

South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 3.—NO. 33.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

AGRICULTURAL.

[Reported for the Republican.]
HAMMONTON POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 3d, 1866.

Subject. Apples and Cherries—the best varieties and how to grow them.

Mr. Mason, the chairman of the committee that selected the subject, was called for. Said the subject, so far as he was concerned, was presented for information, not because he had anything to say concerning it.

Mr. Conkey put out an orchard five years ago. It has done well, some of the trees are bearing. Thinks this section of country well adapted to the culture of apples. There are complaints that the old orchards are deteriorating, and no cause seems to be known. Believed apples subject to the same general principles as other crops. Crops grown for years on some soil exhaust. Orchards must be cultivated. Fall is the best time, and surface manure preferable. If the orchards are well tilled and manured, good crops may be expected every year. It takes care and work. Sweet and Irish potatoes and similar crops may be grown among the trees without injury, but the grains severely injure the trees. Insects must be looked after with vigilance. Caterpillars, if let alone will destroy trees. All must fight insects. Apple growers differ as to the best manure. Lime was once thought best, but growers in New York and New England now condemn it. Mr. C. thought it good here. The tree is largely composed of phosphate of lime. There is no limestone here, and little lime in the soil naturally, as the soft water shows, and therefore it must be supplied. Muck and lime dust can be used with advantage. Manure must not be applied to the roots when the trees are set. To destroy insects, wash the trees with soft soap, the trunk and well into the limbs. The rains wash it down the trunk. It keeps the bark bright, smooth and healthy. April and September are favorable times for their washing.

Mr. Taylor has some of the oldest trees in the place. Said apples will do well here. Thought the old trees that deteriorate, do so because they are killed. The bearing wood has been cut off. Cutting off the lower limbs is to a tree exactly like cutting off the legs and arms of a man. In England he knew an orchard fifty years old that bore fruit abundantly every year. It was never pruned nor plowed. The only manure was by sheep pastured in it a few weeks in the spring. From many trees thirty bushels could be picked without getting off the ground, and many of the limbs reached the ground, so as to make it impossible to plow among them. If we will let our trees grow as they will, and not cut them, we can get plenty of fruit. Trees grow well here and make good wood. Was inclined to think native apples and cherries the best. Is growing seedlings and expects good fruit if he can protect it from the insect enemies.

As to cherries, thinks if good stock can be obtained, suited to the climate and soil, they can be grown well. Would bud on the common wild cherry. He washes his trees in the spring with a solution made by dissolving 1 lb. of sal-soda in a bucket of soft water.

Mr. Conkey did not think lime necessary. Good wood can be produced without it. Can grow good trees here, and probably get good fruit. Had been disappointed in cherries. Did not think the trouble in the stock, as the native varieties do no better than the imported. Thinks it the heat of the sun which dries and cracks the bark and injures or kills the trees.

If they can be protected from the sun, they can be grown successfully. Thinks hay rope wound around the trunks the best protection. Thinks pruning of apples necessary. If properly pruned and cared for while young the saw will never be needed. All that will be necessary can be done with nippers.

Mr. Conkey thought that orchards could not be grown successfully for a series of years without lime. Believed the want of lime one of the causes of deterioration. There may be lime enough in the soil to supply the tree a few years and cause a good thrifty growth, but in a few years the lime is exhausted, and the orchard begins to deteriorate. He recommended the Porter, one of the best varieties. The Jonnetting is also valuable. It ripens early and is profitable as a market apple. Would also recommend the Wagner.

Mr. Nichols thought it useless to attempt to raise fruit without adopting some method for the destruction of insects. If all fruit growers will perseveringly fight the insects, they can be effectually destroyed, but unless all will do this, it is useless for any to undertake it. If one man allows insects to breed and thrive on his premises, the whole neighborhood will be infested with them, but if all will destroy them, giving them no chance to grow, the whole settlement can be kept free, and good fruit

produced. He thought the clearing-off of the forests the principle cause of deterioration of apple and peach orchards, and believed if they could be sheltered from cold, bleak winds, they would do very much better.

Mr. Valentine mentioned an old orchard which, born largely a few years ago, but has lately failed. Thought the orchard has been ruined by raising in it crops of corn, wheat and rye, and other things that tend to rapidly exhaust the land, as since these crops were raised the orchard has been good for nothing. In New England had known crops to be raised without apparent injury to trees. Had known orchards in grass to do well, especially where sheep were pastured in them.

