The National Democrat.

FORMERLY THE RAHWAY REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXV. RAHWAY, N. J., AUGUST 10, 1865. Whole No. 1295.

NOMS DE PLUME.—For those who are interested in literary matters, we have compiled the following list of writers, with their assumed signatures:

Gail Hamilton—Miss Abigail E. Dodge.
Florence Percy—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.
Timothy Titcomb—Dr. J. G. Holland.
W. Savage North—Wm. S. Newell.
Orpheus C. Kerr—R. H. Newell.
Mrs. Partington—B. P. Shillaber.
Artemus Ward—Charles F. Browne.
Doesticks, P. B.—Mortimer Thompson.
K. N. Pepper—James M. Morris.
Ry Dadd—J. H. Williams.
Mace Sloper, Esq.—C. G. Leland.
Josh Billings—Henry W. Shaw.
The Disbanded Volunteer—J. Barbour.
Jeems Pipes—Stephen Massett.
Ned Buntline—E. Z. C. Judson.
Daisy Howard—Myra Daisy McCrum.
Cousin May Carleton—Miss M. A. Earle.
Edmund Kirke—J. R. Gilmore.
Country Parson—A. K. H. Boyd.
Mary Clavers—Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.
Currer Bell—Charlotte Bronte.
Village Schoolmaster—C. M. Dickson.
Owen Meredith—Bulwer, son of Lytton Bulwer.
Barry Cornwall—William Potter.
Author of "John Halifax Gentleman"—Miss Mulock.
Ike Marvel—D. G. Mitchell.
Jenny June—Mrs. Jennie Croly.
Fanny Fern—Wife of James Parton (the historian) and sister of N. P. Willis.
Petroleum V. Nasby—D. R. Loke.
Howard Glyndon—Miss Laura C. Redden.

HOW TO MAKE PENCIL WRITING INDELIBLE.—A correspondent of an Agricultural paper gives the following, information which may be of interest to some of our readers:

"A great many valuable letters and other writings are written in pencil. This is particularly the case with the letters of our soldiers sent home from the army. The following simple process will make lead pencil writing and drawing as indelible as if done with ink: Lay the writing in a shallow dish and pour skimmed milk upon it. Any spots not wet may have the milk placed lightly upon them with a feather. When the paper is wet over with the milk, take it up and let the milk drain off, and wipe off with the feather the drops which collect on the lower edge. Dry it carefully and it will be found to be perfectly indelible. It cannot be removed even with India rubber. It is an old receipt, and a good one."

WHAT TO READ.—Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Gray and Goldsmith, Pope and Thomson, Cowper and Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination?—Read Milton, Akenside and Burke.

Are you deficient in reasoning power? Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in vigor of style?—Read Junius and Addison.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism?—Read Demosthenes, and "Life of Washington."

Are you deficient in conscience?—Read some of President Edwards's works.

Are you deficient in piety? Read the Bible.

A BAD NIGHT.—A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. In hopes of abatement, the entertainment was prolonged to the latest possible hour; but at length it was over, and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of his reaching his home.

The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor; in half an hour he re-appeared, drenched with rain.

"Where in heaven's name have you been?" asked the host, viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog around the paws and a weeping willow about the head.

"I've said he, quickly, shaking off the water, "I have been home to tell my wife that it is such a bad night I should not return!"

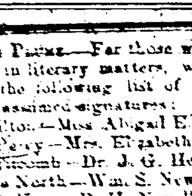
RECOVERY OF A RELIC.—It will be remembered that when the rebels made their raid upon Washington last summer, the dwelling of the Hon. F. P. Blair, near the city, was sacked. Among other articles stolen by the rebels, was a bracelet, highly valued as a memento, belonging to a daughter of Mr. Blair. The most strenuous efforts had been made to recover the article, but without avail. The matter was finally intrusted to Charles P. Burnett, member of the One Hundred and Sixty-second New York State Volunteers, but who has been on detached service in Western Virginia for the past year, and on Sunday, the 25th ult., he discovered the bracelet upon the wrist of a young lady attending church in Winchester, Va. It was immediately handed to Burnett, and is now in the possession of Miss Blair.

LAWYERS, ATTENTION!—At a small town up the river, a young lawyer, who thought himself "some," made certain proposals at a town meeting, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, he said to the farmer:

"Sir, do you know that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?"

"Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

A good story is told of a country gentleman, who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy of the church, and when he returned home, he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw, no," replied he; "why, the minister preached in his shirt sleeves!"



Two persons out of every seven are infected with what we call SCROFULA; lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These, all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz., purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil, or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. These cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood, purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

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This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need do no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done.

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[WARRANTED FRENCH.]

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feb. 28, 1865.

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Without Regard to Cost.

The goods are of fashionable styles and most excellent workmanship, and are sacrificed in this manner to relieve the proprietors from embarrassment occasioned by a distracting civil war. It should be prominently stated, also, that they are mostly of

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Only One Dollar

will be charged for any article on our list, and this sum the purchaser need not pay until he knows what he is to get. This plan accords with the method recently become popular for disposing of large stocks of Jewelry and similar productions.

The Plan is Simple.

The name of each article offered for sale—as "Gold Hunting Watch," "Gold Oval-band Bracelet," "Pearl Breastpin and Ear-Drops," "Gold Enamelled Ring," "Silver Plated Cake Basket," &c., is written on a card and enclosed in a sealed envelope; these envelopes are then placed in a drawer and well mixed; then as an order is received, with twenty-five cents for return postage and other charges, one of the cards or certificates is taken at random and sent by first mail to the customer, who will see at once what he can get for one dollar. If he is pleased with his fortune he can forward the money according to directions on the certificate, and secure the prize. If the article awarded should be unsuitable to the purchaser—as for example, a set of Pearl Ear Drops and Breastpin to a young man who could not wear them, and had no one to give them to—we will send any other article from the same department of the catalogue of equal price which may be preferred. Or if for any reason you choose to venture no further, then you can let the matter drop where it is and spend no more. Examine carefully our catalogue!

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300 Gents' pat. lev. Gold hunt'g case	40	175
300 Gents' det. lev. Gold hunt'g case	40	150
400 Gents' Swiss gold hunting case	30	100
500 Ladies' Gold & Enam'd hunt'g case	20	90
500 Gents' pat. lev. silver hunt'g case	30	55
400 Gents' det. lev. silver hunting case	30	85
200 Gents' det. lev. silver open face	20	50
300 Gents' pat. lev. silver open face	20	40
300 Gents' Swiss Silver	14	40

Jewelry Department.

