

The Hammonton Item.

Devoted to the Interests of Hammonton.

VOL. III. -- NO. 42.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1874

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Insurance.

MILLVILLE

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

MILLVILLE, N. J.

Assets May 1, 1873, as follows:
PREMIUM NOTES, \$925,960
CASH ASSETS, 145,228
TOTAL, \$1,071,188

Term of TEN Years
AGAINST LOSS BY

Fire and Lightning;

and for one and three year term when desired. The Premium Notes required by this Company, are but one-half as large as other Mutual Companies in this District, while the Cash Payment is the same.

Farm Buildings and Contents

will be insured at the very lowest rates.

All Losses are promptly paid.

NATHANIEL STRATTON, President.

FURMAN L. MULFORD, Secretary.

FRANCIS REEVES, Treasurer.

AGENTS.

J. Alfred Bodine, Williamstown; C. E. P. Mayhew, May's Landing; A. Stebbins, Egg Harbor City; Capt. Daniel Walters Aberson; Thos. H. Morris, Somers Point; Hon. D. S. Blackman, Fort Monmouth; Allen T. Leeds, Tuckerton; Dr. Lewis Reed, Atlantic City; Alfred W. Clement, Haddonfield; H. M. Jewett, Winslow.

H. E. BOWLES, M. D.,

31-ly HAMMONTON N. J.

The Cheapest

AND

The Best!

Life Insurance at Actual Cost

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO, invites the attention of those contemplating insuring their lives to its

Mutual or Reciprocal

PLAN, which enables even the poorest man provide for his family in case of death, without depriving them of the necessities of life, as do many who endeavor to pay the high premiums of old life companies, who charge for Assurances Double Losses without any other reason, and then add a heavy loading for extravagant expenses. On this plan you only pay for the cash losses actually experienced, and as they occur, with a small fixed sum for expenses. Call on the agent for circular fully explaining this system.

The Practical Results!

Since its organization in 1870, the NATIONAL has paid in death losses \$57,740, at a cost to the deceased of \$794,90 in premiums. Old Line Companies would have paid for the same premiums \$21,224, showing a gain by insuring in the NATIONAL of over \$56,516.

The Capital and Securities of this Company are sufficient to comply with the Insurance Laws of any State in the Union.

H. E. BOWLES,

Agent for Atlantic County, New Jersey.

GERMANIA

INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 781 Broad St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss or damage by fire upon all descriptions of insurable property—buildings, furniture and merchandise—at rates as low as consistent with safety.

OFFICERS:

JAMES M. PATERSON,

President.

JULIUS B. BRONE,

Secretary.

L. L. PLATT,

Agent for Hammonton and Vicinity.

INSURE IN THE

Co-Operative Mutual

LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF THE

County of Lancaster, Pa.

The Best and Cheapest Life Insurance in the World.

Everybody can make provision in case of death.

STRICTLY MUTUAL. CHARTER

PERPETUAL.

Inquire of R. & W. H. THOMAS,

Hammonton, N. J.

Local Advertisements

HAMMONTON HARDWARE STORE AND FURNITURE DEPOT.

The subscribers keep constantly on hand a general assortment of goods in their line, comprising nearly everything usually called for in a country Hardware or Furniture Store.

We propose hereafter to sell our goods at the lowest Cash Prices, and to enable us to do so, we must sell for ready pay. Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same liberal patronage that we have had in the past.

M. D. & J. W. DePuy.

Jan. 3, 1873. 31-ly

1000 Acres

CHOICE Cranberry Lands

Situate near

RAILROAD STATION

In the

TOWN OF HAMMONTON,

and adjoining the land of the

Hammonton Cranberry and Improvement Association.

These lands are among the Best in the State, having all facilities for

Flooding and Draining,

are easily and cheaply cleared and

ADMIRABLY LOCATED,

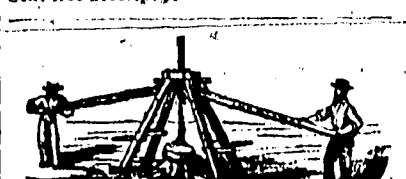
for COMPANY or INDIVIDUAL PURPOSES

Lands shown free of expense and all information given by

G. F. MILLER.

BELLEVUE AVE., HAMMONTON, N. J.

