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Associate and Manager.

South Jersey Republican.

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Advertisements.
The circulation of the **REPUBLICAN** is much larger than the small average of other papers. It is the only paper published in Atlantic County, and is a desirable medium for advertising. Advertisements are published at low rates.
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Where do Some Things Come From?

It is not difficult to understand that things made of wood and stone and metal, of which the supply is virtually unlimited, as well as fabric of cotton, muslin, gauze, and wool, should be turned out as fast as they are wanted. It is comprehensible, too, that such developments of silk and satin and velvet as may hit the humor of the moment should be forthcoming, in a degree commensurate with the requirements of the public; though this is less easy to understand when one reflects that the whole supply is due to the exertions of a finite number of small caterpillars. The multiplication of objects, the material for constructing which is practically unlimited, is tolerably comprehensible; but what seems unaccountable is the extraordinary way in which certain products of nature—animal, vegetable and mineral—seem to rush into existence on the shortest notice, whenever a demand for them springs up.

How wonderfully accommodating to take an instance—has Nature provided of late years in connection with the increased production of the Seal Skin, or any rate that portion of it which furnishes the material that goes by the name of seal-skin? It is only within the last dozen years or so, that this particular kind of fur has become so popular. It is marvelous to observe how strangely, within that comparatively short time, the supply has increased and multiplied also. A few years ago, a seal-skin cloak was an uncommon garment; a rarity; whereas, now, during the whole of the autumn and winter seasons, we are so surrounded by all sorts of seal-skin garments—cloaks, jackets, waistcoats, hats, caps, mufflers, tipsters, and the like—not to speak of scarves, purses, tobacco pouches, blotting-books, and other miscellaneous objects—that we might suppose seal-skin to be not merely as Jacques said, "Notly," but "You only want," but your only decorative fabric available for any purpose whatsoever. For look where one may, it is still seal-skin, seal-skin, seal-skin, everywhere. On the shoulders of ladies; in the shop-windows; in the circulars which are thrust into our letter-boxes, announcing a consignment of ever so many thousand seal-skin jackets; in the advertisement sheets of our newspapers, from the Times Supplement to the columns of the Exchange and Mart—in which last journal the yearnings of humanity after seal-skin, and its readiness to barter all other property of whatsoever kind, in exchange for this idolized fur, are more touchingly expressed than in any other, under each and all of these aspects the seal-skin rage is continually kept before us.

But the supply with which this phenomena is accompanied is the marvelous thing. How is it that such supply has suddenly come into existence? Or, was it always there, though there was no demand? Has the genus pocha been wearing seal-skin jackets ever since the creation, retaining unimpaired their possession of those priceless wares through countless ages, or has this obliging tribe of animals increased in numbers of late years, out of readiness to gratify the caprice of the fashionable world?

Then there are the kids again—what shall we say of the kids? If it be matter of wonder where all the seals come from, how much more wonderful, how stupefying and stunning, is the thought of the myriads of young goats, whose existence is absolutely necessary to furnish the gloves of the whole civilized world? Kids!—How is it that there exist six yards of ground anywhere, without kids browsing thereon? One would expect that the earth would be teeming and swarming with kids. In every town in England, in France, in Europe, gloves made of what is called kid are to be made of the skin of the kid are exposed for sale; while in the large capitals the number of shops devoted exclusively to the diffusion of kid gloves is almost incredible. Taking Paris and London alone, and occupying ourselves only with a few of the principal thoroughfares, we should find enough of sidewalk to suggest the existence somewhere of such flocks of kids as would overrun at least all the pasture lands of the civilized earth. How many such shops are there in the Palais Royal, the Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix; how many in Regent Street, Oxford Street, the Strand, Chancery Lane, and Piccadilly? How many in other great capitals? How many in South America, how many in Australia, how many in New Zealand? If we take the trouble to enter on the field of conjecture which is thus opened out before us, we shall be lost out in imagination on immeasurable unknown prairies where the foot of man has never trod (except to capture kids), and where kidnapping kids disport themselves in such prodigious numbers, that the American herd of buffaloes which took six weeks to pass a man in a ditch at full gallop, would be as an every day drive in comparison.

