

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, AUGUST 27, 1859.

VOL. XI—NO 599

HAIR JEWELRY,
Charles Neher,
Artist in Hair,
No. 612 Arch Street, above Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.

WEST JERSEY R. CO.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
ON and after Wednesday, April 6th, 1859,
the Cars of the West Jersey Railroad Co.
will leave daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut street wharf, at 8 and 11 1/2 A. M., and 2 1/2 and 5 P. M.
LEAVE BRIDGETON,
at 7 and 9 1/2 A. M., and 1 1/2 and 4 P. M.
Fares between Philadelphia and Woodbury, 25 cts.
RICHARD SHIPPEN, Agent.

Henry Neff,
SURGEON DENTIST.
COMMERCIAL ST., a few doors east
of the Presbyterian Session
Room and directly opposite the new
Catholic Church, still continues to practice Den-
tistry in all its various departments.
I have been using electricity in extra teeth, and it
does really prevent pain during the operation
in all cases. I have extracted the teeth with the most
successful results.
Bridgeton, June 27, '57.

D. H. SMOCK,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Office in the brick building S. W. corner of Com-
merce and Pearl sts. Ap. 10-11.

PEDRICK & CHEESMAN,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL,
AND
BLACKSMITH COAL,
Bridgeton, N. J.
SPRINGS, AXLES, VICES,
BELLOWS, &c.
ISAAC PEDRICK, JOHN CHEESMAN, Jr.

THOMAS P. WILLIAMS,
ELECTROPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Commerce Street, West of the Bridge.
J. R. HOAGLAND,
Attorney at Law,
Solicitor, Master & Examiner in Chancery,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Office on Commerce St., over the CHRONICLE
Office.

BECK & LAWTON,
MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
No. 122 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

C. S. MILLER & CO.,
CHEAP FAMILY DRY GOODS
AND TRIMMING STORE,
BRIDGE STREET, BRIDGETON, N. J.

O. S. BELDEN,
Practitioner of Medicine,
OFFICE SITUATED ON LAUREL ST.,
BRIDGETON.
Bridgeton, June 12, 1858.

A CARD.
J. C. KIRBY, Surgeon Dentist,
(successor to J. D. Harbert),
respectfully offers his professional
services to the inhabitants of Cumberland County
and the public generally.
Office in the row of brick buildings, five doors
west of E. Davis & Son's hotel, formerly occupied
by J. D. Harbert. Mar. 28, 1857-y.

S. B. WOODRUFF,
No. 26 Commerce Street
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.
May 29.

WALTER DIMMORE & CO.
GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS,
780 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
WALTER DIMMORE, CHAS. W. WARNICK.
Engravings, Ambrotypes and Daguerrotypes
beautifully colored. Photographs in Water Col-
ors, Pastel and India Ink.
The Public are respectfully invited to call and
examine specimens.
April 23, 1859-y.

EDWARD R. MORGAN & CO.,
Photography and India Ink Gallery,
No. 1024 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Constantly receiving, and on hand, an assortment of
H. B. Ames' Detective, Erasable and Fancy
Seals, Bed Cards, Col. Rope, Clothes Pins, Bas-
kets, Brushes, The Yarn, Lamp Wick, Wrapping
and Straw Paper, Brooms, Baskets, Pearl and
Hull Barley.

G. E. EDWARDS,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST.
CORNER OF MAIN AND SECOND STREETS
MILLENVILLE, N. J.
THE Undersigned would re-
spectfully inform the inhabi-
tants of Millville, that he has again
taken his permanent stand in this place, where he
will be found at all hours, ready to perform all
operations connected with DENTISTRY.
All engagements strictly attended to, and
particular attention paid to children's teeth.
MILLENVILLE, N. J. CHAS. E. EDWARDS.
S. A. TAYLOR. N. E. NEWKIRK.

Taylor & Newkirk's
F A N O Y
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMING STORE,
COMMERCIAL STREET,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Hosiery, Gloves, Laces and Ribbons of every
variety, kept constantly on hand. Jan. 30.

Reuben, Davis & Co.,
Boot, Shoe and Leather Store,
No. 10, CARL'S BUILDING,
Bridgeton, N. J.
June 11, 1859-y.

CHOICE POETRY.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.
The Angel's Song.

