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SOUTH JERSEY RE-PUBLICAN.

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D. H. SNOW, Editor.

Editor.

TO THE GOD OF NATIONS.

O Thou before whose Throne we fall,
Who bendest to the benedict knee,
Who earnest none, who lovest all—
How long, O God, from land and sea,
Shall not the groaning nations call?

O Thou by whom the lost are found,
Whose Cross, upraised, forever stands,
Whose shaft its shadow on the ground
Spread East and West through all the lands,
Until it gird the world around?

O Thou who makest kingdoms Thine,
When shall Thy mighty arms outreach
From Southern palm to Northern pine,
To bind each human heart to each,
And each to Thee as branch to vine?

O Thou who cleansest human sin,
For whom the whole creation waits,
When shall Thy reign on earth begin?
O ye lifted up, ye gates,
And let the King of Glory in!

THEODORE TILTON.

Miscellaneous Articles.

JOE MAYWED'S COURTSHIP.

About half past seven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg might have been seen entering old Cephas Barbary's kitchen window. The leg was followed by the entire body of a Yankee attired in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. It was in short, Joe Maywed, who thus burglariously won his way into the old deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by ordering me not to darken his door again," soliloquized the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't but did not say anything about windows. Windows are as good as doors if there ain't no nails to tear trousers onto. Wonder if Sally will come down. The critter promised me. I am afraid to move about here, might break my shins over something or another and awake the old man. Cold enough to freeze a polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maid descended with a smile, a tallow candle and a box of lucifer matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a rousing fire in the kitchen stove and the happy young couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of hopes and vows.

But the course of true love ran pot-a-bit smoother in Barbary's kitchen than elsewhere, and Joe was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, when he was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from the door of his chamber.

"Call! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it is morning," whispered Joe Maywed.

"I can't tell him a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth then," said Joe.

And running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he put the hands at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It is five by the clock," said Sally and corroborating her words the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the stairs began to creak.

"Good gracious! it is father," exclaimed Joe.

"Hide me Sally," exclaimed the distracted girl.

"O, I know, said he, I will squeeze into the clock case."

And without a word he concealed himself in the case and closed the door.

The deacon was dressed and seating himself by the stove pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and began deliberately to smoke.

"Five o'clock, he," said he. "Well, I shall have to smoke three or four pipes, and then I will go and feed the critters."

"Hadin' you better go and feed the critters first?" suggested Sally.

"No, smoking clears my head and wakes me up," replied the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry up the enjoyment of his pipe.

But for whiz, ding, ding, went the clock.

"Tormented lightning," cried the deacon starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove, "what a earth is that?"

"It is only the clock striking five," replied Sally, tranquilly.

"What a creation," cried the deacon. "Striking five. It has struck more than a hundred already."

"Deacon Barbary," cried the deacon's wife, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down stairs, in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It is a hundred years in the family, and I never knew it to carry on so afore."

"Whiz, ding!" went the clock again.

"It'll bust itself," cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," cried the old deacon, who contained a leaven of New England

superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," said he, after a pause advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's going on in it."

"Oh don't dries his daughter, seizing one of his coat tails, while his wife caught the other."

"Don't," cried both women together. "Let go my raiment," shouted the deacon. "I am not afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go, so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance they fell heavily to the floor, he pitched forward and seized the knob of the clock.

But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it from the inside with a death grip. The old deacon, to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when a unearthly yell as of a figid in distress, burst from the inside, the clock pitched headforemost at the deacon, and wrecked its fine proportions. The current of air extinguished the candle—the deacon, the old lady and Sally flew up stairs, and Joe Maywed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he had entered.

The next day all Absecon was alive with the story of how old Deacon Barbary's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version, yet some, and especially Joe Maywed, affected to discredit the affair and hinted that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock existed only in a distempered imagination.

WHAT IS WORTH MORE THAN LIBERTY?

