

South Jersey Republican.

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200 PER YEAR

Advertisements.

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Special Notice.

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D. B. SNOW,
Editor and Publisher.
J. SOMERS CONDELY,
Associate and Manager.

[For the *South Jersey Republican*.]

WYOMOUTH, Aug. 20, 1868.

Mr. Editor.—I take my pen in hand to inform you of the fearful depredations committed in this part of the county by alcohol. You are not aware perhaps, of the amount of liquor drunk in these parts, and of the fearful ruin it is making. Day after day, night after night the air is filled with the carousing of the intoxicated. Oaths of the most horrible kind are flung out to the wind; and matches are lit, and they are echoed and re-echoed through the air until one would think the air was filled with a thousand devils. Now let us ask who are they that give their money for the drink of hell. That rather than go without drink would see their family starve. The answer comes thundering back: "We laborers; the man that depends upon his days work for the bread he eats and the liquor he drinks." Yes, the liquor he drinks! And this once a man, now transformed into a beast, looks forward with more impatience to the day when he shall receive his pay, than the man of temperance. But why is it so? Why does the intemperate man look forward so eagerly for pay-day. The question is eagerly answered, "Because it will bring him drink." Age brings him hell, brings starvation to his family and ruin to his soul. But, Mr. Editor, I wish to ask if there is no way to stop the onward progress of King Alcohol. Is there no way to bring sellers of rum to justice. I think there must be. I do not see why the selling of liquor in this part of Atlantic County cannot be stopped as well as in many other portions of the County. I do not recollect of ever hearing of a man being drunk in Hammonton. If I were to ask why Hammonton is not afflicted with this trouble, I would know the answer would be this: "Because we have taken prompt and energetic measures to prevent rum-selling." Now why can it not be thus in this part of Atlantic County. I think if the Good Templars or Sons of Temperance would organize in this part of the County, they would soon have a lodge. The Good Templars have a formidable enemy to deal with in order to subvert him they must attack him where ever he can be found. Not only must they attack him in the rear, but they must attack him in the front. This they can do by organizing a Lodge at Wyomouth, and thus add another Lodge to the already glorious body of Good Templars.

E. E. F.

Political.

The Perils of the Hour.

BY HORACE GREENELEY.

I do not doubt that a decided majority of the legal voters of our country prefer the election of Grant and Colfax to that of Seymour and Blair. I believe this will be proved by the returns of the Presidential election, next November. And yet I feel that there is danger—grave danger—that the majority will, through apathy and mismanagement, suffer itself to be defeated by the minority. Here are some of my reasons:—
1. The counterfeiting of naturalization papers, the naturalizing of persons not yet entitled to citizenship, and the polling of illegal votes by means of "repeaters," or "rounders," have become an essential portion of Democratic strategy. By fraudulent votes in this State and Louisiana, Henry Clay was beaten so long ago as 1841. By fraudulent votes, Abraham Lincoln was very nearly deprived of the vote of this State in 1861, though at least twenty-five thousand majority of the legal votes were cast for him. By fraudulent votes, the Democratic majority in this city, consequently in the State, was elected by some thousands last Fall. Such crimes always tend to become more frequent and pervasive until conclusively arrested. Unless extraordinary and systematic efforts shall be made to arrest them, Forty Thousand illegal votes will be cast against us in this Fall in our State alone, and New York thus carried for Slavery, Democracy, as Pennsylvania was last October. Organization, vigilance, work on a scale hitherto unknown, are imperatively required to prevent this calamity. They have in Pennsylvania a regular manufactory of counterfeit naturalization papers, with the stolen seal of a court, and everything complete. They have cheated us badly with these papers; they will cheat us far worse this year, if they can. So they will in nearly every other State. The way material whence sham voters are manufactured is nearly all in their hands; the blacklegs who forge as a business are Democrats by instinct. The criminal population of our City, numbering not less than 20,000 persons, will poll a very large vote; and at least ninety-nine hundredths of it for Seymour and Blair. They like the men and their principles, and will throw accordingly a good many more votes than they are legally entitled to.

