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## SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.

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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

## POLITY.

[For the South Jersey Republican.]

LINES ON OUR UNION.

BY E. G. TUCK.

Ours is a goodly heritage;

A land of fruits and flowers;

We tremble at no tyrant's rage,

We fear no hostile powers.

The sun that shineth gloriously

Hath seen no happier clime

In all the circuit through the sky.

Since Union had its time.

But now this pleasant land of ours

Is ravaged by a foe

With more than human tyrant's power.

To lay our Union low.

Shall we, who boast of liberty,

That liberty resign?

No! We're for Union—we'll be free,

And liberty shall show.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

[From the Independent.]

GETTING RICH.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

"Old Mr. Avery was going by to his morning work. He looked bent and worn and poor. Harry Eldon thought, as he lounged whistling over his father's gate. The breakfast bell rang. Harry jumped off the gate, and turning round, struck his hands determinedly into his pockets, saying to himself as he went up the walk, 'I'll be rich when I'm a man. When I'm sixty years old I won't be a carpenter and work by day's labor, as Mr. Avery does. I don't believe he went to work right when he was a boy.' Mr. Eldon was sitting on the piazza with his paper, and heard Harry's speech, but said nothing to him, as he rose and walked into breakfast with his son. Harry was deep in speculation on his way to school. Could his thoughts have been put into words, they would have run something like this: 'I have ten cents in my pocket. Ed Smith will sell me his old cart for that. I know, and I have a new wheel that will fit on the place of the one that is gone, and I can paint it up with the paint father gave me the other day, and after it is done it will be worth twenty-five cents. John Wood wants a cart for his old mule, and I guess he'll buy it of me. There's one step toward getting rich.' The school door was reached and the session commenced. At recess time Harry rushed out full of his new plan to find Ed Smith. All at once he observed George X, a little friend of his, sitting on the sidewalk, digging his fingers into a wide crack, and at the same time crying bitterly.

"What's up, George?"

"Oh, Harry! and the little fellow's grief burst out afresh. 'I've lost my new glass alleys—two of them—down this hole, and I can't get them out again; and father says that he won't buy me any more, for I've lost so many before these.'

"I'll see if I can't get 'em out for you," and Harry knelt down on the sidewalk.

In vain he put his eye to the crevice and peered within it. In vain he poked about it with a stick. In vain he found out that there was no use of trying longer. The alleys were irretrievably gone.

"Oh, Harry! try just once more," George pleaded. "I do want them so badly."

Harry knew that it was of no use to do so.

"How much did your alleys cost, George?" Harry hardly knew what made him ask the question.

"Ten cents. They were such big ones."

Harry bit his lip hard. "He was a Christian. He remembered 'even Christ pleased not himself.'

"Well, George, you may go and buy some more," and he pulled the bit of green paper out of his pocket and gave it to him.

George was astounded. He stopped crying for sheer amazement, that any boy would give him ten cents to buy two new alleys with. While he was recovering, Harry ran off. He hardly knew what to do with himself for the remainder of the recess. He did not care now to hunt up Ed Smith, for he had no more money where with to initiate his schemes of trade. Finally he joined a group of ball-players, and remained with them till the bell rang.

Noon came and passed. The afternoon session of school was over. Harry walked soberly home. Not that he felt sorry that he had given the ten cents to George. No, he was glad of it when he thought definitely about it at all, but he had a troubled

sort of feeling, as though he had not accomplished quite what he had wished that day.

Mr. Eldon, too, had thought during the day of the resolution which he had heard Harry express in the morning, and resolved to have a talk with him about it at night.

So, after tea, just as the sun was setting, he called him out to him upon the piazza. "How about getting rich, my boy?"

"What, sir?"

Harry's eye had a look of somewhat astonished inquiry in it.

"Come and sit down here, my son. I heard you say this morning that you meant to be rich when you were a man. Have you thought anything more about it to-day, and what?"

"Yes, sir, I have thought about it," answered Harry, privately interrogating himself as to whether his father always heard everything.

"And have you thought how to go to work?"

"I thought of a beginning, but I did not do it."

"Why?"