I speak of the supply of the raw material, and not the enormous multiplication and sale of the gloves themselves. When one remembers how many are the necessities of show and ceremony where gloves of the palest and most delicate tints are alone admissible, and how soon (covering as they do a part of the human frame which comes in continual contact with all sorts of objects) they become soiled and unfit for use, there is no difficulty in understanding the sale of almost any number of gloves that can be manufactured. It is the multiplication of the kids of whose skins the gloves are made that is the staggering subject of reflection, and it is in connection with this, and not in connection with the sale of the gloves themselves, that we find in France, Italy and Switzerland, and other seat producing countries, are the occasions

When the Traveller encounters kids in any number, that I find myself again constrained to ask, O where and O where are your glove-producing kids?

Is it not a fact that there are more fair-haired children to be seen in this country than there used to be? Any one who can find leisure in the early part of the day to visit these portions of our parks and public gardens where children most resort, will infallibly be struck by the great increase in the number of children whose hair is to be classed as belonging to the group of colors which we call "light." Now, we know that fair hair has lately been very much the rage, and we also know that various inventions have been published for taking the natural darkness out of the hair, and imparting to it a flaxen or a golden shade. The use of such medicaments has, however, always been confined to grown-up people, and in none of the recorded instances of that tampering with the natural color of the hair which has been common of late years, have children had any part; so their adaptation to the fashion of the time in this respect would seem to be purely attributable to an obligingness on the part of Dame Nature similar to the politeness of the seas and the philanthropy of the kids.

There was a taste the other day for pug dog. Fashion had no sooner issued her mandate on the subject, than hound in all directions there were pug! The earth appeared to teem with short noses and black muzzles; and any one who wanted a pug (and chose to pay for it) was straightway provided with one of those fascinating animals. Is there any room for doubt that if phizzes or unicorns were to become the fashion, they would turn up by the scores as soon as wanted?

It is not possible that any one, possessed of any reflective power, and being in the habit of frequenting the various kinds of social gatherings, alway to which forms the principal occupation of a large portion of civilized society, can have failed to speculate on the momentous question. Where do all the plover's eggs come from? They appear at all sorts of meals—dinner, wedding breakfasts, show luncheons, picnics, evening-party refreshment tables, ball suppers. In all sorts of forms, too, do they appear: nestled in moss, held in bonnets, carried by a succulent jelly, pearly and cool, the golden yolk just suggested through the semi-transparent white. Prodigious good they are, in whatever shape presented, but prodigiously mysterious also, in their faculty of turning up in enormous quantities for the London season, and then disappearing with equally strange and inexplicable despatch. Very rarely does one encounter these plover's eggs except during the London season; and as to the plover's themselves, now and then, in crossing a breezy upland, the pedestrian's attention is caught by their shrill, plaintive cry and their rapid flight round and round his head, as they seek to draw him away from the nest which lies close by. But it is only now and then that the plover's are thus met with, and even where they are thickest, their numbers do not account for those innumerable dishes full of their eggs.

And naturally associated with the plover's egg difficulty is another: I mean the great champagne mystery. The consumption of this beverage is confined to no particular place, nor to any special season of the year. Always, everywhere, by everybody, this favorite drink is appreciated. One would think that the supply required for this country alone, and during that one period of the year which we call "the season," would exhaust the produce of all the vineyards the champagne districts can furnish. Let the reader consider the Derby Day, or merely take it in conjunction with the Cup Day at Ascot, and then endeavor to form some dimly approximate notion of the quantity of champagne required. There are those who have seen the champagne dripping through the floors of carriages on Epsom Downs; and even those who have not been favored with such rich experience, but have merely witnessed the ordinary performances during the luncheon hours there, are able to form a tolerably accurate idea of the rate at which champagne disappears on the occasion of those wondrous orgies.

At the Ascot Meeting it is the same story. The same at Goodwood, Dunstable, Newmarket. At all the minor races, at Henly, at every regatta held at Cowes or Lido, or anywhere, and on all those occasions of a more private nature at which we have just seen the dish of plover's eggs making a goodly appearance, it is again the same. The thought of all the champagne required for England, not to speak of the still greater quantities needed for the supply of Continental capitals, and those not alone for those great festal occasions when royal personages meet together and are entertained at banquets, balls and the like, but for all the smaller and snigger meals which come off at restaurants, cafes, hotels, and taverns—the thought, I say, of all this champagne, and all this society as I may say floating in it, becomes distracting.