Four thousand years had lingered on,
And generations lived and gone,
Before the angels came to earth
To hail the infant Saviour's birth:
"Glory to God on high," they sing,
"And joyful news to men we bring."
They sang redemption, thro' the blood
Of the atoning Lamb of God:
They sung the babe then born to be
The Saviour in humanity.
"Glory to God," who sent his Son
To ransom back a race undone!"

Did angels sing such joyful strains,
That shepherds on Judea's plains?
Then let us join their pious mirth,
And send hosannas round the earth;
Glory to God, who brings again
Good will to earth, and peace to men!
Sol! us sing, from youth to age,
Thro' all our earthly pilgrimage;
For unto us the song is given,
To roll in anthems back to heaven:
Glory to God! and love to men,
Till all creation rings again!

The Sabbath School.
Saviour smile upon our offering;
Make this house the place of prayer,
That whenever we assemble,
We may find thy presence here:
Often meet us,
Sitting in the Sabbath School;
Jesus, while our hearts are tender,
We would offer them to thee;
Glad to make a full surrender,
And thy happy children be:
Here we offer,
Sitting in the Sabbath School.

Here we see in heavenly places,
While we sit to read the word;
Here we sing our glad hosannas,
To the name of our dear Lord.
O, how pleasant
Sitting in the Sabbath School.
Often, while on earth we wander;
Far from home, and friends control—
Oft amid the bliss of heaven,
While eternal ages roll,
We'll remember
Sitting in the Sabbath School.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.
THE HUSBAND OF ONE WIFE.
I am glad to see that all attempts
to weaken public regard for the sanctity of mar-
riage as established among us, are almost
universally and immediately frowned upon.
This is as it should be. Since the world be-
gan, abundant experience has shown that the
Christian marriage, or one man mated with
one woman, is, in all its issues, the best
that has ever been conceived.

I consider a good wife as the choicest of
all earthly treasures, and I am not alone in
my views. Do you suppose that man ever
lived who would prefer single to married
life, had he ever met a woman who equalled
his views of what woman ought to be. The
increase of old bachelors amongst us is a
pretty sure sign that either men are becom-
ing more difficult to please and require a
higher standard of excellence than formerly,
or that females are becoming less and less
endowed with those qualities which attract
the esteem and secure the affections of men.

I have seen cold, proud, intellectual old
bachelors, apparently self-sustained and
happy, walking the rugged path of life alone;
and to the superficial observer looking
carelessly upon joy as sorrow. However,
it would be hard to persuade me that beneath
that smooth ice there smoldered no volca-
no—that those freezing eyes would not rather
be looking into the sweet face of a baby,
than eternally pouring over musty folios;
that those masculine ears would not consid-
er the light prattle of infancy, and the woo-
ings of a mother's voice, that infant and that
mother to be his own, is sweeter music than
the dulcet tones of an Eolian. You need
not shake your head, or utter a forced laugh,
I see how it is, and my soul follows you
with pitying eyes. There is no use; you
don't believe the lie yourself, neither can
you force it upon others. You may pile
your books thick upon shelves—you may scrib-
ble until pen, ink, paper, thoughts, eyes
and candles give out; then turn around and
face your head if you dare,—stop, and lis-
ten to its pleadings. Why is that voice?
why that yearning?—what that longing af-
ter something unattained; sit down in the
still moonlight look on, while old memories
of withered hopes and aspirations, dwell in
mournful procession before the soul's mirror.
What was it that engaged the thoughts of
your youth, the hopes of your manhood, the
deepest and purest aspirations of your later

THE SUNDAY MORNING'S DREAM.

My first day of returning health, after
many weeks of severe illness, was a bright
Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit
at an open window in my easy chair, and as
our house stood in a pleasant garden in the
suburbs of London, the first roses of the
year scented the soft breeze that fanned my
pale cheeks, and revived my languid frame.
The bells of our parish church were just
beginning their chimes, and the familiar
sound awakened in me an intense longing
to be with my family once more a worship-
per in the house of God. I took up my
Bible and Prayer-book, which had been
placed ready on the table beside me, intend-
ing to begin to read when the hour of the
eleven o'clock service should be announced
by the ringing of the bells, and in the mean-
time, closed my eyes, and soothed my im-
patient wishes, by picturing to myself the
avenue of blossoming limes that led to our
church, and the throngs that would now
be entering it for the public worship of the
day.

