

The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Temperance, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Independent of Party or Sect.

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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All letters and communications must be POST-PAID, and accompanied by the author's name, to insure attention. Office—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer. Lines in answer to poetry in the Pioneer of March 19, entitled "THE TIES AND JOYS OF EARTH."

BY ESTELLA MAURICE.

Say not this fair and blooming earth,
With all its lovely things,
Is but a "heavy, downward weight,
To clog the spirit's wings."
Though earthly joys and hopes must fade,
And earthily ties be given,
Though pain, and bitterness, and grief
To man are ever given.
Still, pure affection's holy fire,
Ambition's daring, high,
Should elevate the spirit's aim,
And lift it for the sky.
The beauty of this glorious earth,
Its bright and varied bloom,
Should point us to the Eden home
Which lies beyond the tomb.
The fleeting, changeable, morning cloud,
The sunset's radiance bright,
Seem like a faint and transient gleam
From the fair land of Light.
The withered leaves which autumn winds
Bear earthward on their wings,
The bright, and ever lovely flowers,
Those frail and fleeting things,
Have all a language, deep and true
In their rich glowing bloom,
Which autumn fades, and spring renews;
Of life beyond the tomb.
Then mourn not that the ties and joys
And lovely things of earth,
Pass like a gushing brook of song,
Or childhood's gladdest mirth.
But see in every leaf and flower,
In everything that's given,
Some type of immortality,
Or the fadeless bloom of heaven.
Shiloh, April, 1853.

MORAL.

From the New-York Organ.

SAD MEMORIALS.

When death enters the family and removes the father or mother, the brother or sister, the wife or husband, what a strange interest at once invests the most trifling memorial of the departed one's late presence. A favorite book, with its pencil marks designating passages that affected the reader's mind, an article of clothing, a letter written just before the final sickness, any thing indeed, which belonged to the absent one, acquires a sanctity and a sort of sentient character, so that we almost fancy that it whimpers to us homely comfort from the lips that are now sealed in the grave. At any rate we find these memorials recall our lost one, even in the midst of trains of thought on entirely different subjects. The eye lights on a glove, a hat, or piece of writing that belonged to the departed one, and instantly we fancy the owner present. We see him as he looked when living, we hear his voice, we catch his smile, we recall old kind-nesses and pleasant words spoken, and we are sad as we think that the grave will forever keep them from revisiting the home so lately cheered by their presence.

It is a pity we do not always prize at their full value the living presence as we shall prize it when it is gone. That dear, good, tender mother, who moves about the house like an angel of order and love, seeing to it that every member or her household is comfortable and happy, never thinking about self, but always having some little affair on hand to make some child or domestic comfortable scarcely attracts the least notice now, it is so entirely a matter of course for her to do so. But when she is gone, and you sit alone and your eye happens to rest on her work-stand, or her knitting materials, you instantly find your thoughts running on her gentle earnestness and singleness of love, as displayed in her daily rounds of uniring and affectionate assidues. You think, when you were unwell, how quickly anxiously shuddered her face when you were happy, how instantly her countenance reflected when you needed any little homely comfort, how promptly she was at hand to meet that craving. And you wonder at yourself that you were not more impressed with her love and vigilant care while she was yet with you; and you long to go and throw yourself upon her grave and weep because of the few and feeble returns of love you made to her, and the harshness, impatience, coldness and ingratitude she too often received at your hands.

The grave often greatly modifies our estimate of relatives and friends, and not till they have been hidden from our sight for days or weeks or months, are we fully sensible of the value of the blessings we have lost. It might not be amiss for young people whose parents are yet spared to them, to reflect occasionally on the feelings they are likely to experience towards them when at no distant day those

parents shall be lying in the grave. And oh, young friends, take heed lest any of you shall hereafter have to weep over a father's or a mother's grave because of unkindness and ingratitude which it will be too late to recall.

HARMONY.

The Great Architect of the Universe, infinite in knowledge as in power, has in his works of creation, given many examples of harmony. The system, rolling in awfully majestic in infinite space, is so nicely adjusted that during the thousands of ages that have elapsed since its creation, no jarring influence has been allowed to mar the perfection of the whole. The animal frame delicately in its structure, complicated in its design, fragile in material beyond any human invention, moves so smoothly that nothing in the system itself can by any possibility ever prevent its action. Man, the Creature of Omnipotence, made originally in his image, in knowledge is now fallen so that his best works give evidence of imperfection. If, in complicated machinery, one pivot or bolt is wanting, or one wheel misplaced, instant confusion must ensue; and unless the action of the machine can be stopped, all will result in wreck and irreparable ruin. Hence the prudent inventor or constructor of any apparatus must, with cautious scrutiny scan each separate part, calculate the relation of the parts to each other and to the whole ere he applies the power by which it is to be moved.

This principle of harmony must also pervade those structures into which material objects do not enter. Combinations of men, for the attainment of any end not within the scope of individual effort, will find their success depend to a very great degree upon their attention to this principle. In the great political parties of earth, in the associations of men for charitable purposes in literary institutions want of harmony often leads to entire failure, and the object almost always an unworthy member of a church becomes a stumbling block in the way of others. The efficient Professor in a literary institution gives wrong bias to the leading powers of the youthful mind. The busy body in the community often sows the seeds of discord and strife. In each case of failure to succeed, imperfection in design and confusion are attributed to want of harmony.

SPIRITUALITY.

