

South Jersey Republican.

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AGRICULTURAL.

Visit of Farmer's Club—Strawberry Exhibition.

Our last week's edition was exhausted long before the demand ceased, and we feel under obligation to replenish the account of the visit of the New York delegation and the strawberry show, that those not supplied last week may be accommodated. And this will be a revised edition of the article in question. Errors are corrected and omissions supplied.

Of the guests here we have the following names: Solon Robinson, agricultural editor of the New York Tribune; John G. Bergen, one of the Police Commissioners of New York City, and a leading fruit grower of Long Island; G. C. Bergen, New York City; Dr. Wm. McClair, A. S. Fuller, the celebrated strawberry culturist and grand owner; Isaac Hicks and J. S. Hicks, fruit growers of Northampton, Long Island; A. J. Ward, Esq., Bloomfield; Charles Downing, Newburgh, New York; the able author of "Fruit and Fruit Trees of America"; P. T. Quinn, the practical fruit grower of Newark; Dr. Crowell, W. H. Chilton, J. R. Holbrook, C. Holt, J. Lancaster, New York City; W. S. Allston, editor of "Working Farmer," New York City; John Turner, Rochester, New York, editor of the American Farmer; Lewis B. Brown, Manchester, proprietor of Manchester Land Tractor, and many others. Of Railroad men were Col. Potter, President of Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, who very generously tendered a special train for the delegation—also W. N. Clayton, Sup't, and W. S. Sneden, Engineer of Raritan and Delaware Bay railroad; G. W. N. Curtis, Sup't of Camden and Atlantic railroad, and John Biddle, President of the Williamson road.

The refreshments were gotten up on short notice by the ladies of the town and were creditable. The cake was excellent, and the supply of strawberries and cream equal to the demand. The table was tastefully decorated with flowers.

After the refreshments had received proper attention, there was speaking by several of the guests on subjects of interest to fruit growers.

A. S. Fuller spoke upon strawberry culture—gave as his opinion that mulching would prevent winter killing and that for manure he would use barn yard manure well rotted, and as next best manure he named well-decomposed swamp muck, and as for varieties he advised to plant such as had been thoroughly tested on our soil, and not looking after new varieties, as not one in ten would bear the test of cultivation and marketing.

E. Williams of Mt. Clair, spoke upon the blackberry, and in the highest terms of the Kittatinny, which did not winter kill—berries perfectly black, does not turn red, and bears as great a crop as New Rochelle—spoke of barn yard manure for manure first, and muck next.

P. S. Quinn of Newark, a practical and very successful gardener, spoke upon the culture of the currant as one of the best growing small fruits—said it needed ground well manured—that would produce 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre, or 50 bushels of corn planted 4 feet rows and 2 feet in row—said they cultivated the theory, and varieties, which they sold for 15cts per pound—and the yield was 100 bushels to the acre—thought the currant would succeed here by mulching. Mr. Quinn answered many questions in regard to the pear tree.

John G. Bergen, of New York City, and leading market gardener made a pleasant and humorous speech, saying he was no grape culturist; no speech maker, being a member of the New York Police Commission and board of excise, he gave us one of the best speeches of the evening; said the Concord grape had rotted badly with him, both in a dry and wet season; that the Hartford Prodigie had fruited for six years, but would not answer to send to market from here, as it dropped its fruit badly.

D. L. V. C. Smith, formerly Mayor of Camden, made a very pleasant speech. Solon Robinson spoke of his convictions of South Jersey and his predictions of the success of state settlement, and other places in this section.

The condition and disorder during the meeting was great. The building was thronged with people who seemed to regard the occasion as a public festival for themselves, rather than as a reception of distinguished guests. Obviously, the handsome equipment that could have been palmed before a select audience—was not given.

The exhibition of strawberries by the fruit growers of Hammonton was held in connection with the visit of the delegation. The strawberry crop proves to be much more seriously injured than was supposed a few weeks ago, and this somewhat affected the amount of the suspended quantity. The berries were exhibited in lots varying from one to five quarts, excepting a few rare varieties which were shown in small quantities. The exhibition table—was in what will be the gentleman's room in the Byrnes House. It is impossible to mention each exhibitor, or notice every parcel shown. We shall only speak of such as we saw and consider ed worthy of mention.

Mr. Wm. F. Bassett exhibited a lot of Agricultural berries, the largest of any on the table, grown in Hammonton. We learn from him that his Agricultural vines have stood the unfavorable season as well as any variety he has, and that he is disposed to think highly of them. The general features of this berry are probably well known to those who have been at all interested in fruit. Mr. Bassett also exhibited a

SELECTED.

Aunt Tabitha's Railway Adventures.

[Concluded.]

" Mak' it a shillid', mum, an' I'll drive you all the way to Colney 'atch, which'll save railway fare," he was shouting after a couple of ladies. " But, mebbe, you're comin' down to shoot up the moors, an' mean gettin' into those quarters wi' a pistol to mak' auto' yer yer sun."

Mrs. Leeson turned and shook an angry fit at him; but my aunt, who was the other lady, stalked on unbedding, like a man consciously marching to a noble doom.

" I'm a very nice thing, ain't I?" added the cabbie, addressing the group which instantly gathered about him. " To ha' a life-saver fitted to you be a woman, beco' you ax for a hextra sixpence, for havin' to go out o' yer road? An' I seed she's got a pistol as big as a gun inside o' her muff.

Look out in the papers to-morrow, for a murder on this line here, somewhere between here and Colney!"

This was a pretty beginning, I thought; as I rushed away to gain the platform, as my aunt was procuring her ticket. Hiding behind other people in the vicinity of the book-stand, I watched the two go to a carriage where Aunt Tab secured a seat by placing something upon it—for any thing I could tell, the six-barrelled revolver; and then whilst she and Mrs. Leeson went towards the guard's van, to look after the luggage (which had been sent down before), I ran and leaped into a second-class compartment of the same carriage—my relative had selected, nestling myself away out of sight in the corner. By-and-by the carriage doors were slammed, and the train slowly got into motion, when I had a glimpse of Mrs. Leeson apparently sliding from undernearth a great patch of sticking plaster, as he would not mind being shot at again upon the same terms. After some two hours delay, during which time my aunt was examined mentally by three local doctors, it was graciously decided not to call in magisterial interference, on the condition that I at once convey my relative back to London, and pledged myself to place her under proper medical control.

I and the crushed lady accordingly returned to town by the next up-train, in a state of mind on her part which I shall not attempt to describe. She has not paid the visit into Lincolnshire, and I do not expect she ever will. Aunt Tab has never asked for any explanation of how I came to be so opportunely at hand at Peterborough, but most likely she learned it all from Mrs. Leeson, with whom I held a boisterous conversation immediately after she had recovered the surprise of my aunt's conduct.

" She is not fifty yet, sir," I stammered out.

" But I did n't touch her. I'll swear it!

Interfere with a woman armed in that way, is it reasonable to think it?" he again pleaded. " But, " ye quickly went on, " who knows what lies she'll tell the guard?

" Is it likely—is it reasonable? My banker will tell you I am respectable, sir. I never put a finger on her, and nobody would do for she's as ugly as sin. My soul! To think of such a charge as this! She's seventy years of age, sir. Is it likely?"

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