

RIVERTON JOURNAL.

October 1st, 1861.

The Journal is published monthly at Riverton, Burlington Co., N. J. by A. A. FRASER, JOHN S. BIROEN, E. H. EARNSHAW, EDWD. PRIESTLEY.

Single subscription 50 cents per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisement is inserted at reasonable rates,

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF

MAILS.

It is generally expected of newspaper editors, that they will furnish inquirers with the reasons why things are, and remain the way they are. It is to be supposed, that there are reasons for everything, and we are expected to discover and set them before our subscribers, sometimes however we are baffled. The question comes "why is it that the Penn R. R. refused to place a train on their schedule which is run every night as an extra, and which, if stopped, on signal, would be greatly appreciated by the patrons of the road?" We cannot answer the above.

True it is, that it would not pay; but still the train has to be run, and it will always stop if any of the employes wish to use it. Why not stop it then on signal, it would accommodate several persons every night, and would frequently save serious inconvenience.

To the widow and family of the departed are our deepest, heart-felt sympathies given. A consolation and a great one, is, that Garfield has not lived in vain; his career from the beginning was one of unexampled ambition and good judgment, and dying he has left us an example of a noble man and Christian.

With this issue ends our first year, and, contrary to the prediction of many of our friends, we have successfully conducted our paper through twelve consecutive months, thereby fulfilling our contract with our subscribers. It now devolves upon us to decide whether we shall continue publication the succeeding year, and as the ultimate decision thereon will depend upon the encouragement we receive, we would respectfully solicit those of our present subscribers so desirous to notify us either personally or by postal card of their willingness to continue their patronage of the paper.

The propositions for enlarging our sheet, and also for increasing the frequency of publication have been amply discussed, and, though tending to show that the spirit of progress in us is not entirely dormant, have been decided negatively.

In the event of publication the "Journal" will therefore be issued as heretofore, appearing on or about the 15th of each month, and throughout the entire volume we shall faithfully endeavor to improve the standard of our publication and increase the interest of our patrons.

In antedating this issue some

days, it may be well to give a word of exhortation. The final scenes of our great national calamity transpiring at a time when, fully three weeks would elapse before our going

then followed a brief historical sketch.

I will say the better, concluding his discourse, would I have you imitate the departed. Imitate him, by choosing Christ as your Saviour, while you are in the enjoyment of health. Seek first and always, the

kingdom of God, and, then, your life will be noble and beautiful, and your death, when it comes, will be triumphant and glorious, the ending of a life replete with satisfaction and crowned by the life eternal."

After singing the hymn "Nearer my God to thee," the congregation was dismissed with the benediction:

C. L. FLANAGAN,
Sec'y Board of Directors.

The long contested race for the magnificent intaglio locket presented by Mr. Wm. F. Dreen is at last decided. The yachtsmen have been disappointed so many times by lack of wind, that even the hard blow on the afternoon of the 15th ult., the day appointed for the final race, was eagerly welcomed.

Three yachts started: Curlew, Captain L. C. Cook; Elsie, Captain Chas. M. Biddle, and Gypsey, Captain Wm. Bowler. Two of them, the Gypsey and Curlew having each won one of the previous races. The Elsie was first away, followed closely by the other two boats. She maintained the lead until after rounding the first buoy, when the Curlew pulled ahead.

The race was a very good one until on rounding the upper buoy for the last time, the Gypsey carried away the S hook fastening the throat halyards to the mast. After this the Curlew gradually gained on the Elsie and finished an easy winner.

The wind was so high that all the yachts suffered more or less damage.

—Mr. L. H. Davis and family have returned to Riverton.

On Saturday last the Lawn House was closed for the season.

The pavilions of the Ball and Yacht Club are draped in mourning.

A number of boarders left the White House to-day for their city homes.

The impressive memorial services at the churches on Monday last, at 2 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, and, although the heat at that hour of the day was intense, a goodly audience came together. The pulpit, and communion table and chairs were heavily draped, while a few flowers prepared by loving hands somewhat relieved the sombre appearance. The exercises were simple, and consisted of singing, prayer, appropriate readings and a short memorial sermon. The text chosen for the occasion was taken from 2d Samuel 1, 19, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen." The speaker commenced by saying "A great man has fallen, and fifty millions of people are clothed in the habiliments of mourning. Their lamentations have gone out into the whole earth, and many nations are joining them in their demonstrations of sorrow. Jehovah hath lifted his rod, and, in the majesty of his mighty power, hath laid in the dust our pride and glory. Let all the earth keep silence before him" for Behold, the Lord, the Lord of Hosts hath taken away from Judah her stay and her staff.