But where does that same creamy liquor all come from? We all know that we are expected to swallow a great deal in connection with our wine besides the liquid itself. It requires a most remarkable amount of faith to suppose that those small tracts of land which give their name to the more renowned vineyards of France and Germany can supply all the cellars throughout Europe. An omnibus this, which, with regard to other wines, may be looked upon as simply a difficulty; but which, when champagne is in question, culminates into an impossibility.

The milk and cream, again, supplied daily to the inhabitants of England

and for the furnishing of which—since fresh milk cannot be imported from other countries—we are dependent on the resources of the British cow.

The enormous daily yield of this article of consumption is a thing not to be thought of without wonder. Summons before the mind the vast area of London and its suburbs, and remember that in every street, square, place, terrace, court, blind alley, throughout its enormous extent from Highgate and Hornsey in the north, to Camberwell and Dulwich in the south, and from Wimbledon and Putney in the west to Rotherhithe, Hackney, Bow, in the east, the clink of the milk-pail is heard twice every day throughout the year. Sundays included. And all this produces, remember, to be new milk, so that in addition there must be taken into account an entirely separate reservoir of milk outside for the development of all that mass of cream which is required, at certain times of the year, for the supply of the metropolis. What a supply must that be! Think of all the ice creams sold at all the pastry-cooks' shops besides those which are served up in private houses! Think of all the cream eaten with strawberries, of the cream required for cooking purposes, of the recipes of those great artists who are always directing their disciples to "take a quart of cream," or to "add a pint of good cream," or to "now throw in a pint or so of cream." And besides, what becomes of all this supply of milk and cream when it is no longer wanted in the metropolis? On the 30th of June it is required; on the 30th of July it is not. The main body of the cream-consumers have by that time left London and are dispersed over the world. Do the cows follow them?

A solution of some of the above-stated difficulties might be afforded by supposing the existence—not a very wide stretch of imagination—of a wholesale system of adulteration. It is possible to make champagne, for instance, and also I fear milk and cream too, to order, but so manifestly can turn out plover's eggs to order. And where are the iron works, saw-mills, galvanized pipe factories that can contract to supply an unlimited number of sweetbreads, by and by, another delicacy required, like the plover's eggs, on a huge scale during the London season, and hardly wanted at other times!

How to Preserve Grape Cuttings.
November is the proper month to prune grape vines at the North. In the Southern States, it may be done at any time from November to February, or before the sap begins to flow. Pruning could also be delayed at the North, if our winters were not too cold to allow of much work being done in vineyards, or even in gardens, in a manner as well as it can be done in the fall.

When the grape wood is to be saved for propagating, it is essential that the pruning be done in the fall, so that the canes can be cut and buried in sand in the cellar, or in the garden or field soil out of doors. Many writers on grape growing have said that cuttings should be packed in boxes mixed with moist sand, and placed in cellars; but cuttings may just as well be preserved by covering them with common garden or field soil, as with sand.

You may take any variety of grape, and cut the canes into single eyes, or long cuttings; upon two to four eyes, then lay them anywhere upon the ground, and cover them with any soil so deep that they will be well preserved in the spring. Or you may dig a hole in the ground put the cuttings in it, and cover them six or eight inches deep, and they will be in good condition to set the next spring.

We bury our loads every fall, and make heaps three or four feet high, about six feet wide, and as long as necessary. We first lay a tier of cuttings about six inches deep, upon the surface of the ground, (we should dig down a foot or more if our garden were not on a flat, where water stands sometimes in winter,) and cover with soil, then another tier, then cover, and so on till we get the heap about four feet high, then we cover it about eight inches deep with earth, and throw a little hay, straw, or anything over the heap, to prevent the rain from washing the cuttings bare.

If we tie the cuttings in bundles, we lay the bundles down on their sides as close together, as it does not appear to be necessary that the earth should come in contact with each cutting. If they are so covered that they are kept damp. We think, however, that it is better to lay the cuttings loose in the tier, and work the dirt among them, notwithstanding that we have had bundles keep perfectly well yet it is reasonable to suppose that it is safer to have the cuttings in close contact with the earth than otherwise. But if one bury his cuttings in bundles, it would also be safer to pack them, on their ends, so that the moisture from rains and snows will be more equally diffused among them.

