other, "I'm a grandmother living at your age was the reply. "Well, I'll break two eggs, and see what comes of it."

At the battle of Fort Mifflin, in our Revolutionary war, a soldier who performed all the duties of a private in the ranks and a general in the eyes of his comrades, the power of a general, who, in the event of the death of President Lincoln would have been the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. This consciousness he is willing to sacrifice in the position of a common soldier, and share with them in their meagre pay, his own tin dipper, and make a mess with his rucks. This is the position of the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United States and private in Co. A of the State Guard of Bangor. Some of the best of the beauties of Republicanism, but it requires still more men in Hamlin, than to display the most beautiful features of the simplicity of our institutions.—Portsmouth Journal.

CAN'T BE SEEN OFF.—Grant maintains his grip on the throat of the Rebel lion at Richmond with the relentless tenacity of a bull-dog with its blood fully up. Many of our readers may have seen such a dog when fairly infuriated, and noticed how nothing could shake off or knock the teeth he held. There is a story told of a bull-dog, which having strayed from his first master's house, was first nearly beaten to death, then he got out of it, and then he was a dog, but he was actually saved from his fate, but he was not even in danger of the same. The law relax. Grant's grip is such, and will hold fast. The Rebels may as well try to get a kick from the dog's face, and under his terrible paw, the Rebellion will faint and fall.—Portsmouth Journal.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in early, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

"I wonder where they are going to?" sighed Flora peevishly, as she pointed with her finger to the baggy shapes that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her mother.

In a criminal court, the witness, dissatisfied with his want of success with an Irish witness, complained to the court. Paddy replied, "Sure, an' I'm no lawyer, yer honor, and the spalpeen only wants to puzzle me." "Come now, do you mean that you are no lawyer?" said the official. "This an' I do; and you may swear the same about yourself, too, without fear of perjury."

We have been pained in yesterday of a safe remedy for the fifty years of a quinine, and we give it to our readers with the satisfaction of knowing that it is good on them, in this case, a hundred times twice the price of the substitution. The remedy is simply, "What's the matter? and play the game!" A friend who has tried it, assures us that it is good.

Our Democratic friends are filled with bitter complaints about the "business of the press." What remedy have they that they dare not publish? Do they desire to preach a more bold treason than they now hold forth? If they print can be said by a man, whose name is "abridged," what would be said by an unshackled press?

A Hartford fisherman, who had the other day (during the absence of the Connecticut river) was told by a "Low," said the fisherman, "that you'd think so if you'd seen me yesterday." "What was the matter?" questioned. "Why, he said he'd seen a couple of suckers hanging a neck over the bar."

A day, was that the best of a very tough tree, but his arm was broken some time with but very little pain. A storm occurred, and the tree was blown down, and the splinters near him. "Bress de Lord!" exclaimed "dar's well done." "You see, the next—guess you get your money's worth."

As two women were walking together, one of them said to the other he was carrying. "He was carrying when the other boy asked her to go on so." "Cause," said the mother, "I'll tell you, I'm a mother will whip me for carrying a child." "What!" said the other, "I'm a grandmother living at your age was the reply. "Well, I'll break two eggs, and see what comes of it."

The following is the latest story about Grant:—"In the third day's fight of the recent engagements in Virginia, Gen. Grant turned to Gen. Meade and said: 'Well, Meade, if they are going to make a Kilkeney cat affair of this, all I have to say is, our cat has got the longest tail.'"

Richard Somers, the subject of the present issue, is one of the bravest and noblest spirits of our age...

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Mr. LINCOLN.—Unless, therefore, there should be some defeat of the plans of Government so complete as to prove a hopeless incapacity in the present administration of the Government within the next three months, the prospect of Mr. Lincoln's reelection are all that the most perfect unanimity of the powerful body represented in the Baltimore Convention can secure.

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYING.—A good story is told of two raftsmen, which occurred during the late big blow on the Mississippi...

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