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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

Editor.

RESOLUTIONS

On the Concord, N. H., "Dismal Swamp," (so-called), and in honor of General Jackson, dedicated to Hon. FRANKLIN PIERCE, the Hero of Mexico, and Chairman of the Convention.

BY CHARITY GRIMES.

Resolved—This nation's going to ruin—

Old Abraham Lincoln's certain planned it;

There's some awful mischief brewing;

We Dismal Swamp can't no way stand it.

We make a row from this time forth,

To stop awl warfare in the North.

Resolved—That Lincoln's a usurper—

An awful ugly was, at that—

He shall last lead in war step further

Than we've a mind to go—that's flat!

We for the Government of the nation,

But go agin its administration.

Resolved—This war should be conducted

Most vigorous, by laws of peace,

What nigger folks may be abducted

Whereas our Southern brothers please;

And whereas a trumplin slave is

He should be given in Jeff. Davis.

Resolved—The stones we're throwin' in Dixie,

Her thought up in an awful pass;

We let our dander out too quickly;

We shoot our guns a throwin' grass.

We have a Yankee in a snail;

We in the maw who see his aim!

Resolved—We will reckon the story,

That in this war we've acted must;

It's true, the South fired on "Old Glory,"

But didn't we go and hit it fast?

We might have missed the war's mischances,

Et we'd hit it with olive branches!

Therefore, we form a resolution;

To make all Lincoln's leaders void—

To put his ministers to confusion,

So that one fra's shan't be annoyed;

And fortify our strong position,

By firing guns on abolition!

We'll grasp the fiery Southern Cross,

But show the Union's starry banner;

We'll never treason, shame, and loss,

'Neath patriotic loud howlans;

We scorn deceit, detect hypocrisy,

Make way for the Peace Democracy.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

It was past ten o'clock at night and yet the lamp was burning brightly in Mrs. Mayfield's house, and the whole family were busy at work; the children bringing various articles from every part of the house, while their mother carefully packed them in a box. That evening a sick soldier, who had been home for some time, called in to tell Mrs. Mayfield that he should go back to the army early the next morning, and would take a box of things to her husband, who had been for a year away from his dear home.

So every one of the children wanted to put something in, and they had all found something that they thought would please and comfort their dear father; all but little Kitty, the youngest, and the pet of all.

"I guess my papa'll mostery," said she, sorrowfully, as she watched her mother, "when he can't find anything from Kitty, but I've got my dolly, and my candy-bird, and my little red book. Papa would not want them."

"Bring your little red book to me, Kitty," said her mother; "I think papa would like to have it."

"Would he?" said Kitty, greatly comforted, and in a moment the little red book was added to the pile of things upon the table. Now this little book was only the alphabet in rhyme, but it was the only book Kitty had ever owned, and she prized it dearly; so the wise mother knew that the loving father would cherish it as a gift of his baby at home; for Kitty was only three years old. Maggie, the oldest child, sat by the little stand writing a letter to her father, stopping sometimes to wipe away the tears that kept dropping on the paper.

"Write something in my book, Maggie," said Kitty.

"Well, what shall I write?" asked Maggie, looking up and smiling at her little sister.

"I'll make up something, and then I'll tell you," said little Kitty gravely; and she folded up her plump white arms and looked very thoughtful. "After a while she carried the book to Maggie and said,

"Write, 'For my dear, darling papa; from his little Kitty, that prays for him every day.'"

So Maggie wrote it in the book, and then her mother took a little photograph of Kitty and fastened it inside the cover; and the

letter was finished and the box packed, and all sent away more than a thousand miles, to find the dear soldier they all loved so much.

But it never did find him, for it was lost from a baggage wagon one dark, stormy night, when it was almost at its journey's end. When at last a letter from Mr. Mayfield brought the news of the loss of the box, there was great disappointment among the loving hearts that had planned so many pleasant little things for the absent one, and little Kitty mourned sadly over the loss of her dear little book. The box was never heard from; but months afterwards the little book and Maggie's letter found their way to the right owner, and this was how it happened.

