

South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 8.-NO. 8.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

2.00 PER YEAR

Special Notice.

THE TERMS of subscription to the REPUBLICAN will hereafter be as follows:
\$2.00 a year, in advance,
\$1.00 if paid during first six months,
\$1.50 if paid after six months.
The paper will be stopped at the end of the time paid for, unless ordered. Otherwise it will be sent till an order to discontinue it is received, and all arrears paid, according to law.
POTTER & COBDEY, Proprietors
J. E. COBDEY, Editor.

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D. S. BASH, M. D.
Physician
This office was recently removed to this address.
Hammonton, N. J.
Office in in-door patients received.
43-8-83

THOMAS GLASS,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, PAPER HANGING AND GLEANING.
Orders or letters left with Mr. G. Valentine, Wheelwright, Hammonton, will be promptly attended to.
29-8-13

J. L. HOWELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
103 Plum Street,
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Prompt collections made in all parts of the State

M. D. & J. W. DEPUY,
Dealers in
GENERAL HARDWARE AND WHEEL-
WRIGHT SUPPLIES.
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BOOTS & SHOES, FLOUR & FEED, &c., &c.
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PLASTERER & BRICKLAYER.
Particular attention given to setting
Ranges, Boilers, Heaters, Ovens, &c. All letters
sent to my address, or orders left at my residence
will be promptly answered.
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TAILORING DONE,
AT THE NEW BRICK STORE.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. An assortment
of Tailor's Trimmings kept constantly in
hand.
29-8-13 Hammonton, New Jersey.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS & OILS.
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Over Paeker's Saloon,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW & MASTER IN CHAN-
CERY.
May's Landing, New Jersey.

E. SCHWINGENBERG,
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
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HENRY W. SCOTT,
Manager and Attorney.

E. C. SOOY,
Special Agt. for Atlantic Co.
7-12-13.

Roofing
Three Ply Felt Roofing

Unites the best Water proof Composition with
the best Water proof Felt in the best manner,
and at the lowest price to the consumer.
There is, 1st, a foundation of Tarred Felt; 2d,
a layer of water proof composition; 3d, another
layer of Felt; 4th, another layer of Composition;
5th, another Felt.
Send for Circulars and Samples.

As an Inducement,
We offer to the first purchaser in each place 1-
000 square feet of the Three Ply Felt, with
the necessary coating, for Thirty Dollars.

PATENT ROOF PAINT
This Paint is composed of gums, oils, and re-
sinous substances, combined with distilled tur-
pentine and other known ingredients. It contains no mineral
pigment, and is prepared ready for use, about
the consistency of ordinary mixed paints. It
is not only long lasting, but is also very durable.
County rights for sale.

For Circulars and all particulars, Address
MICA ROOFING COMPANY
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Administrator's Notice to Creditors.

Alonzo Potter, administrator with the will annexed of Nancy Sutherland, deceased, by direction of the Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, hereby gives notice to the creditors of said Nancy Sutherland to bring in their debts, demands and claims against the estate of said deceased under and under administration within six months or they will be forever barred of any action therefor against the said administrator.
ALONZO POTTER, Adm'r. &c.
Dated: May 17, 1870. 42-51.

FAIR FOR SALE.

140 Acres, consisting of 35 acres of IMPROVED LAND, considerable quantity of trucking, Good Young Orchard, Good House and Barn about 20 acres of good

Craberry Land, partly cleared, the balance WOODLAND. Situated at Point Breeze, Five miles from Pennock Station, on Camden & Atlantic Railroad; one mile Mullica River. Will sell the whole or a part. CHEAP! TERMS EASY. For particulars apply to

S. H. CAVILLE, Port Republic, Atlantic Co., N. J.

CONTINENTAL LIFE Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK

ANNUAL STATEMENT
January 1, 1870.

No. of Policies issued in 1869, 8,778
Amount Insured in 1869, \$21,246,000
Whole No. of Policies issued by the Company up to April 30th, 25,000

OFFICES, CONTINENTAL BUILDING,
Nos. 22 & 26 NASSAU ST. COR.
NEW YORK.

