

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.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON N. J. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

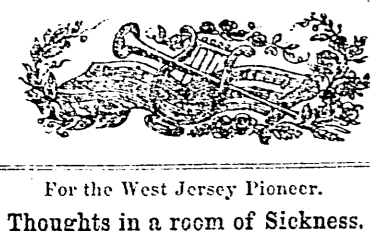
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Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.
Thoughts in a room of sickness.

BY SARAH S. SCOWELL.

I hear the rushing of the stream
Through the low forest glade,
I see its sparkling waters gleam
Forth from the willow shade.
I hear the drowsy hum of wings,
Where sports the insect bright,
Darting in swiftly circling rings,
Quick glancing in the light.
I hear the wild bird's guiding song
Of rich sweet harmony,
Horne on the sweet air along
In bursts of melody.
I see the water-lilies gleam
In the clear dashing light,
Which quivers on the flowing stream,
Like wreaths of jewels bright.
I feel the gentle fragrant breeze,
Fanning my fevered brow,
And sighing through the drooping trees—
O could I be there now!
O could I leave this bed of pain,
To wander 'mid those scenes again,
These lovely woodland bowers,
And stand where the young willows wave
In the soft sunlight's gleam,
These burning sands and forehead lave
In the cool rippling stream;
How would new life my weak frame fill,
Now faint with wearying pain,
And Nature's joy my spirit thrill
With happiness again!
Shiloh, August, 1855.

MORAL.

From the Christian Observer.

PRAYER.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

This is true when affirmed of fervent prayer, if we regard the heart as the affections.—If we consider the word heart as synonymous with mind, then it is equally true of formal and of fervent prayer that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. This distinction is not applicable to the Christian who loves God with all his heart, soul, strength, might and mind. His prayers are the expressions of the thoughts of his mind and the feelings of his heart and yet it is necessary to keep up the distinction between the heart and the mind, in reference to the prayers of the Christian.

In public prayer there is a greater effort of the mind than there is in private prayer.—When an individual communes alone with his God, we may charitably suppose that the whole man is engaged. In public worship of the sanctuary, the thoughts and feelings of the audience are various, and in leading them to the throne of grace, the prayer of the pastor, if extemporaneous is divided. In the social prayer-meeting, there is more unity of sensation and sentiment, and hence the devoted Christian feels more at home there, than he does in the sanctuary. A more simple and effectual way, to fan and feed the flame of fervent devotion, is this: let kindred spirits in the church, (I mean those who think and feel alike,) have their stated meetings for prayer. Two or three, in number, are sufficient to command the blessing. Being of one heart and of one mind in Christ Jesus they would agree as touching the thing for which they would ask, and as the Saviour has promised, it should be done unto them. This is not an untried nor an unsuccessful experiment. In these associations individuals have been made subjects of prayer, and they have felt the influence of the prayers on their behalf, have been led to serious reflection, and have been converted. Although for years, they apparently, at least, have refused to lead an ear to the large and loud sound of prayer, yet the still small voice of God thus reaches them.

These meetings need not be known to the pastor, until he finds that some unknown Aarons and Hirs are holding up his hands. He will be the first to discover this, in an awakened interest on the subject of religion among the people of his charge, or perhaps in his own heart. The measure proposed might be condemned by some as new; the telegraph is also comparatively new and so are railroads. Shall man bury his talents in regard to the progress of religion, whilst he improves them in all other sciences? Is there any science which so much demands attention, and is so entitled to our study as that of religion?—Surely, there is none so commanding and in all the noble of the sciences, there is none but the knowledge of God which creates, within it

possessor, the desire that all men should equally with him, participate of its pleasures and its profits. Let us therefore, strive to enter the kingdom ourselves; and, having entered, to bring within it as many souls as we can, by all proper means in our power. Let our prayer be, *Lord make us wise to win souls, and increase our FAITH.*

SOCIETY.

A Christian loves the closet, because he loves a communion with his Saviour that is spiritual and holy; he loves to come to the banqueting feast of light and love. But such a communion cannot fail to enkindle the benevolence of a grateful heart to bring the spirit into sympathy with all the purposes of the Gospel, as they look to the present and eternal interest of mankind.

The closet is designed, indeed, to fit the heart for society with its kindred; and not to become a cloister, in which the soul may escape from the evils of the world, rather than to labor to cure them. The "Word" was made flesh and dwelt among us; and so the Christian must dwell among his kindred, in sympathy and in communion, and in the intercourse of the offices of kindness and affection. The first act of the Saviour's ministry honored a special occasion among his acquaintances, and his first miracle at the wedding of Cana of Galilee, showed his readiness to contribute to the proper enjoyment of social life. But in that miracle he reversed the philosophy of the world, and illustrated the refining tendencies of Christian society, contrasting the customs and manners of men. While masters of fasts commonly practiced on the expectation that society would, in its pursuit, blunt the capacity to judge of the quality of entertainments, and dragged their guests, when "well drunken" with vile compounds of bad wines; the Saviour showed that he reasonably expected that society should improve and purify and refine its subjects, when all its customs should conform to his teachings. He did not expect men at his feasts to be "well drunken" for the wine that he served had the purity of the fountain at the mountain's side, and the miracle which he wrought, but communicated to the virtues consistent with the Saviour's purity. When Christianity settles the customs and gives tone to society, it accumulates treasures of enjoyments which will meet the wants of the soul in its eternal progress in purity, refinement and knowledge.

Society, constructed on the principles of the gospel, would present a moral picture for the admiration of angels. From such society, the pride of life, the selfishness of human purposes, the sinister aims of ambition, and voluptuous fascinations, as well as brutal debaucheries, would all be excluded. In its associations the spirit and the passions would be consecrated to purity; and the reason, instead of being a slave to the passions, would be the ruler of the passions, and would, as a pure converse with angels, with heaven and with God. Wealth, in such a circle, would not display its jewels, nor would the poor be reminded of his poverty. It would be a common brotherhood, forgetting individual interests of this life, only as these last might be made beneficial in fitting immortal spirits for the society of the blest in glory.