Mr. Mayfield was a surgeon, and one day, about six months after the box was lost, a poor sick soldier was brought to the hospital where he was stationed. He was a very young soldier, not more than seventeen years old, and the doctor and the nurse pitied him very much when they saw that he must soon die, away from the friends who loved him. Often when Dr. Mayfield passed by his bed, he saw him reading over a letter that was almost worn out with handling, or looking at a little soiled book, and one day, when the poor boy was asleep, he found them lying on the pillow beside him. He took up the little book and opened it, and how shall I tell you how surprised he was to find inside of the cover the picture of his own little girl, and to read what Maggie had written. "For my dear darling papa; from his little Kitty, that prays for him every day. The tears ran down his face as he read it, and thought of the loving little heart that sent the book and the message.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, as the soldier boy opened his eyes.

"O, doctor! is it yours?" he said, eagerly. "Don't take it away from me—I shan't live long, and you can have it when I am dead," and he reached out both hands for it.

"You shall keep it," said Dr. Mayfield, sitting down by the bed, "only tell me all about it."

"I found it by the roadside several months ago," said the soldier, "as our company was camping down for the night on the way to G—. There was no name on it, but this letter in it!" and he handed Maggie's tattered letter to her father.

The doctor was trying to read it when the soldier said, "you can't read it, it's so worn out, but I know it all by heart," and he took the torn paper and read it or repeated the whole—every loving message, and all about the dear ones at home.

"My mother died just after I enlisted," said the soldier, "and I had nobody left to write me such letters as this, but I've read this every day since I found it, till you see I've worn it out, and it has kept me from a great deal of evil. You know how boys are tempted in camp to drink, and to gamble, and swear. I was taught better; but I was fast forgetting my mother's counsels.

But when I looked at the picture of that little child, and read her message to her father, and thought they were praying for me every day too, I can only live a few days, I suppose, and I think God will let me come up where my mother is, but I would like to have some one to tell little Kitty that if I had not found her little book and Maggie's letter, I am afraid I should never have seen my dear mother again!"

That night the poor soldier boy died, and then Dr. Mayfield took the precious little book and letter and laid them carefully away; and then he wrote to the loved ones at home and told them the story of Kitty's little red book, and how it was brought about, that by such a little thing a precious soul should be brought home to the Father's house in Heaven.

An old gentleman, whose father attended more to teaching his son the methods of accumulating riches than knowledge, lived some time ago in a town in one of the Eastern States. From application and industry he had amassed a property of about twenty thousand dollars; although not able to read or write, he never hired a clerk, but had always been in the habit of keeping his own books. He had invented some few characters for the purpose of conveying his ideas to himself and others; they were formed, as nearly similar to the shape of the article sold, as the nature of circumstances would admit. One day a customer called on him for the purpose of settling his account, the book of hieroglyphics was handed down, and our merchant commenced with "such a time you had a gallon of rum, and such a time a pound of tea—such a time a gallon of molasses, and such a time a cheese."

"Stop there," says the customer, "I never had a cheese from you, or any other person—I make my own cheese."

"You certainly must have had it," said the merchant, "it's down in my book."

The other denied ever buying anything of the kind.

After a sufficient number of pros and cons, upon recollection, he informed him that he believed he had purchased a grindstone about that time.

"It's the very thing," said the merchant, "and I must have forgotten to put the hole in the middle."

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—"Mother," said a little girl, "I gave a poor beggar child a drink of water and a slice of bread, and it made me feel so glad, I shall never forget it."

"Now children can do a great many things worth a 'thank you.' Kind offices are everywhere and at all times needed; for there are always sick ones, poor ones, beside dear ones, to make happy by kindness, and it goes further towards making home happy than almost anything else. Kind offices are within every body's reach, like air and sunshine, and it anybody feels fitful, and wants a medicine to cure it, we should say, do a thank you's worth of kind offices every hour you live and you will be cured. It is a wonderful sweetener of life."