Mr. Bassett thought some new difficulty had arisen; that deterioration is not altogether owing to want of culture. Thinks insects have much to do with it. In Massachusetts last year the apple failed entirely in the well cultivated, as well as in the neglected orchards. He knew one in which sheep were pastured that produced a good crop. Thinks exposure to the winds caused by cutting off the forest also has much to do with the deterioration. As a protection to the orchards, would recommend evergreen screens and hedges. Thinks if leaves fall on the land and decay there, not much more manure will be needed for the first few years. Did not think cherries would be profitable, but they are good for domestic use. The Duke's do well, but Heart's do not.

The President stated that he had tried some forty varieties and had studied them closely. A few do well here. Of the heart varieties he recommends only the Governor Wood, Kirland's Mary, Knight's Early Ripe, and a seedling Black Heart, brought from Maine. Of the Duke varieties, he recommends only the Mary Duke, Holman's, Arch Duke, and Royal Duke. All these varieties can be well grown. The last named is a fine cherry. But the cherry superior to all others here is the Belle Magique. It is a hybrid from the Duke and Morillo. It is somewhat dwarfish in its habits, but hardy and prolific. The fruit is very handsome, rather tart but excellent for domestic use. It is later than other varieties and is not troubled by the birds, as they go North before it ripens. In growing cherries, he now works altogether on New England wild cherry stock. One on this stock is worth sixteen at other. Has tried both the Mahaleb and Mazzard and lost nearly all put on them. The Mahaleb is especially poor. The common Duke's do fairly on the Mazzard, but the New England wild is much the best for them. One reason for the superiority of the wild stock is that it extends its roots a great distance and is not easily affected by drought, which is one of the chief injuries to other stocks. The deterioration of orchards is probably owing more to the change of climate caused by cutting off the forests than to any other cause. The trees are more exposed to bleak winds. If they can be sheltered they will doubtless do better. In Maine he had over a hundred varieties of apples, and so understood them as to be able to tell by the thermometer which had winter killed and which had not. Does not think lime necessary here. Only old orchards require it. No virgin soil that is at all fit for cultivation needs lime. As to pruning, finds that trees here need much thicker tops than in the Northern States, in order to protect them from the hot sun and that they must not be planted too near together on account of this being a dryer soil. Would recommend thirty feet as a proper distance.

March 17th 1866.

Subject. Raspberries.

Mr. Taylor used to cultivate them largely in England where he found them profitable. The only kinds cultivated there are the White and the Red Antwerp. He has not found any red variety that will pay in Hammonton for domestic purposes, except the Red Antwerp and the Philadelphia. Red varieties cannot be raised for market because they are too tender for transportation. Is not certain about the Philadelphia. It is harder than other red varieties, and may possibly bear transportation, but it is doubtful. It is a hybrid from the Blue Cape and Red Antwerp. Mr. Taylor has a variety that is a hybrid from the Blue Cape and a Black Cap that will do well, but has no idea it will ever be profitable for market. The Black Cap is a good variety, can be sold to market in good condition, and sold with profit. Raspberries are apt to dry up before coming to maturity, especially in rather dry seasons. Mulching will prevent this. In dry seasons good crops cannot be obtained without mulch ing.

Mr. Brown had been told that Mr. Parry, at Cinnaminson, had stated his profits on the Philadelphia, as one dollar for every foot of his rows. Would like to know his facilities for market. Members stated that he was only some

seven or nine miles from market and could not turnpike roads, and so get it in good condition.

Mr. Taylor had fertilized with hog manure, but had occasion to put some vines where he had had his wood pile and found they did remarkably well. Thought mulching with well rotted chips, advisable.

Mr. Elvins had tried all the leading varieties and found they would winter kill. The old fashioned Purple Cape did not, and it is the only kind he thinks of any value.

Mr. Dunsen thought the berries could be got to market over the few miles between here and Philadelphia as well as from Morestown. The Dolittle Black Cap is his favorite; could never see any difference between white and black as respects flavor. The Dolittle is perfectly hardy, and does not kill in winter.

Mr. Valentine raised a few quarts of Black Caps last year and canned them. Opened a few days ago in good condition and with very fine flavor. Thinks them highly valuable for canning; can see no difference in flavor or bearing qualities between white and black.

