

South Jersey Seminoleian

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Political.

[For the South Jersey Republican.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 15th, 1869.

Mr. Editor.—In a speech made during the war Henry Wilson declared conservatism to be the worst word in the English language, and history sustains that declaration. Conservatism is based upon the old fallacy which appeals to men's reverence for existing institutions, and in practice prevents improvement, checks progress, and stuns invention. The tendency of men in general, and Americans in particular, is to new things, new means, new ways to ends desired, and hence they leave the beaten paths and take to those which with more ease and greater directness lead to the object. Men are disposed to break down the old, circuitous ways in travel and in business, and to make level paths which clearly and directly lead to the accomplishment of their purpose. Conservatism approves every law and form on the simple ground of its existence, and opposes change or improvement with "our fathers lived thus, acted thus, under these laws, and why shall we change?" Thus satisfied they "tread the same paths their fathers have trod," opposing the new and clogging the wheels of improvement everywhere. The latest prominent exhibition of old-logicism is the action of the U. S. Senate upon the President's message. Practical men everywhere were rejoiced at the appointment of A. T. Stewart to the Treasury, reasoning logically enough, that he who was so well able to manage the immense sums which Stewart's business calls into use, would be most capable of taking care of the funds of the nation. Undoubtedly, the best proof of a man's capacity for public affairs is the average success he has met with in his own profession or business, and this has a peculiar emphasis when the private business is of the same nature and of an extent almost equal with that of his public position. The business of Mr. Stewart in its ramifications embraces nearly all the prominent cities in Europe, parts of the East Indies, and almost every city of importance in the Union, and the success of its management is unparalleled. The strict integrity of Mr. Stewart has never been questioned. But a statute of the last century prevents a man engaged in trade or commerce from becoming an officer of the U. S. Treasury, implying either that merchants are less honest than other men, or that they alone would have private interests to serve. It is certainly true that a man taken from any sphere of life may prostitute office to the profit of individual interest, but it is absolutely false that there is greater power or greater inclination to wrong the public among those following a mercantile life. No man would be entirely independent of outside interests, which he might or might not serve. It seems then that the requisite in addition to capacity is integrity. Both are united in Mr. Stewart. The old law stood in the way. The President asked for action which would remove the disqualification, but the conservative Senate with a false respect for the old theory of Hamilton, refused, and thus compelled the resignation of the Secretary. We believe it a misfortune. From Mr. Stewart we had every reason to expect a faithful and successful administration of the revenues. The unwise action of the Senate robbed us of the choice of Gen. Grant, on which the experience of the war had taught us to place much reliance, and gave to us a man whom we believe honest, but who is comparatively wanting in practical experience. The best financiers are those who handle funds every day, and are thus taught how to use and how to withhold. And it has a wider application. The men taught by experience are our best officers in every position, theorists invariably prove failures. We justly laud Secretary Stanton for his administration of the department of War, but under him it was only after years of losses and defeats, discouragement and gloom, that we reached the policy which the foresight of Simon Cameron, a former business man, had devised. Indeed, the English are much less convenient and excellent than ours, although no claim, even in New York, is upon the whole better or more preferred by experts than the old-fashioned dash. And Mr. Willard insists with eloquence upon old-fashioned paths for carrying milk. The ordinary paths, especially of wood, however carefully washed, retain enough of the elements of fermentation to contaminate the sweet milk put into them. The cost of such paths has cost us millions of dollars; and if we would save our milk and our money we must renounce the old-fashioned paths.

