

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

Choice Poetry.



THE LOVE OF LIFE.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Where the river deep was flowing,
Where the summer sun was glowing,
Where the sweetest buds were blowing,
Stood a maiden little knowing

What life had in store;
Little knowing, little caring,
What the future was preparing,
Young life's beauty she was wearing,
Nature's joy and music sharing—
Could she ask for more?

She knew not that calmly sleeping,
With his wings of fragrance sweeping
O'er the deep down well of weeping,
From her heart all knowledge keeping
Of its presence there;
Still this balmy breathing blending,
With its murmured soft ascending,
And a light of glory sending,
Where its misty pale flow are blending—
Lay an angel fair.

On his lowly lay thy flowers
Breathing peace on all the hours,
And the roses of love's bowers,
Drooping with the heart's warm showers,
Blood's own joy and breast;
O'er his form Hope's bow is shining,
With his locks her beads are twining,
And her magical designing,
Hues of Heaven and earth combining,
Draped his place of rest.

She knew not—but by the river
Dreamed of bliss that life should give her,
As the waves dance and shimmer
In a diamond chain, forever,
Singing as it flows:

She knew not those waves were keeping
Strange and fearful mysteries sleeping,
Where the dead that hear no weeping,
Lie where long dark weeds are sweeping,
Curtain their repose.

When the summer flowers were dying,
When the plaintive winds were sighing,
When the lark's birds were flying,
And the sun and all leaves lying
By the river's shore;

We beheld a holy straying,
In her silken, rich arraying,
Told and dazzling gems displaying;
Yet her famished heart was praying
For the faithful of yore.

For the beautiful believing,
Ignorant of all deceiving,
Faith in God and man believing,
With assurance of achieving,
Pure and glorious things
Ere life's wisdom did awaken,
Ere the earnest truth was shaken,
And her bosom's faith forsaken,
By the angel, who had taken
Heavenward, on his wings.

And her unweild heart was aching,
At the holy one's forsaking,
While the bitter will was aching
On its altar stone was aching
On the altar stone was aching
On the altar stone was aching
On the altar stone was aching
On the altar stone was aching

Now to childhood's haunt's returning,
And life's brilliant fashions' spinning,
With her heart and spirit burning,
With intensely painful yearning,
O'er the wasted past;

Scorning all that life had taught her,
All the pomp that wealth had bought her,
All the bliss that love had brought her,
Emptyness at last.

NOBILIS.

From the Christian Observer.

THREE VOICES.

At times, when something adverse crosses
Our path, we are disposed to think of life as
a dreary thing; in a moment of thoughtfulness,
when compared with eternity, as a
meteor-glance; but, when, in all our un-
derstandings, we are successful, we look upon it
as a bright and happy existence; and only in
our struggle against those who oppose us, do
we see it as a reality—to us be it ever
such. The highest cause ever instituted, has
not and still meets with a stern opposition.
The purest sentiments ever entertained have
undergone the severest trials. The most un-
derstandings have made known to the world,
and have been openly tested.

We seek deep down in the dark blue waves
of the present game;—we mount on high, that
to may better view the landscape;—the stars

are above us—nature is our great teacher.—
Thus in knowledge—though many things oppose,
yet those very circumstances make the
triumph more complete. We must seek deep
for the gems of literature—we must ascend
the high hill of learning that we may take a
full view of the classic plains which stretch
far and wide on either hand—and we must
look up still higher.

No one ever became eminent in any profes-
sion, without tracing results to their causes;
nor can any one. These Philosophers, who, in
every age of the world, have attained to
eminence, were men of thought, devoted to
thorough investigation. We need not cite an
individual, but take all as one great example.
Philosophy then bids us seek, assuring us
that beneath the surface, which oftentimes
may be not only ruffled by gentle gales but
made to heave mountain high, there are
gems, precious to their possessor.

Science bids us come—bids us ascend the
mountain, though steep and rugged—promis-
ing that, though difficult be the finding and
at first, the pursuing of these paths—there are,
farther up, study retreats and cooling springs,
where the traveller may rest and bathe.

But another voice there is, which bids us
look above—'tis Heaven beckoning us mor-
tals to aspire to things divine—and shall we
not heed it? Shall we not press forward? Oh!
'tis a glorious prize—of all, most worthy of
our efforts.

