

# The Hammonton Item.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HAMMONTON AND MAKING MONEY.

VOL. I.--NO. 26.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

## Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, June 25, 1872.

Some one has put on record the remark that "New York is not by any means an American city." To a certain degree it is true. Like Paris and New Orleans it has its quarters, where you may find respectively classed the Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, German and Chinaman. And you all of these national elements you will find cosmopolized in one locality—the Bowery.

What Broadway is to the West side of the town, the Bowery is to the East. It is the shilling promenade. The poor live there; and you see the peculiar characteristics of poverty written in blurred and nasty emblems all over the neighborhood. Starting from City Hall, within two hundred rods of Broadway, you strike little old cloth-shops, intermingled with cheap corner groceries and subterranean saloons. You are on the old colonial stage road to Boston—Chatham street. The procession that passes you is composed of the working class—during the day—but at night look out for thieves. There are dens notorious to the police as receptacles for stolen goods, "cribs" where congregate the robbers of the town, and houses in which every window for six or seven stories upwards is a picture of squalid half-dressed woman and children. The street terminates in an irregular open space, on what was once a steep hill side, and is known as Chatham square, but a mockery, by the way, on that shape, for it is anything but square.

This is the beginning of the Bowery proper—the vestibule of the social catacombs, in which lie buried all around you every species of humanity that is obliged to plod for an existence.

See it at night. In spite of the street lamps there is nothing brilliant about it. The shadows seem to float out from the overcrowded tenement-houses that loom in the darkness on either side. In the dingy beer-shops and dirtier cellars, lurk some of the worst specimens of our population, uncanny forms of varied evil arising at night from every corner, or diving down dimly-lighted stairways to shrink from sight. Here are to be found the little street Arabs, the boy and girls precariously old, who will soon fill the penitentiaries; here the once innocent country girl who has dropped in the great maelstrom, and is peering round and round in her dance towards death—a red bloated, fearful burlesque upon woman. Here is the city "rough,"—black and white, hiding perhaps from justice, or awaiting some new opportunity to go forth with brass knuckles, knife or burglar's "jimmy."

The beer gardens are also a feature of this locality. Step into the "Atlantic," and you may almost fancy yourself in the Federland. The hall is immense, and thronged by hundreds who gather around the little tables where, with pipes, lager and Rhein wine, they while away the hours. A fine band furnishes the music and the scene is bewildering. Further on is the Bowery Theatre—the grand play house of the *gumina*, where the audience may eat peanuts and shout their criticisms at the top of their voices. The deities of the true blood-and-thunder drama preside here, and curious phases of life are visible on all sides.

The worst—by far the worst feature of this neighborhood is its tenement houses. Or rather, they ought to be called Seven Story Coffins, for probably nowhere else in America is there such a congregation of people literally packed in death-tainted dens and dying by inches. Windows broken; lodgers dirty; clothes lines extending across the tunnel like streets, whereon are flying in the wind the ghosts of ragged garments; children playing around the filth that lines the curb stone gutters reeking with pollution; rumen of liquor from the cellar dram shop; jeers, screams, oaths—these are a part of the rude surroundings of a New York tenement house, with its wild untamed population of hundreds.

We leave this disgusting locality with a sense of relief, and re-enter the Bowery to continue our journey up town until it merges into the clearer and more brightly neighborhood of the Cooper Institute and Union Square.

All of the "breathing spots" of the Metropolis, by the way, have now put on their summer dress, and you will find no spectacle more animated than that which is presented on a summer evening, and especially on Sundays by the thousands who flock thither to enjoy the fresh air.

In this connection I may remark that all of the public squares have undergone marked improvements—the iron railings being removed, the paths widened and the birds encouraged to build their nests. Union Square just at the head of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, is destined to become a beautiful spot. Twenty years ago the houses around it were the residences of the most aristocratic citizens, and there was an air of dignified seclusion about the place peculiarly West-Edish.

Now, these old homes are giving place to magnificent business establishments, and in a little while you will see an array of architectural beauty unequalled in any city of the United States.

Among the ancient landmarks thus yielding to the march of progress is the Roosevelt mansion on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway, and fronting on Union Square. The property has been purchased by the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, and they are now creating a superb edifice in the Renaissance style which in its elegance will overshadow every building in the neighborhood. It is but a little while since this Company commenced operations in New York—being of Western origin—but their machines have become so suddenly popular with the masses, because of their superior utility, convenience and economy that wealth and success have crowned the enterprise, and the proprietors are enabled to vie with the older corporations who have so long held the market.

