

# South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 8.-NO. 7.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

2.00 PER YEAR

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Hammonton, N. J.  
A limited number of in-door patients received.  
43-543

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Orders or letters left with Mr. G. Valen-  
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attended to.  
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Particular attention given to setting  
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sent to my address, or orders left at my residence  
will be promptly answered.  
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**E. A. TRIMPER**  
TAILORING DONE,  
AT THE NEW-BRICK STORE.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed. An assort-  
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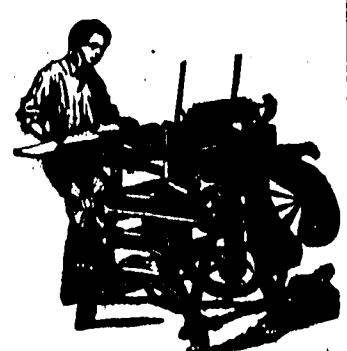
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AT  
Republican Office.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

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GOOD PRESSES.



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Price Currents,  
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Shipping Tags, Pamphlets, &c.

Careful Attention given to printing

COLORS AND GOLD

## Administrator's Notice to Creditors.

Alonso Potter, administrator of the will an-  
nexed of Nancy Sutherland, deceased, by direc-  
tion of the Surrogate of the County of Atlantic,  
hereby gives notice to the creditors of said  
Nancy Sutherland to bring in their claims, de-  
mands and claims against the estate of said de-  
ceased under oath of affirmation within nine  
months or they will be forever barred of any ac-  
tion thereafter against the said administrator.  
ALONZO POTTER, Admr. &c.,  
Dated May 17, 1870. 43-51.

## FARM FOR SALE.

140 Acres. Consisting of 35 acres of  
IMPROVED LAND, considered excellent for  
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## Good House and Barn

about 20 acres of good

## Cranberry Land,

partly cleared, the balance WOODLAND.

Situated at Port Republic, five miles from  
Fleming Station, on Coast of Atlantic Ocean,  
one mile Mullica River. Will sell the whole or a  
part. CHEAP! TERMS EASY.

For particulars apply to  
S. H. CAVILIER,  
Port Republic, Atlantic Co., N. J.

## CONTINENTAL

## LIFE

## Insurance Company,

## OF NEW YORK

## ANNUAL STATEMENT

January 1, 1870.

No. of Policies issued in 1869. 8,778

Amount Insured in 1869. \$21,246,000

Whole No. of Policies issued by the Com-  
pany up to April 30th. 25,000

OFFICES, CONTINENTAL BUILDING,  
Nos. 22 & 24 NASSAU ST. Cor.  
CEDAR, NEW YORK.

President, T. S. LAWRENCE,

Vice President, M. B. WYNKOOP,

Secretary, S. C. CHANDLER, JR.

DIRECTORS.

James B. Colgate, of Colgate, Bankers.

Chauncey M. DePew, (late Secretary of State).

Hilton Scribner, President.

Richard W. Bogart, of O. M. Bogart & Co. Bankers.

M. B. Wynkoop, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.

Rev. Henry C. Fish, D. D., Newark, New Jersey.

Leah W. Frost, New York.

Joseph T. Sanger, Merchant, No. 45 Liberty St.

INCOME 1869.

Annual Premiums.....\$1,820,750.20

Interest.....79,792.40

Rents.....34,149.00

Accrued Interest.....15,551.00

\$1,949,152.50

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid claims by death.....\$164,350.00

Paid for dividends.....112,250.00

Returned Premiums.....151,494.97

Paid for Salaries, Tax-  
es, Rent, Advertis-  
ing, Stationery, &c.....169,702.07

Deferred Premiums.....105,030.00

Medical Fees &c.....\$680,406.73

## ASSETS.

Cash in Banks and in  
Company's Office.....\$160,710.88

United States Bonds.....112,250.00

Bonds and Mortgages.....296,009.98

Premium Loans Se-  
cured.....1,174,055.68

(The total value of the Policies se-  
curing these Loans is  
about \$2,350,000)

Loans on Stock.....74,175.41

Deferred Premiums.....807,008.21

Real Estate in New York.....294,750.00

Premiums at Agencies,  
and Office Premiums  
in course of collection.....520,019.35

Accrued Interest and  
Sundry Securities.....40,225.33

Total.....\$3,600,102.80

## BRANCH OFFICE FOR SOUTHERN NEW

JERSEY, NO. 27 MARKET ST., CAMDEN.

