

The West Jersey Pioneer.

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

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON N. J. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

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TERMS.

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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—Bridgeton, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

Choice Poetry.



THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

The way to Heaven by Christ was made, With Heavenly trains the rails were laid; From earth to Heaven the line extends, To life eternal never ceasing.

Come, —We're travelling home,
We're travelling home,
We're travelling home to die no more.

The Bible is the engineer,
Which points the way to Heaven so clear,
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It doth the way to glory steer.

Come, —We're travelling, &c.,
God is the fire, 'tis true as steel,
Which drives the engine and the wheel,
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in his abode.

Come, —We're travelling, &c.,
Come now, poor sinners now's the time,
At any station on the line,
If you'll repent and turn from sin,
This train will stop and let you in.

Come, —We're travelling, &c.,
And when we reach that happy land,
There shall dwell at God's right hand,
And on your peaceful happy shore,
There shall ride this train no more.

Come, —We will be safe at home,
We will be safe at home,
We will be safe at home for evermore.

IDLENESS.

A fat little boy on a summer day,
Was trudging along to school,
And idleness sat by the dusty way,
On the brink of a shaded pool;
And idleness dattered the boy to stay,
Where the willows were waving cool.

And idleness said: "What a cool you are
To mind what the greys birds say,
To point in the school-room's heated air,
And how to the teacher's sway,
While the sky is bright, and the green earth fair,
And her free creatures healthy and gay."

The silly child listened to idleness then,
And loitered all day from his school,
And many a time he was lounging again
At the pool by the side of the way;
But when he was given a great dance among men,
He looked at himself in dismay!

Then he said to himself: "I will learn a trade,
And live happy in spite of the schools!"
But painfully slow was the progress he made—
He had learned no mechanical rules;
And he found to his grief, every effort he made,
It was wasted to handle his tools.

And then he was told of a land where gold
Is scattered abundant and free;
And he thought with joy when the story was told,
"Al! that is the country for me!"

Let scholars and tradesmen plot on till they're old,
But rich in a hurry I'll be!

One midsummer day, by the willow fringed pool,
A poor ragged vagabond lay,
Who said to the children who passed him to school
"Be diligent, boys, while you may;
'Twas idleness kept me a truant from school,
And made me a hardship to handle a tool,
Then led me away lugging gold like a fool,
And left me the homeless and lazy old soul,
That begs for a penny to-day!"

MORAL.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

MR. EDITOR:—A few weeks ago I observed an article in the Pioneer on earnestness in religion, which brought to my recollection some circumstances connected with that extraordinary eccentric but highly useful man, the Rev. Rowland Hill. The energy of his manner at times and the power of his voice were overwhelming. Once at Wotton he was completely carried away by the impetuous rush of his feelings, and raising himself to his full stature he exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest men call me an enthusiast but I am not, mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country I was walking on yonder hill, I saw a gravel pit full and bury three human beings alive, I lifted up my voice for help so that I was heard in the town below at the distance of a mile, help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then, and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No! I am not an enthusiast in so doing. I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to them,

so that they could find comfort even in Kalk-ke-wa-quon-ah-by! In short, the name was as music in their ears—and to my own did not sound inharmoniously when pronounced with great feeling by the chief's manly voice with the modulations of deep but mellow tones such as the forest-bird alone can announce. Since this I find that that great Indian missionary has passed by his reward. He died at Bradford, about sixty miles from the place where the above scene is laid, exclaiming: "Not a wave of trouble crosses my breast, I feel that I am resting on the Rock of Ages," affecting scenes occurred among his brethren; the Indians of his own tribe came to him to witness and weep over their great loss, as one who was present has said—"they prayed, sang and went aloud." The real missionary is the tried hero.

