

# South-Jersey Republican

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### Now I Lay Me.

Bed-time for the twittering birds,  
Mother Wren has hushed to rest;  
Bed-time for my little birds,  
Nestled closely to my breast.  
Now hush me, lowly kneeling,  
Hear the hissing tongue repeat—  
Dear old prayer of tender memory—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

With that trusting grace, and tender,  
Rosy lips petition make;  
"Pray the Lord to take my spirit,  
If I die before I wake."  
And no thought of dread comes o'er me,  
As I kiss her sweet "good-night,"—  
We're so careless of our darlings  
Till we lay them out of sight!

Once again 'tis bedtime-time;  
Little neighbors in the tree  
Hush their baby birds to slumber,  
With no thought of lowly me.  
Ah! my mother arms are empty,  
Draped in sadness all the room,  
And no whisper "Now I lay me,"  
Breaks upon the twilight gloom.

Smooth and white the little pillow;  
Undisturbed the pretty bed;  
On the table lie her playthings;  
Mute reminders of my dead.  
For no more my little treasure  
By mother's heart may keep;  
In the Heavenly Father's bosom  
I have laid her down to sleep.

Down to sleep! Ah! yearning mother,  
Murmuring and sick at heart;  
Full of joy shall be the waiting,  
Where no sorrow finds a part.  
There we'll find our garnered treasures,  
From all pain and earth-care free,  
Where no sad good-byes shall pain us  
Through a long eternity.

### Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 22, 1879.  
The infamous methods adopted by the South-  
ern Tripartite of making the South solidly  
Democratic, are having their effect in the pen-  
ding campaign. As the time for the elections  
approaches, the stalwart element appears more  
conspicuous, and the Confederates begin to  
realize that they have waked up what they call  
the bloody shirt with a vengeance. So strong  
is the apprehension aroused in all parts of the  
North that the Confederate domination would  
mean a transfer of violence and fraud to the  
North and the meretricious rule of a bulldoz-  
er's oligarchy, that the Republican party has taken  
on great strength even where it has heretofore  
been weakest. Our information is that in In-  
diana, which has been supposed to be hopelessly  
Democratic, the Republicans are making  
great inroads in the Democratic ranks, and  
promise to carry the State next year. The  
same feeling helps us in Ohio, and the Presi-  
dent has been so impressed with it that he is a  
stalwart of stalwarts now, and has a good in-  
fluence, wherever he goes on his present tour,  
against any diversion that shall favor the dom-  
inant party in Congress. In short, the Demo-  
cratic infamy in the South and its echo in Con-  
gress have consolidated the Republicans upon  
the most radical line, and upon that they will  
fight the campaign to victory all over the  
North. The more the people of the North  
know of affairs in the South the more intense  
will this sentiment of hatred for it grow, and  
many sagacious men are predicting that not  
only will the North be solidly Republican next  
year, but so overwhelmingly Republican that  
the issue of the campaign will be known long  
in advance.

I should not forget to say in this connection  
that one of the things that has disgusted the  
steady going business men of the North, is the  
passion for reparation developed by the Demo-  
crats wherever they have lately got control.  
In every Southern State which was formerly  
Republican, except Texas, the new Confederate  
rulers have openly declared for reparation, or  
scaled down the debt and cheated the creditors  
in some more indirect way. The reason for  
this course is largely supposed to be because  
the creditors are Northern men mostly, and  
this reparation is one means the rebels adopt  
for getting even with the men who conquered  
them and treated them so magnanimously.  
Even conservative men and Democrats in the  
North begin to inquire if this system of re-  
venge and wrong is to be kept up interminably,  
and before many months you will probably see  
these inquiries take such form as to seriously  
threaten the very organization of the Demo-  
cratic party. The day of real reaction against  
the Confederate domination seems to be near at  
hand.

When the plan for extending our postal and  
commercial communication with Brazil through  
Government aid was defeated last winter, many  
said it was done because the scheme was one  
of John Roach's, the eminent ship builder.—  
Those who know Mr. Roach know that he was  
unreasonably slandered, and that however  
anxious he is for a development of our foreign  
commerce that shall be strong and healthy, he  
does not desire Government aid merely for his  
own private enterprises. But even the big bear  
then invented against him is now removed. Mr.  
Roach says he does not ask Congress to do any-  
thing for any one line, and he takes himself  
out of the way, favoring Senator Blaine's plan  
for a general system of subsidies or postal con-

tracts that shall give us steamship connection  
with all the chief markets of the world. Our  
increasing supply of goods and the aggressiv-  
ness of the English monopolists demands some  
action by Congress in behalf of our trade, and  
this subject will have a good deal of attention  
this winter. MAXWELL.