We have recently enjoyed a sensation in the shape of a city tornado that uprooted trees, unroofed houses, and played all sorts of pranks with window glass, shutters, awnings and perambulating Dolly Vardens. Our other "Sensation" is the "Strike." The movement has become comprehensive and systematic. Twenty thousand mechanics refuse to work more than eight hours a day, and many of the employers are equally obstinate in declining to accede to their demands. My impression is that the contest will result in a compromise.

Some terrible murders and suicides have been committed during the last week and justice seems to be among the things that were. In one instance, when an irate Frenchman shot his wife dead in the street, the people came very near hanging him to a lamp-post, and it looks very much as if they were getting up to that point of indignation which sometimes calls on Judge Lynch to produce his rope. The weather has become excessively hot and there is an exodus to watering places.

The *Aldine* makes its usual artistic appearance this month. No periodical in New York is watched by the public with more interest, or treasured in the household so long. Its illustrations constitute a superb picture gallery.

THEN AND NOW.—Less than a year ago Horace Greeley addressed a letter to Gen. Blair, over his own signature, in the *New York Tribune*, in which he used the following words:

"General, I long ago learned that principles were inconvenient, and that he who makes his own aggrandizement his aim, must wear them loosely, or put them aside altogether. I doubt that you would ever have attained your present dizzy elevation had you permitted yourself to be encumbered with them. But I am old-fashioned and cannot change my camp nor my flag with your admired facility."

Greeley isn't so old as he thought he was. He has evidently renewed his youth. Before the Cincinnati Convention he thought he was an old-fashioned crow, too old to forage in new and strange corn-fields. He supposed that his Tariff views were as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; he supposed his hatred of the Democracy was so deep seated that he never could enjoy cuddling under the same dirty bed clothes; but since the Presidential itch broke out all over his person, he is willing to sink his protection doctrine in the little ponds that spot the several Congressional Districts; he is willing even to accept a nomination at the hands of the party which he has labored so long and so often to prove made up of the slum of society. Why, Horace, your principles set more loosely upon you than that old white coat—*Campaign Independent*.

CROPS IN SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY—FIELD TRIAL OF MOWING MACHINES.—The West Jersey Agricultural Society having announced a trial of Mowers and Reapers for Tuesday, June 18, a large number of farmers attended at the ground selected for the trial, at Woodstown, Salem County, N. J. Nearly all of the best known machines competed. They were operated in grass only, as the grain was not sufficiently advanced. The Society awarded their first premium to the Buckeye Mower. The hay crop in Southern Jersey has suffered from the dry, cold Spring, but the late rains have greatly improved the prospects of the wheat, which now gives promise of a very fair yield.—*Tribune*.

## Nellie Grant's visit to Victoria.

Those very "liberal" journals who have gone so far beyond the rules of partisan warfare as to ridicule the President's daughter, now on a visit to Europe, by calling her "Princess Nellie," will find nothing to ridicule in the subjoined letter addressed by that young lady to Queen Victoria. It is precisely such a letter as might be expected on the occasion to which it refers between that quiet unassuming and intelligent American girl, Nellie Grant, and the good-hearted, sensible and motherly woman Victoria.

LANGLEY HOTEL, May, 1872.

MY DEAR LADY AND QUEEN: I am embarrassed at the hour of an official request, given through a high officer, (your Lord Chamberlain, I think), to be presented to your Majesty. I should dearly love to see you, that I might tell my mother and father that I have been thus honored. I am but a simple American girl; that I am the President's daughter gives me no claim to your recognition as a sovereign. If, with the kind lady who is acting as my *chaperone*, I might visit you I should be very glad. Our Secretary of Legation hints a some political significance in this opportunity. I cannot so interpret it, and would not wish to be so received, because it would not be right, as I am nothing in American politics, and I am sure my father would not desire to appear other than my simple self. If, with this explanation, your Majesty will allow me to visit you I shall be greatly honored and be very proud.

I have written this note of my own motion, and because I think it is the right thing to do. I am your Majesty's very obedient servant and admirer.

NELLIE GRANT.