"You see, father, I was going to do this and Harry went on with the details of his little plan up to the time he saw George X—crying on the sidewalk—and then, I thought, 'first I would not give it to him, but afterwards I did.'"

"Why?"

"I thought it would not be right if I did not for I should have liked it very much if I had been in his place."

Mr. Eldon's face wore a pleased expression, but he made no comment.

"And what were you saying about Mr. Avery?"

"Only that I should not like to work as he does when I am old."

"Mr. Avery is one of the richest men I know, Harry."

"Why, father!"

"Yes, I think so. Did you never read such a verse as this in your Bible, 'And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations?'

"Yes, sir, and I never quite knew what it meant."

Mr. Avery was once a member of a wealthy firm in N. Y. I knew him then. One time we were walking the street together, when we noticed a small crowd beginning to collect at a corner. Our way led directly through it. When we came up, we found two men in the midst. Their faces were literally purple with passion, and they were fighting with a fierceness that showed their purpose was deadly. Mr. Avery turned to me, 'I know one of these men. I shall try and stop the fight. I asked him not for I feared he might be hurt, and I saw a policeman coming up, and I thought the matter might be settled without his interference. But he walked coolly up to the uppermost man, and laid his hand on his shoulder. My friend, won't you let this man get up and go away, and forgive him whatever he has done? 'I ask you to do it.'"

"He turned fiercely at Mr. Avery. But when he saw who it was, he stopped short, and in a minute after slowly rose."

"Yes, sir," and he strengthened it with an oath, 'I will. He gave me money and work, sir, one time when my woman and me was starving, and I'll quit fighting if ye like.'"

"The officer came up then, but there was no work left for him to do. Nor is this a solitary instance in Mr. Avery's life. He has been the habit of benevolence."

"What has this to do with the text you told me, father, and why is Mr. Avery poor?"

"Mr. Avery is poor now in money because his firm failed. They failed for the reason that they depended on others whom they believed to be reliable and who were not. I told you the incident because here Mr. Avery had made a friend with the 'mammon of unrighteousness,' that is, money. He added that sum to his everlasting possessions."

"And so I think, my boy, that you made a good investment this morning, when you replaced George's lost alleys. You have begun to be rich—not exactly in the way you meant, but in a better one."

"But about the last part of the verse, father, 'Shall receive you into everlasting habitations?'"

"I believe," and Mr. Eldon turned a face full of very bright meaning upon his son—"that all the deeds we do for the love of Christ here, are kept in memory up above. We shall not win heaven by them, Harry, but they shall welcome us when we enter there. And it will be a glad welcome, too, for some of the souls who have lived on earth," Mr. Eldon added in a low tone, with his eye fixed on the line of red where the sun went down.

Harry knew then that his father was through talking with him; and that his eyes, which seemed fixed on the distance, saw more than just before them, even the glories of the New Jerusalem. Yet.

EDITING A PAPER.

If the paper contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If it contains too little, they don't want it.

If the type is large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is small, people can't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, people say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them, they say we have no opinion, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattle-head.

If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they find fault with us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read before in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we attend church, they say it is only for effect.

If we do not, they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we remain in the office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to our business.

If we do not pay our bills promptly, folks say we ought not to be trusted.

If we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

If we wear poor clothes, they say business is poor.

If we wear good clothes, they say we are a sphenidrift.

Now what is a poor fellow to do?

AN OLD SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.—At the late session of the North Ohio (M. R.) Convention, an aged member of the itinerant ministry gave the following interesting reminiscence:

"I am living on borrowed time! I was born in 1779, and born again in 1808. I was converted in the oldest Methodist church in the country, and ran shouting glory up Chatham street to my lodgings on Forsyth street. Some thought me crazy, others thought I was in my right mind. From that day to this I have never lost my confidence in God. The Methodists of that day were a simple-hearted, plain-dressed, God-fearing, devoted, self-sacrificing people; they received their impress from Wesley and his coadjutors. They soon licensed me to exhort, and sent me, as occasion offered, to the poor houses, and jails of the city, to exercise my gifts. Then they licensed me to preach, and finally thrust me into the itinerant ministry. I love the discipline throughout, and have grieved to see innovations upon it. I fear greater ones. Alas, what will our Methodism be worth when we give up our class-meeting? I am feeble, but I shall preach Jesus as the door opens for me until I die. I thank you for this precious privilege of seeing and greeting you."