### "Morley's" Letter From New York.

[FROM OUR OWN EXCLUSIVE CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, Sept. 24, 1879.

#### A GLIMPSE OF MONTREAL.

Landing at Montreal in the height of the sum-  
mer travel season, as we did, it presents at the  
depot the appearance of a bustling city. But  
this is only at the depot. As you are driven  
through the lower, or old part of the city, you  
are reminded by the narrow, lumbering, dingy  
streets of—I say it reverently—Boston. The  
Hub of the Universe, however, makes vastly  
better use of its mean, contracted streets than  
Montreal ever dreamed of, and there is an in-  
definable something in the very atmosphere  
proclaiming that American haste and hurry,  
Yankee energy and drive, and the feverish ex-  
pectation of discovering a short cut to opulence  
early next week which consumes every true  
American bosom, all are safely quarantined  
south of the St. Lawrence. Yes, Montreal is  
A SLOW TOWN.

It has but one poor, weakly little horse-car line  
—and claims 150,000 population! One railroad  
does about all its business. It is just finding  
out what parks are good for, and has lately laid  
out a serpentine carriage way to the summit of  
Mont Royal, having till now left the most mag-  
nificent park sites to the crows, meadow  
contenting itself with Victoria Square a mourn-  
ful, little, weather beaten, seven-by-nine grass  
plot, traversed by humpy gravel walks and  
tipped off at one end with a very dingy little  
bronze statue of the sweet Mother-Queen,  
perched on a very narrow, very dingy and very  
cheap looking granite pedestal. The guide  
books admonish you to visit the Victoria  
Statue, and of course you do, mindful en route  
that you come from a plain democratic land  
not given to much statue, and that a glimpse of  
royalty itself done up in bronze, in the metrop-  
olis of Her Majesty's Western Dominion, must  
be an impressive and memorable sight to Amer-  
ican eyes. And you are impressed with the  
prodigious capacity of Canada for being par-  
simonious. Why, hundreds upon hundreds of  
our towns have done better in soldiers' monu-  
ments than the chief city of Canada has for its  
Sovereign.

#### ISLAND CITY.

built upon an island over 30 miles long and 10  
miles wide, in the River St. Lawrence. The  
city has a noble water front and a fine system  
of docks. The warehouses, markets and stores  
along the water front are mostly 300 buildings,  
built of dark gray stone, which lights up hand-  
somely in the sunlight, making the view of the  
city from the south bank of the river a striking  
and beautiful picture. For two or three miles  
the wharves and building line the broad eddy-  
ing river, and back of them the ground rises  
steadily, street after street, till almost the  
whole city comes into view, while directly be-  
hind, rises the green and wooded slopes of Mont  
Royal, making a splendid background seen far  
or seen near.

Montreal is credited with deriving its name  
from this mountain, the name Mont Royal be-  
ing easily corrupted into Mont-real. From the  
summit of the mountain opens out one of the  
finest views I ever saw. At our very feet  
lay the city nestling directly under the shadow  
of the mountain, and reaching thence, with its  
numerous convents and cathedrals, down to the  
water's edge. Off to the right the white waves  
of the Lachine Rapids gleamed in the morning  
sunlight; in front, the great spans of the  
famous Victoria Bridge, beyond the country  
is read out like a map for miles and miles, till  
the weedy stretch of eight rested against the  
dim blue outlines of the Green Mountains, and  
through this glorious picture, like a band of  
molten silver, wound the wistful course of the  
broad St. Lawrence, till, in the far, far north-  
east it met the horizon's outmost rim, and the  
sky came down to kiss its glistening waves.