President, TUB LAWRENCE,
Secretary, V. B. WYNKOOP,
S. C. CHANDLER, Jr.

James H. Colgate, of Trevor & Colgate, Bankers,
Chauncey M. DePue, (late Secretary of State),
James Lawrence, President,
Hilton Scribner, 135 Broadway,
R. Ward, Dogart, of O. M. Dogart & Co. Bakers
M. E. Wynkoop, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck,
Ber. Henry C. Fish, D. D., Newark, New Jersey
Louis B. Post, New York.

Joseph T. Sanger, Merchant, No. 45 Liberty St.
INCOME 1869.
Annual Premiums, \$1,828,759.20
Interest, 19,192.40
Bonds and Mortgages, \$4,149.99
Rents, 15,551.00
Accrued Interest, 15,551.00
\$1,949,153.59

DISBURSEMENTS.
Paid claims by death as per list, \$184,250.00
Paid for Dividends, 1,175,055.00
Returned Premiums, 151,494.97
And Annuities, 169,702.67
Paid for Salaries, Taxes, Office Expenses, Stationery, &c., 169,702.67
Paid to Commissions, 195,039.09
Medical Fees &c., 195,039.09
\$680,486.73

ASSETS
Cash in Banks and in Company's Office, \$160,710.86
United States Bonds, 118,250.00
Bonds and Mortgages, 25,009.99
Premiums on Loans Secured, 1,175,055.00
(The actual value of the Policies now in force is about \$2,250,000)

Loans on Stock, 74,175.41
Deferred Premiums, 80,000.00
Semi-Annual Premiums, 74,750.00
Quarterly Premiums, 80,008.21
Real Estate in New York, 294,750.00
Premiums at Agencies, and Office Expenses, in course of collection, 520,019.35
Accrued Interest and Sundry Securities, 49,235.33
Total, \$3,500,153.80

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A few facts concerning South Jersey.

Mr. Editor.—Whereas numbers of my friends and acquaintances in the Lower Provinces of British America are often asking me to give them information respecting the part of New Jersey in which I reside, and finding it difficult to write a whole sheet of paper for every occasion, I propose to ask you to publish the following letter in your journal, and whilst it is yet in type, to strike me off about 50 to 100 copies of the same, which if you will kindly consent to do, will save me much labour and aid me in my efforts in bringing to this place a class of residents, who will themselves be benefited by the change, and in return I trust confer a benefit on the country of their adoption.

When I came to this country, being in the winter season, the general aspect of the land had to me such a sandy and barren appearance, it was a long time before I could convince myself that the soil was good for anything; soils of the same general appearance being really good for nothing in the north British Provinces from which I came. After a few months had run their course, however, after the general spring (which sets in here early in the month of March) had dispersed the chilling frosts of winter which are never very severe in this country, I found that the soil with all its sandy appearance was good for something; that in fact it very readily responded to a moderate share of cultivation and manuring; that everything had a very rapid growth, far beyond what I had witnessed in countries further north with a heavier soil and apparently much more fertile.

As already stated the soil here very readily responds to a fair amount of cultivation and fertilizing. It requires a little manure often, but not more in the aggregate than would be required in a clayey, heavy soil, to produce a good crop. And let it be always borne in mind that less than one half the labor necessary in working a heavy soil is sufficient here to make it yield successfully. One horse will till as much land in this place, as could possibly be accomplished in a different kind of soil with a pair of horses.

The land in South Jersey is principally adapted for fruit growing purposes, and in average good years more can be made from the soil in growing fruit than in any other way; yet it is highly adapted for farming purposes. With a considerable degree of culture and fertilizing it can grow very good wheat; a first quality rye, good corn at all seasons, potatoes of all varieties. As for sweet potatoes both in quantity and quality, I should think they were unsurpassed the world over; the nature of the soil being such as to produce them dry and nutritious even as flour itself. In rare instances 300 bushels have been produced to the acre; and from 150 to 200 bushels can generally be obtained.