A FIRM OF BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS in Carlisle, England, by way of showing what could be done by rapid work, recently had a field of wheat reaped, the grain threshed and ground, and the flour made into biscuits, which were served hot on the breakfast table at eight o'clock, in exactly four hours from the time the sickle was first put into the standing grain.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Somebody—a woman, of course—inquires why, when Eve was manufactured from the spare-rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her? Somebody else—a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain:

"Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to mend—right away, quick, now!—because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then, stretching himself out, yawned out, 'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture; and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over. He never staid out till eleven o'clock to a waltz meeting, hurrying for an out and out candidate, and then scolding because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled ten-pins, and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially suited for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to light on a wife's cat's a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did."

ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.—Mr. B., a well-known Metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand.

"I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's getting a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes ain't what they was. How much do you ax?"

"Fifty cents."

"Can you have it done in half an hour? I wish you would—I want to be getting home—live a good way in the country."

When the old lady went out, he sent a round to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

"Lor' sakes amassy!" exclaimed the old woman, when she came to look at it, "how good you have fixed it!—it's a'er a most as good as new. I never seed nothin' so curious as printin' is!"

POLITICAL.

ADDRESS OF E. W. GANTT TO THE PEOPLE OF ARKANSAS.

The Hon. E. W. Gantt, of Arkansas, a well-known citizen of that State, who has served in the Rebel army and twice been taken prisoner by our forces, has issued a long address to the people of Arkansas. Much of the address is taken up with a review of the management of the war in the South-West, and is in the main criticisms of the policy of Davis and the character of individual Generals. The essential substance of these is given in the following extract relating specially and personally to Davis; these, with other extracts, are the pith of the whole document, which is put in circulation throughout Arkansas.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This gentleman has proven himself totally unsuited to the emergency. With the whole cotton crop and wealth of the South at his disposal, and the friendship of many European powers, he has accomplished nothing abroad. His foreign policy has been a stupid failure. He has permitted himself to be overruled and outmaneuvered in everything. His policy at home, while proving him to be strong in some respects, has shown him to be weak, mean, and malignant in others. He is cold, selfish, and supremely ambitious; and, under the cover of outward sanctity and patriotism, flows concealed the strongest vein of hypocrisy and demagogism.

He has never been up to the magnitude of the undertaking. He refused troops for the war in May, A. D., 1861, because he did not "know that they would be needed." His idea, at first, seems to have been that hostilities would soon cease, and he bent his energies for a cheap war. His preparations and outfit were, accordingly, contracted and parsimonious. Awakened to a sense of his error, his next aim seems to have been to conquer his foes, and put down every man that had crossed his pathway in life. Instances of this are numerous, but that of Senator Brown—the peer of Mr. Davis in everything, his superior in many, and his rival and successful competitor for the United States Senate—is pointed. He joined a company in Davis's army, and was elected captain. He had capacity for any position. Yet Mr. Davis, not looking to the public interest, but the gratification of his own private feelings, sees this opportunity to strike an old rival, and embraces it. He refused him all promotion, and left him the alternative of wearing himself out as captain of a company, or seeking position elsewhere. Mr. Brown's election to the Confederate Senate terminated the matter. He drove Gen. Gustavus W. Smith from the army. He was once ready to remove Stonewall Jackson, and only the success of the latter, backed by a powerful and excited party, prevented it. He overruled and oppressed Beauregard, because he let the people know that he desired to move on Washington at once; after the first Manassas fight, and was prevented by Davis. He drove Gen. Walker, of Georgia, out of the service. He retained Hindman in Arkansas, with a positive knowledge of his outrages. He removed him but to endorse his acts. He retains Holmes here to gratify the Johnsons, at the ruin of our people. He has pursued and oppressed Gen. Price, because, I suppose, the latter was made a Brigadier in Mexico, and Davis was not. He retained Pemberton in command against the wishes of the army and the country; and to add insult to it, sends him to Mobile to take command, where he is executed by every man, woman, and child. By a trick and a swindle, he got Gen. J. E. Johnson away from command in Virginia, and gave him no other definite position until there was a pressing emergency and a chance to damage him, thereby showing both his