The following autograph letter was received by Miss Nellie from her Majesty the Queen, and the visit took place at the time indicated, and was very informal and pleasant.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

MISS NELLIE GRANT, I have instructed Lady to convey your note, and we shall receive you as the daughter of your honorable parents without the intervention of our high officers of State. I shall accept your visit as an "American Girl," and there shall be no other significance in the fact than your kindly expressed desire to see the lady and not the sovereign. I shall find it pleasant to forget that I am Queen in receiving you tomorrow afternoon at our palace of Windsor.

WHO ARE THEY?—The stockholders of the *Tribune* Association, at present, and their functions on the paper, are as follows: Horace Greeley, editor-in-chief, (in temporary retirement); Mrs. Greeley; Samuel Sinclair, publisher; Bayard Taylor, occasional correspondent; Thomas Noon Rooker, foreman of the composing room; Solon Robinson, retired agricultural editor; George Ripley, literary editor; Oliver Johnson, editor of the semi-weekly, and weekly, *Theodore Tilton*, not on the *Tribune*, but editor of the *Golden Age*; Cornelius A. Runkle, lawyer in charge of the legal business of the *Tribune*; Chas. E. Wilbour, President of the late New York Printing Company; John Hooper, the veteran advertising agent; Ellis L. Price, an outsider; Silas E. Cheney, a Connecticut speculator and Mrs. Greeley's brother; John F. Cleveland, Mr. Greeley's brother-in-law, and commercial editor; Patrick O'Rourke, engineer, late Treasurer of the Fenian Fund; Philip FitzPatrick, foreman of the press room; Whitelaw Reid, managing editor; Parsons Farnham, an outsider; E. H. Jenney, bill collector and man-of-all-work; Dr. J. C. Ayer, of "Cherry Pedestal" fame; the heirs of Stephen T. Clarke, late commercial editor; and the heirs of Albert D. Richardson. The property is divided into one hundred shares with a par value of \$1,000 each; but the market value is now somewhere near \$10,000. Mr. Sinclair is the largest owner, and with his own shares and those for which he is trustee, he can at any time control the concern. It is stated that next Spring the proprietors will tear down their old shanty and put up a proper building. The "old shanty" has disappointed everybody in not tumbling down long ago. About 1845, we think, one winter morning when the snow was two feet deep the *Tribune* building burned down. The paper was off the press, and so the edition was saved. With some generous assistance from others, the paper appeared promptly the next morning. Meantime John M. Trimble, the lightning builder, then in the height of his successful career—now in his grave—was sent for, and desired to reconstruct the *Tribune* office. We think he was only fourteen days in getting up what now serves for the front building of the *Tribune* establishment. Trimble built more theatres than any other architect in the United States. He overworked himself and became blind; yet while without sight he went on with the Albany Academy of Music, and groped his way over the platform, seeing with his hands for lack of eyes, and finally superintending the work to the last.

## ARE YOU INSURED? Against Fire and Lightning?

### Millville Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

The 5th annual meeting of the Directors of the Company, was held May 13th, 1872, at the following statement of the condition of the Co. was made:

Total amt of risks outstanding,	\$3,799,910 00
Premium notes of members,	795,941 00

After paying all losses and expenses of the Co., to date, there is cash invested in Government Register-Bonds, West Jersey B. R. Bonds, Bonds and Mortgages, Real Estate (unincumbered) Loans on call and cash in the Millville Bank to the amount of 79,653 04

### INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE AND LIGHTNING TAKEN FOR TERM OF 10 YEARS AT VERY LOW RATES.

Live Stock Ins. against Lightning! The premium notes now taken by this Company have been reduced one-half the amount which now makes them only one-half as large as other Mutual Co's of this district, and with its large cash surplus offers extra inducements to those wishing insurance.

The Directors of the Company are, Hon. William Moore, May's Landing; Jo. M. Moore, Clayton; Jeremiah Smith, No. 7, Market St., Philadelphia; Capt. John C. Weaver, Manchester; Nathaniel Stratton, Millville; Isaac B. Mumford, do; Furman L. Mumford, do; John B. Sharp, do; Francis Reeves, do.

NATHANIEL STRATTON, President.  
SAMUEL F. FATES, Secretary.  
FURMAN L. MUMFORD, Treasurer.

