

# 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.

BRIDGETON, N. J. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

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**Franklin Ferguson,**  
PUBLISHER.

**TERMS.**

The WEST JERSEY PIONEER is published every SATURDAY Morning, at \$1.00 per year, in ADVANCE, or \$1.25 at the end of the year.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**

Will be inserted for 40 cents a folio of 100 words, for the first insertion; 20 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made upon all advertisements exceeding five folios in length, and which are inserted for a longer period than three months. No advertisement of less than 50 cents is inserted a single week, for less than 50 cents. All letters and communications must be POST-PAYED, and accompanied by the author's name, to insure attention.

**Office—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.**

**Choice Poetry.**



The following beautiful lines from the *Dublin University Magazine*, will remind the reader of the last scene in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

**Beyond the River.**

Time is a river deep and wide;  
And while along its banks we stray,  
We see our loved ones o'er its tide  
Seal from our sight away,  
Where are they sped?—they who return  
No more to glad our longing eyes?  
They've passed from life's contracted bourne  
To land unseen, unknown, that lies  
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess  
How beautiful that realm must be;  
For gleamings of its loveliness,  
In visions granted, oft we see.  
The very clouds that o'er it thrall  
Their veil, unaided for mortal sight,  
With gold and purple dingles glow,  
Reflected from the glorious light  
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,  
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;  
The mourner feels their breath of balm,  
And soothed sorrow dries the tear,  
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain  
Entrancing sound that luller floats;  
The echo of a distant strain,  
Of harp, and voice, blended notes,  
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;  
They've crossed 'Time's River'—not nor more  
They heed the bubbles on its breast,  
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.  
But there pure love can live, can last—  
They look for us their home to share;  
When we in turn away have passed,  
What joyful greetings wait us there,  
Beyond the river.

**MORAL.**  
For the West Jersey Pioneer.

**INDOLENCE.**

Idleness is a criminal profligacy because it wantonly wastes time; causes unnecessary labor to industrious persons, and is the prolific author of want and shame. An idle man is a blank in society and lives—contrary to all the laws of nature and civilization—for no definite purpose. Creative wisdom designed man for virtuous action, but indolence robs the creature of happiness by a violation of this design—while he exists upon this globe; and may endanger it in another state after death. The Turks have a true proverb which is "the devil tempts all other men, but the idle man tempts the devil."

While a man remains inert, he commits no evident evil nor does he any actual good, but his soul cannot rest thus quietly; it naturally engenders evil, and this ultimately rouses him to action—for "Satan always finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do."

Naturally we are not perfect, but have the power of improvement by which means we may make ourselves "wise unto salvation." Manual labor is an invigorator of both body and mind, it promotes health and increases virtue by occupying time which might be wickedly wasted. If the mind be not stored with useful knowledge it will be filled with nonsense.

The Roman emperor Titus, who conquered Jerusalem and was considered such a tyrant, on account of his merciless butchery of the prisoners; became a converted man before death, and for every day in which some good act, was not performed by him he exclaimed, "I have lost a day. If we resolved to do as he did, then how much more precious time would be saved, and how much better an account would we have to give to that Eternal Judge, who will summon the world at the last day to account for the 'deeds done in the body.'"

"Who's born for sloth? To some we find,  
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned;  
Some at the sounding shuttle glow;  
Some the swift shifting shuttle throw;  
Some stuns of the wind and tide,  
From pole to pole our commerce guide,  
While some of genius more refined,  
With head and tongue assist mankind,  
In every rank, or great or small,  
'Tis industry supports us all."

From the N. Y. Organ.

**THE LOVE OF MONEY.**

The sentiment of the apostle, that the love of money is the root of all evil, is abundantly illustrated and confirmed in our day. If the

frauds, over-reaching, falsehood, meanness, oppression, quarrelling, litigation, &c., which are prompted by the greedy lust for lucre, could have been spared us, what an Eden-like life we might have been enjoying. But the passion for gain, the eager pursuit of wealth, keeps us in an interminable round of wrong doing and wretchedness, and though we go on repeating the folly and renewing the misery.

Success in the effort to accumulate money hides a multitude of sins, for we are so dazzled by money influence, that we rarely care to inquire by what steps the successful worshiper of mammon reached his end. Yet we have our fears, that if the exact history of every transaction in the career of most money makers could be unfolded, we should be confounded at the revelations of trickery, fraud, lying, grinding the faces of the poor, and taking advantage of the ignorant and inexperienced, which would stand before us in connection with the names of men who are now numbered among the wealthy and highly respected of our cities.

If every dollar in the rich man's coffers could tell the story of the means employed to gain it, we have no doubt the present owners of said dollars would be more careful than ever to keep their coin in close confinement, and thus prevent any tendency to tattling which might seize them. And if every dollar unjustly and dishonestly obtained could go back, of its own will, to its rightful proprietor, there would be more money changing hands in a single day than was ever heard of before. What a commotion would take place in old money chests and bank vaults, as the ill gotten coins prepared to go to their proper owners.

And what astonishment would seize poor laborers, mechanics, washer-women, seamstresses, housemaids, orphan widows, &c., as the dollars came back to them from many directions, claiming them as their true proprietors.

If such things could take place before our eyes, we should see, as we never yet have done, what a mighty meaning is contained in that brief sentence, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

From the Christian Observer.  
**Keeping Pace with the Times.**

What a world of progress this! We move forward with almost electrical speed; one thing after another comes crowding on with such amazing rapidity, that even when successful for a moment in gaining a favorable position, unless we have our wits well about us, we are in danger of being jostled over, by the thronging multitudes pressing all round us. In the common walks of life, in the business, in the administration of temporal affairs, man must be on the alert; ever watchful, ever attentive; if he would keep the disturbing elements around; keep pace with the times, and rise to honor, distinction, wealth. To this end he must avail himself of all the means within his reach, best adapted to the accomplishment of his plans. Every interest, every duty, every obligation which is necessary in the prosecution of this work; at the same time, carefully guarding against others which are calculated to mislead, or exert an opposing influence.

Now if this be useful in our own temporal affairs, how much more in the spiritual!—What a pressure from the world, the flesh, and the devil, rests like some mighty incubus upon our spiritual life! Earnest efforts are requisite on our part, to enable us to overcome the powerful obstacles which continually interrupt our progress in the Christian life. "The earnest man of business needs not to be exhorted to take up this motto, 'Eternal Vigilance;' how strange then, that the Christian soldier should require so many persuasions. Can it be said of you, that you are one of those many incitements, to urge him on to duty. Surely it becomes his duty, to fortify himself against these influences which tend so greatly to our disadvantage, and ultimately (if not resisted), to ruin. The hindrances to Christian progress are numerous. We shall however at this time, attempt the consideration of but one, most prominent, in every branch of the church of Christ, namely, the carnal heart, and the native tendency of the soul, to 'keep pace with the times'; in other words, to conform to the usages of society, as established by the worldly portion of the community.

