

# South-Jersey

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# Republican

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## Poem by Robert Collyer.

Rev. Robert Collyer read the following poem at a dinner party in response to the toast, "Saxon Grit," which in New England has made a race of men to be honored, feared and respected:

Worn with the battle, by Stamford town,  
Fighting the Norman by Hastings Bay;  
Harold, the Saxon's son, went down  
While the acorns were falling one Autumn day.

Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land  
By tenor of conquest here I sit;  
I will rule you now with the iron hand;  
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.  
He took the land, and he took the men  
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne."

Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen;  
Eat up the corn and drank the wine;  
And said to the maiden pure and fair,  
You shall be my woman, as it most fit—  
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair.  
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry greenwood went bold Robin Hood  
With his strong-hearted yeomen, ripe for the fray,  
Driving the arrow into the marrow  
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way.

Scorning the fetter, fearless and free;  
Winning by valor, or foiling by wit.  
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,  
This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kelt, the tanner, whipt out his knife,  
And Watt, the smith, his hammer brought down  
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life;  
And by breaking a head, made a hole in the crown.

From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,  
Our life shall not be, by the king's permit,  
We will fight for the right; we want no more.  
Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure the oaks had grown  
From the acorns falling that Autumn day,  
So the Saxon manhood in thorp and town  
To a nobler stature grew away.

Winning by inches, holding by clinches,  
Standing by law and the human right;  
Many times falling, never once quailing,  
So the new day came out of the night.

Then rising afar in the Western sea  
A New World stood in the morn of the day,  
Ready to welcome the brave and free,  
Who could wrench out the heart, and march away.

From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,  
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,  
To ampler spaces for heart and hand;  
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,  
Trusting in God, your fathers came,  
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,  
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame.

Bound by the latter, but free from the fetter,  
And hiding their free loins in Holy Writ,  
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,  
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled, and waded, through forest and pen,  
Fearless as ever of what might befall,  
Pouring out life for the future of men  
In the faith that by manhood the world views all.

Inventing baked beans and no end of machines,  
Great with the rifle and great with the axe,  
Sounding their notions over the oceans  
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that, and in the dollar  
Yet open of land when the dollar is made;  
Maintaining the meet'n, exalting the scholar,  
But a little too anxious about a good trade.

This is young Jonathan, son of old John,  
Positive, peacable, firm in the right,  
Saxon men all of us, may we be one  
Steady for freedom and strong in her might.

Then slow, and sure, as the oaks have grown  
From the acorns that fell on the old dim day,  
So this new manhood, in city and town,  
To a nobler stature will grow away.

Winning by inches, holding by clinches,  
Slow to content, and slower to quit,  
Now and then falling, but never once quailing  
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

## Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1880.

If it were possible for the Democratic majority to be meaner this session than they were during the extra session, they would be. But fortunately for the country, the Republicans are vigilant, and do not fail to expose at once all the Democratic blunders. Their course was one of bold defiance of decency last session, but this time they started in, it seems, with a cowardly purpose of doing just as contemptible things in a sneaking way. Thus, nearly four months ago they protested great anxiety to provide for the deficiencies in the Departments, and at once drafted what they called an "Immediate deficiency bill." But it was not very immediate. It has not yet become a law. In this bill they included the pay for the Marshal's service last year, which the Democrats promised to be decent enough to pay, after keeping the officials out of it several months. But many excuses followed each other in quick succession, for delay in this matter until the public have taken notice of it in a way the Democrats despise, and the severe criticisms of each underhanded method of repeating the starving out policy have brought the Democrats to their senses. It is probable that the immediate deficiency bill may become a law in a few days, and justice will be done to the officials who have so long suffered for the money which is honestly due them.

The warfare in the Democratic ranks over the Springer-Dunnely matter, and the impossibility of uniting in the Senate for unseating Senator Kellogg, continues. We are looking on with complacency, in the belief that the Democratic factions are eating each other up as rapidly as possible. All the Republicans have got to do this year, apparently, is to stand by while the Democrats go on beating themselves. Good nominations and a fair amount of work will insure us the next President, and both Houses of Congress.