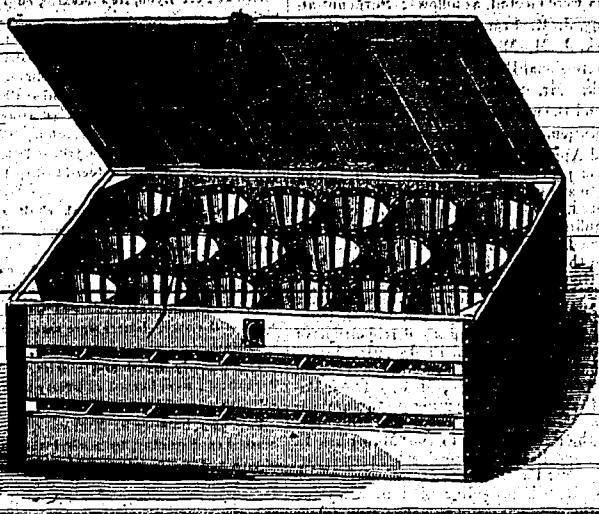
But the superiority of English dairies, where it exists, is not due to better instructions. Indeed, the English are much less convenient and excellent than ours, although no claim, even in New York, is upon the whole better or more preferred by experts than the old-fashioned dash. And Mr. Willard insists with eloquence upon old-fashioned paths for carrying milk. The ordinary paths, especially of wood, however carefully washed, retain enough of the elements of fermentation to contaminate the sweet milk put into them. The cost of such paths has cost us millions of dollars; and if we would save our milk and our money we must renounce the old-fashioned paths.

It is pleasant to see that the virtues are always economical. Mr. Willard tells us that in the treatment of cows, nothing pays so well as kindness. The nervousness of cows, when frightened, affects the milk. There must therefore be no kicking nor abusing the animal, and no racing or dragging them to their stalls. Honesty also is profitable in the dairy. To mix dirty or decayed milk with the good, taints the cheese and upsets the cheese-maker. Mr. Willard estimates that twenty-five dollars per cow is the average income from dairy farming in his part of the State, during the last year, and he believes we are upon the eve of great improvements, not only in this specific branch of industry, but in the whole art of agriculture.

A newspaper published in the regions of Lake Memphremagog and Winooski, says that "the fat in Lake Hollyhock-musk, Maine, are said to be superior to those of either Lake Wachusett or Moosehead. Those of Chautauqua were very fine, but they all got choked to death in trying to tell where they lived."

WAYNE.

Canada has had twelve feet depth of snow up a level this season.



Among the Hammonton inventions we have not yet noticed, is the Percival Fruit Basket, of which a representation is here given. This basket was patented by Mr. E. F. Percival of this town last year. A large quantity of the baskets were used last season, and gave great satisfaction, and this year a very much larger quantity will be turned out. The basket combines strength with beauty, durability and facility for ventilation. The basket is made of maple wood veneer. Fruit has a much better appearance in these baskets than in any of the square styles, and invariably sells for a considerably better price when sent in them. We have known fruit in the round baskets to sell for three cents a quart more than the same fruit in the square boxes. The difference may not always be so great.

The crates are well made, as may be seen from the cut. To all persons desiring further information, with price &c., a circular will be sent on application to the manufacturers, PERCIVAL & TATE, Hammonton, New Jersey.

Miscellaneous.

[For the South Jersey Republican.]

A Summer Tour.

III. MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

BY E. H. S.

The impetus given to our steamer while gliding through the Lachine Rapids was sufficiently powerful to carry us down the St. Lawrence to the city of Montreal, three miles below—without again using the force of steam. Just before reaching our wharf, we passed underneath the Victoria Tunnel Bridge—a noble result of Modern Engineering—and thus had a fair view of that gigantic structure. The scene that then presented itself was charming. No where had we ever beheld such a beautiful river front as Montreal presented. The wharves of Philadelphia and New York are dirty and irregular and the houses along them dingy, while here are handsome limestone buildings regular in height and wharves that are kept comparatively free from boxes and bales. Indeed, one is tempted to exclaim on first viewing it that it is the most beautiful city he has ever seen.

During our two days voyaging through Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, we made the acquaintance of two other tourists, one of them a Nova Scotian, each of whom was travelling alone, who consented to accompany us in seeing the sights of Montreal and Quebec, and as they soon became familiar with us, we realized the truth of the expression "the more the merrier." We reached Montreal in the evening and early the next morning started off, with our number increased, to see the places of interest in the city. The main part of the shaft is built of bricks, plastered to resemble stone, and the Cost of Arms and inscriptions are cast in the same immovable material. No doubt it was very pretty for some years after it was built, but when we were there the corroding hand of time had touched it, for the plaster was peeling off and the casts crumbling.