This it is, which is eating out the heart of piety in our midst. The false impression that there exists a necessity when in Rome, of doing as Rome does, seems to have taken hold of the minds of too many of Christ's professed followers; and the native tendency of the words "in the world, but not of it," are also applicable to but few. A dread of singularity, and fear of being austere and fanatical, mingled with some natural vanity, has led many a Christian into scenes of folly and dissipation, from which we once shrunk in abhorrence. Christian, art thou the man of God's peculiar people zealous of good works? or are you seeking to vie with the worldling, in extravagant living, in the elegance of your establishment, and in costly array.

Permit us for a moment to enter your abode, and what do we behold? Every luxury and comfort that money can procure or ingenuity invent. Thousands have been expended in beautifying that which must soon moulder and decay; has the same amount been cheerfully given to enrich the hungry, starving, never-dying souls of the perishing around you? Soon will the Master say, "Give an account of thy stewardship." What is it which impels you to train up your children in indolence, love of pleasure, and in all the fashionable follies of the day? Instead of seeking to turn their feet in the way of God's testimonies, why direct them to the gay and dissipated, to the opulent, concert and dancing party? While you thus "keep pace with the times," earnestly coveting, not the best gifts for them, but admiration and applause of the world, fear you not, that their feet will, early and rapidly tread the broad road that leads to destruction? Having placed them in that road yourself, no matter how hastily you may live to regret it, your voice

will soon have no power to charm them back. This "keeping pace with the times," in fashion, gaiety and pleasure, is a hazardous experiment. It brings leanness into the soul, and is directly opposed to the simplicity which was Christ's fellow-disciple, enter not the forbidden path. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

A. S. A.

**A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.**

"I have been in the habit," says one of the missionaries of the Brooklyn City Tract Society, "for over a year past, of visiting regularly an old man, a revolutionary soldier who was one hundred years of age the fifteenth day of December last."

According to his own account, he served regularly in the army under Washington; partook in some of the most memorable battles of the revolution; was finally present at Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered; and where the last battle was fought, which was the decisive day for American independence. He decided the struggle for America, and was present at all these scenes he was preserved by a kind Providence from any serious injury. For thirty-five years in succession, after the close of the war, he was employed as a stage-driver, from New-York city to Stamford, Ct., since which time he has been employed in various capacities, and finally, for the last few years of his activity, he was engaged in some light employment about the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

He of course has outlived his generation two or three times; and when a few years since, he became unable to support himself, and having no relatives upon whom he could depend, and no means but a small pension, which was merely sufficient to furnish him with clothing he was sent to the Alms house at Flatbush.

He remained there but a short time, preferring, as he said, after serving his country in the struggle for liberty, to die in the street than in the poor-house. He returned to the city, where, in the station house, one of our benevolent citizens found him cold and shivering, and truly an object of pity. He inquired into his history and circumstances, and was so much interested that he offered, if he could be found who would receive him into his family as long as he should live. An excellent family was soon found, and this gentleman true to his promise, for now over three years has paid his board regularly every week, and has made him as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

But there is another feature of rare interest in connection with this man that we select for our notice, inasmuch as it exemplifies the amazing grace of God in his patience and forbearance with the sinner.—This poor man thinks that, within the last year, he has given his heart to Christ. Although we have had our doubts, at times as to the reality of his conversion, and expressed to him our fears that he might be self-deceived, yet we have had the most unmistakable evidence that his heart was totally extinct. His anxious desire for religious instruction and prayer has led us, in company with another clergyman to his room every week, and we have watched with great interest the effect of the plain truths of the gospel upon his dark and ignorant mind.—For the last three months there seems to have been a decided change in his whole appearance. He seems to have a more correct view of himself as a sinner in the sight of God, and the adaptedness of the gospel scheme for his salvation. The hope that he has been pardoned and accepted as a penitent, and the anticipations of the joys of heaven, are themes upon which he constantly dwells. Much of his time, as he cannot read, is spent in prayer.

As we entered his room a short time since, he greeted us cordially, as ever, and remarked in his own way, "I have had what I have been doing this morning? Well, I will tell you. I have been trying to ascertain how the account stands between my soul and my God. I have been over the whole of my life, as far back as when a boy. I have placed my God in his hands, and he has taken care of me. I have been depending upon myself alone, and I could never have the slightest hope, unless God's mercy has been wonderful in prolonging my days to such an extent, and in now opening my eyes to see myself a lost sinner. I will try to hope and trust in that mercy for salvation." And as he said this, the tears in streams rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

At his request, we read and expounded to him the third chapter of Job, during which he wept like a child, and at its conclusion he exclaimed, "O! I have I have been born again. I trust I have. I know it is necessary to my well-being in that world which will soon be a reality to me. All I want now in this world is a surety of a preparation for death." We have much to encourage us, that I could never have believed years ago, and hope that this man, at a hundred years of age, has been born of God. How amazing such grace, and how much encouragement to persevere in efforts for the salvation of those who, to all human appearance, are the most hopeless.

**AGRICULTURE.**

**FROST AS A MANURE.**

We know of no treatment so directly beneficial for almost every class of soils, as that of throwing up land in narrow ridges in the fall or early winter. There are few soils worth cultivating at all, that do not contain more or less materials which can be made available to plants by the combined action of air and frost. Take two plots of heavy soil, side by side, and let one lie unmoved till spring, while the other is deeply plowed in autumn, and the result will be very visible in the spring crop. But the manner of plowing is important. To secure the greatest advantage, a single furrow should be thrown up and another back-furrow, then another ridge is to be made in the same manner, and so on, till the whole field is thus divided into ridges. The process is to be continued through the whole field, so that when finished it will present a surface of high ridges and deep dead furrows succeeding each other, about once in two or two and a half feet. If prepared in this way, the frost will penetrate for the soil below the furrows, while the ridges will crumble down, and as they will not hold water, air will circulate freely through them, decomposing the mineral portions, and conveying in ammonia and other gasses. This operation will be equal to ten or more loads of good manure upon clay or compact soils.

In the spring it will only be necessary to run a plow once or twice through the centre of each ridge, and then level the whole down with a heavy harrow.

Another advantage in this process, is that when land is thus prepared it dries out and warms several days earlier in the spring. Agate these are some soils that are exhausted upon the surface, but which contain poisonous substances in the subsoil is thrown up in contact with the air and frost during winter these poisonous compounds (usually proto-sulphate of iron or manganese) will be destroyed or changed to a harmless form during the winter.

The above practice is especially to be recommended in the garden. One of the most successful cultivators of an acre of ground in our acquaintance, digs it up in the fall to the depth of three to four feet, making deep trenches and high ridges so that the whole acre appears to be covered with high wire-roofs of hay placed closely together.

We strongly urge every farmer who has not tried this method, to try out their plans now for experiment in this way, on a larger or smaller scale, during the present season.

American Agriculturist.

**TOMATO FIGS.**

We have seen and tasted those delightful figs referred to in the following article from Hovey's excellent Horticultural Magazine; and endorse all which he says in their favor. We hope that those who raise abundance of tomatoes will save this receipt, and try the experiment, if only on a small scale.

**Recipe for Tomato Figs.**—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until it is thick and sticky again. After the third time they are fit to dry if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the spruce until dry weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes with fine white sugar between each layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of this syrup make a very nice sauce.