Richards' "Cranberry and its Culture" Sent free receipt of



PIONEER STUMP PULLER

Having reserved the right to manufacture and sell this Favorite Machine in the counties of Camden, Burlington, Ocean, Atlantic and Cape May, I hereby give notice that I am prepared to fill orders at following rates:

NO. 1 MACHINE, \$55.00.

NO. 2 " " 55.00.

These Machines are Warranted to be the BEST in the market.

For particulars send for circular.

G. W. PRESSEY,

Hammonton, N. J. Inventor & Manfr.

30-ly

GEO. W. PRESSEY

AGENT FOR THE

CUMBERLAND

Fire Insurance Co.

21-ly BRIDGEPORT N. J.

(Special Correspondence S. Jersey Republican.)

No. 4.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, AUGUST 29th, 1874.

DR. BOWLES:—DEAR SIR—After leaving the Rocky Mountain range, we came to the Humboldt range of Mountains. This range is sandwiched in between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

This latter range is much more precipitous and broken than the Rockies, deep gulches and winding ravines of immense depth at short intervals, and heights that make one dizzy to behold. The Sierra Nevada range, the Rocky Mountains are about a thousand miles in width, while the Sierras are comparatively narrow. The traveler notes the absence of timber or wood of any sort on the Rockies, while the Sierras are covered with timber, the valleys are carpeted with grass, and the mountain tops are many of them capped with snow. The water for the most part from well or stream on the Rockies is poor stuff, while that on the Sierras is as clear as crystal, and healthful.

The Union and the Central Pacific Railroads, so far as the management in the proper running of trains is concerned, may compare favorably with any road in the United States, but so far as the treatment of passengers goes, they are chargeable with shameful neglect. No road in the country could survive very long which would permit such a state of things to exist. The Pacific Roads are a great blessing to the country, especially so to the people of the Pacific coast. And we were at a loss to determine why the people on this coast had formed an anti-Railroad party, irrespective of party politics, and were carrying elections, and putting men in office who were pledged to defeat the aggressions of the Pacific Railroads, why many of the leading papers on this coast were harping their anathemas against these roads, and why, as a strong sentiment in opposition to these companies existed among the people. Not until we had traveled over the road were we able to give a satisfactory solution to these questions. The road is run on strictly money-making principles. On first-class trains passengers are not allowed to sit in a reclining position and go to sleep, the object being to drive everybody into the sleeping cars, where single bunks are from two to three dollars per night. If you take off your boots at night, they will be very likely to serve you like Paddy's flea served him; in the morning when you look for them they will not be there, and you will be obliged to make a first class spree, or pay twenty-five cents every morning before you can get your boots.

The second class trains are run very slowly. The distance from Omaha to San Francisco is about one thousand nine hundred and seven miles, and yet they take nine days and nights to make the journey. Freight trains, it is fast freight, goes through in much less time. Express trains go through in about half the time. The object in running in this snail-like manner is to drive everybody into the Express trains, where the fare is more than double.

