

The West Jersey Pioneer.

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

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BRIDGETON N. J., SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

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TERMS.

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All letters and communications must be post-paid, and accompanied by the author's name, to insure attention.

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



For The West Jersey Pioneer.

LINES.

There's joy, and happiness,—
Aye, even society, in solitude,
When worldly cares and sorrows are shut out,
And friends, (so called) true, or false,
No matters little now.
My soul enjoys this holy, quiet hour,
In sweet communion with departed friends,
Whose spirits seem to hover o'er my path,
To cheer me on to deeds of kindness still.
And when my weary heart would sink
Beneath its load of trials, sickness,
And the "thousand ills, that flesh is heir to,"
Whisper bright words of comfort, bid me hope,
That tho' the hour be dark, and all is gloom,
The dawning of the morn will yet appear,
To fill my drooping spirit, with its light,
Which ever shines "still more and more,
Unto the perfect day."
And, when such feelings, pure and undefiled
Shed o'er my soul, their influence benign,
Not all the fleeting pleasures of the earth,
Not all the false and idle race of friends
Who change, even as the wind, when most beloved,
Can shake my faith in Thee, O holy One,
Who "holds us in the hollow of thy hand,"
And who ne'er turns us "comfortless away."
So, let me, with the humble, trusting hope,
Of the poor prodigal in far off lands,
How lowly at his feet, and weeping say,
"Father in thy sight, grievous, have I sinned,
And no more worthy to be called thy child."
O, cast me not away, here let me lie,
Till all my sins be cleansed in Jesus' blood.
Camden, 1856. MRS. P. B. BUDD.

MORAL.

For The West Jersey Pioneer.

ALCOHOL.

An original Oration, delivered by T. B. HOFFMAN, at the close of the Fall term of Union Academy, 1856.

In ancient times when this young and beautiful earth was fresh from the hands of its Creator, when its inhabitants could look over the beautiful scene, and view the magnificent works of God, and raise their undimmed hearts in admiration, love and worship, to that all powerful being, whose irresistible grandeur and magnificence surrounded them, when all living nature throbbed forth the praises of God—then it was that Satan began to tempt man, and to accomplish his fall, but finding that he made less progress in his destructive work than he desired, his Satanic majesty caused a proclamation to be made through his dominions, at a certain time he would hold a grand convention, the object of which would be to devise some more efficient means by which he might captivate the human race, by which he might undermine and bring them down to a level with the brute creation, in order to people his majesty's dominions.

The time drew near, and "wide was the place of assembly, and deep and wide, and ruinous as deep." Beneath was a lake of burning fire continually tossed by tempests dashing the waves of darkness against the rocks of dark damnation. "And overhead, and all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled with storm, lightning crossed forked lightning, and thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds of sullen wrath, and far as sight could pierce, those cavernous, fatumless depths, "beings walked burning continually, yet unconsumed; forever wasting, yet enduring still, dying perpetually, yet never dead; some wandered alone in the sulphurous flames, and some in fell encounter fiercely met."

"There was one demon with a thousand snakey heads, each eyed with double orbs of flaming wrath, and with as many tails that twisted out in horrid revolution tipped with stings, and all its mouths that breathed most poisonous breaths had each a sting, forked and long, and venomous and sharp, and on its forehead was written, "This is the worm that never dies." Close by the side of this unsightly thing was another still more hideous; it thrust out a dart that might have made the knees of terror quake, and on its triple barb hung a being pierced through both body and soul, the being seemed of heavenly make but fallen, worn and wasted with enormous woe; on its forehead was written, "This is eternal death." Such were the arch-fiends and demons, there convened. When they had all assembled, Satan arose and made a solemn promise, that to one who should devise the best plan for destroying men both body and soul, and should put it into execu-

tion, should be crowned with a wreath of fire, should set on his right hand and be second ruler kingdom.

Then one by one addressed their sovereign, disclosing a scheme by which to accomplish their purpose. After all had spoken, and Satan was about to bestow the crown, they were interrupted by the appearance of an object which had before been unnoticed. It was far different from the others in form and appearance.