Mrs. Eliza Marsh.

It is only necessary for us to add, that the Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society awarded Mrs. Marsh, the Society's Silver Medal for excellent specimens exhibited November 29. They were tested by the Committee, and pronounced to be superior to any they had ever seen. They were put up in small boxes, and to our taste were far better than two-thirds of what are sold in our market for the best Smyrna figs.

Horticultural Magazine.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

**A TOUR THROUGH CAPE MAY CO.**

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking it might be of interest to some of your readers, I have concluded to give you a hasty sketch of my journey through Cape May County.

I left Bridgeton at eight o'clock on Saturday morning the 16th ult. and arrived at Port Elizabeth after three hours drive through the sand and mud; the roads in many places being quite wet from the effects of the late storms. After leaving my horse at the Port Elizabeth Hotel, in care of Wm. J. Royal, formerly of Bridgeton, where I was sure he would be well provided for, according to order; I proceeded to the Store of Mr. B. F. Lee and received some desirable information, for which, I am indebted to the gentlemanly proprietor. I then proceeded to visit a number of the inhabitants of the Village, for the purpose of transacting the business assigned to me. In the afternoon I resumed my journey with the expectation of reaching Cape May Court House that evening; at Dorchester I was detained by stopping at the residence of Mr. George Corson; Stephen Murphy Esq., late Sheriff of the County, was crying the sale and succeeded admirably in keeping the buyers in the right humor for bidding. I soon passed on through the villages of Leesburg, Ewings Neck and East Creek; after stopping awhile in each of the above named places, I found it impossible to reach the Court House before a late hour in the night, and whilst riding leisurely along I was overtaken by three equestrians, two Ladies and a Gentleman, whose prancing steeds, mounted by experienced riders, were very desirable company until I arrived at Dennisville, where I put up for the night at the hotel of Mr. Wells.

When on the following calm Sabbath morning, I awoke and beheld the light of day streaming in at the windows and shortly after, the orb of day throwing his golden rays of light upon the oil window shades of my chamber, and causing the beautiful and romantic scenery painted thereon to present a natural and living appearance. I was reminded of the scene along the Hudson River, between New York and Albany, and whilst gazing at the lofty mountains, dashing cataracts, placid streams, neat cottages, surrounded by beautiful trees the earth carpeted with living

green, and the blue arch of heaven overhanging them all, I found myself in imagination ascending the rugged heights of those towering mountains and "looking through nature up to nature's God."

Having learned a meeting was to be held in the grove at the head of Tuckahoe River, about thirteen miles distant, I started about eight o'clock and after two hours drive over an excellent road, I arrived on the ground; many had already assembled in the grove, the speakers stand was erected and seats provided for the accommodation of the congregation.

At eleven o'clock the services commenced; a very appropriate and practicable sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Waters of Port Elizabeth, and listened to with becoming attention by a large and respectable looking audience, assembled from all parts of the surrounding country. After the morning services were over, the Rev. Mr. Primrose, minister in charge, gave a cordial invitation to all who were from a distance, to remain on the ground and they would be provided for by the friends. Not feeling disposed to avail myself of their generosity, I started for the hotel, but was insisted upon personally, by the Rev. Mr. P. to accompany him to the house of a friend and dine with them; I did so, and in company with more than a score, was amply provided for at the house of Mr. J. Steelman, about two miles from the grove; our horses were all put into his commodious stables, and partook of an abundant supply of the produce of the farm. The afternoon was agreeably spent in conversation with an intelligent company, composed of different denominations, and callings, from the Divine and Government Officer, to the humble tiller of the soil.

The Ladies were (of course) interesting. In the evening I again listened to a plain and forcible sermon by the Rev. E. Waters, in the Methodist Church at the head of the River. They have commenced a series of meetings at that place, under the Pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Primrose, whose laborious efforts, through God, did so much for the building up of Zion at Readstown, where he was stationed last year. On Sunday evening after the services were over, I was escorted by a peculiarly interesting companion, to the residence of Mr. J. Budd, where myself and horse were well provided for. In the morning, in company with an old friend from Bridgeton, I took a ride a few miles into the country, returning in time to partake of a late dinner, prepared by a lady indeed, and none the less palatable for being prepared by the wife of a Divine. In the afternoon I again started for the Court House, taking the Sea Shore road and passing through Petersburg, formerly known as Littleworth; after a few minutes conversation with a friend at that village, I journeyed on; suddenly, while passing through the woods, my ear was saluted with the sound of music in the distance; I urged my horse on at a more rapid pace and soon came in sight of the fair choiristers; for some distance I drove quietly along through the noiseless sand, listening to their familiar songs, until at last, unluckily moment my horse's hoofs came in contact and at once the charm was broken, their tune was changed, the sweet melodious notes suddenly died away and the harsher tones of "Getup! O'long!" accompanied by the instrumental music of the whip, re-echoed through the woods. Wishing to see some sport and test the swiftness of their team, (which by the way, I soon found to be a whole one,) I hastened on and for some distance we trotted side by side; at last, fearing I might pass them by, or desiring to see their horses hop, they plied the whip, and if my horse had not both hop'd and skipped and jumped a little too, they surely would have won the race; not being disposed to keep ahead and do the fair ones, I hauled alongside again and had a sociable chat with them. Their tongues were ready as their whip and used as freely too, (especially the one's who used the whip.) Not wishing to enter into another race or make a bet with them in reference to our horses speed, I took occasion to bid them adieu and turn my horse in the shade, in front of Dr. J. F. Learning's office, near the road, where I lighted, took a seat in a comfortable arm chair and enjoyed a long hour's interesting conversation with the Dr. and found him to be a clever, intelligent individual, well posted up in the signs of the times; after conversing about the news of the day in general, Politics, Shaghais, Bantams, &c., and some things in particular, I was presented with a lot of the best of sugars and urgedly invited to partake of them. Dr. informed me that they had just been presented to him by a female friend, from whom he had previously won them, on a bet. A modest young lady, I presumed, judging from the verse of Poetry so tastefully enrolling one of them. Finding the afternoon had rapidly passed away, I gave up all hopes of reaching the Court House that evening and about seven o'clock I arrived at my old friend's, Hope Buck, who had retired for the night, being (as I had previously learned) deceased. After making myself known to him, he arose and inquired if I had been to sea, to which I replied in the affirmative, not forgetting to state that my horse, which had so nobly achieved a victory in the afternoon,

had not been fed. Having just devoured the last remains of a country cake, forced upon me after declining to take tea a short distance up the road, which I will not undertake to describe, further than state, it was something less in size than a modern four-penny loaf of bread, I felt no hesitation in replying in the affirmative when asked by Mr. B. if I had been to tea, but I could not have said the same of my horse and then lied down to pleasant dreams. In the morning we conversed awhile about the West Jersey Railroad, Agriculture, &c. I learned that the farmers in that vicinity were waking up to their interest, in the employment of improved agricultural implements, and that there were more fertilizers used in one year, of late, than in five years, some ten or fifteen years since. On my way down the Sea Shore road, I stopped in and viewed the, Asbury Meeting House, belonging to the Methodist denomination; it is the neatest and handsomest little edifice of the kind, I met with in my travels; seating about three hundred persons. The sexton informed me that services were held in it only once in two weeks, it being on the circuit of Rev. Mr. Downs.