Society on the basis of Christianity is neither the minister of superstition nor the coadjutor of levity and lasciviousness; but it seeks an enjoyment that is at once rational, pure, and beneficial, because it is based on benevolence. If it repels the gayety, it frees its varieties from the painful reaction of mortified vanity, ever following human display.—It patronizes and promotes sound sense and knowledge, instead of ignorance and folly, and is sedate in humility, amidst the luxury of joy and pathos of song, inspired by the presence of the Saviour's spirit.

WOMAN.

As the dove may clap its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is prying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She melts into the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and tend the tide of life in beautiful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drips under the last external assailant. Look for her after a while, and you find friendship weeping over an untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told that some wintry chill, some slight indisposition has laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.—Washington Irving.

BIRDS.

There is nothing impertinent in bird-music; it is so universal in the summer woods, so scattered over the fields, that one is ever in the waves of its sweet motion. You hear it or not, as the mind is occupied or not; or if you hear it in moments of busy thought, it comes into your soul without waking its consciousness, and imparts a melody to the very thoughts which seem to exude it. The silent life of goodness is fruitful of such melodious influence. Birds are as children to us, without the necessity of that care which binds us to childhood with warmer love. They are merry or grave as we will, but always soothing, comforting and cheering. If they steal into our sadder moods with seeming sadness, like the mourning dove and cuckoo, it is only to mellow the sadness to sweet peace, and open our nature to the merrier twinkle of bobolink, or the varied tones of the mocking-bird. Such constant adaptation to our moods is the sweetest of all.

Heard far off on the woody hill-side, the note of the crow is musical, showing how everything is fitted in its place. We would be

loth to miss his glossy blackness, and his grave, sententious "caw caw" when we visit our old wood-haunts again.
Over-sensitive sentiment always puts in a bill of exceptions against birds of prey, but let the tender sentimentalist remember that all birds are birds of prey; and while the lordly eagle catches frogs, and the hawk takes chickens, the divine nightingale sips on worms, and the ethereal swallow eats flies.—Accept everything for its worth, and the needful will never impair the excellence of the beautiful.

CONTENTMENT.

There is very little happiness to be found in this world of ours; but almost any one may cultivate a disposition as to be content with his lot. It is far better to submit to our lot, whatever it may be, with a good grace, than to repine and find fault. It is only by discharging our duties well in inferior stations that we can vindicate our claims to a better one. Many young men have turned out vagabonds because from a false pride they would not accept a situation until they could better their condition, and this false pride is ruining thousands of young men who are at present unemployed.
Any honest occupation of whatever character, is much more respectable than a life of idleness, and he who remains idle because the employment which is offered to him does not exactly suit, may expect to become a loafer. To discharge the duties of his present occupation till it can be exchanged for a better, and to strive to fit himself for a superior position while discharging the duties of his calling, are all that can be expected of any one, and whoever does all this may be sure of going as high and as fast as his developing ability will warrant. Discontent does no good in any situation in life. It only renders its possessor gloomy, and destroys half the energy which he would otherwise possess.
Contentment is the brightest star that man can bind upon his life—the sweetest fountain that he can open at his path. He who has contentment in his heart, has a song-bird that trills hymns continually—it is a joy, and a source of joy forever. However poor you may be, reader, in worldly possessions, if you have content with your heart, you are yet richer than Croesus—crowned with an affluence which is as grand as it is exhaustless.
Newark Mercury.

EDUCATION.

ABOUT COMMON SCHOOLS.

Why do not children improve as fast in a Common School as in an Academy?
There are complaints often made by parents, that their children do not improve fast enough. They send them to school quarter after quarter, and yet no decided advancement. And why is it? I will acknowledge this is not the case with those who attend an Academy, for the simple reason that they are there all the time, and the scholar generally has a wish to show his parents that he has not been sent away for naught. But it is different with those who attend a Common School: they are liable to be taken from school any day; and not only that, but what is a thousand times worse, they are sent to school one day, and kept out the next, or they come one week and not the following.
Now, is not such a shiftless way of doing business, (if I may so call it) destructive to the interest of the child as a scholar?
No mechanic would take a boy as an apprentice to learn the trade, if his parents were to keep him home whenever they chose, or whenever he might wish. He would utterly discard the idea of making him a proficient mechanic.
But you may say this is not an analogous case, and that the teacher has a right to complain. I say they are perfectly analogous; and that the teacher has a right to complain of it as a grievous evil, which ought to be remedied. He cannot make any plans for the onward progress of the school, if a dozen who, perchance, might be in school to day, are kept out to-morrow, and perhaps for the next week.
Parents ought to remember that by keeping their children one day, they cause them to lose two: for when they come again to school, they know not where the lessons are, therefore, they are not prepared to recite. They must lose the lessons while they are away, and by not keeping up with their class, they lose the interest in their studies, and are glad to leave the school.
But I hear some fond parent say, "It does not make any difference—my child is young; has plenty of time to go to school. Be not so hasty!" I blame not that child who can persuade you to let it stay home to-day—oh no; it is but acting out the prompting of its nature. But I blame the parent that yields to such persuasions, or keeps it home for some petty private interest, in which she could do as well without the child as with.

This inconstancy in attendance is the cause of the low state of Common Schools—is the cause why the system of education is not higher, and is the chief cause why a good teacher will not long remain in a Common School.
I hope these few words will enable many to see their duty.
A Friend of Common Schools.

AGRICULTURE.

From the Progressive Farmer.

"TRUST TO LUCK."