300 Diamond rings	40	120
300 Gents' Diamond Pins	20	100
5000 Gents' California diamond pins	3	15
5000 Gents' California diamond rings	3	12
3000 Gents' gold and enam'd fob chains	8	40
1000 Gents' gold vest chains	[illegible]	[illegible]
1000 pair Gent's gold sleeve buttons	3	8
1000 pr Gents' gold & enam. sleeve b'tns	3	8
6000 sets Gents' gold studs	3	8
5000 Gents' stone set and signet rings	3	10
5000 Gents' stone set & sig. enam. rings	4	15
5000 Ladies' Gold neck chains	5	30
4000 Gold oval band bracelets	5	20
3000 gold and jet bracelets	5	20
3000 gold chatelain chains	8	30
5000 pair Ladies' gold sleeve buttons	3	8
4000 pair Ladies gold & enam. sleeve b'ts	4	8
5000 solitaire gold brooches	3	19
8000 coral, opal and emerald brooches	3	10
5000 gold cameo and pearl ear-drops	3	8
7000 mosaic, jet, lav. florentine ear d'ps	3	10
[illegible] coral, opal and emerald	4	8
10000 miniature Lockets	4	8
10000 miniature lockets—magic spring	8	20
10000 plain gold rings	4	12
[illegible] sets ladies jewelry—jet and gold	[illegible]	[illegible]
6,000 " " cameo, pearl, &c.	5	20
10000 Ladies gilt and jet bracelets	4	8
10000 Ladies' gilt and jet hat supporters	2	17

Silver Plated Ware.

10000 Cups	2	30
5000 goblets	3	12
10000 pair napkin rings	3	12
2000 card baskets	5	14
3000 cake baskets	5	20
4000 castor frames, complete with bottles	5	16
2000 ice pitchers	10	20
6000 pair butter knives	3	10
5000 soup, oyster and gravy ladles	3	8
[illegible]	3	8
8000 dozen tea spoons per dozen	3	15
6000 dozen table spoons per dozen	5	24
6000 dozen dessert forks per dozen	3	21
6000 dozen table forks per dozen	8	30

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12000 gold pens and silver extension holders	3	10
15000 gold pens, silver mounted holders	3	8
[illegible] gold pens, gold mounted holders	4	15
[illegible] gold pens with gold extension holders	10	35
6000 gold pens, gold holders and pencils	5	20
6000 gold pencils	2	8

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500 silver watches, each		$20 to 30
1,000 gold pens and gold holders each		15 to 25
10,000 gold pens and silver cases each		5 to 8

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CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

WITH corrupt, disordered or vitiated Blood you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action, restoring the health and expelling disease. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints, which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Tumors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venereal Diseases, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases. Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. We can only assure the sick, that we offer them the best alternative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by anybody.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by A. C. Watson and F. R. Silvers, of Rahway, and all dealers in medicine everywhere.

1865.

TO the high price of every article of Domestic use KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE owes its origin. The strict attention paid to the roasting, and the purenese of the Coffee Berry from which it is prepared, gives to

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE.

the flavor and twice the strength of Old Government Java, while it is less than half the price.

Since the importation and introduction of KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, in 1861, it has made its way steadily into our first class Hotels and Boarding Houses, Steamboats and Private Families. The eminent Bishop Ames, Bishop Baker, Dr. Upham, President of Bowdoin College, Maine, Bishop Clark, of the M. E. Church, Cincinnati, Dr. Prime, Editor of the New York Observer, and many others, speak of KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE as the best and most healthful beverage known, and can be used by the weak and infirm with impunity—producing no nervousness nor headache, as in the case with most Store Coffees.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

Is sold by all Grocers, and at the General Depot, 154 Reade Street, New York.

mar30-1y

FURNITURE WARE ROOM.

The subscribers having taken the new store nearly opposite Washington Hall, and owned by Mr. Thos. S. Smith, have opened a Furniture Ware Room, where they will keep constantly on hand a full assortment

WALNUT, MAHOGANY AND Parlor, Bedroom Kitchen Furniture, CONSISTING OF BEDSTEADS SOFAS TABLES CHAIRS,

Bureaus, Hall Stands, Extension Table, Looking Glasses, Wash-Stands, Also, a complete assortment of SPRING, HAIR, HUSK and STRAW MATRESSES,

which we will offer as low as they can be bought anywhere. Those wishing anything in our line will please call and examine our stock and prices before going elsewhere.

Dec. 4, 1863—41. MARSH & MYNO.

GOSHEN BUTTER, by the tub or Firkin at New York prices, at WM. GRANT'S cheap cash store, near the Presbyterian Church, Upper Rahway.

CENTRAL RAILROAD CO. OF N. J.

Depot in New York Pier, 2, North River.

Great Middle Route to the West, Connecting at Hampton Junction with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and at Easton with Lehigh Valley Railroad and Connections.

Short Line to Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis &c.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

TIME TABLE—Commencing August 1, 1864.

ELIZABETH AND NEW YORK.

Leave ELIZABETH at 7.15, 8.00, 9.05 and 10.00 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, and 9.55 P. M.

Leave New York, from Pier 2 North River at 8.00, A. M. 12.10, 3.30, 4.00, 6.00, and 7.10 P. M.

TRAINS BOUND WEST.

Leave Elizabeth at 6.45 and 9 a. m., 12.45, 4.45, 5.30, 6.30 and 7.45 p. m.

RETURNING:

Leave Easton at 7.10 and 10.43 a. m., 2.05 and 7.05 p. m.

Leave Phillipsburg at 7.13 and 10.57 a. m., 2.07 and 7.03 p. m.

Leave Junction at 8.00, and 11.33 a. m., 2.54 and 7.52 p. m.

Leave Clinton at 8.16 a. m., 3.14 and 8.08 p. m.

Leave White House at 8.34 a. m., 12.05, 3.30 and 8.25 p. m.

Leave Somerville at 6.30, 7, 8 and 9.00 a. m., 12.21 m., 3.55 and 8.45 p. m.

Leave Plainfield at 6.40, 7.25, 8.30, 9.28 a. m., 12.44, 4.25 and 9.17 p. m.

Leave Westfield at 6.55, 7.42, 8.45 and 9.43 a. m., 4.40 p. m.

The 6.45 a. m. train from Elizabeth stops only at Plainfield, Somerville, White House, Clinton, Junction, Asbury and Bloomsbury—arriving at Easton at 9.53 a. m.—and runs through to Harrisburg without change of cars—connecting at Harrisburg with trains on Pennsylvania, Northern Central and Cumberland Valley Railroads.

The 12.45 p. m. train from Elizabeth stops at all stations except Clarksville and runs to Wilkesbarre via Mauch Chunk without change of cars.

The 7.45 p. m. train from Elizabeth stops only at Plainfield, Somerville and Junction—arriving at Easton at 10.48 p. m.—and runs through to Pittsburg without change of cars—connecting at Pittsburg with trains for the West, Northwest, and Southwest—Sleeping cars through to Pittsburg. This is the shortest line from New York to the West.