The daughter was more than interesting, she was truly beautiful, the only squaw that I have yet seen that has come up to the ideal which I had formed in my own mind of Indian feminine loveliness. She took a likeness out of her bosom with a pleasant laugh and held it up before me in the most artful manner. I thought I knew what she meant; and turning to her brother I said, "I suppose she is showing me her jewel." He told her in her own language what I had said, and she gave such a sweet, shrill, flute-like laugh, the parallel of which I never heard before. They all enjoyed this little bit of pleasantry, so bidding them good night, I left with an invitation to come and see them the next morning before the vessel set sail. I was there before 5 o'clock and went and saw their farm with the son. I found that he had been at the Wesleyan Training School and had received a good commercial and theological education, together with a thorough knowledge of agriculture. The farm lay not 200 yards from the great Western terminus. I told him the price of land was raising very rapidly and he must be careful how he acted. "Yes," said he, "I am thankful that the missionary has taught me to do right and keep my right."

After this interview I took the beautiful bath steamer and glided down the St. Clair, past the church and mission house thankful for the sake of others as well as myself, for the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

Your correspondent, W. H. B.

Every preparation was made; Don Pedro, after having left the horses outside the city, was to seek Celestine, who would descend from the window, and both were to fly to Portugal.

Don Pedro employed all the hours of the day in arranging his affairs; and Celestine, on her part, re-opened again and again a little basket of jewels which her mother had left for her. It was filled with diamonds and precious stones, and among the rest shone a ring of emerald polish. Don Pedro had lately given her. This treasure she was to bear away, and guarding it carefully; Celestine sat watching at the window, as Don Pedro hurried towards the spot, his heart palpitating with joy and expectation.

But just as he arrived at the street he heard cries for succor, and turning, saw two men attacked by five assassins, armed with swords and clubs, and evidently intent on murder. The brave Pedro forgot everything to the rescue of the aggressor; he pounced upon the murderers, and what was his surprise at recognizing in them his dead brother, Alonzo the mercenary. He believed that Don Pedro sought in vain to free himself from his companions. In their gratitude, they determined that he should pass the night with them, and the poor lover found that he had already lost two hours of his precious time. Alas! he little knew of the misfortune that had already occurred!

One of the assassins, in his flight, passed beneath the window of Celestine. The night was very obscure, and the unhappy maiden, when she saw the ruffian appear, believed that Don Pedro had at last arrived. Extending her hand with a sigh of impatience and joy, and presented the casket.

"Take these diamonds," she said to him, "while I descend."

At the word diamonds, the assassin stopped seized the casket without replying, and while Celestine was occupied in descending, he fled to the street.

THE BELLE OF GRANADA.

BY ELLEN EUSTACE.

Celestine Perez, at the age of eighteen, was the most famous beauty of Granada. An orphan and heiress to an immense fortune, she lived under the care of an old uncle, hard and avaricious, who was called Alonzo. He was occupied during the day, in counting his ducats, and through the night in driving away the serenaders who sought Celestine. The intention of Alonzo was to marry this rich heiress to Don Henrique, his son, who had already studied six years at Salamanca, and had begun to translate Cornelius Nepos quite passably.

All the handsome cavaliers of Granada were lovers of Celestine; but they could only see her at mass; and the church days were strictly kept by these worthy devotees. Among the most distinguished of these was Don Pedro Alvarez, captain of cavalry. Of little wealth, but of noble family, brave and distinguished, he attracted the eyes of all the dames of Granada, but he only perceived Celestine. This she soon discovered, and she discovered, and her glances, in return, were directed to him alone.

Thus they passed two months without daring to speak, at the end of that time Don Pedro found means to convey to his mistress a letter in which he disclosed to her all that she well knew already. He also solicited permission to stand beneath her window, and behold her near him, if for only a moment. Such is the custom in Spain, where the ladies serve more for the night than the day. At a late hour, when the street is deserted, the lover, enveloped in his cloak, armed with his sword, and invoking the god of love and silence, walks joyfully toward the happy spot and takes his station beneath the barred window. Scarcely it softly opened. A charming Spaniard appears, and asks, in trembling tones if one is below. Her lover, transported with joy, re-assured her; he speaks in a low voice; they interrupt each other, saying a thousand times the same thing; vows ascend to the latices; kisses fly through the air. But the day approaches—they must separate. An hour is passed in bidding adieu, and they part without having said a thousandth portion of all they had intended.

