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HOUSE, the largest and best arranged Hotel, preserving all the modern improvements for the accommodation of the traveling public. Lewis Rich, Proprietor.
ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.
AMMONTON TRACT OF ND IN NEW JERSEY
central point of an extensive emigration from the States, and the British Provinces, with large speculators, and now Illinois, Ohio, and other West. No farm you see, over 20 farms were purchased, built and occupied in the settlement. and last division of this tract, consisting of about
EEN THOUSAND ACRES, OF TWENTY ACRES, on terms favorable to all actual settlers. These farms, farms, etc., apply personally or by letter, on State St., Boston, or to BERTRAND Commissioner, who will promptly reply to all letters.
on the Eco. Agriculturist, Augusta, Me.
AE AND WHAT IS HAMMONTON?
is a tract of land in the interior of New Jersey, recently purchased for a most desirable colony, of eighty thousand acres, more or less, now for sale in one, and partly in Atlantic county, about forty miles, or a couple hours' ride, southeast from Philadelphia, in a populous county, where a market is ready for the fruit of which water transportation by vessels to Tuckerton, Mullica River, Hammonton Lake. The products of the sea, by land, etc., may be fully considered, and Philadelphia gives it the benefit of that great market for. Lands now in cultivation are yielding, with little care, profitable crops, north, south, east or west, from three hundred dollars per acre. It is their vicinity and its environs, with six hundred thousand dollars worth of fruit, that gives such high value to it." Some said it is no reason in the world, why the land, if not in Hammonton at the comparatively insignificant dollars per acre, should not be worth as much as lands that are the same distance by railway from that
is territory is various, from a stiff clay, suitable for a very fine green sward—which, high as it is the elements of vegetation, and certainly produces best Corn, Rye, Buckwheat, Oats, Clover, Herds Grass, Irish Potatoes, Egg Plant, Peaches, Pears, Apples, Apricots, Quinces, Cherries, Water and Muck Soil, all the fruit and vegetables common to the Philadelphia markets, which make them, as it is well known to be, for broad stuffs, fruit, and vegetables in the United States, in the world.
with exception of hickory, white oak, maple, yellow but in most localities the growth has been cut off for the use of the neighboring glass works, and covered only with small wood, easily cleared. In trees are yet large, the standing wood may be small price.
is that has removed thither within the past year is New England, and now numbers about one thousand up with an insane heat, temperate, energetic, and last spring about one hundred and fifty dwelling were erected, barns built, etc.
cut in farm lots of 20 acres and upwards, and leaves said downwards, and streams and already directions. There are high and healthy respects of the land, which are very cheap and valuable water is peculiarly sweet and clear, and may be wells from 8 to 16 feet deep. Living springs plenty
the best in the United States, the latitude being with the cold, nor too far south for heat. It is temperate, and the atmosphere is tempered in summer whether by the sea breezes that come in from the the source of the gulf stream which leaves me directly east of Hammonton. No such thing as was ever known there. A more healthy spot cannot
me to leave Maine. Ours is a goodly State, rich in of wealth and sterling principles. Those who are or that will emigrate, and find where they River or the Aroostook. But if any of our people, have resolved to leave us and seek a more where they can cultivate the soil with a fourth part d here, and where they will not encounter the cold ath, the sultry heat of the South, nor the alien society of the west. Well, we would advise them mountain land, and there we will judge for themselves. It has little to offer. The country is fully settled, from home. Hammonton is in the centre of the on the continent, being within one hour's ride urs of New York, and four hours of Baltimore. ilit of intercourse with, as well as the market of lee and their vicinities, Cook's more desirable
Camden and Atlantic Railroad run from Philadelphia; twice a day to and from Hammonton, who purchases lands and commences building in fifty the road for three months, and are carried at so years afterwards.
animation before you resolve to remove West, at least.
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PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic.* [$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 26 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 30, 1869. Vol 36

Poetry.

Only the clothes she Wore.

There is the hat
With the blue veil thrown round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps and caressed,
So slender and fair

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and drabbled—
This you should know, without doubt, and if so,
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the light muslin dress,
And—that is all.

Ah, here's a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one—name or date?—none!
A frail pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother.
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose.
Or, was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

A month now has passed
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Interesting Tale.