ELIZABETHPORT & NEW YORK FERRY.

STEAMBOATS, SEA JAY AND ALICE VON ALLEN.

Time Table—Commencing August 3, 1864.

From Pier No. 2, North River, New York.

Leave New York at 9.15 a. m., 1, 4.30 and 5.35 p. m.

Leave Bergen Point at 9.50 a. m., 1.35, 5.05 and 6.05 p. m.

Leave Mariners' Harbor at 9.57 a. m., 1.42, 5.12 and 6.12 p. m.

Leave Elizabethport at 10.15 a. m., 2, 5.30 and 6.30 p. m.

Arrive at Elizabeth at 10.30 a. m., 2.15 5.45 and 6.45 p. m.

From Elizabeth Station:

Leave Elizabeth at 6.15, 7.15 and 11 a. m., 2 p. m.

Leave Elizabethport at 6.30, 7.25 and 11.15 a. m., 2.20 p. m.

Leave Mariners' Harbor at 6.35, 7.33 and 11.23 a. m., 2.25 p. m.

Leave Bergen Point at 6.45, 7.40 and 11.30 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

Arrive at New York at 7.30, and 8.25 a. m., 12.15 and 4.15 p. m.

The boats stop at Bergen Point and Mariners' Harbor, every trip.

All baggage at the risk of the owners, until delivered into the actual possession of the company and checks given therefor.

FREIGHT TRAINS are run daily, and freight transported on liberal terms.

JOSIAH O. STEARNS, Superintendent.

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FLOUR, FEED, SAMP and MEAL HOMINY, MAIZENA, CORN STARCH, OAT MEAL. HECKER'S PREPARED FLOUR. St. Louis and New York FLOUR BY THE BARREL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

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Also highly productive farms; beautiful country seats, and pleasant homes at and near Plainfield, Scotch Plains, Metuchin, Elizabeth, Orange, Newark, and other points within one hour of New York.

Also, at Rahway, 15 trains per day, several small places, and a large number of tasty Cottages—those in want of pleasant homes, would do well to call early, on GEORGE R. JAQUES.

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Organized under the Laws of the State of N. Y.

Capital Stock 200,000 Shares at $2.50 Per Share, $500,000.

40,000 Shares or $100,000 reserved for Working Capital, to fully develope the Property of the Company, the ballance to be applied to the purchase of Lands and other property.

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STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

Offices:—718 Broadway (our new Branch Office), and 5 and 7 John Street, New York, also, 47 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

Continue to Dye and Cleanse Ladies' and Gentlemens' Garments, etc.

Ladies' Silk, Satin, Velvet, Merino, and other Dresses, Shawls, &c., cleansed successfully, without ripping.

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TERMS—One copy, 1 year, ... $2.00; " 6 months ... 1.00. Payable invariably in Advance.

No subscription received without the cash. The paper will be discontinued when the term paid for has expired.

PEW TALK.

That tall young fellow's here to-day!
I wonder what's his name?
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sallie Dame!

Who's that young lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Leach;
There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles—
I wonder if he'll preach!

Lend me your fan, it is so warm;
We both will set in prayers;
Mourning becomes the Widow Ames—
How Mara's bonnet flares!

Do look at Nancy Sleeper's veil,
It's full a breadth too wide;
I wonder if Susannah Ayres
Appears to-day as bride!

Lord! what a voice! and how she got;
Oh! how the organ roars;
I'm glad we've left the singers' seat;
How hard Miss Morton snores!

What ugly shawls those are in front!
Did you observe Ann Wild?
Her new straw bonnet's trimmed with black—
I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep; that Mr. Long,
His sermons are so long;
There after on we'll read at home,
And practice that new song.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest, "the happy man—or, unhappy one, if you please, he has—shall be a person possessed of three qualifications.

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"Third, common sense.

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I never could think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome and intelligent man, with whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in the lofty ideas of station and style—for her education had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who had obtained a partial glimpse of her true woman's heart.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to show her friends how much of her heart was in the words just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors, but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and disregarding all others, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between two favored individuals. If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius and something of a hero, the other a wealthy man and much of a knave.

But the truth is—

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof, without the most distant hope of ever attaining wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character," by his companions and friends, a "noble good fellow," and by the ladies, a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society, even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw proper to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. W., (his companions called him "Duke,") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of good sense, good form and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. Frank.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank, was not willing to believe that she would consider worldly considerations to control the feelings of her heart.

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes; for we must part now,"

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning a little pale. It is evident he had not expected this.

"Yes, yes," said Kate, casting her head down with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept bitterly.

"Kate," said he then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me; but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say so, and I go."

"Go," murmured Kate, "go."

"Have you decided?"

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed for a moment, tenderly and sorrowfully, into the beautiful, tearful face, then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to impulse, and twined her arms about his neck; but at length her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?"

A feeble yes fell from her lips—and an instant later she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated, and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was half hidden in a fold of curl.

The struggle was over. The agony past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rise cheerfully to meet him. He humbled himself before her station and fortune lay at her feet. She accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarcely repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty, she appeared, with everything around her, gay as in the gayest of the gay; and Kate gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her heart—had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her. She floated luxuriously upon the smooth and gentle wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her heart.

Her friends were numerous, her husband kind, and tender, and loving; but all his attention and affection could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chords and sympathy moved by a skillful touch, she had known the blissful charm of their deep, delicious harmony, and now they were silent, motionless.—These chords were still and soundless.—Her heart was dead; none the less, because killed by a golden shot. In short, Kate, in time, became magnificently miserable, and splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. But this shallow joke was unsatisfactory, and impelled by a powerful longing for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unconquerable the golden streams that flowed around her—panting with a hunger which all the flood of flattery and admiration could not appease.

She reproached her husband for thus deserting her, and he answered with angry and desperate taunts of deception, a total lack of love on her part, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried, "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it," said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in he sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving unloved husband?—Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh, and sob with such emotion; for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Kate, "I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But, granting I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly, his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall move in yours. I will not interfere with you in your actions, nor shall you on mine. We shall be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same, and what more do you desire?" said her husband, bitterly. "We have played the farce long enough. Few under stand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife. Do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of sympathy and love? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of separation. Nay, do not tremble and cling to me now; I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She sank upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish, she shrieked:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you away? Why was I blind until night brought me misery?"

Sobbing upon the sofa, rubbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her breath became more calm, [illegible] her cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses, until, with a start, she cried:

"Frank! Frank! come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing beside her.

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep!"

"And dreaming, too, I should say; and unpleasantly, either."

