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SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.

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The paper will be discontinued when the subscription expires.
D. B. SNOW, Editor.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

The following spirited poetry by Walter, is founded on an incident of the invasion of Maryland, last year. It occurred when Jackson rode into Frederick.
Forty flags with their crimson stars,
Forty flags with their crimson stars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Drew with her feet a score of years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window she laid the flag out,
To show that the best was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel lead,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,
When she plucked her hair and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
"Hail!" the dust-drawn ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rebel blast.
It rained the windows pane and each,
It rent the banner with gain and each,
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken staff;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To lift a fallen woman's deed and word.
"Who touches a hair of you grey head,
Dies like a dog," March on!" he said.

Miscellaneous Selections.

TAKING DOWN THE OLD MILL.

You do not see it till you begin to go down a steep, winding path—the old mill. It is surrounded with beautiful shade trees and flowers, growing all around. When the water is let on and the great wheel turns around, the spray rises and the sun shines on it, and a rainbow hangs over it. The mill was new, and it seemed as if it would almost go itself. The waters seemed to shout with gladness as they rushed upon the wheel, and the birds sang in the trees, and everything was fair and good. Day after day, and year after year the mill was kept in motion. Children who grew up near it felt as if it had always been there, always would be there.
But after the mill had stood about seventy years, and had received the name of the "Old Mill," the timbers became weak. It seemed to tremble under its labors. When the water was let on the wheel the joints creaked and groaned, and it seemed to take a great while to get the wheels in motion. It ground slower and slower. It creaked in every part. It was very plain the old mill was nearly worn out. Every year it grew feebler and did less and less work.
One day the owner came that way to talk with the tenant or the man who lived in it. "Well, Mr. Willard, the old mill is almost worn out."
"Yes, sir, but you see I have set up poles against it to prop it up, and I mean to get more, and so I mean to keep it going."
"It will do no good. The poor old thing is worn out. It is built of frail material, and no proping can save it."
"But sir, what do you propose to do?"
"To take it down."
"What! The mill I have lived in so long? I cannot have it done, sir? I claim it as—"
"But, Mr. Willard, have you been careful and faithful to pay me the rent on the old mill?" Mr. Willard hung his head, for he knew he had paid but very poor rent.
"Must it come down and be turned out of my home?"
"Yes, it must come down, or fall down," said the owner. "But I will tell you what I will do. I will take it down carefully myself, and will save everything in it that is worth saving. And then I propose to build a new mill higher up the stream, near the great lake. I have selected a beautiful spot—O, far more beautiful than this where the sun always shines, and the birds always sing, and the flowers are always fresh. It is a place so beautiful that the angels come there and bring their harps and sing. And then I propose to erect the new mill—not of such frail timbers as this is built of, but of durable material, such as will last for ages. And I am going to make it in such a way that the very moving of the wheels will make music, as if the building was one great organ to praise God with. It will never grow old, or need taking down, or even repairing. Won't that be glorious?"
"When shall you take this down?"
"O, very soon."
"But, will you live in the new mill?"
"You shall."
"But what shall I do while it is being built?"
"Oh, I will take care of you. I have a summer house on the hill that they call

Zion, among the trees, where you will be safe, and ready to enter the new mill. Don't have any fears.
Does my little reader understand my story? The human body is the mill; the earth is the place where it stands; the life God pours into us every day is the water let on the wheel; the trees around us are the comforts and blessings that God gives to us; the birds that sing are the joys and gladness of life; the rainbows over the wheel are the bright hopes that hang over us every day. But we grow old. The poor man lives in an old mill. Life seems hardly to move the wheels now. He can not stand straight up as he once did. He trembles and can't work as he once did. He must die. The owner—God himself—will come and carefully take down the old mill. But he will build a new one, higher up the stream, near the lake—himself—and make it of materials that never decay. Good old man! Decrepit of Christ! Come out from the old mill where it is being rebuilt, and as you come sing, "I know that if your earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"
Rev. Dr. Todd.

FARMERS' WIVES OVERTAXED.

