

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, JULY 5, 1856.

VOL. IX—NO 435

TERMS.

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

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Will be inserted for 40 cents a folio of 100 words, for the first insertion; 20 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made upon all advertisements exceeding five folios in length, and which are inserted for a longer period than three months. No advertisement of a folio or less will be inserted a single week, for less than 50 cents.

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

Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SCOVILL.

Strong was thy faith, O thou afflicted mother,
No doubt or fear cast shadows o'er thy soul—
"Have mercy on me, O thou son of David!"
Help me, O Lord, and make my daughter whole!"

Go to thy home in joy and peace, O mother;
Thy strong, unswerving faith hath not been vain;
Thy child's dread malady so strange and fearful,
Shall never more fill thy fond heart with pain.

So let us come to thee, O blessed Saviour,
With humble love and faith that knows no fear;
Help us when we to thee for aid are crying,
Look down upon us and in mercy heal.

From the Independence (Iowa) Civilian.

PERSECUTION FOR OPINION.

BY STEPHEN J. W. TABOR, N. D.

Make it a crime for men to speak and think,
And all our rights would be oblivion shirk;
The arts would wither—science droop and die,
And commerce frighten'd seek another sky;
Blind ignorance would rule the land with awe,
And superstition be enthroned by law;
Could't slaves brooks would fill the world control,
And burn and flout from pole to pole;
But Truth needs not the law to make it stand,
Nor asks assistance from the state and brand;
Secure she moves, enshrined with holy light,
And seeks no arms but those of moral might;
So far from gaining strength by ill judgment force,
It cloys her feet and cheeks her in her course,
Enshrines in darkness her reluctant lamp,
And marks her brow with Error's fearful stamp.

Avay, then, freemen, with those views so vain,
Which would renew vice Torquemada's reign,
And here establish, on Columbia's shore,
The institution known in days of yore.
Let Toleration o'er your realms extend,
Nor fear that herms will find perchance accrue
To aught divine, important, just or true.
"Let Truth and Falseness grapple," Milton said,
But truth defies all human strength and wit—
Hypocrites and tyrants—preludes fit!

So reads the motto on her placards tall—
The Truth is mighty and will prevail;
How important are them those senseless laws,
Which, made to aid, but retrograde her cause!
How base those men who, in the guise of zeal,
Convert with fire and demonstrate with steel!

Such men there were, in a monastic age,
Who made the earth a scene of woe and rage,
And reed'd it glibly in the crimson flood,
But not to ancient or to monkish times,
Nor to far distant or to foreign climes,
Need we to turn our horror-stricken gaze
To mark the blight of Persecution's blaze;
For e'er the earth her scorching flames have run,
And e'er on gore wherever shines the sun,
Burnt and destroyed in England, France and Rome,
And hung and branded even here at home—
Yes, even here, where proscrib'd Freedom fled,
Has Persecution rais'd her horrid head,
Confound'd the mind by her oppressive sway,
And hollily walk'd abroad in open day,
O'erpread the land with misery and tears,
And press'd her doctrines by the scourge and spears!

MORAL.

Keep Watch on the Tongue.

People are often subject to extreme mortification by indulging in disparaging remarks of strangers, and learning subsequently that the persons themselves, or some of their intimate friends, were within hearing of the remarks. Such unpleasant occurrences rarely have so pleasant a termination as the following singular rencontre between Dr. Dwight and Mr. Dennis:

As Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he happened to stop at a stage hotel in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same night, Mr. Dennis also arrived at the inn, and had the misfortune to hear from the landlord that his bed was all paired with lodgers—except one, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight.

Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennis, although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings. The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennis to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself.

The Doctor, although in his night-gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, requested the strange intruder to be seated. The Doctor was struck with the literary physiognomy

of his companion and unbent his austere brow and commenced a conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, a host of literary and distinguished characters, for some time gave zest and interest to their conversation, until Dwight chanced to mention the name of Dennis.

"Dennis, the editor of the Portfolio, (says the Doctor in a rhapsody) is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belles Lettres." "But sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing that a man of such genius, fancy, and feeling, should abandon himself to the imbrating bowl, and to bacchanalian revels?"

"Sir," said Dennis, "you are mistaken, I have been intimately acquainted with Dennis for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated."