The window of Celestine overlooked a small place, almost deserted, and occupied only by a few poor people. The old nurse of Don Pedro soon sought his old friend.

"My good woman," said he, "I have too long suffered you to remain in this miserable place. This forgetfulness is culpable on my part; go and occupy a room near my house, and leave this humble abode for me to dispose of."

The good nurse could only reply with her tears. She accepted with joy the exchange, and kissed the hands of her pious foster-son.

No king ever took possession of his royal palace with greater joy than Don Pedro felt, when established in his nurse's apartment. As soon as night came, Celestine appeared at the window; and no cloud seemed to obscure their happiness; when Don Henrique, the son of Alonzo, and the future husband of Celestine, arrived from Salamanca, bringing a declaration of love in Latin, which he had been months in writing.

While Alonzo was preparing the marriage contract for his son and Celestine, the lovers determined to settle their happiness by an elopement. They decided to fly to Lisbon.

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He retraced his steps, searching in vain on the borders of the route, and returned discouraged and hopeless. After having assured himself that dear Celestine had not returned to Granada, he imagined that she had perhaps gone to Seville, where she had relatives. He hastened to Seville, the relatives had lately left in a vessel for Mexico. Don Pedro doubted not that his mistress had departed with them, and took passage in the next vessel, arrived at Mexico, found the friends of Celestine, but they could give him no information regarding her. In returning to Spain the ship was wrecked upon the coast: Don Pedro saved himself upon the fragments, and penetrating into the mountains to seek succor, the chances of love conducted him to Gadara.

Having entered the first inn that they met with, Don Pedro and his companions in misfortune congratulated themselves on their escape, and while talking over their dangers, one of the passengers commenced quarrelling with a sailor for the possession of a casket, which the passenger declared to be his property. Don Pedro, who sought to appease the quarrel, requested the claimant to describe the contents of the casket, and opened it himself to ascertain the truth.

Imagine his astonishment at recognizing the jewels of Celestine, and among them the emerald that he had given her! Remaining for an instant immovable, he examined more attentively the precious treasure; then fixing his eyes, filled with fury, on the passenger, he exclaimed:

"Of whom did you obtain this casket?"

"That is of no importance to you," fiercely replied the man, "it is sufficient that I claim it as my property."

He then attempted to wrest the treasure from Don Pedro, but he, placing it within his doublet, drew his sword, and attacking the robber:

"Traitor!" cried his, confess thy crime, or thou diest within the hour."

In saying these words, he threw himself upon his enemy, who defended himself with valor, but soon fell, pierced with a mortal wound.

At the sight, all the villagers gathered around Don Pedro; they surrounded and seized him. They threw him into a prison, and the innkeeper ran to urge his wife to seek a priest, while he went to deliver the casket into the hands of the alcade and inform him of what had happened.

What was the joy and astonishment of Celestine at recognizing her diamonds and hearing that the robber was in custody. She ran hastily to the inn; the priest was already there, and the dying man, touched by his expostulations, confessed that two years before, in passing through a street in Granada, a female from a window had lowered a casket, telling him to guard it, while she descended, that he had fled with the jewels, and that he asked pardon of God and the person he had robbed. After this recital, he expired and Celestine hastened to the prison.

How her heart palpitated, as she advanced! She believed, after having heard of the rescue of her jewels, that she should behold Don Pedro; but she feared to be recognized by him. Drawing her hat over her eyes, enveloping herself in a black cloak, and preceded by a jailer carrying a light, she descended to the dungeon.

Hardly had she reached the foot of the stairs when she recognized her lover. At

earth again more charming than ever.

Celestine, who long in finding a master, declared that it was Apollo descended to earth again more charming than ever. It was the old alcade of the village, regarded as the most honest man of the country. This good laborer, for the alcaides are not much more, soon felt the most tender friendship for Celestine. Not more than a month passed, in her duty as shepherd, when she was employed to direct household affairs; and Marcello performed every duty with such sweetness and instruction, that master and servant were equally pleased. Marcello was the example and love of the village. His sweetness, his grace and wisdom won all hearts.