It wore a mild and gentle aspect, its eyes were bright and fascinating, and seemed to possess a charming influence; it moved about with perfect ease and grace. The lips of the arch-fiends curled with scorn as they beheld it, and as it began to speak a howl of malignant rage greeted the attempt, but undaunted it continued speaking in a beautiful and silvery voice. It said, I will leave hell and emigrate to earth, I will appear to man in the form of a friend, a lover and a christian, I will enter the hovels of the poor, as a beautiful, beneficent genius and tell them of the happiness in store for them if they will listen to my council. I will sing in their ears a siren song, lulling them to slumber, till I have them in my power, then I will dash them to atoms. I will journey up and down on the earth, and wherever death has made mourners I will soothe the aching heart, I will smooth their pillow, and wrap them in forgetfulness until I have them in my grasp, then I will reveal to them my true character, and while they are struggling for freedom, I will hurl them body and soul to destruction.

I will enter the young family circle as a friend, I will come to them as a killer of time, as a joyous companion, and before they are sensible of it I will have them in my power. Then I will turn that abode of happiness to an abode of wretchedness, I will turn the husband against the wife, the father against the son, the son against the father, I will turn every feeling of respect, love and affection, to bitter hatred, I will traverse the world in the guise of a benefactor, but like the simoon I will strew my path with death and destruction. Strong men shall bow before me like the forest before the mighty blast; none shall escape, the poor, the rich, the young, the old, the righteous and the unrighteous, shall be swept down by my unrelenting hand.

As this demon finished speaking, howls of astonishment and admiration filled the place, after the tumult had somewhat subsided, Satan arose and placed the crown of fire upon his head and requested his name. Then the beautiful, but terrible demon drawing himself up to his full height, in a voice of thunder responded, "My name is Alcohol!"

By the power of Alcohol, who of the noblest sons of science, men, who, for a while have been bright stars in the firmament of fame have fallen and filled an ignominious grave. Strong men who have considered themselves safe, have been successfully assailed. "From the solitary in the wilderness to the satrap on the throne; from the mourner clad in sackcloth to the prince in purple robes; none are exempt from the powers of this arch-fiend. We have but to look around and we see many a young and happy family, starting in life with fair prospects before them, their sweet cottage home seems the abode of perpetual bliss; around the doors the woodbine gracefully entwines itself; the sweetened jessamine lends fragrance to the breeze; and all around we see signs of contentment, happiness and prosperity. We leave them a short time and return. What a change! We no longer see the same happy home; all is changed, we enter the door, and untold wretchedness meets our gaze. There on low stool, sits the form of the once happy wife, she too is stricken down, premature old age has wrinkled that once noble brow, her eye, once so dark and flashing, has become dimmed and hollow, her cheek once glowing with the "rosy hue of health," is pale and sunken, her thread-bare garments scarcely shield her from the piercing blast, her wasted form quakes and trembles with untold woe. We look around and on yonder wretched couch lays the bloated remains of her once noble husband. Intemperance has done its work. But a single scene remains to close this horrid drama. Mark him as he writhes in the agonies of death, "His frantic eyes and breast perturbed,
His gloomy brow despair emits,
Where ebon throned dark horror sits,
Bleached are his cheeks with pallid fear,
Appalled his soul and quick his ear
At thoughts of death he trembling starts,
The life-blood curdling round his heart,
Remorseless fiends his breast control,
Dark horrors dream their revels round,
Pale ghastly forms before him rise,
His screaming, wakes with haggard eyes,
That glaring round through midnight gloom,
Meet blasting sights that haunt his room,
Despair within his bosom burns;
No peace he finds where'er he turns;
Reflection's sting he ne'er can quell,
Conscience to him is burning hell,
Ask you what wretch so hopeless this?
'Tis a dying drunkard debarred from hope of bliss."