HENRY W. SCOTT,  
Manager and Attorney.

E. C. BOOY,  
Special Agt. for Atlantic Co.

742-17.

## Roofing

## Three Ply Felt Roofing

Unites the best Water-proof Composition with  
the best Water-proof Felt in the best manner,  
and at the lowest price to the consumer.

There is, 1st, a foundation of Tarred Felt, 2d,  
a layer of Water-proof Composition, 3d, another  
layer of Felt, 4th, another layer of Composition;  
5th, another of Felt.

Send for Circulars and Samples.

## As an Inducement.

We offer to the first purchaser in each place, 1-  
000 square feet of the Three Ply Felt, with  
the necessary cutting, for Thirty Dollars.

## PATENT ROOF PAINT

This Paint is composed of gum, oil, and res-  
inous substances, combined with distillate tar and  
the best known dryers. It contains no mineral  
or pigment, and is prepared ready for use, about  
the consistency of ordinary mixed paint. It  
is more durable, retains its elasticity longer, and  
is more durable. County rights for sale.

For Circulars and all particulars, Address  
MICA ROOFING COMPANY  
74 Mallen Lane, New York. -121

## Bingen on the Rhine.

BY MRS. ROSTON.

"BINGEN ON THE RHINE" will be read  
with no less interest. Those who, in the past,  
have wept over its pathos, can now, more  
fully than ever, realize its sad truthfulness  
and exquisite beauty.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers,  
There the lack of woman's nursing, there was  
death of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life  
blood ebbed away,  
And bent his pitying glances, to hear what his  
comrade might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that com-  
rade's hand, "I never more shall see my own  
my native land;  
Take a message and a token, to some distant  
friend of mine; say,  
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the  
Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they  
meet and crowd around  
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vine-  
yard ground.  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the  
day was done,  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the  
setting sun.

"And midst the dead and dying, were some  
grown old in wars,  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the  
last of many scars;  
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's  
more decline;  
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on  
the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall com-  
fort her old age,  
And I was a true soldier, that thought his  
home a cage;  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of strug-  
gles fierce and wild;

"And when he died, and left us to divide his  
seamy life,  
I let them take what they would, but kept  
my father's sword,  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright  
light used to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen—fair Bingen on  
the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and rob with  
weeping cheeks  
When the troops are marching home again, with  
glad and gallant tread;  
But to look upon them proudly with a calm and  
steadfast eye;  
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid  
to die.

"And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in  
my name  
To listen to him kindly without regret or shame;  
And to hang the old sword in its place (my fa-  
ther's sword)  
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on  
the Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister, in the happy  
days gone by,  
You'd have known her by the merriment that  
sparkled in her eye;  
Two comrades were together—too fond for idle  
scoffing;  
Oh! friends, I fear the lightest heart makes some-  
times heaviest mourning;

"Tell her the last night of my life (for 'ere the  
moon be risen  
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of  
prison).  
I dreamed I stood beside her, and saw the yel-  
low sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on  
the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, as  
seemed to hear,  
The German song we used to sing, its chorus  
sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slant-  
ing hill,  
The echoing glasses sounded, through the even-  
ing calm and still;

"And her glad blue eyes were on me as we pass-  
ed with friendly  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well  
remembered walk,  
And her little hand lay lightly, cooingly in  
mine;  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen  
on the Rhine!

His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was  
childish weak,  
His eyes, put on a dying look, he sighed, and  
ceased to speak;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of  
life had fled,  
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was  
dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly  
she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with blood-  
stained stones,  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light  
seemed to shine,  
And it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on  
the Rhine!

Jim. Fisk, Jr., as a Poddler.