Three voices call us—Philosophy, Science,
Religion; we can obey them all, but should
we not list most attentively to the last? Yes,
press forward—

"Faint not for to the steadfast soul,
Come wealth and honor and renown;
Press on, press on, and reach the goal,
And gain the prize and wear the crown."
Del. Coleridge, March 18, 1855.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

There is a touching sweetness in a mother's
tears when they fall upon the face of her dy-
ing babe, which no eye can behold without
imprinting its influence. Upon such hallowed
ground the foot of profanity dare not approach.
In the face of the mother, and in the arms
of the child, and in the tears which fall from
the eyes of the mother, and in the arms of the
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Surely the decline in New Jersey, in fruit
culture, is not owing to the want of a market,
for everything in the shape of an apple is ea-
gerly bought up, at four or five times the
price which good apples commanded some 20
years ago. Neither is the fault in the soil
or climate of our State; on the contrary both
these are admitted by practical cultivators to
be peculiarly adapted to fruit, especially to
the apple. This is corroborated by the fact
that some of the best varieties of this fruit
have originated in this State. The Newton
Pippin for instance, I know this has been
devised, but the weight of evidence is in its
favor. This apple requires a large amount
of manure, and this is found in New Jersey,
whose central and southern parts are com-
posed largely of clay, sand and lime.—
This is well known to geologists. Dr. Com-
stock remarks: "The tertiary strata in North
America, consists of sand and clay, with, in
some places, abundance of shells. It extends
along the coast from Long Island to Louisi-
ana. It is quite likely, too, that this part
of New Jersey was supplied with lime from
the bones of animals, which in its pristine
state, came from the interior to drink and
bathe in its salt water, and to feed during
winter, on its sea-protected vegetation. Such
a soil would, of course, produce fruit trees
without any care or culture. But two hun-
dred years draft on it has altered the case.—
Now, fruit trees require a different treatment
than that bestowed on a post or rail fence.—
Strange as this will seem to some, it is still
true. And all those who put fruit trees into
the ground, and there leave them as they
would a sign-post or liberty pole, will find out
sooner or later, that the voice coming from
fruit trees, like that from other portions of
the farm is "feed me and I will feed you."
It is to be hoped that this subject, so import-
ant to all, will have a portion of the public
attention. PENN.

Such circumstances, the drain upon us for
foreign consumption is likely to be greater than
it has ever been before. Our present reserves
of breadstuffs must be very light, as the high
prices of corn and flour plainly enough denote.
Our corn crop last year was wonderfully small
as was well established at harvest time, with-
out aid from the present current. Entering
the year with exhausted granaries at
home, with a poor crop following, and an
immense European demand, grave apprehen-
sion may well be excited as to our circum-
stances a year hence. We have had a hard
winter and enormously high prices through-
out. But what is all we have seen to what
we shall see, if we should chance to have a
bad summer, and the war goes on in Europe.
We may then see suffering and starvation in
earnest.

This is good advice, and farmers never had
a better chance for making fortunes than by
taking every means within their power for in-
creasing their crops. In addition to increased
production the coming season, people should
practice economy in the consumption of food
at home, and allow no waste. A great many
people, however, are compelled to save, but we
see people purchasing potatoes at two dollars
per bushel, which contain only 25 per cent.
of nutriment, when they could have corn and
Indian meal, which is nearly 90 per cent.
of nutriment at one half the cost. The cheap-
est, most healthy and most nourishing food,
such as corn, beans, rice, is almost wholly
neglected for high priced meats and dis-
cussed potatoes. A better selection of articles
with a little skill in the preparation of them
for the table, would enable hundreds of per-
sons to live better and more cheaply.

MISCELLANEOUS

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

NOTINGS, No. 3.

Here Malice, Rapine, Accident, conspire,
And now a Rabble rages, and now a Fire;
Their ambush here relentless ravens lay,
And here the fell Attorney profits lay;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

And this is New York; busy, bustling, glow-
ing City; perhaps for activity it has no
equal. But we must hasten from this dirty
wharf or we shall be in danger of smothering
from the sickening stench that arises from
decayed rats, cats, mice, puppies and the
thousand other unmentionable things. We
soon emerge from the filth—cross Broadway,
and find a resting place at Tamany Hall, safe
in our rooms, we find ourselves and 'haggage'
now we dare breathe once more, and timidly
ejaculate "N-New York is a great place."