—The game at the White House on the 15th ult., was a complete success; owing chiefly to the efforts of Messrs. C. W. Davis and L. K. Passmore.

A gentleman at the White House is afraid of being stolen. He barricades his door every night, and sleeps with a pistol conveniently within reach.

—Rail birds are still to be found, and indeed may be said to be still plentiful, at high-tide the sounds from the marsh resemble a brisk engagement of infantry.

Two tennis matches have been played on the ball grounds. One on the 20th ult., between J. D'Invilliers and W. D. Roberts of Riverton, and Paul Thompson and F. Hovey of Beverly. The Riverton boys won by the following score, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1. On the 27th ult. J. D'Invilliers and E. H. Earshaw of Riverton played F. Hovey and H. Hall of Beverly, and were defeated by the following score, 3-6, 5-6.

—The annual ball was held on J. S. Buel's, for his kindness in stopping the late down train last evening.

The following notice was sent to each of the members of the Riverton Ball Club:

PHILA. Sept. 29th 1861.
DEAR SIR.—In consequence of the death of the President, there will be no game at Riverton on Saturday, September 24th.

The Board of Directors most respectfully request that the Ball Grounds will not be used until after the day of the funeral, Monday, September 26th.

C. L. FLANAGAN,
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THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

In the last number of the Riverton Journal was an article headed "The National Suspense." In that article the writer said, "that when we see the aspect of the countenances which we meet, and in what frame we ourselves shall be when these lines reach the reader, cannot be predicted." There were those who said the view taken was too despondent; but when the Journal reached the readers the clouds were gathering, and in one week from the day on which the article was written, the writer was awakened by the toll of the Passing Bell—the suspense was closed.

"The lion may expire by the pounce of the eagle soaring to the utmost height, or by the mousing owl, hawked at and killed." And thus was the toll of a life stopped, the hope of a life quenched, the light of living darkness, forever in defeat.

Our Creator, He is also our Redeemer. We can not understand the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Victor in life, enduring hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, his death he was Victor through him, who hath destroyed death—even though in their homes far away the mother of the stricken, the wife and the children lift their voices in affliction; though a nation weep with them, and the world respond to their grief."

MAN, AS GOD'S INSTRUMENT.

A SERMON PREACHED IN CHAPEL CHURCH, RIVERTON, N.J., ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1861, BY REV. H. HASTINGS WILD, D.D.

Man is like a shadow that passeth away. "Farewell, &

In connection with these words of David, take those of David's greater son, Our Saviour. David saith: "Lord what is man that Thou hast such respect unto him or the son of man that Thou shouldest regard him?" But the hill-top, after all, is cold and cheerless. The rays which gild the summit have not the life-giving warmth which makes the valley fruitful in the shelter of safety, genial in the sunlight of hope.

This, in our simply human aspirations, as all know who have lived for an earthly future and striven for an earthly kingdom, is truly, though fittingly true. There is patience working experience and experience hope in the strife of loyal ambition and of honest and heroic endeavor. Each step accomplished in elevation—not for that which in the present is secured, but for what the future promises.

—On Saturday the 17th ult., one of the most interesting games of Base Ball of the season was played here between the Home nine, and the Keystone Club of Philadelphia. The game began about four o'clock, our boys going to the bat and making one run the first inning. Their opponents opened their game with fair batting, and scored one run.

Up to the ninth inning the Home nine had made eleven runs, while the visitors had made but one. Things looked very encouraging, and victory was evident. The Keystone who had the last bat, took a stand at the ninth inning, and made six runs, such a favorable showing however was not the result of especially fine playing on their part, but to a great extent due to the number of errors made by the Home nine. The following is the score by innings:

Riverton... 1 0 1 4 1 3 0 1 0 — 11
Keystone... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6 — 7

Mr. F. P. Ogden, was umpire.

The fielding on our side up to the ninth inning was splendid, but two errors having been made, it even surpassed that of the game with the Young America Club on Sept. 3d.

The following games have been arranged for October, which will end the Base Ball Season: October 1st, Auburn of Philadelphia; October 8th, Houston of Thurlow, Pa.; October 15th, Clipper of Philadelphia. The Houston Club has a reputation of being a very strong nine, and the game arranged with them for the 15th will no doubt be an exciting one. We know though that our boys will not fall short of their duty, and we feel confident that victory for them will be the outcome of the game.

"The life of man is but a shadow, while its order and its use are marred. He turned aside to seek rest from the ever-growing storm. The arm of the assassin reached him, and Garfield lay dead.