The House has passed the Indian appropriation bill. Once more an effort to remove the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department was beaten, but an amendment was adopted abolishing the Indian Commission.

The returns to the Department of Agriculture show an increase in the area sown in wheat last fall, of 13 per cent. as compared with the year previous. Iowa and Nebraska report great disaster from the winter. On the whole the wheat crop, thus far, looks as favorable as in the spring of 1879. The condition for live stock is better than for several years.

MAXWELL.

## Communicated.

Mr. Editor:

It is both gratifying and encouraging to see your correspondent come to the front on the question of Individual Responsibility in regard to the rum traffic. Just so long as men of pretended principle seek to dodge their responsibility, so long will the evil run riot. Suppose, for a moment, that all law-abiding, God-fearing people should unite, they could carry any reform they pleased. While there is a lack of unity, the cause will drag slowly, and while the officers of the law to whom we look for their enforcement, shun the responsibility, and boldly say, "it is the duty of temperance men to enforce the laws against the rum traffic," we may expect laws to become a dead letter.

Of course voters must adhere to party nominations, according to party leaders; and if they think more of party than principal then go it blind. Vote for rum candidates, and growl because taxes are too high. But then man is a very inconsistent being, and often seems to prefer to sleep over a volcano, than be warned of danger. If you attack a prevalent evil, look out for the curses to follow you, for being an intermeddler. Instance—preaching against an abominable heresy—a call for orthodox to dispense with their service and go and hear a rejoinder. Only an instance of man's inconsistency.

Elwood, April 21st, 1880.

## Robert Toombs in Congress.

General Urishin in The Philadelphia Press.

It was Mr. Wade who originated and brought forward that great measure, the "Homestead bill," or, as he was pleased to call it, "land for the landless." The Southern men at once antagonized this bill with the slavery question, and Mr. Wade, accepting the issue, rushed to the contest with the battle cry of "Land for the landless against niggers for the niggerless?" The Southern men sought in every way to defeat the bill, but Wade made a powerful argument, and for the time completely routed his enemies.

While the bill was under discussion, Mr. Toombs referred to it, with a sneer, as a measure for white papers, when Mr. Wade immediately arose and said:

"Sir, you sneer at the Homestead bill because it gives land to the landless, do you? What is your pet scheme? Buying Cuba? Stealing niggers for the niggerless? We will go to the country upon it—land for the landless against niggers for the niggerless!"

Wade one day replied to Toombs, and to all appearance used language which would compel Toombs to challenge him. Several friends went to Wade and begged him to desist; but the old man grew more and more violent, until Toombs indicated his intention of calling Wade to account for the language he was using, when Wade quietly sat down, seemingly having accomplished his object. The Southern men looked at each other in surprise, and it was manifest to all that Wade had deliberately sought a quarrel with Toombs.

That night a friend of the Southern Senator called on Mr. Wade to know if he would retract the offensive words he had used. "No, I won't take back a d—d word," was Wade's emphatic reply. "Then," said the friend of Mr. Toombs, "it will be necessary for Mr. Toombs to challenge you to mortal combat." "That is just what I want, and we might have got to the point without all this palaver," said Wade. "You surely cannot be in earnest, Mr. Wade?" said the Southerner.

"Why, of course I am. You see, sir, we Northern men don't like to fight. Now, I am opposed to the code, and so are my constituents, but you fellows have broken Sumner's head, and we must spunk up a little or you will break all our bones. The shortest way to end the matter is to kill off a few of you, and I have picked out old Toombs as my man. He will have to challenge me; then, of course, I will have the choice of weapons, and I'll take my old rill; and d—d me if I don't bring him down at the first crack."

When Toombs heard what Wade said he replied: "I can't challenge him; if I do the old brute will likely kill me."