"Dreaming," murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me so cruelly away, I know. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my case once more, and found you here, where I left you, Asleep."

"Oh, what a horrible dream," said Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality, that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married."

"And would that be so horrible? Frank, I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to me."

"No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart!"

"Then, if you give your hand now, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank, and here it is!" said Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears.

And soon there was a real marriage, not a splendid, but a happy one—and followed by a life of contentment, and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

Josh Billings at Long Branch.

Josh recently visited Long Branch, and after enjoying himself "hugely" wrote the following communication to the Troy News:

Arrived here just in time to see the Atlantic Ocean, which is now on exhibition, and dewing a good bizness, tew full houses. Took a bath tew onst, and was astonished tew find the water so saltious; enquired the kauze av an intelligent natiff, and he informed me he didn't kno; I think the cuss lied. Thare iz about one hundred and sixty thousand human beings, and othea folks, here now, az near az i kan git at it; I kounted till I got tired, and then estimated. It iz perfekly harte renting tew see the femails here in search ov natural protektors. I koented 16 yesterday in one pile, they awl sighed az i past bi them, with down cast eyes. I felt sorry for them, but couldn't help them, for i am thoroughly married, and intend tew remain so.

There is two breezes here, a sea breeze and a jersee breeze, and I advise all persons tew use the sea breeze, for the other is so used up before it reaches here that it soon uses up everybody after it gets here. Shoddy and Petroleum are both here, and exsite as much notiss as a patent churn, warrented tew make butter in ten minnitts from skim milk, but they say they shant remain long, bekause the air smells so much like old brine. Yesterday I went out krabbing and ketched a peck, they bite sideways and hang on like a dead hoss, they make good vittles enuff, but they aint profitable tew eat, if you kount your time with ennything. They have a singular bug here, which they kall a muskeetow, they roam about in herds, and are much respected bi the inhabitants; I caut one day before yesterday, sticking sumthing sharp into me, and carried the bag into mi room, and smashed him on the spot.

The bathing iz luxurious, and the bathers resemble mermades, half men and half wimmin; they aul dress in the chokest kostom, and when they emerge from the water, yu can't tell which iz who, unless yu ask them. After bathing yu feel a kind ov lackness or limberness for which I was advised tew bathe in whiskee. I took one immershun, about half a tumbler, and never felt so stought in my life. I thought i could lift an aker ov their land, but bimeby, after the lickker had let go, I felt az tho i could foller an angle worm into his hole, and hadn't strength enuff tew ask a dog tew foller me—if i ever drink sum more jersee whiskee, it will be after i am ded and gone. There iz one church here, but it wont hold so fu that nobody dont go out ov politeness.

There iz 21 hotels, and they are principally bilt ot udoors, tew give the guests as much brinaquerous air as possible.—The lodging rooms are small, but handy—each one haz a door tew them, and a looking-glass on the wall, and two windows, boles and a towell. Dinner is served at two o'clock, and opens with soup, and shuts up with huckleberry.—The servants are generally black, but menny ov them has lived so long among the whites that they begin tew adop our kuller. The beach, bi moonlite, is worthy of a philosopher. "Lovers" meet here from aul partes of the kuntry tew vow and sware, and menny a harte that came here sound and hearty, goes home smashed, and bleeding raw at every pore. But the grand attraction iz the Atlantic Ocean, a grate big sheer ov liquid life and power, big and every where [illegible] and ready, and always a sunder everlasting and proud, without agin, az awful az a water earthquake. Upon the whole, Long Branch iz a sensible place tew visit; I think there are little too much the manners ov all, at the same number ov visitors are expected. Josh Billings.

A KIND ACT, AND ITS REWARD.—The Cleveland Plaindealer vouches for an incident that recently occurred on one of the railroads running through Ohio. The sketch is interesting, though it is impersonal.

The train was running at a rapid rate.—The car is filled with well-dressed aristocratic passengers. The Conductor enters, and proceeds to collect the accustomed fare. Presently he comes to a lady in deep mourning, traveling with three children, and asks for a ticket. The lady quietly announced to him that she had the same, but it was gone, with the whole of her money, within which the ticket had been placed for safe keeping. The lady is of a modest, retiring disposition, and in an agitated manner explains that she cannot pay her fare. The conductor is one of that hard-hearted kind—a few of those men without a particle of gentle feeling—and without consideration any of the painful circumstances of the case, he rang the bell, stopped the train, and the lady and her little ones were ordered from the car. The engineer had not been an uninterested spectator of the scene. He left the engine and advanced to the place where they were standing, so distressed and helpless. The engineer had a big warm heart. Putting his hand into his pocket, he produced a fifty-dollar gold piece, and, handing it to the lady, remarked,—"Here, madam, take this and get into the car. It is shameful that you should be treated thus."

The lady hesitated about receiving it, but was in a desperate strait; and after showering numberless thanks upon the noble engineer, she insisted upon receiving his name and address, and then returned to her seat and went on her way.

About a month after this time the engineer received a note requesting him to call at the express office and take from thence a package addressed to him. He did so. Upon opening the package he found that it contained fifty dollars and an elegant gold watch, chain, and seals.—Upon the inside of the watch was inscribed the golden rule, the substance of which is, "Do unto others as you wish others to do unto you."

Girls, Help Father.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said farmer Wilber as he sat down "to figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Could I help you, father, said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet work. "I should be glad to if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them, after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier as I can see, since I put on my specks."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull line of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other loved ones, sitting cosily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper, as it can be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, when a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing if they were able," said Mr. Wilber—which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor. If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with reluctant step, and an unwilling air which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life by fretting because he cannot afford you the luxuries you covet, or consent to your desires when in his mature judgment they are neither wise nor prudent, and that of your own best interests and that of your family.

Such a home atmosphere tends more than anything else to produce a hard morose character, which must ever make old age unlovely and uncomfortable.—Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

Healthfulness of Woman's Dress.

Man's dress is allowed [illegible] woman's body is compelled [illegible] dress. His coat and vest [illegible] [illegible] God himself [illegible] er's last best gift to man—or [illegible] [illegible] was made in the fairest work. The beautifully rounded waist, full, so perfect, with room within for all the vital organs to play their part in the ungenteel, so vulgar!" And—when the girl whose form up to [illegible] [illegible] year of fourteen years has been left to grow as free and as untrammeled as her brother's, must now begin to pay attention to her figure. The short dress is lengthened down to sweep the floor; the childish waist, so comfortably loose, is laid aside forever; and in place of it, she binds. First it corsets, with a dress so tight that an attempt to take a free breath would endanger every hook and eye upon it, but which fashion says it is to be the proper thing of improving God's handiwork.