If cuttings are buried in the ground and water stands among them for several weeks they would be injured badly, and some varieties would probably be destroyed entirely.

A CROQUIS case has been on trial, at Paris. It seems that the demand for prayer for the dead of that city is greater than its pleasure-loving priests can supply, so they have been in the habit of sending the fees to their more industrious brethren in the country who promptly supplied the requisite supplications. To make the business more simple, an enterprising firm have been receiving orders and forwarding from country masses in return. They are now being prosecuted, not for their business, but because they pocketed the money and left their clients in purgatory, or at least took no steps to get them out.

A Strong Temptation.

BY WILNA GRODNO.
A young man, or rather boy, for he was not yet seventeen years of age, was a clerk in one of the great mercantile establishments of New York. An orphan and poor, he must rise, if he rose at all, by his own exertions. His handsome, honest face, and free, cordial manner, won him the friendship of all his fellow-laborers, and many were the invitations he received to join them in the club-room, in the theatre, and even the bar-room. But Alfred Harris had the pure teachings of a christian mother to withhold him from rushing headlong into dissipation and vice, and all the persuasions of his comrades could not induce him to join them in scenes like this. He feared the consequences.

One evening, one of his fellow clerks, George Warren, the most high-toned and moral one among them, invited Alfred to go home with him to supper and make the acquaintance of his family. The boy gladly assented, for he spent many lonely evenings, with only his books and thoughts for company.

He found his friend's family very social and entertaining. Mrs. Warren, the mother, was a pleasant, winning, light-hearted, fascinating woman; one of the kind whose every little speech seems of consequence, and whose every act is praiseworthy. Mr. Warren was a cheery, social gentleman, fond of telling stories, and amusing young people. And George's sister, Jesse—how shall I describe her? A girl about Alfred's own age, half-bushy, half-saucy, dimpled-faced, rosy-cheeked maiden, sparkling with wit and pliancy, and pretty enough for any young man to fall in love with at first sight.

This was Mr. Warren's family, and it was no wonder that Alfred was charmed with them. They were not very wealthy people, but were in every circumstance, and on a promising road to fortune. Alfred very soon felt as well acquainted with them all as if he had known them for years. The supper was delicious, especially to a boy whose small salary could afford him only the plainest living. After supper wine was brought in. Mrs. Warren poured it out herself, and with a winning smile passed a glass of the sparkling liquid to their guest. Alfred took it with some hesitation, but did not raise it to his lips. Each of the family held a glass, waiting to pledge their visitor. But Alfred feared to drink. He set the goblet on the table, while a burning flush overspread his face.

"What I do not drink wine?" asked Mrs. Warren in her pleasant tones.

"I have been taught not to drink it," said Alfred.

"You have had good teaching I doubt not," said the lady, "and I honor you for respecting it, but I think it makes some difference where and in what company you take it. I should not be willing for George to go into a bar-room in company with dissipated young men, and call for wine, but at home, in the family circle, it is different. A moderate use of wine never hurts any one. It is only when carried to excess that it is injurious. You had better drink yours. So little as that will never hurt you."

Jessie was sitting by Alfred. She took up the glass he had set on the table and gave it to him with a charming smile.

"Drink it for my sake," she said.

Again he took the goblet in his hand. The glowing wine was tempting, but the faces around him were more tempting still. He raised it toward his lips. But at that moment there rose up before him a pale, sweet face, with pleading eyes—the face of his mother in heaven. The boy laid down the glass with a firm hand, and with firm tones, he said:

"I cannot drink it. It was my mother's dying request that I should never taste of wine, and if I disregard it now, I fear great temptations will follow. I must pardon my seeming discourtesy, but I cannot drink it."

A silence fell upon the little circle. None spoke for several minutes.

Then Mrs. Warren said, in a voice choked with emotion.

"Forgive me my boy, for tempting you to violate your conscience. Would that all young men would show as high a sense of duty."

Every one of the family put down their wine untested.

We have done wrong in setting such an example before our children. "Here Ellen," he called to the servant, "take away this decanter."

And, as the table was cleared of the wine and glasses, Mr. Warren said solemnly:

"Now, here, in the presence of you all, I make a solemn vow never to have any more wine on my table, or drink it myself, as a beverage; and may my influence and precepts be as binding on my children as the request of this boy's mother to him."