confidence in him and his malignity toward him. He drove Gen. Pike out of the army to gratify Hindman and the Johnsons, and thereby lost to us the whole of the Indian country. And, if the war continues, will place the tomahawk and scalping-knife at the throats of our women and children. He remains a weak and inefficient Cabinet, and never calls them in council, that he may reign as sole despot over our people. He has had at his disposal physical force enough to carry out the most arbitrary and oppressive. He has used that force. He has shown his selfishness and disregard for the interest of the people, by the appointment of Heath, Van Dorn, Dick Taylor, Davis, and Mansfield Lovell, all relatives, and all alike incompetent. He has alienated the people of Georgia, so much so, that were the Confederacy acknowledged to-day, Georgia would not remain two years under him. I heard a Confederate General of great prominence, who understands the feeling in that State, so declare. And as significant of this, Gov. Brown, of Georgia, gave to Gen. G. W. Smith, meanly and spitefully driven out of the army by Davis, the Presidency of the Etowah Iron Works, with a salary larger than that of his salary as Lieutenant-General. He falsified all his promises to Kentucky, and took General Humphrey Marshall's command away from him, turning it over to his old political rival, Gen. Preston, to gratify the partisan requirements of Kentucky citizens, who had suddenly risen from the obscure position of pork-packers to that of Senators and Representatives in the Confederate Congress, and jugglers in that political sodomy. In a word, he has enriched and honored his friends, ruined and impoverished his enemies! He has given over the whole of Arkansas especially, to plunder and oppression by his favorites, and in no instance punished the offender.

I admit that in some things he looms up above other men; but he has no many defects and weaknesses beneath others, that it reduces him to a very poor second-rate character. And you can never change him. His life has been warped by political intrigue. His prejudices have been unwarped and his hate embittered by years of partisan strife. And you had as well take the oak which has been bent while a twig and bent upon by the storms of centuries, when its boughs are falling off and its trunk decaying, and attempt to straighten it up to ward heaven, as to attempt the straightening of a character so warped and bent by years of political storm and intrigue.

SHALL WE DO?

This question naturally comes up, after all that has preceded. If Mr. Davis, when he held the reins and fortunes of many millions in his hands, so blundered as to lose the opportunity that came before him, now that the scene of blackness, of anguish and desolation reigns, where wealth, happiness, and plenty smiled. If he would not protect Arkansas when he could, but instead, gave it over to plunder and oppression by his pets, what have we to hope now that he troubles in Richmond for his own safety, and wakes up at last to the terrible reality of his weakness, folly, and indiscretion? If we were not protected when we could have been, and if we cannot now be protected, what must we do? Some say continue the struggle—let the last man die, &c.

I think differently. We ought to end the struggle and submit. But you say it is humiliating. No more than to surrender when whipped. We have done that often—always when we could do no better. I have tried the experiment twice and found it by no means foolish. Submission is but surrender. We are fairly beaten in the whole result and should at once surrender the point.

If we don't get the happiness we enjoyed in the old Government, we can get no more misery than we have felt under Jefferson Davis. But I look for peace there. We had it many years. Even while we were arrayed against it. I find that hostile forces in our midst give more protection to citizens than they had when Holmes and Hindman were here. It is true the Johnsons tell you that Gen. Steele has imprisoned and oppressed people here. Not a word of truth in it. And they know it is all false. In a few months, when no more Confederate money can be invested and nothing more made out of the people, they will sneek back and claim his protection.

