

# 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!

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## TERMS.

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

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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

## Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.

### MANY CHANGES I HAVE SEEN.

Many changes I have seen,  
Over many lands I've been,  
And I've learned a thing or two in my time:  
I never knew a knave  
Who went happy to the grave,  
Or reached the mountain top he meant to climb.  
Though I've travelled far and wide,  
And have waited time and tide,  
I never knew dishonesty to win,  
Or a heart, however hard,  
From all sympathy debarred,  
Or, that kindness could not touch and enter in.  
Never yet in all my roam,  
Though I've sought him, have I found  
A thriving man contented with his gold;  
Or the children of the just  
Lying friends to shield them from the cold.  
Never yet could I discern,  
Though I've struggled hard to learn,  
That the rich could bolt out sorrow from the door;  
Or that wisdom—very wise  
In its own and other's eyes—  
Did not nurse some little folly at the core.  
Never yet I knew a man  
Who made others good his plan,  
Who was not over-paid in peace of mind;  
Not a worshipper of self,  
And a scraper up of gold,  
Whose treasures were not scattered to the wind.  
And now the song is done,  
Here's success to every one  
Who plays through all his life a manly part!  
And be blessings round them throng,  
Be they old or be they young.  
Who unite in all their doings willing hand  
And loving heart. —CHARLES MACKAY.

## ORIGINAL.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

NORTH SHORE, Staten Island, Aug. 19, '56.

DEAR PIONEER—Be assured that your weekly visits to an old friend, have ever been welcome, although he has failed to reciprocate your kind attentions. This failure has not arisen from any intentional neglect, but from a great multiplicity of engagements, pastoral, social, horticultural, etc. etc. Staten Island is a lovely spot, about fifteen miles in length and five in breadth, studded with neat and even stately dwellings, and ornamented with groves and gardens. Viewed in a purely material aspect, it may be doubted whether any other spot of like dimensions in the whole country, or even the wide world, combines a larger sum of secular and social advantages, or presents a greater number of varied and inviting charms. But like all other lovely spots, it bears the sad marks of sin's polluting touch. Ever since the fatal hour, when that "old serpent, the devil," intruded his brazen form within the sacred precincts of Paradise, he has been wont to select the fairest spots of earth as the chief theatre of his artful deceptions. No marvel then that this beautiful Island, far more than many other places less inviting, is cursed with Sabbath desecration and lager beer. New York, that great cess-pool of human abominations, on every Sunday disgorges a large proportion of its vilest contents upon our shores; thus filling our streets and woods and places of amusement with Sunday pleasure-takers, and affording a fat business to unprincipled ferry companies, livery keepers and groggery owners.

After this dark picture you may be ready to ask "can any good come out of Nazareth?" Let us see. Staten Island has twenty-five or more Protestant churches, nearly all of which are occupied by evangelical and zealous pastors or are wanting in a general attendance by the people. What an influence for good must these numerous churches exert upon the population! This is seen not only in the large number of devout Christians to be found in every neighborhood, but also in the fact that the evils complained of are perpetrated by residents chiefly, but by visitors, the greater part of whom are Germans. Happy would it be if these evils were wholly confined to visitors, but better still if they were not committed at all. O, I have thought a thousand times what a pity that the fair portion of our wide spread heritage should be thus blighted and cursed by sin! Even if that "new earth" so vividly described by prophecy, "wherein dwelleth righteousness," is

no grander in its hills, or richer in its vales, than is this beautiful isle, with sin excluded and Jesus ever present it will constitute a very heaven.

The Trinity M. E. Church, of which your correspondent has the honor of being pastor, is a large, substantial and elegant structure. It is built of brick with basement, galleries and tower. A limited number of the seats are rented, but this arrangement does not supersede the weekly or monthly class collections; nor does it affect, unfavorably, the size of the congregations. A more agreeable combination of the pew and free-seat system it has never been our privilege to witness. Of the music I need only say, it is conducted (not monopolized) by an excellent choir, accompanied by a sweet-toned Melodeon. But these, however pleasing, are only incidental matters. "The best of all is God is with us."

