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## SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.

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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

### Poetry.

#### THE WIDOWED SWORD.

They have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore

On the field of his young renown—

On the last red field where his fate was sealed,

And the sun of his day went down.

Away with tears

That are blinding me so;

There is joy in his years,

Though his young head be low;

And I'll gaze with a soldier's delight—evermore,

On the sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for freedom and home that I gave him

away,

Like the song of his race of old;

And, though aged and gray, I am childless this day.

He is dearer a thousand fold

Than his glory abroad him.

To hallow his name—

A land that will love him

Who died for his fame;

And a solace will shine when my old heart is sore.

Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true—how they stood, how they fell

In the battle, the plague and the cold;

Oh, as bravely and well as e'er story could tell,

Of the flowers of the heroes of old;

Like a sword through the foe

Was that fearful attack,

That so bright on the blow

Came so bloodily back;

And foremost among them his colors he bore,

And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind in his comrades, he knew not how

kind;

It is more than the Indies to me

Ye know not how kind and steadfast of mind

The soldier to sorrow can be.

They know well how lonely—

How grievously wrong

In the heart that is only

Love loses so young;

And they closed his dark eyes when the battle was

over,

And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

For the South Jersey Republican.

#### HANS IN FORTUNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY W. J. D.

Hans having been in the service of his master seven years, said to him: "Master, my time is out, and I would like to go home again to my mother: give me my wages."

His master answered: "You have served me faithfully and honestly; as thy service, so shall thy pay be," and gave him a lump of gold as large as his head. Hans took out his handkerchief, with which he wrapped up the lump of gold, then put it on his shoulder and started for home.

As he was thus walking along step by step, there suddenly came unto him a woman and a child, trotting gaily along.

"Ah," said Hans, "very loud." "What a glorious thing this riding on horseback is! There you sit on a stout, sturdy horse, no stones, save your labor and get along you know not how." When the rider had heard this, he said to him: "Why Hans, what makes you go on foot?"

"Oh, I must take this lump home; it is gold; but I can hardly hold up my head with such a heavy upon my shoulder." "I'll tell you what," said the rider, and stopped. "We will trade, I will give you my horse and you will give me your lump."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I'll tell you what you will have hard work to get along with it." The rider dismounted, took the gold and assisted Hans to get on. He rode the reins fast in his hands, and said: "If you wish to go quick, you must make a noise with your tongue and cry 'haw, haw!'"

Hans was joyful as he sat on the horse and rode along so lightly and smoothly. It occurred to him that he would like to go faster, and so he began to click with his tongue and cry 'haw, haw!'"

The horse set himself into a smart trot; so, before Hans was aware of it he was thrown off and landed into the ditch, which lay between the pasture field and highway. The horse would have run away, had it not been for a farmer who stopped him, who came along the road driving his cow before him. Hans picked up his limbs and made an effort to get upon his feet; he was downcast, and said to the farmer: "This riding is a poor joke, especially if one gets on such a mare as this, that trots so hard and tosses one about so that he almost breaks his neck. I positively will not get on again. I would much rather have my cow."

"I would much rather have my cow," said Hans, "than to be thrown off and land into the ditch, which lay between the pasture field and highway. The horse would have run away, had it not been for a farmer who stopped him, who came along the road driving his cow before him. Hans picked up his limbs and made an effort to get upon his feet; he was downcast, and said to the farmer: "This riding is a poor joke, especially if one gets on such a mare as this, that trots so hard and tosses one about so that he almost breaks his neck. I positively will not get on again. I would much rather have my cow."

"Well," said the farmer, "if that would be doing you so great a favor, I will trade the cow for the horse." Hans consented with a thousand thanks. The farmer mounted upon the horse and rode swiftly away.

Hans drove his cow slowly before him, now and then looking back at his horse. "If I had only the horse, I could have ridden him as fast as I pleased."

have but a piece of bread—and I shall certainly not want that I hope—I can as often as I please eat butter and cheese. If I am thirsty I will milk the cow and drink milk. Hans, that more could, that desire!"

So he came to a tavern and stopped, to eat plentifully what he had for his dinner and supper, and ordered with his last piece of money a half glass of beer, when he drove the cow further on the way towards his mother's. The heat, however, grew hotter the nearer he came to the middle of the day and he found himself on the heath which might extend a league further. Then he felt very hot so that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth from thirst. "This thing can be remedied," he thought; "now I will milk my cow and drink the milk."

So he tied her to a tree and put his leather cap under, but however much he exerted himself not a drop made its appearance. He managed the affair rather awkwardly, so that the impatient cow gave him a kick with her hind foot, which struck him so hard on the head that he fell to the ground, and for a long time could not remember where he was.