But we are whipped—fairly beaten. Our armies are melting and ruin approaches us. Will continuing this struggle help us? Every battle we might gain ought to bring tears from the hearts of Southern men. We are just that much weaker, that much nearer our final ruin. Anguish and sorrow and desolation meet us wherever we turn. The longer the struggle the more of it.

Don't let yourselves be deceived with the hope that the United States will abandon the struggle. They can never do it. They have toiled and spent too much to see the solution of the problem, and not foot up the figures. They scarcely feel the war at home. Their cities are more populous and thrifty than ever. For every man that dies or gets killed in battle, two emigrate to the country. Their villages and towns, their fields and country, flourish as fresh as ever. They could sink their armies to-day, and raise new levies to crush us, and not feel it.

How is it with us? The last man is in the field, half our territory overrun, our cities gone to wreck—peopled alone by the aged, the lame, and halt, and women and children; while deserted towns and smoking ruins, and plantations abandoned and laid waste, meet us on all sides, and grief, disappointment and discontent, lower over all the land.

DISSENSIONS IN THE NORTH.

Have no hopes from a divided North. It is on the surface scarcely goes to the bottom of their politics, much less shaking the great masses of their determined people. Remember, too, that much of the South is with them. There is no division as far as fighting us is concerned. The midst of them simply proposes peace by reconstruction. That rejected, they are to press us with redoubled energy. Let us not, after all our misfortunes and blunders, construe the struggles between politicians for place into sympathy for ourselves. But how could they propose peace? Who would bring the message? To whom would it be delivered? And should the proposition be made and rejected, we are that much worse

off for it. We must propose peace for we ought to know when we have got enough of the thing.

NEGRO SLAVERY.

I am asked if Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation will stand. If you continue the struggle, certainly. He has the physical force at his disposal to carry it out. If you cease now, you may save all in your hands, or compromise on gradual emancipation. But let I beseech you, the negro no longer stand in the way of the happiness and safety of friends and kindred.

The changes of sentiment upon this question in the South have been curious. Not many years since, it was by no means unusual for the press and rabble men, as well as for the people generally, in the South, to concede that slavery was an evil, and regret that it should ever have existed; expressing, however, no disposition or desire to be rid of it. Yet, a few years more—the demand for cotton having increased, the price of negroes having advanced, and the agitation of the slavery question having increased in virulence—finds us defending slavery as a divine institution. De Bow's Review, and other Southern papers and periodicals, were prominent in the defense. Their object was to educate the Southern mind to this belief. Such a course has been vital to the existence of slavery; because, to concede that negro slavery was morally wrong, was virtually to concede the whole argument to the Abolitionists. As the controversy warmed, we became sensitive. And so morbidly so, that the North might have threatened with impunity to deprive us of horses, or other property; yet the whole South would be ablaze if some fanatic took one negro. Such was public sentiment South, at the commencement of this most unfortunate and bloody struggle. But revolutions shake up men's thoughts, and put them in different channels. I have recently talked with Southern slaveholders from every State. They are tired of negro slavery; and I believe they could make more clear money and live more peaceably, without than with it. As for the non-slaveholder of the South, I honestly think the struggle was for him more than for his wealthy neighbor—that to free the negro would reduce to comparative slavery the poor white man. I now regret, that instead of a war to sustain slavery, it had not been a struggle at the ballot-box to colonize it. This will clearly be the next struggle.

I am of the opinion that, whether it is a divine institution or not, negro slavery has accomplished its mission here. A great mission it had. A new and fertile country had been discovered and must be made useful. The necessities of mankind pressed for its speedy development. Negro slavery was the instrument to effect this. It alone could open up the fertile and vast regions of the South, solving the problem of their utility, which to theorists could have reached. It was the magician which suddenly revolutionized the commerce of the world by the solution of this problem. It peopled and made opulent the barren hills of New England, and threw its powerful influence across the great North-West. Standing as a wall between the two sections, it caught and rolled Northward the wealth and population of the old world; and held in their places the restless adventurers of New England, or turned them along the great prairies and valleys of the West. Thus New England reached its climax, and the North-West was overgrown of its age, while the South, with its negro laborers, was sparsely settled, and comparatively poor. Thus slavery had done its utmost for New England and the North-West, and was a weight upon the South. If, at this point, its disappearance could have clearly commenced, what untold suffering and sorrow might have been avoided?

