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[For the South Jersey Republican.]

Our Stricken Land.

Wm. H. Morris.

The clouds that roll across our sky
In heavy masses, dark and cold,
From farther North to sunny South
Our land in night and gloom enfold;
And as on leaden wings they're drifting by
From sea to sea, a nation's cry.

The demon hands that would overthrow
The liberties we won and prize—
Would see the monster, Tyranny,
Above the form of freedom rise;
Are steeped in blood and in its horrid flow
They laugh to scorn our prayers—insult our woe.

Our store-houses are filled with grain
While starving thousands cry for bread;
The fire of furnace and of forge
Give place to embers cold and dead,
Though hosts of tillers would till again
Behold those fires awake to life again.

Our cities that were busy marts
Where idle hands were seldom seen—
Where traders thronged from far and near,
A ceaseless, ever swelling stream—
Are filled, alas! with crowds of anxious hearts,
Oppressed by fears the specter want imports.

From North to South, from East to West,
Once busy toilers vainly pray
That these dark clouds may lifted be
And let within the light of day;
But while they vainly pray, with souls oppressed,
The robbers mock and jeer at their unrest.

Can these things be in our fair land,
The once-ample of the world,
Where Freedom for a hundred years
Its flag upon the breeze unfurled?
And yet a myriad fertile fields demand
The tiller's willing arm and busy hand!

Awake, O freemen, ere too late,
You find yourselves in shackles strong
That, when perceived, you cannot break
Without a deadly fight, and long;
Nor let illusive fancies ere abate
Your watchful care of Freedom's proud estate!

New York Correspondence.

New York, August 28, 1877.

THE CURIOSITIES OF CRIME.

Last week a girl named Wetzel killed a man named Listemann, by slaying him with a razor while they were in bed together. Listemann had kept her as his mistress six years, and the girl had frequently importuned him to marry her, urging that she was "sick of leading a life of shame." She made this demand last Tuesday night—which he refused to listen to; but, apparently pacified, retired with him. Scarcely had he laid down when she whipped a razor from under her pillow, and inflicted horrible wounds on his abdomen, from which he died. An inquest was held, the proceedings of which were published in the papers. Two days after a similar case occurred in Brooklyn. A woman had lived with a man on intimate terms, had reformed and married. Her paramour was brute enough to make public the relations that had once existed between them, which coming to the ears of the husband, ended in a separation. The enraged woman made an appointment with her former lover and deliberately cut him in the abdomen till he died. Then a day after a similar tragedy was enacted in Jersey City, and still another in 57th St., in each case little love being at the bottom; a razor the weapon, a bed the scene, and the abdomen the wounded place. It is as though every diseased, pointed, repentant woman felt called upon to follow the example of the first, and in the same horrible way. The details of these affairs are too horrible to print. In each case death ensued.

A CATHOLIC SCANDAL.

The little town of Vineland, near the city, is greatly exercised over the development of a transaction that recently occurred in the Catholic church at that place. A man named Gregory, a worthless sort of fellow who had more than half forsaken his church, was at the point of death. His wife, a devout Catholic, begged the priest to shrive the dying man, which he refused to do on the score that he was not a good Catholic, and was not entitled to absolution. Mrs. Gregory implored, and finally after many interviews the priest did go and confess him and gave him full absolution. Priest Viter was indiscreet enough afterward to say that he now had means enough to pay off the debt on his church, as a valuable piece of land in Newark had been devised to him; and Mrs. Gregory, now that her husband was safely through purgatory, dropped hints that if he had cost her more than she liked, to get it accomplished. An inquiry was set on foot and it was made known that the dying man and his wife had devised the Newark property to the priest, besides giving him \$100 in money—in short, all they had—before he would absolve him. It has made much feeling in Vineland, and has created a bitter feeling against the church there.

A RENOVATED DEMOCRATIC TROUBLE.

