

Special Notice.

THE TERMS of subscription to the *Harvard* will be as follows:
\$2.00 a year, in advance, if paid before the 1st of January.
\$2.25 if paid during first six months.
\$2.50 if paid after six months.
The paper will be stopped at the end of the year, unless otherwise ordered. Otherwise it will be sold in order to discontinue it is reserved, the publisher's right to do so.

D. B. SNOW,
Editor and Publisher.
J. SOMERS CORDEY,
Associate and Manager.

Agricultural.

Battle of Fruit Orchards.

From all quarters we hear of the decay of fruit orchards. The fine apple orchards that were, once a pride and profit to their owners, are dying out. Of the choicest kind of apples there are now but few left. The old Redstreak, the finest cider apple in the world, is rarely now to be met with. The Rambo is sharing a similar fate. The Golden Pippin is becoming scarce year by year; and so of all the older varieties, there are but few left. The new varieties in Maryland, and to the south of us, do not succeed well, and perish early.

So too of pears. How few are there now of this choice fruit to what there used to be among us; and of those few, how rare it is to find them in perfection. In the Northern and Western States these fruits do better. In the North, because the climate is more favorable to the growth of the apple and pear, and because greater attention has been given to their proper cultivation. In the West, because the fruits are seedlings, and are grown to a great extent on virgin soil.

But the same fate, with us, has attended the peach, which falls almost certainly a victim to the curculio, and to the apricot, which rarely matures its fruit. But the most serious circumstance of all is the gradual decline of the peach trees. In respect to climates and soil Maryland and the States

South of us are admirably adapted to the growth of this delicious fruit. Years ago, when the Cromwell and Somerville orchards were their prime, the quantity of peaches they bore, the quality of the fruit, and the number of years they were in bearing before they showed signs of decadence, were all that could be desired. Even now, seedling peach trees may be found growing in hedge rows and by places, which are four times the size of the cultivated

tree, and which are hardy, bear profusely, and live to a great age. We know of one still living which dates back full twenty-five years from the seed. The fruit, of course, is not as juicy and juicy as the cultivated peach, but the longevity of such trees, and their constant bearing qualities, are a proof that there are defects in the mode of raising and cultivation of the peach which require to be remedied.

Our opinion is, that the decadence both of apple and peach trees, in orchards where they are cultivated for their fruit, is not altogether owing to the exhaustion of the soil of those constituents upon which it thrives; but is largely attributable to the fact that nearly all our orchards are grafted or budded fruit. — *Maryland Farmer*.

American Potatoes in England.

Our cousins are catching a little of our potato enthusiasm. Rev. Gladyside, a noted horticulturist, thus writes to the *Gardener's Chronicle*:

"The Potato arrived perfectly fresh. The four sorts sent were the Early Rose, Climax, Bress's No. 4, and Bress's Prolific. The Early Rose is quite distinct from any European variety that I have ever seen—it is not the same as my Peach potato, as suggested by my former article. The Peach, the Early Emperor, and Napoleon are the same potato. In passing I may observe how inconvenient are local names ending in innumerable synonymous. The Early Rose looks more like the Salmon Kidney than any other of our varieties, but the eyes (small, like mole's eyes) are fixed on prominentities, whereas the Salmon Kidneys have deep eyes, and are not so well formed. It appears to be an early potato, and I should say a great copper, sure to be a favorite with poor people, and probably may obtain with the upper ton."

"It is of a dull rose color; its flesh is white, with a purple streak, which portends quality." More I cannot say at present, but all that I can say concretely in its favor after trial I shall be pleased to do. I say the same of the others. I never allow prejudices to have the least ascendancy over me—it is unworthy of noble Englishmen to run down "externals" when they are deserving of our praise." Climax is like the former, many-eyed but deep-eyed, a long, round potato, somewhat yellow in its flesh, and occasionally hollow; it will, at least, make a good cottage's potato. Soil makes a great difference in the color of the skin and flesh of potatoes. Bress's No. 4: This is far as appearance goes, is a tuber, "to set once, and draw on forever." It is a squishy, oblong, flattened round, or flattened square with the edges rounded off. The eyes are but a little depressed, the skin is white and smooth, and the flesh in white and firm. If the flavor is good it will take the highest place among non kidneys. It obtained a certificate from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, as did also the next. The tubers have been sold at a fabulous price in the United States. Bress's Prolific is a most perfect Potato. I think it is one of the best that I ever saw. Its eyes are less depressed than those of the former. I could not find a fault with it, except that in a frondy way, its skin might be a little whiter. Its flesh is white and firm. It looks like an earlier sort than the former. As far as appearance goes, they do luminescent credit to America. In a word, I never saw nicer Potatoes. It is difficult to describe the shape of potatoes exactly. I should call Prolific an oblong flattened round. Till I see whether the crops of those potatoes and of those I am about to describe are uniform, I must pause.

