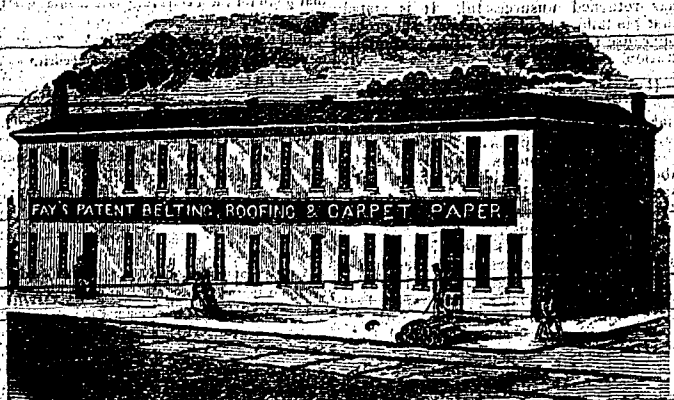


South Jersey Republican.

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Patent Water Proof Roofing and Siding Paper.
The Message was received by us at the corner, as we had been expected with rap-
id. It's astonishing how persistent A. Johnson is! How deliberately and regularly he does throw them old ideas up his nose at Congress, and how shamefully they have got into a habit of trotting out. Why, they refused to hear his message. What a pity it is that one who has so much faith in himself can't get any one else to have any faith in him. When I read the inhuman treatment Congress gave him, I, a Federal office holder, shed tears. A Johnson hasn't yoked me well—he has put me into a place where there is scarcely room to turn. But so long as I hold a commission I shall drop the subject until it is insupportable upon him. Poor Johnson! He and Secretary Walker are the only two who do not stand by him, unless we include J. Quincy Adams, Jr., which don't count much as he is only one eighth Adams any more.

The financial policy of the President is the most favorably any party can give. I do not want to say taxes, but Bascom, Pennibaker and McPherson, who have distilleries and who in addition hold the positions of Assessor, Collector and Whisky Inspector, know that under the butcher Grant, which is coming, there'll be a new deal, and that they'll have to pay. We're well pleased at the idea, and the balance we've liked it because of the Nashville debt isn't to be paid the tax on whisky, which is put at a still lower figure.

Indoed, so well pleased were we that we felt it right and proper to call a meeting to discuss it, which was held at the church, I or Bascom presiding.

Bascom introduced a resolution commending the financial policy of the President, which was again to pass, when to our disgust Joe Bigler rose. If the cholera would be quite slow to take that case, I believe the Corcorans would be willing to take its chances at it. But nothing will kill Joseph. He spoke as follows:

"I approve of this resolution, and hope it may pass unanimously. Debt is my fellow citizen, is a Bo-constricker, which crushes all who find themselves within its folds. Debt has blighted the undersides—Debt has bit my neck and throat, and Debt is killing me now. It aint Debt exactly, neither, which hurts us, it's the payin' of Debts. Now A. Johnson's policy suits me. He takes the debt, which bears interest, and in the most simple manner possible, makes the interest pay the principle. He takes this Bo-constricker, puts its tail in its mouth, and makes it eat itself up. He takes the debt, which bears interest, and in the most simple manner possible, makes the interest pay the principle. He takes this Bo-constricker, puts its tail in its mouth, and makes it eat itself up. He takes the debt, which bears interest, and in the most simple manner possible, makes the interest pay the principle. He takes this Bo-constricker, puts its tail in its mouth, and makes it eat itself up.

The resolution was passed and the cheers given with a will when Joseph rose again.

"I have one more remark to make," said he. "What is it in Nashville matters is equally true to apply to the matters of individuals. I approve of the President's method of paying debts, because it shows me an escape from my troubles. I have a small piece of land onto which my esteemed friend Bascom holds a mortgage for money loaned ten years ago. I have paid interest onto that note promptly for ten years, which at the present time amounts to as much as the principle. Now—"

"What, in thunder are you getting at?" spoke up Bascom in white.

"The gentleman is clearly out of order," replied Joseph. "I have the floor. Will the Chair please say in my rights, or must I perforce myself?"

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IN PROSE. A SHORT STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

STAVE IV—CONTINUED.

THE EAST OF THE STAIRS.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge, "or that dark chamber spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet, and as they went along Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated around the fire.

"Quiet! Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them."

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said. "The color?" Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "I makes them weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. "So had all."

But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble: no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him, and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said "Don't mind it, father."

"Don't be grieved!" Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how given a place it is. But you'll see it soon. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

He left the room, and went up stairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days, though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob. "I know my dears that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am, very happy," said little Bob. "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw sitting down there."

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before, through a different time, he thought; indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now, is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a long time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come."

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable figure underwent no change. Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whether he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds; the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if preserved in its purity, it must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

"The Spirit was as immovable as ever. Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried upon his knees. The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!" The finger still was there.

His good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms. "They are not torn down, rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know; they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them of upside down, tearing them mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Jacobson of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had striked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded. "There's the sacepan that the cruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the first place. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Past sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right; it's all happened. Ha ha ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge, "I don't know how long I have been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby."

Nonsense! Don't rave. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer; ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clash, clash!—Oh, glorious, glorious! Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What a to-day," cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday-clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day?" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it in one night. They can do anything they like—Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Foulmer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there?—Not the little prize Turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. It was a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it." "Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Nice girl. Very pretty."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned gently and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred," said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started. Scrooge had forgotten for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it on any account.

"Why bless my soul!" cried Fred. "Who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! Let him in! he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. "Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister, when she came. So did every one when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won't-forget-happinees."

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could, only be there first and catch Bob Cratchit coming late. That was the thing he had set his heart upon. And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full fifteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door open that he might see him come into the Tank.

This was off before he opened the door, his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are!" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now I tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary."

Bob trembled and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of—

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