And after all this cannot reason be made to sway the sceptre over passion. Oh it seems that such a fate were enough to save man from the grasp of the demon Alcohol.— Could the youth to whom the first flavor of

his wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life, be made to realize what a dreadful thing it was for a man to feel that he going down with no power to stop it, to hear the surging waters closing o'er his head, and yet see the piteous spectacle of his ruin, methinks he would take his feet from the slippery floor. But since we cannot see these calamities actually revealed in the future, let us avoid a course which the experience of the past has shown will produce them.

If we have never drank let us swear a life-long abstinence. If the flavor has taken a hold upon our appetite let us break from the thrum, and let us crush the serpent before it is too late, shake off its tightening folds, and not wait for the chastening hand of heaven to teach us wisdom with calamity, and quench our thirst with fire.

AGRICULTURE.

THE CARROT CROP.

If every farmer in the United States would raise half an acre of carrots the present year, it would be the beginning of a new era in agriculture. We regard it as an indispensable crop—quite as useful in feeding cattle and horses as Indian corn. The carrot is raised in large quantities by eastern dairymen, some of whom plant as high as ten acres yearly.—The advantages of raising are various.—They ameliorate the soil; they afford a variety of food during the winter, and that of a succulent nature, which tends to preserve the animal's health; they increase the flow of milk, and carrots and parsnips greatly improve its quality. All crops do well after carrots, which is not the case with turnips or beets.

The quantity raised per acre varies with soil, manure and culture. The crops which received the prizes of the New York Agricultural Society in 1850, (half an acre each,) were 941 bushels of 60 pounds per bushel; second, 860 bushels; third, 575 bushels. In 1855, the Litchfield Co. (Conn.) Agricultural Society awarded a premium to Abraham Beecher for the best acre of carrots, 1,416 bushels; to Albert Waltham for the second best acre, 1,344 bushels, and third premium to A. Hart for a crop of nine hundred and thirty-six bushels per acre.

Soil good, manured and turned under ten or eleven inches deep and finely pulverized, makes an excellent preparation for carrots, or roots of any kind. The seed of the carrot or parsnip should be of the first year's growth, as old seed does not vegetate freely. Three or three and a half pounds of seed are required per acre. It should be sown in rows for dry-eight feet, then rolled in plaster, or dry sifted ashes until the seeds separate freely.

The rows or drills may be fourteen inches or three feet apart, according to the mode of culture to be adopted.

Where a machine for sowing is not to be had, slight drills may be made with the hoe, or the corner of a piece of scantling, the seed dropped from the hand, and covered by running a forked stick astride the drills. If the seed is prepared as above, and covered not more than half an inch with fine earth, it will be up in three days of warm weather. As soon as the plants can be readily seen, the ground should be dressed out and kept clean during the season. The plants should be six inches apart in the rows.—*Practical Farmer, March 15th, 1856.*

Plant an Orchard.

"Have you a young, thrifty, productive orchard? If not, you can do no better job than to commence now to put out one. You can not do a better thing, or make a better investment of your land and your money, than to prepare the soil properly, and spend the other judiciously for apple-trees for an orchard of from one to ten or more acres. Your trees, like time or life, are constantly progressing, and as they extend their roots downward and their tops abroad and skyward, and as they pile layer after layer upon their trunks, they are just as surely gaining you dollars as if they were to send them in each night in good current coin for you to count and put in your strong box."

The market for good apples is unqualified, and we would have none others cultivated.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOW I WENT ANGLING, AND WHAT I CAUGHT.

"I do wish, Bob, you would get married!" cried my mother, impatiently, one day after she had endured my company a whole long summer morning.

The suggestion was by no means a new one, for I was five-and-thirty, and it had been iterated and reiterated by all my family ever since I was twenty-five. I therefore regarded my mother's remarks as the beginning of a kind of family ritual, and responded as usual, "Why so ma'am?"

"Because," she answered shortly, deviating somewhat from the beaten track, "it's high time."

"Granted," said I.
"Yes," pursued my mother, "you're old enough, and you're rich enough, and you're clever enough; and why don't you get married, I can't see. You would be much happier than you now are, idling about here, with nothing better to do than to follow an old woman about from cellar to pantry, putting your hands to every bit of mischief which Satan finds for idle hands to do—and all for want of some sensible employment."