Its existence had become incompatible with the existence of the Government. For, while it had stood as a wall, damming up the current and holding back the people and laborers of the North, it had, by thus precluding free intercourse between the sections, produced a marked change in their manners, customs, and sentiments. And the two sections were growing more divergent every day. This wall or the Government one must give way. The shock came which was to settle the question. I thought that the Government was divided, and negro slavery established forever. I erred. The Government was stronger than slavery. As I have said, the mission of the latter is accomplished. And as his happiness must always be subordinate to that of the white man, he must, ere long, depart on the footprints of the Red-man, whose mission being accomplished, is fast fading from our mind.

While I think the mission of the negro is accomplished here, I am clearly of the opinion that the time will come when civilization and learning shall light up the dark abodes of the four hundred million people in India, and when their wants and necessities will put the patient and hardy negro to toiling and opening up the great valley of the fertile but miasmatic Amazon. But such speculations are out of place here.

Let us, fellow-citizens, endeavor to be calm. Let us look these new ideas, and our novel position, squarely in the face. We fought for negro slavery. We have lost. We may have to do without it. The inconvenience will be great for awhile. The loss heavy. This, however, is already well accomplished. Yet, behind this dark cloud is a silver lining. If not for us at least for our children. In the place of these bondsmen will come in immense influx of people from all parts of the world, bringing with them their wealth, arts, and improvements, and lending their talents and sinews to increase our aggregate wealth. Thrift and trade, and a common destiny, will bind us together. Machinery in the hills of Arkansas will reverberate to the music of machinery in New England, and the whirr of Georgia spindles will meet responsive echo upon the slopes of the far-off Pacific. Protective tariffs, if needed, will stretch in their influences from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, bearing alike, at last, equally upon Arkansas and Vermont, and upon Georgian and Californian. Difference of section and local sentiment will wear away and be forgotten, and the next generation be more homogenous and united than any since the days of the Revolution. And the descendants of these bloody times will read, with as much pride and little jealousy of these battles of their

father, as the historians of the American Revolution will read of the battles of the American Revolution.

Let us live in hope, my fellow-citizens, that the day is not far when Arkansas will rise from the ashes of her desolation to start on a better destiny than that with negro slavery, which could have reached, while the struggle for reform, freed from the chains of slavery, will be more vigorous and powerful, and more thrifty, opulent, and happy, than though the scourge of war had never descended her fields, or made sorrowful her hearthstones.

The sooner we lay down our arms, and quit this hopeless struggle, the sooner our days of prosperity will return. WHY I HESITATED TO SIGN THE ADDRESS.

I hesitated long, my fellow-citizens, before I determined to issue this address. I dislike to be abused and slandered. But more than all, dislike to live under a cloud with those friends who have not yet reached my standpoint. And, besides, all I possess is in the Confederate lines. Their leaders will deprive my family of slave, horse, property—debt me in a word, reduce them from competence and ease to poverty. Aside from what I have inside the Confederate lines, I could not pay for the paper this address is written upon. But it may all go. Did I desire future promotion, and could bring my conscience to it, I would do like the Johnsons, a safe from bullets and hardships themselves; they assist to holding you on to this hopeless and without struggle, and, at the end of the contest, will come back and say, "I stood with you to the last! I honor me and mine!" And deliver me from such traitors to humanity, and to the interests of our bleeding people? To me the task of duty is plain. It is to lend my feeble aid to stop this senseless mission of blood. And, though it beggars my family, and leave me to pay for of hope for the future, I shall follow it.