We sometimes hear that class of persons who are seeking, through the aid of "mediums," so called, to penetrate the mysteries of a higher life, denominated "spiritualists." And these persons, so far as our observation goes, regard themselves as having higher spiritual affinities and yearnings than the majority of those around them. Just the contrary is the truth; for, as any one may see, they have no interior spiritual instincts; their minds being so immersed in what is external and material, that they will not believe until proof comes to the very senses of the body. Thus, they require rappings, writings, and movements of material substances. The true spiritualist rises inwardly, through purification from evil and sensual things, into the perception of spiritual truths as governing principles of his life; but the false spiritualist (rather materialist) descends to lower planes, by mere harkening through the bodily senses for those utterances which can only be made, discreetly, in a higher sphere. Can we wonder that, as a general thing, these "mediums" deny the inspiration of the Bible, and that in the direction of their Babel, by which to ascend to Heaven, a confusion of tongues has already seized upon them? They are blind like the blind, and if they pause not, both must fall into the ditch. There is no way to Heaven but through a pure life, as all who seek to "climb up some other way" will sadly find to their cost.

AGRICULTURE

A HINT TO FARMERS.

The Maine Farmer gives the following pertinent paragraphs on the importance of the proper care of stock.

We may send to England for Durham cows and to Spain or Saxony for the choicest sheep; we may search the world over for cattle that please the eye, but unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding they will most assuredly deteriorate, and eventually become as worthless and unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that now haunt our rich but neglected pastures. We remember a certain noble in point, and will relate it by way of illustration. A Farmer having purchased a cow from a country abounding in the richest pasturage, upon taking her to his own interior pastures found that she fell short of the yield which he was informed she was accustomed to give. He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased, that the cow was not the one he bargained for, or in other words that she was "cracked up to be." "Why," said the seller, "I sold you my cow, but I did not sell you my pasture too."

The above which you cut from an exchange reminds us of the reply which a shrewd old farmer, whom we knew many years ago, made to one of his neighbors. The latter had obtained some pigs of a man residing some miles off, and who, because intelligent, was very successful in his farming operations, particularly surpassing his neighbors in raising pork. Shortly after meeting the old gentleman referred to, he says, "Well, Mr. Sweet sir, I'm going to buy you in raising hogs this year; I have got some of 'em." "A-b-a!" drawled out the old man, "you'd better get the breed of his hog trough."

SAW DUST AS LITTER.

The above material has been successfully introduced as litter for Horses in Ohio, instead of straw, and may be profitably employed for this purpose when the latter article is dear.—The "Ohio Cultivator" contains the following remarks upon the subject: "Several bushels of dry saw-dust are thrown into the stall in the morning it will be found that about a bushel has been removed—one-half of which is manure and one-half saw-dust, so well separated as to admit of a large portion of manure, performing the double office of absorbent and purifier; thus the air of the stable is kept pure, and the ammonia saved for the compost heap. This compost Mr. Blake has applied to his stiff clay land, and reports that it operates like yeast, making the Ground very light and mellow. In the morning, that portion of the bedding which remains dry, is shoved up under the manger, to serve for another night.

Another advantage from this material for bedding is that a horse which lies upon it is much easier cleaned off than one which lies on straw; the saw-dust entering among the hair brings away the secretions, when the curry comb and brush are applied, leaving a bright lively coat. In warm weather it has another great advantage, that of being much cooler than straw, so that a tired and heated horse can sleep pleasantly without incitements to feverish restlessness. The establishment of steam mills in all parts of the country, renders the material easy of access to almost every neighborhood, and we doubt not, when its virtues are better known, it will be generally applied to stable use, as a means of conveying the horse, and also of turning an otherwise useless article into profitable account."

HOW THEY USED TO PLOW.

In some parts of Scotland, in former times the plows used to be drawn by four horses abreast, and required the assistance of three men. The business of one man was to drive. For that purpose he placed himself between the middle horses, with his face towards the plow, to guide it straight and in this position he stepped backwards with the reins in his hand. Another walked behind the horses with a cleeked staff, which he fastened in front of the beam, and by means of it regulated the depth of the Furrow by raising or lowering the plow, as occasion required. The plowman followed with hold of the stiles; and in this formidable and ludicrous manner, they treated their attacks on the soil.

In harvest, a basket machine was placed on horseback for carrying home the grain and persons were employed on each side with forks to keep it in a proper position. It is said that the practice is yet to be met with in Galloway.

Many practices existing even at this day in Ireland are still more ridiculous. Mr. Arthur Young tells us, that in Denagel he has actually seen horses plowing by the tail.

AMATEUR FOWL BREEDER.

The editor of the Lynn Bay State, has been buying fancy eggs of some one in Boston, at a big figure, which did not turn out what he expected, and so he concludes that the hen favor is a great humbug! Saved him right; he bought what was said to be Cochins China eggs, and, after waiting patiently over four weeks, he found six ducks in his hatching coop one morning. So much for his foresight.

"This isn't half so bad as the case of one of his neighbors, who paid a round price for half a dozen choice eggs, queer looking and speckled—small, round and outlandish, that he felt certain would produce rare chickens, and which he was very cautious in setting under his hen.

At the end of a fortnight he was started at the breakfast table, to hear his favorite hen screaming "bloody murder" from within the coop. He rushed to the rescue, raised the box lid, and found his hen on the nest, but in a frightful perturbation—struggling, yelling and cackling most vociferously.