This inspiring picture is one of the two things  
in Montreal that are well worth seeing. The  
other is the great

#### NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

the largest church edifice in the Western World  
Architecturally the Notre Dame is grand and  
impressive. Standing beneath the organ loft  
you look upward over a hundred feet to the blue  
vaulted roof, studded and spangled with golden  
stars, and following the immense sweep of  
vision along between the double tiers of massive  
galleries, supported by great masonry columns,  
the vista closes against the chancel, whose elab-  
orate and massy designs of wood and marble  
cover the entire width of the church and ex-  
tend upward, with spire and turret and canopy,  
to the very roof.

Vast as this great piece of art is, every part  
is carved and moulded with exquisite taste,  
while through all its breadth of design runs the  
most perfect harmony of part and completeness  
of detail. Up more than half its extreme

height is a great marble, representing Our  
Savior crowning the Virgin Mary. It rests up-  
on a heavy and richly carved projection and is  
canopied by another, whose triple spires, also  
carved and richly ornamented, reach to the ex-  
treme peak of the roof. Below, and to the  
right, is another large marble of the High  
Priest at the Altar; to the left another showing  
the Ark of the Covenant guarded by an angel;  
and still further below is another large marble  
of the Crucifixion, with the women weeping at  
the foot of the Cross, flanked by Abraham offer-  
ing Isaac on the one side and our Savior bless-  
ing the Sacrament upon the other. All these  
marble figures are heroic size, and each group  
is supported upon, and canopied by, massive  
mouldings and pinnacles and relieved by reces-  
ses of elegant carving and color. On either  
side of the chancel, high above the priests'  
heads, are three niches which are set statues of  
the Apostles, the faces of St. John and St. Luke  
being strikingly beautiful.

Notre Dame Cathedral will hold 15,000 peo-  
ple, of whom 10,000 can be comfortably seated.  
It has a choir of 500 voices composed exclusiv-  
ely of boys and men, led by an organ that re-  
quires six men to blow. It has eleven bells, re-  
quiring twenty-seven men to ring them. The  
large bell weighing over twelve tons is swung  
only by the united strength of twelve men, and  
peals out its clear notes so that they are heard  
at a distance of thirty miles. The delicate little  
clapper of this bell weighs 860 pounds and the  
inside of the bell is so large that our party of  
four, standing upright around the clapper, oc-  
cupied less than one third the space.

Tourists visiting Montreal would do well  
when laying out their time to allow plenty for  
this Cathedral. We "did it" in true American  
style, allowing ourselves barely time to get a  
general idea of its magnificence and scarcely  
any for the enjoyment of detail. Half a day  
would be too short for a thoroughly satisfactory  
visit to interior and towers, and we were whirled  
away in less than hour.

Two things more I set down to the credit of  
Montreal. The first is the Windsor Hotel, which  
is one of the best houses in America, and of  
which I doubt if our Eastern States can pro-  
duce an equal. The other, and by far the more  
remarkable and praiseworthy object is a

#### RESPECTFUL HACKMAN.

He dawned upon us immediately on our arrival  
and served us faithfully and well till we shook  
the dust of the Dominion of our Oxford ties.  
Matthew was an Irishman, with an honest but  
not over handsome face, who kept his word like  
a gentleman, opened his treasures of knowledge  
like a Sophomore, apologized for the road up  
Mont Royal being so "circumlocution like,"  
and invariably replied to the questionings of  
the feminine portion of our party with a re-  
spectful "Yes, my lady," or "No, my lady,"  
which rang most musically and gratefully upon  
ears accustomed to the guttural expostives and  
rough familiarity of the average New York  
hackman.—It is a good thing for Matthew that  
newspaper men rarely leave anything behind  
except a very long list of very bad debts, else  
he might wake up the morning after my will  
was read to find himself involved in a contested  
will case! MONLEY.

#### Letter from Mr. Valentine.

Doctor Bowles:

Dear Sir:—We had a pleasant journey here  
over the N. J. Southern Railroad, to Sandy  
Hook, and by boat from there to New York.  
The weather was fine and the water smooth.  
We went immediately on board the steamer,  
"City of New York," which steamed out of the  
dock at 5:30 o'clock P. M., making headway as  
best she could among the forest of all kinds  
of masts that cover the North and East rivers.  
We had a good crowd on board, but not enough  
to make it uncomfortable. One dollar each  
and a dollar for a stateroom, was the fare to  
Worcester. At Allen's Point we were transferred  
to the cars and a three hours' ride brought us  
to Worcester, at 5 o'clock, Tuesday morning.  
After breakfast we started out to see the assem-  
bling of the State Republican Convention. The  
street in the vicinity of Mechanic's Hall was  
all alive with delegates, each man doing the  
best he could to prove his candidate the most  
popular man. And when the delegates had  
taken their places and were called to order,  
every man was as quiet as in a religious meet-  
ing. The house was full in every part. The  
Chairman of the State Committee called the  
Convention to order, and a prayer was said,  
when was introduced Ex-Governor Bullock,  
who made the great speech that you have seen  
published in the papers, which I think was  
worthy of the man and the occasion. How I  
wished you could have looked in on that crowd  
of noble looking men. It was worth a long  
pilgrimage to see, and hear that speech. I sup-  
pose, however, he said some things you would  
not fully agree with, but it suited Massachusetts  
Republicans and it was "obscured" to the echo.  
I did not hear any other speeches during the  
day, as I had so many things to look at.

Wednesday, as you know, was the Butler  
Convention, and the Hall was again filled nearly  
as full as before. I wish you could have seen  
the contrast. While the Republicans were as  
orderly as a school, the Butlerites were so full  
of enthusiasm, that they all wanted to do the

business, especially in the afternoon; and if a  
man wanted to speak whom they did not want  
to hear, they would all about at once, and you  
could not understand anything. I think you  
will remember the description I have so often  
given you of the Democratic Convention of  
1848, and this came the nearest to it of any-  
thing I have ever seen. Pistols and knives  
were drawn outside the Hall, and a rush made  
for the inside, but that was soon quelled by  
the Police. Thursday's Convention was the  
more echo of the day before, and it sat but a  
few hours, and adjourned in season for the  
base ball game that came off on the Agricul-  
tural grounds, between the Worcester and Chic-  
ago clubs.

We are enjoying ourselves as well as it is pos-  
sible for anybody to enjoy themselves away  
from home.  
Yours Truly,  
G. VALENTINE.

Worcester, Sept. 21st, 1879.

#### Death, by an Eye-Witness.

EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:

About two or two years ago Charles W. Hig-  
ginson bought here about 42 acres of land and  
got it in good working condition. He had a  
family of seven sons and four daughters. His  
wife died, leaving him this large family to pro-  
vide for. Notwithstanding the loss of his help-  
mate, he bore it patiently. Being possessed of  
a kind heart and generous disposition, and hav-  
ing a good feeling toward his children, he, in  
one of his kindly moods, divided his farm  
amongst several of his sons, and in the divi-  
sion the house in which Higginson had lived for  
22 years, was included in one of these lots, and  
the said lot changed hands, going to the eldest  
daughter of Mr. Higginson. There was a ver-  
bal agreement when the lots were divided, that  
the old man should live in the house as long as  
he lived. Some difficulty arose with the daugh-  
ter and husband and Higginson, and they se-  
cured the error made in the deed of the house be-  
ing on their lot, took advantage of that, got out  
a writ of ejectment, and the Sheriff came and  
had all his furniture moved out onto the high-  
way. A more cruel act could not be perpetrated  
by any species of humanity. I witnessed the  
whole affair. I saw the old man sit in his chair  
his heart filled with anguish, and as he gazed  
upon the men that were moving his goods, tears  
rolled down his furrowed face, and this from  
the cruelty of his own daughter.

He is 73 years old, and he could not realize  
that any one could be so inhuman as to cast  
him from his home. The idea was so revolting  
that he was broken down in body and spirit.  
When all the goods were removed from the  
premises, then followed the last performance  
that ended this brutal outrage. The old man  
sat in his chair, and was carried out of his  
house, and put down on the highway in sight  
of the old house in which he had cherished  
fond, yet, as it has proved, delusive hopes that  
as he had raised a family of seven sons and  
four daughters, he would be protected by some  
of them when he was old, and his locks were  
gray. Alas! What a delusion! Instead of  
assistance, not a son was near to comfort him,  
not a daughter came forth to offer him con-  
solation.

I am sorry that Hammonton is disgraced by  
such a foul deed, and these unfeeling creatures  
will regret, some time, that they ever committed  
such an outrage upon their aged father.  
Yours Truly,  
E. DARWIN.

