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D. B. SNOW,
Editor and Publisher.
J. SOMMER CORDEBY,
Associate and Manager.

Personal Habits of the Siamese Twins.

By MARK TWAIN.

I do not wish to write of the personal habits of these strange creatures; so, but also of certain curious details of various kinds concerning them, which, belonging only to their private life, have never crept into print. Knowing the Twins intimately I feel that I am peculiarly well qualified for the task I have taken upon myself.

The Siamese Twins are naturally tender and affectionate in disposition, and have clung to each other with singular fidelity throughout a long and eventful life. Even as children they were inseparable companions; and it was noticed that they always seemed to prefer each other's society to that of any other persons. They nearly always played together; and, so accustomed was their mother to this peculiarity, that whenever both of them happened to be lost she usually only hunted for one of them, satisfied that when she found that one she would find her brother somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. And yet these creatures were ignorant and unlettered barbarians themselves and the offspring of barbarians, who knew not the light of philosophy and science. What following rebuke is this to our boasted civilization, with its quarrels, its wranglings, and its separations of brothers.

As men, the Twins have not always lived in perfect accord; but still, there have always been a bond between them which made them unwilling to go away from each other and dwell apart. They have even occupied the same house, as a general thing and it is believed, that they have never failed to even sleep, together on any night since they were born. How surely the habits of a lifetime become second nature to us! The Twins always go to bed at the same time; but Chack usually gets up about an hour before his brother. By an understanding between themselves, Chang does all the in-door work and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng likes to go out; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang always goes along. Eng is a Baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic; still, to please his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time that Eng was, on condition that it should not "count." During the War they were strong partisans, and both fought gallantly all through the great struggle Eng on the Union side and Chang on the Confederate. They took each other prisoners at Seven Oaks, but the proofs of capture were so evenly balanced in favor of each that a general army court had to be assembled to determine which one was properly the captor and which the captive. The jury was unable to agree for a long time; but the vexed question was finally decided by agreeing to consider them both prisoners, and then exchanging them. At one time Chang was convicted of disobedience of orders and sentenced to ten days in the guard house; but Eng, in spite of all arguments, felt obliged to share his imprisonment, notwithstanding he himself was entirely innocent; and so, to save the hapless brother from suffering, they had to discharge both from custody—the just reward of faithfulness.

Upon one occasion the brothers fell out about something and Chang knocked Eng down, and then tripped and fell on him, whereupon both clutched and began to beat and gouge each other without mercy. The bystanders interceded and tried to separate them, but they could not do it, and so allowed them to fight it out. In the end both were disabled and were carried to the hospital on one and the same stretcher. Their ancient habit of going always together had its drawbacks when they reached man's estate and entered upon the luxury of courting. Both fell in love with the same girl. Each tried to steal clandestine interviews with her, but at the critical moment the other would always turn up. By-and-by Eng saw, with distraction, that Chang had won the girl's affections; and from that day forth, he had to bear with the agony of being a witness to all their dainty billing and cooing. But with a megalomania that did him infinite credit, he succumbed to his fate, and gave countenance and encouragement to a state of things that bade fair to render his generous heartstings. He sat from seven every evening until two in the morning listening to the fond foolishness of the two lovers, and to the concussions of hundreds of spanked kisses—for the privilege of sharing only one of which he would have given his right hand. But he sat patiently, and waited, and gaped, and yawned, and stretched, and lounged for two o'clock to come. And he took long walks with the lovers on moonlight evenings—sometimes traversing ten miles, notwithstanding he was usually suffering from rheumatism. He is an inveterate smoker; but he could not smoke on these occasions, because the young lady was painfully sensitive to the smell of tobacco. Eng cordially wanted them married, and done with it; but, although Chang often asked the momentous question, the young lady could not gather sufficient courage to answer it while Eng was by. However, on one occasion, after having walked some sixteen miles, and set up till nearly daylight, Eng dropped asleep, from sheer exhaustion, and then the question was asked and answered. The lovers were married, and acquiesced with the circum-

stance that the noble brother-in-law, being faithful, was the theme.