"He would say that there was one thing that he loved more than the freedom of the white man, or the freedom of the black man, one thing more than all else—and that was his country."—Mr. Seward's Speech at Baltimore.

What is the meaning of these Delphic words? Mr. Seward, speaking of white men and black—that is, the whole people declares that he loves his country more than the liberty of the whole body of citizens. "What, then," is that "country" which he prizes above the highest welfare of all its children? Is it the soil under foot? the sky overhead? the water-brooks and flowers? Beautiful as are all these, are they more to be desired than the inalienable birthright of a whole people? Or does he mean commerce and manufactures, ships and mills, storehouses and wealth? Will all these, thrown into the scale, outweigh a divinely implanted instinct of 31,000,000 human hearts? Does he mean machinery of government, legislative enactments, redness of tape? Can it be possible that all this is of more value than the most sacred prerogative of human nature?

When a man ordinarily speaks of his country, he means primarily his countrymen. But if Mr. Seward were to exclude from the continent all his countrymen, would the mere geographical remainder of the Republic answer his idea of a country? Or, if Mr. Seward should allow to perish all the free institutions of the land, and compel every American, black or white, to lose his liberty and to become a slave, would that might then remain of the "country" be more valuable than what had been destroyed? As for ourselves, we can see nothing, either in this or in any other country, of more value than the liberty of the whole people—nothing that can be put into the scale to compare with this even for a moment. If Mr. Seward sees something else, it is a phantom—like that mirage which always lies before him at the distance of ninety days. No, let us not permit ourselves to think of our country as separate from its liberty. "Ubi Libertas, ibi Patria."—WHERE LIBERTY IS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY!

We are grieved that Mr. Seward entertains a notion of some other desirable country than that wherein liberty dwells. He would give up liberty to save the country. O, Mr. Seward, have you forgotten that the Pilgrim Fathers gave up their country to save liberty? Independence.

SECRET WRITING.

Of late we have heard a great deal said on the subject of secret writing, and many methods devised for conveying private or important messages in such a way that if they fall into improper hands their meaning will be safe from detection. Sympathetic ink is sometimes used, which is so made that the writing disappears in a short time, but again becomes visible on the application of heat or some chemical preparation. But secrets thus sealed are readily unsealed by any chemist. The most common method is to construct a cypher in which new and strange characters stand for letters or words, or one word stands for another, or the words to be read are mixed with other words, but placed in some determinate order. But few, if any, of these are beyond the reach of an ingenious mind to interpret. And it is not so much guess-work as many people suppose. In unravelling a difficult cypher numerous experiments have to be tried, but the operations are all based on comparison, and should be regular and systematic.

Poe, in his story of "The Golden Bug," gives some valuable hints on the interpretation of the most common cryptographs. He contends that the ingenuity of man can construct no enigma which the ingenuity of man cannot unravel. And he actually read several very difficult cyphers which were sent to him after the publication of "The Golden Bug."

But we saw, several years ago, a method which makes the message absolutely safe from detection. We will try to describe it. Take a square sheet of paper of convenient size, say a foot square. Divide it by lines drawn at right angles into five hundred and seventy-six squares, twenty six each way; in the upper horizontal row write the alphabet in its natural order, one letter in each square; in the second horizontal row write the alphabet, beginning with B. There will then be one square left at the end of this row; into this put A. Fill the third row by beginning with C and writing A and B after Z at the end. So on until the whole sheet is filled. When completed, the table, if correct, will present this appearance: In the upper horizontal row,

"INCIDENTAL EXPENSES."

The "Act to defray Incidental Expenses," passed by the last Legislature, and printed over a 16,000 to defray the expenses of the State government for the past year. In the old days of "extravagance," five or six thousand dollars was ever considered a most exorbitant amount for incidental expenses, even when included the bill for current printing, "the democratic economy" separates the current printing from the incidental expenses, and while the current printing costs more than the whole of the "incidental expenses" of 1850, the incidental expenses of 1864 amount up to over \$15,000; about half as much as was considered necessary for all the expenses of the State government twenty or thirty years ago.