Our Greenbacker Adria Muller, of the first district in this city, had a vacancy in West Point to fill, and to avoid the responsibility of making a selection, advertised that a competitive examination would be held, and the boy making the best average would be appointed. Probably Mr. Muller would not have done this had he had the faintest idea of the result, for behold you, a "ligger" named Charles A. Minnie, came out ahead, and Muller was com-

peled to appoint him. There were an hundred applicants, but Minnie had a clear majority of points, and there was no mistake about it. There is loud swearing among the democracy of the first, at the "dirty nigger" who had the audacity to stand first among the youth of that district. John Morrissey is so sure enough to turn this little draught of gall to advantage. There is a very large negro vote in that district, and the gallant John no sooner hears of it, than he sends his cheque for \$500 to Minnie, with which he may provide himself with a proper outfit. This is a shrewd stroke. It will be a convenient thing for John to have at his back in future political contests, some hundreds of the negroes of that section for they are looming into political importance every day, and even the enmity of the Irish cannot keep them out. Minnie is a very bright boy, he has been more than two-thirds educated at home, and has done the most of it himself. In the examination the maximum was an hundred, and he stood 99 1/2. He understands fully what is before him at West Point, but he is determined to go through it like a man, and do something for his race as well as himself.

THE GREAT TELEGRAPH CONSOLIDATION.

There is no more competition in telegraphing, and the public is at entirely at the mercy of a monopoly as it was before the Atlantic and Pacific was started to give us relief from the monstrous exactions of the Western Union. With a healthy competition rates had got down to a point that enabled the people to use the telegraph freely. A message from New York to Chicago only cost 25 cents, and rates for shorter distances were even lower. This did not satisfy the grasping managers, and so this week, they got together and consolidated the two companies, and up go the rates just as far as the patience of an abused public will permit. It will result in the government taking the telegraphic system of the country under its wing—at least it ought to. The people are idiots if they permit a company of grasping speculators to hold in its hand the power to oppress them. The rate from New York to Chicago will go up to a dollar again, and so on in proportion. Of course that little mephistopheles, Jay Gould, is at the bottom of this, as he is at all the devilry that is being done. Every man, woman and child in the United States don't petition Congress to take the telegraph lines, and operate them as it does the mail system service, they will deserve all the swindles that can be imposed upon them. And by the way, while they are about it, they ought to take a dig at the express business. There is no reason under heaven why small parcels should not be carried through the mails at a very low rate of postage. The express business is as miserable a monopoly as the telegraph, and needs reforming as much. To get a dress from Boston to Omaha costs almost as much as the dress, and to some points a great deal more. There is no reason why the mails should not be used for the transportation of certain matter. If the people are wise they will pay some attention to these matters this winter.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

There is no longer any question—there is an improvement in business. The enormous crops of this year are burdening the lines of transportation both by water and land, money is being sent out of the city by the million to move the crop, and that money, distributed at once, is putting life into trade, and very vigorous life. It is a fact that the wheat crop of the year will average more than twenty-five bushels to the acre, taking the country together, which is something never known before, and the corn crop will be equally large; and this enormous yield comes when the country is bare of grain, and when a great war in Europe takes away all the competition we have always had in supplying breadstuffs, keeping the price up to a good round figure. Add to this the fact of an absolute settlement of our internal troubles by the wise policy of President Hayes, the fact that we have got back almost to a gold basis, and that the depreciation has gone on until we have struck bottom, and he must be a crooked fellow who cannot see better times very shortly ahead. The effect is now perceptible in this city. The merchants from the interior are here in force, with pleasant faces, and those who came to buy five thousand dollars are, under advice from home since they left, buying ten thousand. One publishing firm in Boston has sold 50,000 copies of a new book in the first three weeks of its publication, something unheard of since 1873, and other intimations of returning prosperity are not wanting. And this is going to be permanent. Our exports are now largely in excess of our imports, the flood of gold instead of going abroad is settling this way, and Europe is contributing to our treasury by our contributing to Europe. We are exporting goods to Europe, and so good a reputation have our goods that in China, Japan, and South America the English are labelling their fabrics "American," in order to sell them. There is no use in hanging back any longer. We have struck bottom, and from this time we shall rise and rise very rapidly.

VARIOUS.

It is true that Jay Gould made four millions of dollars by his shrewd manipulation of

Western Union, and the subsequent consolidation. The weather is very hot, and the death rate among children is fearful. The coaching folly is about played out. The young bloods have got tired of playing English coachmen, and now that the novelty is worn off, the young ladies have discovered that the family carriage is ever so much more comfortable. Add besides, it affords an equally good chance to show their clothes, which is the main object of a New York girl's life. The people are coming back from the summer resorts, and the city is looking a trifle more gay. The avenues and park drives are filling up again with the family instead of the coachman and cook.