#### That Same Gentleman.

He respects the rights and feelings of others,  
and is therefore kind, frank and natural. It is  
true that much rudeness and many blunders,  
badly affecting others, come of pure ignorance;  
but the gentleman is supposed to be informed  
and self possessed, so that he acts agreeably.  
Some, however, with advantages of information  
and observation are rude and ill-mannered. Dr.  
Johnson, stern old moralist of England, once  
took dinner with a clergyman in Aberdeen.  
The soup was hot-hot-potch.—The lady of the  
house, after serving him once, asked if he would  
have some more. The social bear replied, "It  
is a dish fit for hogs, madam." She properly  
rebuked his impudence by saying, "Have some  
more then." The learned are not always kind,  
and hence not always gentlemanly. Kindness  
is one of the high qualities of the gentleman.  
He does not act or speak in an insulting manner.  
He treats all men civilly—giving them consid-  
eration and hearing, whether they be friends or  
strangers, and wherever and on whatever  
ground he meets them. If asked a question he  
does not answer as if he would snap your head  
off. If asked for a favor, he renders it, if in  
his power, with a cheerful good will.

The gentleman does not deride and make  
sport. There may be times when he cannot  
help laughing at the blunders of others. We  
are sometimes made to laugh in spite of our-  
selves; the more we resist the more we seem to  
be overcome. We have laughed at times and  
to such a degree as too feel much ashamed, but  
not guilty. We meant no harm. This hearty,  
involuntary laugh at the ignorance and blunder  
of another is excusable. But the mean, sneer-  
ing, fun-making laugh, that expresses derisive-  
ness, so undeservingly painful to those against  
whom it is directed, is unkind and therefore

not becoming a gentleman. It is always out  
of place. The Koran says, "Do not mock thy  
neighbor; the mocked may be better than the  
mocker." We may deride the actions of another,  
when, if we know his antecedents, education  
and chequered life, we would find occasion  
rather to weep than to smile.

We have said the gentleman is frank and  
natural. These are very excellent elements in  
his character. He abhors deception and great  
ceremony. Some people are far too precise.  
They avoid naturalness. They suppress feel-  
ing. It is a fashionable folly that you must  
affect great coolness. It is thought vulgar to  
be demonstrative. You meet an old friend;  
it does your eyes a world of good; your heart  
is in your mouth; you would like to embrace  
him, but you must do nothing of the kind. You  
must subdue your feelings—appear indifferent,  
and receive him politely. What is the use or  
good of this? If we feel if we had a heart, why  
not show it? What is the use of having a heart  
if we can't use it? What a singular philoso-  
phy is that which would have us so set as though  
we were made of stone or marble. As poor  
crops grow on a light soil this philosophy must  
have originated in a shallow brain. The gen-  
tleman has a manner of simplicity and frank-  
ness. He acts as he feels, from the kindness of  
his soul, and don't put on a great state of dig-  
nity and preciseness. We were pleased with the  
good Quaker's reception of President Hayes  
at Newport. "How does thee do, James; we  
are glad to see thee. R.

#### How THE APOSTLES DIED.—Peter was

crucified in Rome, and at his own request,  
with his head downward. Andrew was  
crucified by being bound to a cross with  
cords, on which he hung two days, ex-  
horting the people till he expired. St.  
James the Great was beheaded by order  
of Herod, at Jerusalem. St. James the  
Less was thrown from a high pinnacle,  
then stoned, and finally killed with a full-  
er's club. St. Peter was bound and  
hanged against a pillar. St. Bartholomew  
was flayed to death by command of a bar-  
barous king. St. Matthew was killed  
with a halberd. St. Thomas, while in  
prayer, was shot with a shower of lances,  
and afterward run through the body with  
a lance. St. Simon was crucified. Thad-  
deus, or Judas, was cruelly put to death.  
St. Matthias, the manner of his death  
somewhat doubtful; one says stoned, the  
beheaded; another says he was crucified.  
Judas Iscariot hung himself. St. John  
died a natural death. St. Paul was be-  
headed by order of Nero.