"Sir," says the Doctor, "you err; I have my information from a particular friend, an confident that I am right, and that you are wrong."

Dennis now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Doct. Abernethy and Mason were amongst our most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian—the first logician—and the greatest poet that America has ever produced.

"But sir," continued Dennis, "There are traits in his character undervalued, so great and wise a man, of the most detestable description—he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age."

"Sir," said the Doctor, "you are grossly mistaken. I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and know to the contrary."

"Sir," replied Dennis, "you are mistaken. I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, who I am confident would not tell me an untruth."

"No more slander," says the Doctor, "I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak!"

"And I too," exclaimed Dennis, "am Mr. Dennis of whom you speak!"

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

Time and Eternity.

It is good for us to meditate on our relations to both the present and the future.—There is a sentimental and a practical way of viewing these relations. Sentimentally we may sigh over vanity of earthly things and dream how the departed dead shall come to us and hover about us with soft wings of love; and such musings may cast a soft shadow over the soul, and may play upon the tender feelings, yet rarely make the heart better, or the life more holy. It is essential to any practical good that we consider the moral relations of this life, to that to come, and ask ourselves how our present deeds are affecting, respectively, that long, long future of our being. Practically we need to keep our eye on the formation and development of our own character, under the assured conviction that what we do, by grace, become here. God will transcribe at death, and fix it beyond change the same forever.

MISCELLANEOUS

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

In describing the country surrounding the city of Indianapolis, I must say that nothing surprised me more than the apparently little progress made in the way of clearing and improving the farms. You travel but a very short distance from this great and beautiful Capital of a great State, before you meet with the primeval forests in all their wildness, nor having as yet felt the first stroke of the cultivator's hand. Intermittent forests of the tallest timber, growing up in wildest luxuriance of confusion, amid fallen, decayed and decaying trees of gigantic size, and broken branches, and fragments of trees, scattered all over the surface of the ground, present to the mind of the traveller a train of interesting reflections. Those lofty and majestic oaks and poplars, and walnuts and sycamores that tower so far up toward the sky, are in their turn to totter under the weight of years, and of their own exorbitant growth, are to fall to the earth and occupy the places of those old mouldering trunks that are now lying prostrate on the living trees of the centuries gone by. But perhaps the first feeling that presses upon the mind of an Eastern traveller, is the wish that a portion of this exhaustless waste wood, were somewhere within the reach of the thousand suffering families who dwell in his own comparatively naked land, and whose eyes never looked on as much wood in all their lives as is in every section of this country now wasting in every possible stage of decay.

I had a very fine opportunity to look at this wilderness, the first Saturday after my arrival at the seat of the Conference. A brother had come in from one of the adjacent circuits on the day aforesaid, a little too late to make his application to the appropriate committee for a preacher to fill his pulpit on the approaching Sabbath. The arrangements had all been made, and the appointments had all been read out in the Conference, which had adjourned, and the afternoon had begun to wear away, just as this unlucky applicant was about giving up in despair of finding any one to go with him, his presiding Elder residing in the city, and with whom I had formed an acquaintance, and who by the way, was chairman of the committee on appointments, met me in the street before one of our Churches.

"Here," said he, "don't you want to take a pleasant little ride into the country? A drive of a couple of hours over a very pleasant road to preach for this brother?" pointing to a hardy looking man, that carried a broomed

but honest countenance under a greyish low-crowned soft or California hat. I hesitated for a moment, but urged by the consideration that it would be a disappointment to the good brother who had come so far; that he had a nice buggy and a good horse, and the reflection that it might perhaps afford a good opportunity to look at Hosier life in its own home; I soon consented. It required but a short time to go to my lodgings and put a few things in my carpet bag, and to be seated beside my new friend in his neat buggy, and behind his magnificent "four year old."