Of the \$15,000 appropriated by this bill, \$9,216.53 was for stationery for the legislative, executive judicial departments of the State government, more than half being for the legislature, and including, \$25 in cash, a gold pen, a handsome knife, paper, pen ink, postage stamps, &c., to each member. Another thousand dollars was appropriated to the Honorable Jarrett Stokes, to pay the expenses of the contested election between him Mr. Lathrop, who claims (and many think rightfully) to have been legally elected.

Mr. Stokes presented the following bill of the expenses incurred:

John Rogers, Master in Chancery, taking depositions, making copies, &c.,	\$195 12
Copying report of Committee,	10 00
H. McDowell, witness fees, serving process, room rent, &c.,	641 00
A. Browning, counsel fees,	500 00
Ewan Merritt,	220 00
Cash paid various persons for services rendered, and other expenses,	400 00
	\$1966 12

This was the bill as originally presented, and passed by the Democratic majority of the House of Assembly. We desire to call the attention of our readers to some of the items. The were eighty witnesses. The legal fees for serving process and the fees of the witnesses would amount to sixty-two and a half cents for each witness, but doubling this amount would only be \$100, leaving \$541.00 as room rent for a single room for less than two months. This is one item. In the second place, there are many man who believe that Mr. Stokes would be required to pay \$500 as the fee of one of his counsel, except upon the understanding that the money came out of the public treasury? We think that \$300 would cover all Mr. Stokes's expense for counsel fees, if the money was to come from his own pocket. We think, therefore, that \$420 may be deducted from the counsel fees; and if \$400 more was taken from the charge for room rent, the landlord would still be abundantly paid. After making these extravagant charges, it was found impossible to specify any other items, and therefore, \$400 is demanded "for cash paid various persons, and other purposes." As no vouchers were presented for this charge, this amount, of course, ought to be deducted.

If the deductions we have pointed out had been made from Mr. Stokes's bill, the amount left would have been \$746.12; and this sum we do not doubt, would have defrayed all his expenses in the contest, and left besides a handsome surplus for next fall, if his party should be weak enough to renounce him.

We think it necessary to call public attention to this incidental bill, in order that the people may understand and appreciate the reckless extravagance of their representatives. The incidental bill is a reservoir into which flows all the bills for which room can be found nowhere else; and now at a time, when the most rigid economy is demanded in every department; it is a shame that money is squandered for the support of party and party men. The Democratic party has been so long in power that its leaders think that the State belongs to them, and they squander the public money, right and left, in order to perpetuate their ascendancy. We think next winter will show a change for the better.—State Gazette.

Each party must have one of these tables. A key-word must also be agreed upon, which may be any word in the English language, or from any other language if it can be represented by English letters, or indeed, it may even be a combination of letters which spell nothing.

Now, to send a message, first write the message in plain English. Over it write the key-word, letter over letter, repeating it as many times as it is necessary to cover the message. Take a simple case as an illustration. Suppose the first word to be Grant and the message: We have five days' provisions. It should be placed thus:

Grant grant grant grant grant
We have five days' provisions
Now find, in the upper horizontal row of the table, the first letter of the key-word G, and in the left hand vertical column, the first letter of the message, W. Run a fine straight down from G and one to the right from W, and in the angle where the two lines meet will be found the letter which must be written as the first letter of the cypher. With the second letter of the key-word R and the second letter of the message F find in the same way the second letter of the cypher.

The correspondent who receives the cypher goes to work to translate it thus: He first writes over it the key-word, letter over letter, repeating as often as necessary. Then finding in the upper row of his table the first letter of the key-word, he passes his pencil directly down until he comes to the first letter of the cypher; the letter opposite to it in the left vertical column is the first letter of the translation. Each of the succeeding letters is found in a similar way.