I was glad to learn from your late issue, of the encouraging success which has already crowned your labors as editor and publisher. Your responsibilities are great, but prudence on the one hand and perseverance on the other, will secure you a prosperous and happy career. The intelligence recently conveyed through your columns of the death of Mr. Brewster, was sad indeed. I felt, though far away, that I had lost a personal friend. Most deeply do we sympathize with the afflicted family. May He, who is a father to the fatherless and the widow's God, be to them a "very present help in trouble." My sheet is full. More anon. N. V.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

### LIZZIE ELTON,

### OR

### "THEY TELL ME HE IS JEALOUS."

BY HARRY MONTELO.

"They tell me he is jealous," said Lizzie to her friend Mary, as they sat by the blazing hearth on the 24th of November, "they tell me he is jealous, can we not find some plan to try him, it would be glorious fun, would it not Mary?"

"A capital idea Lizzie, it is well thought of, let us devise some plan this evening.—What shall it be?"

"But Mary, would it not make him angry or wound his feelings if he should find it out, you know love will not stand all injuries, and Harry is very sensitive, it may send an arrow to his heart that will prove fatal to us both. If I thought he would not suspect me—"

"Oh he will never find it out, and if he does he will think it a joke, you know there never was a more gentle-spirited man than Harry has, and it could not be that such a slight cause as this would tend to damp the flame of love that burns within his breast for you, some Lizzie boy can we make Harry jealous?"

"Well Mary, I will follow your directions and play my part faithfully if you will devise the plan," and as Lizzie spoke, a slight gleam of remembrance took possession of her heart, and she slowly bade her desist, which was hushed by the voice of Mary saying, "I have it, I have formed a grand scheme, I know it will work to a T, we will have Harry jealous, and oh, what fun it will be to see his down-cast eye, but will imagine all sorts of things, he will wonder how one so faithful as his Lizzie could so suddenly turn from him and treat him cool; it will haunt him in his dreams, through his business, and almost make him long to give up the ghost and find rest for his weary soul in death—but to my plan."

"You know the ring your mother gave you on Christmas last, I have noticed that Harry looks at it so intently as if he coveted it, or the hand it graced, and now I remember, he asked you for it the other evening, and you would not let him have it because it was a present from your mother, and I saw that he was disappointed, and as he left that night, I noticed a troubled look upon his countenance; now it would be a good plan to exchange rings with some one else, so that he will know it."

"Just the thing exactly, for when I refused to lend him my ring, he said to me,—"Lizzie you wanted to exchange rings with Frank," now I think he is a little jealous of Frank, but proceed Mary, it is getting late and we must finish to-night while we are so inclined."

"I was thinking whether it would answer to let Frank into the secret, and exchange rings with him; you know he is Harry's best companion, and he will display the ring in Harry's presence, I think this will operate, but it is eleven o'clock, let us retire and dream over it, which will better prepare us to put our plan into execution, as I must go home to my dear mother."

When they had retired to their room, Lizzie fell upon her knees to thank their Heavenly Father for the many mercies she had received, and imploring Divine aid to strengthen and enable her to be faithful to her trust as a Christian, to her God and to her fellow beings, as she uttered the last sentence a sigh, almost imperceptible, escaped her lips, as she felt that she was not doing faithful to the one who loved best on earth, she arose from her knees, threw herself into the bed, ere long fell into a troubled sleep, and glided into dreamland

where visions of sorrow haunted her, she thought that some wicked spirit had pierced the heart of Harry Ashmore with a poisoned dart, and the red blood trickled to the ground, then the vision changed and Harry passed her with a cold and formal bow, it changed again, she had written to him asking forgiveness, and he forgave all, and they were again happy.

On the night referred to, when the thoughtless girls were forming a plan, the result of which brought sorrow to more than one happy heart, Harry, the victim of the scheme was seated in his bed room, improving his mind by solid reading, until his eyes became weary, he laid aside the book and instinctively his thoughts turned into the channel which they often filled, and as he thought of her who had won the noblest and best affections of his heart, suddenly came into his mind,— "The course of true love never did run smooth," and in taking a review of his love, it had been smooth indeed without a single ripple to trouble its calm surface, and he felt that one so faithful as Lizzie had been most truly love, in fact never had the shadow of a doubt crossed his mind in that respect, he was confident that his love was returned. Little did he think that ere long a gloomy cloud would hover over him, crushing the hopes and blighting the happiness which then filled his breast. With a happy heart he retired to rest, and was soon sleeping the sleep which only the innocent and the pure in heart know.

