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The Wrong Ticket.

One of the many men who came and went as patients in wards of our hospital at Washington, was Bernard Heine, a handsome, stalwart German, fresh, blond, brave and merry. He was there three months in all, and being a social fellow, and a favorite of mine, told me all his history, in general terms at first, but gradually growing more confidential as he knew me better and became assured of my sympathy. I knew that a wild, adventurous youth he had been in the dear fatherland; by what hair-brained scrapes he had angered his friends, how, at 19 years of age, he had to run away and come to this country; how his parents had died during the two years in which he had heard nothing from home and they nothing from him; and how sore his heart was when he thought of them, and knew what grief he must have caused them. I knew about the Van Dorns, with whom he had boarded two years before he entered the army, and how the young people were like brothers and sisters to him, and how the old people like father and mother, and how Lisa them wrote to him every week. And here I guessed something more than I knew. I guessed from the slight embarrassment, the mingled coldness and kindness with which he spoke of her, the un-a-factory way in which he acco-ed for having entered the army, the faint shade of annoyance which sometimes crossed his face when he read her letters, and his slowness in answering them, that Miss Lisa was fonder of him than he of her, and that, maybe, he had entered the army to get rid of her. I had known cases where nice young men had been cordially received and fondly cherished in families where there were marriageable daughters, and where, in spite of themselves, the force of circumstances had obliged them to assume lives which they took reluctantly. I like to see men do their own wronging, and always respect a man who flies from a wronging woman. So my guesses made me like this young soldier all the better. He had made his will before entering the army, he told me, and he left everything he had, among the rest a life insurance of five thousand, to the Van Dorns. He exaggerated his cause of gratitude to them. He had no one else in the world who cared for him, and, besides their general friendliness, they had nursed him through a severe sickness, and refused to take any extra pay for it. "They are the only ones in the world who would mourn, if I should happen to get a bullet through me," he said, with a touch of bitterness in his voice which showed that there was something yet untold in his story. Later, one evening, when I was sitting by him to soothe and quiet him, after the tormenting pain of having his wounded foot dressed, I got the rest of the story. He was feeling unusually depressed that night, and seemed to wish for a confidant. It was then that I first heard Helen Ayer's name. She was a little yellow-haired school-mistress who had boarded at Mrs. Van Dorn's; had, indeed, known them longer than he had. I could see how he had loved her from the tone of unwilling, yearning, angry tenderness with which he spoke her name. I could see more than that, what he, like a fool, as men always are in such circumstances, could not see, the angry jealousy of the Van Dorns, their insinuations, the words of distrust which they slyly sowed. While he had not dared to speak of love to the girl, they had made him believe that she had boasted of her power over him, how he had been made to think her a coquette and mercenary, careful not to give him too much encouragement till she should know how much money he had. When he spoke of her capricious treatment and growing coldness towards him, I could see that they were but reflections of his own distrust of her, and the effect of their mischief making. I hinted that to him, but he would not hear of it. Oh, the Van Dorns were the salt of the earth, and his best friends, and they were incapable of deceit. "But maybe they wanted you for Miss Lisa," I ventured. He dropped his eyes. "If they did," he said, "they would not use dishonest means to bring it about. I ought to consider that a new proof of their friendship for, and confidence in me, even though I should be unwilling to gratify their wishes. I liked his reserve and his trust. They were honorable. "At last, she left the house and went somewhere else to board," he said. "I think they had been a little cool with her for treating me so, and she didn't want to stay. Besides, I suppose she hated the sight of me. When she went out of the door the last time, I came from the parlor to bid her good-by, and she turned her head away."

"Did you ever have any talk, or attempt any explanation with her?" I asked. "No. We never had anything on the subject, either understanding or misunderstanding. "Master Heine," I said emphatically, "it is my private opinion that you have been made a dupe of." He smiled faintly as he shook his head. "Have you ever heard from her since you came here?" I asked. "Not a word." I was silent a moment, wondering if the poor, little yellow-haired schoolmistress might not have been breaking her heart slowly during the last year, and if she could know just where I was at that moment, if she would not consider me the most enviable woman in the world. "I wonder none of the Van Dorns come out to see you," I said presently.