It appears that Toombs and Wade had been out together shooting with a rifle several times, and while Toombs could shoot well with a pistol he was a poor rifle shot. Wade was an old hunter, and at a distance of a hundred yards could hit a dollar almost every shot. Mr. Wade afterward said to me:

"If old Toombs had challenged me that time, as I expected he would, I would have put a patch on my coat over the heart, and made him do the same thing; then the old fellow would have got demoralized when he saw me drawing a bead on his patch, and would have missed me, while d—d me if I wouldn't have cut his patch the first fire."

Not only did Mr. Toombs refuse to challenge Wade, but no Southern member of Congress could ever be induced to send him a challenge, no matter what he might say.

## State Items.

Irregularities are reported in Hope, Warren county, and an investigation is to be made.

Chas. Case, of Belvidere, is the first colored man elected to office in Northern New Jersey. He was nominated and elected by the Democrats to the office of Pound Keeper.

A railroad about five miles long is to be built from the West Jersey Road, near Cape May Court House, to Angelsea, a new Summer resort on the Atlantic, above Cape May.

The Editorial Association propose a trip to the White Mountains during June, at a cost of \$22 each, to cover transportation, board, etc., provided enough members will go, the party to start on Monday evening and return Saturday morning.

A terrible and most alarming epidemic is now raging at Red Bank. The Standard says: Messrs. Joseph W. Child, our Town Clerk, Horatio Ely, the Cashier of the First National Bank, and several others of our well-known citizens, have been seriously ill with the mump, which seems to be epidemic.

## General News.

Dennis Kearney's sentence has been confirmed by the Superior Court in San Francisco.

The fruit and vegetable business of Florida has grown from about 25,000 boxes in 1874 to 950,000 in 1880.

Canada proposes to tunnel the St. Lawrence at Montreal for railroad purposes, the cost to be \$3,000,000.

The Anglo-American cable laid in 1873 has parted in 80 fathoms of water 36 miles off the Irish coast.

The glory has departed from Yazoo City, Miss. At the last election not even a colored man was killed.

A majority of the delegates to the Democratic national convention thus far chosen from the south are carpet-baggers.

Mr. Randall says "Tilden is more of a candidate to day than he ever was before." It is that is so the Democracy may as well surrender.

The English training-ship, "Atalanta," with 350 boys on board, left Bermuda two months ago and has not been heard of since. Vessels have been sent in search of her. It is feared that she has foundered in mid ocean.

The Reading Railroad has a locomotive capable of making the distance between Philadelphia and Jersey City in an hour and a half. The Pennsylvania Railroad are building a dozen that will do the same thing.

A compilation of the various canvasses of the colleges of the country on the Presidential question has been published by the Harvard Echo. Thirty six colleges have been heard from, and the totals are: Blaine 2,227; Grant, 1,408; Sherman, 1,014; Edmunds, 301; Bayard, 1,117; Tilden 195. This, says the New York Tribune, shows Blaine to have nearly twice as much strength as Grant, and Bayard to beat Tilden in popularity more than five to one.

A few years ago the State's Attorney of a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability, was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion an important criminal case was called on by the Clerk, but the Attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the Judge. "Yes—hic—no—your Honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State is not—in a state to try this case, to-day; the State, your Honor, is—drunk!"

Germany with a population of 42,000,000, has 60,000 schools and an attendance of 6,000,000 pupils; Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 34,000,000, has 58,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; Austro-Hungary, with a population of 37,000,000, has 30,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; France, with a population of 37,000,000, has 71,000 schools and 4,700,000 pupils; Spain, with a population of 17,000,000, has 20,000 schools and 1,000,000 pupils; Italy, with a population of 28,000,000, has 47,000 schools and 1,900,000 pupils, and Russia, with a population of 74,000,000, has 32,000 schools and 1,100,000 pupils.

