

SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN

VOL. I. NO. 8. ABSECON, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863. TERMS, \$1.50 PER YEAR.

SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.
A Political and Family Newspaper, published weekly, at Absecon, Atlantic Co., New Jersey.

TERMS:
One Copy, one year, \$1.50
To Clergymen, 1.00

ADVERTISING RATES:
One square, one insertion, 50 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.
One square, three months, 2.00
One year, 10.00
Special Notices, fee extra a line.
Communications and Advertisements received later than Thursday will not appear until the following week.
Remuneration always in advance. The paper will be discontinued when the subscription expires.

D. B. SNOW, Editor.

Poetry.

[From the "Bliss Garden"]

WE'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW.

"Is something we could never guess,
Though often we have tried,
Would seem each trial made us more,
Unable to decide,
The reason why secessionists,
To Dixie do not go,
You'll some one tell us how it is?
We'd really like to know!

If "Davis is a gentleman,"
And "Lincoln is a fool,"
Why don't those injured gentlemen
Go where the gentle rule?
Does any body hinder them,
From joining Jeff and Co.,
Come, tell us any one who will,
We'd really like to know!

Why prate about the right of speech,
The "Habeas Corpus" ban?
Who ever heard there rights denied
To any loyal man?
But if a Wall, Vallandigham,
Their copperheads must show,
Why not with pumpkin-heads be put?
We'd really like to know!

The Constitution as it is,
The Union as it was,
The preservation of the war,
Enforcement of the Laws,
Such too watchword and the cry
Of freedom high and low,
But how about the draft, my friend?
We'd really like to know!

The plain we must have men to fight
The rebels in the field,
The plain, by only force of arms,
Can these be made to yield,
Can men be got by telling them
If drafted not to go,
And 'would be fully to enlist?
We'd really like to know!

But most of all we'd like to know
The Democrats' delay,
In putting down the "wicked war,"
As said, in thirty days,
We've waited very patiently
In hopes it would be so:
Do Democrats ever break their word?
We'd really like to know!

Miscellaneous Selections.

Music Math Charms.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH WITH A MORAL.

Four months had flown swiftly away since Edward Somerton had married Rose Blane. One summer evening toward sunset, as they sat together at a window opening on to a garden, enjoying the welcome coolness, and talking over various matters with that interest in each other which people generally evince four months after marriage, Rose, for the first time began to point out to Edward, she said, fidgeted desperately with Mrs. Harding in the preceding evening. He had spoken to her in a low tone several times, and had been heard to declare that Harding was a fortunate fellow. "If this were the way he meant to go on, she should be wretched, and no longer place any confidence in his affection. My pretty dear," said Edward, placing his arm around the waist of his wife, and accompanying this action with another performance, "don't be jealous. Believe me, I addressed Mrs. Harding in a low tone, I remarked the room was very warm; and, as I remember rightly, I observed that the last novel was very dull; so you will perceive our conversation was really of a most innocent description. And, Rose, because I said Harding was a fortunate fellow, it is not to be inferred, that I must endeavor to render him an unfortunate fellow."

The said answer failed to turn away the wrath of Rose. She subsequently refused to be convinced, because more violent and unreasonable, and finally retired, precipitately from the room, with her handkerchief applied to her eyes.

Edward quickly put up his feet on the chair, he had just vacated, and leaned back in meditation.

Here was the decisive moment which would most likely determine whether they would dwell together for the future happily or miserably. "Rose was dear girl," said Edward, "but she had large black eyes, and they were very dangerous. She had been an only daughter, too, and perhaps a little spoiled, but with fewer faults might she not have been less charming? It is worth studying how to live lovingly with such a creature, especially when you know she mars, by her capriciousness, her own happiness as much as yours."

Edward felt that the charge of his wife was totally unfounded, and he half suspected that she believed so herself, but had resolved to be, or seem, out of humor with out any very particular cause. One thing was evident—that she could not help reason. Something else must therefore be tried, in order to allay any future storm—for this was probably the very first of a series.

Edward resolved to try music.