THE MYSTERIOUS THIEF.

[Concluded.]

I don't suppose, ma'am, returned the Chief Constable with supreme contempt, that the Bench of Justices would 'take your word for it,' even if I was weak enough to do so—which I am not. The servants are all above suspicion, both at Sir Robert's and Mrs. Pewit's—that was the first thing we looked to of course. But even if it were otherwise, do you suppose that theiting is an epidemic, that it should break out in one household to day, and another to morrow, as this has done? You had better go to sleep, ma'am, and leave me to think the matter out alone. Which according ly this great man having drawn his nightcap on, the latter in, proceeded to do. Two burglaries on two following nights in a town under his personal superintendence, and nobody yet in custody! He had never imagined that such a blot could befall his 'scutcheon!' It was not impossible, in a town so slenderly guarded, that a ladder might have been em- ployed, and that most certainly, but that the Mayor's own house should be robbed in a precisely similar manner, was more than he could bear to think of.

The next night, the Mayor's own house was robbed in a precisely similar manner.

It was on Friday, and the local papers which came out the next day, published second and third editions, to describe the details. Besides the burglary, a sort of sacrilege had been committed. The thief had actually possessed himself of the Municipal Mace.

This beautiful object, although not intrinsically valuable, had apprently excited his greed, for he had dragged it out of its case as far as a window, and thence let it fall with a report that had alarmed the house, and dented the ground below. When the door was opened, however, (which the servants declined to do, until the "proper authorities" arrived,) the the marauder had vanished, and with him this Emblem of Authority, as well as a pair of his Lord-hip's boot-hooks.

There happened to be nothing kept in that room but the mayor's boots and the town mace. But the accident was of course, as distressing to Mr. John Stott as though the regalia had been plundered. He felt that his great reputation was giving way under these repeated shocks; while the rest of the constabulary were of course overwhelmed with disgrace; and the Tory newspaper openly advocated "stringent measures" and the calling out of the Yeomanry.

I supposed, sighed his wife, upon this Saturday afternoon, there is no chance of your going with me to night to the show? And yet it seems such a pity, after that civil Mr Shaw has sent us these tickets; and you know I never enjoy anything—let it be wild beasts, or what not—without you, John. How fine they look, with this picture of the lion and the unicorn—though the bill says as the unicorn is dead—with 'Show's Show, 'patronized by all the crowned heads of Europe,' and 'admit the bearer,' with his autograph in the corner, in red ink! Why the Mayor's own invitations are not more splendid."

Don't talk of the Mayor, woman, for that makes me think of the mace, replied her husband, with a shiver. I don't wish to see any show but one, and that's the man that stole that mace, with a pair of handcuffs on him, or, what would be better still, a standing underneath a bit of wood, with a rope round his neck, and a parson by his side. But there, it's no good wishing. Upon my life, I sometimes wonder if the Devil himself is not a doing on it all to vex me.

Lor, John, you make me creep!

Well, I can't make you fly, I reckon, replied Mr. Stott, surlily; and yet that's what this fellow can do, confound him! He's like a bird of the air—a bird of prey!

Well, John, do you know I can't help sometimes thinking—only I would not have mentioned it unless you had—that, perhaps, after all, it is a bird! You know a magpie is a thief by nature.

And so you suppose a magpie could have stolen the town mace, do you? Why you are a greater fool than the newspapers

I forgot the mace, John, observed Mrs. Stott, humbly.

I wish I could forget it, growled the chief constable. You had better put on your bonnet and take my ticket round the corner to Mrs. Jones, who will be glad enough to go with you; only take care Shaw don't keep you both, and put you in a cage for a pair of owls There, I am sorry to be so rude, Mrs. Stott; but the fact is, I feel as I shall go out of my mind unless I tackle this mystery; and I must be left alone to think it out.

So Mrs Stott, obedient wife as she was, attired herself in gorgeous apparel, and accompanied by her friend and neighbor, the parish doctor's wife, honored Mr. Shaw's menagerie with her presence. It was a sort of fete which that practical student of Natural History (which included some knowledge of mankind) had given to the inhabitants of the town, and everything was on a very splendid scale. The show was lit up by rows of chandeliers, made by circlets of wood and candles, from the latter of which, as they of necessity hung very low, the tallow dripped upon the heads of the company; but that was not found out till the next morning.