In the afternoon we took a drive around Mount Royal, at the base of which the city is built, and which, indeed, has given a name to it. The smoothness of the road, the scenery of the St. Lawrence Valley, varying as we made a turn, and the beautiful dwellings and grounds of the wealthy along our route, made the ride a charming one. Our driver, too, was fortunately loquacious enough to point out to us the noted places and tell us the names of the inhabitants of the mansions. He showed us the dwelling of Col. MacGruder, brother to the Rebel General of that name, who like many other Southerners had expatriated himself, and those of the nobility who reside near the city. One private park especially attracted our admiration, as it was beautifully shaded, interspersed with statuary and had a fountain playing in its midst. After we came to the city we were driven through the principle streets past McGill College, the Nunery, the Crystal Palace, built the year of Prince of Wales came to America and dedicated to him, now used as a storehouse, and stopped at the English Cathedral. This is an Episcopal church, built of beautiful Montreal limestone, and is enlivened with the celebrated yellow stone from Cayon in France. The organ inside is an immense affair, having two stories to it and numerous stops, and is only surpassed by two others in America.

The same evening we took a steamer for Quebec and passed another uneventful evening upon the noble St. Lawrence. Early

the next morning we were awakened to witness the approach to the city. The hills gradually rise as it is neared, until they attain their greatest elevation at the high precipitous hill on which it is built. Perched on the very edge of the highest part of the precipice we could see the Citadel with its guns pointing in all directions and its massive walls appearing to be almost impregnable. But General Sherman who visited the city and fort a few days before we arrived is reported to have said that it could be taken in three days by our Monitors and Gunboats. In regard to the name of the city it is said that a Frenchman, one of the early settlers, exclaimed on seeing the hill for the first time, "Quebec!" What a bark! as it resembled the bark of a bird projected from the earth into the air. The main part of the city is built on the top of the hills and is surrounded by heavy walls, but there are a number of dwellings on the bare. An old boat nearly her wharf was easily distinguished the French accent of the men who began to assist in getting her moored.

Very soon after we landed we wended our way up the steep streets to the upper part of the city. A lower class of people reside at the foot of the hill; the streets are very narrow and filthy and the odor arising from the refuse matter thrown into them is strong but pleasant. Passing through Prospect Street we soon found better quarters, but the city is very old and is built in the primitive style with narrow streets and low houses.

The first object of interest we visited was the Catholic Cathedral. This structure is not so large as that of the Notre Dame of Montreal, but its interior is much more gaudy in its decorations. A gilded canopy rises

to a great height at the back end of the building casting its shadow over the altar, and the paintings are much bolder and finer than those at Montreal.

From thence we went to the Plains of Abraham, which are a broad plateau back of the city and noted as having been the scene of a fierce encounter between the French and English many years ago. The English were victorious but both of the leaders Montcalm and Wolfe were slain. A granite monument rises from the plain on which is the simple inscription "Here Wolfe fell victorious." In after years a monument was erected in the city by the French and English together to the joint memory of these brave Generals. It does not often happen that the memory of leaders of opposing armies is joined in this way.

After having obtained a pass from the Town Major, we next visited the Citadel.

The red coats were abundant, and one of them showed us through the fort. Taking us to an elevated point behind the walls which are built on the brow of the precipice, he pointed out to us a little stone which marks the spot where the gallant

Montgomery fell in his futile efforts to take the fort in 1775. The view from this high

point 246 feet above the St. Lawrence is grand. At another point we stepped upon a thoughtful little fellow who would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of tal-

low-dip, and lighting it down the stand

close to her, that the flames might scare away the rats and mice, should they sally

fourth ere his return.

"I won't stay long pretty dear," said he,

pressing a tender kiss to her sleeping lids,

and drawing the blanket close over her fair arm.