Clover readily takes root in this soil. New land in its first year's tillage, by putting upon it from 20 to 30 bushels of lime per acre, will grow good clover with rye or any other grain. And this is the way in which large portions of farms in this place ought to be disposed of; because in the absence of sufficiency of other manures, the land by this method would soon fertilize itself. In this more genial climate vegetable matters ploughed down decompose in far less time than in countries farther north.

In our North British Provinces green sod must be ploughed down the year before, in order that the first crop may get the benefit of it, but here decomposition is so quick that it is sufficient to plough sod land, at the time of sowing the crop, and the full benefit derived therefrom is quite available for that crop.

Hitherto settlers in this region have given their chief attention to the cultivation of fruit, but although some years the profits realized in this way are greater than could otherwise be obtained, yet as a permanent thing, taking one year with another, it is thought that by laying out a larger portion of small farms in grass and clover, which would enable the farmer to keep more stock, would in the long run remunerate even better than the method first spoken of. The healthfulness of our climate in South Jersey is scarcely to be excelled anywhere. Having abundance of clear, pure water to drink, and a pure bracing air to breathe, and extreme of temperature being far less than in many other places, the mercury in winter very rarely going down to zero, and not being better here in summer than it is in the month of August in more northern countries, all these circumstances combine largely to make this place healthy. Chills and fever in this central or inland part of South Jersey are scarcely known. Epidemics of any kind are scarcely known; and if brought here exist but a short time. Many cases of persons far gone in consumption have been cured here. Very aggravated and long-standing cases of asthma have been thoroughly cured. Sufferings from rheumatism have been greatly alleviated. Chronic dyspepsia has been cured time and again without number. For years before I came to this country I suffered considerably from the complaint. I had also weak lungs, which caused me to cough almost incessantly during the winter months; but now I can safely and candidly state that I have been cured of both. The improvement brought about in my health has by no means been accomplished by medicine alone, but by a pure and bracing air, by using freely the different fruits in their season; by vegetable diet, and other hygienic measures, I can give my health has been restored. Feeling grateful then to the land of my adoption for the many benefits it has conferred upon

me; and desiring that many others whom it might suit to emigrate to this part of the world might be equally benefited. I have adopted this plan of giving publicity to these candid and honest sentiments. Candid and honest I wish to be, for I would be sorry to mislead any person by publishing and holding inducements to individuals, which they were not likely to realize after coming here. I will therefore briefly state the classes of persons whom I consider would be chiefly benefited by coming to this place.

First of all, I would not advise poor men who are dependent on their daily labour to come here. I consider the openings in new and western countries where rich lands in large quantities, and almost for nothing can be obtained are preferable for such persons; and even for carpenters, masons, &c. I think there are other parts of the States where they would be likely to get more permanent employment than here; although I think the time is not far distant, when factories and public works of various kinds will give employment to a large number of tradesmen. And there is this to be said, that we are in the immediate neighborhood of Philadelphia and other cities where labor is always required.

The class of persons whom I consider would be chiefly benefited by coming here, are:—1. Those of some means who could bring some money with them, from \$2,000 to \$4,000 in hand; or a yearly income equal to the interest of that. This would be sufficient to purchase a comfortable home for them, and a little industry, knowledge and tact in fruit growing and farming on a small scale would ensure them comfort and competency. 2. Persons not enjoying very good health where they live and would wish to improve it. 3. Persons who would regard their health rather than their wealth. 4. Persons who would rather live quiet easy lives with a competency, rather than toil some, hazardous lives with the chances of breaking ones health or making a fortune.