Time, and money, and health, and even life itself, are not infrequently lost by a want of promptitude in the farmer in making repairs about the house, in procuring needed things in time, and failing to have these little conveniences which, although their cost is even contemptible, are in a measure practically invaluable. I was in a farmer's house one night; the wife and two daughters were plowing their needles industriously by the light of a candle, the wick of which was frequently clipped off by a pair of scissors. I asked the husband why he did not buy a candle snuffer. "Oh, the scissors are good enough." And yet he owned six hundred acres of fine grazing lands, and every inch paid for. I once called on an old friend, a man of education, and of a family loved and honored all over his native State. The buildings were of bricks, in the center of an inherited farm of several hundred acres. The house was supplied with the purest, coldest, and best water from a well in the yard; the facilities for obtaining which were a ropey one end of which was used to pull the water in an old tin pan, literally. The discomfort and unnecessary labor involved in these two cases may be estimated by the reader at his leisure. I know it to be the case, and have seen it on many western farms, when firewood was wanted, a tree was cut down and hauled bodily to the door of the kitchen; and when it was all gone, another was drawn up to supply its place; giving the cook and wife green wood with which to kindle and keep up their fires. There are thousands of farms in this country where the spring which supplies all the water for drink and cooking is from a quarter to more than half a mile distant from the house, and the painful is brought to the house, involving five or ten miles walking in a day for months and years together; when a man in half a day could make a slide, and with a fifty-cent barrel could in half an hour deliver at the door, enough to last the whole day. How many weeks of painful and expensive sickness; how many lives have been lost of wives and daughters, and cooks, by being caught in a shower between the house and the spring while in a state of perspiration or weakness from working over the fire, cannot be known; but that they may be numbered by thousands will not be intelligently denied. Many a time a pane of glass has been broken out, or a shingle has been blown from the roof, and the repair has not been made for weeks or many months together; and for want of it have come agonizing neuralgias; or a child has waked up in the night with the cramp, to get well only with a doctor's bill, which would have paid twenty times for the repair; or even if a first born has not died, to agonize a mother's heart to the latest hour of life; or the leak in the roof has remained, requiring the placing of a bucket, or the washing of the floor at every rain; or the "spare bed" has been veiled and forgotten; some visitor, or kind neighbor, or dear friend has been placed in it to wake up to a fatal fever, as was the case with the great Lord Bacon.—Hall's Journal of Health.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

"Take me to your lap, papa. Now kiss me like you used to do, stroke my head and call me your little pet. Why don't you kiss me? Don't you love Lizzie now? I love you, papa, O, ever so much, and when mother cries, when you are away, I put my arms around her neck and say, 'Lizzie loves you, mamma, and then she wipes the big tears away' and tells me, your papa once told me that; but I am afraid he has forgotten it, for he doesn't seem to like home any more."
And, dear papa, sometimes her heart beats so hard, I am afraid it will break. Will it, papa? What will Lizzie do then, should mamma die? And what will you do?"
"Hush, my child."
"Do tell me, papa, for she coughed so hard to-day, and she told me to be ever kind to you if others did abuse you and call you wicked names, for she said she was sinking fast. What is that? Ain't that going to die, papa? Oh, do tell me!"
"Now don't you cry; there is a kiss for you; here let me dry your face."
"Now let me down, papa. I will tell mamma to come. I didn't mean to make you sorry."
"Oh mother, my papa did kiss me like he used to do, and hugged me too, and called me his pretty dear; and (whisper) mamma on his knees he talked to God and said he had been very wicked; but now he will try to do his duty! But my papa isn't wicked; is he mother?"
THERE is a story told of an Irishman who, landing in New York harbor, was met and welcomed by a countryman who had been longer here. "Welcome, Pat," said the latter; "I'm glad to see you; ye've come just in time, for to-morrow's election day." Pat and his friend took some refreshments together, and presently the newly-arrived began to make some inquiries about voting. "Ye'll vote for who, your hon?" said his friend, "a fine country." "Well, then, begorra," rejoined Pat, "I go with the Government—that's what I always did at home."

THE WORKMAN AHEAD.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman, who is equally renowned for his capability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee, whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family.
"You are in the employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.
"Yes."
"You receive your pay regularly?"
"Yes."
"Well, now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night to carry you home?"
This seemed a poser, but it was not.
"No," said the man promptly, "I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride."
Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass good for twelve months.

SLEEPING AT CHURCH.—Dr. A., of Cambridge, was once rather embarrassed by an occurrence in his congregation. An insane man, who had received a public education, and was strongly attached to the doctor, had observed in the forenoon of a warm summer Sabbath, that several of the congregation slept in time of sermon. To prevent the recurrence of the evil in the afternoon, the maniac, having filled his bosom with wind-falls from a neighboring orchard, posted himself in a convenient station in the side gallery, the front being occupied by the college students. Presently, after the service commenced, he observed one asleep, and gently disengaging his hand from his bosom, he aimed its contents at the head of the sleeper. This occasioned some disturbance, but when it had subsided, a second sleeper's head was pelted with an apple. The preacher observing the occasion of the disturbance, requested his insane friend to desist. "Dr. A.," said the maniac, "mind your preaching, and I will keep the dogs awake." It will scarcely need to be remarked that for some time there was less inclination to sleep in the audience than usual.