"No, I'll come back soon, but I do want to take one peep." Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavement, and in a trice stood before the curtained window.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must be funny in there."

A cold November blast swept round the corner as he spoke, penetrating his thin summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver, and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they hurt me! If I should get in a while, I'm such a little boy, and I am so cold out here," he said as he pushed

the door carefully from him and slipping in

and closing it without a breath of noise.

For a moment he was bewildered by the light and clatter, but finding that no one seemed to notice him, he stole toward the right, and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The groups of men that encircled the bar were drinking when he entered. Soon however, they set down their glasses and dispersed about the room.

"Hallo," said one in a loud tone, as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing here my little fellow? Who are you and what do you want?"

"I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M.—My papa loves to come here, and I looked so

pleasant through the window, I thought I would come too. But I must not stop long for I've left the baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as he spoke again to him:

"And where's your mother, boy?"

"O, she's gone to take home the wash,

"Papa don't get as much work as he used to once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look as pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?"

"O yes, it does sir, I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he would bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all these pretty bottles and those flowers with lights in them. Please sir," said he earnestly, and he seized the rough hands of the listener, "please sir tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers?"

"For God's sake don't tell him, Bancroft," said a deep anguished voice.

"He deems me pur and holy. Heaven! What a wretched life I am! My boy—my boy!"

Willie was clasped in his father's arms—his face was flushed with shame and distress. His eyes red but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks too, and a brusht look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pulling the child rudely from him; he said in a stern voice, "No, no. It's no place for you."

Again those fair, small hands encircled the knees.

"You go, papa. Why can't I go too? Do let me go."

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to waken from its sleep. He abhorred as he thought of the character of the place his poor soul boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms, and kissed him as of old; then putting him down he said kindly:

"You must not ask me to take you there.

It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat hurried from the room; muttering to himself as he passed the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for men,

either. Would to God I had never gone."

For a long time Willie stood just where his father had left him; then turning to the faint embers that faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair, and resting his head in his mother's lap, he said earnestly:

"Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to go there."

It was a trying question to the poor broken-hearted woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him, or that his pure and gentle heart should commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets for a while, then said endearingly:

"Papa knows better than you what is best for his little boy. When you grow older you will learn why he does not wish to take you."

"Mind the cradle now, Willie, I'll come back soon, and then you shall have some supper, and a nice fire to sit by too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes went out. A wealthy mother would have been frightened at the thought only of leaving so young a boy at night all alone with an infant to care for, and an open fire at his bedside. But poor Mrs. M. knew well enough she could trust Willie with his mother, and as for bursting up, there was not enough seals to shut his fingers. "No, she did not fear to leave him, for he had thus been left many a time, and always carefully obeyed her."

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...the most severe form of inflammatory rheumatism, but perfectly able to get about and attend to his business, visited this pretender. The "Doctor" took him most vigorously by hand, pounded him upon the back, and then, with a violent stroke, roughly, and roughly, threw him backward and forward with great violence. When the patient went to the office he was able to walk; he was obliged to call a carriage to take him away. He came home perfectly prostrate and helpless, and died in less than a week—though previously there had been no hint of even dangerous features in the case. The "laying on of hands" finished him.

We pledge him to protect our personal property—our coats and our jewelry—from thieves and burglars. Is our physical health and our hold upon life, of any less importance? We punish the forger who counterfeits a signature and thereby obtains a few paltry dollars, by sending him to the State Prison. Is he any less guilty or culpable, or does he deserve less penalty, who assumes the character of a physician, familiar with all the disorders and idiosyncrasies of the human frame, and administers as remedial agents stuffs that, instead of accomplishing the purpose of relief and cure, increases the ravages of disease, and hasten the patient in his downward march to the grave? Not only allowed to practice in any of the other professions, or even in the mechanic avocations, without previous instruction and exhibition of capacity... But we will take a prescription, written in abominable Latin, and embracing a variety of materials, from the hands of a half-witted, who has never studied the first principles of hygiene or therapeutics, let us not marvel and pass finding out, that while we are eager to live as long as possible—putting far away from us the idea of death; and while we value, or should value, good health as the greatest treasure it is possible for us to possess, there is nothing with which we will permit ignorant or mercenary men to trifl so recklessly, and with so little fear or probability of punishment, if they work infinite mischief and destruction through their bungling heedlessness and cupidity? In England, or in the Continental countries no one is allowed to practice medicine, or even sell drugs without having passed through a previous course of instruction or apprenticeship, and secured a diploma from competent authority. But here any shoemaker who tires of his last, has only to move into some locality where

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

Rare Opportunity to Secure
A HOME

To All Wanting Farms.