11. Our friends seem to be almost everywhere resting in the conviction that Gen. Grant cannot possibly be beaten. This is at once untrue and perilous. He not only can but will, be beaten, unless the Republicans work with more energy and efficiency than they have thus far done. Indiana is the only doubtful State which seems to be contested by them with adequate zeal and industry. I trust that Ohio cannot be lost; but, if there is no revival on our side, the ballot-boxes will close on the night of the October State election with at least Ten Thousand more Republican than Democratic votes unpollled. Perhaps we can stand that disparity, and perhaps not. It is not safe to take the risk.

So of Pennsylvania. We were heavily cheated there last October, we are likely to be so elected now. Her election laws are tolerably good; but the judges in strong Democratic districts set them at defiance, taking all the votes that are offered—especially all the bad ones. They will cheat us at least Ten Thousand in October. We can beat them still, if every Republican vote is polled. But will they be? Will Allegheny give her 10,000, Lancaster her 6,000, and others in proportion? Will Berks, Northampton, Monroe, Columbia, etc., give no more than their legal majority against us? I hope not, but fear.

Now let us suppose that the enemies of Human Rights should—no matter by what means—carry Pennsylvania and Ohio in October, winning likewise some local triumphs in other States; what then? Shall we not see the very men who now shrink before the plea that Grant cannot be beaten, lying down in inaction because they will say he is already beaten and cannot possibly be elected? How swift will be the transition from blind presumption to cowardly despair?

The States are entitled to choose 312 electors whereof 158 are a majority. There should be no doubt of Gen. Grant's carrying at least these:

Maine	1	Allegany	5
New Hampshire	3	Wisconsin	8
Massachusetts	12	Minnesota	5
Rhode Island	4	Illinois	10
Vermont	3	Missouri	11
West Virginia	5	Kansas	3
Ohio	21	Tennessee	10
Indiana	13	South Carolina	7
Illinois	16	South Carolina	7
Louisiana	6		

Total..... 169

Here are just votes enough to elect, with regard to which there should be no doubt. But Ohio and West Virginia are desperately contested, and, while we have most voters in each, our adversaries seem for the present to have the best of it. And while Wade Hampton boldly proclaims that every black who works for a "Democrat" must give his vote to Seymour and Blair, or be deprived of work, bread, and home, how can we feel sure that any Rebel state will vote for Grant? We know right well that thirty thousand majority of the legal voters of South Carolina will hope and pray that Grant may be elected; but twenty thousand of these may be constrained to vote for Seymour, or not to vote at all. So of other Rebel States. We cannot rely on one of them till the votes shall have been polled, and the result declared.

Men and Brethren! We must carry Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania for Grant and Colfax! With these—or even half of them—there can be no mistake as to the result. Without at least two of them, all is in doubt. We can carry every one of them, except possibly New Jersey, if we begin at once and resolutely try. Half of us may not suffice to ensure the desired result; but if every one will do his best, our triumph is certain. But what is it to do our best? I answer:—
1. Form a Grant Club at once in every township, with an independent working organization in each election district.
2. Get the name of every Grant and Colfax voter in that district, and have him a member of the Club, if possible.
3. Next, record the name of every other voter in said district, with every one entitled to become or be made a voter before November 3d.
4. See that every one who will read Republican papers is provided with at least one good one.
5. Make arrangements that will render the polling of an illegal vote in that district morally impossible.
6. Take care that—no matter what may be the weather—every Grant voter in that district shall be at the poll before noon of election day, and shall vote as early as may be.
7. Look out for the undecided and wavering that vote for us, so far as may be.
Friends! such is the meaning of work. Are you already about it?—Independent.

Mr. Porcupine.