About noon I arrived at the Court House, had my horse taken off, and partook of a sumptuous dinner at the Hotel of Mr. Farrow, whose well spread board and orderly kept house, together with a general description of the village and its hospitable and fortitious inhabitants, have been clearly set forth in former numbers of the "Pioneer;" suffice it to say, I found them worthy of all the praise previously awarded to them. In the afternoon, in company with a friend, I visited the Public buildings, in course of erection, one by the Baptist, the other by the Methodist denomination; the latter of which is to be dedicated on Christmas, next. We called at the office of Mr. Jonathan Hand, County Clerk; and received some valuable information from him and the key of the Court House, with the privilege of entering. We ascended to the upper story and had a delightful view of the village and surrounding country. We visited the jail and by permission of Mrs. Townsend, the interesting and obliging lady in charge, we conversed with the prisoner who had been committed on the charge of vagrancy. He was employed in the work house, picking oakum. I had learned from a friend, before visiting the County, that there was supposed to be an order of Know-nothings in that village, and judging from the replies made by the prisoner, to our numerous inquiries, we were led to believe that he was "one of 'em," but as he was evidently a German, such an one as are so often shipped to this country to fill our Alms Houses and Prisons, we doubted his genuineness. As he had been nearly a week picking about a peck of old rope to pieces, we concluded he must have belonged to the independent order of "Do nothings." We were shown a handsome double rockaway, built at the establishment of Mr. A. Benegate, the workmanship being of a superior quality. Mr. B. is favorably known in that County, not only as a skillful mechanic, but as a perfect gentleman, commanding the respect of the entire community in which he lives.

A handsome dwelling, of concrete or mortar brick, of a superior quality, is being erected for the residence of Dr. Wiley; the building somewhat resembles in appearance that of Mr. F. Sharp, at Millville, Manager of the Cotton-Factory at that place, the former being more of the Cottage and less of the Gothic style of Architecture. The Dr. made known to us his intention to give the exterior or front at least, a coat of hydraulic cement, which will not only beautify the appearance but prove a good protection against the effects of the weather. The interior will be decorated with living ornaments, of superior beauty and unsurpassable loveliness, giving cheerfulness to the entire household and shedding a benign influence over a large circle beyond. The Dr. has reason to be proud of such a treasure, who in the absence of all costly furniture would render his household complete.

Having occasion to call at the residence of Dr. Wm. S. Crissip, I found him at his post, promptly fulfilled at the hour appointed. I learned, not from the Dr. himself, however, that he had been very successful during the past sickly season and that his practice was steadily increasing. Punctuality perhaps is one of the secrets of his success, as it undoubtedly is, in the profession and calling of many others.

The evening passed away very agreeably in company with an old acquaintance, whose interesting conversation detained me beyond my usual hour of retiring. On the following morning I started down the Sea side road; my way between the Court House and Cold Spring, I met with a number of Camden friends, who have been purchasing farms in that neighborhood; some of them have already erected large and handsome dwellings on their land. Property has greatly advanced in that vicinity, since it is believed the West Jersey Railroad will pass that way, and it will undoubtedly continue to rise in value if the country continues to progress; as it will, if there is any confidence to be placed in those who are well acquainted with the affairs of the County. Thus ends a hasty sketch of my six days journey through Cape May County.

J. B. F.



BRIDGETON: Saturday Morning, Oct. 7. CIRCULATION 1300. Only \$1 00 per Year!

FRANKLIN FERGUSON, Editor.

Notice to Agents and Advertisers.

WE ARE PREPARED TO SHOW THAT The West Jersey Pioneer has a Circulation of at least 300 more than any other paper printed in Cumberland County.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

Some thirty two or three years since, Dr. E. Buck introduced into this County an Improved Short Horned Bull and soon after Dr. Elmer, a Teeswater Cow, about the same time Mr. John Johnson procured an imported Boar, the result of these enterprises, was to excite a spirit of Agricultural improvement, which, through their exertion, seconded by many individuals of this town, and a few of the Farmers and Professional men from the County, eventuated in the formation of an Agricultural Society; this Society held its first Exhibition in the Fall of 1823.

In consequence of some misunderstanding, in awarding premiums to persons not members, the list of premiums, will not be published this week. In the meantime, persons entitled to premiums, can call at Messrs. Fithian & Whittaker's store and get them.

For the West Jersey Pioneer. BRIDGETON, Sept. 21, 1854. Dear Sir—I have the honor to inform you that a convention of the Whigs of the 1st Congressional District of New Jersey, held at the city of Camden, on the 14th inst., you were nominated as the candidate of that party to represent the 1st District in the next Congress of the United States.

Permit me sir, to congratulate you for this mark of confidence on the part of your fellow citizens, and to express the hope, that there may prevail such a union of sentiment and effort throughout the District, as to secure your triumphant election.

I have the honor to be, very truly your friend and servant, JNO. T. NIXON, President of the Convention.

WOODROW, Sept. 25, 1854. JNO. T. NIXON, Esq., President of the Whig Convention.

Dear Sir—I have this moment received your polite note, communicating the intelligence of your nomination for Congress by the Whigs of the 1st Congressional District of New Jersey.

I accept with pleasure the position which they have tendered me, and in any event, I shall not soon forget this distinguished mark of their confidence. May I not be permitted also to add, that at this juncture the nomination is peculiarly gratifying to me, since it comes as a high testimonial, that there is no abandonment of ancient principle, in my adoption of others, which are not only not antagonistic, but to which they bear no possible relation?

Accept sir, my thanks for the favorable wishes conveyed in your letter, and believe me to be with sentiments of high regard, very truly yours, I. D. CLAWSON.

increased; attention enough, is not given, we think, to the making of pork, by our farmers; we have good breeds of hogs, and if more of them were raised and fattened in the country we believe that the farmer would find it pay. The display of horses, colts and mules was very satisfactory, it is evident that the call for horses and the high prices they command, is calling increased attention to the business of raising colts; we have good stock, the stud horses on the ground were well calculated for the improvement of the stock—we are pleased to learn that some of our enterprising farmers have purchased Judge Holmes's fine colt for use in our county. The collection of poultry was very large, and unusually fine, mostly of the Shanghai stock, though there was to be seen specimens of various kinds in the collection; the miniature chickens exhibited in contrast with the colossal Shange, excited much attention; one little hen with her flock of chickens all in a diminutive box, was a curiosity. In another box was to be seen a Capon nursing young chickens with as much motherly care and interest as the most fidgety hen on the ground.

A very pretty display of Pigeons graced the collection;—the collection of Turkeys, Geese and Ducks was not large, some of them were very good. The show of vegetables, grain and fruit was much better than we had anticipated; the specimens of sweet, and round potatoes were excellent, samples from different sources so nearly equal that it was hard to determine which was best—Cabbage, Turnips, Beets, Pumpkins, Squashes and the whole list of ordinary vegetables were well represented.—Of the grain we learn that where so much was good, 'twas hard to tell which was best, there was at least evidence that we need not starve in this neighborhood. This has not been a fruit season, but still a very pretty show of good fruit was brought together.