He was an amateur of some pretensions, and he set himself immediately to call over in his memory the melodies most likely to calm the passions and exert a soothing effect on the temper. He made choice of three, which he arranged in a graduated scale, to be used according to the urgency of the occasion; gentle, more gentle, and most gentle, as the outbreak was more violent, more violent, or most violent. The scale contained only three degrees. As the heat rose, this conjugal thermometer fell, but below the third and lowest all was zero and undefined mystery. Patience therefore acted the part of mercury reversed.

The melodies were the following, and were arranged in the following manner:—"In my cottage near a wood," "Sul margine d'un rio," and "Home, sweet home." They were all of a pleasing, touching character, the last purely domestic, and under the circumstances, conveying a delicate satire likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute, but he proposed now to execute them in a graceful, apparently unprepared whistle. His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind quite easy, and he awaited the appearance of Mrs. Somerton with a gratifying consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time came coffee. The injured lady came too, and with a placid countenance, betraying no lingering evidence of its late unamiable expression. Neither husband nor wife made any allusion to their misunderstanding, and they passed a pleasant evening, made up of conversation, the piano-forte, and chess.

But the next morning—the very next morning, Rose favored her dear Edward with a number of the series. She wanted him to walk out with her, and she declared that unfortunately he should be too busy to go with her all day. This was quite sufficient raw material for a girl of spirit to work upon.

"I'm sure you don't want to go, Edward," said she, putting in exact imitation of fit number one. "At least you don't want to go with me."

Edward plunged both hands into the pockets of his dressing gown—threw himself indolently on a sofa—gazed abstractedly at a piece of Shakspeare on the mantel-piece—and began whistling in a low tone a plaintive melody, it was—"In my cottage near a wood."

"If it were any one but your wife," continued Mrs. Somerton, with pointed emphasis, "you would be ready enough to come; but wives you know, are always neglected." Mr. Somerton continued whistling.

"I beg, Mr. Somerton," exclaimed Mrs. Somerton, with a withering look, "that you will not whistle in that very disagreeable manner while I am speaking to you. If I am not worthy of your love, I trust I am worthy of common attention."

Edward plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, removed his eyes from the latest of Shakspeare, and fixed them in intense regard on a bust of Milton. He paused suddenly in the air which he was whistling, and commenced another: it was—"Sul margine d'un rio."

Mrs. Somerton retired hastily with her face buried in a white cambric pocket handkerchief.

For five whole days after this scene all was halcyon weather. "Doves might be heard and envied. Honey was still to be found in the moon, and no impolitic reference to either of the two foolish quarrels gave any pleasure the slightest dash of bitterness. But on the sixth day there appeared clouds. Edward had been in town, and had promised to bring a new pair of bracelets for Rose. He arrived home punctually at dinner-time, but without the bracelets—he had forgotten them. I put it to you whether this was not enough to try the temper of a saint? They were gone, the next evening to a large party, and Rose had intended to inspect the important ornaments so that there might be time to change them if not approved of. Now she could not do so—and all from his horrid forgetfulness. She must either go in a stupid old-fashioned thing, or put on new ones in a hurry, good or bad, just as they happened to be. It was most annoying—that indeed it was!

Edward made many apologies. He was sincerely sorry to have disappointed her, and even offered to return to town after dinner, and repair his neglect. Oh, no; he would not hear of his taking so much trouble for her. What did he care whether she was disappointed or not? His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her.

Edward again essayed the soothing system, for he loved her, and was conscious he had given her cause for some slight chagrin. However, she became so persevering that but one course was left him to pursue—he left off talking and took to whistling.

I tremble for the future peace of Rose when I relate that he considered himself justified in descending at once to the second degree of the scale. He commenced, *Aldante* mo non troppo, "Sul margine d'un rio."

"To leave me in such a situation!" exclaimed the ill-used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "when I had sat my heart upon those bracelets. It is very, very unkind of you."