Mr. Taylor would head back short in the spring, and let them grow during the summer. If red variety is wanted, would take the Philadelphia. Would not advise much expense in raspberries, as much cannot be made on them.

Mr. Conover, fruit dealer from New York was present and made statements of some interest relative to the transportation and sale of fruit; thought Black Caps the only berries that could be successfully transported. The wild Black Cap stands highest in market, will sell at 21 to 36 cents per qt. He strongly advocated small five pound boxes for grapes; said the grapes sent in larger boxes reached market in bad condition. He considered the gift strawberry box worthless, and strongly recommended the Beecher box, and open crate. The berries should have air, the more the better. The subject for the next discussion is "fertilizers."

SELECT STORY.

From Harpers Magazine.

TOO LATE.

The sun was still stooping into the West, and the shadows slanted longer and more still.

"I can't die! I can not die!" And indeed, I almost believed she might wrench her life back to her again with a false hope. I have never seen such a calm, determined struggle with death. Yet why should she have one single desire to live—why the end of her pain should not bring her perfect peace, she knew no more than I. At last she closed her eyes wearily and there was a long silence. Then,

"It's no use. I guess He knows best. I won't try any more."

After a pause.

"Miss Nichols."

"Yes."

"If you ever find him."

"Yes, Corinne."

"Tell him I'll be his wife there; nobody'll ever take me away up there; do you think they will?"

The sun stooped lower and lower into the West, and the shadows slanted longer and more still.

Corinne did not speak again. A flock of sunlight struck her face through the leaves with its closed eyes and drooping hair. Ever then the face was beautiful. The steps of her going home had grown peaceful at last.

And while the sunlight struck her face the wind caught the voices of some singers on the beach. The words were the words of that little refrain of Tenyson's in which few things more mournful were ever written since the sacred pen first told their story. The air you have heard it, perhaps—sings itself over to me now as the only thing I have ever heard that was too sad for earth. I think it might go waiving through the world of woe forever, and this very blackness of darkness find language in it.

"Late, late! so late the night and chill! Late, late! so late! but we can enter still. Too late, too late! ye can not enter now. We had no light; for that we do repent; And hearing this, the bridegroom will relent. Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now. No light, no light! and yet the night is bright. O let us in; that we may find the light! Too late, too late! ye can not enter now. No, no, too late! ye can not enter now. It died away like a cry, and a footstep sounded on the grass. I looked up. Herschel Du Bois. The wall came up from the beach once more.

"No, no, too late! too late! too late!"

"Is she dead?"

"This happy twilight flecked Corinne's face, with its closed eyes and drooping hair, there was no sound or breath. The mock-

ing bird chirped faintly in the branches.

Herschel Du Bois knelt down beside her. I took up one of the curls that lay lightly in her neck, and touched it to her lips. He caught it from me and held it, he held it close to his face, as if it might stir a faint breath. It started—as faintly as it might stir—over a baby's dream.

"Corinne! Corinne!"

I never saw such a face. I never heard such a cry.

"Corinne! Corinne!"

The faint breath, like the breath of a baby's dream, was the only answer.

He threw up his arms, as men will throw up their arms in battle.

"Great God, she is my wife!"

She heard him. She opened her eyes and looked up into his face—her husband's face. She only looked up into his face. She only smiled the shadow of a smile. And that was all. The man kneeling there had not moved or spoken. Upon the still face the happy sunlight flickered through the trees. Upon the still face the smile yet rested.

We stole softly away, and left them alone together.

The next day, when the twilight came, we carried her to a quiet grave down in the shadow of the cypress-trees. The people followed her, their dusky faces touched with awe. It was as if, perhaps, as the sight of that solitary mourner as for the mystery of death.

I do not think he had once left her. Food and sleep were quite forgotten. None had seen him shed a tear. His face—But I can not tell you what his face was. I know no words that dare touch upon what looked out of it.

There were flowers about the grave, and sunlight, and fresh winds; but the cypress shadow lay dark upon it when we laid her down in her plumber. Full in the cypress shadow he stood and looked upon her, and said no word. She was his wife, you know. He loved her. Forty-five years had he waited, and toiled, and longed for freedom. And freedom had come. And freedom meant this. Forty-five years had he toiled and waited for this.