"See," said the mothers to their sons, "see this good Marcello! He is always with his master; he is occupied ever in making others comfortable and happy; and he never quits his duties, like you, to run after the shepherdesses."

Thus passed two years. Celestine, thinking always of Don Pedro, had secretly sent a letter to obtain information of his lover, Alonzo, and Don Henrique. The old man, Alonzo, returned, reported that the old man Alonzo was dead, that Henri, two years, had not been seen in the country. Celestine then gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again, and strove to content herself with the prospect of passing her life in the village, with a heart dead to the sentiment of love; when the old alcade, who was among these simple rustics.

The villagers, on assembling to decide upon their new ruler declared unanimously that the will of the old alcade had pointed out his successor. The old man, followed by all the youths of the village, marched with much ceremony to the dwelling of Marcello, carrying the mark of dignity, an ivory baton. Celestine accepted it and touched to tears by this proof of affection from these honest people, she resolved to consecrate to her duties a life which could never be blessed by affection.

While the new alcade is thus occupied we will return to the unhappy Don Pedro, whom we left galloping on the road to Portugal, seeking always for her whom he hoped to encounter. At length he arrived at Lisbon, without having heard any news of Celestine. He retraced his steps, searching in vain on the borders of the route, and returned discouraged and hopeless. After having assured himself that dear Celestine had not returned to Granada, he imagined that she had perhaps gone to Seville, where she had relatives. He hastened to Seville, the relatives had lately left in a vessel for Mexico. Don Pedro doubted not that his mistress had departed with them, and took passage in the next vessel, arrived at Mexico, found the friends of Celestine, but they could give him no information regarding her. In returning to Spain the ship was wrecked upon the coast: Don Pedro saved himself upon the fragments, and penetrating into the mountains to seek succor, the chances of love conducted him to Gadara.

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his sight joy for a moment clouded her senses; she leaned against the wall; her head fell on her shoulder, and tears flowed over her cheeks. But soon rising, she sought to subdue her, and approached the prisoner.

"Stranger," said she, disguising her voice, "you have committed a crime; you have killed your companion. What has led you to an act so culpable?"

Here her voice failed her, and sinking upon a stone bench, she covered her face with her hands.

"Alcade," replied Don Pedro, "I have not committed a crime; it was an act of justice. But I demand death. Death alone will end the sufferings of which this villain, Don Pedro, has made me the first cause. Condemn me to death—I have no wish to defend myself, since I have lost all hopes of ever finding him."

As he finished, his lips pronounced the name of Celestine.

Celestine trembled, in hearing him pronounce her name. She was no longer mistress of herself; she rose, and would on the instant have revealed herself to her lover, but the presence of the jailer restrained her.

"Go," she said to him, "I would remain alone with the prisoner."

She obeyed. Then advancing to Don Pedro, and extending her hand, she said, with much emotion:

"You have always loved, then, her who has lived only for you!"

At the sound of her voice, at these words, Don Pedro raised his head, but dared not believe his eyes.

"O, heaven! is it you? is it my Celestine? Ah, it is she! I can doubt no longer," he cried; and folding her in his arms, he kissed away her tears. "It is my love, my Celestine, and all my misfortunes are ended."

"No," replied Celestine, after some moments' silence, "you are guilty of murder—I cannot break your chains, but I will go tomorrow to the city, reveal all to the governor, tell him my birth and history, recount our misfortune, and if he refuses thee thy liberty I will return here to end my days in a prison."

Day had hardly dawned when Celestine, who had revealed her story to her loved companion the village governor, accompanied by the jailer, to the palace of the Governor, and informed her sex, told her adventures, and Don Pedro had committed, and of the motives which rendered it excusable. All the inhabitants fell at the feet of the governor, entreating that the request of their loved Marcello should be granted. A pardon is pronounced; and they hasten back to open the prison doors of Don Pedro.