Morning came, the day passed peacefully by, and the curtains of night were again lowered, the town-clock was tolling the hour of eight, as Harry stood in the parlor of his friend Frank Green.

"Well Frank, nothing particular to-night I hope, I have anticipated the pleasure of your company. I am at your disposal, provided you do not take me into mischief."

"That depends in a great measure upon yourself, however I will endeavor to keep you out of it, I should like to spend the evening at Emma Phillips' house, Lizzie Elton and Mary Middleton are to be there, as a certain young man will not be present, I will put Mary in your charge."

"But suppose I prefer Lizzie?"

"As you like, but come lets seek good company I suppose you think it good company—I am ready."

"Emma, Lizzie and I have formed a capital plan to make Harry jealous, we thought it would be such fun, Lizzie is going to exchange rings with Frank Green; I wonder if they will be here this evening, hark! there is some one at the door now, I'll venture to say it is them, you must keep on a very long face Lizzie, try to look indifferent at Harry, and pay particular attention to Frank, and you will see—"

"Hush Mary here they come."

"Good evening Lizzie I am very—ah Mary I had like to have forgotten you, Frank I told you we would find pleasant company."

"True we have, and Lizzie you must try to amuse Harry, if not he will grow melancholy. Ah! Lizzie, did Harry give you that ring, he has got good taste, I almost covet it, and if Harry was not here I should be tempted to—now don't get frightened, I am only joking—but look here Emma, where are you going to take Harry?"

"I have something to show him in the dining room. Can I come too?"

"No, the ladies can't spare you."

Harry and Emma left the room and continued some time. While they were absent, the secret was revealed to Frank, who joined Harry returned.

"Well Harry, what did you see?"

"Something beautiful."

"What was it?"

"Nothing but Emma's face."

"Ha! ha! I can see that any time, but you don't think it the prettiest face in the room, do you?"

"Now don't Frank, you make the blush come on the pretty face referred to."

Hardly had Harry spoken, when he noticed the ring on Frank's finger, the ring refused to him, could it be, he looked again, yes the same ring; for the first time he doubted Lizzie's love, what could it mean he inquired to himself, he felt confused and wished to leave, but it was only nine o'clock and he had probably an hour to stay, as these thoughts crossed his mind he picked up a book, asked the company to excuse him and commenced to read, now and then he would answer a question.

In looking up once he saw that a smile lit the countenance of Lizzie, as her eyes met his friend Frank's, and he heartily wished the evening over. At last the clock came, the ladies left, Harry's heart was sad as he accompanied Emma home, and he was not as happy as usual. He left her at the door with a simple "good night," and hurried home. On his way he met Frank, who was also returning.

"How is this Harry, away so soon, did you not go in to see the old folks?"

"No, I felt more like being home, something transpired this evening of which I never dreamed, and Frank when I have been in trouble, you have never refused to lend me aid, and to show your friendship. In reliance

upon your faithfulness, allow me to inquire how you came into possession of Lizzie's ring. Will you now befriend me, or must those sacred ties be broken?"

"Harry, I do not like to reveal a secret, but as this is a serious affair, and I hold the bond of friendship too dear to sever, I will tell you. Mary and Lizzie have formed a plan to make you jealous, and for that purpose have persuaded me in an unthinking moment, to exchange rings, it was only a joke, you must not be angry."

"No Frank, I am not angry, but my feelings are deeply wounded, I did not think Lizzie would do so, I can hardly believe it, she has trusted with me, it is more than I can bear, she has trampled upon the manly feelings of my heart, good night Frank."