The greatest nuisances of all, are the gamblers, thieves, and out-throats who swarm about every passenger train that goes over the road, especially Western-bound trains. These highway robbers go in companies of six or eight. After traveling about a hundred miles they get off, and another gang of bummers take their place. Their business is three card monte, gambling and robbing, anything to make money. A man, who with his wife and child occupied a seat in the car with us, was induced to bet, and lost sixty dollars thereby, all the money he had. He then put up his watch, but his wife putting in an appearance just at that moment, saved the watch, but the money was gone. We felt but little sympathy for the silly man, and in our hearts said, "A fool and his money are soon parted." On another occasion in the car ahead of ours, we were told of the case of a young man who was induced to bet with one of three bummers. They got all his money; about one hundred dollars, and then with fair speech and subtle blandishments they succeeded in getting him to stake his watch, and of course he lost it. His watch and chain were worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The passengers raised a first-class rumpus, which most probably would not have stopped there, but for the timely return of the watch. A gentleman, who with his wife occupied a seat in the car directly opposite the seat occupied by us, stepped out on the platform to fill his canteen with water. Several of these bummers were standing around, as were also several passengers. This gentleman whispered to a fellow passenger, warning him to beware of the man who stood near him, whereupon the bummer hit our neighbor in the face, and he came into the car laughing and bleeding. Two of the ruffians followed him to the door of the car and threatened to shoot him for his impertinence, as they termed it. On another occasion, in the car ahead of ours, a gentleman warned a fellow passenger who was about to bet, and the heartless villain struck him across the face with his pistol, broke his nose, and mangled his face fearfully. Of course the bummer left instantaneously. The poor fellow soon afterwards, he was a sorry-looking sight.

It is said that these men travel on the trains free. We heard the conductor ask one of these for his fare, and the chap replied, "I guess I'll shovel coal, Sir." Our amiable conductor smiled and left him. Others say that these highwaymen—the bandits of the Pacific Railroad—pay half fare for the privilege of riding on the cars and robbing the passengers. We have no doubt at all but that the conductors and brakemen on the trains are confederates of these villains. We saw one of them pull the conductor by the sleeve very familiarly, and give a wink to that functionary as he passed by. We, with others, complained to the conductor of these men. He said he was powerless to remedy the matter. Our course was to give these bandits a severe letting alone, but their presence was very annoying. About six or eight of the passengers, in each car, kept sentinel for several nights, otherwise the pockets and perhaps the lives of the passengers would have been in jeopardy.

As soon as we came within the limits of California, where law and order prevails, men who are making thousands of dollars of their system of organized robbery, they are thoroughly armed, and know well how to use their instruments of death. It is said that they do not scare worth a cent, but we saw one show the white feather. None of his clique were with him, and the boys in the forward car threatened to put him out. He drew his revolver, and said he would shoot. They said, "Shoot away, shoot away, if you dare. That thing is nothing but a stomach pump, and cannot hurt anybody." Then they said "leave," and he left.

The company that will permit such an organized system of robbery to be prosecuted on their lines of travel justly deserve the execrations that are heaped upon them by the thousands who travel over their road. When other competing lines shall be built, the rates will be reduced both on passengers and freight, and this organized system of banditism and barbarism will be broken up.

More anon.

A. Atwood.

Abraham Lincoln

Thursday, after almost ten years of delay in construction, a stately monument was dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln in Oak Ridge Cemetery, at his old home in Springfield, Illinois. The spot is said to be one of the loveliest in that beautiful region, his monument overlooks a green valley, beyond which is the city where his earnest and thoughtful life of preparation for faithful duty was passed, and in the graves around lie the ashes of his old friends and neighbors, among whom for thirty years he went in and out, the kindly friend and wise advisor. Some who lie there heard the last words he spoke in the home of his manhood, when he left Springfield in the cold gray of a Winter's morning, imploring his friends to pray that God might give him strength for the gloomy struggle that laid before him, and from which he was brought back a murdered corpse, with solemn pageant and the willing tears of a nation of men and women who had grown to love him as no other statesman was ever loved. The event of Thursday recalls that other grand occasion when he delivered that noble dedicatory poem in prose, at Gettysburg, in which he said with that solemn eloquence of which he was not the master, but inspired possessor: "We cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground." "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here." "It is for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work thus far so nobly carried on." "That the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The words are prophetic. Not President and Vice President and General of the Army can dedicate or hallow ground in which Lincoln lies buried. The world will little note nor long remember what was said around his monument. But let us, the living, be dedicated to the work he so nobly carried on and for which he gave his life. His memory is a singularly precious legacy. It has no parallel in history, because no other man, since Christ, was so loved by all who ever knew his name. In every land where freedom struggles he is looked up to as the purest and highest representative of exalted and beneficent government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Just but not coldly just like Washington, strong and nervous in intellect, but not imperiously so like Clay, his emotional nature was a powerful element in his character. He had the saddest and most solemn eyes and lips that grimly laughed.