The muscles of the chest, denied development, become enfeebled by disuse, and gradually shrink away, causing the chest to diminish in size; the heart labors. It is difficult to properly circulate the blood through the arteries, crowding them, the ribs, forced downwards, and pressing upon the vital organs, are crowding the abdominal viscera out of position, while the poor lungs, crowded, still are able to more than half expand, hence the ready seat of fatal disease. And as she grows older, additional stays are formed, [illegible] the dress be still more costly," and by the time she has arrived at womanhood, the [illegible] has reached the genuine wasp-waist state, art and fashion decides her figure to be a "beauty."

An "elegant figure!" Shade of Venus de Medici preserve us! Lamented Hiram Powers, what a sad mistake you made when you fashioned the Greek Slave!—An "elegant figure;" and what else has she in addition? An aching head, weak back, disordered liver, and distorted lungs. And yet, with effects following as surely in the wake of their causes as the sunshine follows shade, she cannot see her dress has anything to do with her sickness. Not one woman in a thousand will acknowledge her dress is tight. "See how loose it is!" she tells you, as holding her breath and taking up a fold in front, she deems you have convincing proof; when if her dress were but unfastened, and she were to breath naturally, it would barely reach together within three inches.

From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot there is hardly one article of woman's dress that is really what it should be.

Thrilling Adventure with a Burglar.

This extract, from reminiscences concerning a series of murders committed some years since in France, developes a rare instance of presence of mind in women. We will premise that the murderer was known by the fact that in some brawl, or scene of murder, he had lost three fingers from one of his hands:

There lived on the outskirt of Dieppe, a widow lady by the name of Beaumaurice. She had no family, but with one servant girl, lived in a very retired manner. The cottage in which she resided was situated about half a mile from the city, a little off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife of one of the officers of the guards. She was an extraordinary woman in every particular, but especially so in respect to a certain coolness of character she possessed in the midst of danger, which, together with a large amount of moral courage, made her a very notable person. The recent murders made, perhaps, less impression on her mind than upon any one else in Dieppe; although it was naturally supposed the retired situation in which she lived would have caused her to be more fearful.

About ten o'clock, on the night of the 30th of April, just ten days after the murders of the Rue Brenard, Madame Beaumaurice went up into her bedroom. She was suffering from a nervous headache. She felt very sleepy, and seated herself. The lamp was placed on a chest of drawers behind her. Opposite to her was a toilet table, with a cloth on it reaching to the floor. She had already commenced taking off her clothes, when happening to look around her, she saw something that for a moment chilled her blood. It was the shadow of a man's hand on the floor. The hand had only two fingers.

She divined the truth in a moment; the assassin was there, in her house, under the table. She made not the least motion nor sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best course to be pursued.

She divined what to do and advanced to the door, and called the servant maid.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed she, when the girl entered the room, "Do you know where M. Bernard lives?"

"Yes, madame."

"I have to pay 5,000 francs away very early in the morning. The fact slipped my memory till just now. You will have to run to his house and get the money for me."

"Very well, madame."

"I will write a note, which you will deliver to him, and he will give you bank-bills to the amount."

She wrote as follows:

"My dear M. Bernard: The assassin of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is in my room. Come immediately with some gendarmes, and take him into custody."

"Hasten, Bernard!"

And with it [illegible] into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her to her errand. She then quietly reseated herself and waited. Yes, she sat [illegible] with [illegible] under the table for a whole hour. She saw the shadow of the hand shift several times, but the murderer did not make any attempt to escape from his place of concealment.

[illegible] the gendarmes arrived, and Jacques Barnes was arrested; not, however, without a violent struggle.

[illegible] evidence against him that the most convincing proof as to guilt was found, and in due time he was guillotined.

PAYING THE PRINTER.—Gentle reader, the [illegible] [illegible] guy [illegible] extra [illegible] from the rest [illegible] of our [illegible] which follows. If the [illegible] a [illegible] from a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] explaining the origin of the manner in which printers are generally paid.

"And Schlinlater, the mighty ruler of the Squash nation, having called the chief officers to his council [illegible]:

"Go ye unto all my dominions, and command my people to gather their [illegible] a [illegible], and pay all their debts, even to the very smallest.'

"The officers did as they were commanded, and, after a certain time, they were called them again unto him, and demanded of them how his orders had been obeyed.

"'O mighty Schlinlater,' they replied, [illegible] heard throughout the land, and fulfilled, for your people are honest.'

"'And is every debt paid?'

"'Yea, even the smallest.'

"'Are the little ones, the manufacturer, [illegible]'

"'All paid.'

"'Are the tobacco and whiskey bills settled?'

"'All, all.'

"'And have my people been provident—have they laid up enough to feed their cats and dogs?'

"'Yes, they have done even this.'

"'Well, my people are worthy. Now, go ye again unto them, and if there be anything left, tell them to take it and pay the Printer!'

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF TROUSERS.—A young mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly, and so she fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little one, was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he is going to school or coming home!"

CLANNISH PRIDE.—A dispute arose between Campbell and McLean upon the subject of genealogy. McLean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of McLean was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" said McLean.

"The flood—you know—that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flocks," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood!" said McLean, "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my bible," said Campbell, "of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark!" retorted the other, in contempt; "who ever heard of a McLean that had not a boat of his own!"

[illegible]—Many years ago there lived in a neighboring State, a farmer by the name of Noble. The father not unfrequently indulged in taking "a little too much." Upon one occasion, he was seen lying upon the ground, and it was supposed that he was under the influence of spirits; but upon examination his leg was found to be broken. A son of the old man was in the vicinity, and a horse and carriage with a driver, were soon procured to take the old man home.—When within a short distance, Mr. Noble said he was afraid it would come too hard on the old woman, and he thought Oliver (his son) better go ahead and prepare her mind for it. This was accordingly done, and when the party arrived at the house, the old lady came running out, saying:—"Broke yer leg, hain't ye?—I wish it had been yer darned old neck!"

At a meeting a year or two ago, in this country, a gentleman was speaking on a question not strictly within the range of business then on the tapis. Becoming animated as his remarks progressed, he exclaimed, with a something of a melodramatic [illegible]:—"Mr. [illegible], my bowels yearn for the miserable victims." "Order! order!" shouted several voices from the opposite corner of the house; "the gentleman's bowels are out of order!" The point of order was sustained by the chair, and the speaker commanded to his seat.

An Albany paper names Betsy Hart, with an income of $85,142, as among the "solid men of Troy."

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Jay Cooke, the subscription Agent.

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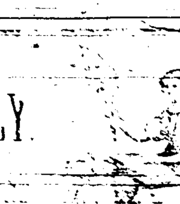

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GENERAL AGENTS,
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San Francisco, California.