DIVING FEAT OF TWO DRUMMER-BOYS.—The New Haven Palladium relates the following: "Two drummer boys of the Fourth Connecticut Volunteers, while on duty, and while Gilmore was pounding Fort Wagner, determined to discover the effect made upon the fort, borrowed an opportunity and went out in a boat from camp to obtain a favorable site to witness operations. They had proceeded about three-quarters of a mile, when they came suddenly upon a larly rebel, who upon sight of them, snatched his gun at them, which did not elude the gaze of the boys. One of the boys, at that moment thrusting the glass into the case which hung by his side, the rebel thought he was drawing a revolver, and immediately threw down his gun, crying out, 'I surrender.' The boys immediately sprang forward, seized his gun, and at a 'charge bayonet' drove the big fellow into camp. When he discovered that the only appearance of a weapon in the boat possession was an opera glass, he was much incensed, declaring he could not be held as a prisoner of war. This feat was witnessed by Colonel Otis, who was much pleased with the intrepid conduct of the boys."

THAT HAND NEVER STRUCK ME.—We recently heard the following most touching incident: A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid in the long-cool grave. His afflicted mother and bearded little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the deadness of the one so beloved, and cherished, the little girl did not take her hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, gazed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through her tears of affection and love, and said:

"Mother, this hand never struck me!"

What could be more touching and lovely. Young readers, have you always been so gentle to brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, 'This hand never struck me!'"

KING CHARLES THE SIMPLE, AND HIS FOOT.—This good fellow's influence was so great, that Charles, king of France, once remarked to him, he thought they had better change places. As John did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king.

"Oh, content enough," was the reply, "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

It was this fool who once tried the king's nerve by rushing into his room exclaiming: "Oh, sire, such news!—four thousand men have risen in the city!"

"What!" cried the startled king, "with what intention have they risen?"

"Well," cried John placing his finger upon his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down at bed time."

WHAT QUARTS WEIGH.—It may be convenient to know that a quart of flour weighs one pound, a quart of corn meal one pound and two ounces, a quart of butter one pound and one ounce, a quart of best sugar one pound, a quart of white sugar powdered one pound and one ounce, a quart of best brown sugar one pound and two ounces; that ten eggs weigh one pound, though this depends somewhat on the size; sixteen large tablespoonfuls make a half pint.

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when (thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I did not be in the boat."

Fashionable people are often apt to starve their happiness in order to feed their vanity.

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way to drive.

## POLITICAL.

THE SOUTH OF SLAVERY.

BETTER FROM PETER COOPER TO GOV. SEYMOUR.

His Excellency, Horatio Seymour, Governor of the State of New York:

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your prompt answer to my letter of the 8th ult., and for the assurance I received that "we agree in the end to be realized, the restoration of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution."

So deeply am I impressed with the absolute necessity of maintaining the integrity of the Union and the Constitution, that I desire to call the powers that God in nature has given us brought into requisition to save our country from being discovered, and from becoming the sport of foreign and domestic Samsons. I fear we are in danger of being drawn into error by men who have no faith in a real democratic form of government—European a government that aims to secure the greatest good to all the people.

Being a Democrat, nearly 73 years of age, and having served my country in person and by substituting for the commencement of the war with England to its close, I feel that I have a right to plead with my countrymen, and to beseech them, by every consideration that can move our manhood, to look with me at the dangers which threaten us as a nation.

One of the principal arguments made use of during the last canvass to induce people to vote the Democratic ticket was the declaration in their platform, and speeches of the assurance that by such a vote they would obtain a "more vigorous prosecution of the war."

Since that time it has become common to those who sympathize with the South to profess great concern about the sovereignty of the individual States. Such persons fail to realize how entirely impossible it would have been for any one individual State to have gained an independence for itself. It required the united power and efforts of all the States to win and maintain an independence of the mother country.