And Mrs. Warren softly responded:

"Amen."

Mr. Warren turned to Alfred.

"We are not drunkards here, my boy. I have always preached temperance to my children, but I have never realized before how an occasional glass of wine, if partaken of in good society, could injure. I see it now. If a person can drink one glass, he can drink another, and yet another, and it is hard to know just where to draw the line. I thank you for this lesson. I will show that I have as much manliness as a mere boy. My children, will you follow my example, and pledge to abstain totally from wine as a beverage?"

"We will, father," was the response.

"This pledge was never broken by any of the family; and never did Alfred Harris have cause to regret that he resisted the temptation to drink one cup of wine.

Years afterwards, when he was a prosperous and worthy merchant, and Jessie Warren was his wife, they often spoke of the consequences which might have followed, had he yielded to that one temptation; and Jessie tries to impress as firm principles upon the minds of her children as her husband's mother instilled into the heart of her boy.

Of all the types in a printer's hand, Comment me to the Amperand, For he's the gentleman (seems to me) Of the typographical company. My graceful pen like Amperand, Nothing that Calamus ever planned Equals my elegant Amperand. He's never bothered, like A B C, In index, guide, and Directory; He's never stuck on a printer's coat, Nor longed to show where the fiddle must vote. No, my nice little Amperand, My plump and early Amperand, When I've a pen in a letter's hand, I'm always making an Amperand. Many a letter your writers hate, Rightly so, which tells Amperand, That makes you cross as a bear. And that helps you with numbers to swear. But not my nice little Amperand, My easily-dashed-off Amperand, Any odd shape folks understand. To mean my Protean Amperand. Nothing for him that's starch or stiff, Never he's cured in cold or tiff. State capitals he darts and grand, Rightly so, which tells Amperand, That makes you cross as a bear. In days when letters were dried with sand Old Amperand would not use my Amperand. But he's dear in old friendship's call, Or when for laughing through lady-scrawl: Come if you'd keep your A Round & Square. Yes, my nice little Amperand, Never must into a word expand, He's the sign of affection stand, My kind, familiar Amperand. "Letters first do form his name," He who knows his Amperand's name: If I could not be in that Sacred Band, I'd be the affable Amperand. Yes, my nice little Amperand, And when P. U. N. C. H. is driving his five-in-hand, I'll have a telegraphic, neatly planned, In the shape of a fly away, Amperand.

Queen Victoria's Model Farm.
Situating about a mile from Windsor, it is probably the most perfect, as it is the most expensive thing of the kind in the world. Its dairy department is thus described: "We entered a beautiful cottage, and were shown by one of the Queen's favorite servants into a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly carved capitals. The floors were of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with May blossoms, daisies, buttercups and Primroses. The floors were lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort and each of the children. Shields, monograms, of the royal family, and bas-reliefs of agricultural designs representing the seasons, completed the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All around the walls ran a marble table, and through the centre two long ones, supported by marble posts resting on basons, through which runs a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the table slabs are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the table are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk, just brought in bright metal buckets, lined with porcelain, the Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milk skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family even as far as Scotland; so that they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined with porcelain, made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water poured in to regulate the coming of the butter without disturbing the cream. The lid was screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole was turned made the work easy and rapid. But while over 60 cows are daily milked, and as many more are under grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners more than dissatisfied to see the rolls of golden butter and cans of cream sold from the model farm for saving money for the Queen. I know the butter is sold for we breakfasted on it this morning, and we paid for it, not as a bribe, but a regular market bargain at the dairy."

A FINE OLD MAN.—John Wagner, the oldest man in Buffalo—one hundred and four years—recently walked a mile and a half in two weeks. He is as cheerful and bright as any of these other old men that charge round in the newspapers, and in every way as remarkable. Last November he walked five blocks in a rain storm without any shelter but an umbrella, and cast his vote for Grant, remarking that he had voted for forty-seven Presidents—each was a lie. His second crop of rich brown hair, arrived from New York yesterday, and he has a new set of teeth coming—from Philadelphia. He is to be married next week to a girl one hundred and two years old, who still takes in washing. They have been engaged eighty years, but their parents persistently refused their consent until three days ago. John Wagner is two years older than the Rhode Island veteran, and yet has never tasted a drop of liquor in his life, unless you count whisky.—Mark Twain.