"Would getting a foolish wife be a sensible employment?" I asked laughing.

"She need not be foolish," said my mother.
"But the wise virgin will not have me," I replied, "and I just will not have a foolish one; so you see that is just my trouble."

"You are too modest by half," returned my mother, as she was leaving the room. I pondered that last remark of my mother. I thought it showed discernment and judgement, and wondered more people were

not of her way of thinking. The melancholy, quiet reflection that modest word is almost sure to be underated, threw me into a penive and sentimental mood, and snatching up my hat and fishing-tackle, I sauntered out for a reverie under cover of my favorite sport.

The subject of my late conversation continued to occupy my thoughts. The truth is, my mother was not so anxious to see me married than I was to be so. I had always regarded the married state as the happiest; my heart glowed as much as any man's ever did, at the picture my fancy drew of a loving family and happy home. But the mischief of it was, I could not find any one to please me. I did not consider myself, nor mean to be over fastidious; but among the flat, fluttering, farblown ladies I met in society, I found so little nature, so little goodness, so little heart, that I could not fall in love with them, let me try as I would.

It was truly a lamentable case. Here was I, a really clever enough fellow—well to do in the world—considered, as I knew well enough, something of a catch—willing and anxious to be caught, and nobody skillful enough to do it.

Pondering this gloomy thought, I wandered on quite beyond my usual bounds, and at last, rather tired, I clambered up a steep rock which overhung the brook I had been following, and sat down to rest.

It was a true summer scene—quiet and warm and bright—nicely shaded, however, where I lay, and the cool sound of the rippling water added just the only charm possible, where all so charming.

I listened with delight; but in doing so became sensible that besides the regular monotonous bubbling of the brooklet, there mingled other sounds of splashing water, which occurred at irregular intervals, and which seemed to proceed from below the rock on which I reclined. My curiosity led me to explore the mystery. I clambered to the top of the rock and looked down over its furthest edge.

Cupid! god of love how was I rewarded! The rocks on the side over which I looked, descended sheer some fifty or twenty feet, where a projecting ledge formed a kind of natural seat, below which the water rippled. The spot was quite hung over and shaded by moss and thick shrubs. It was a complete sylvan grove, and within it, as seemed most meet and fitting, was a nymph.

A young girl, apparently about nineteen, sat on the rocky ledge, bathing her feet. Her attitude and occupation reminded me strongly of the pretty picture we have all seen in old-fashioned manuals of Dorothea—except that my little beauty was evidently gay, and fresh, and lively, while Dorothea in the picture is weary and sad.

I could not make up my mind for a time to disturb so charming a scene, and therefore continued to gaze in silence from my lurking place.

Al! those dainty little white feet, with their pink-tipped toes, which gleamed so fair through the clear water—or flashed for a moment above its surface, flinging about the bright glittering drops, and then plunging again beneath the cool waves—were evidently gay, and fresh, and lively, while Dorothea in the picture is weary and sad.

"My heart of ice suddenly burst into a flame. 'Heavens!' cried I to myself, as I felt it throbbing against my side—'what is this new sensation?' Bob Brown, your hour is come. You're in love!"

At the moment I came to this conclusion, the float on my fishing line dropped at the feet of my charmer, and immediately—well, I'm not going to lay before my confidential friends an account of all my doubts and still-lingering manœuvres—enough that within half an hour I was seated socially by my water nymph's side, trying to look as much like Neptune or Massaniello, or any other water hero, I did not care which, as I could. I gave a slight tweak or two to my shirt collar to make it lie down, sailor fashion; turned back my wrist-bands, and kept my hat carefully on, so that one little spot on my crown which was growing thin might not be observed, and flattening myself I should do pretty well in my new role.

Nora—I soon discovered her street name, was most charmingly gay and chatty. No prudery, or thoughts of evil, ruffled the current of her child-like, innocent thought. She was a careless child at play, glad of a playfellow.