"All gone—I baked the last this morning."

"But we have pork?"

"You ate the last this noon."

"Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man staring across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had now been out of employment over a month. He was one of those who generally calculate to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they could afford to help them if they would hire me.

"And what did you mean to do for them?"

"I offered to post their accounts, and make out bills, or attend to the counter."

Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.

"What makes you smile?" he asked.

"I think you should have imagined that you would work in such places. But how is Mark Leeds?"

"Just as bad off."

"He has nothing in his house to eat. It was a shudder that crept over the wife's frame now.

"Why do you tremble, wife?"

"Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing."

"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"But our flour."

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"And what did you mean to do for them?"

"I offered to post their accounts, and make out bills, or attend to the counter."

"But what do you call reasonable?"

"Why—anything decent."

The wife felt almost inclined to smile, but the master was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure that he would find no work. She knew that he would look about for some sort of work which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the master pass.

On the following morning the last bit of food in the house was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he

Smith Jersey Republican.

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HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

200 PER YEAR

Advertisements.

The circulation of the *Republican* is larger than that of any newspaper in the state. It is the only paper circulating throughout Atlantic County, and is a desirable advertising medium. Advertisements to be taken at \$2 per line.

Special care is taken to exclude all objectionable advertisements from our columns. Advertising rates in *Local Colors*, Twenty-Five Cents a Line.

SPECIAL NOTICES, Ten Cents a Line.

Other rates furnished on application.

ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A HOME.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair to go to for a cobbler or cooper, or king or queen; never a house to find a shelter human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany they would bring to it. I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather together. —*Theo. Parker*.

Odds and Ends.

"The oldest woman's club—the broomstick."

"A corn extractor that has never been patented—the crow."

"Artemas Ward said that the man who wrote 'I'm saddest when I sing,' was a fool to sing much."

"A man recently pocketed his head out from 'behind the times,' when it was taken off by a passing event."

"A Hannoibl, Mo., merchant advertises for a burglar. He has broken the key of his safe and cannot get at the valuables.

A Little While.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sewing and the reaping,

I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Love, rest and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord tarry not, but come;

Beyond the blooming and the fading,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon,

Beyond the rising and the setting,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,

Beyond remembering and forgetting,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,

Beyond the coming and the going,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,

I shall be soon;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,

Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be soon.

Beyond the city hill poster at Lowell stuck the notice to milkmen the other day on the public pumps, certain that they would be seen there.

"The Keokuk *Gate City* says: Mr. Rose married Miss Violet at Winter last week. That Rose may reasonably expect to be a Poppy—in time."

"The South at present has among other newly established papers, the *Forerunner*, the *Headlight*, the *Advertiser*, *Can Rescue*, and the *Jimpiecut*."

"One of the Paris papers, in the lack of important news of the kind which it is permitted to publish, gives a list of prominent Frenchmen who are baldheaded.

"A dealer in second-hand books in Frankfort advertises a complete collection of newspapers published in the United States. \$300 in gold is the price he asks for it.

"A letter from Newport, says: 'I am living quietly in this pleasant town. It is the finest watering place in the world, except the office of the New York Central Railroad Company.'

"A Texas paper says that though 'courting can still go on, getting married is played out,' there being no one in office there to perform the ceremony.

"The *Harvard Advocate* reports the following as taken from a gravestone in Maine: 'Our little Jacob has been taken from this earthly garden to bloom in a superior flower-pot above.'

"A New York paper says that a leading politician in that city had his 'spirit photograph' taken by Blumler, and a 'being with horns appeared in the background as his protecting spirit.'

"Good evening, Gen. Grant," said a pleasant office-seeker, the other night, to the President's retainer. "I have not been to see you, General, since the election." "Plenty harv," said Grant. "I have not been long somethin'!"