AGENTS.  
J. Alfred Bodine, Williamstown; C. E. P. Mayhew, May's Landing; A. Stephany, Egg Harbor City; Capt. Daniel Walters Absecon; Thos. E. Morris, Somers' Point; Hon. D. S. Blackman, Port Republic; Allen T. Leeds, Tucker; Dr. Lewis Reed, Atlantic City; Alfred W. Clement, Haddonfield.

POTTER & COBBERY,  
213 1/2  
HAMMONTON, N. J.

## WANTED--AGENTS FOR

### Our Digestion,

### Or My Jolly Friends Secret.

Dr. Lewis' CASE and GREAT WORK. All this author's books have had large sales, and this, his most important work, is sure of an immense sale. It meets a popular demand, all being alike interested in the vital subjects of which it treats. The book is low priced and practical and so will suit all classes. Who among us have not suffered from the effects of indigestion? How many of us have not had "biliousness." Buy this work and save yourself a world of trouble—dyspepsia, biliousness, &c. &c. Address, GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 733 Sansom st., Philadelphia.

## The Improved Family Sewing Machine

### "VICTOR"

Made by the Finkle & Lyon Manufacturing Co. Lock Stitch Shuttle Sewing Machine. Uses a self-setting needle, which cannot be set wrong. Does the entire range of family sewing. Runs very light, easy and fast. Sold on easy monthly instalments. Agents Wanted. J. L. FERGUSSON, Manager, Penna. New Jersey, Delaware, 11a3-ly 1227 Chestnut st., Philada.

## ESTABLISHED IN 1810.

### Fancy Dyeing Establishment,

### J. & W. JONES.

No. 432 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dye Bluffs, Woolen and Fancy Goods of every description. Their superiority of Dyeing Ladies and Gentlemen's Garments is widely known. Cape and Merino Shawls dyed the most brilliant and plain colors. Craps and Merino Shawls cleaned to look like new. Also, Gentlemen's apparel and curtains, cleaned or re-dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned or dyed to look like new. Call and look at our work before going elsewhere. 14-22

## THE GERMANIA

### Mutual Fire

### INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Newark, N. J.  
No. 762 Broad Street,  
(Opposite Bank street.)

Capital - - \$100,000.

This Company insure against LOSS or DAMAGES by FIRE, upon all descriptions of property, at rates as favorable to the insured as any other good company in this vicinity either on the Mutual Stock or Cash Assessment Plan.

Dividends declared annually.

OFFICERS.  
JAMES M. PATTERSON, President  
GEO. C. WEBBER, Treasurer.

THOS. HORN, Surveyor.  
JULIUS E. BROER, Secretary.

POTTER & COBBERY,  
Agents, HAMMONTON, N. J.

## Fruit Trees

of all kinds--

### Ornamental and Plain

### SHADE TREES,

### Evergreens and Shrubs,

### BEDDING PLANTS, BULBS,

ac., ac., ac.

J. BUTTERTON, is calling the attention of PLANTERS to his large and varied stock of the above, begs leave to intimate that, owing to the past favorable season for plant growth, he confidently believes the stock will be found fully equal to anything heretofore offered by him.

### Standard Pear Trees.

Advice from London inform him these also will be of extra fine quality.

### HEDGING.

All the Plants, evergreen and deciduous, suitable for this purpose, are kept of various sizes and have been repeatedly transplanted.

### Hothouse and Window Plants.

An extensive assortment of rare and choice kinds adapted to window culture.

### LONDON NURSERY,

Hammonton, N. J.  
Oct. 17, 1871.

### C. J. FAY,

### DEALER IN

### Drugs and Medicines,

N. E. Corner Bellevue and Railroad Ave's HAMMONTON, N. J.

Points of all colors ground in oil. Zinc and White Lead, Vermilion, Brushes, Window Glass, Raw and Bottled Linseed Oil, Coal Oil, Kerosene Oil, Sawing Machine Oil, Lamp Oil, Paraffin Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Benzine, &c. &c. Also Ayer's and all Medicines, Domestic Dye, and all articles usually kept in a Country Drug Store.

### PHYSIOLOGICAL

Alleged and put up with.

The subscriber is the only authorized agent in this town for the sale of Brandreth's U. V. Plaster, Allen's Porous Plaster, and Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. N. E. cor. Bellevue and R. R. Avenues. C. J. FAY. 5a-261f.

