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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

For the South Jersey Republican.

RAPIDAN, THE STREAM OF DEATH.

BY ANDREW H. DOUGHTY.

Rapidan! Oh Rapidan!

O'er thy dark and turbid wave,

Rolls the death cry of the dashing

Ringer who was shot of the brave

Round thy shores the red fire flashing,

Startling light and gleaming shell.

Rapidan, Oh, stream of battle,

Who thy fearful tale shall tell.

Olden memories of horror,

Sown by scourge of deadly plague,

Long had clothed thy circling forests,

With a terror vast and vague.

Now to gather fiercer vigor,

From the phantoms grim with gore,

Harried by war's wilder carnage,

To their graves on thy lone shore.

Long with hearts subdued and saddened,

As the oppressors' hosts moved on,

Fell the arms of rebels backward,

Till our flags had almost flown,

Till our spears were almost bent;

Here the invading wave shall stay;

Here shall cease the rebels' progress;

Here be crushed his grand array.

Then their eager hearts all throbbing,

Backward flashed each battle flag

Of the water-carpet of the rock,

And the sturdy troops of Meade,

Marched upon the foam-torn turning,

All their pent up wrath broke out

In the furious battle clamor.

And the phrenzied battle shout.

Roll thy dark waves, Oh, Rapidan!

Tremble all thy ghastly shore,

With the red robe of the onset,

And the tumult's horrid roar,

As the northern battle giants,

Hurl their bolts of death along.

Burns the heart, beated strong,

Warren, victorious and strong.

Miscellaneous Articles.

[From the Independent.]

OUR REBEL PARROT.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

The door of my sitting-room opened, and

my little Mell—the blue-eyed—came

in. She walked up to me rather slowly,

and kissed me on the cheek. Now I knew

perfectly well from this that some impor-

tant request was to be made, or some mis-

chief was brewing. Its invariably the case

when Mell kisses me in the middle of the

day. "Pretty soon," she said:

"Am I a blue-eyed banditti, Ma?"

What in the world! thought I, wonder-

ing if it were possible that the little mis-

chief, who reads everything she can lay her

hands on, from Mr. Beecher's Sermons

down to Jenny Wren, had been sucking

poison from some yellow-backed jewel.

"Ma," she said, "give you my 'Long-

fellow's' Children' for your album. Did

Mr. Longfellow mean them when he wrote

that verse that says:

"A blue-eyed banditti, Ma?"

"But now, Mell, let me know what you

want." And then it came out.

There was a parrot for sale at the San-

itary Fair then being held in our city; a

most beautiful and accomplished bird, from

never do I believe—and poor Mell tried

in vain to win from it any show of affec-

tion. She repulsed all her gentle advances,

unless accompanied by something nice in

the eating line, and Mell was too proud

ways to buy its regard. Little Alice—she

the brown eyes—succeeded better than

either of her sisters in taming the feathered

shrew. Poll's cage was badly battered

and really quite unsafe; so one day after

brims from the banditti, a fine new cage

was made in the strongest manner, was brought

in. At her first introduction to it, Poll

showed the utmost contempt and disre-

spect. She made fierce plunges at the bars

with her beak, and glared venomously at

all the little fixtures and arrangements for

her comfort. But by-and-by, when Alice

dressed her cage with flowers, instead of

tearing them to pieces, as we all expected,

she winked very knowingly, and said:

"Poll's a soldier! Poll's like a soldier."

We thought this very cunning, and won-

dered if the poor fellow who slept at Chick-

amaug had taught her. Alice feeling she

was in favor, went and brought some hard

army crackers, which had been exhibited

the Fair, and offered them to her, but

the creature cast them off in scorn, screech-

ing at the top of her voice:

"Poll's a soldier! Poll's worn her teeth

off."

Next morning, as Mell was bringing in

the newspaper from the doorstep, her eye

fell upon Gen. Butler's name in one of the

headings, and she read it aloud. Imagine

our astonishment at hearing the word

caught up by some invisible tongue.

"Butler's a brute!" Old Abe's a scare-

crow! Little Mack's a slow coach! Hur-

rah for Jeff Davis!"

The truth flashed upon us. Our parrot

was a rebel, and a most violent one, it

seemed. Josie's black eyes flashed an-

grily, Alice looked grieved, and Mell was

terribly mortified. What could we do? Let

the uncanny creature shout secession from

our piazza to all the passers by? Never!

we said, and so tried our best to convert

her. But in vain Alice filled her cage

with Union songs and sentiments, and Mell

punished her with a dark closet, and Josie

threatened her with Fort Lafayette. Poll

continued to scream treason till she was

tired of it, which did not happen for sev-

eral days. After this she became quite good-

natured, and whenever the cage door was

opened, would leave it and go foraging all

over the house. When she saw company

coming in, she would walk up my lace cur-

tains, hide herself on the middle bar of

the window, and when they were fairly

seated, startle them with hideous cries of:

"Look-out! Poll's going to shoot! Poll's

a soldier!"

She clawed great holds in my chair-tides

using them as ladders to her favorite perches

on the tops of the rocking chairs. She

stole the food from our plates, the hair pins

from our hair, and the strings from our

shoes; and was altogether a great a nuisance

as a pet can be.