Mr. Editor:—Conversing with a neighbor a few days since in regard to his want of success in growing seeds and plants, he remarked that "he had no luck in planting. There was Farmer J., every tree he ever planted grew well, and Mrs. B's vegetable garden was always certain to be in a flourishing condition when his was just the reverse. It was all luck and he almost despaired of ever succeeding in his planting operations, merely because he was not one of the lucky ones."
Having frequently heard the same style of argument advanced by others, I was induced to give the subject some attention, for the purpose of ascertaining how far the growth of

plants depended upon luck, and how far upon the skill and attention of the planter.
Happening to have some business with Farmer J., my visit to his farm was necessary, and while there, I broached the subject of tree planting, remarking that he was regarded as a particularly lucky man by some of his neighbors. "Not any more lucky than any other person who will pursue the same system I have adopted in planting my trees.—There are many men who trust wholly to luck, instead of having some confidence in their own or others' ability and judgment.—Such a man is our neighbor. At one time my faith in luck was as strong as his, but a bitter experience in the shape of repeated failures, shook my confidence so strongly that I resolved to trust to it no more, but try what effect the practical application of a few plain common sense rules would have upon the growth of my young trees. In the first place it became very apparent that I had never exercised sufficient care in taking up trees for transplanting. Instead of carefully guarding the roots from injury, the digging was generally entrusted to such hands as could be most conveniently spared for the purpose; all that was conceived necessary, being the getting the trees out of the ground. A very slight investigation of the principles of vegetable physiology taught me to know that it was through the roots that the tree derived its nourishment, and that injury to them, must result in injury to the entire tree. Therefore, I attended to the digging myself. When dug, the roots were carefully protected and immediately covered lightly with moist earth or straw, and keeping them covered till ready to be set out again. The preservation of the roots led to another discovery, which was, that a large hole was required to receive them, and as my own common sense had taught me that the tender rootlets of the tree would penetrate a mellow soil more readily than a stiff hard one, the policy of making the holes much larger in diameter than the space the roots had formerly occupied, became very apparent. I accordingly dug large holes, in which, after loosening the bottom, I covered the roots with several inches filled them to so great an extent as was requisite to secure the tree at its original depth, with rich compost. The roots were then placed in as nearly their natural position as possible, and covered carefully with finely pulverized earth, with which some mixed compost had previously been mixed. By shaking the stem of the tree slightly but quickly, the fine earth was brought in direct contact with the young and tender roots, which is vitally essential. The hole was then filled with earth, which was pressed compactly, but not too hard, with the foot, just so that the tree stood firmly, and the earth was then covered around the young tree, so as to leave it a few inches higher than the surrounding level, and thus make an allowance for the gradual settling of the earth in the hole. A few buckets of water thrown around the base of the tree and a stout stake to support it against the effects of strong winds completed the operation. Pursuing this plan I have had no difficulty with my trees, and if our neighbor will trust to instead of luck, he will be as successful as I have been."

Here then was the secret of Farmer J.'s luck. A very little care and attention had won for him not only the reputation of being a lucky man, but had secured to him a fine orchard of flourishing and profitable fruit trees. Upon what slight contingencies depended success or failure in horticultural operations, and how essential to every man who desires flourishing trees, is a knowledge of the functions which the roots, leaves and bark perform. Much of the blame which is laid at the doors of the nurseryman, properly attaches to those who plant trees, and subsequent inquiry has satisfied me that my "trust to luck" neighbor has nobody to blame but himself for the repeated failures in which his attempts at planting trees have resulted.
E. L. G.

Tennessee Wheat.—It is stated that large quantities of Tennessee wheat are this season, for the first time, being sent to the N. York market. At Murfreesboro' where some thousands of bushels are in store ready for transportation, it is represented as being worth eighty cents per bushel, and the cost of bringing it to New York is fifty cents. Wheat is sold in the latter market at two dollars and ten cents a bushel, by which it would appear that the New York merchant pockets a profit of eighty cents over every bushel of Tennessee wheat he sells.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

NOTINGS, No. 10.

"Unhappy he, who does his work adjoined,
And to-morrow would the search delay;
His lazy morrow will be like to-day."

We presume our readers ere this are tired of Cincinnati. The weather has been so oppressively warm that we have found it impossible to leave, but now we promise to make an effort to pursue our travels and continue our notes. We have found Cincinnati to be a great city. The second day after our arrival, found our friends who so unceremoniously left us at Hornellsville, N. Y. For curiosity my friend C. and myself crossed the Ohio into Covington, Kentucky. For the first time in my life, my feet pressed the soil where flesh and blood are considered marketable commodities. C. is a small place, and of but little interest. The next day quite cold and stormy; made our arrangements and at twelve o'clock embarked on board the steamer Rescuer for Memphis, Tennessee. While in my state-room, we pushed off; being in the bow of the boat a few minutes after, I was surprised to find ourselves apparently going up stream. A gentleman standing near assured me that we were all right; that we were going down the river. A few moments after this, my friend Tom came bustling along ex-

claiming in not a very pleasant tone—"what the d—l are we going to Pittsburgh for." We quietly told him we were going right. During the whole of my passage, I was not right—in spite of all my reasoning to the contrary I was eternally going upwards.

I would advise all travellers, on their "trial trip" to stick to the bow until under way, as it may make it much more pleasant and agreeable. Let us examine our craft. The Ohio is low, consequently the large boats are excluded; ours is a small stern wheel concern; that is, the wheel is in the stern of the boat; it is very large and makes a terrible splashing. The furnace is on the lower deck, and in the bow, and in the night looks like some monster of the deep with its monstrous eyes.—The machinery is all on the lower deck, with some dozen horses and about one hundred Irish emigrants; but to attempt a description of such a land crab is preposterous in the extreme; I give it up in despair. Supper over I went below; met a Kentucky horse drover, who entertained me in true Kentucky style for about two hours. He spoke in glowing terms of the fertility of the soil, salubrity of the climate, until I almost imagined Kentucky to be the Paradise of America. Returning to the cabin what a sight met my gaze. The cabin was transformed as if by magic from a dining room into a neat parlor; the tables nicely covered were surrounded by gentlemen apparently deeply engaged; being rather verdant I walked along scanning the proceedings very closely. I "discovered" that they were playing with some bits of pasteboard, very curiously painted, I suppose to suit the taste, (I afterwards learned that they were called "Keards") This is an amusement that is always resorted to by travellers of both sexes on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; many an hour of tedious passage is thus wiled away.

"Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort."
The next day was stormy; the scenery along the River could not be viewed to much advantage—at twelve o'clock we arrived at Louisville, Ky. This is quite a business place and contains over 40,000 inhabitants; here we bid farewell to three of our company. The Ohio is quite low at this season of the year, and as the Cumberland Falls are close by and an obstruction to navigation, Government has constructed a canal with three locks to avoid them. While they were preparing to pass the last lock, I heard a cry of "Porter" —"Porter"—"Jim Porter." I did not understand it first, but when the appellant Kentucky Giant was applied in connection with the others. I took the hint, jumped into the mud, hurried up the hill to a sombre looking coffee house; saw nothing of importance, my friend Tom declared we had been hoaxed. A large number of persons were seated, and standing in one corner of the room. I soon caught sight of the "sight," and called the attention of my friend to it. It was seated at the card table; its lower "limbs" were crossed and reached high above the table; "its fingers were long like the cane in the brake" there—there, that was a mistake made by my pen. But its fingers were very large, and looked like the claws of some monster. Jim Porter is truly a specimen of a real Kentuckian; he is seven feet, eight inches in height, his gun is a load for a common man, yet I am told he handles it with much dexterity. His cane is a curiosity. He keeps an "Inn," but I was told; sold no ardent spirits. In fact I have an impression that some one told me he is a Temperance man, but I would not like to vouch for that.
Shiloh, N. J.

From the Woodbury Constitution.
A VOICE FROM THE "PINES."
WEYMOUTH, Atlantic Co., N. J. }
August 4, 1855. }
FRIEND BARBER:—To add to the variety of your paper, I send you a few items concerning a portion of the region of our State, lying between the Delaware river and Atlantic sea board, generally known as the "Pines." I am sojourning for a few days at the house of William Moore, the gentlemanly and efficient superintendent of the various manufacturing establishments of this place; and a more pleasant place for a summer sojourn, I have rarely found in my travels. The mansion of my friend is one of the olden time, with commodious apartments, a breeze inviting piazza, an ample lawn, well shaded with trees, and in short, all the "apartness" consistent with the widest range of ease and comfort. Surrounding me is a landscape, which though it has neither mountain nor ocean, is still fraught with many pleasing features, and if faithfully transferred to canvas and placed in the Painter's gallery, would be a subject of general admiration. Looking to my left, my eye rests on the flower decked expanse of a lake like pond, extending for miles through a green savanna of cedars, pines and magnolias; and at the same glance, appears the contiguous villa of Mr. Colwell, one of the proprietors, who has not been sparing of expenditure to make it a delightful country residence. In its construction, the latter of which is in the shape of a water pipe, and is intended to furnish water for the use of the mill, and is supplied to the mill by a series of water pipes amounting to forty tons weekly. These go entirely to New York and Philadelphia—but numbers are for orders five or six hundred miles distant.

In addition to the farm of 150 acres previously mentioned, three hundred acres of swamp land on the east side of the river have been cleared for meadow, and afford excellent pastureage. Adjoining is an extent of more than a thousand of the same character. The soil is a mixture of turf mud and sand, overlying a deposit of bog iron ore, the same va-

fanning the melting flames of the furnace, and grinding the stores of the garner, and now seem to be rejoicing at their escape from his control. The stream here is about three feet in depth, and about two rods in width with a hard, pebbly bottom, affording, as I found to-day, by experiment, a rare opportunity for bathing. In the course of a few miles, it receives several tributaries, and at Mays's Landing, after many windings, it is again brought into requisition for manufacturing purposes. I while away many happy moments every day, watching the sparkling ripples and eddies of this forest river, which Mr. Editor, in your song or romance, is none the less devoid of beauty. At noon-day, sheltered from the fervor of the sunshine by the ample shadows of primitive oaks, and in the calm disposing influence of evening, its contemplation is fraught to me with real enjoyment. In its many still and sheltered coves are to be found rare inducements for the disciple of Isaac Walton to throw his line; for there sport some of the finest varieties known to the angling fraternity. But I must change the drift of my narrative, or you will weary with it, or at least your readers will; for I know some of them care little more for the beauties which the God of Nature has dispersed around them than a Feejee Islander does for the conveniences of civilized life.

Across the river I have been describing, and opposite to where I am sitting, but hidden from sight by the many green old trees, is the little village of the operatives, who, with their families, number nearly three hundred persons. Their dwellings are small but neat, and the inmates, judging from appearances, enjoy a goodly share of happiness.—One thing important concerning them, I must not omit to mention, their freedom from the curse of the Rumrunner. Mr. Moore, who is a practical temperance man, of long standing, has never allowed a draught of intoxicating drinks to be sold on the premises; and by his constant advocacy of temperance principles, has finally induced all around him to become total abstainers. Are not more of such men needed the community? Believe me, Mr. Editor, Weymouth is under the influence of the Maine Law, and what is better, is likely to remain so, without a necessity of resort to arms and bloodshed. A sense of the benefits arising from the measure is all that is necessary to enforce it. When I witness such happy results of the Temperance labor, I am at a loss to account for the apparent apathy of so great a number in the community in view of the giant evil that stalks amid the homes of our otherwise peaceful land. Yes, it makes me wonder why in a country of churches, missionaries and Bible societies, there is not a more general perseverance on the part of their members, a more constant vigilance in relation to this matter.

The din of the foundry, and saw-mill have been heard here for more than half a century; and of the many thousands of bushels of farm produce consumed from time to time by the operatives, nearly all, strange to say, has been carted from sections of Gloucester and Salem counties, at least thirty miles distant; for until recently, few believed that the soil of the "Pines" could be made to repay cultivation. They did not deem it possible for the country to produce more than a few bushels of wheat, and to be replaced by "full fat ones," at the rate of fifty more bushels to the acre; nor had they dreamed that by any process they might ever see fields of yellow wheat giving twenty bushels to the harvester.