I would have joyfully lingered for hours in that enchanted grove; but ere long Nora rose and sauntered forth. I followed, endeavoring to beguile the flowery way she led me as agreeably for her as the wolf did for Little Red Riding Hood, while schemes, as deep-laid and appropriate, though less blood-thirsty toward my innocent companion, formed themselves in my mind.

I was never in such spirits. I was charmed with myself in the novel character of wooer. The railroad rapidity with which my drama proceeded, excited me. In one short hour I, the imprudent, the fifty-hearted, had not only fallen head over heels in love myself—but also, I flattered myself—but more of all things I hate a braggart, and forsooth as I have said, I was in high spirits and excited, and among other nonsense ventured at last to say, laughingly, "Do you know, sweet Nora, that I have been haunted by a singular presentment ever since the moment I first caught glimpse of you."

"What is it?" asked she, smiling.
"That you will one day be my wife!" I exclaimed, with the bold emphasis of conviction and determination.

Nora burst into the merriest of laughs, and at the same moment turned into a little path which led down from the door of a rose-wreathed cottage. A young and handsome gentleman advanced hastily to meet us, and Nora, with the demurest of mischievous smiles, contested low, as she presented "her

husband!" I saw the look of mingled coquetry, mischief, and curiosity, which she stole at me under her downcast lashes; I was the difficulty she had to repress her merriment—I saw what a fool I had been making of myself, and I turned precipitately to my Nora's post-up laughter now burst forth peal after peal on the air, and I heard my tormenter all afternoon. "Pray, pray, my angel, return, and I will show you my baby!"

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, 'tis twenty years that from that day to this; but I'm a bachelor yet, and I suppose I always shall be; for I am as far off as ever from finding my ideal."

I cannot say the adventure I have narrated had any very deep or lasting effect upon me—yet it had thought; for since that same summer afternoon I have never gone angling, and if ever I chance to see a silly girl paddling her feet in water, I run as if ten thousand girls were after me. E. W. D.

MRS. REED'S ECONOMY.

"What is that, my dear?" asked Mr. Reed, mildly looking up from his paper.

"I was exclaiming at the extravagance of my sex," replied the pretty looking woman, whose blue eyes had not yet recovered their natural dimensions.

"Heavily, my dear, for hear this. 'There are in New York and Brooklyn no less than five thousand ladies whose dress bill could not average annually less than two thousand dollars each, or ten millions for all.'

"Prodigious!" muttered the merchant, "but doubtless true."

"There are five thousand more," continued his wife, resuming her reading, "whose dress expenses will average one thousand dollars each, or five millions of dollars for the whole number, and five millions of dollars more would not cover the dress expenses of those whose bills average every year from two hundred to five hundred dollars. Thus, at a low estimate, the annual cost of dressing our fashionable ladies is twenty millions of dollars. Perhaps we should not exceed the truth, if we estimate the annual cost of dress, jewelry and the ladies of New York and its vicinity, at from thirty to forty millions of dollars."

"What wonder?" exclaimed the goodly indignant little woman, "that poverty and suffering are so rife in that city; only think George! twenty millions of dollars, to say the least, wasted in finery and extravagance; worse than wasted."

"Yes," resumed her husband, for the bulk of the money is exchanged for foreign fabrics and goes out of the country to pamper the miserable toadies of the old world—that's what makes me angry to think of."

If the money was spent among our own producers, mechanics and laboring classes, the same would not be so burning; but no, it must bear the stamp of imported goods, or our ladies would not look at the article. I saw to-day some silk, which I'll be bound some French aristocrat had manufactured for his windows, but falling to give satisfaction, it was sent over to the green Yankees. They wouldn't know—of course not—nor care, so long as the obsequious shopman declared that it is of 'Paris manufacture.'—And so we have walking upstairs, with all the finery, like as not, and best hangings too,—oh! to meet in our fashionable streets, dresses with figures larger than the whole pattern, so that it takes two women to show off one gown to advantage—it is laughable;—but, wit—"

"Well—how your eyes twinkle!"