He spoke to her kindly and softly; he would fain appease and quiet her, for there was great danger, lest in her excitement and struggles she should destroy the favorite eggs; those rare eggs, which had cost him so much money and trouble. But soft words were in vain. His "best hen" continued to scream, and he raised her from the nest to look at the cause of her trouble more critically. His astonishment was instantaneous, but immense; and his surprise found vent in the brief, but expressive exclamation: "Turtles—by thunder!"

Such was the party. The poor innocent poultry fancier was the victim of his own confidence. The party who had sold him the eggs, had sold the buyer shockingly.—And instead of a brood of pure Cochins China, he found that his favorite hen had hatched half a dozen pure mud Turtles, all of which upon breaking from the shells, seized upon the flesh of the poor fowl and had well nigh destroyed her life, before they could be "choked off." He has given up the chicken business, and has since gone into the dwarf pear business.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE MOTHER'S PROMISE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A lady, handsomely dressed, was about leaving her house to make a few calls, when a little boy ran out from the nursery, and clasping one of her gloved hands in both of his, looked up into her face with a glance of winning entreaty, saying, as he did so: "Mamma, dear mamma! Won't you buy me a picture-book, just like cousin Eddie's?" "Yes, love," was the unhesitating reply; and the lady stopped to kiss the sweet lips of her child. "Eddy must be a good boy, and mind nurse while mamma is away," she added.

"I'll be so good," replied Eddy, with all the earnestness of a childish purpose. "You may ask nurse when you come home, if I have not been the goodest little boy that ever was."

Mrs. Herbert kissed her darling boy again, and then went forth to make her morning round of calls. Eddy returned to the nursery, strong in his purpose, to be a good boy, as he had promised.

"Such a dear little picture-book as mamma is going to bring me home," he said to nurse, as he leaned his arms against her, and looked up into her face. "Oh! won't it be so glad. It's to be just like cousin Eddie's. Mamma said so, and cousin Eddie's is so beautiful. I've wanted one ever since I was three. I'll be so good, and you shall have it."

"Yes, Eddy," replied nurse, "your mamma is very good, and you should love her so much, and do everything she tells you to do."

"I do love her," said the child. "Oh! I love her more than all the world, and I'm

going to mind every thing she says."

Then the child went to his play, and was happy with his toys. But his thoughts were on the picture-book, and pleasantly by a young imagination lingered amid its attractive pages.

"Isn't it 'most time for mother to be home?" he asked, at the end of half an hour, coming to the side of his nurse, and gazing up into her face.

"Why no, child," replied the nurse, "not for a long while yet."

Eddy looked disappointed. But that instant the door bell rung.

"There's mamma! There's mamma!" exclaimed the child clapping his hands; and before nurse could restrain him, he had bounded from the room, and his little feet were heard pattering down the stairs. Slowly he came back, after a little while, and with a look of disappointment on his sweet young face, entered the nursery, saying, as he did so: "It was only a man with brooms to sell."

"Your mamma won't be home for a long time yet, Eddy," said his nurse, "so it is no use for you to expect her. Go and build block-houses again."

"I'm tired of block-houses," replied the little boy, "and now that mamma has promised me a picture-book like cousin Eddie's, I cannot think of anything else."

"Oh, well," said nurse, a little impatiently, "she'll be home in good time. Try and not think of the book. It won't do any good—it won't bring her home a minute sooner."

"I can't help thinking of it," persisted the child, in whom the imaginative faculty was unusually strong for one of his age.

In a little while, however, something occurred to interest him, and a full hour elapsed before he again recurred to his mother and the expected picture book. As best she could, his nurse diverted his mind, and kept him, in a measure, occupied with what was around him. At length, it was full time for Mrs. Herbert to return. Eddy had ceased to find interest in anything pertaining to the nursery. He went into the parlor, and seeing himself at a window, watched with childish eagerness, for the form of his mother.

Strange as it may seem to the reader, Mrs. Herbert had scarcely passed into the street, ere her promise was forgotten. Not that she was indifferent to the happiness of her child—nor that she was a heartless mother. Far, very far from this. Purely and truly did she love this sweet boy. But, so much were her thoughts interested in other things, that she did not, at the time, comprehend the earnestness of his childish wishes; nor think of her promise as a sacred thing. The request for a picture book seemed to her but the expression of a sudden thought, that passed from his mind as soon as uttered. And yet, she had not promised without intending to meet the wishes of her child, for she was an indulgent mother, and rarely said "No," to any request that might reasonably be gratified. She had noticed Cousin Eddie's pretty book, and thought that she would, some time or other, get one like it for Eddy. The child's request had settled this in her mind. There was, there was, there was, in her promise. She meant to do as she had said.

But things of more interest to Mrs. Herbert, than the simple wish of a child, so fully occupied her mind from the time she left her own door, that she never again thought of the book, until she saw Eddy's dear face at the window. It was serious, and slightly impatient, as if he were weary with watching and waiting; but the moment his eyes rested upon her form, his whole countenance brightened, as though lit up by a sunbeam. Almost as soon as Mrs. Herbert's hand touched the bell, the street door was open, and the glad child stood, like a rebelling spirit, before her.

"Where's my book, mamma? Give me my book, dear mamma! Oh, I'm so glad you've come!"