But thanks to the experiments of a few enterprising adventurers, such doubts have been almost entirely dispelled, at least from the minds of all reasonable and inquiring persons. Whoever will visit Weymouth, may see one of the most interesting of these experiments in the farming operations of Mr. Moore, who seems to thoroughly understand the proper mode of cultivating the soil in this region.—When he assumed the management of things here nine years ago, he found the few acres then cleared, producing under a wretched tillage from five to fifteen bushels of corn; wheat had never been sown, and grass was unknown.

Turning his attention to the study of the nature of the soil in question and the mode of treatment it required, but little time elapsed before he had made some fairly satisfactory results. Year after year since, the plough share directed by Mr. M. has been driven further beyond the limits of the original clearing, until now one hundred and fifty acres are well fenced and under cultivation. Verily the "desert begins to blossom like the rose." On thirty of these acres the present season, were produced 725 bushels of wheat—on thirty more were cut 25 tons of clover, and on fifty more is standing a luxurious growth of corn which will yield largely, unless injured by a continuance of the present drought. On the same ground last year were grown 2000 bushels of corn, 350 of wheat, 40 tons of clover and 300 bushels of potatoes. Such is the result of persevering and well-directed efforts, and it is cheering to notice that we are beginning to be imitated by surrounding observers.

The soil of the Weymouth farm on the surface is of a light texture, but in general a substratum of clay on heavy loam quite sufficient to retain a necessary moisture in ordinary seasons, and compact enough to form a basis for fertilization. The same description will apply to the chief portion of all the highland in Atlantic county, of which I would now write more did I not contemplate making it the subject of another letter.

The fertilizers used by Mr. M. are guano, lime and barn yard manure; the first two of which are delivered by boat at Mays's Landing five miles below, and thence brought by cars on a railroad built by the "Company" here for the transportation of lumber from their mills and manufactories from their foundry, the latter of which is in the shape of gas and water pipes amounting to forty tons weekly. These go entirely to New York and Philadelphia—but numbers are for orders five or six hundred miles distant.

In addition to the farm of 150 acres previously mentioned, three hundred acres of swamp land on the east side of the river have been cleared for meadow, and afford excellent pastureage. Adjoining is an extent of more than a thousand of the same character. The soil is a mixture of turf mud and sand, overlying a deposit of bog iron ore, the same va-

riety which was formerly manufactured by the furnaces of the country. When the whole of this tract shall have been fairly subdued, made luxuriant with grass and checker-board with herds, it will be a sight pleasant to look upon. In primitive times, it was covered with stately oaks and pines, the lumber of which is now part and parcel of many an ancient dwelling over the land. Could the various descriptions of lumber which have from time to time been manufactured by the Weymouth mills during a half century be calculated, the amount would be enormous. At the present time, when saw timber hereabout is comparatively scarce, there are annually turned off two millions of feet of plank, siding, &c., six hundred thousand pickets, five hundred thousand thousand shingles, and six hundred thousand shingles—a process which is fast encroaching on the surrounding forests.

But, Mr. Editor, I must bring my communication to a close, for the mail has arrived bringing even to the "Pines" fresh news from the remotest parts of the globe—which I had much rather read than to be thinking all the time what next to write to you; besides, you are already very willing to be at the end of my prosy epistle.

In a few days if you are willing, I will write to you again and tell you more of the "Pines."
Yours Respectfully,
W. H. S.

FROM LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

PLEASANT TOWNS.

This pleasant subject invites our return to it. There is something in the words "Pleasant Towns" which at this season of the year is peculiarly agreeable. Now is the time when pleasant towns are pleasantest. The squares that were laid out in the olden time for the considerate founders of towns; now wear their most tempting aspect; and trees which they "lucked" from the woods and set out along the public walks are now waving a most grateful shade in the majesty and beauty of their prime. Whatever has been done for the pleasantness of towns yields its largest return in these hot days of August. The walks by the side of the river—how pleasant they are now! The shaded park, the public gardens—which is not grateful for them at this season? The single willow on a hot corner, who would not "spare" it now.

Is there a pleasanter sight on earth than a finely shaded square in the heart of a great city, toward the close of a summer day? The foliage lifted up high above the green grass by innumerable brown trunks imparts to the scene something of the "dim religious light" of a cathedral, and makes every object picturesque. The grass is of a vivid greenness peculiar to the hour and the scene. Flowers there are not. But crowds of happy, noisy children, dressed in more colors than the rainbow can boast, sit hither and thither, while people who are past the roasting age glide slowly about the winding walks under the green canopy of the trees. As the sunset melts away into the evening, the noise and the crowd subside, and lovers come to sit and talk in the darkness, or walk up and down in eager converse. There is nothing in the world more pleasing than such a scene. The country has nothing like it. We never enter our own Washington Square without gratitude for the unknown man or men who secured it to the city for its present purpose. Every town should have the like. And large cities should have in every neighborhood a Washington Square.

There is feeling enough among our countrymen for the adornment of their own homes. Indeed, we are more apt to go to excess in this than in the contrary. The first desire of most of us is to possess a place, and to arrange and decorate it according to our own fancy. In all our towns the traveller can find some residences and some streets upon which money and forethought have been lavished, and they have been made very "pleasant." But we want to see more public spirit manifested in this matter of decoration. A man's own domain is limited, but beauty and pleasantness should enoble the whole town, and the hand of taste be exerted in every part. Few men are rich enough to have for their own exclusive use a spacious lawn and well-kept garden, but no town is so poor that it cannot maintain a fine park and a beautiful garden for the benefit of all its inhabitants.

It is not in the nineteenth century that beauty and taste should be confined to a single quarter of a town, and all the rest be given up to squalor, uncleanness, and incalculable. We should make common cause with each other. Inequality of fortune must exist, but it need not manifest itself in such intense and visible contrasts as it usually does. Elegance costs no more than its opposite. Trees keep growing while we are sleeping, and flowers bloom on from year to year.

More we reflect upon our suggestion, that Associations be formed for the single purpose of promoting beauty and taste in our towns, the better we like it. The monthly meetings of such a society would at least keep the subject before the people, and elicit ideas and plans for general consideration. These societies would naturally be in correspondence with each other, visit each other, and carry home a renewed interest in the common object. There would spring up a rivalry among the towns, which should best succeed in making itself pleasant, and soon every town in the country would enlist in the cause of beauty.