The manufactured articles and Ladies department will require so extended a notice that we shall be compelled to defer it to the present.

PREMIUMS. In consequence of some misunderstanding, in awarding premiums to persons not members, the list of premiums, will not be published this week.

In the meantime, persons entitled to premiums, can call at Messrs. Fithian & Whittaker's store and get them.

For the West Jersey Pioneer. BRIDGETON, Sept. 21, 1854. Dear Sir—I have the honor to inform you that a convention of the Whigs of the 1st Congressional District of New Jersey, held at the city of Camden, on the 14th inst., you were nominated as the candidate of that party to represent the 1st District in the next Congress of the United States.

Permit me sir, to congratulate you for this mark of confidence on the part of your fellow citizens, and to express the hope, that there may prevail such a union of sentiment and effort throughout the District, as to secure your triumphant election.

I have the honor to be, very truly your friend and servant, JNO. T. NIXON, President of the Convention.

WOODROW, Sept. 25, 1854. JNO. T. NIXON, Esq., President of the Whig Convention.

Dear Sir—I have this moment received your polite note, communicating the intelligence of your nomination for Congress by the Whigs of the 1st Congressional District of New Jersey.

I accept with pleasure the position which they have tendered me, and in any event, I shall not soon forget this distinguished mark of their confidence. May I not be permitted also to add, that at this juncture the nomination is peculiarly gratifying to me, since it comes as a high testimonial, that there is no abandonment of ancient principle, in my adoption of others, which are not only not antagonistic, but to which they bear no possible relation?

Accept sir, my thanks for the favorable wishes conveyed in your letter, and believe me to be with sentiments of high regard, very truly yours, I. D. CLAWSON.

For the West Jersey Pioneer. FIRST ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By Jno. T. Nixon, Esq. Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—It was not without many misgivings that I consented to make the first annual address before the Cumberland County Agricultural Society.

But viewing the matter in another aspect, perhaps the selection was not altogether inappropriate. Agriculture has ceased to be a mere art depending upon practical skill for its development. It now requires something more of the Farmer, than that he should be able to travel round and around, the same beaten track of former experiment. It has caught the spirit of the age. It has attached itself to the car of progress. It has risen to the dignity of a science, and calling to its aid the mysterious forces of Nature, and the strange revelations of organic chemistry,—it has made the kindred sciences tributary to the accomplishment of its beneficent results.

It results, therefore, from this view of the subject, that there is nothing antagonistic between your calling and mine; that whilst the farmer is none the worse a farmer, by becoming familiar with the general principles of Law; by knowing at least, enough about Law to keep out of it,—so the Lawyer may without impropriety, talk to you about the dignity of your noble profession; about the imperative demands of the age, upon your intellects, as well as your hands upon your position, impose; about your encouragements to effort; and the results which you may anticipate from the faithful use of your opportunities and privileges.

I. If you desire fully to appreciate the dignity of Agricultural Labor, look (1.) To its Antiquity. It is mentioned in the writings of Moses. In the fulfillment of that dread curse "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread all the days of thy life," our first forefather, Adam, was driven out of the Garden of Eden "to till the ground,"—and whilst his son, Abel, adopted the more gentle occupation of a keeper of sheep, Cain also, we are told, "became a tiller of the ground." And you remember that when the Earth emerged from the waters of the Deluge like a new creation, without inhabitants, depopulated by the righteous anger of its Maker, that Noah, the chosen Head of the post-deluvian race "began to be a Husbandman," resorting to the same employment for his support, as that followed by his progenitors before the flood. And in the very twilight of the old Egyptian civilization; before the pyramids were built, and before Joseph's bondage, we know that the Egyptians regarded Agriculture as a heaven-descended blessing, and paid divine honors to the ox: the type and representative of agricultural labor. And when blind old Homer, nearly three thousand years ago, was reciting to the Greeks, the heroic achievements of Hector, Agamemnon and Achilles—Hesiod was celebrating the more peaceful triumphs of the plough; of the Grecian plough then used "consisting of three parts; the share-beam, the draught-pole, and the plough-tail."

(2.) Look next to its universality.—It is as general as it is ancient. In all ages of the world, it has been the first resort of every people, emerging from barbarism, and the last resort of men, tired of the excitement of a more active life. Before the numberless inventions and discoveries of modern times, opened to the human mind, new avenues of business and new sources of wealth, it was thought that agriculture employed at least seven-eighths of the population of every civilized country; and even now when the streams of industry, run running into such diversified channels, not less than three-fourths of every enlightened community depend upon the cultivation of the soil for their maintenance and support.

(3.) Look also to the connection existing between Agriculture and the growth and spread of civilization. It is both the cause and effect of civilization. It leads to it, and grows out of it. Where it exists not, men are savages, living in rude huts, or caverns, scattered through forests, and depending upon hunting and fishing for their daily food; knowing nothing of the refining influences of home or of the sweet power of domestic attachments. But as men emerge from the barbarous state, they resort to the cultivation of the soil. They mark out their own boundaries. They cluster together in families.—They tame the brute creation, the horse, the ox, the goat,—either to assist them in their toil, or to contribute to the enjoyments of life. They arouse and quicken their inventive faculties, in studying out cunning instruments—the plow, the rake, the harrow; to facilitate their work. As they begin to reap the reward of successful industry they produce more than they consume; and hence arises a diversity of labor, and a classification amongst men of the various trades and occupations,—but all looking to agriculture for the supply of the materials, that shall feed and clothe them; all recognizing in agriculture, the mother art, which, by stimulating intellectual growth and development, is as well the forerunner of all

the other arts, as the true basis or foundation, upon which they rest.