Now, the first conviction of wrong, often has an irritating effect upon the mind, obscuring its perceptions, and leading, sometimes, to the impulsive commission of greater wrongs. It was so in the present case. The happy countenance of her child did not bring joy to the mother's heart; for she knew that with a word, she must dash to the ground all his buoyant anticipations. And she remembered, too, at the moment, how poorly he could bear disappointment.

"Eddy, dear," said Mrs. Herbert, taking her little boy by the hand, and advancing toward the parlor door with him, "Eddy, dear, let me tell you something."

Her grave tone and look caused a shiver to pass inward toward the heart of the child. He remembered, but too well, that the mother whose word he had trusted so implicitly, had been faithless to her promise.

Poor child! even this advancing shadow of a coming disappointment, darkened his young face, and filled his eyes with tears.

Mrs. Herbert sat down on the nearest chair, as she entered the parlor, and drew Eddy to her side. She saw, from his sad face, that words were not required to make him aware that the promised book was not in her possession; and she knew, from former experience, that trouble was before her. Unhappily, she did not feel softened, but rather irritated, toward the child.

"Eddy," said she, firmly, yet with as much tenderness as she could assume, "Eddy, you know you promised me to be such a good boy."

"And I have been good," eagerly answered the little fellow, lifting his swimming eyes to her face, "you may ask nurse if I haven't been good all the time."

"I'm sure you have," said Mrs. Herbert, touched by the manna of her child; "and I'll be so glad to see you with your book."

"The book," which had been ready to start, now gushed over his face, and a low cry poured the mother's ears.

"Eddy," said she, seriously, "let me tell you about it. You must listen to reason."

Reason! poor, disappointed little one! He had no ear for the comprehension of reasons.

"Now, Eddy! I can't have this!" Mrs. Herbert spoke firmly, for already the child was weeping bitterly. "Crying will do no good. I've wanted one ever since I was three. I'll be so good, and you shall have it. I had no opportunity to get it this morning. Come now, you must stop at once, or I'll—"

Mrs. Herbert did not utter the threat which came to her lips; but her mind struck from the thought of punishing her child, especially

as his fault was a consequence of her own actions. But, as he continued to cry on, and in a louder voice, she not only began to feel excessively annoyed, but deemed it her duty to compel a cessation of what could do no possible good, but rather harm.

"Eddy, you must stop this crying!" Firmness had changed to sternness.

"The words might as well not have been spoken."

"Then you are now going to stop!" The tones were now angry and stern. Mrs. Herbert uttered them, she caught the arm of her child with a tight grip.

At this moment, the sound of the latch-key was heard in the street door. It was dinner time, and Mr. Herbert entered.

"Bless us what's the trouble here?" the father of Eddy exclaimed, good-naturedly, as he presented himself in the parlor.

"The trouble is," said Mrs. Herbert, in a fretful voice, "that I promised to buy him a book and forgot all about it."

"Oh! Is that all?" Mr. Herbert spoke cheerfully. "This trouble can soon be healed. Come, dear, and let us see what I can do for you."

And Mr. Herbert drew forth a strong, square packet, and began untying the string, with which it was bound. Eddy ceased crying in an instant, while a rainbow light shone through his tears. Soon a book came to view. It was the book. Singularly enough, Mr. Herbert had, that morning, observed it in a store, and thinking it would please his child, had bought it for him.

"Will that do?" he said, handing the book to Eddy.

What a glow of gladness came to the child's face. A moment or two he stood, like one bewildered, and then throwing his arms around his father's neck and hugging him tightly, he said, in the fulness of his heart:

"Oh! you are a dear, good papa! I do love you so much!"

Erstwhile arms of Eddy were undeloped from his father's neck, Mrs. Herbert had left the room. When, on the ringing of the dining bell, she joined her husband and child at the table, her countenance wore a sober aspect, and there were signs of tears about her eyes. What her thoughts had been, every true mother can better imagine than we describe. That they were salutary, may be inferred from the fact that no promise, not even the lightest, was ever afterwards made to her child, which was not righteously kept to the very letter.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

MODERN BOYHOOD.

Are there any boys now a-days? We have sometimes been inclined to doubt it. Real, child-like, fun-loving boys, we mean; such as some of us used to know in our early days; eager questioners upon subjects of natural history, and upon the mysterious complexities of the earth and the heavens? Boys whose very maturity of thought struck one as beautiful? It seems to us there are very few such of late years. In times that we can remember, children were children, and were true to their childish instincts. Their genial frolicsome ways softened slowly into soberness; they grew grave gradually. The shadows of manhood stole over their young faces so imperceptibly that the spiritualist seemed to predominate over the earthly. There is not half so much flying of kites, trundling of hoops and playing at marbles, as there used to be. Even "I spy," "pinion's base," and "hide and seek," are fast falling into disuse. At what age the child's earliest attempt at mystical procession, we seldom hear now, either in city or in country. Instead of whooping, hallooing, and those shouts of merry laughter, which were wont to conjure up delicious reveries in aged bosoms, we now have an unchildlike thoughtfulness, or, what is still worse a chattering peritancy. It is sorrowful to think that the accelerated progress of everything around us should have smothered the thought struck one as beautiful? It seems to us there are very few such of late years. In times that we can remember, children were children, and were true to their childish instincts. Their genial frolicsome ways softened slowly into soberness; they grew grave gradually. The shadows of manhood stole over their young faces so imperceptibly that the spiritualist seemed to predominate over the earthly. There is not half so much flying of kites, trundling of hoops and playing at marbles, as there used to be. 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The West-Jersey Pioneer.