"Which way do you drive," said I, as he turned the head of his colt away from the door. "We go about South West as you'll find on our map beyond the Capitol here, we have a most beautiful road now till we get to White river." "You have to cross the White river then do you," said I, "Yes it is but a little ways down there, you can see those heavy sycamores there on the bottom, Well, thought I, it will be a fine affair to be driven out to White river, I shall have quite a treat. Passing a Cemetery on the outskirts of the city, where we saw a few groups of sad, affectionate mourners setting out flowers and shrubbery, and training vines over the graves of their friends; we soon saw traces of the River. "Where is the bridge?" said I,—"There is no bridge," answered my friend, "we have to ford it here; we should have to drive two or three miles to the right to get to the bridge." Well thought I, then I shall learn something about fording a Western river. We had now got within sight of the enchantingly beautiful stream. Truly—thought I, this is a charming river, and I could look upon it with a high zest of pleasure if we had not to ride through it. We were now quite on its banks—bless me, cried I, this is quite a stream. Is it deep?" "Oh not very, I think it is an inch or two higher than it was when I crossed it before dinner, it must be that there has been a little rain up North somewhere. Its a little fuller I see by that dead log over there on the gravel."

And we were now in the clear and hurring waters of the beautiful White river. The clean yellow and brown pebbles were plainly seen on the smooth bottom, as our noble steed sank deeper and deeper in the rapid current. "Are our carpet bags safe," I asked, as the water rose in the front of the buggy. "Yes, I think so, they are under the seat behind. But you had better hold up your feet if they may get a little wet. Then, this is the deepest place," and I certainly breathed easier, and was delighted to see the colt getting on to higher ground, and the rushing waters were a little more quiet about his feet.

I really felt glad we were over, and became a little more talkative. "Is there no danger," said I, "in crossing here when the water is high?" "Oh, we don't undertake to cross them, only sometimes on horseback. I have crossed the streams in Indiana often, before we had bridges. Take my saddle bags and hang them across my head, put the bridle reins in my teeth, and steady the load on my head with my hands; sometimes the current would carry the horse farther down than we had aimed for, and we would strike a perpendicular bank and float and flounder for a while before we could find a footing sufficient to get out, O, I have done this hundreds of times during my 23 years travels in this country. We were now fairly out on the bottom, and the large trees made me forget the river. Exceedingly tall and of enormous girth, I had never before looked on such trees. They were mostly the sycamore or buttonwood. "What are these trees that are so far advanced in their foliage," said I, for there was but the first appearance of leaves as yet on the trees generally. "Those? ay, they are the Buckeyes, did you never see the Buckeye before?" "Never until I observed the other day while in the cars the same trees as their early leaves attracted my attention."

I had now fairly opened the mouth of my companion, who from that moment delighted and edified, or amused me with a description of the character of every variety of trees we passed; of the uses to which each were applied. Every clearing we passed was commented on, and the history of each farm given. I was indeed receiving compensation for consenting to come with this brother. "There," said he, "do you see that field? O, that is rich soil. O, you wouldn't believe what corn ground there last year. Why what would you think of our corn out here? Only ride through one of those fields on horseback, and the ears are as high as your head. Why, if you stand on the ground you can't reach the lowest ears till in the fall, when they get ripe and hang down and open their husks." He was eloquent at times as he gave a history of the farms and their produce; but he must do it in his own style. "This man," he would say, "raised quite a smart crop of corn," or wheat, or hogs, as the case might be. "There, that field of wheat was put in late, you see it is not very large yet. It must have been sown late as October, you see they waited till the corn was hagg'd off before they ploughed the ground, and you see now the stalks are all scattered over the field. "I suppose," said he, "you know what we mean by hogg'ing off the corn?" "Why we raise so much corn we could never think of husking it, so we turn

the hogs in and let them help themselves, and its less work. O you would not believe what lots of pork they raise here, eye these rotten loads are very fine." Well, they were fine, Mr. Editor, there can be no question that whatever disposition we may please to make of his tall corn, here are the tall trees before you, and they do not grow in poor soil. We had just now come upon one of the best specimens of a tree I had ever seen. It had been felled across our path and had evidently laid there for years. A piece had been cut out at our right, and must have measured 7 feet across it. I certainly never beheld such a tree, the trunk was stretched out at great length on our left, was considerably decayed, and yet as it lay it was as high as our horse's back. Of course I could not avoid expressing my wonder at this astonishing growth.