Edward appeared wrapped in meditation and music. He whistled with great taste and feeling, accenting the first note of each bar as it should be accented. But upon another more cutting observation of Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short, looked sternly at her, and began "Home, sweet home."

What was to follow? He had reached the last degree, and all else was at random. Should this fail, the case was indeed hopeless. Shadows of demons hovered around, holding forth, temptingly, deeds of separation. The bright gold wedding ring on the lady's finger grew dull and brassy.

Edward Somerton stood in the centre of the room, with his arms folded, gazing with a steady gaze in the very soul of his wife, who under the strange fascination, could not turn away her head. With a clear and tremulous whistle he recited the whole of that Sicilian melody from the first note to the last. Then revolving slowly on his heel, without saying a word, he left the room, shutting the door punctiliously after him. Mrs. Somerton sunk overpowered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly, she saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and, like a sensible girl, she resolved not to go on with it merely because she began it. Bad temper, it seemed, would only serve to make her ridiculous, instead of interesting—and that was not altogether the effect desired.

In half an hour the husband and wife met at the dinner-table. Mrs. Somerton sat smiling at the head, and was very attentive in helping Mr. Somerton to the choicest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy small party could scarcely be met with.

From that day (which was ten years ago) to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to look serious about nothing; but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle in a low tone, as if unconsciously, the first few bars of "In my cottage near the wood."

A Talk with a "Poor-White Man."

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Stevenson, Alabama, gives an interview had with a captured soldier belonging to Mississippi. We give a portion of it.

"I was too proud," said he, with a tear glistening in his eye, "to think of deserting even a bad cause after I had once engaged in it. But the fall of Vicksburg, crushed my pride, and then I had no motive for continuing the contest. Why should we fight any longer? Since I came into your lines I heard an idea advanced which appeals so strongly to my own common sense, that I accepted it at once as the exact truth."

"It is this: the rebel leaders have themselves no longer hopes of success, and now they only desire to use our bodies to shield them as long as possible from the righteous wrath of the government."

"Are there many Mississippians in the army who entertain your sentiments?"

"I do not know how it may be with others," he said, "but in my regiment there are not a score of men who would not gladly throw down their arms to-day, and agree to spend the rest of their lives in wondering how they could have been such fools as ever to take them up."

"I do not wish to flatter you," I remarked to him, "but you seem to be much more intelligent than men of your class usually are. Are you a native of Mississippi?"

"Yes sir," he answered, "I was born and raised near Holly Springs."

"My only education," said he, "was obtained at a common school in my neighborhood. It was taught for three years by a man from Cleveland, Ohio, by the name of Sanders, and a most excellent teacher he was. Some of the rich families in our vicinity preferred to send their children to him, rather than employ private tutors, and so with what he got from them, and what was obtained from the state, he made handsome wages."

"May I ask how it came," said I, "that you with so much better abilities, both natural and acquired, than the mass of soldiers in the rebel army, failed to obtain office among them?"

"He smiled at this. 'My parents were poor,' said he, 'and of all the offices in our regiment, I cannot think of one that has ever been held by a poor man's son.'"

"Were your parents slaveholders?"

"Not at all. They owned and cultivated a little patch of ground, some miles from the city, the value of which was scarcely equal to that of a single slave."

"You would doubtless have obtained promotion at last," I suggested.

"Not," he bitterly replied, "until every slaveholder's son in my company had been promoted before me."

"Did your company contain many such as yourself?"

"Yes," said he, "three-fourths of them were poor men."

"And in your army it is the business of the poor to obey and not to command?"

"That is it," he answered energetically, "that is it, and cursed be the men who dragged the poor into this wretched war!"

"Do you know," said I, "what became of Sanders?"

"He was warned by a vigilance committee to leave the State, before the war broke out. He did so; or, at least, left our neighborhood, and I have never heard from him since."

"My friend," said I, "perhaps your frank cordial manner has encouraged me to be too inquisitive, but I should like to ask you one more question. What are your views upon the subject of slavery?"

The vehement earnestness of his reply absolutely started me.