Mr. Porcupine—Was it not you who a few years since killed my sons?
Mr. Fox—Well, you see that was done in a mistake; I was under the impression of having been entitled to do so, but since then I have become a very good friend of yours.
Mr. Porcupine—A few days since another porcupine has been killed in the woods. I looked after the tracks; they were fox tracks.
Mr. Fox—Not me; that was another one.
Mr. Porcupine—Two nights since I found the head of my friend Mr. Rabbit, and the tracks were fox tracks again.
Mr. Fox—Not mine; that was surely another one.
Mr. Porcupine—This morning I found the feathers of my friend the old black rooster, and fox tracks again. How is that?
Mr. Fox—That must have been another one again, was not it?
Mr. Porcupine—Now see, my dear friend, I have come to the conclusion that every one of you must be the other one, and this little circumstance may excite me in the eyes of such a sincere friend as you are, if I have my bayonets as you call them, ready for emergencies, and I assure you they shall never interfere with you if you don't interfere with them. But all those other ones, yourself included, have such tender feelings as take offence at it, I would advise them to apply those feelings first to those whom you intend to kill. So, good-by, my intimate, good friend, good-by.

Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox—Damned carpet-bagger! contemptible scoundrel!—
Hear The Cincinnati Commercial on the Pendleton Resort:
The resort came down like a wolf on the lamb, and his baiting frolic at sunset was seen. And the sound of their cheers was like thunder at noon. When the ballots flew lightly o'er packed Tennessee.
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, That host, meeting freely at sunset was seen. Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath fallen, The resort next morning was slaughtered and slain.

Miss Jenny Wayland.

At least so said her friends; and if they knew nothing about it, who does? It was the verdict of the dear five hundred in Painesville. If asked in what she differed from the mass of womankind, they would have been at a loss to say. Taking a view of her as she walked or drove through the town, a gentleman would have noticed, first, that she had a bright, pleasant face, a good color, and a symmetrical figure; second, that she considered herself as the proper guardian of herself, and would not delegate the authority to others; that she dressed in good taste, not gaudily, but in colors which harmonized with each other and with her complexion. The young ladies voted her queer, and at the same time tried to imitate her—a sure sign that she was popular with the gentlemen; and after all, the chances of the daughters of Eve to the contrary notwithstanding, they do like to have the gentlemen notice them, and make it the aim of their lives. Probably this sentiment will bring down upon the head of the author the anathema of all woman-kind who read it; but that author considers himself safe by reason of distance. What he has written, he has written. It seemed, however, that Miss Jenny did not care so much for admiration as her female friends. And perhaps it was her indifference on this subject that made her a favorite. Then, she could talk well. Most gentlemen like good talkers, even if they can not talk well themselves. They fill up the awkward gaps in a conversation nicely where a company of people who exhaust the current-topics of the day and are not in love with each other would be at fault.

At the present time Jenny was in deep

desolation. All women have their troubles and she had hers, in the shape of an unfortunate admirer who did not suit her. Mr. Chester Audley was a type of a class not peculiar to any particular city; a young man of good family, who had inherited the family fortune without the family brains. He spent a great deal of his time in combing his hair and pulling at the ends of his blonde mustache. His face was of the milk and water type so often seen in cities; for he was like a plant grown in a cellar, and had spent all his life, from babyhood to the age of twenty-five, in a crowded city. How he ever came to Painesville is a mooted question. He had nothing in common with the people there. Their mode of life was not his, their amusements were not his, and their fresh, healthy faces were a source of wonder to him. But the morning train had landed him in Painesville three months before, together with three enormous trunks, four hat-boxes, and a fishing-rod. No, that he was not a fisherman, but it was the style to carry fishing-tackle into the country, and he was not the man to depart one whit from the usages of society. So he brought his pale face, his languid smile, and his killing air into the society of the thriving village, and expected all there to yield to their influence, and was disgusted because they refused to be astonished at his magnificence. It is doubtful whether he would have staid two days in the village but for one circumstance. In other days, when young men were gifted with brains, his father had known Mr. Wayland, in College, and gave his son, the brainless, a letter of introduction. Mr. Wayland, a keen man of business, looked him over with a smile, and came to the conclusion that this young dandy had inherited nothing of the sterling good sense which had characterized his old college friend. But he asked him to stay at his house while in town. Chester had taken rooms at the hotel, and thought he had better keep them. While they were speaking Jenny came in, and the young man was instantly crushed. Mr. Wayland introduced him, and told her to take him in charge, as he had business to attend to.

At the present time Jenny was in deep

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Miscellaneous.

Jenny's City Beau.

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