"O," said my eloquent companion, "this is nothing. O, we don't think this anything, we have them here that when a hollow one blows down we ride right in on horseback and turn around without touching. This is nothing—only a sapling!" I now began to think my friend could give tall descriptions of Western products. But I learned afterwards that a tree of that description was found in the valley of the Wabash, into which a man had actually rode with his horse, and that a hollow tree in the same vicinity had served as a dwelling for a small family for several years. It was not long before we passed a log church of primitive construction, which my friend pointed out as one of the churches on his circuit. It was in quite a dilapidated condition, and was soon to give place to one of more modern style. It was a matter of some surprise to me, that the farms that gave evidence of long, and even efficient cultivation, were still presenting the little old "log cabins" in which the industrious owners commenced their Western life; and that even when they built their new frame houses, they were usually one story, and stretched out into a long front, obliging the occupants to sleep in rooms next the ground, so as to give the miasma of this fever and ague country the fairest chance in the world to shake the poor subject to pieces. Even in the city of Indianapolis, the generality of the houses first erected are only one story. But I must hasten to give a more particular description of these new farms, or rather plantations. It was curious to see large fields with but little of the timber cut down more than the underbrush and the smaller trees. The larger ones all standing, and dry, divested of their bark and most of their branches, while the whole surface of the soil was covered with the most luxuriant growth of pasturage of blue and herd grass. "Is this grass natural to the soil?" I asked, "O after the timber has been decimated," I should have understood him if he had said "girdled"—and the small stuff burned, we saw the grass seed right among the leaves, and in a year or two we have such rich pasture. This man here—pointing to the farm on our left—raises quite a smart crop of beef cattle every year. The country along the valley of the White river, South-west of Indianapolis must be admirably adapted to the dairy as it abounds in springs and is many other ways furnished with facilities for making the very best of butter and cheese. But so far as my observation extended, I should think that there are but few of the settlers here, that understand the art or the pleasures of the dairy. The constant high price of butter in all these large towns, and the general scarcity of really good butter, would certainly indicate this as a very lucrative business. But I fear I shall make this article too long, I shall therefore defer the description of my arrival at the parsonage, of the churches and the congregations, and of my return on the following Monday, till my next.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

BE IN EARNEST.

When we say that a certain man is in earnest, that he is enterprising, persevering, energetic, that he has an unconquerable will, we mean nearly the same thing. We will therefore use these expressions as nearly synonymous. "There is something beautiful, and at times even sublime, in the life of an enterprising, earnest man. There is an expression in his countenance, a firmness in his movement, and a devotedness to the object of his pursuits, which ever command respect. If he is engaged in accomplishing a noble purpose, we feel unwilling to throw ourselves in his way, for we know that he is sure to triumph. At times difficulties and embarrassments are crowding thick around him, scarcely a ray of light or hope illumine his pathway.

But at length these very obstacles bend to his undaunting will, and though for a while made his success less certain, have at last rendered it more glorious.

We are among that number, who have great faith in an unconquerable will, an unflinching purpose. In fact we do not believe anything worthy or noble can be accomplished without it. But with it anything is side of impossibility. Whatever a person intends to do, whether to become a politician or President, we believe it to be the great element of success.

Let us glance for a moment at some of the different trades and professions of men, if we would estimate its value. Look at yonder farm, its fences and walls are here and there broken down, the extensive pastures are overgrown with bushes and shrub, a large portion of its most valuable soil is covered over with standing water. It has been in the possession of the same individual for the last twenty years, and yet not a solitary improvement has been made upon it; it has gradually been running down. At length it passes into the hands of an enterprising farmer. The walls and fences are rebuilt, the pastures are cleared, the bogs are drained and ditched, the forest is swept away, and everything begins to bud and blossom like the rose.

Behold yonder machine shop, within it are two men standing side by side. The one has been working at the bench for the last fifteen years. He was poor when he commenced, is poor still. The other began business at the same time and under similar circumstances, but he has been in earnest, and is now the sole proprietor of the shop with all its beautiful and complicated machinery.

Again, suppose we visit yonder store, here are two men. The one is a wealthy, influential merchant, the other a ragged hand cart man; he has just realized a shilling from his employer for conveying a package of goods from the wharf. A few years ago they sat side by side in the same school room. The one was an earnest scholar, the other an indolent boy.