"An old gentleman who rides almost daily to Boston from Lowell on the cars, has a card with a slip cut from it, just to the width of a line in the newspaper, which he uses to read through. Whether he sees the eyes or not, we cannot say.

"A palindrome is a line that reads alike backwards and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve: 'Madam, I'm Adam.' Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, was asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied: 'Abe was I, ere I saw Elba.' The latter is probably the best.

"The Ten Commandments adopted by the 'craft' and expected to be followed:

1. Enter softly.

2. Sit down quietly.

3. Subscribe for the paper.

4. Don't touch the poker.

5. Engage in no controversy.

6. Don't smoke.

7. Keep six feet from the table.

8. Don't talk to the printer.

9. Mangle off the paper.

10. Erase off the manuscript.

Gentlemen observing these rules when entering a printing office will greatly oblige the printers, and need not fear the 'devil.'

The ladies, who sometimes dress up with their parasols for a long moment, are expected to observe the rules very strictly, although it will be agreeable to us to have them break the eighth as often as convenient.

Boys, unless accompanied by their fathers, are particularly requested to keep their hands in their pockets.

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The **Sinclair Twins**.—The **Journal** gives a brief sketch of the Sinclair Twins, which will be found very interesting. The opinion too generally believed in regard to them.

The **Sinclair Twins**, Messrs. Chang and Lee Bunker, who have long resided in North Carolina, and lost their property during the war, have gone to England to make a little money by exhibition. The question of a surgical separation of the brothers has been submitted to some eminent physicians, and results of recent examinations of their condition have been published. They are fifty-eight years of age, short in stature, being five feet two and one-half inches in height, and Chang as inch shorter. The band that unites them sprang originally from the lower portion of each breast-bone, and at first held them face to face, but by efforts in childhood, they were enabled to stand nearly shoulder to shoulder. Their inner arms are usually crossed behind each other's backs, but they can bring them forward over each other's heads, which is quite a curious movement, and thus enabled to use all their hands, as at meals. The cartilaginous band which joins them is about four inches long, and seven in circumference at the center. The nerves of each extend a little beyond the middle of the band, so that a touch about an inch on either side of the center is felt by both. There is of course, a slight communication of the blood-vessels, but no interchange of blood, and no mutual dependence of circulation or respiration. They are therefore independent in personality, and are simply two persons tied together by a living knot. But although their mortal operations are entirely distinct, their life-long intimacy of experience has brought them into an extraordinary concord in thought and action.

The relative position of the twins have produced an inequality in the action and efficiency of their organs; those turned toward each other, and therefore less used, being weakest. The adjacent eyes are in this way enfeebled, and the adjacent legs measure an inch less in circumference than the external ones.

"The Measrs. Bunker married sisters, and have nine children apiece, M. E. Bunker having six sons and three daughters, and Mr. C. Bunker six daughters and three sons. The cousins do not get along together as well as the fathers, and there are

Real Estate.

HAMMONTON!

RARE OPPORTUNITY

TO SECURE A HOME

To All Wanting Farms.

In the great Hammonton Fruit Settlement, the best inducements are offered to all wanting farms in the most delightful and healthy climate, with a good productive soil, being among the best in the garden state of New Jersey; only thirty miles from Philadelphia, on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and but few miles to the New York Railroad. These lands are sold to the actual settlers at low prices and easy terms, in five, ten, twenty acres and upwards to suit.

The Title Perfect.

Warrantee deo. clear of all incumbrance given when all the purchase money is paid.

The Soil

is a fine sandy and clay loam, suitable for all grains and grasses, and is pronounced the finest quality for gardening and fruit raising. It is a marne deposit, with a marly substance mixed all through it in a very comminated form and in the exact condition to support plants. With proper farm it is very productive and profitable, easily worked, warm and early. The lay of the land is slightly undulating, and is called level; it is free from stones or rocks.

The Best Fruit Soil in the Union.

Pears, Peaches, Apples, Quinces, Cherries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Grapes, of all kinds, and all other fruits are raised here in immense quantities, and they are sought after by the dealers and command the best prices in the markets.

Hammonton is already celebrated for its fine fruits and wine.

From two-hundred to five hundred dollars is cleared, free from expense, net, in the fine fruit culture. Sweet Potatoes, Melons, and all the finer vegetables delight in this soil; this branch of farming pays much better than grain raising, and is much easier work.