Fruit growing and farming on a small scale almost requiring constant attention have nothing in them of the same toil and labor that is required in newly opened up countries to clear up land and farm on a large scale. But I must not forget here that it may so happen in this place when fruits turn out favorably, not too plenty nor too scarce, which medium I consider is most likely to realize a good market price; that many persons have made and still may make little fortunes. There are many things to be had in the inland parts of South Jersey which cannot fail to make this place very congenial to the ways and habits of a large number of persons. The climate may be said to be almost temperate all the year round. Not only that the winters are never very severe, but there are other circumstances in connection with this region which ensure dryness of atmosphere, more genial weather and sunshine all the year round, than is to be found in many other countries. The land being of a sandy nature is very absorbent, so that let it rain all night or all day, or even for days and nights together, wet and moisture soon disappear. Mud and muddy roads are unknown in this region, although they often prevail on the outskirts of the State and along the Delaware, which causes chills and fever to prevail at certain seasons of the year in those localities. What a rich boon is this of itself to be free from muddy roads spring and autumn which are so prevalent in other parts of the world.

Snowstorms are never very severe or of long duration in these parts, and the weather generally is not so cold in winter, but almost every kind of labor can be carried on; not excepting even tilling and ploughing the soil. As a general thing whatever snow falls at night is melted away by the warmth of the sun before mid-day. Of sunshine we have a great deal here even in the winter season, and the rays of the sun falling on the soil which is sandy, soon causes a very genial warmth to arise. How agreeable must all this be to persons who appreciate mild weather in winter. Persons, for instance, fond of gardening. Early as the very beginning of March, they may make their hot beds, not with a view, as in many other places, of the seed lying dormant for a month or more, but with a hope of its almost immediately taking root and growing rapidly, and gardening of every description soon follows. And then persons have a long summer of open weather before them (which although pretty hot at times is not more so than is to be found in more northern latitudes in the month of August). This enables a gardener not only to produce his crop, but two if desirable.

And then of all places in the world this is the quietest and most peaceable. Although persons here, differ considerably both in religion and politics, yet there is this one thing peculiar, that one man so far recognizes the civil rights of another, that each may quietly sit under his own vine and fig tree, none having the power to make him afraid. Although far porous in this region now fence their farms or even their gardens, it is a rare occurrence that fruit or anything else is carried away. I could identify in many instances peaches and peaches on trees along the very pathway, and allowed to come to maturity, then to be safely gathered by their owner.

The localities concerning which I now wish more particularly to give information are Hammonton and Waterford. These districts are along the tract of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. Waterford, a village of about 500 inhabitants, is 21 miles south from Philadelphia—has 1000 acres of cheap and good land in the vicinity which can be purchased at low prices and on very reasonable terms. There are some very good farms, as well as wild land for sale. Business men by purchasing cheap years

ly tickets from the railroad company, can reside here and by morning and evening trains attend business in Philadelphia.

Hammonton, which is 29 miles south of Philadelphia contains from 3,000 to 4,000 inhabitants in a compact township. This place abounds with neat cottages and well laid out streets, in many places beautifully ornamented with trees along the sidewalks. There are quite a number of eligible residences with small farms from 10 to 20 acres for sale throughout the Hammonton tract. There could be bought on reasonable terms to suit almost every variety of purchaser. Bob Hammonton and Waterford from their healthfulness and nearness to one of the principal cities in the States are destined ere long to become thickly settled. Persons can find good society in both the above places, and churches, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist, are represented at both places.

I am yours very truly,
W. STEWART,
Minister of the Episcopal Church at Hammonton and Waterford.

Remembrances.
GOING BACK AGAIN.
Desecrated by a railroad entering the village close by the identical stream where I used to catch minnows with a pin-hook—now houses and faces at the station—not the old houses with their steep roofs, but new-fashioned ones, with piazzas round them; I am on the sunny side of the canal, and have kept the blinds down full now, but something tells me we are nearing the village of boyhood, and as we flow, I raise the blind. There's the same turn in the road, I remember that; but how small the old church looks with its open belfry! Can that be the same belfry where the swallows nested, and where we used to try and throw stones? It looks as though one might toss a stone there now. And there, in the distance, is the old house; even that looks small. And there's the hill we used to slide down in the winter-time, always warned to be careful: I wonder how a boy's sled could go down such a hill, tho' perhaps it has been graded. But the whistle sounds, and I am whirled by all the old familiar places, and go on dreaming of the boyhood's days passed away forever.