"Then you and I and all of us fell down. The lion may expire by the pounce of the eagle soaring to the utmost height, or by the mousing owl, hawked at and killed." And thus was the toll of a life stopped, the hope of a life quenched, the light of living darkness, forever in defeat.

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David looked at the stars, and considered the fishes of the sea. Behold and consider carefully for there is no substance which enters into the structure of the bird, and of the flower, which is not also to be detected in our own mortal bodies. Through the dust from which we came, we are kindred to all created things; not only the graceful and the beautiful, but to the loathsome and the vile. Therefore, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more precious than the body than that raiment?" God, who feedeth the fowls of the air and clothes the grass of the field, has man no less in his keeping. "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." In other words of Holy Scripture—Cast all your care upon God, for He careth for you.

"Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away." In our mortal natures we come up and are cut down like the flower and never continue in our stay. Yet the flower of a day blooms its best and its brightest. The blossom of an hour is as beautiful as if it were to continue forever. The colors of the rainbow are as perfect as if the arch on which they are painted were eternal: the purple gleam on the bullock is as gorgeously bright as it is fleeting.

"So, though our day may be brief, God demands of us that it be His; and though we take no thought for the morrow, we must live to-day as in an accepted time, a day of salvation. The brevity of our human life releases us from no duty which is enjoined of God and belongs to our higher life and our heavenly hopes. The shorter our day, the more abundant is our reward in the heavenly promises. If we run our race in the way of God's commandments, the earlier we are taken hence the sooner we reach the goal of promise and the haven of rest.

"So, beloved, though man be like a thing of nought, and his time passeth away like a shadow, it is of this earthly life that this is said: We have seen how, in his earthly nature he is allied to perishable things, as is

himself perishable. He moves, in the providence of God, as an agent in the temporal affairs of the world; and it would sometimes seem, with as little regard from other men, as to his life or death, his happiness, or misfortune as is paid to the shifting sands which build an island, or to the rushing stream which opens a river course. Indeed, nations seem to be awed along to their fall, or lifted to eminence, almost without choice of good, or power to avoid evil. As to the individuals which form the masses, the millions, they will each have a separate record upon the earth, when men can single out leaves of the forest by their names, or ticket each of the pebbles which the sea rolls upon the shore.

Well—and, what then? Though in the fearful battle crash; in the sweep of the destruction which washeth at noonday; or the stealthy march of the midnight pestilence; in the cowardly blow of the assassin, or in the daily and usual harvest of death; man is like a thing of nought, yet still the hairs of his head are numbered. Though the mighty flood of time tosses the generations of men as the sweeping river moves the earth; and the race of men, thus swept along, appear as unconscious and as helpless as the pebble of the sand, yet each is a responsible being, and on each is God's all-seeing eye. In His book are all their members within and unto Him has each an individual accountability. Whatever befall in the world at large, each has round him his own world, and each has the issues of his own heart to watch. Each has the duty before him so to pass through things temporal, that finally he fail not of the things eternal. Each has the right to approach God, the Father, through the Son, and each the duty and the power to cry: "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" And each has the promise upon repentance and faith, of receiving pardon and peace.

We are very blind; therefore should we be very hopeful. Who so confident of the future as the little child? The humility of the little child, our blessed Lord declares is the warrant of greatness in the Kingdom of Heaven. And it seems to me, Beloved that this humility is what we chiefly lack. I mean especially, humility towards God, and confidence in His wisdom, and power. We are prone to distract ourselves with thoughts of the morrow, to dwell on all possible reverses, and to think and speak as if we directed events, and as if there were not a God over all, blessed forever!

Whatever may betide us here, our chief concern is with the life beyond the grave. There are no shadows, no changes, no doubts, and those who shall be pronounced blessed, of the Father, shall serve Him understandingly. Here we see as through a glass, darkly, where we shall, see face to face. Here in our mortal nature we are sorely tried and hindered; there clothed upon with bodies, like unto the glorious body of the Son of God, no more the flesh shall war against the spirit. Here we form part of a world, groaning, striving for redemption, and feeling within us the mighty working whereby Christ subdueth all things unto Himself. There—the victory won, the work complete—we shall, if we have loved, be both, in and of the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Here we are in our mortal natures, God's unconscious agents; there, in our glorified bodies shall we be his intelligent servants,

Here we are part of a changing world; there we shall be dwelling in an unchanging Heaven. Here we tempt and are tempted; there nothing enters, which toucheth or maketh a lie. Our abode here is short, at the best, but as we have said the shortness of our life does not release us from the obligation to perform our whole duty, only let us not doubt or fear. Never, because night fails us, let us think there shall be no more day. Never, because our ideas of what should be, do not, at once come to pass, let us say: "Then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed mine hands in innocency." Never let us doubt, that there is God who ruleth in the earth though we cannot understand His judgments.