"I am an Abolitionist—an Abolitionist. I know that slavery has been the cause of our ruin, and, as God hears me, I shall for the rest of my life fight it. And two thirds of my regiment feel about it just as I do."

I have reported this conversation from memory, and the language used both by myself and the young man, was different in many respects from that here set down, but I have in every case faithfully given the substance of his remarks, and the reader may rely upon this as an exact representation of the ideas presented by the Mississippian during the half hour I was in his company.

"Grandma," said an intelligent but crafty child, "do you want some candy?"

"Yes, dear, I should like some. 'Then go to the shop and buy me some, and I will give you a part.'"

An Indiana paper refuses to publish eulogies gratis, but adds: "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

Why is an "orderly" schoolmaster like the letter O?—Because he makes lessons into classes.

OLD THINGS.

Sell the old table? No; I'll not sell it! It's only a pine table, that's true; and it cost but eighteen shillings, twenty-five years ago, but your ten dollar bill is no temptation! And I'll not swap it, either, for the prettiest mahogany or cherry table that you bring me. If it has plain turned legs, instead of a pillar in the middle, with lion's claws, and if the marble top is only varnished paper, still, I will not sell or swap it. It has been to me a very profitable investment. From the day it came home it has been earning dividends and increasing its own capital. My children made a play-house and drank tea in their toy cups under it, for which I thank the four legs, and when they got tired of that way, they turned it upside down, and made a four-post bedstead with curtains, or pulled it round the carpet for a sleigh. Then they climbed on it for an observatory, and I never counted the glorious rumps they had round it. And also, all along for twenty-five years, it has paid its dividends of happiness to my family circle. These dividends could never be separated from it, until its value is not told in money. It has had its quiet tea, also, for nobody could tell it from a round table of agate and corneal, with its salmon border of green coral.

Nothing lasts forever. The top of the table was loosened by the hard use it got, so I took a pinch-draw in the eight-penny nails below the surface, added a few screws, put them over, and pasted marble-paper checkers over the top. Then it was a really handsome table. It has had hard usage since, but bears it all; and the checkers want renewing, which will make it worth more yet.

My watch is thirty years old. It is one of those thick silver levers which some poor wits call "pumps." It has been several times suggested to me that I might exchange it for a thin modern gold watch, which wears easier in the pocket. When I do you may set me down as a barbarian! No, the best gold and jeweled "hunter" in existence would not tempt me to swap. The watch marked the time when my children were born, and it is set down in the family Bible; it has ticked on the ears when they could only speak by laughing at it, and kicking up their heels. It has marked the hours when the doctor's medicines were to be given, and counted their pulses when they beat low at midnight, and when the heart ached. It has made many records that are fast sealed up, to be opened only when another time comes.

Twenty years have passed since my wife and I went out one evening and bought a tea-kettle. The fitting of the lid was a little imperfect, so that the escape of steam shook it, and caused a peculiar noise, nearly enough resembling the chirping of some insect to suggest the name by which it has now been known in the family for a long time—our "cricket" on the hearth. Like the table and the watch, the kettle has been adding dividends to its capital every day since its first purchase, and though nothing but iron, it could not be bought for its weight in silver. It has sung so long and regularly and cheerfully, that not only the kitchen, but the whole house would be lonely without it. It has given us its fragrant blessing morning and evening, and come almost to be regarded as a living and talking creature.

It is never a good fortune that sells such old friends out of the family, and takes in new ones that have no history and no tongue. In all changes that have so far taken place, I have kept these silver bowls unbroken, and surely no change in the future shall break them.—Century.

POLITICAL.

THE CONFEDERATE EVANGEL.