It should never be forgotten that the custom of going into the country at the season of its, and over must be costly, for any one to go into the country. Many towns in Europe are so, and they are the custom of going into the country, except for a day's excursion is almost unknown.



The West-Jersey Pioneer.
 BRIDGETON:
 Saturday Morning, September 2.
 CIRCULATION 1300
 Only \$1 00 per Year!

FRANKLIN FERGUSON, } Editors.
 JAMES B. FRERGUSON, }

A VISIT TO DOYLESTOWN, Pa.
 Having received many pressing invitations from some of our best friends in Doylestown, to spend a portion of the Summer with them in that beautiful town, we embraced the opportunity of doing so while the "Universal Industrial & Agricultural Exhibition" was open in that place and which continued from the 21st to the 25th ult., from nine A. M. until ten P. M., being lit up in the evening with the most brilliant gas, manufactured for the occasion.

On the 18th ult., at three o'clock in the morning, we started from Bridgeton and arrived in Salem soon after six; at half past six we left Salem for Philadelphia, on board the Major Reynolds, one of the fastest and best commanded Steamboats on the Delaware. She arrived in the city about ten o'clock and at six in the afternoon of the same day, we took the North Pennsylvania Cars, and by half past seven, arrived safely at Gwynedd, about twenty miles from Philadelphia and ten from Doylestown. The cars on this road are of the first class, and were not for the many stations at which they stop, they would make quick time. It was nearly eight o'clock when we left Gwynedd, and did not arrive in Doylestown until after eleven. The roads were bad—rough, hilly, crooked and dusty. The horses poor—thin, bony, weak and worn-out. The stage miserable—more like an old box on wheels, than any thing we can imagine. The driver dry—and in no hurry to leave, until the numerous hotels on the road, until his thirst was quenched with some of the needful. By changing horses, getting out of the stage and walking up some of the steep hills, stopping a few times to repair the stage and put it in running order, &c., we arrived at last at our journey's end, satisfied that there are "hard roads to travel" outside of little Jersey.

On the following Sunday morning we attended the Old Presbyterian Church and listened to an able and interesting sermon, full of the glorious doctrine, (a free salvation to all mankind,) by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Andrews, who has stood upon the walls of Zion in that place, for more than a score of years, and is universally beloved, not only by his own congregation but by all with whom he is known. In the evening we heard a discourse from the Pastor of the Methodist Church of that town. He is a young man of bright intellect and promises well for the future. His congregation appreciate his arduous labors in behalf of sinners. Rev. Mr. Andrews of the Presbyterian Church, deserves much credit for his valuable services, tendered so freely to the Methodist congregation, whenever opportunity offers and circumstances permit.

On Monday morning "bright and early," with guns upon our shoulders, we rambled over green fields and through the shady woods, and before noon we succeeded in making a respectable show in the game bag.

The next morning being the first day of the grand Exhibition, the streets were soon crowded with vehicles of almost every description, from a small carriage and Shetland pony, to a New York four horse omnibus, and the town was rapidly becoming filled with persons from various parts of the country. Three o'clock in the afternoon was the hour designated for the first address to be delivered by Horace Greeley, the far famed Editor of the New York Tribune. He was introduced by the President, Mr. Charles Huffnagle, who made a few appropriate remarks, after which Mr. Greeley delivered an able and lengthy address. His subject was, Industrial Progress, showing the rapid strides in improvement both in the mechanic arts and in Agriculture. The address was listened to with much attention by those who could get near enough to hear it. Greeley is undoubtedly, one of the ablest men in our country, and has done much for the promotion of Agricultural advancement.

On Wednesday the crowd was much larger than on Tuesday, and on Thursday the town was so full of visitors that they could not all be accommodated with comfortable lodgings; many slept in carriages, sheds &c., while others went into the country for a night's rest. Among the many Jerseymen we met, some were from Bridgeton, and one of them informed us that he should not remain long, as he had a "hard time" to get accustomed at the best hotel, with a bed on the floor!

This was the day announced for the exhibition of the "Rising Generation in Arms."—Premiums of from fifty to five hundred dollars was to be awarded to the largest and handsomest child between the age of one and five years. Among the number was the baby that took the premium at Barnum's Baby Show in New York. There were others much handsomer, though not so large, nor half so old. One very large well proportioned boy, two years old, with blue eyes, curly hair, rosy cheeks and pleasant countenance, met with much admiration and applause from the thousands who witnessed the exhibition.

Friday was the day for the female equestrians to show their skill. Six graceful riders on noble prancing steeds, entered the course and at the sound of the bugle, started for the prize. Two of them were from Boston, one from Lambertville, N. J., 1 from Norristown,

one from Montgomery co. and one from Doylestown or vicinity. One of the riders while going at a rapid gait, was thrown some distance beyond the horse's head, caused by the stumbling of her horse; in an instant she was up and ready to mount and try it again. The contest was not to be for the greatest speed, but for the most graceful riding and best horsemanship; it was not long however, before the horses were put to their utmost speed, when Mrs. Aaron of Norristown, and a young lady from the neighborhood of Doylestown, took the two highest premiums; the former being a saddle, valued at seventy-five dollars, and the latter a gold watch, worth one hundred and fifty dollars. The trial of speed among the horses being kept up during each day, gave additional interest to the Exhibition. A larger and better display of trained horses is seldom witnessed on such occasions. Lady Byron, owned by Edward Hart of Philadelphia, took a prize of fifty dollars for the fastest trotting horse.

The cattle, though not what might have been exhibited by the farmers of Bucks Co., were very creditable. Agricultural and Mechanical implements in great variety, from an apple peeler to a reaping & mowing machine, were upon exhibition. The display of fancy articles, with almost every conceivable article ever exhibited in Agricultural or Industrial Fairs, was on exhibition. The fruit department was greatly enhanced by 107 varieties of pears, from the nursery of Thomas Hancock, of Burlington County N. J.