He had said with them, and arduous courtship, they were married.

"Blow ye, blow ye!" and like this

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The propellers are each two-bladed, four feet in diameter, and are placed in the framework of the wings. The boiler is made to carry eight pounds of steam. When not inflated, the carriage weighs eighty-four pounds. The balloon has a capacity for 1,300 feet of gas. When inflated and ready for a flight, it is calculated to have the carriage weight from four to ten pounds.

From the *New Letter* of Saturday, July 3, we take the following:

"An engineer's trial trip of the model steam carriage just completed at the Avitor Works, Shell Mound Park, was made yesterday (Friday) morning, in the presence of the constructing engineers, several of the shareholders of the Ariel Steam Navigation Company, a number of the employees of the San Jose railroad, who happened to be in the vicinity, and of residents in the neighborhood. The morning was beautiful and still—scarce a breath stirring. All the conditions were most favorable to success. The gnomometer was fully inflated at 6:15 o'clock, and the model was floated out of the building and across the rear track to the open space in the center.

In six minutes steam was got up, the rudder set to give a slight curve to the course of the vessel; and the valves opened. With the first turn of the propeller she rose slowly into the air, gradually increasing her speed until the rate of five miles an hour was attained. The position of the rudder caused her to describe a great circle, around which she passed twice, occupying about five minutes each time. Lines had been fastened to both bow and stern, which were held by two men who followed her track, and had sufficient adroitness to keep up with her at a "dog trot." As she completed describing the second circle, a pull given to the head line unintentionally caused the rudder to shift to a fore-and-aft position, when the model pursued a straight flight up the race track about a quarter of a mile; she was then turned round, and retraced her flight to the point of departure, whence being duly guided she entered the building. The fires were drawn, and the first extensive flight of a vessel for aerial navigation was accomplished. The total distance traversed was a little over a mile. The appearance of the vessel in the air was really beautiful. As seen in the building she looks cumbersome and awkward—just as a ship looks cumbersome and awkward on "the stocks." The change of appearance as she is circling gracefully through the air is equal to that of the same ship when seen in water. The first moment of opening the steam valve was one of suspense. As the vessel rose and forged slowly ahead, the suspense was scarcely dissipated; but in a very few seconds her speed increased—in obedience to the rudder she commenced to swing around the curve—the men of the guys broke into a trot, and clattered upon their bows from the little group. In years to come it will be something for these men to tell, that they were present at and saw the first mile-flight ever accomplished in the grand discovery of aerial navigation."

A public trial was subsequently made which was not so successful. The At-

tempts to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion; but the higher and divine calling of self-sacrifice; and let her never forget that higher life, which lives in others and for others, is her Redeemer and Lord. And, if any should answer that this doctrine would keep woman dependent and a slave, I would answer, not so; it would keep her what she should be—the mistress of all around her, because mistress of herself. And more, I should express a fear that those who made that answer had not yet seen into the mystery of true greatness and true strength; that they did not yet understand the true magnanimity, the true royalty of that spirit, by which the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to give his life a ransom for many.

Surely that is woman's calling—to teach man; and to teach him what? To teach him, after all, that his calling is the same as hers, if he will but see the things which belong to his peace. To temper his fiercer, coarser, more self-assertive nature, by the contact of her gentleness, purity, self-sacrifice. To make him see that not by blare of trumpets, not by noise, wrath, greed, ambition, intrigue, pelfury, is good and lasting work to be done on earth; but by wise self-distrust; by silent labor, by lofty self-control, by that charity which hopeh all things, believeth all things, endurh all things; by such an example, in short, as women now in tens of thousands set to those around them; such as they will show more and more, the more their whole womanhood is educated to employ its powers without waste in harmonious unity. Let the woman begin in girlhood, if such be her happy lot, to quote the words of a great poet, a great philosopher and a great churlman, William Wordsworth—let her begin, I say—

"With all things round about her drawn."