Fortunately a butcher came along the road. He had tied on a wheelbarrow a young pig. "What sort of tricks are these?" said he, and helped good Hans up. Hans related what had happened to him. The butcher extended to him his flask and said, "Drink a little and recover yourself; the cow truly will give no milk; it is an old animal which is good for nothing else than draught or killing." "Well, well," said Hans, and stroked his hair upon his head, "who would have thought! It is a good thing if one can kill such an animal for domestic use; what a quantity of meat one gets! But I am not very fond of cow's meat; it is not juicy enough. Lucky were he who had such a young pig, which tastes juicy; to say nothing of the sausage."

"Hear, Hans," said the butcher: "to oblige you I will trade, and take the cow for the pig." "God will reward your friendship," said Hans. He gave over the cow and took the pig from the wheelbarrow and the string in his hand with which the pig was bound. Hans went on, and thought to himself that everything went on as well as one could wish; for even if he sometimes met any trouble, it was always immediately made smooth again. A companion, however, met him, who was carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They exchanged a good morning, and Hans began to relate to him his good luck, and how he had traded to good advantage. The companion said that he was carrying the goose to a christening feast. "Feel once how heavy it is; she has her weight, but she has been fed for eight long weeks. When one roasts it to eat he must wipe his cheeks with both hands." "Yes," said Hans, and weighed it with his hand. "She has her weight, but my pig is no hog." Thinking upon this, the companion looked around on all sides, then shook his head. "Hear!" began he; "there may be something wrong about your pig. In the village where I came from there has just been one stolen from the sty of the burgomaster. I should fear to have it in my hands. It would be a bad thing. The least thing would be imprisonment, and you will be put into the dark hole." Hans became alarmed: "Good Lord," said he, "help me out of danger. You are better informed than I am in these parts: take my pig and leave your goose."

"I will undoubtedly run some risk," answered the companion, "but I will be the cause of your getting into trouble." He took the rope into his hand and quickly drove the pig into a by-path. Good Hans, exempt from care went on towards his home with the goose under his arm. "If I consider rightly," said he to himself, "I have some advantage in this bargain. Firstly, I will have a good roast, afterwards a multitude of feathers and gravy to dip my bread in for three months, and lastly, beautiful white feathers; these I'll have put into my pillow and then I will go to sleep without waking. What a joy will my mother have!"

As he was passing through the last village, a scissor-grinder stood in the road with his cart, and sang while he plied his work: "I sharpen the scissors and return them quickly."

And sang my coat to suit the wind." Hans stood by and looked on; then he accosted him, and said: "Matters must go pretty well with you, since you are so merry at your business." "Yes," said the scissor-grinder, "this trade has a golden soil. The grinder is a man who, as often as he puts his hand into his pocket, finds gold therein. But where did you buy that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but exchanged it for my pig." "And the pig?" "That I received for my cow." "And the cow?" "That I got for my horse." "And the horse?" "For that I gave a lump of gold as large as my head." "And the gold?" "Well that was my pay for seven years wages." "You have done well this far," said the grinder. "If you now can succeed so far as to be able to hear the money jingle in your pocket, then you are rising and making your fortune." "How shall I begin?" said Hans. "You must become a grinder as myself; then obtain a whetstone, and the rest is easily accomplished. I have one here which is only a little damaged; for which, however, you shall give me nothing more than your goose. Will you do that?" "How can I do otherwise?" answered Hans. "I will become a rich man of the earth and have gold as often as I put my hand into my pocket. What care I for grief?" and then gave him the goose. "Now," said the grinder, and picked up an old stone from the field and handed to him. There you have a good stone in the bargain; it will be a fine one to hammer on. You can straighten old nails on it. Take it and preserve it properly. Hans took the stone, and went along with a happy heart; his eye sparkled with joy, and he said to himself: "I must have been born under lucky stars; everything I wish is fulfilled to me the same as a Sunday child." He had, however, been on his feet since daybreak, and hunger tormented him, for he had consumed all at once all of his provisions in the joy of his heart at parting with his cow. Now he goes along in trouble and must halt at every step; moreover the stone presses him down so that he could not resist the thought how good it would be if he could just go along without trouble.

He went along to the well. So he went and sat down by the side of the well to drink; in order that he might not injure the stone, whilst stooping down, he took it very carefully and laid it on the side of the bank. While stooping down to take his drink he inadvertently stumbled against it and it fell in. Hans sprang up with joy, then knelt down and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, for having shown him this favor, and for having delivered him so happily—that this was the only thing that had been wanting to complete his happiness. He was now happier than any one under the sun. With a light heart and free from care he went on until he came to his mother.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

We want a religion—that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honey-moon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig tree bearing in its blossom at once the beauty of the tender bloom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicken from coffee, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk cans.