## THE PRINCE OF ERIE among THE GREEN

## MOUNTAINS.

Now that the daily press has become so  
familiar with the name of Jim. Fisk, Jr.,  
at this day when no chronicle of bulls and  
bears is complete without him, when every  
American retina carries an image of the  
rolling plump figure, and Bingen physi-  
que, it is a little to witness the sensation  
which this hero's notoriety has caused  
among the dwellers in the rural section of  
New England. In Vermont, particularly,  
from South Vernon to "Derby Line,"  
there is not a busy village, or a remote  
farmhouse, where this man is not known—  
where these gay poddling wagons and  
prancing horses are not matter of social  
history. Along quiet roads where every  
hay cart was an event, past hillside school-  
houses, where juveniles were basked for  
stretching their necks out of windows to  
investigate the movements of a nound cov-  
er or a noisy wheelbarrow—in such localities  
the advent of an ambitious chariot, luminous  
with varnish, and brave with paint and  
gliding, drawn by a quartette of mortals,  
some steeds, whose driver, favored mortal,  
sat aloft, arrayed in all the glories of a city  
tailor, and from his elevation beamed down  
upon the gaping children, distributing  
smiles, peanuts and peppermints in equal  
measure—this, ah, this was an event worth  
note, a sensation second only to the ar-  
rival of the annual circus.

The writer recalls one buxom matron, of  
a sturdy will, who harbored a sovereign  
contempt for poddlers in general and for  
these flashy fellows in particular. "I never  
let 'em step over my threshold, I tell  
you!" and the good woman shut her lips  
as tho' she would never open them again,  
but before the echoes had dimmed her  
assertion there was a sound of wheels,  
a flourish of whips, neighing of horses, and  
Fisk's carriage stops the way. With a  
Spartan look the matron opens the door,

There is an apparition of a figure bowing  
low—a face all smiles—the most affable of  
greetings, and before the good woman re-  
members to slam the door she is backed in  
the kitchen, and the enemy is inside the  
beleaguered fortress. Once there and suc-  
cess is assured. It wasn't a bad school for  
any man. Common sense is coin current  
the world over, and as a general rule a man  
who can go up and down those Vermont  
hills, and carry his point with those close  
judging, far sighted, farmers' wives, can do  
anywhere.

In this case, before she knows it, the  
stranger has detected madam's vulnerable  
point. "Don't want to trade? Bless you,  
ma'am, nobody asked you to trade!—You  
won't object to looking through, perhaps.  
There's that pretty daughter of yours, she  
wants to see those silks now, I'll wager  
anything." Here a glance over his shoulder  
to where a pair of black eyes are fixed  
modestly upon some sewing. "Now, I've  
got the loveliest pattern of blue silk! Just  
the thing for a wedding dress!—Eyes cast  
down lower, and cheeks pinker than ever.  
The mother looks grave, and ejaculated  
"Pooh!" "Pooh! Of course, my dear  
madam! Fact is, you're so young your-  
self, and it's such a little time since you  
got through with your own wedding dress,  
that you can't realize you've got a daugh-  
ter old enough to need one. But, gra-  
tious, how these children do grow! Yes,  
that blue silk, ma'am, it's just the thing for  
a wedding dress!" Blushes again. "O,  
you can't cheat me! Beside, Tom Aleck  
rode up the hill with me. There! Didn't  
I tell you I knew? Mrs. Judge Mac just  
bought seventeen yards of the same piece.  
Of course you don't care for that, but you  
just let me bring it in to show you. Don't  
cost anything to look, you know."