"Man is like a thing of nought; his time passeth away like a shadow." The Psalmist here speaks of the whole race. Let us each apply the thought to himself. Each man is like a thing of nought compared to the good his suffering or death may procure for his family, his country, or the church of Christ. Let us not then murmur or repine since we know not what God is doing with us, or how in enduring suffering patiently we may be entertaining angels unaware.

Angels unawares! Often unawares the sick and suffering are visited by the invisible, ministering servants of Him who has ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order! Often do they succor and defend those who look still in trust to God on high, and call to him out of the deep of earthly sorrow. Can we doubt that their invisible wings fanned the temples of him, to whom living, all thoughts were turned; to him whom dead, all minds are following as in a funeral train, as he is moved to the last resting place? Whether we live or die we are the Lord's. In life His, in death His; living, we fill our appointed place on earth. Death—the end—crowns our work whether it be good or whether it be evil. Life and death are both in the wonderful order of God's appointment, and death as surely, as life works out His will; being dead, His servants yet speak, and the noble army of martyrs are His witnesses still. It is well done in this Church in her most solemn office, to bless God's holy Name, for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear. It is well to be seen, Him for grace to follow their good examples. Surely for our lamented dead we may this day bless God's holy Name; and surely we may say that as God's instrument, even in his death, he has bequeathed to his nation in the legacy of a good example, an inheritance above all price, and that to the faithful in the kingdom of God upon earth the seal of his testament is that God is true. May God give us all, faith, to defer to His wisdom; hope to look forward to His salvation; and grace to work with fear and trembling since He worketh in us. He worketh in us for our own salvation if we consent; for His great and insurmountable purposes, whether we consent or not. He is the Lord of Hosts, and His Hosts obey; even all the sons of men who have lived, who now live, and who shall come hereafter. The hosts are marching on, and the pulse of time is the measure of their tread. They serve their hour in this present—but whatever else they do, march on, and on, and on, a ceaseless train to the dark river.

The front of this mighty line has fondest the stream. The dead, small and great are before the throne of

Pemberton township, including the borough of Pemberton, 2,885

Randolph township, 488
Shamong township, 1,097

Southampton township, including the village of Vinemontown, 2,900

Vinecotton village, 688
Springfield township, including the village of Jacksonville, 1,886

Jacksonville village, 94
Washington township, 389

Westampton township, including the following villages, 715

Rancocas village [part of], 80
Timbuctoo village, 108
Willingboro township, including part of village of Rancocas, 748

Rancocas village [part of], 172
New Rancocas village, 172

Burlington Gazette,
AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

We cannot but regard it as a happy sign of the times that English and American thought are subject to such interchange. Every new English magazine tries to obtain an American audience, and frequently does succeed in obtaining a very respectable footing in that country. The Americans have been equally successful here. *Scribner's Monthly* has here no longer a sale as most of our own magazines. *Harper's Magazine* is now running against *Scribner*, while *Lippincott* and the *Atlantic* are endeavouring to secure similar recognition. The *Atlantic* is perhaps the most national, treating everything from the Bostonian point of view, while the others are more Catholic. All from time to time notice our English authors especially those who flourished in the time of George IV.—Byron, Keats, Shelley, Moore, Wordsworth, Lamb. All these and sundry others are treated in a loving affectionate manner, clearly showing the influence they had upon the mind of the American proper.

We question whether we in this country have ever felt such reverence for our authors as the Americans have shown. But we have done something equally good. Where is the Englishman who would permit a word to the detriment of Longfellow? Who is there who does not feel honored by the mention of Mr. Lowell? and are not the verses of scores of their fellow countrymen household words in our homes Sundays and week-days? This loving interchange of thought cannot be otherwise than Christianising in its effects.

The mother of Oscar Wilde has been in her day a distinguished beauty and an important influence, the former as Jane Frances Elgee, daughter of an Anglican clergyman in Dublin, the latter as "Speranza," the leading poet of the "Young Ireland" day, 1848 and thereafter. A brother of hers was Judge Elgee of Louisiana, a local Confederate leader and member of the Confederate Senate. She married Dr. Wilde of Dublin in 1851.