We have crossed a new bridge over the river, and that river divides my childhood from my manhood.

There are church spires in the distance, and I shade my eyes from the glistening steeples. We are passing along roads lined with elms; twenty minutes only, since I left my boyhood's home, and now standing on the very pavements where in the former days, all my manhood burst upon me.

I must stop here awhile; there is something sacred there. As I go up the street a home feeling comes over me. I seem to know every one I meet, and yet know no one; they are all strange faces, and yet are the type of the former time. I think I know where they are going—down to the office yonder for letters. I draw my hat closer over my eyes; there is a struggle coming soon. I pass an alley-way leading from the street, and look up to an old familiar window, but some one has put up a tall building in the rear, and the window is shut out. I am not sorry for it. The struggle is put off a little time, and the great sorrow lifted for a moment, but only to come thicker and darker as I turned the corner; and the old green, with its churches and its trees, bursts on me. I must stop here—here in front of the house which I could not see from the alley-way. I wish it was night, that I might go up and kneel on those steps, and be left there a little while alone. It was just there, between those two windows, that we stood, she beautiful in her innocence, and I strong in my manhood. Even now can I see the man of God taking one step forward, joining our hands and saying: "Those whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." I remember the beautiful roses in her head-dress, but visions come to me of stiff, cold japonicas laid round her pale face in the winter time.

I go to my old boarding-place. I put my feet against the window-pane and strive to forget; but how can I, while the same chapel-bell yonder is ringing hurriedly, and the same students rushing across the green. I am just in thought when some one touches me on the arm. "Do you wish dinner sir?" I ought to know that voice, but that that gray hair. I tell him I will wait for tea. He turns to go, but I call him back. He recognizes me; he talks of old times. He is the man who used to make the fires in the house, but he has a heart. He asks about my wife, and I tell him about the jaunt, and the old man goes away sorrowful because he can give no comfort. I remember him afterwards as the one friend left to me in the city where aloneness I knew so many.

I am hurried along again in the train and I feel that I am alone in the world. The spring-time has been, and the summer, and now to me all is cold, dreary winter-time; and yet the spring-time of nature is once more bursting on me. The buds are all shaken on the trees of which we have picked the fruit last summer. I have taken on the straw of the roses in front of the house—she saw them covered in the fall-time—and though the same flowers may bloom, there is no freshness and beauty, yet other hands shall tend them. The same seed the gardener will soon be planted, but she will not see their blooming. Yet, why should I sorrow for the future? She died with flowers in her hand, and looking on the flower cross hung upon her foot-board—

gazing on that with her sun eyes of love—the told us of visions of beautiful flowers in the land whither she was hastening, when there was neither summer nor winter, day nor night, but all things were illumined by the effulgent glory of God.

We have a vault in the city, deep down under the ground, where coffins are laid on shelves like merchandise. And here, in the country, we have a beautiful grave-yard, where the grass grows green and the birds sing in the summer time. So, because she loved flowers, we buried her here in the country; and in a few days, now, I shall take my little girls up, and they will plant roses there, "because mother loved them," and because she died folding her hands so peacefully, and looking on the flower-cross.

THE DOG, THE SEXTON, AND THE DRIVE.
I have just come from there. The grass is beginning to look green, and the old sexton was sodding the new graves made in the winter-time. No one went with me—only the dog she used to love, the same one she brought up in the care with her, the same one that we called away from her door the night before the japonicas were laid about her.

The poor dog had never been up to the cemetery before; but when I opened the iron gate, and went into the inclosure, he came close in behind, and as I stood by the earth mound and raised my hat, he lay "close down," and knew as well as I did what the long heap of earth meant, and with his head between his paws, perhaps he thought of all the kindness of his old mistress, and all the many times his rough head had been patted with soft hands, and all the gentle words that had been spoken to him.

"Soft hands shall no more stroke you, my faithful Watch; her gentle voice will no more call you from the river in the summer-time, as it was wont to do when you swam so far away with the stick the little children threw you. Poor dog! you and I are getting old together."