And, forthwith, that agile salesman  
rushes out the door, leaps over the cat and  
kitchens asleep on the stone step, whistles  
to the dog, cackles at the poultry, and in a  
twinkling, comes dancing back under the  
lilac bushes, head and ears just visible  
above a pile of dry goods of every sort. It  
is needless to say that a goodly share of  
them adorned the matron's kitchen table  
when the merchant left. It was something  
to see, not to tell, the way in which this  
man promanaged up and down the tidy  
kitchen, a gay shawl thrown over his shoul-  
ders, flinging the blue silk in ravishing  
folds across the lap of the dark-eyed daugh-  
ter, and even holding up the draperies of  
a thick black lusterless against the skirt of  
the non-resistant mother. For Mrs. B—  
had long ere this laid down her arms, sur-  
rendered at discretion, and was no more to  
be ranked among belligerent powers. And  
so the peddler drove away in triumph,  
leaving the chest till empty, and the blushing  
damsel at liberty to dream of going to  
her own wedding, attired in blue silk, seat-  
ed in a gay painted chariot, with the rol-  
licking vander, arrayed in a crimson shawl  
and officiating as parson. As for the moth-  
er, she surveys the banal-like kitchen, sighs  
as she looks the chest till, and "Don't see  
how upon earth the creder did it."

There wasn't a shaded "ribbon" road  
anywhere among those hills where those  
wagons did not penetrate, and for once the  
oracles and yellow birds peeped out from  
the thicket at something gayner than them-  
selves. Where they went once they were  
welcome to go again. Indeed, it was not  
uncommon for a poor woman to be trusted  
for her children's outfit until they come the  
next time, and to the credit of these men,  
be it said, they were never held to be hard  
payers. Probably no one knew better  
than James Fisk, Jr., the value of a small  
favor graciously bestowed. The three-cov-  
ered remnant of silk, valuable in that  
great wagon, thrown into the bargain, and  
serving to cover buttons for the good wife's  
gown, or, better still, making Sunday neck-  
ties for the boys to last until the peddler's  
next visit; such transactions as this were  
not without their influence. They told  
then, they told now, and they will tell  
again if James Fisk, Jr., ever aspires to  
run for President; and it is not unlikely  
that he may desire to add this to his list of  
titles, and it is stated he now desires to do  
that of "deacon of the church in Bristol,  
R. I."

I suppose no man was ever more em-  
phatically "all things to all men;" and  
there are those in Vermont who hold pri-  
vate opinions as to his ability, whatever  
may be his fitness, for filling such an office.  
For example, the minister's wife, with  
whom he talked religion, lamented the  
coldness of the church, and their stinginess  
in paying her worthy husband so small a  
salary, in consideration of which latter fact  
he threw off—or appeared to—a liberal  
percentage from her new black silk; like-  
wise the superintendent who discussed  
Sunday school with the stranger, and found  
himself the possessor of new and striking  
ideas with reference to New York institu-  
tions of a similar character. Everywhere  
the man had a new phase. From the par-  
sonage he drove like Jehu, the Son Nims-  
min, to the porch of the village inn, dis-  
mounted, shook hands all round, and five  
minutes afterward was convulsing the in-  
mates of the bar-room with stories of the  
latest play or comic opera—discussing the  
latest country ball with the landlord's  
daughter, singing, at the top of his voice,  
the popular song, be it "Dixie," "Uncle  
Ned," or whatever absurdity answered to  
the "Capt. Jinks" or "Shoo Fly" of our  
enlightened age, down at the "Corner  
Store" gravely talking stocks and markets  
to the village merchant, back again to  
light his cigar, mount his seat like a bel-  
glink his perch, blandly leaving his bene-  
dictum, and driving away with a crack of  
whips, leaving a gaping crowd to watch  
him out of sight.

Such is the man who a few years since

went up and down the Vermont hills, the  
man who now by jollity and scheming has  
come to write his sign manual against the  
algebraic symbol of equality with millions  
opposite. Not a very great man, nor a  
very good man. I suppose even his warm-  
est admirers would hardly claim either for  
him. That he is a bad man, however, it  
would be hard to persuade those simple  
country folk who have known him of old.

An outgrowth of our country and time—  
an instance of what the money-making tal-  
ent can achieve—a striking type of our  
exclusively moneyed man—this is James  
Fisk, Jr.

## The Champion Climber.

Frank Jacobus Climbs Trinity Church  
Steeple, New York City—Some More  
Tearing on a Pinnacle—Sensation in  
Broadway and Wall Street.