"Oh, they wanted to come," was his quick reply; "but Mrs. Van Dorn has been sick, and there was no one else who could leave. Lisa had to take care of her mother. The boys and their father, I wrote them that I was only slightly hurt; you know I am going to have a farlough in a few weeks." Our conversation was interrupted by a more sick and wounded were brought in, and I had to attend to them. The ward already seemed nearly full, but many were convalescent, and those who wished banished to the convalescent room, and crowded all the beds we could get into the ward. The next morning, the man in the bed next to Heine's died. As the custom was, as soon as he died, the card containing his name, age, place of birth, regiment, company, rank, disease, was taken down from the wall at the head of his bed, and carried to the office to be recorded and reported. The weather was cool, and his funeral was put off till the next day. The next day, just after funeral time, I sat in the ward taking a few minutes' rest, after giving the three o'clock medicines, glanced toward the door, and saw two spectators there. To be sure, they were men, stout and tanned, but their faces were, in spite of tan, of a sickly white, and their eyes were open and fixed glaringly. They were both staring at Heine, who sat up in bed reading the Washington Star newspaper. I approached them, though half afraid. If they were madmen, it would be well to have them stopped on the threshold; if they were clairvoyants who beheld some vision of horror to us unseen, I felt safer to be near their piercing eyes. "You wish to see some one?" I asked politely, much as in a dream we implement a wolf or a panther who we expect will devour us the next moment. "One of the men never stirred, nor seemed to hear me; but the other, without turning his eyes from their terrified gaze, pointed mutely, and with a shaking hand to the man who sat so calmly reading his newspaper. "That is Bernard Heine," I said. "Did you wish to see him?" "The man shuddered. "He is dead," he said. "We have just been to his funeral." "Oh, no! it is a mistake," I replied, soothingly, beginning to see what was the matter, though not knowing how the mistake had occurred. "He is getting along nicely. There is not the least likelihood of his dying at present." "But," the man persisted still, staring, "his death was reported, with his age, place of birth, his regiment and company, and we have been together the whole year. We heard it and saw it in the morning paper, and we came down from Camp Distribution to his funeral." "By this time the other man had got his jaws together and looked at me. "Did you not get near enough to the chaplain at the funeral to hear the names read?" I asked. "No, we were late, and the names had been read," was the reply. "But we saw the paper with all the particulars in it." I could but smile at his persistence. "Well, you can go and ask him if he is dead," I said, turning away to attend to my business. They crossed the ward warily, with their eyes still intently fixed on the object of their incredulous fear, and when they were half way across, Heine looked up and saw them. A bright smile broke over his face, and he held out both his hands. "How are you, Herman? And you Matt? I'm glad to see you." At the sound of his ringing voice, and the sight of his cheery face, their last doubt vanished, and they sprang forward to grasp his hand, and one hung about his neck and kissed him and burst into tears, while the other stood silent, but with brimming eyes and quivering lip. It made my own eyes fill. At first Heine listened to their story with wondering incredulity, and suddenly turned about and reached the card above his bed. He glanced over it, then looked at me. "Have you succeeded in convincing your friends that you are not dead?" I asked, going to him. He gave me the card. "That explains," he said. "You know our beds were pushed along night before last, and we forgot to move the cards. I suppose, in the hurry, when Thomas died, the ward-master took down the card over his bed and sent it to the office without looking at it." Heine seemed moved, not so much by the thought of death, associated with him; he had become too familiar with it, for that, but at sight of his friends' unexpected devotion. I left them, and they sat along with him, not going till the very last minute that left them time to go to camp before their pass should be overruled. I found that Heine's name had not been read out at the funeral, the chaplain, who was acquainted with him, and had seen him that day, perceived that there must be some mistake. "Well, Heine," I said, "you see you were wrong in one thing; there are others besides the Van Dorns who would mourn you dead."