I kneel down. Watch comes nearer to me—he looks up in my face. I know what he would say, if he could: "We, who are left, will be faithful to one another—you and I, and the little children."

I meet the old sexton down by the gate yonder, and he tells me it is hardly time to put the sods on yet. He is waiting for the grass to grow a little more. He wants green sods for young graves. The old man says something about putting down the tombstones, but the words seem harsh to me. He talks of it, as a business thing. All my heart comes up in my throat. I leave the old man, and Watch and I go home together.

The house-blinds are all open again—they were shut tight only a few days ago—but no gay, pleasant voice welcomes us on the door-sill, as it used to do in former time. Inside there is a strange smell, as if the painter had been there. There is a little room at the end of the hall, but they keep the door shut, because the strange smell seems to come stronger when it is open.

I have come up early from the city to-day. The little children are delighted because there is a carriage and two white horses in front of the gate. They are going out to see where mamma is, and to take the rose-bushes. We go up together. Every thing is done in silence; but when the roses are all planted, a child's face looks up to mine and says: "Papa, I know whose grave this is; it is mamma's. But whose grave is that with the tall tower on it over there?" I tell her that it is some one else's grave, and ask her: "Where is mamma?" A little while she looks on the earth-mound; then, glancing upward, points with her hand, and says: "Mamma is in the sky, papa."

The little girls and I go away together, and they are glad to see the horses and carriage again; and while I am filled with sorrow, they, in their pure young girlhood, are trying to settle between them whether the horses are gray horses or white; and whether, if they asked papa, he would take them a longer drive, down under the aqueduct, and along the stream where the mill-wheels are all the while making such a pleasant noise. So we go down there, and see the same wheels going round that the old man saw last summer, and the same great mass of foam snuggling itself up close by the mill.

The little children are glad to see the white foam breaking away and dancing down along the ripples; but to me, older than they, it brings sad meaning—it looks like the snow white shroud they wrapped her in; and the little flakes floating down look like the white japonicas I have told you about.

A vision comes to me now. Though I see it not, yet a gentle hand is laid upon my shoulder, and a voice comes comforting me: "She whom thou lovest is even now walking close by that river which flows by the throne of God."

And I feel calmer and better for what the voice has told me; but the memory of the prayer I once offered comes back to me, and I repeat it over.

The little children come away from the carriage window and sit down by me, and I tell them what I once asked for mamma, long ago, before they were born.

Life's sun light is bright to the soul of my youth, but dead as a thing in the way.
And as time hurries on (I seem to be true)
The sun-light will fade, but the shadows will stay.

But I know what has promised to answer the prayer of the little ones, for the sake of The Dog, who has kept a corner of my heart, and I dare to think that it is mercy. These will grant me this too?

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The sun-light will fade, but the shadows will stay.

Advertisements.

The circulation of this paper is larger than the usual circulation of any paper in Atlantic County, and is a guarantee of its value to advertisers. All bills for transient advertising, will be paid upon the first insertion, when they may be promptly paid. Advertisements must be handed in by Thursday evening to insure insertion the same week.

Then spare her, oh! spare her—
Bow me to the dust beneath the stroke of your rod.
But from sorrow and grief, for sake of The Dog, Preserve her, the gentle one, merciful God!

There are shadows in the carriage, and the little children don't look any more out at the window; but they keep close by me, till we three go together into the house, hand-in-hand. Then we see glimpses of sunshine coming in at the western window and playing on the parlor floor; and my heart is strengthened, because the little girl tells me all is bright sunlight where mamma is.

III.
SHADOWS—TAKING THE DEED—TWILIGHT.
Yes, my little girl, all may be "bright where mamma is;" but when the warm sun comes and makes every thing grow so beautifully, there will be shadows cast by long, rank grass on mamma's grave, and there will be shadows on her vacant chair in the evening-time.