Reader, did you ever see John B. Gough? A few years since he was a most wretched and degraded drunkard. The bar room, the street, and the gutter, were the chief places of his resort. Now he is one of the most distinguished advocates of temperance in our land. He has exerted a powerful influence both in Europe and America, from the English Throne to our National Congress. Listen to him in one of his most successful efforts. He has been speaking already two hours and a half, and yet his audience manifest not the least degree of uneasiness. He is now describing the drunken maniac. The wildness of his eye, the horror of his countenance, and the rapid movement of his body, carry home its accompanying thought with an irresistible force. We have listened to him in one of his master efforts, and after the voice of the speaker was still, and we had even left the house, it was almost impossible to escape the impression that what he had seen was not an actual reality. Do you inquire the secret of Mr. Gough's success, we reply, he is in earnest.

Charles Sumner, who has won for himself a name as immortal as his cause he advocates, and who on account of the martyrdom he has recently suffered, has become the prosier not only of Massachusetts, but of the whole Union, is most emphatically a man in earnest.

Edwin Forrest, who a few years ago was unheard of and unknown, is now one of the most prominent actors on the American stage. A few months since, while performing one of his master-pieces before a large and admiring audience, the following eulogistic remark was extorted from the lips of his rival and bitterest enemy—Mr. Forrest is in earnest.

Napoleon Bonaparte, who has written his name, not so much in characters of kindness, as in letters of blood, upon the imperishable pages of the world's history, was a man seriously in earnest. Wherever and in whatever light we view him, whether as a student at the military school, or teaching his companions behind forts of snow, whether we contemplate him planning a Russian campaign, or returning on his sledge from burning Moscow; whether we behold him scaling the stormy cloud-capped Alps, or descending like an avalanche upon the plains of Italy, whether we view him as the proud Emperor of France, or humbled and defeated upon the field of Waterloo, whether we see him as an exile at St. Helena, we behold the same unconquerable earnest man.

Young man, would you make life successful? *Be in earnest.* Do not depend too much upon the assistance of friends, they may render you some aid, but at best, such props are always uncertain. Eventually you must stand or fall upon your own basis. Do not flatter because circumstances around you are unfavorable. By the force of an indomitable will you can make them bend to your purpose. The time which you are spending in useless grief may be sufficient with an earnest spirit to raise you to the desired position. We will close by repeating those lines of Longfellow, which ought to be engraven upon the tablet of every youthful heart:

"All me not in mortal numbers—
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And thoughts are not what they seem.
Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, and dust thou shalt be,
Was not a speck of the soul;
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow,
Finds us farther than to-day;
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the tribulation sore,
To the right or to the left,
Be not like steam that carries
Be a hero in the strife."

Trust no future however pleasant,
Let the dead pa-t bury its dead,
Act, act in the living present,
Hearts within and God overhead.
Lives of all great men remind us
We may make our lives a blame,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints that perhaps another
Wandering o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again,
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

C. H. T.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

Metta Victor Fuller, in the Ohio Cultivator, in a sisterly way thus talks to Country Girls:

The farmer's daughters are soon to be the life as well as the pride of the country—a glorious race of women which no other land can show. I seek not to flatter them; for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest effort of one or two kinds. There are one who deprecate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it because they demand more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all the subjects of the day and of a refined education, is no more excusable in a country than in a town-bred girl, in these days of many books and newspapers.

Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away to boarding school; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives, women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders; and an earnest thirst after knowledge, is almost certain to attain a sweet draught of the "Pierian Spring." There is a "farmer's daughter" in this very room in which I am writing, a beautiful refined and intellectual woman, in whose girlhood books were not as plenty as now, and who obtained her fine education under difficulties which would have discouraged any but one who had as true a love for study.

I will state why I think the country girls are yet to prove the hope of this country.—The women in towns and cities are becoming so universally extravagant, foolish and fashionable, that men are almost in despair of getting wives who are not invalids, and providing them with what they demand after they have married them. Unless a young man has the fortune (good or bad) to be the inheritor of wealth, he must spend the best bloom of his youth in acquiring enough "to start upon," as people are expected to begin now-a-days. Men even in high places, would go to the country for their choice, if they met there equal refinement with intelligence.—Women are preparing to take a noble stand in history, and they cannot do it in ignorance.