Harry went to his room sick at heart, he procured pen, ink and paper and began to write, a quarter of an hour elapsed, and a letter lay finished before him. It read thus:

"Lizzie—I cannot tell you the feelings which now rack my mind, my heart is too full for utterance, it is filled with sorrow, because the tender feelings so long existing between us must cease, because the ties of love must be broken, and you and I must part; because of an act which transpired this evening. I am grieved to think that you would so far deviate from the path of duty as to form and execute a plan to carry sorrow to my heart. When you are ready for reconciliation please let me know."

I try to hold the principles which you profess, and they are right when carried out, and sooner "let my right arm wither, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;" than to sacrifice those principles for the fancies of a vain heart; you have stepped beyond the line of prudence, you have placed an arrow in my heart which I can never extricate, and until you draw it forth consider me but your friend. It pains me to write this, but it is a duty I owe myself. With respect,  
HARRY ASHMORE.

Enclosing kind addressing the letter, Harry retired, but sleep refused to relieve his burdened mind, and he spent the night in distracting thoughts, ever and anon he would fall into a fitful slumber, only to awake from a pleasant dream to find the reality more fearful than before; and thus passed that eventful night, long to be remembered by him, at length the morning came, the sun's first beams lit up his room as if to bring gladness to a sorrowing heart. Harry arose, performed his morning devotions and read until breakfast was announced. After partaking of a cup of tea, he hastened with a sorrowing heart, but determined will to the Post Office, deposited a letter and went to his place of business, where he will leave him to perform the duties allotted him.

The day had passed as usual with Lizzie, she now and then a feeling of regret passed her mind, and she was now comfortably seated in the parlor, engaged in reading, when she heard the door bell ring, she hastened to the door, it was the letter carrier, he had a message for "Lizzie Elton," she took the letter and re-entered the parlor; the first glance at the inscription told her it was from one who had often said tenderly written before, she opened and read, as she advanced her face paled, her hands trembled and a stifled sigh escaped her compressed lips, she read, "consider me but your friend," the paper fell upon the floor, she buried her face in her hands and wept bitter tears, tears which told that she loved, tenderly loved the victim of her foolish plan. Oh! what remorse filled her soul at that moment, how she wished to recall those fatal actions, how she wished she had never formed that plan, but the plan was formed and put into execution, and had more than the anticipated effect, it is too late now to recall. Ah! silly girl, those tears of pungent sorrow may bring back his love, but they will never obliterate those scars from his memory. An hour passed and still Lizzie continued weeping bitterly, forgetful of all save him and the wounds he bore made by her own hand, so intensely was she engrossed in her thoughts that she did not notice the door open and a person enter, until the arms of Mary were thrown around her neck, inquiring with anxious solicitude the cause of her grief. Lizzie pointed silently to the letter, which Mary read, the effect it had upon her we will not describe, suffice it, she condemned herself for having been engaged in the fatal plan which "severed the cords that bound two loving hearts in one," she however, tried to comfort Lizzie, by telling her to cheer up, and it would all work out for her good.

As well as she could she tried to follow the advice, day after day, she strove to suppress the feelings of her heart, and hide the sorrow that was ever pressing in, and in the morning her health, her friend however, noticed that her cheek did not look as fresh, her eyes did not sparkle brightly, and her spirit, which was always light and happy, before it was now down and gloomy, as much as possible she abandoned company, especially the company of him for whom she grieved, she could not look upon him, but to remember the cause of his indifferent notions, and then her heart

would condemn her, and she longed to be alone that she might hold communion with her own troubled spirit. But there was one who watched with a keener eye than any friend, and he saw the cloud of sorrow that shaded that once happy countenance, and tried to conjecture the cause of her grief, and came to the conclusion that she sorrowed for some one she loved, but he was not the favored one; and it caused him many moments of anxious thought, but he strove manfully to suppress it, (for he was of a proud spirit) and tried to forget the one he loved. But darker and darker grew the picture as time rolled on, and he determined to leave his native place, to bid farewell to those endearing scenes and seek happiness in a distant land.

All was ready on the morning of his departure, he bid Lizzie good-bye, and in company with his friend Frank, wended his way towards the depot. An hour, and he was being carried swiftly from the scenes of childhood and happy days.