The peculiar taint or infection which we call Scrofula lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. [illegible] disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy [illegible] Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children." [illegible] Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; [illegible] Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

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the most effectual antidote that the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. [illegible] that it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil, or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. [illegible] AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC [illegible]

[illegible] Great numbers of persons are purposely taken [illegible] Hence it [illegible] greatly shortens [illegible] average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood, purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

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CHERRY PECTORAL,
The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need do no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done.

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Cures Nervous Affections, Female Complaints, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder.
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[illegible]
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[illegible]
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[illegible]
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Leave Elizabeth at 6.45 and 9 a.m., [illegible] 4.45 p.m.
RETURNING:
Leave Easton at 7.10 and 10.05 a.m., [illegible]
Leave Phillipsburg at 7.13 and [illegible]
Leave Junction at [illegible] and 11.35 a. m., [illegible]
Leave Easton at [illegible]
Leave White House at [illegible]
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THE COMMON SOLDIER.

Nobody cared when he went to war,
But the woman who cried on his shoulder;
Nobody decked him with immortelles—
He was only a common soldier.

Nobody packed in a dainty trunk
Folded raiment and dainty fare—
A knapsack held all the new recruit
Might own, or love, or eat, or wear.

Nobody gave him a good-bye *fete*—
With sparkling jest and flower-crowned wine;
Two or three friends on the sidewalk stood
Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody cared how the battle went
With the man who fought till the bullet sped
Through the coat undecked with leaf or star,
On a common soldier left for dead.

The cool rain bathed the fevered wound,
And the kind clouds wept the livelong night
A pitying lotion Nature gave,
Till help might come with morning light.

Such help as the knife of the surgeon gives,
Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder,
And another name swells the pension list
For the meagre pay of a common soldier.

See over yonder all day he stands—
An empty sleeve in the salt wind sways,
As he holds his lonely left hand out
For charity, at the crossing ways.

And this is how, with bitter shame,
He begs his bread and hardly gives;
He scarcely ekes he out the sum
A proud and grateful (?) country gives.

RED JIM.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

Five and twenty years ago it was such a summer here in Victoria as it now is in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay long and dead amid moveless trees or upon level, tiresome plains; the heated air quivered against the low horizon, and danced above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry water beds, distressed flocks and wandering cattle were to be seen anywhere; sometimes the black, heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and cloud the glaring sun to crimson.—Sometimes in the close night a flash, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached us were sweeping many an acre of brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright, dazzling sky, the scorched hills and plains, the weary, irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor, half maddened sheep weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of duty which is present to me even now—There was little feed they could eat, and still less of filthy, stagnant water in the sole muddy pool on which they depended as their last resource. Listlessly they coiled in the shade and listlessly I watched them, until I began to experience a fierce, irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming mania. Some nights I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest, the still hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was ever broken. I used to envy the old station horse they had left for my use when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the sun had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to loathe the weary walk home, and, taking with me an extra supply of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped; visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the flock led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would soon have become delirious, for I had nothing to relieve the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead sweltering heat, the motionless forest, the strange murmurings of the wilderness, like the faint whisperings of a sea shell.

One night I was lying tossing about in the long grass of a box swamp, not a mile from my hut. I chose the place because the ground was cooler there than on the unsheltered plain; and as I looked up to the dull starlight, I thought of many of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was weeping what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the sleety rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter comfort of the bright hearthstone. Somehow these longings wove in with my thoughts, and in a partial dream I heard winter songs again, and loud words, and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not twenty yards from me, three men hobbling their horses, and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on a bare patch of ground and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a column of flame started up suddenly and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again, with a muttered thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and hair lip of Red Jim had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking him. The bull dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identity of this escaped convict. Recalling the man now, as I saw him then, I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was known that Red Jim had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this colony alone. It was equally known that he could only survive the incredible journey by cannibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being at that time made to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by word and feature all the evidences of ruffianism usual in those of the class. They had coarse long limbs and heavy reckless faces, seared into revolting harshness by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was speedily recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" used. Hallelujah was the sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly adhering to the habit of reading prayers in the family, morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind, benevolent man, respected by every hand on the station; and by none more than myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often sought by many subsequent attentions to cheer the loneliness of my employment. One of Red Jim's companions, in answer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath:

"Yes, we'll see if his psalm-singing will save him now."

Then the other said: "There are a couple of women there, and we shall have time to give them a taste of bush life before morning."

"Look ye 'ere," growled the ruffian, "we'll roast Hallelujah first. That our look out. We'll see if the old prayer gatherer has nothing else to do but help to run us down. Give him a taste of the fire before the devil gets him."

I had no fever, no lassitude, now; the prostration of the last few weeks left me as by magic, and in its stead I felt a fierce delightful energy tingling along every nerve. Down close amongst the dry tindering grass, away with suppressed breath and a wild feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way, on my hands and knees, with a slow determined care that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the flock without so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect, and fresh for the events of the night. Whatever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black form of the bushrangers moving about the blaze and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour passed, I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same instant a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a hurried thanksgiving that I had found him so providentially near, I unfastened the hobbles with quick, steady hands, and led him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the fine old cob was stretching himself to a swift free gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the word, "Thank God!"

What a contrast to the still hot monotonous days, and the enervated frame!—What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude!—The horse felt my determination too, and sped along without pause or stumble.—It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose and passed and came again as I hurried on for dear life, over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old cob had as little thought of rest as I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing-place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which we had started. Have horses intuition or presentiment? I don't know; but I have often wondered at the long unurged gallop of that brave old gelding.

There away beyond in the black darkness, I see something that is not a star. Is it moving, or is it the pace of the horse? It seems extinguished now. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle! It is the homestead calm and peaceful. Again, thank God.

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more, and I had dismounted to take down the slip panels of the station fence; another minute, and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that dashed the gravel from the trimkept paths.

The door was opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, glinting on the sides of the reeking horse.—Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a younger man—peered out into the night with an expression of surprise. In beyond, were the evi[illegible] quiet comfort dwelt in the little glimpse I had of the room, that settled upon me even then, rough bushman as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recall myself bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low verandah, my dress wet with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulder till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought it was the working overseer, for he said, "Is that you, Curran?" and without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table, and then stepped out to where I was.

"Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire."

"It is not Curran, sir," but Ned, the shepherd. I have come to tell you——"

"Better have your supper first, Ned. You've had a hard ride, I see. Are the sheep all right?"

"There is no time for supper. Red Jim!"

I hurriedly told him all I know. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then said quickly, "Come in. There is indeed no time to lose."

I stepped after him across the passage into the room, where there were seated two ladies reading.

"Ladies," said Mr. Christmas, as gracefully as though I held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant, "this is Ned Graham, the shepherd, to whom you remember sending medicine and comforts during his illness." The ladies bowed pleasantly as Mr. Christmas continued, "He is now come to return your kindness with interest."