The fun that was in him rested and cheered a soul that was painfully intent on duty and keenly alive to every responsibility. And he was so kindly, with such womanly tenderness all through his nature, that he commanded a feeling of personal attachment which was broader and more general than that felt toward Clay, inasmuch as it was more familiar and homely, with more of liking and less of distant admiration. He was close to the hearts of his people, so close that he could be laughed at and loved and trusted, all at once.

The grandeur of Lincoln's statesmanship was in its simplicity, in its refinement of dogma and doctrine into a few terse and easily comprehended principles. He was a transcendental statesman, in so that with him the principle transcended the policy and he always reasoned causes. That act of policy not be defended by the Golden Rule, his bad policy and his good does not show a malice, or a departure from that ideal expressed in his last inaugural address to act "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right." By that one crucial test his whole career as President was guided. The doubt implied in his own judgment as to what is right, the Pilate question. "What is Truth?" was a part of the humanity of his soul, so destitute was he of arrogance and self-conceit. He trusted in himself only to believe that he could do the right so far as God gave him insight, and there, upon that altar, he left the consequences of his acts. The same doubt and trust runs through the second inaugural. He stands in no question of the duty of the hour, but he questions and wonders as to how much farther the "woe due unto them by whom the offence came" might carry the nation in the path of bloodshed and sorrow in which it was wading. Would it last, he asks, "until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword?" If so, then, it was his weary duty to go on uncomplainingly as best he could, until the offense of the national sin was atoned—as, alas! it is not yet atoned in any completeness.

Lincoln was the ideal Republican, more faultless than any other man in his conception of the duty of man to man and the wisdom and policy of kindness and justice. But even as we write of him the mind recurs to the sad refrain of the last inaugural and with it we can most fittingly conclude the little we have to say, suggested by the dedication of his monument. And perhaps no monument can be more enduring than utterances like these:

"The Almighty has His own purpose. Woe unto the world because of offenses but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American Slavery is one of those offenses, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came—shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall be borne in battle and for his widow and orphan, to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The Grand Division of Sons of Temperance held its quarterly session at Elmira, N. Y., on Wednesday, S. T. Champion, G. W. P. presiding. It was fully attended, and was one of the most interesting held in a long time.

ramble of an earthquake under very feet, and stood with bated breath waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen he took a stick and limped out into the street. A crowd of men with white hands counted the miles. Pacific. All Washington—Pemberton. Where Pemberton? Where Pemberton?

then a mill whose thin walls and unsupported stretches could never support their place unaided. One that was the best of the battlements, and was ready for the worst; we have our good-bye; our hearts wait; pray; it is his life, not his death, but it is the surprise. But that he should out to his safe, daily commonplace occupation, unnoticed and unscared a little, perhaps, because it saved the door open and tells us across we are this morning and bring him up the steps, by-and-a-mangled mass of death and horror that is hard.

Ben's father heard, at twenty years of age, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under very feet, and stood with bated breath waiting for the crash. As nothing happened he appeared to happen he took a sick and limped out into the street. A crowd of men with white lips counted the mile. Pacific, Alaska, Washington—Pemberton. Where was Pemberton? Where Pemberton?

that's better, isn't it?"

"But I don't want to give them this. In the still, unburned rubbish, right, some one had breathed a fire within a foot of Wene's face. It clawed at the still iron plates, it saved things. A dreamer (said the smoke), 'Give it up! It's a crowd from behind.' 'I want to be back!'—then hushed, aware. An old man was crawling along hands and knees over the heated floor. He was a very old man. His grey blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal," he said. "Could anybody tell me where my little gal?"

A rough fellow pointed in patience through the smoke.

"I'll buy her out yet. I can make her, but I can help. She's a gal, ye see. Hand me that the pot of water; I'll keep her for you, maybe. Now, keep cheer. Your old father'll get ye out. I'll save him, child. That's it."

