

Advertisements.

The circulation of the "REPUBLICAN" is
greater than that of any other newspaper in
this State. It is the only one circulating through-
out Atlantic County and its destined adver-
tising medium. Advertisements are taken at a
very

Special care is taken to circulate all objection-
able advertisements from our columns.

Advertisements by "Lockport Courier," "Avon
Five Cents a Line." 1870-1871

SPECIAL NOTICES, Ten Cents a Line.
Other Notices, Five Cents a Line.

In bidding us good afternoon, he observed that he would pay a visit to our commandant and merely request him to haul down his red flag, adding that it was sufficiently formidable without it, to frighten all the Frenchmen we might meet, before our arrival at Leith. Such proved to be the fact. We continued our course, falling in with no vessel until we reached Leith when we were announced as a large ship of merchantmen under convoy of a United States gun-boat.

The reader will naturally inquire, what was all this to do with the last war with France? To which answer, that it is not pertinent. I give by way of introduction, to show how I came in possession of her signals, and the use I subsequently made of them.

"In reaching our deck he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her gunniness and the order in which everything appeared; admired the red coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of dispatches for Admiral Warren, who he observed was forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and in company with several of my officers, we entered into general conversation.

"I asked him what object Admiral Warren, had in cruising in that neighborhood? He said to intercept the American privateers and merchantmen but particularly the Commodore Rodgers, who he understood had command of one of the largest sailing frigates in the United States navy! I inquired of him what kind a man this Rodgers was, and if he had ever met him? He said no, but he had understood that he was an odd character and therefore hard to catch. After conversing on several other subjects I abruptly put this question to him.

It happened, unluckily, that the poor Colonel and his friend found the President alone in his study. The President was alone. He was in his little private parlour, sitting in the gloaming. He was lounging lazily in a large rocking-chair, putting over the top of his head a pair of gloves in all directions. His slippery feet were exalted, his rough head was thrown back, his long throat bare—he was in his shirt sleeves. Yes, dear, fastidious English reader, it was genuine Yankee abandon—make the worst of it.

He turned on his visitors a look of almost average judicious. There was, indeed,

tion of her who sleeps below—they are
sadder and tearful with the memory of the
venerated President,—from Dickens' *All
Four Round*.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of age. This monument was erected by grateful family."

upon the spot where he was burned to the stake. Times move more rapidly now, and Longstreet's honor, we will be within his own lifetime.

Many a true heart that, like a dove at rest, would have come back after its anguished flight, has been frightened away by the angry look and menacing unforgiving spirit.

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