As far back as forty-one years New Jersey raised 171,500 pounds of tobacco in one year on 124 acres, most of which was grown on Duck Island, in the Delaware above Bordentown. In subsequent years the crop was neglected and the yield decreased. Fifteen States now produce within a fraction of the entire yield, among which Kentucky occupies the first position, Virginia the second and Pennsylvania third.

Apolinis, Seitzer, Vichy and other mineral waters are for sale by Cougherty & Co.; also beer, ale, porter, wine, cider, etc., which is strengthening as well as being a delicious beverage. Prices per bottle 25 cents, reduced rates per dozen.

of their footsteps, on and on! And though many sounding about, many sights charm us, still the eye of thought sees the wave of the dark river; still, to the inner ear, awfully distinct—

Hearst, like muffled drums are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

O that men were wise that they understood this—that they would consider their latter end!"

Never, because our ideas of what should be, do not, at once come to pass, let us say: "Then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed mine hands in innocency." Never let us doubt, that there is God who ruleth in the earth though we cannot understand His judgments.

Man is like a thing of nought; his time passeth away like a shadow. The Psalmist here speaks of the whole race. Let us each apply the thought to himself. Each man is like a thing of nought compared to the good his suffering or death may procure for his family, his country, or the church of Christ.

Let us not then murmur or repine since we know not what God is doing with us, or how in enduring suffering patiently we may be entertaining angels unaware.

Angels unawares! Often unawares the sick and suffering are visited by the invisible, ministering servants of Him who has ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order! Often do they succor and defend those who look still in trust to God on high, and call to him out of the deep of earthly sorrow. Can we doubt that their invisible wings fanned the temples of him, to whom living, all thoughts were turned; to him whom dead, all minds are following as in a funeral train, as he is moved to the last resting place?

Whether we live or die we are the Lord's. In life His, in death His; living, we fill our appointed place on earth. Death—the end—crowns our work whether it be good or whether it be evil. Life and death are both in the wonderful order of God's appointment, and death as surely, as life works out His will; being dead, His servants yet speak, and the noble army of martyrs are His witnesses still.

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Scribner's Monthly has here no longer a sale as most of our own magazines. *Harper's Magazine* is now running against *Scribner*, while *Lippincott* and the *Atlantic* are endeavouring to secure similar recognition. The *Atlantic* is perhaps the most national, treating everything from the Bostonian point of view, while the others are more Catholic. All from time to time notice our English authors especially those who flourished in the time of George IV.—Byron, Keats, Shelley, Moore, Wordsworth, Lamb. All these and sundry others are treated in a loving affectionate manner, clearly showing the influence they had upon the mind of the American proper.

We question whether we in this country have ever felt such reverence for our authors as the Americans have shown. But we have done something equally good. Where is the Englishman who would permit a word to the detriment of Longfellow? Who is there who does not feel honored by the mention of Mr. Lowell? and are not the verses of scores of their fellow countrymen household words in our homes Sundays and week-days? This loving interchange of thought cannot be otherwise than Christianising in its effects.

The mother of Oscar Wilde has been in her day a distinguished beauty and an important influence, the former as Jane Frances Elgee, daughter of an Anglican clergyman in Dublin, the latter as "Speranza," the leading poet of the "Young Ireland" day, 1848 and thereafter. A brother of hers was Judge Elgee of Louisiana, a local Confederate leader and member of the Confederate Senate. She married Dr. Wilde of Dublin in 1851.

As far back as forty-one years New Jersey raised 171,500 pounds of tobacco in one year on 124 acres, most of which was grown on Duck Island, in the Delaware above Bordentown. In subsequent years the crop was neglected and the yield decreased. Fifteen States now produce within a fraction of the entire yield, among which Kentucky occupies the first position, Virginia the second and Pennsylvania third.

Apolinis, Seitzer, Vichy and other mineral waters are for sale by Cougherty & Co.; also beer, ale, porter, wine, cider, etc., which is strengthening as well as being a delicious beverage. Prices per bottle 25 cents, reduced rates per dozen.

Never, because our ideas of what should be, do not, at once come to pass, let us say: "Then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed mine hands in innocency." Never let us doubt, that there is God who ruleth in the earth though we cannot understand His judgments.

Man is like a thing of nought; his time passeth away like a shadow. The Psalmist here speaks of the whole race. Let us each apply the thought to himself. Each man is like a thing of nought compared to the good his suffering or death may procure for his family, his country, or the church of Christ.

Let us not then murmur or repine since we know not what God is doing with us, or how in enduring suffering patiently we may be entertaining angels unaware.

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