It does now, it always has and will forever, require the united power of all the States to hold securely the dear bought treasure of freedom and independence—a treasure that should be a pride and glory of every American citizen. For men to talk about the sovereignty of an individual State that never had and never can have the power to win or maintain its sovereignty, is to talk of a living body without an animating spirit.

James Madison declared in the Convention that formed the Constitution that "the States never possessed the essential right of sovereignty. These were always vested in Congress." He called the States great corporations. The folly of such an assumption of sovereignty was rendered apparent by the first attempt to form a government out of a league of States. Chancellor Kent assures us that "as soon as the league was ratified, the States began to fail in a prompt and faithful obedience to its laws, and as danger receded instances of neglect became more frequent, and by the time of the peace of 1783 the disease of the government had displayed itself with alarming rapidity. The delinquencies of one State became the apology for those of another."

He then declares that "the idea of supplying the pecuniary exigencies of the nation from requisitions of the States was soon found to be a delusion."

After a great deal had been said in the Convention as to the rights of individual States, President Madison remarks: "I have these arguments may convince all of the necessity of a strong, energetic Government, which will equally tend to give energy and protection to the State Governments."

He adds: "The object of the Federation is two-fold; first, to maintain the Union—secondly, good government." "It is evident if we do not radically depart from the federal plan, we shall share the fate of ancient and modern Confederacies." Mr. Madison says: "Our greatest danger is from the encroachments of the States on the General Government." "This apprehension is justly founded upon the experience of ancient Confederacies, and ours is proof of it." He further says: "Our National Government must operate for the whole, and the people must have an interest in its support. But if you make the legislators subject and at the mercy of State Governments, you ruin the fabric."

The weaker you make your Confederacy, the greater the danger. He cites evidence of this truth from the acts of the State Governments too numerous to mention. It was his opinion, expressed at various times in the Convention that framed the Constitution under which we live, that anything less than such a yielding up of the powers of all the individual States as would make a National Government, would prove a phantom.

Nothing can be more certain than the fact that every effect, physical, moral, and political flows from a cause sufficient for its production. If the causes that now operate to spread misery, death, and desolation through the land are within our reach, there is nothing that can be more important for us than to understand and remove the causes that endanger all we hold dear.

Some may reply that we must stop the Abolitionists from talking and writing in order to prevent and remove dangers from our country; for these Abolitionists are constantly declaring that "these truths are self-evident, that all men are born equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These Abolitionists even go so far as to say: "That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men."

It has been found impossible to restrain the few active Abolitionists who were in the country when the war rebellion was commenced, what do we expect to accomplish when, by the course of events, they have been multiplied one hundred or a thousand fold?

Under these circumstances would it not be wise for us to take a lesson from Mohammed, who, when he found the mountain would not come to him, thought it best he should go to the mountain?

Others will say that the President's proclamation of freedom and the Congressional

act of confiscation must be withdrawn in order to remove the cause that continues the war. Such an opinion is without a shadow of authority from any act, or from any member of the Confederate Government.

In opposition to such an opinion I learn direct from Mr. Dean, the Provost Marshal of St. Louis, that the Proclamation of Freedom has done more to weaken the Rebellion and prevent the foreign recognition than any other measure that could have been adopted. On his late visit to my house he informed me that he had brought on a large number of Rebel officers and men to be exchanged at Fortress Monroe. During their passage he took the opportunity to ask the officers in a body what effect the President's Proclamation of Freedom had produced in the South.

Their reply was (to use their own vulgar mode of expression), that "it had played hell with them." Dr. Dean then asked them how that could be possible, since the negroes cannot read? To which one of them replied that one of his negroes had told him of the proclamation five days before he heard it in any other way. Others said their negroes gave them their first information of the proclamation. One of these officers then said with a defiant air that if we would only leave them their corn, their bacon, and their homespun, which their negroes produced, they would fight us twenty years.