Highly polished manners and greater accomplishments, but country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their fair city sisters. They have more truth, household knowledge and economy, health, (and consequently beauty) simplicity, affection, and freshness of impulse and thought. When they have cultivated minds they have more enthusiasm in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much of their time is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added leisure of foreign accomplishments could easily be caught by such a mind from a very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmer's daughters were deficient in education. Many brilliant scholars and talented women may be found among them—in New England this is especially so—I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will but use refined culture with their other most excellent graces.

A sweet country home, with roses and hollyhocks trained to climb over it, with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, full enough to insure health, and leisure enough to court acquaintance with books and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love, is surely one of the Paradise which heaven has left for the attainment of man.

Coal—Varieties of.—There is a curious chain of links which connect living wood with dead coal. First, there is peat, consisting of various kinds of plants and moss, imbedded and pressed together in a mass, and exposed to the action of the air or water, or both, and perhaps heat, for unnumbered centuries.—Then there is lignite, formed nearly the same way, from trunks of trees, and accumulated to be worked up into very beautiful ornaments. Next is the caking coal of Newcastle (England) and its neighborhood, which combines so many useful qualities for household purposes. Somewhat different from this is the stratified coal of the midland counties of England, which is obtained in very long pieces, and has less bituminous or caking quality than the Newcastle coal. A still less gaseous coal is that which from the pressure which it has now found, and accumulated, is called *steam coal*. It is obtained chiefly from Wales, and burns with intense heat, and little flame or smoke. Last on the list is *anthracite*, so nearly without gas as to consist almost entirely of carbon. Its intense heat and freedom from sulphur render it invaluable for iron smelting and other manufacturing processes.

It is said that 70,000 masons are to rebuild Sebastopol after the departure of the Allied armies.

Scene in a City Court.

Judge—Bring the prisoner into court.
Pete—Here I is, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when it was all a fire.
Judge—We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?
Pete—I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be fried or roasted.

Judge—We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or turpentine either. What do you follow?
Pete—Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over a little nigger.

Judge—We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?
Pete—That's various, as the cat said when she stole a chicken off the table.
Judge—That comes near the line, I suppose.

Pete—Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

Judge—If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.

Pete—I am done, as the beef steak said to the cook.

Judge—Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the docks.

Pete—No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a bout and I hate to get none.

Judge—Answer me. How do you get your bread?

Pete—Sometimes at the bakery, and sometimes I eat taters.

Judge—No more of your insolence. How do you support yourself?

Pete—Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair.

Judge—I order you to answer me this question correctly. How do you do?

Pete—Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you do?

Judge—I shall commit you.

Pete—Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation.

The Kentuckian at the Bull Fight.

During the Mexican war, two regiments of Kentuckians belonging to General Butler's division, were stationed at the city of Mexico. The boys were all anxious to have a peep at all the strange sights to be seen, and when the announcement was made that a bull fight was to come off on a certain Sunday, they were highly delighted, as that was an amusement they had heard of, but never enjoyed. When the day arrived, as many as could obtain permission repaired to the Plaza del Toros to see the sport. The bull, a wild, ferocious animal was introduced into the arena, where he was plagued and tortured by several grotesque-dressed Mexicans, at whom he would rush furiously, but they dexterously managed to avoid him, much to the amusement of the spectators.

A wild Kentuckian, who had been imbibing rather too freely of pulque, gazed at the scene in silence for some time, but becoming excited he observed to his companion,

"Bill, I have a great notion to give that 'ere bull a tangle."

"Oh, no, Jake," replied his companion, "you don't understand dodgin' like them 'ere yaller fellers, 'n' he'd have you horned afore you knowed where you were."

"Never fear for that," replied Jake, "if them 'ere yaller greasers ain't afraid, I wint; old Kaintuck is as good a grit as they are."

Flavert I hunted the bears and the wolves on my own native mountains, and haven't I wrestled with the usual critters, and though they've nigger bugged the breadth out of me, haint I come off victorious? Whoop, hurrah! Who's afraid?"

And with these words, and at one spring, he leaped within the enclosure. The bull made a rush for him, and Jake found that he could not elude him, like those trained to it; but he managed to catch him by the horns, and with a quick movement succeeded in jumping upon his back. The bull dashed forward with the usual criteria, and though they've nigger bugged the breadth out of me, haint I come off victorious? Whoop, hurrah! Who's afraid?"