BRIDGETON: Saturday Morning, April 23.

THE PAPER HAVING THE LARGEST CIRCULATION In West Jersey! Only \$1 00 per Year!

FRANKLIN FERGUSON, JOSEPH A. MILLER, EDITORS.

A STEAMBOAT.

As the season for business and travel approaches we frequently hear the question asked, Are we to have a Steamboat running here during the present summer.

Notwithstanding all the inferences that may be drawn from the past, we cannot resist the conclusion that a good boat, properly managed could be made a paying concern.

Surely, if Salem with a population numerically smaller can sustain three boats, on an average price per passenger of from twelve to twenty five cents, one boat from here with an average fare of seventy-five cents, ought to be an average fare.

Steamboat owners seem however to have arrived at a different conclusion, and to overcome this impression, or at least to give a feeling of perfect security to the proprietor of the boat that his labor and capital shall be properly compensated, we throw out a few hasty suggestions, directed more particularly to the farmers, as to them a very large proportion of the advantages must accrue.

Let a number of them, the more the better, join together and give a written pledge to contribute a stipulated sum to meet the deficiency in the boats revenue, provided, a deficiency occurs. We do not believe the amount could be much, and distributed among many would scarcely be felt.

The contemplated world's fair, at New York, will add much to the travel of the approaching season, whilst an unusual demand for farm produce will also be created. The inducements therefore for having a boat here are much stronger than have ever before existed.

And if the farming community would share in the advantages possessed by their neighbors of Salem, they must be willing to run the very small amount of risk required by the course indicated.

Our merchants and business men are also interested in the matter. Much custom that might be retained here, is taken to Salem from the western part of this county, by those who go thither to find an outlet for their surplus produce.

We feel no disposition to envy the prosperity of our sister town, but we do think nevertheless, our citizens can by proper management find their money as well laid out at a high near home.

In conclusion we propose that a convention be called, to meet in this town as soon as practicable, to take the matter under consideration. We do not wish to anticipate but think no difficulty would be experienced in getting a good boat.

The Cumberland County Circuit Court commenced its session on Tuesday morning, Judge Elmer presiding.

The Grand Jurors in attendance were: Francis Lee, Balford M. Bonham, Andrew Horner, Richard Lot, Geo. F. Hanson, David Potter, George Fox, Alphonso Woodruff, F. L. Mulford, John Grant, T. F. Sharp, Franklin Doveaux, Daniel R. Moore, J. M. Paulin, Adrian Bateman, Jeremiah B. Davis, Lewis Bacon, Daniel Westcott.

James Ward, George Stratton, Harvey Orr, Howell Watson and John Ogdin, were summoned but did not attend.

Judge Elmer delivered the charge to the Grand Jury.

The following cases were called up for trial: Jacob P. Bickley charged with an assault and battery upon William Beideman, plead guilty—fined five dollars and costs.

Lovisa Ann Blizard, wife of Levi Blizard, charged with committing adultery with William Waffle, who had employed her as housekeeper, convicted—sentenced to seven days in county jail and to give security in one hundred dollars to be of good behavior for one year.

Jacob Lacey (colored), charged with an assault and battery upon Robert Fithian, plead guilty—sentenced to six months imprisonment in County jail.

William Casper, Deerfield. Thomas Biggs, Leesburg. Jeremiah F. Zane, Maurice River Neck. Elizabeth T. Blackwood, Bridgeton.

New Jersey Annual Conference of the M. E. Church.

We continue such brief extracts as may be of interest to our readers.

Friday morning April 15th, 8 o'clock. Conference opened with reading the Holy Scripture singing and prayer by Rev. J. Loudenslager.

Bishop Morris in the chair, Stead question taken up, Who remain on trial? S. M. Hudson, J. L. Souder, David Teed, W. W. Wrythe, David McCurdy, David Walters, Samuel T. Moore, B. F. Hoolton, J. Hickman, C. Clark, Geo. H. Jones, I. L. Hayes, I. B. Matthias, W. H. Dickerson, J. V. Huff, W. C. Stockton, J. H. Primrose, J. W. Cole, were continued.

J. K. Burr, Jas. M. Freeman and S. C. Coit, were appointed to review the S. School statistics. The candidates for admission into full connection were called forward and examined by the Bishop before the conference.

Third Question, who are admitted into full connection? was taken up and the candidates referred to above viz: Edwin A. Day, N. Stokely, J. S. Heister, W. V. Darrow, E. F. Adams, R. B. Lookwood, T. S. Diederick, H. S. Wolfe, H. Day and John Scan, were admitted.

Fifth Question, who are elected and ordained Elders? was taken up. H. C. Chalmers, Thos. Walters, R. S. And, J. J. Hanley, A. H. Belles, were elected to elders orders. The report of the committee on Temperance was read and the ninth resolution which provided for a meeting in the church in the afternoon was adopted and the balance of the report laid on the table for the present, on motion resolved that the committee on temperance be a committee to make arrangements for the meeting provided for in the above resolution.

The conference called for the claims of superannuated and superannuated preachers. Having under the call and the hour of adjournment having arrived Conf. adjourned. Benediction by R. Petherbridge.