#### "Stop the Tap."

At a temperance meeting in one of the  
northern counties, three excellent clergy-  
men spoke. They harped on the elastic  
and indefinite word, "moderation." Con-  
demning intemperance but setting up  
Timothy as their model man, morally and  
constitutionally, lauding and magnifying  
sobriety, but commending the temperate  
consumption of alcoholic liquors. When  
they had concluded, an elderly farmer  
rose and said: "I've heard that kind of  
talk for the last forty years and I can't  
see that people are a bit more sober now  
than when it commenced. It reminds me  
of what I once saw at a retreat for imbec-  
iles. It is the custom there, after the  
patients have been in residence for a cer-  
tain time, to put them to a kind of test to  
see whether they are fit to leave the asy-  
lum or not. They are taken to a trough  
full of water with a small pipe continually  
running into it and supplying it. They  
are given a ladle and told to empty it.  
Those who have not regained their senses  
keep lading away, while the water flows  
in as fast as they ladle it out; but them  
as sn't idiots stop the tap.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for October opens  
with a very bright and amusing article,  
by Margaret Burtha Wright, depicting the ram-  
bles and experiences of a party of American artists  
in Italy. The illustrations are in keeping with  
the text, being full of vivacity and wit. The  
fourth chapter of Dr. Oswald's "Summerland"  
"Sketches" treats of "The Western Series," and  
is not inferior to the former installments either  
in the interest of the narrative or the beauty  
of the illustrations. A third illustrated article,  
"Chamois shooting with the Emperor of Aus-  
tria," is by W. A. Baillet-Latroue, author of  
"Goddin's with a Primitive People." "Sunday  
in England" is the production of an English  
writer, who treats his subject with that intelli-  
gent knowledge which none but a native could be  
expected to exhibit. William L. Stone, author  
of the well-known "Life of Sir William John-  
son, relates the biography of Lady Harriet Acland,  
whose heroic character and eventual career  
give her a prominent place in the annals of  
conjugal devotion. Edward C. Bruce writes  
instructively on "American Landscapes-Garden-  
ing." H. M. Kenney gives an interesting  
account of "The Study of English in Germany,"  
and Mrs. E. B. Duffey describes "The British  
Wealth of South Jersey." "Through Winding Ways," which has proved  
one of the most attractive serials ever pub-  
lished in the Magazine, is concluded in this  
number, and there are several short stories  
suited to different tastes. The "Monthly Gem-  
ship" is entertaining as usual, and the number  
as a whole is as readable as any of its pre-  
decessors.

"Where Shall We Land?"

All hail to you that  
Out seaward in the boat  
That bears love.

THE MAN-EATER.

Some years ago I was riding with a friend through the streets of Lucknow, when, in the middle of the road, we came upon a bloody man, apparently the

remains of a woman, but bruised and lacerated, and crushed almost out of semblance to humanity.

Stopping the buggy, we looked around for some explanation, and then perceived that the man was utterly deserted of man, woman, child and beast, although a few scared and cautious faces were to be seen peeping from the windows of the houses.

At this moment a man appeared upon the top of an adjoining house, and looked anxiously down the street. To him my friend shouted, and he cried:

"This is really awful. They must have made the elephants kill him," muttered my friend again, stopping the horse and gazing at the frightful spectacle.

man, which all who heard it understood as a sentence of death against the unfortunate man whose name I have not mentioned in having been too indignant to the animals under his charge.

At length Burraha was satisfied, or at least no more blood was being taken from his claws out of the dead animal, and shaking himself as he did so, he began to creep stealthily around the courtyard.

It was not a scene to be forgotten. The king, with his courtiers, both rogan and Indian, about him in the gayly-decorated gallery above, the eyes and figures of the servants dimly seen peering through the railing of the veranda below, Burraha making his steady rounds, while in the center of the courtyard stood the man-eater.

At the foot of the hill we had just ascended both my friend and I had noticed a sort of park, or pleasure-ground, surrounded with a high iron fence, its gates standing hospitably open.

YELLOW FEVER SEEN AS IT IS.

Notes Taken by a Man who has been in the East recently. A letter from Memphis to the New York Sun says: Imagine, if you can, a beautiful city containing nearly 50,000 inhabitants suddenly almost depopulated, everybody taking flight on the appearance of one fatal case of yellow fever.

At length Burraha was satisfied, or at least no more blood was being taken from his claws out of the dead animal, and shaking himself as he did so, he began to creep stealthily around the courtyard.

At the foot of the hill we had just ascended both my friend and I had noticed a sort of park, or pleasure-ground, surrounded with a high iron fence, its gates standing hospitably open.