All at once I seemed to be walking in the
beautiful churchyard, yet prevented from
gratifying my eager wish to enter the church
by some irresistible, though unseen, hind-
er. One by one the congregation, in their gay
Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in
where I vainly strove to follow. The parish
children, in two long and orderly trains, de-
filed up the stairs into the galleries, and
except a few stragglers hurrying in, as feel-
ing themselves late, I was left alone.
Sudden and conscious of some awful
presence, and felt myself addressed by a
voice of most solemnity in words to this
effect: "Mortal, who by Divine mercy
has just been permitted to return from the
gates of the grave, pause before thou enter-
est God's holy house again; reflect how of-
ten thou hast profaned His solemn public
worship by irreverence, or by inattention,
which is in His sight irreverence; consider
the great privileges, the unspeakable
benefit and blessing of united prayer, and
again abusing it thou tire the patience
of thy long suffering God, and tempt Him
forever to deprive thee of that which lith-
erally thou hast so long valued."
Seeing me cast down my eyes and blush
with conscious guilt, the Gracious Being
continued in a milder tone, "I am one of
those angels commissioned to gather the
prayers of the saints, and form them into
wreaths of odorous incense, that they may
rise to the throne of God. Enter now with
me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be en-
abled to discern those among the devotions
that are to be offered which are acceptable to
Him, and to see how few in number, how
few and how far apart they are."
As he ceased speaking, I found myself
by the side of the angel still, but within the
church, and so placed that I could distinct-
ly see every part of the building.

"Observe," said the angel, "that those
prayers which come from the heart, and
which alone ascend on high, will seem to
be uttered aloud. They will be more or
less in proportion to the earnest-
ness; when the thoughts wander, the sound
will grow faint, and soon cease altogether."
This explained to me why the organist,
though apparently playing with all his
might produced no sound, and why, pres-
ently after, when the service began, though
the lips of many moved, and all appeared
attentive, only a few faint murmurs were
heard.

How strange and awful it was to note the
sort of death-like silence that prevailed in
the whole pews, in which, as was evident,
no heart was raised in gratitude to Heaven.
Even in the To Deum and Jubilate, the
voices sometimes sunk in total silence. After
the Creed, there was a low murmuring of
the versicles, and then, distinct and clear
above all other sounds, a sweet childish
voice softly and reverently repeated the
Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of
the sounds, and distinguished among the
parish children a very little boy. His hands
were clasped together; as he knelt his eyes
were closed, his gentle face composed in
reverence; and as the angel wrote on his
tablets the words that fell from those infant
lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illuminated
the church for a moment, and I remembered
the words of holy David, where he says,
"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
is his dust perfected praise."
Presently I was again reminded of a scrip-
ture passage—the prayer of the publican
A wretched-looking man, who swept the
crossing near the church, lounged into the
centre aisle during the reading of the les-
sons, his occupation being for the hour sus-
pended. The second lesson was the twenty-
fourth chapter of St. Matthew, some verses
attracted his attention; he listened with
more and more seriousness, until at length
he put his hand over his face, and exclaim-
ed aloud, "What will become of me at the
day of judgment? Lord, have mercy on
me, a sinner." That prayer was inserted
on the angel's tablets. O may it not stand
alone but be an awakening of better things.
May God indeed have mercy on such poor
neglected ones as he, and raise up some to
teach them, and care for their immortal souls.

After this, growing accustomed to the bro-
ken murmurs and interrupted sounds, I fol-
lowed many a humble Christian through
large portions of the Litany; though often,
while I was listening with hopeful attention,
a sudden and total pause would too
plainly be the thoughts of the kneeling suppli-
cant had wandered far away, and that he who
had appeared so earnest in his devotions, had
become languid and silent like the rest of
the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast ob-
served," said the angel; "I will show thee
greater abominations than these. God is
strong and patient. He is provoked every
day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the
thoughts of all these people; so shalt thou
have some faint idea of the forbearance God
continually exercises towards those who are
near to Him with their lips, while their
hearts are far from Him."
As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened
with a clamour which would have been shock-
ing in a public meeting, but which here, in
God's holy house, was awfully profane.—

Flowers in a School Yard.

We have often recommended the culture
of flowers around school buildings. Noting
will conduce more to make these build-
ings attractive, and beget a taste for the
beautiful and the true, and lead away from
vice. We were glad to note an instance
where school floriculture is practised. Our
old friend and school mate, Wm. Poole,
Esq., Ed. of the Niagara Falls Gazette, in
his issue of June 29, after acknowledging
the receipt of a splendid bouquet from the
class in Botany, in the Senior Department,
of the Public School, very justly remarks:
"This is deserving of more than ordinary
notice, from the fact that it is made up of
flowers from the school yard. We know
from observation, that there are very few
school yards where flowers are cultivated,
and we would like to see the school yard
in Western New York, where they are
more carefully cared for than on the
grounds of school-house No. 2. The teach-
ers of the Public School, and also the
Board of Education, and especially its lead-
ing spirit, Mr. Trott.