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A good Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He had called on his steward a number of times, but had each time been put off with some excuse. His wants at length became urgent, he went to his steward and told him that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life.

"Money?" replied the steward. "You preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls!"

"Soul!" replied the minister; "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bulb a live chicken. The poor bird chirped as it went down his throat, and he very colly said, "Bo! Be the powers my young friend you spoke too late!"

A heavy train, consisting of one hundred cars, carrying 600 tons of coal, the whole weight of the train being 825 tons, came down the Baltimore Delaware Railroad last Monday, from Easton, Pa., drawn by a single coal burning engine.

The West-Jersey Pioneer.



BRIDGETON: Saturday Morning, July 5.

CIRCULATION 1300

Only \$1 00 per Year!

JAMES B. FERGUSON, Editor.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION

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

Dissolution Notice.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between F. & J. B. Ferguson, is this day dissolved.

Life of an Editor—Collecting, &c.

Some weeks since, we promised to give our readers some thoughts on "The Life of an Editor."

On Tuesday morning last we started over the country on a collecting tour, and after travelling all the morning and part of the afternoon, collecting a mere trifle, we began to think of the gloomy train of thought in which we had indulged some days previous.

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It is one of the neatest and handomest villages in this part of the country. Mr. B. owning a considerable part of the village, has used his influence in having the name changed from that of "Fork Bridge," to the more beautiful and appropriate one of "Willow Grove," by which it is now generally recognized.

We left in the morning, after partaking of Mr. B's generous hospitality, much pleased with the place and people. About noon on the same day we arrived at Centerville, had a chat with our friend J. H. Trenchard, and found him to be the same jolly, clever fellow as ever, and before night, discovered that his influence had been the means of getting many good subscribers for the Pioneer.

At a late hour in the evening we arrived at the farm formerly known as the Stull property, now owned by Jacob F. and Mrs. Ann Minch, and occupied by Mr. Noah Robinson. It is one of the largest in the county, contains about four hundred and sixty acres, one hundred and nine acres of which is in apple orchard, forty acres in peach orchard, and the balance cultivated and in woodland.

The Working Farmer. In these days of progress, when "Book Farming" is becoming more generally appreciated, we are astonished to see so few Agricultural Journals distributed among the Agriculturists of this County.

At Fortescue, speakers have been engaged and a band of music secured for the occasion. Mr. Ladow has made preparations to accommodate a large company and there will no doubt be a jolly time at Fortescue Retreat.

Change in Stage Lines. The Cedarville, Bridgeton & Philadelphia Mail Line, will hereafter run daily, trips instead of every other day as heretofore.

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Mowing and Reaping Match. The following machines have already been entered to compete at the Mowing and Reaping match, to be held at Bowentown on Monday, the 7th inst.—Barber's combined Reaper and Mower, long and short-knife.

We are informed that considerable interest is manifested in the trial of Reapers by the farmers of this neighborhood. If the weather proves favorable there will undoubtedly be a large number present.

The Strawberry Crop. The season for this delicious fruit is usually of but short duration; this year it has been unusually so, on account of the dry weather.

The above quotation attracted considerable attention and called forth many droll remarks from those who visited our post office one day this week.

NEW POTATOES. Mr. Andrew Tindall, one of the oldest and best subscribers to the Pioneer, has been in the habit of furnishing the printer with some of the first fruits of the season, for several years past.

Latest from California. By arrival of the Steamer Granada, we learn that great excitement exists there. The Government is being revolutionized and martial law is in force.

Terrible Loss of Life! Twenty or Thirty Persons Drowned! We learn from the Philadelphia Times, that on Tuesday evening last, the two slips at Reed street wharf sustained by piers, fell with a tremendous crash.

Fourth of July Celebrations. Last week we published the order of exercises for the celebration of the 4th of July at Bridgeton, Fairton, Centerville, and Cape May Court House.

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FRANKLIN DARE.—In calling attention to the establishment of this gentleman, it is needless to say, to those who deal with him, that he keeps Drugs, Confectionary and a variety of almost everything in his line of business, or that he is a clever fellow, a good salesman and a perfect gentleman; these things are known by all his customers.