Pietro.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27, 1877.

Ever since the State of South Carolina fell into the hands of the shot-gun Democracy, the cause of the leaders in that State towards prominent Republicans, has been growing more and more inconsistent with the pledges made by Hampton to the President, that Spring, and the persecutors forshadowed against everyone ever at all prominent on the Republican side, in State politics, or whose intelligence promised to become a stumbling block to the re-establishment of the aristocratic ante-war regime have taken such definite shape, that many of the most earnest friends of the President's efforts to restore feelings of fraternity and good-will, have become alarmed and justly indignant, feeling as they do that his kindness has been abused, and they made the innocent abettors of a cunningly devised system, under cover of law, to drive into banishment or imprisonment, the men who have stood between the unrepentant secession leaders of the State, and the masses whom they would relegate to a practical state of serfdom. It is understood that a delegation is now here to lay before the President incontrovertible evidences of these designs and to invoke national protection.

The charges of ex-Pension Bureau official Kane, against the former and present Commissioner of that Bureau, (Baker and Bentley), and also against some minor officials, which he laid before Secretary Seward, nearly three months ago, and which have just come to light through the *Republican*, have served to increase the feeling of distrust entertained relative to the crooked management of public affairs by many of our Departmental officers. Baker is circumstantially charged with having allowed a claim which he had previously rejected, knowing it to be fraudulent; and that he received between \$2,000 and \$3,000 as a bribe for his favorable action; that the present Commissioner is aware of Baker's criminality, and has labored to defeat any inquiries by which it would become known, and that in pursuance of that purpose he has dismissed officials, whose honesty and knowledge of the facts rendered them dangerous, and replaced them with Baker's friends and proxy to his crime, and with others whose lack of virtue insured their silence when that appeared most profitable. It is felt that it ought to be an easy matter to show Kane a liar if he really is such.

As indicated by general expression Gen'l Boynton has not helped his side much by his latest bull against Mr. Moore, who is not on trial. The charge of an attempt to black mail has not been satisfactorily refuted; and the publication by Boynton of two confidential letters written by two different officials to President Grant, and by him referred to Secretary Morrill for his information, naturally excited much curiosity as to how Boynton came in possession of them particularly as he has offered no explanation in answer to Moore's avowal, that they were stolen. And the contents of those two letters will strengthen the wide spread suspicion that there existed prior to the Cincinnati Convention, a Bristow ring, ramifying through every Bureau of the Treasury Department, formed of his adherents among the employees; that the public business was made subservient to his interests, and that there was established a Jesuitical system of espionage over those subordinate who refused to identify themselves with the Bristow movement; and it will require more than Gen. Boynton's statement to the contrary to convince many of those brought into contact with Mr. Canant, that he was incapable of the violent bully's part which he is deemed such a departure from the character of a gentleman necessary to the success of his schemes.

Texas has really got its spirit up in a state of excessive exultation over the expected refusal of the Mexican officials to return the Rio Grande City raiders. Some of Diaz's friends profess to be able to see in the reported purpose to raise an army of 25,000 by the Texas authorities, a movement in favor of Lozano and annexation, the raid being used as a convenient pretext. At all events the late movement of the Texans can hardly fail to dangerously complicate affairs on our Southern border.

Gen'l Howard, despite the criticism of our able civilian military authorities, is in high standing at the War Department and after hearing what is said there of the obstacles he had to overcome, in his pursuit of Joseph, one leaves with the absurd impression that the officials there may really have something

about it. Notwithstanding the intimations of members of Congress that they would feel much obliged to the President if he would revoke the call for an extra session, it is not believed he will think of humoring them.

Maxwell.

Rural Topics.

[Written for the South Jersey Republican by one of the most experienced farmers, gardeners and fruit-growers in the United States.]

"SETTING" HENS.

There is no expression in the English language in the use of which people make more mistakes than in speaking of sitting hens, or hens that sit or desire to sit. These errors arise from an imperfect knowledge of the use of the verb to sit and to set. To sit, as we all know, is the act of sitting, as in a chair or on a nest; but to set is the act of placing a thing in some place or position, as eggs in a nest; so we can correctly say a setting of eggs. We can also say, "I have set a hen," because it requires either some act of ours to place her on the nest, as putting eggs in it and setting the hen thereon, or she went upon it voluntarily, by which act she set herself upon the eggs; but as soon as she has adjusted herself in the nest she becomes a sitting hen. We should therefore say, "A hen sits, is sitting, or desires to sit," and "a setting of eggs for a hen I am going to set that wants to sit;" and in no case can we properly say, "a setting hen," or "a hen that wants to set," &c.