We cannot as a people, too sincerely consider that old and worthy saying, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

Unfortunately for us the seeds of a conflicting system were sown broadcast through our land by the unyielding policy of the mother country, acting in concert with mercenary men of our own, entirely regardless of human rights. Such a system has and must continue to spread death and desolation through the land, until we are filled with our own ways, and become sick of our sins, and are made willing to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Just so long as we employ the power of the Government to maintain, extend and perpetuate an institution that enables thousands to sell their own children to be enslaved with all their posterity, just so long we must be a house divided against itself, with ruin staring us in the face. For slavery must forever be a war in its natural struggles for freedom, so long as God lights up the love of liberty in the human heart.

The great question for the country is now to be settled by us—whether we will accept a providential interposition that has compelled the Government, in the most reluctant self-defence, to declare freedom to all slaves claimed by Rebels in arms, as the only effectual means of saving the nation's life, and thus performing the highest duty enjoined by the Constitution. We are too apt to forget that the Constitution makes the only elected President the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the Navy of the United States, and holds him responsible for an energetic use of all the powers of the Nation to defend its interests, its honor, and its life.

From all that can be gathered from the newspapers of the South, that profess to speak in behalf of the States now in rebellion, we are compelled to believe that their Vice-President was in earnest when he declared that their intention was for make slavery the corner stone of their confederacy. After the frightful loss of life and treasure already brought upon the nation, these men seem determined to wade through seas of blood in order to obtain stronger guarantees and additional protection for an institution which is at war with natural justice and all the noble instincts of a common humanity. When we are called upon to listen to the advocates of such a system, we would do well to bear in mind that men, in the opinion of Dr. Franklin, are proud spirited little animals, not fit to be trusted with power. We should also profit by the warning of Jefferson, who said (when speaking of the enslavement of human beings), "When I remember that God is just, I tremble for my own country." We, as a people, may well tremble for our country when we fail to co-operate with events which have made the slave-owners of the South the grandest Abolitionists of the nation. The people of the South, by making war for the destruction of the Union and Constitution, have made it necessary, right and proper, for the Government to abolish slavery upon the same principle that it would be right to destroy a city in order to save a nation.

It is painful to find so many persons, who are compelled to respect for honest purpose, whom we are also compelled to believe as much in error as St. Paul was when he was hauling men, women, and children to prison and to death. I sincerely believe that ten years will not pass after the South obtains relief from the paralyzing and corrupting power of holding Africans in slavery with so large a portion of their own children in the same bondage, before they will erect monuments in honor of their deliverance from so great an evil. This opinion is confirmed by the actual experience of a gentleman now in this city, who, after having lived twenty-five years in the South, and having constantly employed hundreds of negroes, gives it as his unqualified opinion that the South would be enriched by the liberation of its slaves. He says the South has untold wealth within its reach, which it never can obtain while it works men as slaves. This opinion is further confirmed by one of the largest sugar planters in the South. This gentleman, since the war, found one morning, when one of his negroes informed him that they had "cluded to have wages after this." Their master, after some parley, agreed to give them \$7 per month, which they accepted and went to their work. This same master informed Judge Woodruff of New Orleans, after getting in his crop, that he had never got it in so well and so cheaply before.

I believe it will be found that so soon as the South is secured to freedom, the colored people of the North will rapidly emigrate to the South and furnish an abundance of cheap labor of all kinds.

I have written this long letter because I fear that errors, however honestly entertained, have been, and will continue to be the means of stimulating the Rebels to persevere in their efforts of our destruction. The sympathy manifested for the rebellion by men throughout the North, and the constant opposition to the course adopted by our Administration, may enable the Rebel

to draw foreign governments to their aid, and in that way bring unheard of suffering upon our country.

I do not know a single man in that whole nation who has the power (to do so much) in the hands of the Government, as yourself. Your efforts may prevent foreign interference in our affairs, and enable our Government the sooner to bring the rebellion to an end. The influence you exert would do an immense amount of good by persuading our Democratic friends to give their whole strength to a "more vigorous prosecution of the war."

I believe it would be the proudest day of your life, if I could induce you to call on all, without distinction of party, to unite to conquer the rebellion, relying that all reasonable sympathy and kindness will be manifested to the people of the South by the people of the North, when they see that the Rebels have laid down their arms, and have shown a determination to become peaceable citizens of a united country.