The Confederates are at least admirable for the frankness and enthusiasm of their faith. While their unfortunate English advocates try with painful industry and contortions of intellect to believe and prove that the triumph of the Confederacy will be the surest death blow to slavery, the great representatives of their thought, and even the spokesmen of their Government, are daily witnessing, and ostentatiously calling heaven and earth to witness, to their reverence for it. They triumph in being a "peculiar people," set apart by the King of kings to proclaim a new gospel to the world; they glory with passionate fervor in what all Europe regards as their shame and humiliation; they thank God that they are accounted worthy to suffer like the early Christians in this equally divine cause; they speak of themselves in language far stronger than that of St. Peter, as much more than a "chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God"—may we scarcely like to write down words which may sound like blasphemy, but which we profoundly believe to have been written in the highest mood of exalted faith, but they adopt in moments of enthusiasm much higher language than this: they speak not only of having sanctified their cause by their baptism of sacrificial blood, but expressly of their claim "by their agony and bloody sweat" to plead before the mountains the Lord's controversy, to establish on the strong foundations of the earth in place of the infidel principle of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the good tidings of great joy, which are comprised in the formula, "Slavery, Subordination, Government."

We are not exaggerating. We are quoting from an article in the Richmond Examiner of May 28th, a paper which is held as the foremost in the South for ability and influence. No one can read that article without a certain shudder of conviction that here is the spokesman of a people profoundly in earnest in what they are doing—that here is a fanatic who really thinks, and has a large following in thinking, that the South is set apart by God as a sort of political Saviour for the rest of the world, and feels warranted in adopting the same language of triumph in the countless number applied to the "despised and rejected" Son of Man. The article to which we allude is written throughout in the exalted strain of fanatical belief and propaganda. It is not for the sake of the South only, not for America only, that this divine experiment is being tried. "The establishment of the Confederacy," says the writer, "is a direct reaction against the whole course

of the mistaken civilization of the age. And this is the true reason why we have been left without the sympathy of the nations, all we conquered that sympathy with the sharp edge of the sword. For Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government. Those social and political problems which rack and torture modern society, we have undertaken to solve for ourselves in our own way and on our own principles." It is a great human experiment, a new missionary power on the earth. "Reverently we feel," continues the Evangelist, "that our Confederacy is a God-sent missionary to the nations with great truths to preach. We must speak them boldly, and whose hitherto ears to hear let him hear; and then, after this emphatic use of our Lord's words, comes the sentence, to us so blasphemous, in which the South clothes itself, in 'the agony and bloody sweat,' which is to sanctify its cause, and claims to be 'bearing out that blood of martyrdom which is to be the seed, in this case, of the oligarchy's monopoly and the slave-driver's whip.'"

It may be said of course with some show of reason, that this show of fanaticism does not fairly represent the South; that you must not more judge the Southerners by the violent and blasphemous fanaticism of the Richmond Examiner than you would the North by the enthusiasm of W. Lloyd Garrison or Frederick Douglass. It is curious, indeed, that the very same language is used on both sides; the earnest Abolitionists, like Mr. Conway, frequently applying to the despised negro that very language which the Prophets applied in the first instance to the Jewish people, and then to their Divine Iliad. For our own part, we see a great significance in this strange grasping at the language of Christian faith among the extreme partisans on both sides, and without affecting to think there are more Southerners the one than Northerners to endorse the other, we are profoundly convinced that here you see the ultimate tendency of both sections of the Union, if each should be allowed to develop fully and freely the "idea" which is in them. In the one, you would get a structure rigidly based on slavery from the lowest caste of society, and carrying up the claim of strength to deal with the weak as it thinks fit into the strata above, by the aid of the Richmond Examiner's second great apophthegm that "among equals equality is right; among those who are naturally unequal, equality is chaos; that there are slave races born to serve, master races born to govern;"—and, he ought to add, the tees and dregs of master races born to be their tools in carrying out their will on the race of slaves. In the other, we shall have a structure of society more and more deeply penetrated by the Abolitionist idea of the divine rights of the weak and the oppressed to a protected freedom, leaving us to trust the prejudiced and narrow, though not radically ungovernable ideas, which always pervade large masses of imperfectly cultivated men, all the spirit of freedom and reverence at length subdues even the bigotry of headless majorities, that have to grope their own blind way to the statesmanship. We have always maintained that the missionary principles and leaders on both sides are destined to prevail over the lukewarm; and the process is going on rapidly before our eyes.