The Market

is unsurpassed, direct communication twice a day to Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City. The Railroad Company leaves cars here to be filled with fruit every day in the season; they are filled in the afternoon, and the same night or next morning by daylight are in the market, where the highest cash prices are obtained, without any other trouble to the producer than delivering the produce to the car. None of the land now offered is over one and a-half miles from the Railroad.

"They are reported as having educated themselves fully in the language and literature of this country; to be intelligent and agreeable companions, and to have won the respect and esteem of their neighbors."

HOW SMALL EXPENDITURES COUNT.—Five cents each morning. A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents a week. Not much; yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family. \$18.25 a year. And this amount invested in a saving bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent. computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670. enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet it's fifteen cents a day; \$1.05 per week.

Enough to buy a wife or daughter a dress, \$1.60 cents a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this before, and in twenty years you would have over \$3,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seven cents per week; would buy several yards of muslin; \$36.00 a year. Deposit this amount before, and you would have \$1,340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children, \$12.10 cents a week, enough to pay a year's subscription to a good newspaper, \$109.20 per year. With it you could buy a good melodeon on which your daughter could produce sweet strains to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$12,000.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man instead of squandering your extra change, invest it in a library or a savings bank.

If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and despotic being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave, take your extra change and invest it in a drinking saloon.

WILSON BARRETT.—The following will be sent to many; also very palatable. Take a quarter pound of good fresh cheese (a solid piece the size of a large toe-cap), cut it up in small thin slices, and put in a frying-pan, with a little over a cupful of sweet milk. Have previously beaten an egg and stir that in, then add half a saltspoonful of dry mustard, two dashes of red pepper, and a small piece of butter, stirring the mixture all the time. Have ready rolled three small or two large Trenton crackers, and gradually stir them in; as soon as this is thoroughly incorporated, turn the mixture out into a heated dish and cover it.

When General Sherman was at Fort Monroe the other day, he visited the house where the steam fire engine was kept. Here was a portly specimen of the New York fireman, who officiated as engineer. "What is the name of your fire engine?" asked the General. "The name is B. J. Boller." "Bumper, as enough name for a fire engine," returned Sherman. "We must change the name, General," said the engineer; "can't you suggest a name for it?" "No, no," answered Sherman, "let him squirt."

Medical.

SCHENCK'S PLUMONIC SYRUP, SHAWED TONIC AND MANDRAKE PILLS will cure Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, if taken according to directions. They are all three to be taken daily, and purify the body, clean the liver and purify the blood, then the appetite becomes good; the food digests and makes good blood—the patient begins to grow in flesh; the disease outgrows the body and gets well. This is the only way to cure consumption.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills have been used with unrivaled success in the treatment of pulmonary Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, nature takes it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm matter leaves a slight cough will then stop, and the patient has rest, and begins to feel well again.

To determine the disease, Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, gives his unrivaled success in the treatment of pulmonary Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, nature takes it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm matter leaves a slight cough will then stop, and the patient has rest, and begins to feel well again.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills will be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver, so that the Pulmonic Syrup and the food will make good blood.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the ducts of the liver, relax the gall-bladder, and the liver is soon relieved; the stools will show what the Pills can do; nothing has ever been invented except calomel (a deadly poison which is very dangerous to use unless with great care) that will unclose the gall-bladder and start the secretions of the liver like Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

Liver Complaint is one of the most prominent causes of Consumption.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and aperient, and acts in the Seaweed, which this preparation is made of, assists the stomach to throw out the gastric juice to dissolve the food with the Pulmonic Syrup, and it is made into good blood without fermentation or souring.

The great reason why physicians do not cure Consumption, is, they try to do too much; they give medicines to stop the cough, to stop chills, to stop night aches, hectic fever, and by so doing they derange the whole digestive power, locking up the secretions, and eventually the patient sinks and dies.

Dr. Schenck, in his treatment, does not try to stop the cough, but rather to remove the cause, to remove the cause and then will stop, of their own accord. No one can be cured of Consumption, Liver Complaint, Desperitis, Catarrh, Ulcerated Throat, unless the liver and stomach are made healthy.

If a person has consumption, of course the lungs are affected, and the heart is also.

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It is a simple preparation, and is easily digested, and is a safe remedy.

It is a safe remedy