The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big atra berries and peaches at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will never offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyard ever produced bottles—and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow and all her milk grind. It will not make one half a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor, so that the first shall redound to the makers credit and the other to his cash. It will not let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half—nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye—nor all poor deland and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton—nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold the unsuspecting public for legal broad cloth.

It doth not put brick, worth only five dollars per thousand, into chimneys it constructed to build of seven dollar materials—nor smuggle white pine into floors that have been paid for hard pine—nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered—not make window blinds with slate that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are as good as count to be handled. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to law. It looks on a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and neglects to pay it on demand with or without interest as a liar.—Episcopal Recorder.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect to have seen in print. Mr. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety.—The host, though disapproving of theaters and theater going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man, had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted and the company re-seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's prayer.

Booth expressed his ready willingness to afford this gratification; and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich toned voice from white lips, syllabled forth "Our Father, who art in Heaven," &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or muscle moved in his wrapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sol was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accent, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from boyhood to the present time, thought I had repeated the Lord's prayer, but I have never heard it before, NEVER!"

"You are right," said Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read, has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple.—That prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and thus stamps upon it the seal of Divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant who was present) that conversation was continued but a short time longer in monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.—Chicago Tribune.

THE RIGHT BIRD.

Old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practised medicine, found the calls and fees did not amount to enough to please him, so he addressed a grocery shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed:

"Och, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine! But there is something a little bit wrong in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ah, yes," replied the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm after thinking there's another kind of a bird would be more appropriate."

"And what is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he's one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries 'Quack, quack, quack.'"

The last seen of Pat and the doctor was Pat running for dear life and the doctor after him.

A POPULAR DANISH STORY.—In the village of Ebberup, in Funen, there lived a very wealthy farmer, who had to go one day to Assen with a load of barley; so one of his neighbors, a cottager, asked leave to go along with him for the sake of fetching some good goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottager followed the cart on foot, and as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, they had to pass close by a church on the roadside. The man had got a little way behind the cart, so that he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon. He could soon make up to the cart again. He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the door. The Gospel for that day was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveler entered the church the minister shouted out: "But what became of the rich man?" The Ebberup man thought he was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said: "He drove on to Assen with a load of barley." "No," thundered the minister, "he went to hell."

"Mercy on us," cried the other, running out of the church, "then I must look after my shoes and stockings!"

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.—Teachers and parents should make it a duty to see that the circumstances under which children study are such as shall leave a happy impression on their minds. Young scholars will gradually and unconsciously become like what they most look upon. Little children are wonderfully susceptible for good or evil.

1. Shabby school-houses induce slovenly habits. Unswart floors indicate cobwebby brains. Ill-made benches not only warp and dwarf the body, but by reflex influence, the mind as well. Why are children so often discouraged and even disgusted at school? Because the school-house seems as a prison, and the furniture as instruments of torture.

2. No matter how old or unfashionable your school-house—keep it clean. Hide its sombre walls with pictures, embower its weather-beaten exterior with flower vines, and decorate its yards with shrubbery.—Then the birds will come singing welcomes to your children. Then the young inmates that enter its door will be won by love and beauty. They will be ennobled as if by sweet magic, and their minds will be awakened to learning and virtuous instruction, with links of gold brightening and strengthening for ever and ever.

PHRENOLOGICAL KARATEER OF MR. MARK MILBURY, Esq.—Given at the of the of Prof. Josh Billings, practical phrenologist, price \$4.

Amityness—Big. Sticks out like horns. You ought to be able to lay the hole human families with your bump at once. Bu will never be a wider lord, not any.

Polytiki—Yu hav got the natral wa. A splendid bump. Menny a man has got to be constable with half yure bump. Combativeness—Sleightfully, very much. You might fight a woman, but tuff match. I shud like tew bet on the woman. This bump wants pointising.

Vitales—Bi thunder what a bump! I shud think ye out eat a hoss and cart, and chas the driver three miles, without enny practice. Thunder & Lightning! enny a bump! what a bump!

Greenbacks—Wel developed. A gorgeous bump. A fortin to enny man. Yu kant help but die rich; if this bump don't go back on yu. Gorgeous bump! happee man! die when yu feel like it, deth won have enny sorrows for yure relasuns that this bump wont heal.

A BIT OF ADVICE FOR BOYS.—"You are made to be kind," says Horace man, "generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

POLITICAL.

(From the Christian Intelligencer.)

MURDER TO SLAVEHOLDERS.

This cant phrase is used almost every day by certain members of Congress, who doubtless know what it means. But while honorable members of the National Legislature are consumed with zeal to do "justice to slaveholders," it concerns the people to consider carefully and thoroughly precisely what that justice is which should be meted out to rebel slaveholders.

A few facts, rapidly arrayed for popular inspection, may aid in the solution of this grave question.