"He looked up with glistering eyes. "Yes, God bless the poor fellow! I didn't dream they cared so much about me." "Learn one thing by this," I said significantly. "It is not the deepest or truest affection that professes the most." He dropped his eyes, and for a moment was silent. Then he said: "They will all hear of my death. Ned Trask, who told these fellows, told them he had written to Van Dorn and sent the paper." "Such an unlucky mistake!" I said, and went in a fever of annoyance, to send the ward-master and send the right card to the office. Later in the afternoon Heine beckoned me to him. There was a little unusual color in his face, and light in his eyes; and though he smiled, it was a merry smile. "I've been thinking that I will wait awhile before writing," he said. "Perhaps I ought not, but I would like to see how they all take it." I agreed with him. Perhaps I was wrong, but I also would like to see how they all would "take it." So we practiced a "masterly inactivity," and waited. Two days after, as quickly as the mail could bring a letter, came an epistle directed to the lady nurse of Ward Six, New Jerusalem Hospital. I opened it, and read at the bottom of the second page, "Gentle Mrs. Van Dorn. It was a precious epistle, written as she had assured me, by a woman at death's door, though the writing was uncommonly firm, and the language surprisingly fluent for a person in that condition. She also assured me that the deceased was unto her like a son, and indeed had lived, he would have been a son, being engaged to her eldest daughter. I read it all; then went and sat by Heine, feeling angry enough with him for his engagement, and fully willing to tease him by telling him the whole truth. "Heine," I said holding up the letter before me, Mrs. Van Dorn is anxious that you watch, any papers and money you may have died possessed of, should be sent to her forthwith." He colored, and looked intently at me but said nothing. "She says she has done a great deal for you," I went on, "and that you are under great obligations to her." "I told you what then have done," he said, a little hastily. "For the rest, I have always paid my board, and never counted the many presents I have made. I tried to pay them ten-fold all the expenses they had been at for me, and I guess I have succeeded."

"She is very far gone," I said showing him the letter. "See how feeble the writing is! It is impossible for them to come on after your body. She supposes it will be decently buried here." Heine grew redder in the face, and a look of pain and mortification clouded his unusually frank expression. "She says you were engaged to her daughter," I said finally. "It is a lie!" he cried. "I gave him the letter and he read it, his hands shaking and his eyes flashing while he read, and at the last word, he fiercely tore the sheet from end to end and turned and hid his face in his pillow. I think the poor fellow shed tears at the bitterness of his awakening. I bent over him for a whispered word: "Remember the comrades who loved you so much better than you thought. Perhaps they are not the only ones." Then I left him to get over his troubles as best he might. Once in a while as I went about I glanced at him sitting pale and grave pretending to read. When I found time, I went out to ask him what he should do about returning the letter, when one of the nurses came to me saying that a lady was in the room waiting to see me. I went out immediately. Going into the shaded room I saw a small black figure sitting in my arm-chair, and as she put her veil further back, caught sight of a thin, white face that turned toward me. She said not a word, and did not rise, but only sat there, as if half-dying, and looked at me. Alas! in that sorrowful place, I had grown familiar with such sights. On looking more closely, I saw that this little woman was a young lady, but so pale and hollow-eyed, that at a first glance I might have taken her for twice her age. "My dear," I said, taking her hand, "you have come here to look for some friend. Do you know whether he is living or dead?" She panted out a breath or two, and her pale lips fashioned the word "dead!" "Will you tell me his name?" I said presently. She strove to speak, but seemed unable to utter the name. Then she put her hand to the bosom of her dress, and taking therefrom a card photograph, held it to her face, and without relinquishing it, I looked and saw a fine likeness of Bernard Heine, in civilian's dress, evidently taken two or three years before. The sight electrified me. I glanced up at the white forehead, and there were the pale yellow locks drawn from it, and there was the violet blue of the eyes, in which Heine had never seen such anguish, so that only the color was left true to his description. "You dear little creature!" I exclaimed, taking her in my arm. I tenderly removed her bonnet and saw that I might hold her more closely. "No you love Bernard well enough to come here for him." "Can I get him?" she whispered faintly, too much exhausted to weep. "I have come for him. I came as soon as I heard, and have not slept nor eaten since."