But the strangest part of the story is yet

to come. One day there was an arrival at

our house. A Papa had found a soldier boy

at the depot, who had lately been released

from a southern prison, and was on his way

to his home in a western State. He had

stepped off the cars at our station, and

in getting on again, his poor weak limbs

failed him, and he fell, receiving a severe

injury. The poor fellow begged so hard

not to be sent to the hospital, that papa

just took him in the carriage and brought

him home to be nursed by mamma and the

girls. Well, we got him comfortably in bed,

and left him to try to sleep, with the door

of the room a little way open. Very soon

I missed Poll, and, fearing some mischief

WHAT BECAME OF THE SLAVES ON A GEORGIA PLANTATION?

Great Auction Sale of Slaves, at Savan-

nah, Georgia, March 24 & 25, 1850.

The largest sale of human chattels that

has been made in Star-Spangled America

for several years, took place on Wednesday

and Thursday of last week, at the Race-

course near the City of Savannah, Georgia.

The lot consisted of four hundred and

thirty-six men, women, children and infants,

being that half of the negro stock remain-

ing on the old Major Butler plantation, which

fell to one of the two heirs to that

estate. Major Butler, dying, left a property

valued at more than a million of dollars,

the major part of which was invested in

rice and cotton plantations, and the slaves

thereon, all of which immense fortune de-

scended to two heirs, his sons, Mr. John

A. Butler, sometime deceased, and Mr.

Pierce M. Butler, still living, and residing

in the City of Philadelphia, Pa. The State

of Pennsylvania, losses in the great

crash of 1857-8, and other exigencies of

business, have compelled the latter gentle-

man to realize on his Southern investments,

that he may satisfy his pressing creditors.

This necessity led to a partition of the ne-

gro stock on the Georgia plantations be-

tween himself and the representative of the

other heir, the widow of the late John A.

Butler, and the negroes that were brought

to the hammer last week were the property

of Mr. Pierce M. Butler, of Philadelphia,

and were in fact sold to pay Mr.

Pierce M. Butler's debts. The creditors

were represented by Gen. Cadwalder, while

Mr. Butler was present in person, attended

by his business agent, to attend to his own

interests.

The sale had been advertised largely for

many weeks, though the name of Mr. But-

ler was not mentioned; and as the negroes

were known to be a choice lot and very de-

sirable property, the attendance of buyers

was large. The breaking up of an old fam-

ily estate is so uncommon an occurrence

that the affair was regarded with unusual

interest throughout the South. For sev-

eral days before the sale every hotel in

Savannah was crowded with negro specula-

tors from North and South Carolina, Vir-

ginia, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, who

had been attracted hither by the prospects for

making good bargains. Nothing was heard

for days, in the bar-rooms and public rooms,

but talk of the great sale; and the business

affairs of Mr. Butler, and speculations as

to the probable prices the stock

would bring. The office of Joseph Bryan,

the Negro Broker, who had the manage-

ment of the sale, was thronged every day

by eager inquirers in search of information,

and by some who were anxious to buy; but

were uncertain as to whether their securi-

ties would prove acceptable. Little parties

were made up from the various hotels every

day to visit the Race-course, distant some

three miles from the city, to look over the

chattel, discuss their points, and take

memoranda for guidance on the day of sale.

The buyers were generally of a rough broad-

slang, profane and boisterous; being from the

most part from the back river and swamp

plantations, where the elegancies of polite

life are not, perhaps, developed to their

fullest extent. In fact, the humanities are

sadly neglected by the petty tyrants of the

rice-fields that border the great. Dismal

swamp, their knowledge of the luxuries of

our best society comprehending only revol-

ver and kindred delicacies.

Our correspondent was present at an

early date; but as he easily anticipated the

touching welcome that would, at such a

time, be so graciously extended to a repre-

sentative of *The Tribune*, and being a modest

man, withal, and not desiring to be the re-

cipient of a public demonstration from the

enthusiastic Southern population, who at

times overdo their hospitality and their

gests, he did not place his mission and

claim his honors. Although he kept his

business in the background, he made him-

self a prominent figure in the picture, and

wherever there was anything going on, there

was he in the midst. At the sale might

have been seen a busy individual, armed

with pencil and catalogue, doing his little

utmost to keep up the appearance of a

knowing buyer, pricing "likely nigger fel-

lows," talking confidentially to the smartest

ebon maids, chucking the round-eyed

youngsters under the chin, making an occa-

sional bid for a large family, (a low bid—

so low that somebody always instantly raised

him twenty-five dollars, when the busy

man would indignantly retort,) and other-

wise conducting himself like a rich

planter, with forty thousand dollars where

he could put his finger on it. This gentle-

man was much consoled with by some sym-

pathizing persons, when the particularly

fine lot on which he had fixed his eye was

sold and lost to him forever, because he

happened to be down stairs at lunch just at

the interesting moment.

WHERE THE NEGROES CAME FROM.

The negroes came from two plantations,

the one a rice plantation near Darien, in

the State of Georgia, not far from the great

Okefenokee Swamp, and the other a cot-

ton plantation on the extreme northern

point of St. Simon's Island, a little bit of

an island in the Atlantic, cut off from Geor-

"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge pork than my husband, for he knew what good he were, he did, for he had been brought with me from his childhood."

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