The floor and cages had been thoroughly swept and garnished, and some attempt had even been made, by means of ungents and spices (or, in other words, chlorate of lime,) to mitigate the odor that hangs about all establishments devoted to the reception of wild beasts. But it must be confessed that this last refinement was a failure,—it was like the jar of ottar, which, "do what you will, the scent of the roses would cling to it still"; only in this case the perfume was the result of a combination; the hyena and muskrat, the royal Bengal tiger and the marmoset, each contributed the suppon. In place of the usual showman, Mr. Shaw himself, with an elegant white wand, pointed out the various objects of interests, explained their habits, and narrated anecdotes of their extraordinary sagacity.—The monkey cages, as usual, were the chief attraction; their innocent gambols, and the remarkable penchant they exhibited for biting each other's tails, were the admiration of the beholder.

Mrs. Stott, while regarding these parodies upon mankind with a contemplative air, was very nearly—indeed, litteraly within half an inch or so—paying a great penalty for her philosophic abstraction. A ribbed face baboon of gigantic size, looking not unlike one of Mr. Cooper's Indian heroes in his war paint, made a snatch at her fingers, which loaded with rings, happened to be ungloved, for she had been taking refreshments.

Your charms even vanquish the brute creation, Mrs. Stott, observed the clerk; the enamored animal seeks your hand.

Yes; but like the rest of the male sex, for what is in it, or on it, replied Mrs Jones, who had been an heiress in a small way, till her husband removed from her that invidious distinction by spending all her money.

The ribbed faced baboon screamed with disappointment, and swung by his rope head foremost and with his eyes shut for the rest of the evening.

It was 1 a m, and the chief constable's wife had been in bed since midnight, but she had not yet fallen asleep. She was awaiting the arrival of Mr. Stott, in hopes that he might have some good news to tell her, or to comfort her with his sympathy in case he hadn't any. It was a beautiful night and she had left the window open, through which the soft fresh air came gratefully enough after the atmosphere of the menagerie. She would be able to catch the majestic footfall of her lord while it was yet a great way off, and she was listening for. Presently through the deep summer stillness sounded a human step, while albeit not that she was expecting, seemed familiar to her. It was a step which although it moved with quickness, had a slight limp such as she had noticed in the gait of Mr. Shaw. Yet he had himself assured her that very evening that he was a man of early habits, and always shut up his house on wheels before 12 o'clock. It was most unlikely that on the night of his fete, of all other nights, he should have made an exception to this salutary practice; and yet she knew no other step than his like that step. It stopped beneath the window, and then there was a sliding, scrambling noise, as though something were struggling up the water pipe that ran down the side of the house, and she felt as once that the mystery of these nightly thefts was about to be solved.

She was frightened of course, but she did not shut her eyes and put her head under the bedclothes, as some ladies would have done under the circumstances; on the contrary, she stared so hard at the window that the sides seemed to meet and leave no window at all.—Or was it the space had become obscured by the presence of the marauder! Yes, that was it; and what a marauder!

The face of the marauder she could not see but she saw that he was quite black, very inadequately attired, and provided with a long tail. That late impudent reply of hers to her husband, "but the devil has wings," came into her mind with terrible emphasis. No wonder the chief constable's vigilance had failed to—

Ah, that face! There was no mistaking those very strikingly marked features! It was without doubt her admirer, the ribbed face baboon, and, whether from motives of delicacy or fear, Mrs. Stott did dive under the bedclothes then, with only her nose left out to breath through, like the elephant when under water, as Mr. Shaw had instructively informed her three hours ago.

She could hear a little however, as well as breathe; and she distinctly caught the quite chuckle of her visitor, and the chink of her rings as he swept them off the dressing table with his hair paws. Presently there was a shrill whistle from below, and chuckling ceased and then came the sliding, scrambling noise again. The ribbed-face baboon had put the ring in his mouth—having no pocket—and slid down the water spout to his master with the spoil.

John, cried Mrs. Stott when the chief constable put in his long wished for appearance, and as soon as he had got in side the door, I've found it all out.

Pshaw, said her husband contemptuously.