II. But hastening on, let me allude to the demands of the age, upon the intellects as well as the hands of the farmers. This is a wonderful age, my friends. It is wonderful for its steam engines, and railways and Telegraphs; wonderful for the multiplication of Books; for the spread of intelligence; for the triumphs of mind in the application of science to every department of human industry; and for compelling dark matter, quickened into life and power by the hand of Genius, to do the work, that bones and sinew used to do. And this activity and enterprise are seen everywhere; are seen in commerce, and in manufactures; upon the land and the sea; in the bowels of the Earth, and upon the tops of the mountains. It is beginning to be felt even in Agriculture—the first born of the arts; and the most wedded to ancient usages, and the slowest in the adoption of new methods. Until recently, what a prejudice existed in the minds of farmers, against the application of "book-learning," to the cultivation of the soil. Esteeming that man the best farmer who had "the hardest days work in him," how jealous was he of all sorts of labor-saving machines,—how he hugged the old plow to his bosom, which his grandfathers used, when you talked to him of the advantages of substituting! How incredulous was he about the good results of Threshing machines, or Corn shellers, or Wind mills, as he swung his flail, shelled his corn by hand; or stood upon his Barn floor, with his shovel, relying upon the winds of heaven to separate the chaff from the grain! And as he leaned languidly upon his cradle, exhausting his physical energies, under the scorching rays of a July sun, how suspiciously would he listen to a recital of the marvellous feats of the Reaping machine;—that strange machine which feeds upon straw; and performs the work of a dozen men without grumbling or growing tired! Yet all these prejudices are fast dissolving under the genial light, which modern science has shed upon the farmer's pathway. He begins to ascertain how fallacious is the old-fashioned idea, that any body will make a good farmer, who has plenty of muscle, and is not afraid of hard work. He begins to look into books, to learn something about the laws of vegetable growth; about the results to be produced by the admixture of different soils; about the most improved modes of applying power to secure the largest profits; and the almost endless variety of means, which the ingenuity and skill of men have devised, by the aid of machinery, and mechanic arts, to lessen the expenses of labor.—He begins to understand that the age demands something more of the farmer than to plough straight furrows, and to rotate his crops with the regularity of clock work; that he must adapt his manures to his soils; and his crops to his manures; that he must save his hands by the exercise of his head; in the skillful use of Labor-saving machines; that when his crops are gathered, he must have such an intelligent understanding of the state of the market, as to realize the highest price for his surplus produce. The farmer, who does not do all this, but is content to walk in the tread mill routine of his ancestors, stands still; while the world around him moves on; and if by chance he is awakened from his Rip Van Winkle sleep by the bustle and activity of his neighbors, he finds himself a stranger to those arts and improvements, which add comfort to his home, value to his land and wealth to his store-house.

It affords me peculiar pleasure to say that this newly awakened spirit of enterprise, activity and progress, is manifesting itself amongst the farmers of Cumberland. Much has been accomplished here within the last ten years. The old commons have been fenced in; waste places have been reclaimed; woods have been cut down and cleared up; and by the skillful application of fertilizing materials, rich crops of waving grain, have been gathered from soil, where heretofore the Kill-deer obtained but a scanty subsistence, and upon which the partridge was too proud to build her nest. Including the whole county in the estimate, it is not too much to say, that fifteen years ago, the consumption of agricultural products, more than equalled the amount produced. Now, although much more than one half of the county is still unimproved, and although a large part of that, which we call improved land is far below the quantity of produce exported, increases year after year, and with the same average augmentation, will soon quadruple the amount used in the home consumption.

This agricultural exhibition to day affords another illustration of progress. The county has done well; but she is able to do better, and will do better. It is indeed, the day of small things with us, compared with what it will be. We did not hope at our first effort to rival older societies, which have been for years swelling to their present proportions;—but just as the gorgeous brightness of the morning sky, heralds a rising sun, so would we have this Exhibition to be the harbinger of an auspicious future. The enterprise of our friend Holmes, of Cape May, whose colt and cow don't need the endorsement of a Diplomat—should put to the blush some of our older and richer farmers, who have refused all co-operation, and left the whole burden of the Exhibition upon the shoulders of a few of the younger men, to whose indomitable will we are indebted for this day's enjoyment. Their generous ardor has not been repressed by the shrug or sneer of the ignorant; by the cool indifference of the incredulous, or by the open opposition of the selfish,—but perceiving the strength, which exists in union; and appreciating the importance and value of associated effort, they have brought their best that they had, and have invited their neighbors to do the same; hoping by a comparison of stock, of crops, and of methods of culture, to do good to themselves, and subvert the interests of their fellow men.

III. Look next at the encouragements, which you have for persevering effort. You have truly a "goodly heritage." You are highly favored in geographical position,

in climate and in soil. New Jersey, like the land of Promise, is a "well watered country." The Atlantic Ocean washes the Eastern shore; the Delaware Bay and River bound the West, and from Carpenters' Point to Cape May, streams of larger and smaller size, ramifying like arteries and veins, equalize the exchange of different products, and promote a healthy circulation thro' the body politic. And if you desire any better testimony, than the evidence of your senses, of the peculiar adaptation of the climate, to the growth and maturity of the various fruits, hear what Mr. Mahlon Stacy has to say upon the subject; in a letter to his brother in England, written on the 20th day of 4th Mo. 1680, after a two years residence in West Jersey. "I have travelled thro' most of the places, that are settled (in West Jersey) and some that are not; and in every place I find the country very apt to answer the expectation of the diligent. I have seen orchards laden with fruit to admiration, their very limbs torn to pieces with the weight, and most delicious to the taste, and lovely to behold. I have seen an apple tree from a pippin kernel, yield a barrel of curious cider; and peaches in such plenty, that some people took their carts a peaching-gathering. I could not but smile at the conceit of it. They are a very delicate fruit, and hang almost like our onions, that are tied on ropes. I have seen and know this summer, forty bushels of bold wheat, of one bushel sown; and many more such instances, I could bring, which would be too tedious here to mention. It is my judgment, by what I have observed, that fruit trees in this country, destroy themselves by the very weight of their fruit."

There may be, and there are, other soils better adapted to the growth of the cereal crops; but what rich rewards do you receive for your labor, when you have done what you can do, with what you have. Your land is easily worked. It yields a quick return for the intelligent application of manures. You have Lime, of easy access; you have the heavy bottoms of the swamps and low-lands, to give consistency to the lighter soils. You have at your very doors, deep beds of marl,—the mouldering shell fish of the world,—from the floor, which convert the worthless sand waste into fields of smiling corn." No better soil can be found for the growth of truck and garden vegetables,—the most profitable of crops; and the proposed Railroad, reaching your County and passing thro' it, will bring your productions, within one and one-half hours, of an insatiable and ever increasing market.

IV. In conclusion, look at the results, which you may anticipate from the faithful use of your advantages. You will not grow suddenly rich. It is not desirable that you should. Remember, that there exists an inseparable connexion, between large profits and great risks. Farming is an occupation; not a speculation; and if, with the desperate spirit of the Gambler, you wish to stake your all upon the issue of a single throw, Agriculture is not the business for you. You must go to the Brokers Board, or the Faro Table—it matters little which.—But in the History of Human life, nothing is more certain, than that the Farmer, by industry and prudence, will slowly, but surely advance, along the road to competency and moderate wealth. Your stock will be gradually increasing in number and value; your farm will be growing more and more productive; and in the mean time, if you are married, as all good farmers are, or ought to be, you will see the sweet "olive plants" of your Household,—far removed from the moral and physical pollution of great cities,—growing up around you in health and vigor, cherishing in their hearts a strong reverence for the country and a deep love for Agricultural life, as next to Religion, the surest protection against the snares of the world; the best nursery of virtue; and the strongest safe-guard to society and government. Oh! amid such quiet joys as these, envy not the Merchant, whose comfort and happiness too much depend upon the vicissitudes of uncertain trade. Envy not the Professional man, whose mental excitements too soon wear out the frail machinery of his physical being. Envy not the Politician, whom the popular applause can make or unmake, and whose only certain rewards too often, after the hot fever of his early life is spent, are disappointments and bitter tears. But you, after days of peaceful labour and nights of quiet rest, in a serene old age, will descend to an honored grave, leaving to your children the patrimony of an honest ancestry; and the best of all legacies,—strong constitutions, cultivated minds, and virtuous hearts.