A third party, into whose hands such a cypher might fall, could not read it, though he possessed a copy of the table and knew how to use it, unless he knew the key-word. The chance of his guessing this, is only one in millions. And there is no such thing as interpreting it by any other method, because there are no repetitions, and hence all comparison is at fault. That is to say, in the same cypher, in one place a letter, as for instance C may stand for one letter in the translation, and in another place C may stand for quite a different letter. This is the only kind of cypher we have ever seen which is absolutely safe.—Rochester Democrat.

THE YOUNG TOBACCO CHEWER CURED.

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"What have you got there?" asked the first lieutenant. "A gum-boil? Your cheek is much swollen."

"No, sir," replied the boy; "there's nothing at all the matter."

"O, there must be! Perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth, and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large roll of tobacco-leaf.

"I see," said the lieutenant. "Poor fellow! how you must suffer! Your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning. I wish," continued he, "we had a dentist on board. But, as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with the tong."

When the armorer made his appearance with his big tongs, the boy was compelled to open his mouth, while the tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There, now!" said the lieutenant. "I'm sure that you must feel better already. You never have any appetite with such stuff in your mouth. Now, captain of the after-guard, bring a piece of old canvas and some sand, and clean his teeth nicely."

The captain of the after-guard came forward, and, grinning from ear to ear, put the unwilling boy's head between his knees, and scrubbing his teeth well with sand and canvas for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the lieutenant. "Now my little fellow, take some water and rinse out your mouth, and you will enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything with your mouth in such a filthy state. When you are troubled in the same way again, have no scruples about coming to me, and I will be your dentist."

It is needless to say the affair occasioned a good deal of merriment, at the boy's expense. He was, however, completely cured of the habit of tobacco-chewing by the occurrence, and doubtless has no disposition now to complain of the apparently harsh discipline which accomplished so desirable a result. If some such measures were adopted, with the many young and undisciplined chivers and smokers that are to be met with among us, they themselves would be largely benefited, and society relieved of a great evil.—Frank's Tracts.

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They took a drink of apple jack and parted. From time to time a bushel of the finest oysters would be set down at Uncle James' door, and he would hardly know who committed the depredation. The year passed away; and there was no complaint to make of any unneighborly conduct on either side. They met for a settlement at Uncle James' house, the apple-jack was brought out, and they all took a smile; after which the question was again put by the oyster-men—

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"If it has been any benefit to you," replied the old man, "you can give me what you can afford."

One put down ten dollars, another twenty—some more, some less, until nearly five hundred dollars were voluntarily paid, which was more than double the sum which Tite Barnacle extorted by menace and meanness from the same men.

CONGRESSIONAL INEBRIATES.—Under this head the Washington correspondent of the Newark Advertiser furnishes some facts which all good citizens will be pained to hear. Speaking of Senator McDougall of California, who has become a confirmed drunkard, the writer says:

He seldom troubles the Senate with his presence, but seems entirely devoted to his cups, caring little for his public duties, and less for the State he was sent to represent. He occasionally goes out horse-back riding with his servant a few paces in the rear to look after him, and now and then the white haired Senator tumbles off into the mud, much to the amusement of the little boys who gather round, but more to the chagrin

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"How much shall we pay you, Uncle James, for the use of the creek?"

"If it has been any benefit to you," replied the old man, "you can give me what you can afford."

One put down ten dollars, another twenty—some more, some less, until nearly five hundred dollars were voluntarily paid, which was more than double the sum which Tite Barnacle extorted by menace and meanness from the same men.

CONGRESSIONAL INEBRIATES.—Under this head the Washington correspondent of the Newark Advertiser furnishes some facts which all good citizens will be pained to hear. Speaking of Senator McDougall of California, who has become a confirmed drunkard, the writer says:

He seldom troubles the Senate with his presence, but seems entirely devoted to his cups, caring little for his public duties, and less for the State he was sent to represent. He occasionally goes out horse-back riding with his servant a few paces in the rear to look after him, and now and then the white haired Senator tumbles off into the mud, much to the amusement of the little boys who gather round, but more to the chagrin

THE YOUNG TOBACCO CHEWER CURED.