"Yes, you can get him!" I said, hardly knowing how to temper the news I had for her. "You can have him forever. Do you know, dear, there has been a mistake made?" She lifted her head from my shoulder, and clasped my hands in her shaking palms, her startled eyes upon my face. "Be happy!" I said joyfully. "He lives." The sweet head nodded aside, and she slipped down fainting. It wasn't long before she revived, but it was long before I could quiet her and persuade her, not only that Heine lived, but that it was best she shouldn't rush to him that minute. At length I thought of the little curtained window in my room, looking in to the ward; and drawing the curtain partly away, gave her a peep at him, as he sat there reading. Trembling all over, she stood, and without moving her eyes, drank in the sight, as one perishing in thirst drinks in water. The tears began to flow fast and the sobs to come. "I loved him so all the time," she said. "And once I thought he loved me; but it seems now, or else they made mischief between us. I would never have sought him living, never! But when I thought him dead, my pride was in the dust. I would have crawled here on my knees, if I could, have got here in no other way. How pale and how broken he looks! He is very ill!" "No, his foot has been bad, but it is getting on so well that he can walk about a little on a crutch." "I have suffered so during the last year," she sobbed, but wiping her streaming eyes that she might not lose sight of him. "They thought that I was in the consummation, and that he thought it; but it was only heartache and that is worse. You may think it strange, dear, but I talk so to you," stretching out a little white hand to me, but unable to remove her eyes from him; "but this shock has broken my reserve and I must speak once or die!" "Dear child, confide in me," I said, "and trust also the future. Now I must go back to the ward. Will you stay here alone, or do you wish to go in now and see him?" "Oh, no!" she cried in alarm, the blood pouring into her face. "What would he think? I only wanted to go in when I didn't know what I was about. I wouldn't have him know, not for worlds; that I am here!" "That I will go back without speaking to him, or letting him know?" I asked. "Surely!" she said. "It is enough for me that he lives. Dead, I might have claimed him; but living, I am nothing to him." "You are much to him," I could not help saying. "He has told me of you and I think he prefers you to any other. Besides, you should pity, as well as love him. He thinks that he has scarcely a friend in the world. That is what he looks so pale and so broken now." "But don't tell him I am here!" she pleaded, as I went out of the door, and turning to promise I saw a light of a new hope blooming in her face. I could think of nothing else, and made every excuse to go often and speak to Heine, that she might see him move and look up. But she nor I could see a smile on his face, though he had seldom more reason to smile. Little did he know whose loving eyes were watching him. I went back to my room presently, and the more I saw of this young stranger the more I admired her, and the less I wondered at him for loving her. She was sweet and dainty; and such a strong, true heart in her breast. I did not like her less that she persisted she must go back the next morning, and refused me permission to tell him of her coming, though I had no intention of obeying her. She stayed with me that night, and was expecting to start in the morning at ten o'clock. My morning labors done, I went and sat by Heine's bed, mindful of the eyes that unseen watched us. "Heine, wouldn't you like to know how Helen Ayer took the news of your death?" He was sitting pale and gloomy, all his old cheerfulness gone. At my question he half turned his head. "No!" he answered, bitterly. "I have had enough." "Oh, very well, then! I won't tell you. But I thought you might care to know," I said, carelessly. "What do you mean," he exclaimed, turning his eager face to me again. "Oh, it's no matter," I said, making a pretense of going away. "If you don't feel any interest."

A powerful hand grasped my wrist and held me. Heine must have been strongly moved to do that. He did not even apologize when I resumed my seat, somewhat disconnected at such an exhibition before a score or more of men who couldn't know what the matter was. "Has she written?" he asked, trembling with impatience. "No, but I happen to know her. She had business in Washington, and called to see me." "Dear those women! What torments they are!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Why don't you tell me?" I forgave him on the spot, for he couldn't help it. "The poor little soul was very much grieved, though you don't deserve it," I said. "But I comforted her. You were a wretch to desert such a creature, and a fool to let the Van Dorns dupe you so." "Where is she?" he panted out. "Oh, she is going North this morning. She has friends here (so she had, Heine and I), and she is now going to leave them." "Where did you see her?" he demanded. "As if I were nobody at all!" he exclaimed. "You have been out of the hospital since I died; and she must have been here. Who is that looking through the window of your room?" "A little girl who was sent out to hunt eggs, thought strange that she did not find any, as there were several boxes standing around doing nothing."

Advertisements.