The building is a beautiful frame, 150 by 250 feet shaped very much like the Crystal Palace in New York, and when completed, and the dome erected, it will be one of the largest and handsomest frame buildings in the Union; it is situated about half a mile from the town, in the centre of a thirty acre lot, enclosed with a high tight fence. The ground, building, sheds, fence &c., is estimated to have cost about thirty thousand dollars.

During the four days, tickets were sold to the amount of about ten thousand dollars, and at least twenty thousand persons visited the exhibition.

On Tuesday evening last, we had the pleasure of attending the Bowentown Farmers' Club Festival. At 8 o'clock, there had assembled, of robust person and smiling faces, about 150 persons. The evening entertainment was opened by youthful, melodious voices, breathing forth the "Hymn for an Agricultural Anniversary," published in the Pioneer of Aug. 25th, written by Mrs. S. S. Sewell. The speaker for the occasion, not having arrived, the Rev. W. B. Gillett, was solicited to address the audience, which he did in an impressive and appropriate speech. This ended, the invitation was given to partake of the luxuries of the evening, which all acceded to with good and willing hearts. We descended into the lower room, where the richest collection of Melons, Peaches, Grapes, Apples, &c. had been tastefully arranged by the Ladies and committee of the occasion. This bountiful supply disposed of, then came the Cakes, Ice Cream, &c., &c., which made each heart rejoice, and join the juvenile voices in singing "home, sweet home!" Hon. L. Howell was called on, who made the closing remarks of the evening, and the motion to adjourn prevailed.

We should be pleased to give a detailed sketch of the arrangement of the articles in the rooms, but our space will not permit. Great praise is due to the Bowentown Farmers' Club, for their zeal in promoting the Agricultural interests of Hopewell and the adjoining townships, and we hope to hear, ere long, of other townships following in their laudable efforts, as benefactors of mankind.

The Ladies gave charm to the entertainment, and verified the fact, that they are man's chief solace.

Mr. JAMES McLAEN, of Roadstown, presented us with a basket of the choicest Peaches we have seen this season. The Scott's Early Red, a new variety, are a delicious, juicy, sweet peach, of large size and well worthy the notice of Peach growers. The Crawford Early, are a large tart peach, considered to be the best variety for preserving. Mr. McLaen, as you are aware, has been for several years engaged in procuring the choicest varieties of Peach, Apple, Pear, Plum, Apricot, &c. trees and has now succeeded in being able to say to his friends, "You may rely upon the trees which you get at my Nursery, producing such fruit as are represented."

The great facilities for preserving fruit, make it an object to those who have a piece of ground, to plant trees. You will find Mr. McLaen just the right kind of man to furnish you with those trees.

Mr. H. R. MERRILL, brought us a beautiful specimen of the Moore Park Apricot Plum, from among his choice collection of fruits. He complains of a small insect which has been very destructive in his garden.

Mr. Jacob Dally, brought us a specimen of choice peaches. They are the product of the orchard on the farm which he now offers at Private Sale.

From the Philadelphia Sun.
Frightful Catastrophe on the Camden and Andover Railroad.
GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.
Twenty-three killed and many wounded.

We have been enabled to collect the following facts obtained by our reporter, who promptly despatched to the scene of disaster. It appears that at 10 o'clock A. M. train from Philadelphia proceeded as usual on the way until they got about a mile above Burlington, N. J., when they discovered the train from New York coming down at full speed. The eastward bound train then attempted to back on to a siding to let the New York train pass, when the track was crossed by a carriage and two horses, driven by Dr. Hannigan, of Columbus, N. J. The horses were caught by the hindmost car, knocked down and crushed to death. The Doctor was thrown out and made a very narrow escape, the carriage being smashed to pieces. This collision caused the rear car to be thrown off the track and dragged some distance, smashing it up, and dragging after it the emigrant car, which was smashed to pieces. The major part of the passengers in all the five cars were instantly killed or seriously injured. The scene after the accident occurred beggars all description.

Among the number killed, were Mrs. Mary Prescott, of Salem N. J., Charles Botom, of Trenton, N. J., and Jacob Fisher, of Fislerville, N. J.

The Bridgeton Public School will open its Winter Session, on Monday next.

A CAMP MEETING
 Will be held near the road leading from Penn's Grove to Sharpstown, Salem county, about three miles from the former place, to commence, Monday September 10th, and close the following Saturday. Brethren in the Ministry and Membership are invited to attend.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.
GRAIN.—There is a fair amount of Wheat offering, but the demand is limited. Sales of 4,000 bushels good and prime Delaware and Pennsylvania red \$1 50 1/2, and white at \$1 60 1/2 per bushel; sales of Pennsylvania Rye at \$1 10 1/2; and a large lot to arrive from Missouri at 90c. Corn is scarce—sales of 2,200 bushels yellow at 97c. Oats are scarce, good Southern sold at 41c. per bushel.

To Physicians and to all Women!
 Do you know the danger of taking drastic purgatives. All Dr. Doan's who have anything of the name, know that Dr. Doan's "Sugar Coated Pills" are the only Pills that do not in the least irritate the stomach and bowels, then why give drastic purgatives to children and delicate persons who are highly recommended by Doctors and many members of Congress.

AGRICULTURAL NOTICE.
 The 2d Agricultural Exhibition of the Cumberland County Agricultural & Horticultural Society, will be held at Bridgeton, on the 26th of September 1855. The plowing match takes place the day previous, of which further notice will be given.

TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.
 Cumberland County Temperance League will hold its Annual Meeting, for the election of officers and other purposes, at the Court House, Bridgeton, on Tuesday afternoon, the 4th of September next at 2 o'clock. Speaking may be expected. Business of Interest to the Temperance cause, will be brought before them; therefore it is to be hoped, that no firm Temperance Man, who has the welfare of his fellow citizens at heart, will stay away.