A year had flown, and it had made many changes, we will notice some. Harry Ashmore was engaged in business in California, after he left home he wandered about the country seeking to fill the aching void that was within his heart, and at last settled on the land of gold, success had attended his efforts, and he had amassed a large fortune, the bright sun of prosperity now irradiated his path, clouded only by the recollections of the past, for his mind still wandered back to the shores of the Delaware, where dwelt the object he still loved.

It was evening and Harry had returned from business, and was now sitting in the room at his boarding house, his mind wandered to his home and he was thus engaged when the door was opened and a letter handed him; he recognized the writing, and hastily opening these words met his eye:

"DEAR HARRY—Long and earnestly, has my pride and my love for you strove together for the mastery. I have tried, to call forth all the energy of my will to throw off the burden from my heart and to forget thee, but it is in vain. I love you, but too well, and I have waited until the last extremity, to tell you I love, wronged you, and because I have done so I am unhappy, my spirit droops, my health fails, come to me, come and see me die.  
Yours truly,  
Lizzie."

He read the letter, folded it and placed it in his bosom. The rest of the night was spent in preparing for a journey. The two days following were occupied in settling business affairs, and on the third day after receiving the note he was seated on board a vessel bound to Philadelphia. Oh! how long and dreary the days seemed. We leave him with the wish of a prosperous journey.

For four long months had Lizzie Elton been stretched upon a sick bed, her faithful friend Mary Middleton, was ever constant to her in those days of trouble, proving how strong is friendship.

"Mary," said Lizzie, "it has been four months since I sent the letter to Harry, could it have been miscarried, or did he coldly spurn my humble confession of love? Oh Mary, if he would only come and in my dying moments whisper in my ear: 'I love you, I forgive you,' it would be a balm to my spirit, it would take from my dying pillow, the thorn that now lies buried there, yes, then I could die happy, die with the sound of his voice ringing in my ear, but oh! to die while he is absent, and to have no evidence that he loves me, to die, remembering his last words to me were, 'consider me but a friend,' is cruel indeed. Mary, write to him again, tell him I am too sick to write, and that I love him, and if he comes after I am laid in the cold grave, tell him how I wanted to hear his voice, before my ear, was forever closed to his voice, and that my dying breath was spent in prayer for him; tell him to meet me among the redeemed in the mansions of pure delight, where every tear shall vanish, and every sorrow have an end. Oh! had it not been for my foolish plan, I might now have been happy, happy."

Another week had passed, and Lizzie became every day more feeble, she was praying upon her, and it was not till the 15th of the month, that she was able to get up, she was now in a beautiful day in spring, the sun was just sinking in his Western bed, bathing all nature in a flood of beauty, the last rays were streaming in the room, where the invalid Lizzie, she was wondering whether Harry would come, before she should be able to see him, she was so weak, she could not get up, she was now in a beautiful day in spring, the sun was just sinking in his Western bed, bathing all nature in a flood of beauty, the last rays were streaming in the room, where the invalid Lizzie, she was wondering whether Harry would come, before she should be able to see him, she was so weak, she could not get up, she was now in a beautiful day in spring, the sun was just sinking in his Western bed, bathing all nature in a flood of beauty, the last rays were streaming in the room, where the invalid Lizzie, she 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BRIDGETON: Saturday Morning, September 6.

CIRCULATION 1450

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, 1866.

MILLVILLE COTTON FACTORY.

Those of readers who have not had the opportunity of visiting Millville for some time past, would be somewhat surprised to see the great improvement that has been made in the upper part of the town.

The place that was thought a few years ago to be too irretrievably sandy to be put to any profitable use, has by the investment of capital been converted into a scene of bustling and profitable activity. The first object arresting attention upon visiting this part of the town is the large cotton factory of R. D. Wood & Co.

The factory is a fine specimen of the modern style of architecture, and is one of the best of the kind in the State. It is situated on a high and airy site, and is surrounded by a well kept lawn.

In the two stories immediately above this, are about ten thousand spindles attended partly by boys, in which the cotton after having been carefully carded, is drawn by repeated processes into threads of the proper fineness.

The threads are then taken from the small spools upon a large roller or spindle, whose length corresponds with the width of the maul to be manufactured, and so perfect is the working of the machinery which controls it, that if one of the tiny strans or threads should break, the machine would instantly stop until the broken thread had been re-adjusted.