I have written these long letters with an inexpressible desire to do what I can to restore peace and prosperity to our suffering country—a country that, in the course of nature, I shall soon leave; but with an ardent hope that it may forever remain a glorious Union of States, where goodness and greatness shall be the motto and inspiration of the people. Yours, most respectfully,

PETER COOPER.

New York, Sept. 22d, 1863.

## AN ART ILLUSTRATION.

General Bruce, of New York, made an art illustration, in his speech before the Eighth-ward Union meeting, in Philadelphia. In speaking of the position assumed by the politicians who are endeavoring to mislead the Democratic masses in regard to national affairs, he said: "Suppose, fellow citizens, the block of buildings below here were to burst into a flame; our first impulse would be to rush to the scene, and go to work with a will to put out the fire, and save as much of the property as we could. Perhaps we might all be horrified to learn that women and children were yet in that burning block. It would be natural, under these circumstances, to redouble our energies and save them if possible. Your steamers, your horse carriages, your books and luggage, all manned by your brave firemen, would be there in full activity. No man would stop for a single moment to ascertain what caused the fire, whether it was the work of design or the result of accident. Under circumstances such as these, what would you think of any class of men, who might chance to meet a short distance off, in the very presence of the heat and glare of the conflagration and pass resolutions such as these:

Resolved, That the fire appears to be increasing, and that it is not possible for the firemen to extinguish it.

Resolved, That we are not in favor of such a fire, and that it ought to be put out.

Resolved, That fire engine No. 1 fought to take water from a plug around the corner, and instead of playing a big stream on the burning property, should play on the building on the south side of the way.

Resolved, That the lives of the women and children in the burning buildings ought to be saved, but the method adopted by the firemen to do so does not meet with our approbation.

Resolved, That the people are in danger of losing a supply of water from Fairmount, unless the firemen stop using it so freely to put out the fire.

Resolved, That we are in favor of putting out the fire by more conciliatory measures than throwing water upon it.

It may be needless to say that this happy exposition of the position of the conciliators, Copperheads, met with rounds of laughter and applause. The speaker drew a marked distinction between a Democrat and a Copperhead.

## Odds and Ends.

In a town in Connecticut resides a man who made a fortune in the milk business by not giving full measure. As he grew rich he thought he would change his occupation to something more respectable, and accordingly bought a grist mill. In conversation with his wife he said he did not feel right about the cheating which he had practiced in the milk business, and wished some way could be devised whereby he could repay in the grist mill what he had cheated in the other. At last they settled on the following plan, which was to have the measures which they took toll with made as much too large as the milk measures were too small.

A negro, being asked his definition of a gentleman, gave the following: "Massa make de black man workee—make de ox workee—make ebry ting workee—only de hog—no workee—he cut, he drink, he walk bout, he go to sleep when he please, he lift like a gentleman."

"John," said a doting parent to her gormazing son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know, ma," replied the young glutton, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

A Scottish Advocate, who, in his broad Scotch pronounced the word "water," being asked in court by the Connoisseur, if he spelt water with two t's replied, "No my lord, but I spell manners with two t's."

"I wonder this child don't go to sleep," said an anxious mother to a female acquaintance. "Well I don't," replied the lady, "its face is so dirty it can't shut its eyes."

See the advantage of advertising! A man in Norwich sold a pair of gold spectacles, told the public so in the Bulletin, and went home to find them just where he had left them.

A country editor having written a long article on "hogs," a rival paper upbraids him for intruding his family matters upon the public.

Many persons confess their depravity, but defend their conduct. They are wrong in general, but right in particular.

Do one thing at a time, that's the rule. When you have done shuffling your neighbors, then begin to say your prayers.







ARSAPARILLA

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEED, FOR THE  
**of the World's Suffering.**  
 A **Emergency**, a well-known merchant of  
**ford, Maine.**  
 have sold large quantities of your **Saxapain**,  
 but never yet one bottle which failed of the  
 desired effect and full satisfaction to those who  
 used it. As fast as our people try it they agree  
 it has been no medicine like it before. As our  
 country...