An Irishman about to join a company, forming during our late war, was questioned by one of the officers:

"Well, sir, when you get into battle will you fight or run?"

"An' faith," replied the Hibernian, "I'll be after doing as a majority ay yeas does."

Up With the Times.

[From the Hearth and Home.]
John and I have had a visitor—a man who is up with the times. He's gone now, and we're pretty well, thank you. This very morning he waved an unbidden farewell to his friends from the deck of an outward-bound steamer slowly gliding down the bay. But he was at our cottage yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, when back to the dim, distant morning when first he appeared, valise in hand. Ask the walls if it isn't so.

Did we enjoy the visit? Certainly! I don't think John and I ever had a happier moment than when, after saying "good-by" a dozen times, we went back into the cottage, sank heavily upon the nearest chairs and stared breathlessly at each other.

"He's gone, John," I gasped, "and I like him."

"Yes," panted my spouse; "capital fellow is Hobkins—such company!—been here a fortnight, hasn't he?"

"Sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Betsey, passing through the room at that moment, "if you two are not completely worn out."

I smiled in reply; and John, simply remarked that there were two ways about it, it really did people good to have a thorough waking up once in a while by men like Hobkins, tumbled over upon the sofa, and was soon fast asleep.

To understand this situation, one must know Hobkins. He is one of your thoroughly posted men. He is constant reader of every thing. He knows John Doe's mother, and Richard Roe's grandfather. A future quotation set his teeth on edge. He whisks an encyclopedia on every eyelash. He goes to the roots of things, yet knows all about the last leaf on the outermost branches. You'd think, to hear him talk, that he heard Beecher, Adams, Bellows, Cuyler, Chaplin, Spurgeon, Brigham, Young, and Dr. Todd preach every Sunday, and that he went everywhere and saw every body and every thing every evening of his life.

And yet he doesn't pretend, or put on airs. He just inhales the events of the day and breathes them out personally. His oxygen comes to him in paragraphs. He flashes items. His boots creak with "facts." His "good morning" is a sort of universal salutation, and his "good night" a general "to be continued." I call him a man in fifty volumes, and John says it's a silly idea, but that while I'm about it, I may as well make it a hundred.

How the creature ever has time to wash and dress is a mystery to me. Yet his toilet is perfect. It seems as if he must whisk off flakes of knowledge with his hair-brush, and rub in definite ideas with his towel—yes, and grind in words with his tooth-brush. I never saw such a man!

Dear me! How much John and I know just from being with him a fortnight; or, rather, what vistas have been opened to us, with Hobkins always standing at the far end! Sometimes he would clutch the Universe with his fist and hammer it into our centre tables for us to examine at leisure; and sometimes I actually had to take hold of my chair to make the world spin by so fast. One day when he chanced to allude incidentally to his wife, I almost swooned. Merry on us! the idea of having that man for a husband! I'd sooner marry the British Museum, and done with it. No, all the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, and European newspapers represent him more fully. His wife must feel like a Mrs. Associated Press.

You should have seen Hobkins at our table. I'd no idea plain diet could be so suggestive. He found spectrum analyses in the salt-cellar; international rowing matches in the spoons; balloon travelling in the omelette, and co-operative house-keeping in the hash.—As John confidentially remarked, he actually shook kindergarten's feeding apron. He found prison discipline in the bread; and female colleges, universal suffrage, and blind opinions generally, in the butter. The calves head soup brought forth capital punishment; the beef, labor-union systems; and the dessert was full of Gates Ajar and spiritual manifestations. Once, while filling his tureen, I felt as if I were pouring out the Suez Canal, and I'm sure I often dropped in a railroad accident with the sugar. What with iron cars, and elastic platforms, and wide gauges, and new brakes, car-stoppers, and compensating expandable rail-joints, I'd got confused in spite of myself.

Really, I've not used so many big words in an age of Sundays. Some of them were new to me two weeks ago; but now I'd just like any one to show John and me any thing of which we haven't some sort of an inkling.