Saturday morning, April 16, 3 o'clock. Conference opened by reading the scripture singing, and prayer by Rev. J. Loudenslager. Bishop Morris in the chair, Stead question taken up, Who remain on trial? S. M. Hudson, J. L. Souder, David Teed, W. W. Wrythe, David McCurdy, David Walters, Samuel T. Moore, B. F. Hoolton, J. Hickman, C. Clark, Geo. H. Jones, I. L. Hayes, I. B. Matthias, W. H. Dickerson, J. V. Huff, W. C. Stockton, J. H. Primrose, J. W. Cole, were continued.

Monday morning, April 18, 8 o'clock. Conference opened by reading the scripture singing and prayer by Rev. J. Long. Journal read and approved. Bishop Morris in the chair. The Bishop presented the names of the persons he had ordained Deacons and of those ordained Elders yesterday.

Examination of Elders resumed and the remainder of the names were called, after which the reports of the trustees of Pennington Seminary and the committee on the letter of J. Bunn, were read and the conference adjourned. Prayer by J. T. Crane.

Tuesday morning April 19, 8 o'clock. Conference opened with reading the scripture, singing, and prayer by J. O. Rogers. Bishop Morris in the chair, Journal read and approved, a letter was presented from J. P. McCowick, asking superannuated status, a similar request from C. Polly was presented and their relation so fixed. Jas. M. Tuttle at his own request had his relation changed from supernumerary to effective.

First Question taken up, who are admitted on trial? I. H. Vincent, Chas. Miller, W. C. Nelson, John Stephenson, P. Y. Calder, W. Copp, I. S. Coit, T. Haulon, W. Franklin, B. L. Thomas, Furman Robbins, J. C. Stockton, Levi J. Rhodes, J. I. Courson, W. Walton, J. Atkinson, J. B. Howard and G. W. Hayley were admitted. Conference adjourned. Benediction by B. Weed.

Reports of various committees were presented and appropriately disposed of. During the afternoon session conference by vote fixed the seat of its next session at New Brunswick; the Bishop announced the time of the next session, April 12, 1854.

A motion expressive of the thanks of the conference to the citizens of Bridgeton for the very kind and christian manner in which they had received and entertained during its session, was offered. The members all rising to their feet voted its passage. Conference adjourned to 8 o'clock in the evening to receive the appointments.

Long before the appointed hour the church was densely crowded by the members of the church and the citizens generally, to witness the interesting exercises. Conference was opened with prayer by Rev. J. H. McFarland. A few items of unfinished business were dispatched, the Journal read up and the conference adjourned. The Bishop gave out the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," which was sung and the closing prayer offered by Rev. James Ayars.

The Bishop then proceeded in a distinct manner to read the appointments of the preachers. The Benediction was pronounced by the Bishop and the congregation slowly retired from the house.

APPOINTMENTS.

NEWARK DISTRICT. T. McCarroll, P. E. W. Chapel, Halsey St. Vansant, E. Franklin-street, Shaw, J. K. Clinton-street, Monroe, S. Y. Union-street, Vanlor, R. Central Church, Kenney, W. Quarry-street, Townsend, S. Broad-street, Corbit, W. P. Newark L. C. Mission, Morrow, J. I. Bloomfield, Snyder, G. B. Vernon, Truit, A. I. J. Palmer, A. M. Clinton, Middleville and to be supplied. Stokes, M. O. Springfield, Nelson, W. C. Chatham, Trumbower, H. Madison, New Vernon and G. V. Harris, R. S. Morristown, Stokes, E. H. P. D. Day, Sup.

SPRING ISLAND.—Woodrow, Owen, A. Bath, H. E. Asbury Chapel, Pender, T. W. E. Hobbs Sup. Trinity, Kelly, E. Mariners Harbor, C. Miller. Quarantine, J. Stephenson. Seamans Fund Ret. Frances D. E.

J. M. Tuttle, Agent of the Conference Tract Society, and member of Franklin St. Quarterly Conference.

J. L. Lenhart, Chaplain of the New York Naval Station, and a member of Central Church, Quarterly Conference.

D. P. Kiddler, Editor of Sunday School Publications & Editor of Quarterly Review.

PATERSON DISTRICT.

John S. Porter, P. E. Paterson, Cross St. Prospect Street, Aquachanok, Adams, E. W. Read Mills and H. JENSEY CRV. St. Pauls, Greenville, Bergen, Hoboken, Fort Lee, & B. Ferry, Rockland, Nyack, Rockland L. and N. City, J. W. Heales. Haverstraw, Ramapo, N. Haverstraw, Bloomingdale, New Prospect, Bellville, Tunison, W. J. H. Vincent, Caselli, Jos. Clarke, Cor. Wyrke, W. W. Winner J. O.

NEWTON DISTRICT. Manning Force, P. E. Newton and Tranquillity, Smith, T. H. Cross, I. Dickerson, W. H. Badgley, O. Hilliard, S. W. Lockwood, R. B. Banghart, Geo. Burroughs, W. M. Belles, A. W. Hays, J. C. Christ, W. W. Hugg, J. Adams. Vanbor, G. to be supplied, Dickrick, T. S. Herr, M. Wilson, T. S.