WHIG CONVENTION. The Whigs of the county of Cumberland are requested to meet for their annual election of delegates to the Whig County Convention, to be held at the Hotel of E. Davis & Son, in Bridgeton, on Thursday next (Oct. 12.) at 2 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of selecting Candidates for Sheriff, and the House of Assembly. By order of ISAAC WAITAKER, Chairman of the last Co. Convention.

TEMPERANCE MEETING. John Hazleton, Esq. and others will address the people on Temperance and Prohibition, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Commerce street, Bridgeton, on Monday evening the 9th instant, at half past 7 o'clock; and at the Court House, on Tuesday afternoon the 10th inst., at 3 o'clock. C. C. Temperance Central Committee. Bridgeton, Oct. 7, 1854.

DEPARTED. By the Rev. A. L. Brice, on the 29th ult. MR. WILLIAM TULLIS, and Miss HANNAH ALLOP, all of Bridgeton.

At Bridgeton, on the 30th of Sept., by Rev S. Parker, Mr. ISAAC C. DOUBOIS, of Woodstown, to Miss. SALLEE E. SIMPKINS, of Pittsgrove.

In Bridgeton, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Henry Snyder, M. A., STEPHEN McCLOUD, and ANN COX, formerly of Ireland, Europe.

On the 26th ult., by the Rev. Henry Reeves, of Belvidere, N. J. ALEXANDER L. ROBESON, to MATTIE P. REEVES, both of Bridgeton, N. J.

On Tuesday evening Oct. 31, by the Rev. Chas. E. Diver, the Rev. DAVID C. MEKKER, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Fairton, to Miss NANCY A. TREICHIARD, daughter of John Treichard, Esq. of Fairton.

Mrs. Kirkbride, COMMERCE STREET. Her shop is opened with a complete assortment of the latest styles, consisting of Bonnets, Corsets, Silks, Velvets, &c. Persons would do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Country Produce taken in exchange. Bridgeton, N. J., Oct. 7, 1854.

Commissioner's Sale of REAL ESTATE. Will be sold at Public Sale, on Thursday, the 17th day of December, 1854. At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Hotel of E. Davis & Son, Bridgeton, a VALUABLE FARM.

SITUATE in the township of Hopewell, county of Cumberland, on the North side of the road from Null's Mill to Columbia, about four miles from Bridgeton, known as the McMillan Farm, adjoining Daniel Hanzacker, Joseph Hawkins, Robert Moore and others, contains Ninety-six acres, more or less; Eighty acres of which is good Arable Land, in a fine state of cultivation, the remainder Woodland, the whole under good Cedar and Chestnut fences. The Arable land is divided into suitable fields and well watered. There is growing on the same, Fruit Trees, such as Apples, Peaches, Pears and Plums. The Soil is of good quality, well adapted to all kinds of Grain and Grass.

There is on the premises, a large new TWO STORY DWELLING, with Kitchen adjoining, having four rooms on a floor, a good well of water at the door; Also, a large Barn, Wagon house, Crabs and Workshop.

Any person wishing to view the premises, can do so by applying to John McMillan, on the premises. HOSEA MOORE, D. M. WOODRUFF, H. R. MERSELLES, Bridgeton, Oct. 7, 1854. Commissioners.

SHERIFF'S SALE. BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court of the County of Cape May, will be exposed at PUBLIC SALE, On Saturday, the 4th day of Nov. next, At the Inn of JOHN FARNOW, Cape May Court House, between the hours of twelve and five o'clock P. M. the following described real estate, to-wit:

REAL ESTATE, viz: A Tract of Land, situate in the Lower Township, on the road that leads from Nummies to the Sea Shore, joining land of Doaris Edmunds and others, containing twenty two acres, be the same more or less.

Seized as the property of David Williams and Mary E. his wife, which said Mary E. Williams is heir of Seth Rhoads, who died testate, in execution at the suit of Jeremiah Hand, and to be sold by ELVA CORSON, Sheriff. Dated September 1, 1854.

POTATO RIDDLES. JUST received a lot of Superior Potato Riddles, direct from the manufacturers. Also, another lot of Steel Potato Riddles. H. J. MTLFORD & Bro. Bridgeton, Oct. 7, 1854.

Bridgeton Hall of Fashions, On Commerce street, nearly opposite Newton & Pogue's Shoe Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public in general that he has commenced business in the store formerly occupied by E. Kirkbride, where he is prepared to do all in his line of business, with neatness and dispatch, and all garments made by him will be warranted to fit. In connection with the above I have got the LATEST PARIS FASHIONS,

For Fall and Winter, 1854-5, which will enable me to get up a suit of Clothes to order that will please the customers exactly.

HAVING just returned from the city I have on hand the best stock of goods adapted to the season trade that can be found in Bridgeton, such as blue, black, brown and olive, pilot and heavier cloth overcoatings; superfine black, blue, brown and olive cloths of French, English and American manufacture; superfine French black doestkin Cassimer, Fancy Cassimeres in great variety of the most fashionable styles; superfine black and blue broad goods; fine and cheap styles of silk plush and imitations, plush vestings, all of which will be cut in the most fashionable style and made by the best city workmen at the shortest notice.

BRIDGETON WARDROBE, Is filled with a splendid stock of cheap and fashionable ready-made Clothing. Fresh Cloth Dress and dress coats of various colors; business coats of all styles, single and double breasted vests, black French doestkin and fancy Cassimeres Pants made in the very best manner.

ALSO, An extensive assortment of Gentlemen's Furnishing goods, such as shirts, drawers, collars, cravats, stocks, neck-ties, suspenders, gloves, coat and hose, all of which will be sold as cheap as can be found in West Jersey for cash at approved credit. By J. BATES. Sept. 7, 1854—3m.

GENTLEMEN'S Hat, Cap, Clothing and Furnishing Store, in the Firemen's Hall, a few doors East of the Bridge, Bridgeton.

WHERE may be found a well selected assortment of Hats, Caps and Clothing of various styles and prices, to suit customers. Coats, from \$2 50 to \$12; Pants, from \$2 to \$5; Vests, from 75 cts. to \$4 50. ALSO, A good assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, all of which will be made up to order, in the latest style, in the best manner and at the lowest Cash price. Cutting Garments, done at the shortest notice. Call and examine for yourselves, before purchasing elsewhere. J. W. THOMPSON, Bridgeton, October 7, 1854.

Smith's Hist. N. J. p. 112.—Quoted in part by Bishop Doane, in his address before the N. J. Hist. Soc. in 1846.