The constant attendance of a person upon one, the most delicate and important parts of the manufacture is thus dispensed with, by this ingenious contrivance. The highest story is used as a starching room, and is heated by means of pipes, to an extent several degrees hotter than our warmest summer weather, so that on emerging from the room to the pure air on a very warm day in July, we found that the atmosphere we had left half an hour previously, and which we then thought uncomfortably warm, had really a refreshing coolness about it.

The mauls manufactured here have been introduced into our markets, and have everywhere attained the highest reputation for quality. We have frequently heard them spoken of in the very highest terms, and from sources that should command them to general favor.

which vents the water from the mills is so arranged as to form a convenient landing for schooners, by which the materials are brought much nearer the main buildings. Mr. Wood has expended in the various improvements, more than three hundred thousand dollars.

Bombarded with Watermelons.

It may be surprising to some to learn that our office during the past week or two, has been besieged by a band of Pirates, who have showered upon us their missiles with unabated vigor, showing us no quarters or way for escape, but compelled us to stand to our post and receive the deadly weapons.

By whom, and when this stone was formed and left there, and what its use, are questions past the knowledge of the present natives, most of whom over 18 or 20 years ago, can remember when it was a dense woods extending for miles through this and Salem County.

The arrow-head accompanying this, was found last spring not far from the same spot, in working the ground for corn. Since my boyhood, I have seen probably a hundred arrow heads, found by myself and others all about here, but never in my recollection have I seen one so large.

Another variety introduced in this part of the State, by Mr. Mulford, the one presented to us was of superior quality, and equal if not superior to any variety we ever tasted; the seeds are white like that of the orange melon. The mountain sweet, presented to us by the same gentleman, was decidedly the largest melon we have seen this season, and like the one who raised it had a noble heart.

The above question will be answered in the affirmative by many, some of whom will go elsewhere to get it built, before calling on the firm of Mr. Joseph T. Allen & Co., and find out after it is too late that they have made too hasty a move.

Many of our readers are in possession of stock and farm produce, a description of which would be interesting to others. If any of our friends who have superior articles of our kind will give us a description of them we will call attention to them in the Pioneer.

On Wednesday afternoon last, as Mr. Thos. Rammel, a farmer living near Bridgeton, was passing the butcher shop of Christian Cook, on Pearl street, with a pair of young and spirited horses, a dog belonging to the butcher's shop, ran into the street and jumped at the horses' heels, causing them to jump and become detached from the carriage.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

INDIAN RELICS.

Lately found in St. Croix Township.

This stone, 11 1/2 inches long, 6 5/8 inches round, and rounded off at both ends—was turned up in a field one year ago last Fall, in ploughing for wheat; the field lies about one mile North-West of Shiloh, and is bounded on the South by a swamp, and the road leading from Shiloh by way of David M'Person's to Davis mill, and at the time of finding the stone was bounded on the other three sides by woods.

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which cannot fail to result favorably to teachers, citizens and the public generally; committee on resolutions reported a set which were adopted and committee discharged.

Notwithstanding the darkness and disagreeable walking in consequence of the rain in the afternoon a large number of the citizens of Bridgeton assembled at the usual hour to witness the closing exercises of the second annual Teachers' Institute of Cumberland.

The audience listened with marked attention to the instructive, profound and eloquent address of Rev. P. E. Stevenson, of West Jersey Academy. His subject was the analytic mode of teaching.

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tempted to go away amply repaid for all that he had done by what he had seen and witnessed while here. He did not expect to find such a productive soil and so intelligent a community.

Mr. Hampton thought Prof. Peckham's want of knowledge of the geography of this part of the State, should be excused, because he had no doubt learned all he knew of the matter from a book which said South Jersey is a barren sandy plain, covered with a few pines and scrub oaks.

VERMONT ELECTION. Montpelier, Vt. Sept. 2. Our State election for Governor, members of Congress, Legislature, &c., took place today. The vote is very large. Last year the Republican majority for Gov. Royce was about 13,000.

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DIED.