This matter of cultivating flowers and
shade trees, in and around our school
grounds, may appear to some, very unin-
portant, useless, foolish even—according to
the tastes of people who express such opin-
ions. Who would not prefer to have his children
attend school where some little attention is
given to the cultivation of a taste for the
good and beautiful, rather than where dis-
ipated fixtures and disgustingly dirty
grounds are the most prominent features?
Our citizens feel a just pride in our public
schools—and we all know they are the sub-
ject of complimentary comment abroad."
—American Agriculturist.

A MODEL DEBTOR.
It is only those people who keep out of
debt that cannot form an idea of the misery
of being dunned. Some debtors, however,
when called upon in a business way, and
asked to settle "that little bill," or adjust
that "trifling balance," have a nonchalant
way of desiring the collector to call again,
so irresolute, that instead of getting the
usual credit of six months, they generally
manage to postpone the settlement of all
their claims for many years. One of these
we heard yesterday. He is adamant
against all collectors, and but few persons
of that occupation, will undertake the job
of dunning him.

As a debtor most usually are, he is poor;
but, to use a favorite expression of his, he is
not so poor, but what he can pay, he will
pay, which he does continually, and after a
style so perfectly *au fait*, that his creditors
unable to get angry, consider him a model
debtor. He rents an office in the lower
part of the city, into which he has but late-
ly moved. In changing his place of busi-
ness to where he is at present located, he
had the following circular printed, one of
which he enclosed to each of his creditors:
CINCINNATI, July 29, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—Within the past week I
have removed my place of business from
No.—Third street to No.—Front street.—
When you again send me a bill, please or-
der your collector to call at the last men-
tioned place. My office hours are from 9 a. m.
to 5 p. m.

Yours, very truly,
P. S.—Should I by any chance not be
in, tell your collector or whoever may have
the claim, to wait until I do come in, and I
will say when to call again.

It is needless to add that the circular had
the desired effect to cause his creditors to
change their claims to an account known as
Profit and Loss.—Cin. Com.

Mr. Hume, the famous spirit-rapping me-
dium, has lately rather put his foot into it
at Paris. At one of his sittings one of the
guests, a particularly active individual,
made a sudden grab at the spirit, which was
ticking his leg, and, behold, he found Mr.
Hume's foot in his hand. On another oc-
casion, a child's glove was found lying on
the floor when the furniture was being put
to rights after the seance.

LIBERILITY OF MR. A. T. STEWART.
The N. Y. correspondent of the Cleveland
Leader says:
"I was told a few evenings since that
Mr. A. T. Stewart, the Merchant Prince of
New York, intended to build a large Home
for Widows and Indigent Women, and en-
dow it most liberally, and that if one mil-
lion of dollars is not enough, he will use
two millions. Mr. Stewart says it is to the
women he is indebted for his fortune, and
now in return he will use it to benefit them
without regard to sect or creed."

HOW A RAIN CLOUD FORMS.—Prof. Wise
describing his last balloon voyage says:
"We plainly saw that the southwest wind
below, which drove us to the northwest at
starting, had now supplied the atmosphere
with moisture enough to make a growing
rain cloud. Slowly, but interestingly, the
vapor assumed a milky hue. Presently it
assumed the appearance of a vascular cloud;
then it spread out and bulged down in the
middle, and soon it had the appearance of a
great udder, with the water oozing through
it, but more copiously at and around its pro-
truberant centre. It was an interesting phe-
nomenon, and it seemed as though nature
was unbosoming her mammal to these un-
ders and water-spouts before."

Punch has an admirable pictorial hit on
the rotations of England and France. At
the right is a firework factory, filled to re-
pletion, as its bow windows show, with
rockets and all sorts of fearsome pyrotech-
nics, while outside is its proprietor, in cap
and blouse, posting up his fresh placard,
announcing "Blazes of Triumphs, Roman
Candles, Italian Fire. There is no mistak-
ing the Imperial physiognomy. Next door
is the Royal Beef House, kept by John Bull.
He carries in his hand a bill just sent in—
Income tax, sinecure; and then goes to pay
his neighbor: "Here I have got to pay
double insurance, all along of your confound-
ed fireworks."