"It has never occurred to me to ask how much you spend in dress, say for a year."

"Oh! but I am not fashionable, and you are not rich."

"No matter for that; a better dressed woman than yourself doesn't walk the streets of Boston. Now, for the very reason that I am not rich, I want to know how you do it."

"That is easy enough told, on a little reflection," replied Mrs. Reed, blushing, nevertheless. "You praised my new hat very highly."

"Never saw you look so sweetly in my life; wanted to kiss you right on the spot.—Leo, the gentleman who was with me, declared that he hadn't met so handsome and well dressed a lady since he had been in Boston. There's a reward for you; he has a New Yorker; but come, what did you give for that hat, pinch in bread and butter, eh?" and he pinched his wife's rosy cheek.

"No, indeed," she merrily replied, "you know last week I asked you for three dollars; well that was what the bonnet cost me."

"Ah, Minnie, I'm not so green as that—a lady's bonnet three dollars—a bonnet like that—"

"But I made it myself, for I have long been confident that a milliner's time is worth to her a dollar a minute, and that we pay more for that than shape, materials and all. So I have made my bonnets for the past two seasons; this very frame velvet last winter. I was curious to get a milliner's judgment upon it, and yesterday asked Miss— (she did not name her)—to show me some ten dollar hats. She did so—and I would not have exchanged mine for any of them. Ha! ha! Why my black silk that looks so fresh, none of my friends knew but I have bought a new one. I turned and altered, and trimmed it handsomely, and yet the trimmings cost only one dollar and fifty cents; you see there's a good deal in taste," she added blushing.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Self-Consent; then we may put the silk dress at one dollar fifty. Ah! that's the new one—I forgot that."

"It cost twelve dollars for it, I made it a point to get good and rich silk, that it may bear turning or a change of pattern. But I made it every stitch myself, with only a little help from sister Annus."

"But the seamstress, I saw her."

"Oh! she was sewing up the cotton for the family. I always make it a point to employ some one of my friends for that, and pay liberally. Shall I tell you what it cost?"

"No, for we were upon dress; now gloves, shoes, hats, &c. Come, all the secrets of your marvellous extravagance, madam!" and Mr. Reed flourished his pencil pompously.

"Gloves, four dollars a year," said his wife, "but that at four dollars, for I get the very best, from motives of economy; shoes, say eight dollars, though I am not quite cer-

tain that it is that much; lace, perhaps five dollars, having a good assortment and taking care of them. My dressing gowns are of French calico; they are yet handsome after three years' wear; but to be more explicit, I have kept an account of everything in that line which I have bought for the last ten months, and my outside dress, winter and all, has not exceeded seventy-five dollars."

Mr. Reed looked at his wife with exclaiming glances.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "how well; how very well, in how thoroughly pure and elegant taste you have always appeared, my admirable wife. It is owing to your economy that I escaped threatened failure during the last tere-year. And I have more to tell you.—Jenkins, who has just got out by a broken back, thanked me yesterday for my kindness to him during his illness, and called down blessing on your head for the solatidute you had displayed towards his family. It was you, then, who got warm clothes for his children; it was you who got Billy a good place, and provided a comfortable home for your poor washerwoman, it was you who fitted out the little lame girl with decent clothes, and set her to school; it was you who, during the season of distress, went like a ministering angel to the haunts of the poor, preferring to spend my allowance in doing good to the needy, rather than display your own beautiful person in the habiliments of fashion. God's blessings on you, my noble wife—I am proud of you! I have found a treasure of which not only I, but my country should be proud. For, should calamity come, this fair cheek would never blush at the thought 'it was my heartless extravagance that aided in the overthrow of my native land.' God's blessing on you—He does bless you daily, and who he poor butterflies, who think more of a yard of brocade than a human soul, stand before the judgment seat of the great God how little in comparison with such as you, my wife, will such frivolous, heartless beings appear. Nay, this is just praise, though you have done your good works silently in secret, and not for human approbation—and imparting a kiss upon her forehead, the happy husband returned to his counting room."