As the happy lover pressed Celestine closer to his heart, an old man advanced from among the villagers.

"Stranger," said he, "we have given you your liberty, but you would take from us our Marcello; and our loss will be greater than your benefit. Deign to become our alcade, our master, and our friend. Live for the future among us, and permit us to reverence and admire as your wife, her, who as a noble youth first won our affections."

Don Pedro and Celestine, touched by this new proof of affection, could not refuse the request of the inhabitants of Gadara. They returned to Granada, where they converted their wealth into money and after their necessities were solemnized; they chose for their future home a domain among these friendly people, who never ceased to bless the day when the youth Marcello first sought an asylum among them.

The Old Man and the Youth.

Geron, an old man of eighty years, was sitting at the door of his rural dwelling, enjoying the bright autumnal morning. His eyes rested by turns on the blue mountains in the distance, whose summits the mist was ascending like a cloud of incense, and on his sprightly grand-children who were playing around him. Then a youth from town came to the old man, and entered into conversation with him. When he heard the number of his years, he marvelled at his healthy and vigorous appearance, and asked Geron what he had done to enjoy such strength and serenity in the winter of his life.

Then Geron answered, "my son, this is like every good thing, a gift from above, of which we must not boast; nevertheless, we may do something here below to obtain it."

After these words, the old man arose and took the stranger to the orchard; here he showed the high splendid trees, laden with delicious fruits, the sight of which gladdened the heart. Then the old man said, "Dost thou marvel now that I enjoy the fruit of these trees? Behold my son, I planted them in my youth. Here, thou hast the mystery of my quiet, fruitful old age!"

The youth bowed his head, for he understood the old man's words, and pondered them in his heart.—*Krummacher.*

Lecture Rooms.—Among the papers read before the Scientific Association, at Albany, was one of Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, on the application of acoustics to public lecture rooms. It gives the results of numerous experiments at Washington, with the view to ascertain the best form of room to accommodate the voice. A lecture room in the Smithsonian Institution has been constructed to embody these results, and is found to put the speaker and hearer on the best possible terms. It is shaped somewhat like a trumpet, with the speaker placed in the small end, with galleries at the large end, somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe. The room is one hundred feet long and eighty feet wide in the largest diameter. The hearer in the galleries can catch the slightest whisper on the rostrum opposite. All echoes which do not go to assist the speaker are broken up and neutralized, while the obliquity of the lateral walls prevents a reverberation from one to the other.

A young gentleman who had a sharp nose, ran against a tree at Bethlehem, Pa., a few days since, and split it from top to bottom. He is a relative of the man who used to split fence rails with his proboscis.

Religion at Home.

"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show pity at home. Religion being in the family, the holiest sanctuary on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the bedside. The principle of love which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family. We learn to love God by loving our brothers and sisters, and mother. That is, we exercise the same feeling which, in an exalted degree, is to be directed to God. So that it is true in a sense more familiar and yet more comprehensive than is commonly given to it: 'He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?'"

How to Cure Corns.

Dr. Hall, in Journal of Health, says:—"Never let anything harder than your great nail touch a corn. The worst kinds are controllable as follows: Soak the feet in quite warm water for half an hour before going to bed; then rub on the corn with your finger, for several minutes, some common sweet oil. Do this every night; and every morning repeat this rubbing in of oil with the finger.—Attend on the toe during the day two or three thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in the centre to receive the corn. In less than a week in ordinary cases, if the corn does not fall out, you can pinch it out with your finger nail."

Can Do their Own Kissing.

In this village lives a very exacting land-lord. Not long since he called for his rent of a very worthy mechanic, who rejoices in the possession of a pretty little wife. She could not liquidate the amount due; but the land-lord, becoming really enamored, told her he would give her a receipt in full for just one kiss. "Sir," said she, boiling with indignation, "myself and husband are very poor; perhaps we cannot pay the rent; but I tell you, sir, we're not so poor but that we can do our own kissing."