MILKING IN SILENCE.—At the Farmer's
Club at West Cornwall, Connecticut, one
of the members observed that no talking
should be allowed while milking was going
on. Another said he had discharged a man
because he would talk and interrupt the
milking in his dairy, and that in three days
the increase of milk was equal to the man's
wages.

An arrival from Yucatan at New Orleans,
brings intelligence that the war of the races
still continues unabated. The Indians were
threatening general depredations.

Selections for Scrp Books.

No. 40.
Visit from a Leopard.

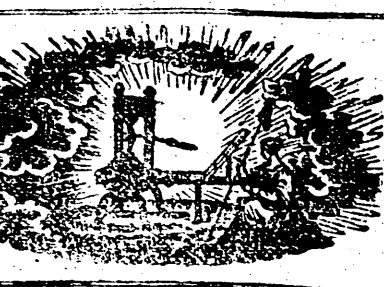
One night I was suddenly awoken by a
furious barking of our dogs, accompanied
by cries of distress. Suspecting that some
beast prey had seized upon one of them,
I leaped undressed out of my bed, and, gun
in hand, hurried to the spot where the
cries proceeded. The night was pitchy
dark, however, and I could distinguish
nothing; yet, in the hope of frightening
the intruder away, I shouted at the top of
my voice. In a few moments the torch
was lighted, and we then discerned the
tracks of a leopard, and also large patches
of blood. On counting the dogs, I found
that "Summer," the best and fleetest of our
kennel, was missing. As it was in vain
that I called and searched for him, I con-
cluded that the tiger had carried him away;
and, as nothing further could be done that
night, I again retired to rest; but the fate
of the poor animal continued to haunt me,
and, reaching the spot, I discovered
"Summer" stretched at full length in the
middle of a bush. Though the poor crea-
ture had several deep wounds about his
throat and chest, he at once recognized me,
and, wagging his tail, looked wistfully in
my face. The sight sickened me as I car-
ried him to the house, where in time, how-
ever, he recovered. The very next day
"Summer" was revenged in a very unexpect-
ed manner. Some of the servants had gone
into the bed of the river to chase away a
jackal, when they suddenly encountered a
leopard in the act of springing at our goats,
which were grazing, unconscious of danger,
on the river's banks. On finding himself
discovered, he immediately took refuge in a
tree, where he was at once attacked by the
men. It was, however, not until he had
received upwards of sixteen wounds, some
of which were inflicted by poisoned arrows,
that he became extinct. I arrived at the
scene of conflict only to see him die. Dur-
ing the whole affair, the men had stationed
themselves at the foot of the tree; the
branches of which the leopard was pertinaciously
clinging, and, having expended all their
ammunition, one of them proposed,
and the suggestion was taken into serious
consideration, that they should pull him
down by the tail. The poorer of Damaras,
when hard pressed in their attacks on the
leopard, the hyena, and many other
beasts of prey.—African Travels.

Anecdote of the African Lion.
This lion appears to have the impression
that man is not his natural prey; and though
he does not always give place to him, he
will yet in almost every case abstain from
attacking him, if he observes in his depart-
ment neither terror nor hostility.
Diederik Muller, one of the most intrepid
and successful lion hunters in South Africa,
mentions the following incident: He had
been out alone hunting in the wilds, when
he came suddenly upon a lion, which, in-
stead of giving way, seemed disposed, from
the angry attitude he assumed, to dispute
with him the dominion of the desert. Diederik
instantly alighted, and confident of his
unerring aim, levelled his mighty roar at
the forehead of the lion, who was crouched
in the act of springing, within fifteen paces
of him; but at the moment the hunter fired,
his horse, whose bridle was round his arm,
started back and caused him to miss. The
lion bounded forward, but stopped within a
few paces, confronting Diederik, who stood
defenceless, his gun discharged, and his
horse running off. The man and the beast
stood looking each other in the face for a
short space. At length the lion moved
backward, as if to go away. Diederik began
to load his gun; the lion looked over his
shoulder, growled, and returned. Diederik
stood still. The lion again moved cautious-
ly off, and the hunter proceeded to load his
gun; but the lion again looked back, and
growled angrily; and this occurred
repeatedly, until the animal had got off to
some distance, when he took fairly to his
heels, and bounded away.—African Obser-
ver.