In the great Hammonton Fruit Settlement, the best inducements are offered to all wanting farms in the most delightful and healthy climate; with a good productive soil, being among the best in the garden-state-of-New Jersey, only thirty miles from Philadelphia on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and but few miles to the New York Railroad. These lands are sold to the actual settlers at low prices and easy terms, in five, ten, twenty acres and upwards to suit.

The Title Perfect.

Warranted deeds, clear of all incumbrances, given when all the purchase money is paid.

The Soil

is a fine sandy and clay loam, suitable for all grains and grasses, and is pronounced the finest quality for gardening and fruit raising. It is a marine deposit, with a sandy substance mixed all through it, a very comminuted formand in the exact condition to support plants. With proper farming it is very productive and profitable, easily worked, warm and early. The lay of the land is slightly undulating, and is called level; it is free from stones or rocks.

The Best Fruit Soil in the Union.

Pears, Peaches, Apples, Quinces, Cherries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Grapes, of all kinds, and all other fruits are raised here in immense quantities, and they are sought after by the dealers and command the best prices in the markets.

Hammonton is already celebrated for its fine fruits and wine.

From two hundred to five hundred dollars is cleared, free from expense, per acre, in the fine fruit culture. Sweet Potatoes, Melons, and all the finer Vegetable delicacies, in this soil, this branch of farming pays much better than grain raising, and is much easier work.

Hammonton is already celebrated for its fine fruits and wine.

The Market

is unsurpassed; direct communication twice a day with Philadelphia, New York, and Atlanta City. The Railroad Company leaves cars here to be filled with fruit every day in the season; they are filled in the afternoon, and the same night or next morning daylight is in the market, when the highest cash prices are obtained, without any other trouble to the producer, than offering the produce to the car. None of the land now offered is over one and a half miles from the Railroad.

The Climate

is mild and delightful the winters being short and sunny, out-door work can be carried on nearly all winter, whilst the summer is no warmer than in the north. Persons wanting a change for health will be gratified here—the mildness of the climate is soon forgotten, felt by delicate persons, and those suffering from Dyspepsia, Pulmonary affections, or General Debility, a hundred here will testify. This section has long been known for its health, and during the summer months tens of thousands flock for health. No Malaria, Chills and Fevers in this section.

The Water

Is pure and soft, of the best quality. It abounds in streams and is found by digging from ten to thirty feet. Wells are very cheaply made, as there is no rock to go through. We have the best stores in the country, where goods are sold as cheap as they are in Philadelphia or New York—Good schools with competent teachers.—Clergymen of all denominations reside here, some of them in charge of congregations, others cultivating the fruits, also a number of retired physicians. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Universalists, have their services regularly. Most convenient.

Reliable practical nurserymen who furnish all kinds of trees, plants, and vines at the lowest price.

The population of the settlement is large and rapidly increasing. It is composed of the best class from New England, the Middle and Western States—intelligent, industrious and moral. The buildings are neat and handsome, and some of them fine. All material for building, improving, etc., at hand; also reliable mechanics who will give satisfaction. Every convenience to be had that can be found at any other place.

The lands have been examined by some of the best agriculturists and fruit growers in the country, who pronounce them the best in the U. S. for fruit culture. Mr. Sulon Robinson, the agricultural editor of the New York Tribune, Dr. J. P. Trimble, the State Entomologist; Mr. John T. Bergen, rector of the American Institute of New York; and others, reported that they were equal to, if not greater, than the best in the U. S. for fruit culture.