MANGEL WURZEL AND CARROTS.

From a paper read before a Fairmen's Association I extract as follows: "From the experiments that I have made I am strongly inclined to the opinion that for cows the majority of our cheese dairymen and other farmers included will find the mangel wurzel the most valuable of all our root crops for cows; and the carrot the most valuable for horses. If I am correct in this opinion, as I really think I am, the next question that comes up is—Which is the best way to cultivate them?" Here let me say, once for all, that I do not believe it possible to raise a large crop of mangel wurzel, parsnips or carrots upon poor land, unless they have at least fair cultivation. It is possible to get a fair crop of turnips upon land that is only moderately rich, and with only indifferent cultivation; but even here you will find failure much oftener than success; hence let me advise all not to attempt the growth of these crops unless they are able and willing to comply with the following conditions, viz: very rich soil, and that in good condition, plenty of manure, and thorough cultivation. With these conditions you may raise not only large crops, but very large and very profitable ones." This writer is correct in saying that carrots are valuable for horses, and they are also valuable for cows. Owing to the fact that mangels can be grown at about half the expense per bushel that it costs to produce carrots, it may be true that they, as he says, are the best root crop to grow for cows.

MONEY IN BEEF.

It is poor policy for farmers to sell cows that fall in their milk at this season of the year, to others who fatten them and make money by the business. No one can fatten stock cheaper than farmers can. They need a good pasture exclusively for fattening cattle; that is, enough such pasture should be fenced off to feed one, two, or as many animals as one desires to fatten. I see no good reason why such stock should not, in the absence of other good pasture, be turned upon mowing land in the fall when the grass is well grown, so as to afford a pasture adapted to fattening cattle. I do not think that any injury would be sustained by thus pasturing mowing lands, unless the grass should be fed off quite short, or the sward be cut up in wet weather by the hoofs of the cattle; and it is easy to avoid both of these possible injuries. As cold weather approaches fattening animals should be fed meal and root crops; and by January they may be put in good condition to slaughter. No cows should be kept on a farm that give but little milk naturally, as it is better to fatten them, and buy good ones. A cow worth \$100 is more profitable than one worth \$50 only.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

Diseases in poultry that affect entire flocks are always caused by something wrong about their premises. I believe this to be so from the fact that in breeding fowls extensively for forty years I never had but two cases of disease; and in both cases I discovered the cause and remedied it immediately. One was a lack of fresh air in their roosting house, which produced the roup in the whole flock; and the other was allowing the fowls to drink stagnant water in their yard, where there was a pile of manure, which produced a disease that was fatal to many fowls. The poultry editor of the *Rural New Yorker* says: "There has lately come to my notice some cases of severe fever among fowls, which proved very fatal. Numbers of the fowls died very suddenly, on several farms in the neighborhood. The birds were in good condition, with crops well filled but not too hard, with food well attacked. The first symptoms were moribundness and entire cessation of digestion. There was no appear-

ance of diarrhea or cholera. Yet I believe this disease is sometimes taken for the latter on account of its rapidly fatal character. The birds were very hot, drank very freely, and kept very still. Many died in a few hours, some the second day, and others on the third or fourth day; and after death their combs turned quite black. In looking around, the premises to see if there was any local cause for their sickness, I found, in the hot sun, a pool of foul, thick, stagnant manure water, that had settled into the fowls' yard from a pile of manure close by, after a heavy rain. The fowls were shut up in the yard and had fresh water supplied daily in their drinking vessel. But hens will always drink from any dirty puddle that happens to be in their way; and under these circumstances, sickness would very likely be produced. I have read of many cases similar to this one, but they were supposed to be cholera, and in most instances such stagnant water was found. I think this worth noting, so that readers of the *Rural* may look out and prevent any recurrence of the kind on their farms, and thus save their fowls. I did not see the stock in the case I mention, until it was too late to save any. Most of them were already dead; in all, seventeen died out of twenty.

GRAPE WINE.