The afternoon and until nine at night we
spent at the Crystal Palace, but as most of
the readers of the "Pioneer" have been there
or have read numerous descriptions of the
Palace and articles on exhibition, it is not
necessary for me to tell "what I saw there."

Oct. 19th. Spent the day promenading
Broadway, clambering to the top of Trinity
Steeple, viewing the City Hall &c. Let us
take a peep at this great thoroughfare; the
walks are wide, yet constantly crowded with
human beings, as you look at the moving
mass you wonder where they who compose it
come from or where they are going, but you
make the query in vain; were you to stand
hour after hour, you would see little or
no change, you would see the same hurrying;
the same anxiety depicted on their counten-
ances as if the fate of a Nation depended upon
their arriving at a certain place three seconds
before an appointed time. A person cannot
avoid noticing the striking difference between
the "move" of New Yorkers and Philadel-
phians; the one tear along as if they expected
their existence to terminate the next moment;
the other saunter leisurely along, evidently
determined to take the world easy; but I pro-
pose we have hardly failed to notice the long
line of omnibuses, reaching farther than the
eye can stretch, what cursing among the driv-
ers; what haste among those who dare to
venture across, and if perchance some one
past the age of activity, should cause a mo-
mentary halt, oh! what awful oaths are hurled
and blasphemous imprecations are uttered
upon his head, but he is fortunate if he es-
capes with nothing more than a cursing. Let
us haste away from this scene to Trinity, we
spend a moment viewing the building, and
then by paying a "shilling" we are permitted
to ascend, now commences a long and tire-
some journey up, up, round, round, frequent-
ly meeting persons who are now up to take
a sight—satisfied, and are now returning; but
we are at the top, and look out on the great
mass of brick, the objects below are prop-
erly very small. Hours might very profitably
be spent here in musing upon this great
American Emporium; here the most striking
contrasts are exhibited; the most luxurious
wealth, and the most abject poverty; crimes
of the deepest dye, and virtue of spotless pur-
ity; Churches, and rum holes; Preachers of
the Gospel, and rildal libertines; Women who
like their Saviour go about doing good—en-
deavoring to elevate and purify their fellow
beings, and debased hags who watch every
opportunity like the poisoning and venomous
spider to drag the innocent and unsuspecting
victim into the houses of infamy and sink
them deep in the filth of degradation. Chris-
tian Associations, and dens of pollution; all—
all exist side by side, and apparently uncon-
scious of the existence of each other. Here
resides a Horatio Greely, the Napoleon of Ed-
wards in all his ungodly glory, while at the
same time the man in whose brain "was first

"I wish you could contrive to have our
meals a little more punctually to the hour,
my dear Eugenia," said Theodore Carleton to
his elegant wife, after waiting more than half
an hour beyond the nominal time.

"I dare say you would like me to drag out
all my time in this dirty kitchen; but I shall
not do it. I give my orders in the morning,
and that is enough. I will not be a domestic
drudge for any one; or yet better servants, to
be the ungracious reply.

The blood rushed to Carleton's face and in-
dignant words rose to his lips; but a painful
experience had long since taught him that sil-
ence amid domestic discomforts was the only
way to render those discomforts endurable.
He turned away with a deep sigh, and after
pacing the room a few moments, he passed
into the hall and found his way to the nur-
sery.

A scene of the wildest disorder met his eye
as he entered; but his darling boy came run-
ning to him, his chubby face radiant with
happiness; the baby-pot crowded in his nurse's
arms at sight of his father; and for a time the
careworn man was happy in the caresses of
his children.

But the dinner-bell dissolved the illusion.
A frowning wife and an ill-cooked repast did
not tend to restore to his proper tone the mind
which had been so long in the clouds; the
wife's existence with blessings. The time
which should have been devoted to rest after
dinner had been passed in waiting for its ap-
pearance; and Carleton rose from the table
and hurried away to his business.

"Off in a pet again, I suppose," muttered
Mrs. Carleton, as the door closed after her
husband. "How unreasonable men are! There
is no use in trying to please them. As if
they were not so stupid as to be contented
with a return call, attend parties once
or twice every week, see to all the family
sewing, and give general orders for the kitchen
without raising another after the cook,
chambermaid, and nurse, to watch them and
see whether they perform their duty; it is
more than any reasonable man ought to ask,
and I will not do it. This humbugging
whim of a husband is all nonsense!" And the
amiable wife retired to her room to enjoy her
solitude.