They looked at me with some surprise, principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words were spoken. After a pause, the master said, "Amelia, Emily—I wish to speak to you [illegible] for a moment."

They all three left the room, while I, curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was Ivanhoe, and second some French work, and that opposite the old gentleman's chair, a large family Bible.

In a few minutes I heard Mr. Christmas' step as he returned with two double barrelled guns. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to what I had ever seen there before; not the slightest evidence of faltering or fear.

"Are you cool and a good shot?" were the first words he uttered.

"I am, sir," I replied confidently.—"Are the guns loaded and the ladies safe?"

"They are in as safe a position as I can find for them, Ned, and the guns are loaded with coarse shot and ball. You had better see if the powder is well up into the nipples. I am sorry to say my caps are none of the best. A shot missed may be death to us and to those I value more than myself. However, we are in the hands of God."

"What plan do you purpose, Mr. Christmas?" I asked earnestly.

"Take half a glass of brandy, and I will tell you."

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, Stay! don't pass between the light and the window. Go round the table. Everything must wear the appearance of peace. We cannot tell where they are now, and it would not do to arouse their suspicions."

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little parterre in front.

"Now," said my master slowly, "there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants are all absent at a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and everything will depend upon our coolness and determination. We cannot do otherwise than shoot to kill. The gang will of course enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the faintest noise can be heard on such a night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the large posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first."

[illegible] we walked across to the paddock entrance, and stood opposite each other at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart, I peered into the obscurity.—Afar, I thought I could see a faint tint on the sky, like the reflection of the ruffians camp fire. The night was terribly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses but a kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim, hazy curtain across the sky, and the night was of a black darkness. I should have thought oftentimes that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure opposite, and the faint stars. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black rugged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the darkness. Then the face of Red Jim would grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood.—Still, no sound broke on the dark shrouding night. Sometimes I thought, with a start, that the bushrangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

At last there came a thin, faint murmur that barely caught the ear, and as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be the footfall of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come again, but each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually, I heard a muffled sound, distinct and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move.

My hand felt along the cool barrels and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see the "view." [illegible] had taken the weapon down again, Mr. Christmas said in a clear, low whisper, "Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry."

As the sounds of the horses' hoofs and of voices [illegible], I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the example [illegible], with both guns cocked, we waited the enemies nearer approach. Gradually I recognized the outlines of the men against the sky, cloudy as it was; they were approaching in single file, and [illegible] became [illegible] I heard [illegible] laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers, I heard [illegible] passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, [illegible] It was impossible to distinguish [illegible] the speakers were [illegible] I heard one of them enquire:

"Are [illegible] sure the hands ain't about?"

"[illegible] spin up his yarn about the fire, the cove sent 'em all away to [illegible]"

"[illegible] first. If we fire the box, it'll bring [illegible]"

"[illegible] the mell," whispered one of them authoritatively, and whom I [illegible] was Red Jim. "I'll make the [illegible] old psalm-singer a [illegible] log for the [illegible] fire. Then we'll make love if you [illegible]"

"Come on," said an impatient [illegible], "don't [illegible] a prayer meeting over it."

They [illegible] their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I [illegible], and approached the entrance [illegible] I determined to adhere [illegible] to the orders I had received, [illegible] the opposite fire. I knew the [illegible] companion would allow the men to advance a little, [illegible] that he [illegible] a throbbing heart that I saw the black form of the first bushranger pass between us.

"I heard [illegible] made with an oath over a [illegible] Then a [illegible] of flame [illegible] its abrupt [illegible] on the darkness, and the sound had not [illegible] to echoes before a [illegible] the villain stagger [illegible] a few paces and fell, [illegible] the dust. The light of the discharge [illegible] just died out, when I heard [illegible] snap, [illegible] sportsman shoots when [illegible] and [illegible] I knew that the master's gun was now useless.

"Come [illegible] Ned. It's the [illegible] him self. I saw him by the light of the [illegible] his [illegible] now." And [illegible] the men rushed [illegible] where my master stood, followed [illegible] comrade.

I had [illegible] of them covered, but if I fired [illegible] the noise of struggling [illegible] master. Thus I stood with the gun [illegible], undecided and half mad. The [illegible] of one of the men saying, "Damn your knife him!" resolved me, and [illegible] I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell who it was, and, as he appeared to let go his hold, and [illegible] the horses I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across [illegible] just in time to see the wounded wretch bend over Mr. Christmas and trying to strangle him.—In a moment the gun was poised and smashed to fragments on his skull. But we had exposed our strength, and the remaining bushranger, who believed he had stabbed my companion, seized one of the guns left standing at the fence, and fired. The ball was unpleasantly close, and I had scarce time to know that I was uninjured, when Red Jim himself was upon me with the weapon clubbed. I made a rapid spring at him before the blow could [illegible] ed on the ground together. With all the force of my strength I resisted his efforts to grasp me by the throat, but at last his hideous face sunk close to mine, and his teeth met beneath my chin. I experienced a suffocating giddy feeling, and then I heard hurried voices and running feet just as I felt my grip relax powerless. [illegible] the frightful grip relaxed too, and Red Jim rose to his feet and jumped on my chest with all his force.

When I came to consciousness I found myself in the cheerful parlor, and the ladies' hands were tenderly washing away the traces of the night. Mr. Christmas had fainted from loss of blood, but was not dangerously wounded.

Red Jim escaped, but his two companions, neither of whom were killed, were given into the safe keeping of the authorities, and afterwards hanged. Three years after the affray Mr. Christmas made me his overseer, and finally his manager. A long time has passed since then, but yet a closer relationship exists between us. I am writing the tale of my early experiences at the same table whereon I saw the Bible on that memorable night. There is a lady who sits opposite to me. She was the reader of Ivanhoe, the daughter of Mr. Christmas, and she is my wife.

INTERESTING TO DRESS MAKERS.—The Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue has written a letter, in reply to an inquiry made of him in relation to the duty on dress making, in which he says that upon this point the law is explicit, that if the material is furnished by one party and manufactured by another, the party so manufacturing is liable to the duty upon the full value of the furnished article. He adds: "This law may be oppressive to some, but the relief is in adding the tax to price of the manufacture, and by this means the person for whom the goods are manufactured indirectly pays the duty."

Origin of Geographical Names in New Jersey.

The origin of the names of the towns, streams and counties, as given below, is most reliable. A few of them, in default of better authority, are based upon tradition, and even these, we think will generally be found correct:

Absecum—Indian; signifying a place for swans.

Acquackanock—Indian (formerly Haquequenunck and Aquigquanuke) signifying a place where gum blocks were procured for pounding corn.