The circulation of the *Republican* is much larger than the usual average of country village papers. It is the only paper circulating through out Atlantic County, and is a desirable advertising medium. Advertisements are taken at low rates. Special care is taken to exclude all objectionable advertisements from our columns. Advertisements in Local Column Twenty-five Cents a Line. SPECIAL NOTICES—TEN CENTS A LINE. Other Rates—Furnished on Application.

Seeing Without Eyes.

It is fully established that somnambulists go wherever they please without hesitation, read and write, and give ample evidence of a power of perception independent of the usual organs of vision. Persons subject to attacks of catalepsy frequently show the same peculiarity. M. Despine, late Inspector of the mineral waters of Aix, in Savoy, mentions the following among many other cases: "Not only could our patient hear by means of the palm of her hand, but we have seen her read without the assistance of the eyes, merely with the tips of the fingers, which she passed rapidly over the page that she wished to read. At other times we have seen her select from a parcel of more than thirty letters the one which she was required to pick out; also, write several letters and correct, on reading them over again, always with her finger ends, the mistakes she had made; copy one letter word for word, reading it with her left elbow, while she wrote with her right hand. During these proceedings which passed almost completely unperceived, any visual ray that might have reached her eyes. The same phenomenon was manifested at the soles of her feet, on the epigastrium, and other parts of the body, where a sensation of pain was produced by the mere touch." Persons who have become blind have also been known to acquire the same power, and Harriet Martineau tells of an old lady who had been blind from her birth, and yet saw in her sleep, and in her waking state describe the color of the clothing of individual persons correctly. In these cases, no doubt, perception is, as usual, in the brain; but either all the nerves of the surface have the power of conveying the impressions of light to that organ, or some special parts of the body, as the ends of the fingers, the occiput, or the epigastrium, assume the office of the eyes. —Dr. Clark, in *Hours at Home* for February.

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T.—The twenty-fifth annual session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of this State was held in the third story of Temperance Hall, Trenton, Wednesday, 26th ult. There were between three and four hundred delegates in attendance, a larger number than ever before assembled at one of these conventions. The delegates were a fine body of men, and reflected honor upon the cause which they advocate. A little after twelve o'clock the Grand Division went up to the State House in a body and paid their respects to Gov. Randolph.

The Governor received his visitors with a great deal of courtesy and spoke in friendly terms of the reformatory cause in which they were engaged. He alluded to the effects of intemperance, as brought under his observation in the discharge of his official duties. Two-thirds of those who fill our prisons and almshouses were the victims of intemperance, and of those pardoned out of the State Prison, at least the same proportion were known to have been led to adopt a criminal life by intemperate habits. He spoke encouragingly of the cause of temperance, and wished the Grand Division success in their labors. In regard to the legislation on the subject he promised his hearty co-operation and approval to any measures not too radical on one hand or too conservative on the other. The members then returned to Temperance Hall very much pleased with their interview with the Governor.

At one o'clock the convention partook of a sumptuous dinner provided by Trenton Division No. 44.

In the afternoon the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—W. P., Col. William B. Robinson, of Salem. W. A., D. M. Sullivan, of Newark. G. S., Henry B. Howell, of Trenton. Grand Treasurer, F. Doroaux, of Trenton. G. Chaplain, Rev. G. W. Loeben, of Trenton. G. Conductor, G. R. Shoppard, of Trenton. —*State Gazette.*

"John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?" "Three, Sir." "No, two would be left, you ignoramus." "No, there wouldn't be; the three that shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away." "Take your seat, John."

AN EXAMPLE.—"Well," said an old gentleman, the other day, "I have been forty-seven years in the business, and can say that very few can outdo an expert once; in all that time, my friend, I never disappointed but one single creditor." "Blame me, what an example for our young mercantile community!" replied the person addressed. "What a pity that one time occurred; how was it?" "Why," responded the old gentleman, "I paid the debt when it became due, and I never in all my life saw a man so outdone as the creditor was."

FRITAFUS in the future: In the good time coming, when the women have all their rights, announcements like the following will be frequent:—"Died, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, Mr. John Smith, husband of Hon. Jane Smith, at her late residence, in Morristown, this morning, at six o'clock. Mr. Smith was a weak and quiet husband, beloved for the goodness of his all domestic virtues—so much he was surpassed by few; as a nurse he was excelled by none."