All the livelong afternoon, as the merchant
poured over his ledger, his home with his dis-
order and its frowning mistress, painfully
contrasted with a memory-picture of eight
years ago, would rise before his mental vision.

One evening during the happy period of
his engagement, Theodore Carleton met an
old college friend at a large party. The rooms
were crowded. Silks rustled, satins in glossy
folds were swept, and costly jewels flashed and
sparkled every where. Amid this almost re-
verberating, Eugene Montrose moved a
gay queen. Tall and dignified in manner,
the heavy satin dress with its elegant ap-
pointments well became her; the abundant tresses
of her dark hair were folded back from a fair
brow, and the brilliancy of her black eyes all
most ostentatious; the diamonds that glimmered
forth from their hiding-places amid those luxu-
rious looks.

"Isn't she a splendid girl?" was the enthu-
siastic exclamation of young Carleton, as he
pointed her out to his friend.

"Charles Tomlinson engaged a few moments
without speaking. "Yes, she is indeed a
splendid woman," said he, "but I am added,
travelling, as if thinking aloud, 'what sort of
a wife will she make? Will she ever be con-
tent to live for the happiness of the home
circle?'"

"I don't know," said he, "but I am added,
travelling, as if thinking aloud, 'what sort of
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"Nonsense, man, to be sure she will," in-
terrupted Carleton; "she loves me, and when
we are married will be as devoted to me as I wish."
"Loves me? that I was ever to believe
that," exclaimed Carleton, "as the violent
closing of a door awoke him from his rever-
y—"she never loved me, for she has never
made one effort for my happiness; and in
bitterness of heart he resolutely plunged into
the task-work of the counting-room till the
day closed.

Years, long, wretched years passed on.—
The wear and tear of business anxieties, cares
and perplexities, and the unmitigated discom-
fort of home began to affect the physical
frame of Carleton—he became despondent, a real
dyspeptic.

It is strange that he soon discovered that a
glass or two of wine at dinner helped diges-
tion wonderfully; and that now, after two or
three years' indulgence, the quantity is so
much increased that it requires a long after-
dinner nap to sleep off the effects?

Reader! can you tell what the end will be?
If Theodore Carleton should die a drunkard,
would you like to bear that wife's responsi-
bility in the judgment?

Could you look into the domestic history
of the thirty thousand who are every year
passing into a drunkard's eternity, in how
many instances, think you, would the first
cause of this utter ruin be traced to the petty
discomforts of home—to the want of sym-
pathy, the selfishness, the capriciousness and
frivolity of those bearing the sacred name of
WIFE? ELLIE HOWARD.

WIO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS?
Twenty years ago this one made candles,
that one sold cheese and butter, another but-
tered, a fourth carried on a distillery, another
was a contractor on canals, others were mer-
chants and mechanics. They are acquainted
with both ends of society, as their children
will be after them, though it will not do to
say so to old Tom. For often you shall find
that these toiling worms have merit, and that
they live as well as we. Death brings a dis-
tinction to the property, and hatches new finan-
ciers; the old gen' is discharged, the young
gen' takes his revenues and begins to travel
—towards poverty, which he reaches before
death, or his children do, if he does not.—
So that, in fact, though there is a sort of
necessity, it is not hereditary, it is accessi-
ble to all; three good seasons of cotton will
send a generation of men up, a score of years
will bring them down, and send their chil-
dren to labor. The father grubs and grows
rich—his children strut and use the money.
The children in turn inherit their parents'
place, and go to shifts, poverty, next their chil-
dren are impoverished by fresh phlebotomy,
and by the smell of the cold, come up again.
This society, like a tree, draws its sap from
the earth; changes its leaves and blossoms;
spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds
them off to fall back to the earth, again to
mingle with the soil; and at length appears in
new dress and fresh garbure.

A MILITARY PIG.
During the last war with Great Britain a
very remarkable circumstance occurred in
connection with the invasion of Canada. A
company of Kentucky volunteers, destined
for Shelby's army, had their rendezvous at
Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and formed a sort
of nucleus or rallying point for the military
recruits of that part of the country. When
they marched to the front, Harrodsburg towards the
Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their
way, they noticed two pigs fighting, and de-
layed their march to see it out. After they
had resumed their march the pig which had
been the victor in the contest was observed to
follow them.