From May-day and the cheerful dawn:

"A dancing shape, at large gay,"

To hunt, to startle and waylay."

Let her develop onward—

"A spirit yet a woman too,

With household moil no light and free,

And steps of virgin liberty."

A countenance in which shall meet

"Sweet records, promises, sweet,"

A creature not too bright and good

For human nature's daily food:

"Brave, blame, lone, lame, tears and smiles."

But let her highest and her final development be that—which—not nature, but self-education alone can bring—that which makes her once and forever

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,

A traveller between life and death."

With reason firm, with temperate will,

Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.

A pu'fect woman nobly planned;

To wear, to comfort, and command,

And yet a spirit still, and bright

With something of an angel-light."

There is many who won't know envy-

thing but what they kan prove—this

accounts for the little they know. Most

people hav found out sunhow that they

"kan serve God and manmon too," and

so they serve manmon.

Eccentricity, most uv them, are mere

vanitry; banish the eccentric man into a

wilderness, and he soon becomes as natural

as a tudiool. A pure heart is like a look-

ing-glass; it keeps no sekrets, and dis-

penses no fatory.

A cheerful old man, or old woman, is

like the sunny side on a wood-shed, in the

fast or winter.

A varice is like a grave yard; it takes all

it can git, and gives nothing back.

Paint a hummin bird suckin honey from

a flower, and ya hu got a very good pictor

ov love, tryin tow live upon buty.

The best investment kuv uv charity

you git yore principal back immediately,

and draw a dividend every time you think

ov it.

Everything on this earth is bought and

sold, except air and water, and they would

be if the kind-Creator had not made the

supply to grate for the demand.

A good book is like a good law.

Poltiness looks well to me in every man

except an undertaker.

"Familiarity breeds kontempt." This

only applies to men, not tow hot buckwheat

slapshakes, tow buttered and sugared.

A man's reputation is somethin like his

coat; there is certain kemikal that will

take the stains and grease spots out ov it;

but it always has a second hand kind ov

a look, and generally smells strong ar the

kemikal.

We are happy in this world just in pro-

portion as we make others happy—I stand

fast tow bet fifty dollars on this saying.

Credit is like chazity; they both av' em

can stand temptation better than they kan

suspiioin.

Tell Tales, But Truth Tellors.

It is a grand mistake to suppose that the dumb beasts upon a farm tell no tales.

When you call on neighbor C. have you

ever noticed how the old house dog pricks

his ears and wag his tail, the instant his

eye lights on his master? The owner may

perhaps forget to speak to the faithful old

brute, but just see how Carlo watches an

opportunity and gives his master's hand a

gentle push, to remind him that he expects

the notice to which he has been accustomed.

There is another place you know of, where

the poor terrier tells another story, for no

sooner does that gruff-voiced scoundrel

in the doorway, that the dog is off skulking

some out of the way place, and glad to be

able to do that without unpleasant preliminaries.

A horse knows whether his old

master has hold of the reins, or whether

the young one has taken the ribbons.

The horses bowers in beds of roses or hollows in oaks

of home-made sugar.

Old Rose was the most comfited,

embled, opinionated fellow to be met

anywhere. What he didn't know, wasn't

worth knowing, and he tootles ar'nt he?

If any one stayed to give him any information,

At last he fell seriously ill, and was

crabbed and opinionated than ever.

It soon became evident that he was near his end; but no one liked to tell him of his condition.

A poor old neighbor finally told him his

self the solemn task.

"Neighbor Rose," said he, "There is

something that I feel in my soul to tell you."

"But I must tell you, Mr. Rose, you

are dying."

"Mind your own business," groaned the old

man, with his dying breath.

Josh Billings' Papers.

The Best Sale Yet.—The colored poster of Trenton wanted and needed a better school-house, so they