NOTICE.
 The Subscriber will receive sealed proposals until the 10th of September, 1855 for the exclusive privilege of furnishing refreshments on the show grounds of the Cumberland Co., Agricultural & Horticultural Society. The highest bidder to have the privilege, by binding himself to comply with the following conditions, viz: The money to be paid before the day of exhibition. No vinous or spirituous liquors to be brought on the ground, and good wholesome water to be kept on the ground in at least four different places in sufficient quantities to accommodate the crowd throughout the day free of charge.

NOTICE.
 In consequence of ill health, I contemplate going south, during the autumn or winter; and will dispose of my present stock and fixtures on the most advantageous terms. For particulars, call on the subscriber B. L. THOMAS, Commerce St., near the Bridge.

TO FARMERS.
Guano for the Wheat Crop.
 THE subscriber has on hand and will be received a full supply of Peruvian Guano of the best quality; also Alkali & Nessler's Improved Super Phosphate of Lime, Land Plaster, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest market rates.

NOTICE!
 ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Jonathan Brown, of Greenwich Township, will please make immediate payments, and will have demands against said estate presented them for examination to

Send on your Staff!
 Notice to Farmers and Produce Dealers!
 THE subscribers having established themselves in the

DISSOLUTION.
 THE Partnership of Johnson & McGear, is this day (August 24, 1855) dissolved by mutual consent. Those having unsettled accounts, will please call upon either of the subscribers, as they wish to close up their books as soon as possible.

NOTICE.
 THE undersigned having removed his place of business from Franklin Street to Sheppard's Hardware Store, Commerce St., would respectfully invite his friends and the public generally to his large assortment of

Ready Made Clothing at Cost.
 A large lot of October to the new building, corner of Commerce and Laurel Streets, I will sell my entire stock of goods at greatly reduced prices, as I intend to open my new establishment in an entire new stock of goods. You may be sure of bargains at

Notice in Partition.
 NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Orphans' Court of the county of Cumberland, on Tuesday, the ninth day of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the appointment of Commissioners to divide the Real Estate whereof Edward Stone died—Seized, amongst his heirs, according to Will.

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GRAIN.—There is a fair amount of Wheat offering, but the demand is limited. Sales of 4,000 bushels good and prime Delaware and Pennsylvania red \$1 50 1/2, and white at \$1 60 1/2 per bushel; sales of Pennsylvania Rye at \$1 10 1/2; and a large lot to arrive from Missouri at 90c. Corn is scarce—sales of 2,200 bushels yellow at 97c. Oats are scarce, good Southern sold at 41c. per bushel.

MARRIED.
 At the M. E. Parsonage, Cedarville, August 25, by Rev. W. Walton, JOSEPH P. HOGGIN, to Miss HANNAH B. ELMER, both of White Marsh, Cumberland County, N. J.

DIED.
 At Tuckahoe, N. J., Aug. 3, of dysentery, Mr. HIRSH GORBERG, in the 21st year of his age.

NOTICE.
 A Meeting of the Directors of the Cumberland Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held at the Hotel of E. Davis & Son, in Bridgeton, on Monday the 10th day of September next at 2 o'clock, P. M.

NOTICE.
 A Good Opportunity for Business.
 I have a constant supply of land and an assortment of the leading Cook and Parlor Stoves; and are sole Agents in this State for "Queen's Portable Forged Iron Cook and Parlor Stoves." Wholesale Dealers will be supplied at the lowest Foundry Prices.

GUN STORE.
 ANDREW VOITZ, Importer and Manufacturer of Guns, Pistols, Rifles, &c. No. 122 North Second Street, above Race, Philadelphia, where he keeps constantly on hand, a general assortment of Double & Single Shot, large Buck Guns, Pistols and Rifles of all kinds; also the celebrated Cast Steel Rifle, with increased twist, to shoot the pointed ball of my own make.

FOR SALE.
 A Light Carriage. Inquire of ISAAC PEDRICK, Bridgeton, Aug. 25 1855. Iron Store.

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STORE TO RENT.
 AND Stock and fixtures of a Good Store for Sale—being one of the best situations in Bridgeton, N. J. As the Subscriber is going to emigrate West, the above stock and fixtures are offered for sale on reasonable terms. Inquire of

SELLING OFF AT COST.
 TO close out business, some beautiful styles of bargains, delaines, lawns, gingham and dress goods of every variety. Also, a large lot of domestic goods, such as muslin, checks, mariners' stripes, albatros, cloths, cassimers, vestings, &c. ALSO

READY MADE CLOTHING.
 All of the above will be offered at cost, as I am determined to sell out, at

MEDICAL—NEW FIRM.
Dr. Tomlinson & Dowdney.
 THE Subscriber would hereby notify his former patrons, and all concerned, that he has associated with him for the practice of Medicine, Dr. SAMUEL M. DOWNEY. Their services are under the above firm.

JAMES S. THOMAS,
 COMMISSIONER for taking acknowledgment of Deeds; will also attend to posting Books; and writing of all kinds will be executed with promptness and dispatch.

BATEMAN & HUSTED
 Are prepared to overhaul all boats and vessels that may be offered at their ship-yard at Fairton, July 28 1855

EAGLE STEAM MILL.
 WE are now prepared to furnish to order Sash of every description. Blind, panel and batten shutters and doors; window and door frames, wood mouldings, and wood-work generally, done at short notice and on reasonable terms. All work from this establishment guaranteed.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
 BY virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court of the County of Cumberland, do hereby direct, will be exposed to Sale, at

PROPERTY.
 All situate in the township of Fairfield, County of Cumberland, and State of New Jersey:

STOVES, STOVES.
 WE respectfully solicit the attention of the public to our assortment of

FOR SALE.
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PUBLIC SALE!
 Large and Valuable Timber!
 WILL be sold at Public Sale, on Wednesday, the 12th day of September, 1855, by the subscribers, on the premises, in the township of Hopewell, county of Cumberland, N. Jersey, about 82 ACRES OF STANDING TIMBER.

SELLING OFF AT COST.
 TO close out business, some beautiful styles of bargains, delaines, lawns, gingham and dress goods of every variety. Also, a large lot of domestic goods, such as muslin, checks, mariners' stripes, albatros, cloths, cassimers, vestings, &c. ALSO

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