Reader, in fair circumstances, in good standing to the world and in the church, are you Mrs. Reed?

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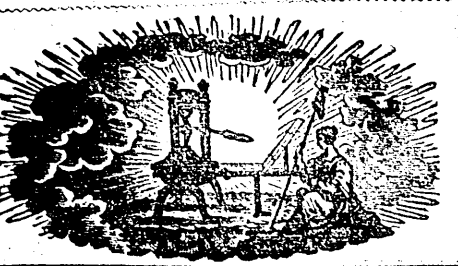
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Reader, in fair circumstances, in good standing to the world and in the church, are you Mrs. Reed?

designated, during said term and for the purpose of planting and growing oysters thereon.

4. And be it enacted, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons whatsoever, other than the lessees aforesaid and their legal representatives, to plant, gather, take, injure, or destroy any oysters, within the aforesaid boundaries, during the said term, without the written permission of the said lessees and their legal representatives first had and obtained; and if any person or persons shall enter within said boundaries without the leave and consent of the lessee thereof in writing, and injure the same, and commit any trespass thereon, he, she, or they, so trespassing, shall be liable to the party injured, for the first offence, in treble damages, to be recovered in an action of trespass, and for the second offence, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both.

5. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the commissioners appointed as aforesaid, to enforce the penalties and for forfeitures incurred by those who are not, and have not been for six months citizens and residents of this state, on entering within the boundaries aforesaid, in their boats or vessels, against the



BRIDGETON: Saturday Morning, May 10. CIRCULATION 1,300 Only \$1.00 per Year!

FRANKLIN FERGUSON, JAMES B. FERGUSON, Editors.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be held at Bridgeton, on WEDNESDAY, October 1st, 1856.

CAPE MAY COUNTY.

Although Cape May County is not so rich in marl deposits as Cumberland, yet from her extensive line of sea and bay coast she possesses many valuable facilities for agricultural development.

Bridgeton. The public is aware that Messrs. Newton & Pogue formerly kept the largest assortment and best stores in the city.

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Sad and Fatal Occurrence. We learn that one day last week, one of the inmates of our County Alms House, jumped from an upper story window, causing instant or sudden death.

THE PANAMA OUTRAGE. Vessels Ordered to Panama and Aspinwall. The President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has received the following letter from the Secretary of the Navy.

Navy Department, May 24, 1856. Sir—I have received your communication of the 20th ult., in relation to the deplorable occurrences at Panama.

Daily Trips. The travelling public will learn with pleasure, that the steamer "Major Roybold" and "Cohansy" commenced their daily trips between Salem and Philadelphia on Monday last.

The Post Office Department has caused to be prepared a new stamp with the head of Jefferson, of the value of five cents, expressly to pay postage on foreign letters.

THE TEACHER.

Perhaps there is no greater evil with which the public school teacher has to contend, than that of irregular attendance.

The physician spends his nights in thought and care, when some patient lies at the point of death; perhaps a husband has charged him by all he holds most dear, to save the life of his companion.

The Mayor has offered a reward of \$250, and the Franklin Hose Company \$100, for the apprehension and conviction of the assassin of William Barclay.

THE OREGON WAR.—Horses are in great demand in Oregon, for army service, in the Indian war there.

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BRIDGETON PRICES CURRENT.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Wheat, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Lard, etc.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET. GRAIN.—The supply of Wheat about equals the demand. Small sales of red Penna' and Delaware at 1.40 a 1.50 cents, and white 1.50 a 1.60 cents per bushel.

NOTICE. ALL persons owing the estate of A. F. EVERINGHAM, dec., will please make payment without delay.

TOWN HALL. TO BE RENT by the day, evening or week, a large, well lighted, well ventilated HALL, seated with sixteen hundred persons.

PUBLIC SALE. Timber Land and Bushland, in Down's Township, will be sold at Public Sale on SATURDAY the 31st day of May.