HOW SOLDIERS KID TIME.—Another

very curious piece of wood cutting is described by the Hartford Times. It was cut by a soldier of the 35th Pennsylvania regiment, with a pen-knife, from a stick fifteen inches long, one and a half inches wide, and not quite half an inch thick. It contains thirty-two moveable pieces, all attached to the main work, when all parts are closed, presents a pair of pincers, with two chains attached, upon one of which is a five-tined fork and spoon, which open and shut together. On the other is a moveable ball cut inside of a case. Then upon the handles of the pincers are numerous little pieces, scissors, compass, pliers, &c., in fine machinery, interlocked and all working to perfection, each joint being nicely adjusted; and some of these minor instruments have still others; smaller, yet, so nicely jointed as not to be observed at first, but perfect in all their parts and movements. The soldier cut out this complicated and cunningly attached set of instruments from the single stick, in about ten hours.

MR. PHOENIX'S SPEECH.—The Superintendent of a Sunday-school was questioning his pupils concerning the addresses made to them during the previous session.

"Children, what did Mr. Phoenix tell you this morning?"
"No answer was made."
"Can't any one tell me what he said?"
"Susie, can't you remember?"
"Susie, a bright little girl of seven years, arose, and with one finger in her mouth, bashfully lisped out:
"Pleasure, this he talked and he talked, and he thod ath he loved uth, and he talked, and we all thought he wath a goin' to say something, but he didn't say nothing."
Those who undertake to address Sabbath school children without having anything to say, may learn something from Susie.

JOSHI BILLINGS, the philanthropist,

begs leave to state—
That onions are good for bad breath.
That Rockaway claims are a good opening for every young man.
That ships are called she because they always keep a man on the lookout.
That "turning water into wine" is a miracle in these days worth at least 500 per cent.
That boys ain't apt to turn out well, who don't get up till 10 o'clock in the morning.
That if a man is going to make a business of sowing the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures up on his du as when he hollers glory-halleluyah!
That widowers ain't nothing more than educated cunnin.—Poughkeepsie.

A PUZZLED JUSTICE.—A man named

Josh was brought before a country Squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses, being examined, swore they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the Squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your Honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it."
The Squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:
"If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner."

A GOOD STORY is told of an Irish hostler,

who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying:
"That's my nag!"
"Certainly, your honor, I knew that; but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."
At what season did Ere eat the apple? Early in the fall.

POLITICAL.

WHERE THE VOLUNTEERS COME FROM.

We have expressed our surprise that the Observer made no objection to our statement that the Democratic counties are responsible for nearly all the deficiencies under the volunteer call. The Observer has this response:
"We made no objection, because we thought it useless to notice so shameless a specimen of mendacity. The Adjutant-General's report shows that 37 counties were deficient last year in filling their quotas. Of these 37 counties, 11 gave Democratic majorities, and 26 gave Republican majorities at the last election."
This is a specimen of mendacity, was it to tell such plain truth, and to support its statement by evidence too bristling for a doubtful neighbor to touch. If the Observer would not think us too monotonous, we should like to repeat a few more figures bearing on this said question of "Volunteering." We take them from the last report of Adjutant Gen. Hillhouse, and quote them for the purpose of showing, on authority above question, where the volunteers have really come from:

UNION PRESIDENT'S CALL OF JULY 2, 1863.

Republican	Volunteers	Deficiency	Excess	Majority
Albany	1,118	179	8,503	1,522
Brooklyn	1,040	61	1,552	1,584
Calverton	1,053	304	1,584	1,584
Cayuga	1,440	284	2,309	2,309
Chautauque	1,408	108	3,739	3,739
Chemung	1,243	23	1,539	1,539
Corbett	683	131	1,611	1,611
Dutchess	1,143	176	450	450
Essex	487	385	841	841
Franklin	659	235	75	75
Kul and Hamilton	820	11	81	81
Oneida	935	63	982	982
Rockland	1,003	47	2,457	2,457
Saratoga	789	745	178	178
Tioga	1,188	41	1,209	1,209
Warren	1,103	243	2,142	2,142
Montgomery	3,374	202	772	772
Nassau	1,624	78	2	2
Ontario	2,696	349	1,481	1,481
Orleans	2,241	193	26	26
Putnam	1,404	108	1,152	1,152
Schenectady	2,409	61	2,000	2,000
St. Lawrence	2,325	261	6,075	6,075
Saratoga	1,287	313	554	554
Schenectady	No returns	No returns	No returns	No returns
Tioga	No returns	No returns	No returns	No returns
Warren	848	24	1,378	1,378
Washington	333	107	288	288
Wayne	1,443	23	1,798	1,798
Westchester	1,504	88	1,238	1,238
Yates	761	227	1,280	1,280
Total	671	43	7,231	7,231
Deficiency	43,185	4,025	689	689
Excess	2,309	2,309	2,309	2,309

DEMOCRATIC COUNTIES.

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