On board a ship, one day, we were stowing away the hammocks, when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and, as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there?" asked the first lieutenant. "A gum-boil? Your cheek is much swollen."

MANITARY FAIR - A WAY TO
It is very generally known that a Fair for the United States Sanitary Commission is to be held in Philadelphia, Pa. on the 10th of June next. The people of New Jersey, especially in this part of it, are anxious to cooperate with the people of Pennsylvania and Delaware in efforts to advance the interests of it. We are confident that the people of this State will not be behind in this good work. We desire in this article, to draw attention to a novel and pleasing plan to swell the amount to be raised. A committee has been formed for the purpose of publishing a daily paper, called *Our Daily Fair*, during the two weeks the fair will be open. We have been requested to appoint a committee to solicit subscribers from this County and hope to be able to announce the names next week.

The following from the circular sent us, explains the terms and character of the paper. All subscriptions or orders must be accompanied by the money. The newspaper, which is to be named *Our Daily Fair*, will be published for two weeks, from Sunday, excepted, from the opening of the Fair. A complete set of twelve numbers will be sent to each subscriber. The paper will be published in the morning, and will contain a full and complete account of the Fair, with all the news connected with it. It will also contain a full and complete account of the Fair, with all the news connected with it. It will also contain a full and complete account of the Fair, with all the news connected with it.

At the proper time the box was opened and the cards placed in the wheel. The wheel was then turned by a blindfolded person. After a few revolutions, he would open the wheel, take out a card which the proper officer would take from his hand and read, the clerk writing the name at the same time. The wheel was then turned again, and the process was repeated. The wheel was then turned again, and the process was repeated. The wheel was then turned again, and the process was repeated.

Now that the draft is over, those who have been drawn have to decide upon the alternatives before them. If of suitable age and not physically exempt, they are obliged to join the army, pay the \$300 contribution, or provide substitutes. The \$300 exempt them from the operations of the draft under the present act. Should another card be made, they would be again liable to draft, and if the quota under the present act is not filled within a year from the time of this draft they again become liable. But they are not liable to draft under the present act till after one year.

If a substitute who is not liable to draft is procured—an alien or over 45 or under 20—the person furnishing him is exempt for three years. If the substitute is liable to draft the original is exempt only under the present draft.

While those who are called to service in the armies of our country by the wheel of fortune or fate are considering what to do, those who are not taken should not feel themselves at liberty to go about their ordinary business affairs without further consideration. They should consider that the destinies of the wheel of fortune have overtaken them, and be inclined to do to others as they would be done by. We have before said that we believe the drafted men are entering the service to do so as worthy soldiers, and as such, they should be treated as such.

It is recommended that all patriots, at their homes, in their places of public worship, and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God. (Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE U. S. TWO HUNDRED
MILITARY LOAN
This loan is limited to two hundred million, and is being rapidly subscribed for by the people. A moderate portion of this amount has been taken for Europe, and any reasonable portion of the remaining amount that the Secretary of the Treasury may be willing to designate, could be placed on the other side, with or without making the interest payable in London instead of New York, on highly advantageous terms, thus giving the amount of sterling exchange (10 per cent. better than gold, as rates are ruling here) at the rate of the Summer months. He has never yet contemplated such propositions for his popular loans. His preference is that our own people should have the entire advantage of the gold interest which they bear, or else the premium on their bonds, much as they have had on the 5-20s when bought for \$100. The present object, that of the popular distribution at home, at par, on five per cent gold interest, equal to 7 1/2 per cent in currency with gold at 100 to 160 cents.

The Act of Congress specially provides that the principle of these bonds shall be paid in gold. If paid in currency, it is with the Government, or re-borrowed at three or four per cent. interest, for fear of the war of 1812 this government borrowed money at three per cent. interest, and it is possible it will be for him to have less paid out and sent here and there. It would have required at least a doubling of the clerical force in his office.

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