I have witnessed the desolation of the Southern States from one end to the other. This hopeless struggle, but widens it. Each day makes new graves, new orphans, and new mourners! Each hour finds this dreadful whirlpool more of wrecked hopes, broken fortunes, and anguished hearts. The rich have mostly fallen. The poor have drunk deep of the cup of sorrow, while surely, and not slowly, the life of ruin, in its restless sweep, sweeps toward the middle classes. A few more campaigns, and they will form a part of the general wreck! Each grave and each tear, each wasted fortune and broken heart, bids us that much further off from the object of the struggle, and that much further from peace and happiness!

Viewing it thus, the terrible question was represented to me, as to whether I should continue my lot in an enterprise so fruitless and so full of loss, and help to hold the masses of the people on to this terrible despotism of Davis, where only ruin awaits them, or whether I should be a quiet observer of it all, or lastly, whether I should assist in saving the remnant of you from the wreck.

I have chosen the latter. I shall send this address to every bill and corner of the State, to the citizen and soldier, at home or in prison, and shall send with it my prayers to Almighty God to arrest them in their pathway of blood and ruin. Why trust Davis any longer?—He has twice our resources he would still fail. With success he would be a despot. But the whole thing is tumbling to pieces. Soldiers are leaving disgusted and disheartened, and whole States have gone back to their home in the National galaxy. Maryland and Delaware will never again be shaken. Kentucky has intrenched herself in the Union, behind a wall of bayonets; in the hands of her own sturdy sons. Missouri is as firmly set in the National galaxy as Massachusetts. Tennessee, tempest-tossed and driven, under the guide of her great pilot, steers for her old mooring, and will be safely anchored before the leaves fall; while the rays of light from the old North Star, flashing out fitfully from her darkness across the troubled waves, shows that she stirs, is not lost, but is struggling to regain her sisters. None of these States will ever join the South again. Then with crippled armies, with devastated fields, with desolate cities, with disheartened soldiers, and worse than all, with corrupt leaders, what hope is left to the few remaining States, but especially to poor oppressed and down-trodden Arkansas? None!

Better get our brothers home while they are left to us. Open the way for the return of husbands, fathers and sons, and bind up the broken links of the old Union. The people must act to do this. I tell you now in grief and pain, that the leaders don't care for your blood. Your suffering moves them not. The tears and wails of your anguished and bereaved ones fill on hearts of flint! While they can make a dollar or wear an epaulette, they are content. Finally, with a grief-stricken and sorrowful heart, I implore mothers, sisters, wives and daughters to assist, by all their arts, in saving their loved ones from this terrible scourge, ere ruin overtakes you, and them irretrievably! While God gives me strength, damned by no peril, and swayed by no consideration of self, I shall give you my feeble aid!—Tribune.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Yankee and an Irishman riding together passed a galloway. The Yankee said to the Irishman, "give the galloway a kick, and where would you be?" The Irishman said, "I'd be riding to town by myself all alone sure, sir." The Yankee said, "that's what!"

That was a pretty conceit of a romantic father whose name was Rose, and who named his daughter "Will," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Will Rose." But the romance of the thing was sadly spoiled when she married a man by the name of "Bull."

"I've risen from the Bay to the Bench," as the young lawyer said, when he quit law and went to shoeblacking.

No pains will be spared, as the quick said when saving off a poor fellow a keg to cure him of the rheumatism.

100

100

The image shows a document page that is severely degraded. The text is almost entirely illegible due to heavy vertical banding and horizontal streaking. The page is divided into two main sections by a dark vertical line on the right side. The left section contains several lines of text, while the right section is mostly blank or contains very faint, unreadable markings. The overall appearance is that of a low-quality scan of an old or damaged document.

The image is a high-contrast, black and white photograph. The left half of the image shows a highly textured, light-colored surface, possibly a book cover or endpaper, with visible horizontal lines and a grainy texture. The right half of the image is a solid, dark black area, creating a sharp vertical division. The overall effect is abstract and graphic.

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