Ain't that a glorious consolation for poor folks!—*Edin'g Gazette.*

ANGELS IN PETTICOATS.

A Correspondent of the Portland Transcript says:

I have recently given up all idea of women folks, and come back to perillous life.—I am more at home in this line than in hunting the fair sex. Angilla in petticoats ain't "kiss me quick"; 'tis pretty to look at, I give you, but dare I say, they are as slippery as eels; when you fish for them and get a bite you find yourself at the wrong end of the line, they've caught you, and when you've stuffed 'em with peanuts and candy, and doggeries, they will throw you away as they would a cold fater. Leastwise, that's bin my experience.—But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheba, the sleepin' beauty, Kleopatra's needle, Pompey's pillar and Lot's wife, with a steam engine to help 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over.

The conflagration of the Latting Observatory, reported on Saturday, involving a loss of \$109,000, on which the insurance amounted to only \$17,500. It was owned and occupied by the Hydeville Marble Works Company. The building was erected at the same time as the Crystal Palace, for the entertainment of strangers visiting the city. It was some 325 feet in height, with a drum-topped light placed at the extreme top. Visitors by reaching the topmost windows saw the city by reaching the Crystal Palace, and was sold out by the Sheriff. One year ago it was reduced by over two feet and converted into the Hydeville Marble Works.

A mournful occurrence took place in New York, a few days since. As a lady clad in the extreme of the latest Parisian style, was promenading a public street, she had occasion to pause a moment beside a broken gas pipe which some workmen were engaged in repairing; and before she was fully aware of the mischief that was working, the skirts of her dress were inflated, and she was lifted from her feet and tossed, like a meteor, heavenward. In five minutes she was beyond the reach of telescopic vision.

The State Treasurer has given notice that all the circulating notes issued by the Tradesman's Bank, at Cape May Court House; City Bank, Cape Island; Tradesman's Bank, Flemington; Public Stock, Belvidere, and Atlantic Bank, Cape May Court House, must be presented for redemption at his office, in the City of Trenton, within six months from the first day of June last. After that time, the balance of the redemption funds deposited with the Treasurer, will be given up to said banks.

The number of Fires in the United States last month was 16; involving a loss of \$617,000. The total losses by fire during the year amount to \$12,054,000. This statement only includes the fires in which the losses exceeded \$10,000.

Franklin was an observing and sensible man, and his conclusions were seldom incorrect.—He said that a newspaper and Bible in every house, and a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as worthy—are the principle supporters of virtue; morality and civil liberty.

John Adams was at one time called upon by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered: "I have nothing to give for that purpose, but there are here in this vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in each other's pulpits.—Now; I will contribute as much and more than any one else to civilize these six clergymen."

Contentment.—"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian Poet Saadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

A farmer, returning home in his wagon after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of national prosperity than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera.

West Jersey Academy, AT BRIDGETON, N. J. Rev. P. E. STEVENSON, Principal. Two Sessions in a year: each Session two quarters. Students are received at any time; but they should, if possible, be present promptly at the beginning, when the classes are organized.

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizen of Cumberland County to the following facts, that he will be benefited and pleased by the purchase of the largest and best assortment of GOODS ever offered in the place and at the lowest prices. The old motto "no trouble to show goods" will still be adhered to.

At the Old Stand! THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between Newton & Foy, having been dissolved, the subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that he will still continue to carry on the business at the same place as the old established Stand, formerly occupied by them, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage.

MILLVILLE STOVE STORE. And Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper, Zinc and Wrought Ware Depot. The Subscriber, having taken the property lately occupied by Henry Powell, as a Carriage making shop, is desirous of informing the inhabitants of Millville and the surrounding country, that he is at all times prepared, and will be happy to furnish them with every article that can be manufactured from sheet iron, zinc, copper &c.

Five per cent. Saving Fund, Of the National Safety Co. Incorporated by the State of Pennsylvania, in 1841. MONEY is received in any sum, large or small, and interest paid from day to day.