Properly speaking, nothing is wine, unless it is made from grapes. We make what we call "currant wine," and also "wines" from other fruits, but they are simply drinks, not wine. Many people who have grapes enough to make a few gallons of wine often ask how it should be made, and I propose to answer that question as fully as my space will admit—that is, how it can be made in a small way, without a press. In the first place obtain your iron-bound cask, and cover it with staves to make 1000 three gallons. Three gallons of grapes in the bunch will make one gallon of juice, called must, or with the addition of two pounds of sugar to a gallon of must, and the use of a little water in stirring out the last pressing of the pomace, two barrels and a half of grapes may suffice for a barrel of wine. I will give rules for making a barrel, which will suffice for smaller quantities. Get an empty whiskey cask, saw it in two, and make two tubs which clean well. Into one of these put your grapes, about half full, and mash them with a masher, which any man can make in a few minutes. When mashed empty the must and pomace into the other tub, and so continue until all your grapes are washed; but you will require a couple more tubs to do the work well. Your grapes being all washed, now take a bag made of stout open muslin, in which you put as much pomace as can be easily pressed out, and with a piece of stout board about 15 inches wide, laid upon a tub, with a strap nailed at each end of the board to prevent any of the juice running over on the floor (an airy cellar is the best to make the wine); you lay the bag upon the board and press it with your hands, or make a lever 8 or 10 feet long, and have a place for the end of the lever to be set in, or under, so that you get a good "purchase" of the bag, which should have a small piece of board for the lever to rest on, and then bear down with your full strength, and you will see the must running out rapidly; then turn the bag frequently and you will soon find the pomace quite dry, and so proceed till all is pressed.

You now have nearly a barrel of pomace that still contains considerable juice. Pour two pails of well water upon it, and let it stand six hours, then press it again as before, and your wine is ready to receive the sugar (2 lbs. to a gallon) of any good quality. Now fill your cask, which should be a well soaked whiskey barrel, or what is better, an iron bound wine cask. Put in a faucet now, as it is troublesome to put one in after the cask is filled. If you can obtain a key faucet I advise you to do so, as one does not know how attractive wine is to a bird help. Put the cask in the coolest part of your cellar, raised so as to allow the wine to be drawn easily and fill it to within six inches of the bung, keeping in a jug or demijohn enough must to fill the cask when fermentation ceases, which will be in about a month. The bung may be put in, and an air-hole made with a gimlet. This gimlet hole may be closed at the end of three weeks with a spike, which should be removed, once a day till the air escapes on the removal. Then fill up the cask and bung it tight. Small syphons are used sometimes to allow the compressed air to escape, with one end in a vessel of water, by which no outside air reaches the wine.

Wines made by wine companies or individuals, in large quantities on the most scientific principles, and from grapes that naturally contain considerable alcohol, do not require any sugar to make them "keep"; but all such wines are less palatable to the taste of our rural families than those that are "home-made" with sugar. Indeed, our ladies would as soon drink a glass of poor, old, sour cider, as a glass of American wine made in Ohio and California by professional wine makers. I consider it a very difficult thing to take grapes as they are found in our gardens, with more or less of grapes of value, and make perfectly pure wine—nothing but the pure juice of the grape—and have it keep well in ordinary cellars over the first summer season; but it can be done with good wine grapes by an experienced "home-made" wine maker, by taking only the most perfect and fully ripe fruit.

There is another way of making wine. All grape juice contains a certain percentage of alcohol—exactly such spirit as are sold as alcohol in the drug stores; and when the people drink what they call "pure wine" they imbibe with it from ten to twelve per cent of spirits of wine, or alcohol. Now, if we use more water in our last pressing of the pomace—and a drop should be used to "pare" wine—and add any half a pint of "pure spirits" (alcohol the strength of whiskey) to a gallon of must, with the usual quantity of sugar, we can make a barrel of wine with about two barrels of grapes that is equal to quality to that otherwise made; and a great deal better than some of the sale wines. But many persons will object to making such wine, "because it contains liquor," but it only contains six per cent more "liquor" than the wine that is supposed to be "pure," and it is only differing from such wine in the degree of alcoholic spirit that it contains. It takes generally about nine months for a cask of home-made wine to become ready for use, but the older it is the better it is. In the following May after the wine is made, a second fermentation takes place in a slight degree, and the wine does not become fully fixed till June or July.