I look out again at the western window, and watch the sloops gliding so pleasantly along; but now and then, when I see one coming down on the other side, and hovering under the great Palisades yonder, she seems freighted with shadows, and to be sailing there only to remind me how little way apart are the shadows and sunlight of life. Yet I remember that "clouds have a silver lining;" and when the little voice says: "Papa, see what a beautiful sail!" the shadow is lifted, and the silver lining comes; for the face upturned to mine seems dancing in the sun-light.

The children thought mamma had only gone away for a little while, and would come back again. Their voices sounded out as happy as in the former time. They played with the same little girls, told over the same stories mamma taught them, and seemed to wait for her coming; but now, since they have been up to plant the rose bushes, they know what the great pile of earth means, and the white stones with the black letters on them; and the two voices spilling it out tell me: "That was mamma's name, and some day we will go and see her, but she will

The Maiden's Choice. A young maid, at the dawn of day, Her heart was torn by love's ray...

A Famous Toner. The history of Noxal, the famous toner, is curious. Originally one of the lazzaroni, or beggars of the quay...

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the Circuit Court of the Atlantic County, will be sold at public sale...

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed, issued out of the Circuit Court of the Atlantic County, will be sold at public sale...

AGENTS WANTED FOR FREE LOVE. ITS VOTERS, by Dr. J. B. ELLIS. The most startling book of modern times...

CHILDREN CRY FOR THEM. WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLET. A specific for all diseases of the respiratory organs or mucous membrane...

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent black or brown. It contains no poison...

THE SECOND VOLUME OF A. H. STEPHENS. Great History of the War is now ready. Agent wanted. Send for circular...

AGENTS WANTED FOR WONDERS OF THE WORLD. The Great Wonders of the World. The most interesting and valuable book ever published...

Miscellaneous. Dr. CLARK'S LONDON REMEDIES FOR SPECIAL COMPLAINTS. Dr. Clark's Incurable Strength to the aged and debilitated...

Dr. Clark's Regulator for females only, guaranteed to cure all irregularities and difficulties of Single Ladies...

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Miscellaneous. A few more Agents are wanted for one of the CHEAPEST and BEST Books in the world. Rev. W. A. BINGLEY'S NATURAL HISTORY...

Valuable House and Lot for Sale in Absecon. Situated about 75 yards from R. R. Station. Lot 100 x 100. House has just been newly painted...

Super-Phosphate of Lime, AMMONIATED FERTILIZER. A PERFECT FERTILIZER FOR ALL CROPS. BOWERS' Complete Manure...

Witberger's Flavoring Extracts. Are warranted equal to any made. They are prepared from the fruit, and will be found much better than any other flavoring extract...

IN EVERY WAY WORTHY OF ATTENTION. The great advantages we possess, as the result of a large, well-established and successful business...

STANDARD WARRANTED. BAWGH'S RAW BONE SUP. PHOSPHATE OF LIME. No fertilizer introduced to the Farmers of the Middle and Southern States has given more...

BAUGH & SONS. MANUFACTURERS. Office, No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA. Coughs, Sore Throat, etc.

DR. J. H. SIMMS, M. D. No. 707 Market Street, WILMINGTON, DEL. Philadelphia depot, Johnson, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch Street.

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New Advertisements. A SAFE, CERTAIN AND SPEEDY CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM...

As UNFAILING REMEDY for NEURALGIA. FACIAS offers a perfect cure in a single day. No form of Nervous Disease fails to yield to its wonderful power...

AGENTS WANTED FOR PALACE HOTEL. PHASES OF LONDON LIFE. By D. J. KIRBY, the well known Journalist...

MISSOURI COUNTY BONDS. We offer for sale the following list of choice securities. County, Term, Interest, Price.

THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY. Dr. Walker's California VINEGAR BITTERS. More than 500,000 copies of their testimony to their wonderful curative effects...

THEY ARE NOT A FANCY DRINK. Made of pure Wine, Whisky, Proof Spirit, and the finest liquors, spiced and sweetened to please the palate...

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PATENT. An American Ketting Machine (any) by the Mass. or N. York. No. 547

LIFE IN UTAH. MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM. By J. H. Beards, Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter. BEWARE OF YOURS OF THEIR SECRET...