RAHWAY DISTRICT. C. A. Lippincott, P. E. Rahway, Rahway, Elizabethtown, Perth Amboy, Woodbridge, New Dover, Westfield, Plainfield, New Providence, Mount Horeb, Flemington, Quakerstown, New Germantown, Peapack, Clinton, Mendham, Bernardsville and Bask-Day, Wm. Craney, Hacketside, Stanshope, Flinders, Succasuney Plains, Brown, Geo. F. Page, E. sup. Vaneleve, C. S. B. L. Thomas, Reed, B. N. Sup. Gilmore, A. H. J. W. Chas. J. Jos. Sup. Fort, J. P. Morrison, R. E. sup. Parker, S. J. H. Stockton, Heister, J. S. Wolfe, F. S. Morrell, F. A. Moore, S. T. Lummis, B. Anthony, Sup. Griffith, E. M. Vansant, N. Coit, S. C. Freeman, J. M. Winsor, G. Sanders, E. sup. Petherbridge, R. W. Stockton, W. C. Merrill, J. E. Winn, I. S. Corbit, I. S. Begle, J. S. Long, Jas. sup. Palmer, B. D. J. Atkinson, Canfield, J. F. W. Franklin, Matthias, J. B. T. Hamilton, Pennington Seminary, T. C. T. C. Nelson, P. E. Read, Agent, both members of the Pennington Quarterly Conference.

S. W. Decker, Moral Instructor or Chaplain of State Prison, and member of Union Street Quarterly Conference.

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Mount Zion, to be supplied, Erastus Wentworth, Professor in Dickinson College and a member of third street Quarterly Conference, Camden.

BRIDGETON DISTRICT. T. Souverign, P. E. Bridgeton.—Commerce-street, Swain, J. S. Haddon, E. M. Graves, M. sup. Duffell, D. to be sup. Brock, W. A. Corson, J. I. Hill, C. E. Jeffries, W. H. Loudenslager, J. White, Jas. Rhoads, L. J. Gearhart, A. Pierson, J. M. Atwood, Jos. Primrose, J. H. Walton, W. G. McDonald, J. W. Waters, E. Howard, J. B. Samuill, J. C. Downs, C. S. Robbins, F. Darrow, W. V. to be supplied, W. S. Titus, transferred to Black River Conference.

Isaac W. Cole, transferred to California Conference.

Next Conference will meet in New Brunswick, April 12, 1854.

So far as we have heard any expression of sentiment on the part of the ministers of the conference they have manifested a good deal of pleasure resulting from the opportunity of seeing our beautiful and thriving town and from the cheerful intercourse they have been permitted to hold with the people, and we speak the sentiments of all when we say that this feeling of gratification and pleasure has been fully reciprocated by our citizens. The deliberations of the conference have been characterized by dignity of deportment and great deference to the feelings and opinions of others. In no debate did we witness any indication of unkindness or lack of christian courtesy, were struck with the general display of charity and loving-kindness which pervaded all their deliberations. It is but the suggestion of true piety to wish them success in their efforts to spread the influence of vital religion throughout the sphere of their operations.

For the West Jersey Pioneer. The New Jersey Conference.

Fifteen years ago this Spring when the Conference met in this place before the writer of this attended as a visitor. Great changes have come over the place since that time. Then, as near as can be recollected, about one hundred Ministers were in attendance; now there are of young and old, over two hundred. Then fathers Ware, Walker, Vannest, Moore, Bartine and Elder stood up in the body with their Silver Locks, as those whom the Younger members delighted to honor; now they all sleep in the silent grave, but though dead they yet speak, and say to Ministers and members "follow us as we have followed Christ." Others have taken their places and among the venerable ones are now numbered Fathers Smith, Boehm, Neall, Stout, and Long, and as regards age, Elder Force is among the fathers, though his elder force is not at all abated; and G. Banghart also, though he still bangs heartily against the works of Sin and Satan. Fifteen years ago Bishop Hedding of precious Memory presided, and preached on Sabbath with more of Apostolic manner and unction than any one that I had ever seen before, but now he is numbered with the blest in the brighter and better land. Bishop Morris presided at this Session, and by his gravity and firmness, shows himself an honor to the place he occupies.

The Conference has also been visited by several distinguished strangers, during the Session. Rev. Abel Stevens, the boy preacher of former years, now the accomplished Editor of the National Magazine, and Tract department, renowned for his ripe Scholarship deep piety, and his great clearness, and power as a public speaker, was present last week, and labored industriously and effectually in stirring up a greater zeal for the Tract and Temperance enterprises. Dr. Durbin, the eloquent Missionary Secretary, Rev. Mr. Daubiel, the energetic representative of the Metropolitan Church at Washington and Dr. Collins, the efficient President of Dickinson College were all present, and added much to the interest of the occasion. And last, though not least, Dr. T. E. Bond, the venerable Editor of the Christian Advocate of N. York and, as some are pleased to call him, the war horse of the denomination. He is still mighty with his pen, though his voice and physical force are evidently abating.

The Anniversaries of the Tract, Sunday School, and Missionary Societies were seasons of great interest, and the speakers acquitted themselves nobly both as to the matter and spirit of their address; and the Missionary sermon by Rev. W. Corbit was full of good thoughts, though some thought it rather long. The Conference received eighteen more Ministers on trial the demand still being great for more laborers; but while the numbers are thus annually increased, what a vast amount of responsibility is upon them in regard to morals and religion in the community. O what an amount of good may two hundred Ministers do, if they are faithful in their work, or what an amount of evil if they forget their high and holy calling!