If any one, like our amiable and sedate contemporary, the Globe, for instance, which invariably endeavors in its own cultivated but rather helpless way, to mediate between European political convictions, and the Southern slavery, doubts this inevitable gravitation of the South towards the extreme development of the extreme propagandist idea it has so rashly hugged to its bosom, let him note how steadily even the anxious temporizers pass under its influence. There is an address to which four hundred Christian ministers of all denominations in the Southern States have lately given their signatures at Richmond, and addressed to "Christians throughout the world." Now, when ministers of the Gospel try to put the best face on the Southern case to "Christians throughout the world," we may be sure they will be as moderate in crossing the convictions of Christians throughout the world as they can be consistently with their own position. From them, at least, we need not fear that the most sacred words and ideas will be applied to the sufferings and agony of slavery. Indeed, the tone of this address was, on the whole, so mild and didactic, that it received an early and almost emphatic welcome from our sedate contemporary. Now, what do these four hundred gentlemen say about the corner-stone of their system? Do they encourage, as the Times correspondent in the South would have us believe, the notion of an early emancipation movement so soon as the South has established its independence? Do they tell us, as the inventive mind of English sympathy repeats—only the more eagerly the more utterly groundless the dream appears,—that the true way to secure freedom for the slaves is to say at once to the South, without conditions, "Go in peace?" On the contrary, they give thanks for slavery,—much on behalf of the whites, more on behalf of the slave himself. Let them speak for themselves: "With all the facts of the system of slavery in its practical operations before us, as eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word, having had perfect understanding of all things on this subject of which we speak, we may surely claim respect for our opinions and statements. Most of us have grown up from childhood among the slaves, all of us have preached to and taught them the word of life; have administered to them the ordinances of the Christian Church; sincerely love them as souls for whom Christ died; we go among them freely, and know them in health and sickness, in labor and rest, from infancy to old age. We are familiar with their physical and moral condition, and alive to all their interests; and we testify, in the sight of God, that the relation of master and slave, among us, however we may deplore abuses in this, as in other relations of mankind, is not incompatible with our holy Christianity, and that the presence of the Africans in our land is an occasion of gratitude on their behalf, before God, seeing that thereby Divine Providence has brought them where missionaries of the Cross may freely proclaim to them the word of salvation, and the work is not interrupted by agitating fanaticism. The

South has done more than any other nation earth for the Christianization of the African race. They go on to say that the slaves who have escaped since the war, are now "and we say, can go to any place of refuge that offers them any better things than they have at home, either in respect to their moral or eternal welfare." It would, of course, be much worse, both for the temporal and eternal welfare of the slave, if the system, which legalizes, and sometimes almost insists on, brutality, adultery, and the disruption of family life, were entirely done away with. Clearly the four hundred ministers of Christ's Gospel have only outlined the more exact language of the Richmond Examiner, for foreign consumption.

But, finally, what do the Southern statesmen say to the assertion of that English friends that their first wish to get rid of slavery as soon as they have got rid of the Northern aggression? We have a curious glimpse of this aspect of the subject in the correspondence just published between Mr. Mason, the Confederate diplomat here, and Mr. Conway, the representative of the Abolition party. Mr. Conway, by birth a Virginian, and a true Southerner by political instincts, though his faith in freedom has induced him to sacrifice even patriotic feeling for his duty to the slaves, has just written to Mr. Mason to make him an offer on the part of the American Abolitionist party. They support the war, he says, on anti-slavery principles alone; if the Confederates would emancipate honestly, or promise an emancipation guaranteed by European powers within the limits of any reasonable time, the Northern Abolition party would no longer care to conduct a war which would then, indeed, be a more war "for empire." They are fighting for something much better than empire.