**Scalds, Eruptions, Blisters, Itch, Stings, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.**

From Rev. Robert Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public."

"I read your testimony about the publish-  
ing medicinal virtues of your Sarsaparilla. My  
father, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in  
ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were  
able to cure until we tried your Sarsaparilla.  
It has been well for some months."

My daughter has suffered for a year past with  
 profuse eruption, which was very trouble-  
 some. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried  
 Sarsaparilla, which soon cured her.

Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known  
Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of en-  
graved papers in Nashua, N. H.

It disfigured my features, and became an insupportable affliction. I tried almost everything, but could get both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your parilla. It immediately made my face

...as you told me it might for a time; but in  
...weeks the new skin began to form under  
...stitches, and continued until my face was 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

**Erysipelas--General Debility--**  
**Purify the Blood.**  
 from Dr. Robert Savin, Houston St., N. Y.  
 I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scro-

...the persevering use of your pills, and I have just now cured an attack of malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative means equals the Paragaitin you have supplied me with as well as to the people.

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Winkelman, Ohio.

For twelve years I had the yellow Krasapiene  
my right arm; during which time I tried all  
celebrated physicians I could reach, and took  
hundreds of dollars worth of medicines. The  
doctors decided that the cords became visible,  
the doctors decided that my arm must be

stant - I began taking your Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles and some of your Pilla. To-day they have cured me. I am now as well as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

*Mr. Hon. Henry Monro, M. P. P., of Newcastle,  
N., a leading member of the Canadian Par-  
liament.*

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

Our only child, about three years of age, was  
 r-acked by pimples on the forehead. They r-  
 y-spread until they formed a loathsome and  
 lent sore, which covered his face, and actually  
 ded his eyes for some days. A skillful phy-  
 s-ician failed to cure him.

without any apparent effect. For fifteen  
years he guarded his hands, lest with them 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  
next Sarsaparilla, and, according to the

gal when we had given him the first bottle, was well when we had finished the second. child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew in, and he is now as healthy and fair as any in the whole neighborhood predicted that

**phillips 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

for syphilitic diseases than any other we  
ness. The profession are indebted to you for  
one of the best medicines we have."

*Am. A. J. French, M.D., an eminent physician of  
Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of*

My dear Sir: I have found your Sarsaparilla  
excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the  
primary and secondary type, and effectual in  
all cases that were too obstinate to yield to  
other remedies. I do not know what we can em-

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by abuse of mercury, or Mercurial Disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years.

pile of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of Ayer's Sassailla relieved him. Few cases can be more inveterate and distressing than this. It took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Weakness, are generally produced by inter-  
 ferous Ulceration, and are very often  
 cured by the alterative effect of this Sarsaparilla.  
 No cases require, however, in aid of the Sar-  
 saparilla, the skillful application of local remo-

*in the well-known and widely celebrated Dr.  
Jacob Morrell, of Cincinnati.*

I have found your Sarsaparilla an excellent  
rative in diseases of females. Many cases of  
gularity, Leucorrhœa, Internal Ulceration.

Local Debility, arising from the morbidulous  
hesis, have yielded to it, and there are few  
do not, when its effect is properly aided by  
treatment.

My daughter and myself have been cured of  
ery debilitating Leucorrhoea of long stand-  
by two bottles of your SARRAPIDILLA."  
Gonorrhea, Gout, Liver Com-  
plaint, Heart Disease, Neu-  
ralgia

caused by *Scrofala* in the system, are  
dly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

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**AYER'S**  
**CATHARTIC PILLS**

ers so many advantages over the other pur-  
poses in the market, and their superior virtues  
so universally known, that we need not do  
more than assure the public their quality is main-  
tained equal to the best it has been, and that they  
be dependent on it to obtain the same.

Prepared by **F. C. AYER & CO.**  
Lowell, Mass.  
55110064

**HAVE** the pleasure of informing the citizens of Atlantic County that I am now prepared to make up Bonnets of every variety of the newest

Also  
Bonnets made up in the latest style  
**CABOLINE ADELUNG,**  
Cincinnati Avenue, between R. R. Avenue and  
Agassiz Street,  
Rock Hill, S. C.