At night, when they encamped, the pig
found a shelter near and halted also. The
next day the pig accompanied the troops as
before; and it marched every day, and halted
every night, with the soldiers or near them.
When they came opposite Cincinnati at which
place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a
flat boat, the pig, on getting to the water's
edge, promptly plunged in and swam across
and then waited on the other side until the
whole corps crossed over, and then resumed
its post upon one side of the moving column.

Thus the animal kept up with the troops, and
they crossed the State of Ohio, and reached
the Lakes Erie. On the journey, as the men
grew familiar with their comrade, it became
a pet, received a share of the rations issued to
the soldiers, and destitute of provisions as the
troops found themselves, no one thought of
putting the knife to the throat of their fellow
soldier. What they had was still shared, and
the pig fared as well as the rest at times,
it still granted on and manifested as much
patriotism in its own line as the bipeds it accom-
panied did in theirs. At the margin of the
Lakes, she embarked with the troops and went
as far as Bass Island. But when offered a pas-
sage over into Canada, she obstinately re-
fused to embark a second time. Some of the
men attributed her condition to constitutional
scruples, and observed that she knew it was
contrary to the constitution to force a militia
pig over the line. She therefore had leave to
remain.

After the campaign had closed the troops
recessed the Lakes, having left some of their
horses on the American side. As soon as the
line was formed, to the great surprise of the
troops, there was the pig on the right side of
the line, ready to resume her march with the
rest. By this time the winter frosts had set
in, and the animal suffered greatly on the
homeward march. She made out, however,
to reach Mayville, where the troops recessed
the Ohio river. There she gave out, and was
placed in trusty hands by Governor Shelby,
and finally taken to the Governor's own home
where she passed the rest of her days in ease
and indolence.

There are many in Kentucky who can now
attest the truth of this remarkable story.

The New York Times says, that "at a fan-
cily ball lately given in New Bedford, Mass.,
one of the characters represented was an Ed-
wards!" We suppose the chap who sustained
that character, wore spandy clothes

THE CHEAP CASH Book and Stationery Store, North-West corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

GRAND Bargains in Books! Poetical, Juvenile, Miscellaneous, Standard and Presentation Books, very cheap.

STATIONERY AND FANCY STATIONERY. Superior white ruled Letter Paper, \$1.50 per Ream, Letter and Note Envelopes in great variety.

F. H. SMITH, PORT MONNAIE, POCKET BOOK, AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTURER.

GAS FIXTURES AND LAMPS. GREAT bargains at No. 221 North Second St. above Pine, Philadelphia.

FURNITURE FURNITURE. H. HOOPER, respectfully informs his customers of Cumberland Co. in want of Furniture.

NEW FURNITURE. THE subscribers having taken the Store next to E. Davis & Son's Hotel, lately occupied by Stratton & Harris.

BARBER'S. New Jersey Combined Moving and Hooping MACHINES. THIS Machine is simple, of light draught and not liable to get out of order.

WANTED. THE PUBLIC TO KNOW. THAT the Subscribers having entered into partnership under the firm of Derrett, Wood, & Co.

JOSEPH JUEL & SON, Importers of Millinery Goods, No. 55 North Second Street Philadelphia.

1855. SPRING GOODS CHEAP FOR CASH.

THE subscribers are now opening their stock of new goods for Spring sales, to which they invite the attention of purchasers.

BLACK SILKS, figured and plain silks—all colors. Chalks, all wool delaines, dobages, ginghams, calicoes, &c.

Wool, Cashmere and Terkour Shawls—all colors and qualities. MEN AND BOYS WEAR.

BLACK DRESS GOODS. BLACK Bombazines, Alpaca from 19 to 62 cents per yard.

BLACK SILKS. SUPERIOR 3-4, 7-8, and yard wide black silks, all qualities and prices.

NEW FURNITURE. THE subscribers invite attention to their stock of Cashmere, Cashmerettes, Jeans, &c.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS! Large and Small Rocking Chairs, Parlor, Dining and Kitchen Chairs.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS. BRIDGTON'S Cheap Carpet Store—Persons wishing to buy Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, &c.

JOSEPH JUEL & SON, Importers of Millinery Goods, No. 55 North Second Street Philadelphia.