Freedom! That once secured, they would not care to rule the continent of America, but be quite ready to part in peace. Unfortunately, however, that once secured, the Confederates would not care to keep their separate nationality, which is based not on the love for self-government, but on the love for the arbitrary government of others. It was for this purpose, and this only, they seceded, and Mr. Mason has evidently a very distinct impression that his superior are by no means prepared to abandon the despotic privilege for the sake of which they have run all this risk. He replied to Mr. Conway's first letter by a diplomatic point, which shows that he is a very shrewd man, and might have succeeded in negotiating more than one Abolitionist with the Federal Government. He wanted Mr. Conway to produce the names of his Abolitionist principles. Mr. Conway did not choose to do so without more distinct authority, and said he would write for credentials, when Mr. Mason rejoined by a letter of indignation evidently written for publication, and intended to demolish Mr. Conway, in which he exposes to the United States the dealings of the Abolitionist party. We must be surprised, however, if the effect of the whole—perhaps the carefully calculated effect of Mr. Conway's measure be not to convince Englishmen of the utter futility of their hopes for a Confederate emancipation. Mr. Mason concludes with saying, "As some reward, however, for your interesting disclosure, your inquiry whether the Confederate States will consent to emancipation shall not go wholly unanswered. You may be assured, then, and perhaps it may be of value to your constituents to assure them, that the Northern States will never be in relations to put this question to the South, nor will the Southern States ever be in a position requiring them to give an answer."

A somewhat enigmatic piece of bravado, but conveying, we take it in connection with the whole tone of the letter, Mr. Mason's conviction that, however agreeable to the Confederates the prospect of peace and independence with slavery may be, war, or even subjugation, would be preferable to casting away this corner-stone of their great edifice.

And, no doubt, this is the truth. The Confederacy has but one political idea which denominates the imaginations of men. That idea is the new gospel of "Slavery, Subordination, Government;"—the "good tidings of great joy that every African is born to be scourged on earth, and subjected to the vile passions of his white masters, before he can earn his salvation. Mr. Mason would probably not have scrupled for a moment to negotiate an alliance with the Northern Democrats, but with the Abolitionists, why, it would have been better a thousand times to propose a surrender without terms to the mercy of the Northern armies. The Confederates are making war for something more than an idea. They have a fanatic faith in their own horrid institution; and if asked to choose between that and independence, they would probably prefer political servitude for themselves, with the sacred right of tyranny over others to an independence which, in sacrificing the right to keep others under the yoke, would have lost all its sweetness and flavor.—Living Age from the Spectator.

On the deck of a steamboat off the Lower Mississippi, a big, fat, jolly negro soldier was standing guard. The boat landed at Helena, when a white soldier came on board, and seeing the negro in uniform, with musket, bayonet, and all the little, and the following questions were asked:

White Soldier—Hello, darkey, are you a soldier?

Negro Soldier—Yeth, thir, I th a tholgar.

White Soldier—Look here, darkey, is your Colonel a nigger?

Negro Soldier—No thir, he th a tholgar nigger, thir youn?

No answer was made to the last question.

"John said a stingy old bunk to his hired man as he was taking dinner, 'do you know how many pancakes you've eaten?'"

No.

"Well, you've eaten fourteen!"

"Well," said John, "you count, and I will eat."

An old maid was "want to" release herself from the shackles of matrimony in a matrimonial line by the following reflection: "If she had been married, and had a man, and the poor thing had dived into the ocean and burnt itself to death, what a terrible thing it would have been."

AYER'S
SARSAPARILLA.
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY, FOR
Scrofula and Scrofulous Diseases.
From Emory Elds, a well-known merchant of Os-
ford, Maine.
I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community.

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.
From Rev. Robert Stratton, Bristol, England.
"I only do my duty to you and the public when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her face, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known, and much esteemed lady of Denberville, Cape May Co., N.J.
"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing else has availed, until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.
"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew to a filthy worse, until it disfigured my features, and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, but I persevered, and in a few days it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin might be formed under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and, without a doubt, owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robert Savin, Houston, Tex., N. Y.