SPRING GOODS. THE attention of buyers is solicited to a new and splendid assortment of Spring Goods, comprising muslin de laines, challies, barages, poplins, etc.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR. Cloths, cassimeres, cashmere, Italian cloths, drab detes, Kentucky jeans, cotton goods of various styles and prices.

DEED. In Bridgeton, on the 20th ult., LULY, daughter of Benjamin and Amanda Lanning, aged 3 years and 7 months.

DEED. In Bridgeton, on the 27th ult., Mr. ALBERT F. EVERINGHAM, in the 51st year of his age.

DEED. In the town of Millville, on the 23rd day of April, 1856, G. N. YOUNG, in the 32d year of his age.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The Board of Chosen Freeholders. The annual meeting of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the County of Cumberland will be held at the Court House, Bridgeton, on Wednesday, May 14, 1856 at 11 o'clock.

Notice of Assignment. NOTICE is hereby given, that Joseph Sheppard, of the township of Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J. hath this day made an assignment of all his real and personal property to the undersigned in full satisfaction of his creditors.

Be Sure You are Right. THEN GO AHEAD, SO call at the old Stand of Jos. Burt, and see his stock of HATS before purchasing elsewhere. I have the largest stock of hats and caps, and they are offered in Bridgeton.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES. Just Arrived in Bridgeton. A LOT of bleached and unbleached Muslin low cases do., 12 1/2 cts. per yard. A lot of gingham for 12 1/2 cents per yard.

NOTICE IN PARTITION. NOTICE is hereby given to all those interested in the Real Estate of Louis Mallard, deceased, that I intend to make application to the Orphans' Court of the County of Cumberland, on Monday the 12th day of May next, at the Court House, at 10 o'clock, for the appointing Commissioners to divide said Real Estate.

New Lumber-Yard IN BRIDGETON. DOWN & ROCAP, announce to the public that they have opened a new Lumber Yard on the water front, at the corner of Broad and Store streets, where they are prepared to furnish lumber of all kinds.

PARASOLS. BROWN, green, blue, tan and purple plain Parasols, plain, figured, watered, striped, and more antique Parasols, now styles, just received.

FOR SALE. A One-horse endless chain horse power, newly run in perfect order, can be seen by calling on ROBERT BARBER, corner of Broad and Atlantic Streets, Bridgeton, N. J.

FOR SPRING 1856. THE Subscriber offers for sale a light bay Colt, one year old, of good stock.

FOR SALE. A One-horse endless chain horse power, newly run in perfect order, can be seen by calling on ROBERT BARBER, corner of Broad and Atlantic Streets, Bridgeton, N. J.

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Culture of Fruit Trees, Plants, Etc.

The importation and culture of fruit trees, plants, shrubs, &c., has reached an important position in a very few years, of which few are aware.

The National Intelligencer publishes a letter from an officer of the United States ship Jameston, at Port Praya, March 8th which gives a truly distressing account of the perishing condition of the inhabitants.

These islands can be of little, if any advantage to Portugal. There are more people here than can live or prosper on the produce of the soil.

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Starvation in the Cape Verde Islands.

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LECTURES IN MILLVILLE.

FIRST LECTURE FREE.—MR. ELWOOD HARVEY, M. D., PROFESSOR of principles and practice of Medicine in the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, will commence a course of LECTURES on Physiology, Anatomy, Comparative Anatomy, Laws of Life and Health, Contagion, Disease, &c.

These lectures will be illustrated by skeletons, French paper mache models, and nearly one hundred full sized and magnified PAINTINGS, to show every part of the human system.

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LOOK HERE LADIES.

MRS. CAROLINE PARKER, well known to the Ladies of Bridgeton and vicinity, that she has just received a new stock of Millinery Goods, at her establishment on Commerce Street.

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SPRING GOODS, SPRING GOODS.

UPSTAYING at C. S. MILLER & CO'S, an extensive assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting in part of Moiréanneque, extra and plain silks of the newest patterns; also nice plain silks of different colors, black, watered silks, &c.

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Adams' Friends' Central

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W. G. MAUL

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