DECOU & MIDDLETON, IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN IRON AND STEEL.

No. 13 North Water St. above Market, PHILADELPHIA. April 7, 1855-1y-w.

FARMERS ATTENTION. 1000 TONS of LIMONIA's superior American FERTILIZER, at \$8.50 a Barrel or \$25 a Ton.

NEW FURNITURE. THE undersigned would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just opened at their New Store.

STRAW GOODS. THE subscribers have now in stock a well selected stock of Straw & Silk Bonnets and MILLINERY GOODS.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS. JUST received a very large and well selected stock of Spring and Summer Goods for Men and Boys wear.

INDIAN SPECIFIC. THIS remedy is recommended as the best ever discovered for Frosted Feet and Limbs.

BRIDGTON FURNITURE DEPOT. THE subscribers would inform the citizens of Bridgeton and the public in general, that Eli Seyre & Henry H. Poole, business partners.

BRIDGTON AND PHILADELPHIA PACKET SLOOP ELLEN. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that, having met with such encouragement.

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NOTICE. THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Henry Young and Daniel T. Davis.

THE business will be conducted at the Old Stand, newly fitted up, near the Bridge by the subscriber.

REMOVAL. HAS removed his place of business from Commerce Street to Laurel, adjoining the Brick Trovaterian Church.

IMPROVED Super Phosphate of Lime. 2,500 bbls. of the most superior manufacture.

WARREN'S PATENT. THE undersigned has sent out to their friends 70,000 Cans, 50,000 Pans, but what is all the large stock of COATS, PANTS, VESTS, HATS, &c.

WAREHOUSE. WOULD respectfully announce to their friends and patrons, that they have just received a large stock of goods.

INDIAN SPECIFIC. THIS remedy is recommended as the best ever discovered for Frosted Feet and Limbs.

BRIDGTON FURNITURE DEPOT. THE subscribers would inform the citizens of Bridgeton and the public in general, that Eli Seyre & Henry H. Poole, business partners.

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WILLIAM F. POTES, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN IRON & STEEL.

Market Street, below 13th, North side, PHILADELPHIA. Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1854-1y-w.

DRUGS, Patent, Window Glass and Dye Stuffs. Pure White Lead, Zinc Paint, &c.

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware. THE subscribers, thankful for the liberal patronage extended to them, would take this method of reminding their friends and the public.

WALL PAPERS. BURTON & LANING, MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS, No. 124 ARCH Street, second door above Sixth, PHILADELPHIA.

MATCHES! MATCHES! JOHN DONNELLY, Manufacturer and Importer of Safety Patent Matches.

LEATHER. Friz, Hendry & Co. No. 29 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

FOR NEW YORK. CAMDEN AND AMBOY, AND PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON RAILROAD LINES.

NEW PACKET. THE new and superior Packet Sloop ELLEN, built by David P. Mulford.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN. THIS Splendid Horse will be presented season after season.

Weldon & Tomlinson's, Importers of the Fine English Wearing Apparel.

Market St., eight doors above Seventh, PHILADELPHIA. WHERE you will find goods of Elegant Textures, cut in the most tasteful manner.

After's Compound Syrup of Tar & Wild Cherry. THE undersigned respectfully invites the attention of his friends to his large and well selected stock of Leather Goods.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS. THE subscriber respectfully invites the attention of his friends to his large and well selected stock of Leather Goods.

FARMERS AND THRASHERS READ THIS! M'CORMICK'S Improved Iron Beam Reaping and Mowing Machine.

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware. THE subscribers, thankful for the liberal patronage extended to them, would take this method of reminding their friends and the public.

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NOTICE, TERMS CASH. TO NEGOTIATE AT MY CONCERN.

THE subscriber begs most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public, that he has received a large and well assorted stock of Groceries & Provisions.

NEW DRUG AND CANDY ESTABLISHMENT. THE subscriber would call the attention of his friends and the public to his new Store.

CANDIES. OF his own manufacture, the subscriber has prepared a large and well selected stock of Candies.

CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY PATRONIZE YOUR OWN STATE. Study well your own interests and her property.

OLD STAND—Commerce Street. A. S. EVERINGHAM, Respectfully informs the public that he continues to manufacture, at his

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware. THE subscribers, thankful for the liberal patronage extended to them, would take this method of reminding their friends and the public.

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