LETTERS. Remaining in the Post Office, Bridgeton, N. J., Oct. 5, 1854. A. David Adcock, L. Arwater, Samuel Ackley, E. John Blane, W. B. Bowker, James Brown, Magnus Baner, C. Samuel Carr, Samuel Compton, Richard Cox, B. Jas. M. Davis, Martha J. Dare, Catharine Dalley, E. Rebecca Emerson, Jno. Edwards, Curtis J. Edwards, Annous Edwards, F. Hannah Fisher, J. Fick, G. Christian Garrison, Daniel Garrison, Roph G. Garrison, Freeman Gould, H. Wm. R. Hood, Mrs. Rebecca Hampton, Mrs. Sarah Henry, Charles Havin, Thos. C. Hamill, Chas. Hamill, Mary D. Hemen, J. H. Hemen, M. Hemen, E. M. Hampton, Jno. Harris, Jno. Hooker, Ephraim Holmes, Geo. Harris, J. Wm. W. Jouse, K. Samuel Knecht, L. Mary Lankab, Abijah Lloyd, Mrs. Rhoda Langstaff, Mary Layton, M. B. D. Moore, (2) James D. Moore, Mary Mc Cormick, N. Bayne Newcomb, Thomas Nichols, Harriet P. Newcomb, O. Mrs. Emma Orlin, John Ogden, P. Chas. H. Parvin, C. Parvin, Florence Pierce, W. William Park, Sarah Peterson, Palkick & Bro. R. Jno. Robinson, Jos. Riley, Mrs. Barta Reed, Lemuel Blane, S. Mrs. Annia J. Shaw, Adoniram J. Sheppard, Ann Sears, Elmer Sornad, Benj. F. Shaw, Ed. Sherman, W. J. Shull, Rebecca Shinn, T. H. H. Tucker, F. Tyler, Jane Tash, W. Samuel B. Williams, John Whitaker, Amanda Whitaker, Hosen D. Westcott, Mary A. Williams, Robert S. Woodruff, Mr. Woodruff, HENRY SHEPPARD, P. M.

Two Teachers Wanted. THE Trustees of the Bacon School, at Woodstown, Salem County, N. J., under the control of the Trustees of the County of Cumberland, are desirous of obtaining a male and female teacher for the two departments of said school, to commence with the ensuing winter session. Only such as give sufficient references, and teaching all the branches comprising a thorough English education, and of good moral character need apply, (members of the Society of Friends preferred, Addressed to) either of the undersigned, Woodstown, N. J. DEXTER BROWN, WILLIAM M. CAWLEY, JAMES WOODMAN, CHARLES BOND, ABRAHAM WOODMAN, Trustees. 10 No. 7, 1854.

REBECCA L. KNIGHT, (Successor to Hartley and Knight), Bedding and Carpet Warehouse, No. 148 South Second street, five doors above Spruce street, Philadelphia.

Where he keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of every article in his line of business. Carriages, Feather beds, Patent Bedding, Curled Hair, Moss, Carpets, Rugs and Straw Mattresses, Velvets, Tapestry, Brussels, Three Ply, Ingrain, Venetian, and Rag and Hemp Carpets, Oil Cloths, Canton, Turkey, and Spanish Matting, floor and stair Druggery, Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, Table and Piano Covers. To which he respectfully invites the attention of purchasers. Philadelphia, Oct. 7, 1854.—1y.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE. IN pursuance of the last Will and Testament of Isaac English, dec'd., the undersigned will sell at Public Sale, on Wednesday, the 15th of October next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, upon the premises, the following REAL ESTATE, viz:

No. 1.—All that Valuable Farm, formerly occupied by the testator, situate within about 2 miles of Salem, and lying on the road leading from Hancock's to Quinton's Bridge; containing about 130 Acres of Land, about 8 acres of which are covered by heavy timber, together with the improvements thereon, and a large and convenient Brick Dwelling, two Bars, Wagon-house, Sheds and other out-buildings required upon a farm, and all in good condition. The Farm is divided into fields, under good fencing, and all leading to water, a sufficient amount of Meadow, bordering upon navigable water, with Landings convenient for vessels.

No. 2.—A Farm, containing 35 acres, in good condition, with Frame Dwelling and out-buildings on the new road leading from Salem to Canton, and within a mile and a half of the former place; adjoining lands of T. B. Stow, T. J. Vanmeter and Q. Keasbey.

No. 3.—A Farm of about 75 acres, one-third of which is covered by Timber, principally pine, 1/4 of it Frame Dwelling, and lying on the line of a mail stage road leading from Salem to Bridgeton, and about a mile and a half distant from Quinton's Bridge; under good fencing, and known as the Burden Farm.

No. 4.—A tract of Woodland, adjoining No. 3, containing about 170 acres, principally of Oak and Chestnut, together with the Soil, and to be sold in lots of 10 and 15 acres, some of which will produce 25 to 30 cords per acre.

CONDITIONS. No. 1, containing the 130 acres, as follows:—One-fourth the purchase-money upon the delivery of the deed, the balance in six equal installments, if required, may remain upon bond and mortgage. Possession given 25th of March next.

No. 2, containing 35 acres, one-half upon the delivery of the deed; balance in one year, with satisfactory security. Possession 25th March.

No. 3, containing 75 acres—the Burden Farm: One-half cash, upon delivery of the deed; balance in one year, with satisfactory security. Possession 25th March.

No. 4, Woodland, 175 acres.—One-half cash; balance in six months, with satisfactory security. 17/8 The sale of the Burden Tract, No. 3, and 4, will take place on THURSDAY, Oct. 19, (the day following the first sale,) at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises—the deeds deliverable in 10 days after the sale.

Persons wishing to view the property, can do so by calling upon Charles H. English, residing upon No. 1, with the undersigned, or CHARLES H. ENGLISH, A. McCADA, Executors. Oct. 7, 1854.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE. WILL be offered at Public Sale, on Wednesday the 25th of October next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises situate in the township of Hopewell, in the county of Cumberland, all the LAND and MARSH late Isaac Bacon's, dec'd.

No. 1 is a FARM containing about 88 acres, 70 acres of which is arable land, and the balance in Timber, some of which is of such quality, and is within 1/2 miles of a good landing on Conestoga Creek.

The improvements are a large two-story frame Dwelling-house, with a porch at one end, a barn and wagon-house, and a well of good water, and all in good order. There is also a small apple orchard in good bearing order on said premises, the fruit good—being chiefly Cadz upon stone blocks.

No. 2 is a farm adjoining No. 1, containing about 77 acres, 72 acres of which is arable land, and about 5 acres in heavy timber, consisting of iron ore, and a well of good water, and all in good order. There are farms are situate on the east side of the road leading from Rowentown to Archibald Mink, and within the miles of Bridgeton, where vessels are running, and where the navigation is open. The soil of said farms is level and of good quality of cultivation, and pleasantly situated in a healthy neighborhood, convenient to mills, markets, schools and churches of various denominations.

No. 3 is a lot of wild marl containing 10 acres, called the Black Mar, situate on Conestoga Creek, and within about three miles of the said farms.

No. 4 is also a lot of wild marl, called the Buck Mar, situate on Conestoga Creek, containing 8 acres.

No. 5 is a lot of Salt Mar, at Tindal's Island, adjoining Cabin creek on the south and west, and marsh late (Aley) M. C. Wood's, Dec'd., on the north, containing 8 acres.

The above property will be sold either in increments on the day specified, and a good title made for the same.

Persons desiring more particular description of any of the said land or premises, will please call upon either of the undersigned, before the day of sale, for the same.

The undersigned will sell the above property, to be used as a school site, on the day of sale, to-wit: MARY MILLER, ISAAC BACON, JOHN S. BACON, Sep. 20, 1854.