## Editorial Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, '80.

When we left Hammonton on the morning of the 10th, there was every indication of warmer weather, but in the night the wind shifted to the northwest, and blew a gale, compelling the gallant Captain Riggins—under whose pilotage we were—of the Ericson Line Steamer, Wm. Whilden, to cast anchor under the shadow of Turkey Island, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, where we lay for five hours. This made us late in reaching Baltimore, it being past 10 o'clock, Sunday morning, when the boat reached the wharf at the foot of Light Street. We spent the day in Baltimore, and in the evening, in company with Prof. S. S. Grauer, went to the Reformed Presbyterian Church to hear Rev. Mr. Leyburn, who is the popular preacher of the Monumental City. Prof. Grauer is the organizer, and he certainly does his part in attracting people to the church. There are accommodations for about 1,600, and it is filled twice a day. I felt at the close of service as did the Brakeman, that attended church, when he said he had had an hour's pleasant run and a "concert thrown in." The sermon was very practical, appealing, and clothed in the simplest language, and the singing just our idea of what church singing should be, and the music of the organ just heavenly, such as would make any man with any feeling of reverence, feel devotional. No wonder the house is filled.

Sunday night was terribly cold, for the 11th of April. Ice was made, and fears were entertained that the fruit would be badly injured if not entirely destroyed. But we personally examined peach blossoms, and they were entirely uninjured, owing, no doubt, to being perfectly dry. Overcoats, thick and warm, were necessary, and good fires needed as much as in January. On our way to Washington on Monday morning, the cold was bitter, and ice lay on the water in some places, with no apparent intention of being reduced to a liquid state.

This is, as we have said before, the paragon of American cities, but when old Boreas swoops down through the streets, the dirt flies fearfully, and you eat dirt; breathe dirt, load your clothing with dirt, and every man, woman and child becomes a receptacle of dirt, so that one needs to carry a whisk to use at every stopping place, and should wear an inhaler that his lungs may not become irritated by pulverized stones, mixed with asphalt, wood, hay, straw, etc., etc.

Everywhere we go, in the street, in the public buildings, in the halls of Congress, in the hotels, we find the representatives of Southern chivalry, seedy and sad, and sometimes mad, because they can't have every place filled by rebels. You find them, however, in every department of the Government, filling places that should be filled by loyal men and women. Few, if any of them, have been reconstructed. Convinced against their will, they are of the same rebel opinion still and hate the North and the Government as they did twenty years ago. Yet the man in the White House, who would have his name go down to posterity as a mediator between traitors and a loyal Government, holds out the premium for traitors, and with the aid of willing assistants, like Secretary Sherman, who, to make votes for himself next fall, is filing important places with traitors—we say traitors for they have never shown any works or words to indicate otherwise—and the chance is better in Sherman's department just now, for a rebel than for a loyal man. Don't let any soldier of the Union, nor any other loyal man, forget it. But as Hayes has undertaken to do what a higher power attempted to do, and gave up in despair, he will most signally fail. An "Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor a leopard his spots," neither can you change the nature of a Southern rebel, until you make him feel the punishment he justly deserves; starvation, cold, and every other suffering coming from transgression of law. The efforts of the President and his helpers to sustain and foster them, would be justifiable, if the hands receiving were grateful. This they are not. They would as soon smite the hand that feeds them as take a drink of whiskey, and whiskey is dearer to them than honor, and their honor is about the value of a bag of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Few rebels are turned away, if any place can be found for them. Hence they pour into the Cap-

itol, draw on friends for sustenance, or contract bills never to be paid, while waiting for something to turn up. And such is the way the present administration punishes traitors, and rewards loyalty.

Little is doing in either House of Congress. The Geneva Award question has occupied the Senate when we have been present. In the House the Indian question has been the glowing theme for inspiration. The rising star in this chamber is our Hon. Geo. M. Robeson. He is the Samson in intellect, and the man of whom the rebel members have a mortal dread. His blows are like the blows from the hammer of Thor. Garfield has lost