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CHEAPER THAN EVER. 30,000 cedar Shingles, 40,000 cedar pickets, 40,000 feet Waymouth siding, at the cheap Lumber Yard of BOWEN & ROCAF.

JUST received, a new and cheap assortment of Hardware, next door to the Chronicle office, Bridgeton, July 6. BOWEN & ROCAF.

F. DARE'S Drug & Medicine Store. N. W. Cor. of Commerce & Calhoun St. FOR SALE—Louden's Carminative Expecto- rant, pike remedy, &c., Colli's camphorated ginger, Jowen's sassafras, Swaynes syrup with cherry and other medicines.

F. DARE'S CHOLERA SPECIFIC. SUMMER is here, guard against diarrhoea, dysentery, cramp colic, and the whole train of disorders of the bowels, by keeping Dare's cholera specific in your family, its virtues have been so fully proved that it is now undoubted.

DARE'S LINIMENT. Infallible Lotion, is now put up in pint bottles at 50 cents each, for the cure of bruises, wounds, swellings, sores, to remove inflammation and relieve pain for man or horse.

West Jersey Academy, AT BRIDGETON, N. J. Rev. P. E. STEVENSON, Principal. Two Sessions in a year: each Session two quarters.

THE SEA SHORE!! HEALTH, PLEASURE & SEA-BATHING!! FIRST Grand Annual Excursion to the Cape Island.

BRIDGETON PRICES CURRENT. Corrected weekly for the Pioneer. W. Wheat \$1 50 cts. Potatoes to 50 cts. R. Wheat 1 40 " Butter, 20 cts. per lb.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET. Philadelphia, Thursday 3d. There is but little Wheat offering, and prime lots are in request for milling, at full and firm prices.

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST. GENTLEMEN, if you wish a good French Boot, Shoe or Gaiter, go to N. AYARS, Commerce Street opposite Green's City Building.

Independence—1776. THE subscriber has now on hand a large supply of candles of nearly all varieties, almonds, oranges, lemons, figs, cocoa nuts, pine apples, lemon syrup, very fine mineral water of the various syrups, &c.

MANURE for sale. Hay forks, Fork handles, Spades, Scythes, Scythe stones, Grain scoops, Patent riffs, Shovels, just received by FITHIAN, WHITEKAR & CO.

MOWING MATCH. THE Borentown Farmers' Club intend having a trial of Mowing and Reaping Machines on MONDAY, July 7th, at two o'clock, P. M., on the grounds of Jonathan Fithian, Borentown.

C. S. MILLER & CO. HAVE just received a large assortment of Dry Goods and Trimmings, consisting of bagees, tissues, lawns, ginghams, prints, &c., together with a large lot of household goods, hosiery, gloves, handkerchiefs, &c.

PARASOLS! PARASOLS! TAN color, brown, blue, green, &c., with and without ribbons tops, a good assortment for sale at ALEX. STRATTON.

PARASOLS! PARASOLS! BLUE, green, purple, lead, tan and brown Bedspreads, figured and striped, black Bedspreads, &c. extra large size. For sale by STRATTON & HARRIS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. OF REAL ESTATE Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Cumberland, will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, the 28th day of August, 1856, at the Hotel of Wm. J. Royal, in Port Elizabeth, the following Property, viz:

SHERIFF'S SALE. BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the inferior court of common pleas of the County of Cumberland to me directed, will be exposed to sale at Public Sale, on MONDAY, the 28th day of July next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Hotel of Wm. J. Royal, at Port Elizabeth, the following described property, to-wit:

SALE OF REAL ESTATE. PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Cumberland, will be sold at Public Sale, on SATURDAY the 19th day of July 1856, at the Hotel of Isaac H. Brandt, in Millville, a tract of about

FOR SALE. A very desirable residence in the flourishing village of Millville, Cumberland Co., N. J., situated on the N. W. corner of Second and Susanna W. roads on Second St., and 5 rods on Susanna St., the front on Second St., is three stories high, 18 by 14, containing 6 rooms, with a cellar under it with a smoke house in it, built 1854, the sitting room is 15 by 13, the kitchen 10 by 16, far adjoining it, a pump and well of good water on the premises, well known to the proprietors. Conditions made known to the purchaser on the premises. This property is within a square of either of the churches or the public school, May 24. DANIEL GILKEY.