While we stood there there was a sound of steps upon the road, and I looked up. A prisoner was passing by, strongly guarded. Pierre Du Bois.

If Herschel Du Bois had seen him then! But he did not. His eyes were upon his wife whom he loved.

Pierre Du Bois saw the grave; he saw the solitary mourner. I hope he will see them as long as he lives; I hope he will see them in his dying hour; I hope he will see them until he cries out in agony, and prays God to take the sight away.

In the hush that followed the prayer the negroes chanted softly. The sweet, mournful harmony fitted the words.

"I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight, To lay dis body down, To lay dis body down."

And your soul and my soul shall meet in de day When I lay dis body down."

So she found her rest at last—this woman whose story I can not even tell you. Long sleep to the tired eyes—long, sweet sleep! Long bright waking to the happy eyes, and the touch of the hand that wipes the tears away!

When all the rest had gone reverently away I lingered. I could not bear to see that solitary figure standing there gazing into the grave. If there had been but a tear or a groan I should have left him. But to see him stand so!

I went up and touched his arm.

"The Lord God of heaven and earth has taken her. She will be very happy."

His hand clenched.

"What right has the Lord God of heaven and earth got to take her? What right? She is mine!"

Corinne loves him. She has gone to him. She said she would be your wife there.

He groined aloud.

"I'm not fit! I'm not!"

And then he broke down. He covered his face with his hands; he sobbed aloud—great choking sobs, as if they would wring the life-blood from his heart. It is a fearful thing to see a strong man weep. It is a fearful thing to see a man weep as Herschel Du Bois wept. I turned away that the open grave might be his only witness.

He came to me presently, his face quite pale and still and simply said,

"Good-by!"

I had not the heart to question him. I only watched him walking slowly away under the cypress shadow, his face turned seaward. Walking slowly away and alone into his freedom. And I have never seen him since. I have often searched the papers for the lists of the dead in battle and hospital, and hoped to find his name.

Did you speak of recompense?

[Concluded.]

Somebody announces, as the latest telegram from Rome, that the Pope's bull has set the riders just.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hon. John F. Starr, Representative from this District is a member of the Congressional Committee of one person from each State, appointed by the Union caucus on Friday, to raise funds in whatever amount is necessary to circulate documents and enlighten the people in reference to the grounds of difference between Congress and the President.

Mr. Starr feels a deep interest in the success of the right, and he will use his utmost endeavors in and out of Congress to render certain the fruits of the victory a loyal people have won in a bloody civil war.

He stands by the people and believes they will stand by him. His course in Congress gives universal satisfaction to his constituents, or at least the loyal portion of them. He never did nor never will try to please traitors. —Camden Press.

CLAIM AGENTS.—Soldiers and sailors who make application for bounty and back pay should be very careful with whom they trust their discharge papers. We have heard lately of several of these valuable documents that have been spirited away, no one knows whither. Since the introduction into Congress of the bill for the equalization of soldier's bounties, hundreds of people of doubtful reputation have been scattering circulars broadcast over the country, stating that the bill will soon be passed, and advising soldiers to send their papers to the writers of the circulars at once, so that the bounty can be collected as soon as the bill passes. Soldiers cannot be too careful of their papers, and in selecting agents to prosecute their claims should choose those only who are of established reputation. —Ledger.

TO THE BABY.

Funny thing a baby is.
Curious little creature;
Funny is its little phiz,
Comic every feature.

Helpless thing a baby is;
Tiny hands uplifting
O'er the troubled tide of life
Into which 'tis drifting.

Mystery a baby is—
Memories of heaven
Still must hover in the soul
Such a short time given.

Solemn thing a baby is,
Since it must inherit
All the loss and gain of life,
All the sin and merit.

Funny, helpless, mystic, sad—
Let me tell you, Freddy,
Half the good and sweet of life
Is the getting ready.

Yours the sunshine—take it all
While you're weak and tiny,
By-and-by the days that come
May not be so shiny.

—Examiner and Chronicle.

A man once drove up to a New Hamp shire tavern, and coolly asked for a pont's worth of hay. The landlord led his horse to a shed, and then filled the wagon with loose hay. Meanwhile, the owner of the horse called for a basin and soap, and after washing his face and hands thoroughly, wiped himself dry on a "spangly clean" towel.