## THE Miles Washer!

PATENTED FEB 14, 1871.

### CERTIFICATES.

We the undersigned, citizens of Vineland, N. J., having witnessed a family washing done by the Miles Washer, of two boilers full of clothes in 10 minutes time without rubbing or scrubbing, have severally and carefully examined each piece and pronounce them as clean as by hand rubbing.

S. Phoenix, Mrs. S. Phoenix, Mrs. A. W. Morehouse, Mrs. C. Williams, Mrs. James Wooding, Mrs. S. R. Fowler, Mrs. C. Alvord, Mrs. S. Cotton, A. C. Cotton, Mrs. A. M. Hyde, O. R. Hyde, E. C. Lyons, Mrs. S. D. Cross, Miss M. S. Cross, S. Farmers' Club.

REPORT OF THE FARMERS' CLUB. VINELAND, Dec. 18, 1871. The Committee appointed by the "Farmers' Club," to examine the "Miles Washing Machine," report that they have witnessed its operation on several occasions, during the past week, and find it to be in every respect all that its inventor claims for it.

Without rubbing, or friction of any kind, without chemicals, and with about half the usual quantity of soap, washings of from thirty to forty pieces, in some instances very much soiled, were accomplished in from five to twelve minutes. The clothes in every case were perfectly cleaned, and beautifully white.

A linen handkerchief, stained with wheel grease and tar, was taken from the boiler in seven minutes, without spot or stain.

A. C. CORSON,  
W. F. DOUGLASS,  
P. R. RUSSELL,  
C. F. ALVORD, Committee

We the undersigned, citizens of Hammonton, N. J., do certify that we have seen the operation of the Miles Washer, of two boilers, and can testify that we believe it to be all the inventor claims for it; washing without rubbing or chemical, and less soap, in from 10 to 20 minutes, as clean as by hand rubbing.

E. B. Stevens, E. Glipatrick, Mrs. S. Richards, Harriet Pressay.

The undersigned having purchased the Right of the "Miles Washer," in the counties of Camden and Atlantic, is prepared to furnish them at short notice. Persons wishing to purchase Town Rights can address the proprietor at HAMMONTON, N. J.

Persons in Hammonton and vicinity can call upon either of the above mentioned Hammonton ladies, who have used the Boiler several weeks, and learn their opinion of the patent.

SAMUEL PRATT.  
Hammonton, April 16, 1871.

## WATSON'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

For Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, &c. Nothing so successful. W. W. WATSON, Dispenser, Boston. Recommended by Dr. O. W. Holman. It cures whooping cough. J. B. BURNETT & Co., Boston, Mass. Sold by all druggists.



Race-Course of True Love.

Upon the arrival of the train... a Northern train on the... Georgia station of... had their interest excited by the appearance of an unwonted commotion...

Tales of Toads.

Head states his experience... broken the... will be... In Vietnam, Mass., I had an uncle...

How a Horse Helped His Neighbor.

One look at the picture... in the... village to attend a meeting, and on way back our friend told us the following anecdote...

Education of the Ear.

Education in the weaving room... cotton-mills... to see the attention...

AGRICULTURAL.

Pruning Currants.—Recent... and favorable results... of the currant... for the past three or four years...

Products of California.

California, says the Alta California, combines the fruit of the temperate and tropical zones... wheat ripens...

Small Fruits in Sandy Soil.

Small Fruits in Sandy Soil.—We have the following note from T. B. Allen of this city: 'You say in The Star that it will prove useless to plant rhubarb in thin, porous soil...'

Origin of Amber.

Origin of Amber.—Professor Zaddach shows that the trees which yielded the amber must have grown upon the green-sand beds...

Artificial Fish Pond.

Artificial Fish Pond.—The San Bernardino (Cal.) Guardian of May 11, says that the first artificial fish pond in the United States was that of Dr. Starke...

Medical Jurisprudence.

Medical Jurisprudence.—Dr. Cheover, of the Bengal army, a man of extraordinary scientific industry, has recently brought out a third edition of his treatise on the subject...

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.—The advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is located in the top right corner of the page...

THE NECTAR. A very fine... THE NECTAR. A very fine... THE NECTAR. A very fine...

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NATURE'S REMEDY. VEGETINE. THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. What is Needed.

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VINEGAR BITTERS. PURELY VEGETABLE. THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

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