No doubt there is a considerable anxiety felt by many in regard to Appointments before the final close but believing that, on the whole, this is the best mode of appointing Ministers they wait with a good degree of patience the opening of the final seal. Altogether it has been a harmonious and interesting session, and the citizens of Bridgeton and vicinity, seem to have enjoyed it greatly.

A lover of Religion and good Morals.

NICE LEGAL DISTINCTION.—A case has come before the Orphan's Court of this county at its last session, in which a person was named as Executor of a will, to which his name was attached as a witness. The Court decided the appointment illegal and void, but with consent of the parties, appointed the person rejected as Executor, as administrator with the will annexed.

Testators would do well to remember that a person named as witness on a will cannot legally serve as Executor to the same will.

The New Post Master Henry Sheppard enters upon the duties of his office to-day. In the arrangements he has already made for the public convenience has been consulted. While announcing the advent of the new incumbent, it is but just, we should acknowledge the uniformly kind and attentive disposition shown by Friend Kirkbride in the discharge of his official duties, during his term of office.

May his morning nap be sweet and refreshing.

LAUNCH.—The fine Schooner built by Messrs. M. B. Woodruff, W. Woodruff, D. Woodruff, M. Mills, and Capt. Hull, is to be launched from their Ship-yard off of Broad St., about noon next Thursday. She is designed to carry 275 tons, and will be under the command of Capt. Hull. The keel for a larger one is to be laid in the same yard as soon as this is off the stocks.

ALARM OF FIRE.—The Chimney of Henry Sheppard's house on commerce street took fire on Tuesday about 1 o'clock. A spark communicated to the roof. Its timely discovery prevented much damage.

PAINT HERE NEVER WORN EARLY.—Bold and hearty offered alone can win that which is worth winning. By purchasing one of those old lottery tickets, you may obtain the Panama of California, but by buying twenty of them your chances are increased twenty fold. They can now be bought at par, but the day is not far distant when they will command a premium. Hence our patrons will see the policy of securing them at once.

MARRIED. By the Rev. W. E. Corwell, April 9th, Mr. CHARLES P. CLARK, to Miss RACHEL MAY WILLIAMS, both of Bridgeton.

By the same, April 21st, Mr. JOSEPH MOORE, M. D., to Miss MARY S. HANN, both of Bridgeton.

DIED. On the 18th inst., HENRY, only child of Jehiel and Elizabeth Westcott, aged 18 mo. and 11 days.

On Tuesday the 19th inst., at the State Asylum, of Gout in the stomach, Mr. THOMAS BLACKWOOD, of this town.

NOTICE. MR. CHARLES DREW, proposes to instruct a class in Penology in Bridgeton commencing on Wednesday Evening next.

Those wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity will please hand their names to Mr. Henry Wolf or Mr. Reynolds who will inform them of the terms. The Ladies are particularly invited to join the class.

BRIDGETON, APRIL 23, 1853. It is not truly astonishing how cheap goods are selling at Richardson's store in Prosperity Row, Commerce-st. west of the bridge.

The large amount of goods he sells daily may be accounted for from the fact that he buys his goods on the very best terms—gets them cheaply on the sell with a reasonable profit—his expenses are small for living, and will guarantee his goods who will enjoy him with a call. He has just opened a splendid assortment of French, English and American dry goods—comprising all most every variety of style.

Those who wish to be assured that by bringing their produce to Richardson's they can get the highest price and buy Goods right. Cash Paid for Butter, Eggs, and Rags &c. An early call is solicited. JOHN S. RICHARDSON.

REMOVAL. Mrs. Hannah B. White. WOULD respectfully inform her friends and the public generally, that she has removed from her old place of Commerce street to the building in Broad st., formerly occupied by Wm. Riley, next door to R. J. Fithian's store, where she has just opened, with a new and varied assortment of Fashionable Fancy and Straw SPRING MILLINERY.

Including a splendid variety of BONNETS latest styles, Bonnet Materials, Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers, and a full assortment of Dress Trimmings. Bonnets of all descriptions, will be made to order in the latest style, at prices very low. Bleaching and Pressing done at the shortest notice and in the neatest style. Hair Dressing will also be paid to trimmer, altering and repairing. A continuation of the liberal patronage formerly received, is respectfully solicited. Bridgeton, April 23, 1853.

A Card to the Public. NEW MILLINERY GOODS. A door will be opened on Thursday next, first door west of the Post Office, a new assortment of French and American Fashionable Millinery Goods, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Having engaged first-rate Milliners from the City, will at all times be able to accommodate our Friends, and solicit a share of public patronage.

Old Bonnets cleaned, pressed and repaired at the shortest notice. Mrs. MARY KIRKBRIDE. Bridgeton, April 18, 1853.

LAND AND PLASTER.—4000 bushels pure Land Plaster—now being manufactured at my mill in Salem, N. J. The inhabitants of Bridgeton and vicinity may rely upon getting a supply all times. JOSEPH FEIT. Salem, N. J., 4th mo. 16th, 1853—4t-p.

The Miss Whitaker's OF CEDARVILLE. Will open, on Monday the 26th of April, a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of a variety of plain and fancy silks, silks, crepe, cordans and lace Bonnets. Also, a good selection of ribbons, French and American flowers, fancy Dress Trimmings, lace gimps, buttons, mantilla silks, &c. &c. Cedarville, April 23, 1853.

NOTICE.—CHANGE OF DAYS. On and after Monday May 2d the Bridgeton and Cape May Stage will leave the Atlantic Hotel