And down his cent, and was moving off. "I say!" said the landlord, "won't you take a drink before you go?" "Well, seein' it's you I don't care if I do," was the reply; and back he went, and took a drink. "You don't live in these parts, I believe; stranger," said the tavern-keeper. "No," was the reply, "I don't; but I go by, occasional, and as you've treated me so well this time I'll call and patronize you again!"

In one of the discussions on the bill to protect the citizens of the United States in the enjoyment of their civil rights, Boman

Castro Furioso, alias, Jack Rogers of this state, argued against it on the ground that it would allow negroes to vote, and portrayed the result of such a dire catastrophe in his usual way. Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, noticed the argument, and in reply declared himself "willing to concede that if the Democrats were to be kept out of the negroes in the social scale, there must be some discriminating legislation in their favor. He used to think the white man better than the negro, but an experience during three winters at the south had convinced him that that depended somewhat on the white man's politics."

An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion as follows: "The rhythm sounds like pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

The "Saints" of Utah are beginning to feel the raid. The federal offices have been taken away from them and given to the Gentiles, and if that is not enough to make a saint swear, what is?

PRENTISS VS. BROUGH. —On the 10th of Brough, the Louisville Journal says:

"For many years, in the old Whig and Democratic times, he was a Democratic editor, and an exceedingly effective one. We had many sharp and some rather severe tournaments with him. Sometimes, though not often, he was witty. We have known him, for instance. He was a very brilliant gentleman, and one day we were talking about this little couplet:

If flesh is grass, as people say,
Then Johnny Brough's a long of hay.
I suspect I must be, replied Mr. Brough, 'from the way the asses are nibbling at me.'"

A letter was mailed in one of our post offices the other day that had no postage stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Postmaster, don't charge no postage on this; the stamp would be stuck, so I tore the thing up."

The Commissioner of Pensions has decided that under the provision of law granting pensions to mothers wholly, or in part, dependent on a deceased son, that it must be shown that such dependence was not merely prospective but actually existed prior to the son's death.

MILK AND WATER.—A lad on delivering his milk a few mornings ago in a neighboring city, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near thirty." "Do not fret at it, Madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

"What will you take for a Yankee?" asked a quizzing Yankee of a faithful Yankee. "Hot whisky punch," was the prompt reply.

"Hallo, Bridget; what o'clock is it and where's the chicken-pie?" "It's eight, Sir."

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a little Bigger.

NEW AXIOM.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—Sub mission.

TAKE NOTICE!

FARMERS AND DEALERS IN FERTILIZERS will please take notice that we have adopted the following Trade Mark to protect ourselves and our customers who use our **RAW BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE** from being deceived when purchasing manures.

We have been obliged to give this protection to our customers, in consequence of several parties having unlawfully used our distinctive name, viz: "Raw Bone," as a means of selling their own inferior property. We will state for the public, that this Trade Mark is adopted in addition to the title "Raw Bone," which is our exclusive property, and we caution all manure dealers from using it in future. We would also to the trade and customers that they will find it to their interest to see that the "Trade Mark" is upon every bag and barrel they purchase, as some other is genuine.

BAUGH & SONS.



BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.
MANUFACTURED BY BAUGH & SONS,
No. 20 South Delaware Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.

The great popularity of our article has been found sufficient inducement to certain imitators to manufacture and advertise "Raw Bone Phosphate," a name which originated with us, and is our own right property. We will state for the information of all, that we are the exclusive manufacturers of this article—the original and sole proprietors of it—having been manufactured by us for a period of twelve years. Also that the covers of several letters patent, granted by ourselves.

We are now ready to supply in large quantities—having made recent additions and improvements. Vessels, drawing 18 feet of water, can load directly from the barges of the works, which are located at the foot of Morris Street, Delaware River. We call the attention of Dealers to this great advantage.

The present indications are that a season of a greatly increased demand for manure will be the order of the day. Farmers are urged to their orders to their respective Dealers at an early day, that all may be supplied promptly.

Soliciting your continued orders.
We remain, Yours very truly,
BAUGH & SONS,
No. 20 S. Delaware Avenue,
Philadelphia.

For Sale by
JESSE ADAMS,
No. 111 N. 3rd St.,
Philadelphia.

GEO. ELVINS,
22 N. 2nd St.,
Philadelphia.

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