"It's no use, father. Don't be

up yet,
at the
an open-
They
are like
lated in
the street,
a drunk,
on his
his bro-
his hair
he said,
to find
a perfect ai-
an old
y little
or dip-
a chok-
y, Hen-
pick up
feel bad,

anything about it. But these
houses are copied after the
get all the sunshine possible,
how so much is needed in
spring? The living, or sitting
at these seasons of the year
should have a full southern
shine. All sleeping rooms
wardrobes and passageways
neive the cleansing, vivifying
of the sun. Sickly persons
court the sunshine as much
—it is, in be, in, luxuriant
don't cost anything, only of
A room warmed neither by
is unhealthy, and not a
habitation. It is a poor
sends me, women and children
a cold room to sleep on the
ple, when wanted for the
for a day or two, perhaps.
The change in the tempera-
ture having both fire and sun
after the sun goes down, is
marked. A perceptible change

place for him at considerable expense, and asking respect to his wife and children, he agrees that he has returned to Washington.

Hard Winter.
It is going to be a hard one for the New York *Ledger*—the work-suffering for the poor will not recollect a time when so many persons out of employment are idle as at present. The increase of idleness comes a corresponding increase of crime. People will do their houses with extraordinary robberies and thefts. The order of the day. Our work-houses will be filled with an unusual number of criminals left outside. A little precaution in their deportations will be more effective than the extra large sums in their pursuance for them.

... through the thin
stratum of hard e
pau—is found. The
feet in thickness,
through it almost
barbed, boiling ho
ered. On account
in lake of hot water
can be made to grow
ed. Soil enough for
of the trees cannot
the surface, and the
pass through the au
hot water and ar
ing an artesian well
could doubtless be
tain of hot water, bu
to surround this
it would be nece
made of cast-iron,

is said by some to have
flory, famous, and a
tank filled with acids
both cause being the
his faithful face from
fish history tells a
Clarence selected a but
most agreeable place for
ed. His peculiarities of
surprised by a love-cra
ter in Berne, Switzer
saved by the police from
manic sort of death.
just as he was climbing
of the famous heart of
with the design of turn
as a meal for the fam
Buiside is said to be co
hardly think the best
find many imitators.

He jumped into a
the object in
consequence of
survivor. Eng-
y others into a
the Duke of
of wine as the
or being drown-
the Duke has
smoked stone-out-
land, who was
on a very uncer-
He was caught
ing over the Eng-
on in that city,
minishing himself
municipal posts,
tious, but we
sionate lover will

the morgue a few delivered, upon the Lodge, to an undertaker. In these few hours he had entirely disdressed the naked, receive caused an inquiry coming out showing office is a den into systematically robbed not only the personal estate of the dead. It is difficult to a punishment is added.

He who is a friend who loves is not. True friendship is a while love is somewhat

hours, and was then
in the order of a Masonic
certainer for burial.
The good clothing
was placed on the
deceased, and when the
id remained they
of David's fellow Masons
and the facts are
ing that the contractor's
which the dead are
In one instance
onal effects but the
dead man were seized,
may what degree of
quate to such crimes.

and must love; but
it therefore a friend,
always advantageous,
siding injuries.

aco Greeley. Editor
brother editor. His
writing was equal to
own. The receipt
being able to do
the same Masonic
solidation. The
answer of his co-
looked over it and
to read it, and I
take it back? W
feel a need? W
"that is just wh

A man named
masonic snags on
few days ago by
whereupon two
crowled out, raw
straightened out.

The article wrote a note to a
 in New York whose
 ally illegible with not
 of the note, his
 and it, sent it back by
 to Mr. Grooley for
 opposing it to be the
 a note, Mr. Grooley
 it likewise was unable
 said to the boy: "Go
 hat down the infernal
 see, sir," said the boy
 at he says."

Nash killed a large
 Yellow river shoals a
 cutting his head off,
 fifty-six young ones
 e one yell for liberty,
 themselves out and died.