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Never Despair.

I had never before  
The weary and  
The sad and  
In metaphorical.

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FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

NOT COLD WATER SOAP BUT USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND IN WARM WATER

Makes Clothes Clean, Sweet and White, without Soaping or Boiling, and, if rubbed on lightly and the directions strictly followed, it will go so much further than other Soap and Saves so much Fuel, as to prove it to be the Cheapest Soap that even a poor family can buy.

Splendid for Coarse or Fine Goods, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, Calico, Fine Fabrics, and Delicate Colors.

Follow Miss LESLIE'S Receipt. When you use FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. In the first place, do not get the Washboard used on Washday; the Clothes will be Sweet and White without Soaping or Boiling, and as enough hot water can be got from a tea-kettle to make the wash-water warm enough to suit the hands, (which is all that is necessary) a wash-board is not needed and only makes work for nothing.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A fat contributor—The hog. A ship ruled by women—Courtship. The farmer for the fair—A husband-man. A doughmeister difficulty—Heavy bread.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

Diphtheria is a frightful scourge of the rising generation. The children of kings and lords are carried off by it as readily as those of the poorest people.

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Water and Disease.

A book has recently appeared in Leipzig in which the author, Professor Jager, maintains that an increased proportion of water in the tissues and humors of the body is one of the most essential conditions of health.

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A STANDING INVITATION

And the right kind of A WELCOME To all VISITORS AT JOHN WANAMAKER'S GRAND DEPOT, Which is now one of THE CITY SIGHTS

The Largest DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, and general outfitting House thus far established. A FAULTLESS NEW STOCK FOR AUTUMN NOW OPENING.

Advertisement for Six Cord Socks, featuring an illustration of a sock and text: 'SIX CORD SOCKS MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J.' and 'ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY'.

Advertisement for McCarty & Hurlburt, Wholesale Agents for American Watch, featuring an illustration of a watch and text: 'McCarty & Hurlburt Wholesale Agents for American Watch'.

Origin of Plants. Cabbage grew wild in Siberia; buckwheat originated in Siberia; celery originated in Germany; the potato is native of Peru; the onion originated in Persia; the radish is native of India; the lettuce is a native of Europe; the citron is a native of Asia; oats originated in North Africa; rice came originally from Persia; parsnip was first cultivated in Arabia; the pear and apple are from Europe; the horse chestnut is a native of Thibet; the quince came from the East; the radish is native of China and Japan; the pear is supposed to be of Egyptian origin; the apple is supposed to have come from the south of Europe.

W. K. BOWLES M. D., Editor & Proprietor. J. M. DOLB, Associate Editor. HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

The New York Tribune has been doing very much to open the eyes of its readers in regard to the questions which materialize in the whole country, particularly the Southern States in expounding their honest debts and articles are now being published in that paper, that every man who has any desire to know the truth, should read it.

What the country needs as to the money question is not more paper money of any kind, for more would do but to increase the loss of value. It needs to stop the war upon wretched National banks, which is now waged in the interest of men who want to plunder the people by setting up national banks under State laws. Capital should be encouraged, as it is by the National system, to establish state banks wherever they are not prohibited by the National system, to establish state banks wherever they are not prohibited by the National system.

It is not about time that such things as are stopped? Cannot the government protect its officers? If so, we might just as well have no government. It can be stopped, and if we had a president with the spunk and bravery of a sheep, he would stop it, and very quick. Instead of shutting up the Post office, which has been ordered, which is no punishment to that illiterate, barbarian crowd, why don't the President declare the District under martial law, and try such men by drum head Court Martial, and hang them.

Five Fathom Bank Lightship to be Replaced. The Light House Board gives notice that on or about Sept. 25, 1879, lightship No. 40 will be replaced on her station on the Five Fathom Bank, entrance to Delaware Bay, and that during foggy weather a twelve-inch steam fog whistle giving a blast of four seconds during each minute will be sounded.

Political. Stalwartism is Republicanism with a backbone. And now they irreverently call Ben Butler the "cock-eyed man of destiny." Buffalo Express: Shooting young girls is held to be a legitimate amusement in Mississippi. A Mississippi market report reads: "Local securities high priced, whiskey active, and shot-guns steady."