Allowaystown and Creek—Indian; after an Indian chief named Alloway, who resided in that vicinity about [illegible]

Barnegat—Dutch; originally Barendegat, signifying "Breakers' Inlet" or an inlet with breakers, named by Captain Mey, 1614.

Batsto—Indian; signifying a place for bathing.

Billingsport—Named in honor of Edward Byllinge, one of the West Jersey Proprietors.

Bordentown—Derives its name from Joseph Borden, an early settler.

Bergen—the word Bergen signifies "hills or mountains."—As many of the first settlers were Norwegians, it is probable they named the place Bergen both because it was hilly and also after Bergen in Norway.

Cape May—Was named by Captain Cornelius Jacobze Mey, in 1614 after himself. He also named New York [illegible] "Port Mey," Delaware bay "New Port Mey," and Cape Henlopen he named "Cape Cornelius"—all in honor of himself. But one of the names which he so egotistically bestowed has been retained, and that has been changed from Cape Mey to May.

Caldwell—in honor of Rev. James Caldwell, who was brutally murdered by the British during the Revolutionary War.

Carpenter's Landing—After Thomas Carpenter, an early settler.

Cohansey—After an Indian chief named Chawzick, who resided on the south side of the stream about 1675.

Cumberland.—This county was so named in 1747, by Gov Belcher, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland.

Camden—Named by one of the Coopers, [illegible] in honor of an English nobleman who had shown himself friendly to the American colonists.

Elizabethtown—In honor of Lady Elizabeth Carteret.

Egg Harbor—Originally called by the Dutch "Eyre Heaven," which means Egg Harbor, on account of the number of gulls' eggs found there by Captain Mey, in the "Fortune," 1614.

Hunterdon.—This county was so named in honor of Gov. Robert Hunter.

Haddonfield—After John Haddon, an early settler.

Hackettstown—After Samuel Hackett, an early settler.

Juliustown—After Julius Evans, an ancient landowner.

Jobstown—After Job Lippincott, an early settler.

Lamberton—After Thomas Lambert, who settled here about 1679.

Long-a-Coming—Tradition says that two travelers, almost perishing with thirst, at length here found a spring of water, and called it "Long-a Coming," because they were so long in coming to it.

Maurice River.—A ship named the "Prince Maurice" was burned in this stream by the Indians and sunk half a mile below Mauricetown. The name of the river and town was derived from the vessel.

Manahawkin—Indian; signifies good land of corn.

May's Landing—After George May, who settled here about the year 1610.

Mendham.—Tradition says that the first comers to this place were wild, unruly fellows. A man named Ebenezer Byram settled there, and upon being told the characters of these men, replied; "I'll mend 'em," which assertion he literally carried out, and hence the name.

Musconetcong—Indian signifying a rapidly running stream.

Morris.—This county was named in honor of Governor Lewis Morris.

Mullica Hill.—Derives its name from Erick Mullica, Swede, who settled here when young, and lived to be one hundred years old.

Mercer.—This county was named in honor of General Mercer, who fell in the battle of Princeton.

New Egypt.—Tradition says that an old settler named Cowperthwaite Kimmons owned a mill here, and raised great quantities of corn in the vicinity; and on account of the quantity of corn he raised, people at a distance used jokingly to call the place Egypt, and the name thus applied has been retained.

Pemberton.—Named after James Pemberton. Previous to 1816 this place was called New Mills.

Port Elizabeth (Cumberland county)—Named in honor of Elizabeth Bodely, a widow lady who owned much land here in 1796.

Pompton—Derives its name from the Pompton tribe of Indians.

Pilesgrove—After James Piles an ancient land owner.

Pittsgrove—In honor of Sir William Pitt.

Paterson—In honor of Governor William Paterson.

Raritan—After a tribe of Indians of this name.

Rahway—Supposed to derive its name from an Indian chief named Rahwack, who lived where the town now stands.

Ringoes—Derives its name from John [illegible]goes, who settled here about 1720.

[illegible]

Salem—So called by Fenwick, probably [illegible] peaceful aspect of the place when he first landed.

Spotswood—[illegible] to have been so named by John Johnston, an early settler, after Spotswood, in Scotland, from whence he came.

Trenton—In honor of Colonel William Trent [illegible]

Tuckerton—After Ebenezer Tucker [illegible]

[illegible]

Toms River—[illegible] Captain William Toms [illegible]

Woodbury—Originally settled by Richard Wood; his brother afterwards joined him, and named the place Woodbury.

West Creek—[illegible]

[illegible] said the young man.

"Do you want [illegible]"

"Certainly, I am [illegible]" he replied.

"My brother doesn't work hard, and I dislike a [illegible] and she turned up her pretty [illegible]

This was the last time the mechanic [illegible] the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for a wife. The young lady who disdained the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grogshops—and she, poor miserable girl, is obliged to support herself and [illegible]

You who dislike the name of mechanic, whose [illegible] and dress, beware how you treat men who work for a living. Far better discard the well fed pauper with all his rings and brazen-facedness, and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous handed, industrious, intelligent mechanic. Thousands have bitterly repented their folly, who have turned their backs to honest industry. A few years of bitter experience taught them a sad lesson. In this country no man or woman should be respected, in our way of thinking, who will not work mentally or physically, and who curl their lips with scorn when introduced to hard-working men.

A Monomaniac's Work.

[illegible] noticed the miniature fort at the top of [illegible] the north of the Lunatic Asylum [illegible] the work of an insane man, who has spent half his life upon it. He lost his mind in Mexico, or somewhere else, where high privates were [illegible] Mr. Armstrong, or Mr. Parrott, or Mr. Whitworth, by going crazy [illegible] gunnery was [illegible] fortification.

He was found to be quite hopeless, and obedient to his monomania, they gave him entrenching tools, and told him to fortify the island.

He took the geographical and geological bearings, with the accuracy of a West Pointer, [illegible] upon it [illegible] he devised a [illegible] proof, approaches [illegible] and gates, and mounting heavy ordnance. There never was a more patient worker for humanity or patriotism than this poor addlehead! [illegible] no assistance. All the other monomaniacs had all on the brain, or poetry, or capital punishment, or [illegible] suffrage, and were quite as devoted and zealous as he upon their several ideas.

So the old soldier, with a long sigh, and a brave heart, took up his single shovel, and commenced to build the whole fort by himself.

He wheeled barrow after barrow of earth into the sea, toiling from morning till night, until at last he raised a narrow causeway from the island land [illegible] at the end of a long and bar [illegible] bles and stones from the river he walled, this causeway until it became permanent. All this was not a month's or a year's work. Year after year passed over his grey hairs, but he kept the wheelbarrow [illegible] greater island [illegible] was making its axis." So he went on like the men who threw up the Charleston re-