his prestige in a great measure. His recent yielding to rebel power has brought curses, not loud, but deep, in the hearts of loyal men in this city. Gen. Hooker, of Mississippi, is the mighty man among the rebel element. He is arrogant, proud, and full of sound and fury, and is a true type of the Southern man-owner. It does certainly fill a loyal man with shame and mortification to see such men as Hampton, Butler, Vance, Hill, Ramsey, Gordon, and many other rampant rebels, occupying seats in the law-making body of a government they so recently rebelled against, and did their best to destroy. Yet who is to blame? None but Republicans. Without remorse for their crimes, without even confession of misdeeds, they were brought back to citizenship by Republican votes, and instead of gratitude for the leniency and kindness shown them, they are insolent, arrogant, impudent and overbearing, and are masters of the situation. According to tradition the Almighty taught man better. He cast Satan over the battlements of heaven, and never allowed him to return. Had the Republicans learned of heaven they would have done better, and allowed no rebel the right of franchise, to say nothing of being made law-maker, under twenty-five years probation. Now restored to citizenship, according to scriptural teaching, they turn to rend those who have been throwing them pearls. And they—Republicans—deserve it. Many of the Democratic Senators deserve well, and are decidedly men of brains. But, few of these are from south of Mason and Dixon's line. There they seem to have been selected, not for moral and mental worth, but for the amount of bitterness and the extent of their valor in defending the unsavory carcass of slavery. The more of the devil manifested, the better they suit their constituents. Blaine, Conkling, Thurman, Ingalls, Hoar, Edmunds, Anthony, Bayard and Randolph are the prominent men of the Senate. Davis reminds us of Myron Lawrence, a noted whig politician of the old school, in Massachusetts, whom a reporter of a Democratic paper, in 1840, during the Harrison campaign, described thus:

"A mass of fat, a beastly jelly;  
A man in fact that is all belly."  
But my letter is getting too long, and I must close, though I have "lots and cords" more to write.  
H. E. B.

A new cause for a strike was developed in New York on Thursday, the 15th inst., in the office of the Witness, a religious weekly of that city. Two colored compositors were employed on the paper. For a time they had been kept in a separate room, but for very good reasons they were placed in the apartment where eight white men were at work. Of these eight six chose to abandon their places rather than work by the side of "niggers." The probability is that they can continue in the exercise of their liberty of choice and that others will be engaged in their places. This, taken in connection with the prejudice proven to exist at West Point, where three hundred students turned their backs on a man nearly but not quite as white as themselves, proves that the color line is still tightly drawn.

The State Convention to be held in Trenton, on the sixth of May, is close at hand, and it is time for the towns and townships to be selecting their delegates. They are entitled to delegates as follows: Atlantic City, 2; Absecon, 1; Buena Vista, 1; Egg Harbor Township, 1; Egg Harbor City, 1; Galloway, 1; Hamilton, 1; Hammonton, 1; Mullica, 1; Weymouth, 1. This is according to the basis of one delegate for each 200 Republican votes at last general election, and one for each fraction of the same over 100. But every town or township is entitled to one delegate.



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*[The following section contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



HOT  
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 THE YEAR  
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 AND  
 SUMMER  
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A Wash that takes a whole forenoon, can  
 be done in a couple of Hours, if you will use  
 Frank Siddalls Soap and follow the directions.  
 Tho Clothes will smell Sweeter and look nicer  
 on the line, than when washed in any other way  
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 or Boiled,) there is no heavy Washboiler to lift  
 about, no disagreeable Smell in the house, no  
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 the Saving in Fuel alone Pays for the Soap.

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 When you use FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

In the first place, do not get the Washboiler about on Washday; the Clothes will  
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 and kettle to make the wash-water warm enough to suit the hands, (which is  
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ap over the wet clothes, lightly, so as not to waste it, but dont miss  
 places, and LET SOAK 20 MINUTES; then wash carefully out of  
 uds only, not using any soap, but changing the water if it gets dirty;  
 in be hard to wash out Soap if again and throw back in the sud for a few minutes;  
 through ONE rinse water, turning each piece and rubbing lightly  
 ash-board, but not using any soap, then rinse through Blue Water  
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 the Soap on the wash-board while washing; it is not necessary and makes it waste.

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