At Dennisville, Cape May County, Captain Wm. WATKINS, in the 60th year of his age. In Sayre's Neck, near Cedarville, on the 28th ult., after a protracted illness, Mr. BENJAMIN BARRIS, in the 62nd year of his age.

In Carpenter's Landing, on Thursday, the 28th day of Aug., at the house of her father, Mr. John D. Bower, Mrs. S. A. B. H. wife of Mr. John Bice, in the 23rd year of her age.

The disease which terminated her earthly existence was of a pulmonary character. She suffered much during the last few months of her life, but in the midst thereof, divine grace was rendered conspicuous in the patience, submission, peace, and sacred joy which she was permitted to enjoy.

Accommodations will be prepared for the Ladies. The following distinguished and eloquent advocates of the Republican cause have been invited to address the gathering on that occasion:

FOR SALE. A number of articles of well selected Furniture, best Philadelphia and New York make, such as: a fine piano, a mahogany sofa table, an elegant article of mahogany dining-table, &c.

REMOVAL. The subscriber has removed his books and stationery to Alfred B. Mull's Book & Shoe Store, 3 doors East of the bridge, where he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of miscellaneous and Stationery Goods.

Notice—New Firm. CHARLES L. WATSON would announce to his numerous customers, that he has again taken the old Stand at the Head of Greenwich, where he intends keeping on hand constantly a general assortment of Dry Goods & Groceries.

Herb's Superior Tooth Powder. This article has been used with universal success in the Dental Practices of Dr. Z. Harbert of Philadelphia; S. C. Harbert of Salem; and J. D. Harbert of Bridgeton, N. J.

The Only Regular Hat Store in Bridgeton. I have now on the East side of the bridge, next door but one to the Post Office, where Wm. B. Statton has had in a beautiful assortment of Hats & Caps.

Administrators Sale of Real Estate. By virtue of an order of the orphans court of the county of Cumberland, the following Real Estate is offered for sale on THURSDAY the 8th day of October, 1866, at the Hotel of Frederick Frits, in Cedarville.

Republican Convention.

THE Republicans of the Counties of Cape May and Cumberland, are requested to meet in their respective townships and appoint Delegates to attend a Republican Convention to be held in Salem on WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10th at 10 o'clock, A. M.

NOTICE IN PARTITION. PLEASE take notice that I shall make application to the ordinary of the State of New Jersey, on the 27th day of September next, at his office in Elizabeth, for the appointment of three disinterested commissioners to make partition of the Real Estate, whereof Jeremiah B. Davis died seized, situate in the counties of Cumberland and Salem.

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GUANO, AND SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME. I have received a cargo of No. 1 Peruvian Guano and Allen & Needles' Super-Phosphate of Lime which I am now selling at Philadelphia prices for cash.

Fall Millinery Goods. JOHN STONE & SONS, No. 43 & 45 South Second St., Philadelphia. We are prepared to offer our customers and the trade an unusually large and well selected assortment of ribbons, satins, velvets, feathers, bonnets, and all other articles pertaining to the Millinery Trade.

FALL CLOAKS & MANTILLAS. Wholesale and Retail, Geo. Bulfinch & Co., Importers and manufacturers of cloaks and mantillas, No. 17 1/2 North Second St., Philadelphia. The above goods having been selected in France by one of our firm, offer great advantages, both in style and price.

GUN NOTICE. ANDREW WURFLEIN, Importer and manufacturer of Guns, Rifles, Pistols, &c., No. 122 North Second Street, Philadelphia, where he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of the best quality of all kinds of arms.

STOVES! STOVES! WHOLESALE & RETAIL. We respectfully call the attention of country merchants and those in want of a good article of cooking, heating stoves, to our extensive stock, comprising the following assortment:

PERUVIAN GUANO. Experience has taught the farmer that the only reliable fertilizer is the Peruvian Government Guano. The subscriber, agent in Philadelphia for the sale of it, has now on hand a large stock of Pure Peruvian Guano, which he will sell at the lowest cash price, in lots to suit either dealers or farmers.

Improved SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME. The subscribers inform dealers and farmers that they have greatly improved the quality of their Super-Phosphate of Lime, and respectfully recommend the article as superior to any in the market.