Instinct of Foxes.
One morning early, a man in the North
was going to his work through fure bush on
the common, and came upon a fox, stretched
out at length, under the shade of one of the
bushes. He drew the fox by the tail and
swung it right and left and then laid it on
the ground, but no symptoms of motion or
life did he show. The man, never doubt-
ing that Reynard had gone the way of foxes,
and nothing loth to add a fox-skin cap to
the list of his personal furniture, and the
other ornamental trophies over the little
looking glass that stood inclined from the
wall of his cottage, took the animal by the
tail, and swung it over the one shoulder, at
the same time placing his moustach on the
other to keep up the balance, and having
done so, onward he trudged to mend the
high road. The animal had counterfeited
death to admiration, and he did not know
of being carried in the manner of a dead fox;
but he had no inclination to undergo that
species of dissection which the point of the
moustach was ever and anon giving to his
ribs; so at last he gave that decisive snap,
which is the characteristic bite of foxes.—
The man felt something was the matter,
but knew not very well what; so throwing
the fox and moustach from him, he turned
round to face his fox, whoever he might be,
and, in turning, he espied his dead fox at
the distance of full fifty yards, making for
Bridgeton's Cyclopaedia.

SMELL TASTE.—The sense of smell is
generally of greater importance to the low-
er animals than that of taste, consequently
it is in them often more acute than in man.
For instance, a dog will follow his master,
by his scent alone, through the streets and
tarnings of crowded city, distinguishing his
track from thousands of others.—Acterman.

West-Jersey Pioneer.



BRIDGETON Saturday Morning, August 27.

The Pioneer has a LARGER Circulation than any Weekly Paper in this State!

Only \$1 00 per Year!

JAMES B. FERGUSON, Editor.

THE RAILROAD-A RAILROAD.

Our Millville neighbors have progressed so far with their railroad as to advertise for proposals for the grading and masonry for it as far as Glassboro, a distance of about twenty-two miles.

Cape Island; which, whether coming direct from Glassboro to Millville, or by way of Bridgeton, must necessarily pass through, and thus give them the choice of two routes to Philadelphia, and one to New York.

We were agreeably surprised a few days since on entering our office, to find two of the largest melons we have seen this season.

These choice productions were raised and brought to our office by Mr. Samuel Coombs, the clever and agreeable milk man, who not only supplies the best of milk and cream to his customers, but remembers the printers in strawberry time.

The following particulars of a drunken brothel in this town, were furnished us by D. M. Woodruff, Esq., who, by the way, is one of our most active and efficient officers.

The new institution which has been awakened in West Jersey, upon the subject of Railroads, is already producing good practical results.

The book will be opened for new subscriptions, on Thursday, Sept. 1st, in Bridgeton; at which time, we hope to see every one, who really wants a Railroad.

Notwithstanding the backwardness of the Spring, the prospect of a very heavy yield of Corn has not looked better for years.

Buckwheat is growing finely, and though the heads are not yet "well filled" so as to "hang down," we hope they will be at the proper time, so we, even if a little behind time, can enjoy in reality "buckwheat cakes and sausage," as well as our up country neighbors—in imagination.

On Sunday afternoon last a young man, by the name of Robins, while riding in a sulky, near Harrisonville, Gloucester Co., with a young friend, was thrown out with such force as to cause almost instant death.

Mr. Edron.—Hopewell township was the scene of a very interesting exhibition on Thursday the 11th inst. A new and beautiful building erected upon the site of the "Red School House" in lower Hopewell, was dedicated with beautiful and imposing ceremony, to the three-fold purpose of a Common District School, a Sabbath School and for a place of religious worship for the neighborhood.

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Prof. Jones of Philadelphia, the eminent Oculist, has been practicing in different parts of the country, with great success. He has created a great sensation in this State, by his universally successful treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear.

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We learn by a despatch from Trenton, that the Democratic State Convention held on Wednesday last, nominated on the sixth ballot, Gen. H. V. R. Wright, as Candidate for Governor.

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Respectfully informs the ladies of Bridgeton and vicinity that he has been appointed by the proprietors of the "Ladies' Parlor Companion" to edit and publish the same.

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Public Sale of Valuable Real Estate! Will be sold at PUBLIC SALE, on THURSDAY, the 1st day of SEPTEMBER, next, on the premises, situated in the Township of Cumberland and Salem, and in the County of Gloucester, the following described REAL ESTATE:

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