Talking of ink, Hobkins says they're trying hard now to invent some substitute for the present tedious process of writing, which, after all, is a primitive and barbarous method. And, by the way, speaking of barbarous things, what an absurd idea is just now going the rounds of the English and French papers, though one of our countrymen staved it: that the Americans are fast going back to Indian characteristics. They say it even of Americanized foreigners; so that in a few generations here a Dutch fellow comes out with high cheek bones, piercing eyes, straight black hair, and an expression like Big Thunder.

Talking of thunder, Hobkins was delighted with your Mr. Quimby's ideas about self-protection during thunder storms. He says he'll have a long iron chain trailing in future from his summer umbrella, never mind who laughs.—Another thing: he says your "Eminent Physician" is a brick with his sensible though startling opinion, about fainting fits, and boozing, and all that sort of thing.

Talking of bricks, perhaps you may not know that the Bricklayers' Association of New York has just—

Horror! I'm growing to be like Hobkins! I must stop.

He's a capital fellow, though, and good company; only John and I have come to the conclusion that we really can't stand having another visitor yet awhile. E. S.

A Cheerful Heart.
I once heard a young lady say to an individual:

"Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look."

A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things, which Jeremy Taylor said that his enemies or persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in the world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have will escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for the evil that is to come. That is not religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The instructive bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quickly by the place where it is not.

DISTINGUISHED VICTIM OF INTemperance.—It is said that Senator Yates in helplessly and hopelessly giving way to intemperance.—It is deplorable to see a man so brilliant and attractive as Richard Yates a victim to strong drink. It is to be feared that he will soon come to a death as miserable as that of the talented Senator McDougal, of California, a short time ago. We have recently seen announced, the death of another distinguished victim of intemperance, Gen. S. Chipman, a native of Vermont, who represented Michigan in Congress in 1854-7, who died in San Jose, Cal. in which State he had lived since 1850. He was once a noted and active Democratic politician, but his later years were made miserable and his condition reduced to pauperism by strong drink. Young men should heed the warning which such examples present. The beginning of such an end is always in the beer saloon and fashionable drinking places. Give these a wide berth and the rest will take care of itself.

How to ROIN THE HAIR.—The practice to generally prevail with females, who desire to keep back with the fashions, of putting up the hair in what are known as curls, cannot be too severely reprehended, and no parent who desires her children to have a healthy head of hair should permit it. It not only checks the growth, but frequently pulls out the hair by the roots. Another, and equally fatal practice, in regard to the fashionable dressing of hair, is the use of the curling or crimping iron. The heat of iron saps the juice of the fibres, just as frost destroys the vitality of a tender green plant. We are aware that it is almost useless to present such facts as the foregoing, as few of the fashionable mothers of the day will heed them. Years hence, when they find their daughters prematurely bald, or cultivating a stiff, dried up and unhealthy head of hair, such of them as read this paragraph will probably regret that they paid so little attention to its warnings.

A PRINCE MISTAKEN FOR A COMMON MAN.—A Canadian correspondent tells how Prince Arthur was mistaken for a common man, because he rode in an open buggy. He relates that the good people of the Dominion turned out in their best along the roads to give the Prince a royal reception and a royal lot of speeches; but when he came he looked so much like any other lad, that they did not know him. A bishop drives out to meet him, looks at the buggy and passes on. The volunteer artillery stand by their guns; he passes, and they don't salute. One side of the bridge has been especially reserved for the royal crossing; the Prince comes to it, and a sentry turns him away. It is all very funny, but the misery of it is that the Canadians found out their mistake, ran after their guest with all their might, and made him hear the speeches after all.

Leisure Hours. of Pittsburg, says the innumerable candidates for office in that city and their itinerant system of button hole canvassing, calls to mind the following anecdote:

"A gentleman accented a red-haired boy in the vicinity of a country barn, who was building 'bake-ovens' in the mud, over a foot of not exactly alabaster, with, 'I say, boy, where's your father?' The boy happened to have an impediment in his speech, and replied, 'Wha-wha-what?'"

"Where's your father?"

"Wha-wha-what? he-be's down at the creek-creek a-burying of tow-tow-tow-tow. The da-da-darned old fool he barked hisself to death at the ca-ca-can candidates; may be you one of them fellers."

"When a stranger treats me with want of proper respect," said a philosophic person, "I cannot help myself with the reflection that it is not my fault, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So if my coat and hat chide me about it, let them: it is nothing to me."

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