Our readers will remember the account in  
the *Courier* lately of the ascent of the  
steeple of St. Patrick's Cathedral, this city,  
by Mr. Frank Jacobus. Yesterday this  
adventurous climber made an ascent of the  
steeple of Trinity Church, New York city.  
The pinnacle of the latter steeple is seventy  
feet higher than St. Patrick's, being two  
hundred and eighty-five feet in height.  
The steeple is of brown stone, hexagonal in  
shape, with klets five feet apart, along each  
angle extending to a hemispherical crown-  
moulding about six feet in diameter. Above  
the moulding is another of similar shape,  
but smaller; and above this is a brass cross,  
six feet high. Visitors may go up inside  
the steeple to a height of two hundred and  
fifty feet, where from windows exten-  
sive views are commanded.

From one of these windows yesterday  
afternoon at three o'clock, Mr. Jacobus was  
seen to come out and cling to one of the  
klets outside, and then to proceed, climbing  
from klet to klet with the nimbleness of  
a cat. Between the klets are slightly pro-  
jecting mouldings. On these he rested his  
feet in getting from one klet to another.  
The excited observers, already gathered in  
crowds on the sidewalks below, saw him  
reach the first hemispherical crown mould-  
ing and feel around as though for a clinging  
place. How he got over and upon this he  
only knows. To get over such an obstacle  
is considered the most difficult feat in climb-  
ing a steeple. Over he went, and many an  
ejaculation of relief went up from the ob-  
servers when they saw him standing on it.  
The next moulding he went over in a mo-  
ment, and the next moment he was climb-  
ing the cross, and then he was standing on  
the horizontal bar of the cross, where he  
hooked the sweat from his head, and then  
reached out both arms and saluted the  
thousands of observers who were gazing at  
him from the sidewalks and streets and  
from the house tops and ferryboats. Then  
he let himself down to the cross-bar of the  
cross and setting himself, in tailor fashion,  
went through an operation that seemed to  
be that of sewing.

"What is he doing?" asked one observ-  
er of another.

"Sewing, I guess," was the response.

"He's trying to outdo the man in Newark,  
who sewed up a rent in his pantaloons on  
the pinnacle of a steeple in some town or  
other lately. I was reading an account of  
it in some paper."

"It's the same man!" said another.

"It's Frank Jacobus. That happened in  
Newark. He threads the needle and all up  
there."

"Thread a needle up there!"

"He don't use the common needle."

"Yes, he does."

"He don't. He uses the self-threader."

"And well, it's a cool job anyhow."

"And still he has that sewing. And from  
what we could learn, this job of sewing on  
a steeple seems to be regarded by him as  
one of his prize feats, though certainly it  
is not the most difficult. But every man  
has his hobby. Presently he stood up  
again on the cross-bar, and then he went  
through a series of feats that sent a tremor  
through crowd of observers. He lay out  
at full length on the cross-bar. He swung  
himself around and lay out with his head  
projecting on one side and his feet over the  
other at right angles to the cross-bar. He  
stood up and leaned far over the side and  
looked down upon the observers below. He  
did not stand upright on the tip end of the  
cross with nothing to support him; but he  
did enough to win for him the title of  
"champion climber."

He then made as tho' he would  
come down. Reaching the crown mould-  
ing he felt around for a while, and stopped  
and went back again.

"Perhaps he can't get back over it,"  
some one suggested. "It may be easier  
to get up than to get down. What if he's  
got up and can't get down?"

But by this time he was going through  
with some more of his performance on the  
cross, which tended to reassure the crowd.  
Then again he started to come down. This  
time he passed easily over the smaller  
moulding. In getting over the longer  
moulding he took more time. He felt his  
way. The way took him out to its very  
edge where he clung, outwards and inwards  
and sideways and projecting, till at last he  
once more stood below it.

"Now he's all right," said one. "The  
hardest part of it is over. I'd give twenty  
five cents for that fellow's photograph.  
I'm a carpenter by trade, and have had to  
climb some. I can't do now what I once  
could







**Year Advertisements.**

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