As our readers may not understand the magnesium light, we will explain that the metal, in the form of a thin ribbon, weighing but little more for its bulk, than a delicate wool shawl or a strip of writing paper, is coiled about a "drum," and fed by simple clockwork into a flame of a small alcohol lamp. The heat of the flame ignites the metal, and it burns slowly and regularly with the purest, imaginable, white light, equal to seventy-four tapers in brightness, according to the size of the ribbon. As it has the essential characteristics (the incandescent power) of the solar rays, photographs are easily taken by it. It is, in fact, an imitation of daylight, and therefore specially adapted to the west—whereas, the ordinary gas is known to be highly injurious to those organs. So soon as magnesium can be furnished cheaply enough Yankee ingenuity may be trusted to invent some still cheaper apparatus for burning it. It takes but little to look with confidence to the introduction of the magnesium light (unless a better one can be produced) as a common substitute for gas. That man is not rash who would predict that at some day, perhaps not far off, gas will become as obsolete as rushlights now are in civilized communities.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

R. J. BYRNES,
Hammonton, N. J.
All letters unanswered.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

Farmers and Consumers.

TRADE NOTICE.

Notice of Closure of Dry Goods Store.

The most reliable and cheapest place to buy your Dry Goods at John H. Green's No. 7 Washington Street, Dry Goods Store above Market, Philadelphia. All Goods sold at a reasonable advance. Business not to decline. Best policy. We guarantee to sell as cheap as any store in the city. Buyers visiting the city will be sure to find the best Sheetings and Shirting Muslins, at the very lowest prices. Medium and fine Flannels, Green and Twilled French, Gingham, Blue Bell, Tickling, Chenille, Crash, Tip-top, Shirtings, Table Linens, etc. A large assortment of soft-finished Cambrie, Nainsook, Jacquets, Soft Mail, Victoria Lawn, Plain and Striped Muslins for dresses, Blouses, Plaids and Marcellles, Children's, Ladies' and Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs, Children's, Men's and Ladies' Bleachers, and Patchwork, Green, Maroon, Red and Drawers, medium and low price. Dress Goods in season. Prints all prices, red and black Table Covers, &c. We call attention to our large assortment of Men and Boys' wear, low and medium price. All Wool Cassimere Satins, Cotonettes, Lindell, Kennedy, jeans, &c. We keep the

best, easiest, varieties in our purchasing of these goods, in order to procure perfect colors and a good quality. We say, without fear of contradiction, we sell the best Black Alpaca in the city for the money. Constantly receiving lots of Goods. Do not forget the No. North Second Street, above Market St., Philadelphia. JOHN H. GREEN.

PUMPS! PUMPS!

For pure water, neither bad tasting, rusty iron, nor poison lead, but the celebrated

CUCUMBER PUMP,

hand and wooden—wooden—waterproof—tasteful, durable and reliable.

Not a patent article, but the good old-fashioned wooden Pump, made of machinery, and therefore perfect in all its parts, raising

a equal amount of water, using less than half the money, easily arranged so as to be non-freezing, and in construction so simple that any one can put it up and keep it in repair. After thorough trial it is acknowledged the best and cheapest pump, free of danger. Dealers supplied at lowest manufacturing cost. For circulars, price list, &c., call or address,

CHARLES G. DILATCHLEY,

No. 224 Filbert Street, between 6th and 7th, Market and Arch, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents wanted.

STEAM DYING and Scouring Establishment

Mrs. E. W. SMITH

No. 25 N. Fulton Street, between Market and Arch,

PHILADELPHIA.

Please send me any description, dry to any color. Ladies' Wearing Apparel of every description dyed in the most fashionable and permanent colors, and finished in a superlative style. Mimoso, Cassimere and Crapé, Shawls, Table and Piano covers, Carpets, Rug, etc., secured. Price list, &c., call or address,

CHARLES G. DILATCHLEY,

No. 224 Filbert Street, between 6th and 7th, Market and Arch, Philadelphia, Pa.

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