The framers of our National Constitution while they refused to sanction the doctrine that one man could hold property in another, did, consent, nevertheless, to recognize the fact that persons were held to servitude or service in certain States. The Constitution did not create slavery, it did not abolish it, and it did not nationalize it. It contemplated its speedy but gradual extinction. Nevertheless, in order to do justice to slaveholders, the Constitution allowed five slaves to count as three white men in making up the basis of representation for the slaveholding States. This was done as a matter of equity, to balance the power of the several States of the Union in the general Congress.

So soon, however, as the Government went into operation, it was found that the weakness of slavery required sympathetic aid. Accordingly an internal tax was levied whereby the Northern States contributed for the support of the cotton and sugar culture and so rendered "justice to slaveholders."

The abolition of slavery in the Northern States having been followed by a rapid increase of population, and of material and moral prosperity, next gave alarm to the slaveholding States, whose politicians foresaw that freedom would outrun them—overturn them in political influence. Then began the era of compromises about tariffs and territories. From 1820 to 1850, the nation was all the while trying how to do "justice to slaveholders," and failed constantly and consistently in its attempt so to do. The more it tried the more it failed. The justice to slaveholders, such at least as they demanded, seemed to have "a length and a breadth, a height and a depth past finding out." A concession made became the plea for a fresh demand. The slaveholders had everything, but could not be content.

They ruled the country, elected its President, selected its cabinet officers, nominated the Senate and the House, filled the army and navy with officers, chose our representatives to foreign Governments, dictated law to the Supreme Court, tormented the Northern mind by threats of disunion, bargained openly in the political market for servants to serve slavery.

They demanded more. The Christian world should have tolerated a style of civilization, no debate, no willingness to stop short of the monstrous postulate that slavery was national and freedom sectional.

The patient charity and long-suffering forbearance of the North were at length exhausted. Then the free States elected Mr. Lincoln, at a time when the National Government had well nigh broken down through persistent effort to do "justice to slaveholders." This conservative demonstration was soon followed by the slaveholders rebellion. They would receive no assurance whatever to the effect that the triumphant party meant no harm to slavery in the States wherein it existed. They were resolved on war. They began it. They forced the North reluctantly to grasp the sword.

"Red battle stamped his foot and nations felt the shock."

A hundred thousand freemen have been slain or maimed. Another hundred thousand are still in arms, to feel the shock of battle. Every laboring man, as well as every property holder, is being daily and largely taxed, to sustain the Government in its great task of overcoming the rebels. Well nigh every family in the free States mourns the death or the absence of some one or more of its members, because of the war.

Who are the authors of this horrible strife? Who have slain the fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers, and friends who have perished on bloody battle-fields? Who have forced upon the Government a burden of debt which shall press heavily upon this and coming generations? Who have dishonored their nation, their age, their civilization, their blood, and their religion in the eyes of the christian world?

Who have made an Aeldama of the sunny South? Who have precipitated a prosperous people into sorrow, dismay and death? SLAVEHOLDERS. They, and they alone.—Given over to judicial blindness and hardness of heart, they made war against their Government, their kindred, and their God. They made it with the avowed intent of perpetuating slavery and destroying freedom! With malice prepense they essayed the overthrow of Democratic institutions, for the purpose of establishing a feudal aristocracy upon their ruins.

And yet there are men in Congress who, at this day babble of "justice to slaveholders," when it is evident they are guilty of unpardonable political sins. They have forfeited their right to property and life.—They are more than alien enemies; they are traitors, rebels, murderers of their kindred, and foes of all mankind.

"Justice to Rebel slaveholders!" Yes, let them have it, more and more, in abundant measures, until there ceases to be one of them left in all the land! We must make an utter end of this long and fretting controversy now. The nation must purge and heal itself so completely, that when it shall have come out of its civil agony, there will remain in its bosom no serpents, whether Rattlesnake or Copperhead, to bite or sting.

Such has been our conviction since the day when Sumpter first resounded with the cannon's roar. It has grown stronger and stronger with the progress of events, and while we have no right to judge, we never

these, plus, minus, their old annals, on the work of slaveholders.

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Junction, 8.44 10.53 4.59

Waterford, 8.57 11.10 5.12

Spring Garden, 9.03 11.20 5.18

Weymouth, 9.11 11.40 5.26

Hammononton, 9.20 11.55 5.35

Da Costa, 9.27 12.07 5.42

Weymouth, 9.40 12.33 5.55

Egg Harbor, 9.52 12.52 6.07

Swamp Siding, 10.03 1.13 6.23

Absecon, 10.24 1.46 6.35

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Woodmansie, 1.15 2.15 5.15

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Meholster, 2.35 3.35 6.35

Hidgeway, 2.42 3.42 6.42

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Junction, 5.35 6.35 9.35

Shrewsbury, 5.41 6.41 9.41

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