The People's Journal, of Jackson, Miss., edited by a colored man, heads its columns, "A fair count of ballots next November, or Kansas." General Butler is the mustard plaster of Massachusetts politics, - he creates an immediate irritation, and draws the "bad blood" of the state to the surface every time.

Secretary Sherman's latest advice from Ohio led him to predict that Foster will have a larger majority than has been given to any Republican candidate in the state for years. Detroit Post: Three of the Democratic nominees for Judges in California were natives of South Carolina. So they were carpet baggers, and the gentlemanly Southern doth so delect a carpet bagger!

Gen. Grant Reached San Francisco late on Saturday afternoon last, and met such a reception as few men of modern times ever had. He was met by the Mayor, the Governor of the State, and thousands of the people. Bonfires blazed, colored flags burned, electric lights turned darkness into light of day; Tomian Cannels added stately scintillations to the brilliant scenes. Flags and banners floated in the breeze. Near the Palace Hotel, a beautiful arch, forty feet high, was wreathed with flags, flowers and evergreens. Here Gen. Grant received the procession and bowed acknowledgment to the cheers of the multitude, in the military and civic organizations that greeted him. He has been the guest of the city since then.

Another Chapter In the black deeds of the southern chivalric Democracy has just been written in blood. The Postmaster at Blackville, Barnwell District, South Carolina, was shot a few days ago, by a brave and chivalrous white brute, wearing the image of a man, because Mr. Nix, the Postmaster was a colored man and a Republican. He was shot while attending to his duty. Mr. Nix was appointed in July to fill the place of a female who was the tool of the Democrats, and made the office their common resort, and no mail was safe from their intrusions. To be thus deprived of their privilege of doing as they pleased at the Post office, was too much, so with the wickedness of the devil, born of the spirit of hell, the official of the Government is shot down in cold blood, as a man would shoot a panther.

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STOCK QUOTATIONS FROM DE WALKER & TOWNSEND, BANKERS. No. 40 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

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Another New Railroad. Third Line to Atlantic City, and Some Facts About It.

It is now definitely settled that there shall be a third railroad between this city and Atlantic City, the arrangements for having been completed. The Philadelphia and Read's Company, which has been in existence for many months, has been kept very quiet, and it was not made public until yesterday. In the afternoon at the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a meeting of gentlemen was held which resulted in the organization of the new road, which will be known as the West Jersey and Atlantic City Railroad Company. The road will run out on the West Jersey Railroad track to a place known as New Vineland. At this point it will branch off and run through May's Landing and thence direct to Atlantic City. It will be in every respect a first class road, and it is said an effort will be made to run the express trains and mail cars on this road. The president of the new road is Mr. Wood of the firm of R. E. Wood & Sons, dry goods, 404 Chestnut St., who has large interests in this city, and who has been a resident of this city for many years. Mr. Wood is a prominent citizen, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. Mr. Wood is a resident of this city, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. Mr. Wood is a resident of this city, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

DR. WEBSTER'S DENTAL ROOMS, No. 209 N. EIGHTH ST., above Race.

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SOUTH JERSEY INSTITUTE & BRIDGE CO. For both sexes. Colleges preparatory, in Philadelphia, and in New York, and in London. Modern improvements. Climate mild, very healthy. Instruction in thorough. Study for all ages. R. E. WOOD, Proprietor. 404 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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W. M. BERNHOUSE, Contractor and Builder.

WM. BERNHOUSE, Contractor and Builder. Manufacturer and Dealer in Doors, Bath, Blinds, Shutters, Mouldings, Window-Frames, Brackets, Lattice Sash Blinds, Balusters and Newell Posts, Lino, Oakwood Plaster, Cement Bricks, Plastering Hair, Cement Bricks, Building Stone, &c., &c.

W. D. PACKER'S, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, coconuts, tamarind, melons, etc.

Beans baked on Saturdays for Sunday morning breakfast, at 5 cents per qt., parties wishing will send them in by 4 p. m. Boston Brown Bread furnished to order. DR. WEBSTER'S DENTAL ROOMS, No. 209 N. EIGHTH ST., above Race.

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Risley's Witch Hazel. Cures headache, Burns, Sprains, Cuts, Wounds, Rheumatism, Toothache, Earache, etc.

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W. D. PACKER'S, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, coconuts, tamarind, melons, etc.

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