NOTICE. The undersigned having rented his place of business from Franklin Street to Sheppard's Building, next door to Fithian, Whitaker & Co's. Hardware Store, Commerce St., would respectfully invite his friends and the public generally to his large assortment of FURNITURE.

A PRETTY FOOT. "There's magic in a pretty foot, And well the Ladies know it, And she who has a pretty one, Is every apt to show it."

NEW GOODS For the Spring and Summer of 1856. AT BATES' Hall of Fashion. Just received and opened this day at J. Bates' Fashionable Clothing and Tailoring establishment one of the largest and most complete in the city.

THE subscribers having removed to their NEW & SPACIOUS STORE, No. 278 Chestnut St. 1/2 door above 10th, are now prepared to offer a large and well selected stock of the following fresh and desirable goods.

WALL PAPER. YOU will find a new and handsome assortment of Wall Paper, of various styles, patterns, and prices at the new store in

Watches & Jewellery. JOHN M. LANNING has just received a good assortment of watches, domestic and imported, breast pins, ear rings, finger rings, gold and silver pencils, specks, silver and plated spoons.

SAVING FUND Of the United States Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company. CAPITAL \$250,000. MONEY is received on deposit daily. The amount deposited is entered in a Deposit Book and given to the Depositor, or, if preferred, a certificate will be given.

TRAVELLING LINES. Philadelphia and New York via the Camden and Amboy Railroad and Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Co's Lines from Philadelphia to New York and Way Points.

WANTED THE PUBLIC TO KNOW. THAT GROSSCUP has just opened the largest assortment of Groceries, Canned Goods, and Vestings, ever offered in Bridgeton, embracing all the latest and best styles of plain and fancy goods.

Wanted Every Body to Know! THAT GROSSCUP has just opened the largest assortment of Groceries, Canned Goods, and Vestings, ever offered in Bridgeton, embracing all the latest and best styles of plain and fancy goods.

NEW GOODS. THE subscribers have just opened a new and complete assortment of Clothing, Hosiery and Vestings, which they will sell at the lowest and most reasonable prices.

NEW WHOLESALE DRUG STORE. N. SPENCER THOMAS, No. 26 South Second St., Philadelphia. IMPORTER OF CHEMICALS & DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c.

Watches & Jewellery. JOHN M. LANNING has just received a good assortment of watches, domestic and imported, breast pins, ear rings, finger rings, gold and silver pencils, specks, silver and plated spoons.

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Brewster's Cholera Mixture. HAS gained great celebrity throughout the country, for the cure of cholera, cholera morbus, pains in the stomach and cholera. Also, in the first stage of dysentery, which it takes on the first attack of disease, with a gradually lightening effect.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING. A new lot just received for spring and summer wear, such as black cloth, fancy cassimere, tweed, cashmere, alpaca, linen and gingham coats, all prices and sizes, a great variety of vests.

HATS AND CAPS. I have on hand a large assortment of Hats, consisting of silk, fur, Panama, Leghorn and broad hats of all qualities. Men and boys Palm Leaf and Canvas hats, &c.

REMOVAL. HENRY NEFF. I have removed my office to the Rough Cast Building on Commerce Street, Third door East of the Presbyterian meeting room.

THE State Savings Fund, OFFICE—Next door to the Post Office, No. 83, Dock St., Philadelphia, 1854. INTEREST FIVE PER CENT. All sums of money returned on demand.

WANTED THE PUBLIC TO KNOW. THAT GROSSCUP has just opened the largest assortment of Groceries, Canned Goods, and Vestings, ever offered in Bridgeton, embracing all the latest and best styles of plain and fancy goods.

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ICE FOR SALE. HAVING secured a large supply of very superior ICE from Mr. W. H. Bradford's spring water, which is free from snow, I am now prepared to furnish Ice Cream Salads, Hotels, Families, Fishing and Pic Nic Parties, with large and small quantities, by day or by contract.

PLEASE READ. A little more about Cheap Shoes. It is a fact and cannot be truly contradicted, that A. D. Maul has in his store a good assortment (for the season) and sells them as cheap as any one in the place.

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