"I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scars-
eafulous Sores by the persevering use of your Ear-
saparilla, and I have just now cured an attack of
Malignant Eruptions with it. No alternative me-
dicines equal the efficacy of the Sarsapilla you have supplied
to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. H. Johnston, Esq; Wakarusa, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas
on my face, and during which time I tried all
the celebrated physicians, but could reach; and look
hundreds of dollars worth of medicine. The
ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible,
and the doctors decided that my arm must be
amputated. I began taking your Sarsaparilla.
Took two bottles, and cured my face. To-
gether with my limbs, and some of my ribs. To-
day found no more. Being in a public place,
my case is known to everybody in this com-
munity, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Mann, M. P. Fr. of Newcastle,
C. B., a leading member of the Canadian Pa-
rlament.

"I have used your Sarsaparilla."

for general delinquency and for participating in the work,
with very beneficial results, and feel constrained
in commending it to the afflicted."

**St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt
Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.**

*From Harry Nickler, Esq., the able editor of the
Tunchamook Democrat, Pa.*

"On the night about three years ago, we were
attacked by pimples on the forehead. They rapidly
spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent
eruption which covered his face, and actually
blinded him some five days. A skillful physician
applied nitrate of silver and other remedies,
without any apparent benefit. After fifteen
days we guarded his hands, feet with oil so he
should tear open the festering and corrupt wound
which covered his whole face. Having tried
everything else we had any hope from, we began
using your large ointment, and applying the sedative
of your lotion several times daily. He was again
to bed when we had given him the second bottle,
and was well when we tried the third one. The
child's eyelashes, which had come out long
again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any
other. The whole neighborhood predicted that
the child must die."

Of Syphilis and Mercurial Disease:
"From Dr. Hiram Stolt, of St. Louis, Mo.
 "I find your Sarsaparilla a more effectual
 remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis,
 and for syphilitic diseases than any other
 I possess. The profession are indebted to you for
 some of the best medicines we have."
*From A. J. French, M.D., an eminent physician of
 Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of
 the Legislature of Massachusetts.*
 "My dear Sir: I have found your Sarsaparilla
 an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the
 primary and secondary type, and effectual in
 some cases that were too obstinate to yield to
 other remedies. I do not know what we can em-
 ploy with more certainty of success, where a
 powerful alterative is required."
*Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New-Brunswick,
 N. J., has suffered severely of the effects caused by
 the abuse of mercury, or Mercurial Disease,
 which grew more and more aggravated for years,
 in spite of every remedy or treatment that could
 be applied, until the persevering use of Ayer's
 Sarsaparilla relieved him. Few cases can be
 found more interesting and distressing than this,
 and it took several months.*

15.50	Leucorrhœa, Whites, Female
16.30	Went's is generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often
6.30	cured by the alterative effect of the Sarsaparilla.
6.55	Some cases require, however, in aid of the Sarsaparilla, the skillful application of local remedies.
7.30	From the well-known and widely celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.
A.W.M.	"I have found your Sarsaparilla an excellent alterative in diseases of females. Many cases of Irregularity, Leucorrhœa, Internal Ulceration, and Local Debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few local treatments which are properly aided by
5.55	it, and, accordingly to allow the publication of her name, writes,
6.40	"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhœa of long standing, by two bottles of your Sarsaparilla."
7.05	Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, Nephritis,
7.32	when caused by Scrofula in the system, are
7.50	cured by the use of the Sarsaparilla.
8.00	
8.09	

AYER'S
CATHARTIC PILLS.
 possesses so many advantages over the other pur-
 gatives in the market, and their superior virtues
 are so universally known, that we need not do
 more than assure the public that their quality is main-
 tained equal to the best it has been, and that, they
 may be depended on for all that they are capa-
 ble of doing.
 Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO.,
 Lowell, Mass.
 aug 8-1m

FANCY MILLINERY.
 I have the pleasure of announcing to the citizens
 of Atlantic City that I am now prepared
 to make up Bonnets of every variety of the newest
 and most fashionable styles. Also to clean
 Bonnets cleaned, pressed, and dyed. Also
 old Bonnets made up in the latest style.
 DANIEL W. DELING.
 Cincinnati Avenue, between 4th and 5th
 Agassiz Street, near the Avenue.