Lor, cried she, well you are a wonder.—How ever did you find it out was Mr. Shaw and his ribbed face baboon?

Never you mind ma'am, rejoined Mr. Stott with his old confident air, I have found it out And now let me hear how far your testimony goes in corroboration of my views.

The next day, from "information received," as he darkly hinted, the chief constable apprehended his house on wheels with such effect that all the stolen property was recovered.—Mr. Shaw it appeared, had trained the ribbed face baboon to climb up water spouts and sweep from dressing tables all articles that glittered, which accounted for his taking the plated inkstand and municipal mace. If his education had been suffered to progress, he would doubtless in time have been taught to cary off bank notes and railway dividends.—But thanks to Mrs Stott, his occupation was henceforth gone, the chief constable, however got all the credit for the discovery, and was held by everybody including his wife in higher estimation for sagacity than ever. It was true that he had been at fault at first, and in more than one instance; I may still say as no man ever took me in twice,—for this was not a Man, but a Hape.

A QUAKER DETECTIVE.

A Story of the Road.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

We were five passengers in all; two ladies on the back seat, a middle aged gentleman and a Quaker on the middle, and myself on the one in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, towards whom, in his zeal to do, he rather overdid the agreeable—bowing and smiling and chattering over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a "crick" in the neck. He was evidently a gray Lothario.

The quaker wore the uniform of his sect and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simple "yeas" and "nays." As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker-on and listner.

Towards evening, I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, without being either a poet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:

Are you armed, sir?

I am not, I answered, astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

I am sorry to hear it, he replied; for before reaching our next stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed.

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; only when one is responsible for the saftey of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence

Your principles, my friend, addressing the Quaker, I presume are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons.

Yea, was the response.

Have the villians murdered any of their victims? the elder lady nervously inquired.

Or have they contented themselves with—with—plundering them? added the younger, in a timorous voice.

Decidedly the latter, the amiable gentlemen hastered to give assurance; and as we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than robbery can possibly befall us.

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentlemen quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and had succeeded so well by the time night set in, that all had quite forgotten, or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which, he took from his pocket a package of newly invented "Cough Candy," and, after passing it first to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of a high encomium on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, while two faces, hideously blacked, presented themselves, one at each window.

Sorry to trouble you, said the man on the right, acknowledgeing with a bow two lady like screams from the back seat; but business is business, and ours will soon be over, if things go smoothly

Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies, appealed the polite passenger, in his blandest manner

Oh! certainly, they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to leave their places, or submit to a search, unless their conduct renders it necessary.

And now ladies, continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol glittering in the light of the coach lamp, be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and such other trinkets as may be necessible without too much trouble.

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle-aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a rery Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, is scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket book and watch and when asked if he had any other valuables, said, "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good even among thieves; so after a hasty good night, the robber thrust his pistol in his pocket, and with his two companions, one of the leaders, was about taking his departure.

Stop! exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone of more command than request.

Stop! what for? returned the other, in evident surprise.

For at least two good reasons, was the reply, emphaszed with a couple of Deringers cocked and presented.

Help! shouted the robber.

Stop! the Quaker again exclaimed. And if one of thy sinful companions advances a step to thy relief the spirit is will surely move me to blow thy brains out.

The robber at the opposite window, and the one at the leaders' head thought it a good time to leave.

Now get in said the Quaker' still covering his man, and take the middle seat; but first deliver up thy pistol.

The other hesitated.

Thee had better not delay, I feel the spirit beginning to move my right fore finger.

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place by his side, giving the new comer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why you don't quake worth a cent.

I'm not a 'Shaking Quaker, if that's what thee means

Of the 'hickory,' or rather of the 'old hickory' stripe, I should say, retorted the lively man; but the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Time sped, and sooner than we expected, the coach stopped where we were to have supper, and a change of horses. We had deferred a re-distribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

Nay, urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, laying his hand on the other's arm 'business before pleasure,' and for business there is no time like the present.

Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner? he said to me, still keeping his hand, in a friendly way, on the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found!

He must have gotten rid of them in the coach, the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

Stop! thundered the quaker tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Derringer's was levelled at his heart.

Stir a hand or a foot, and you're a dead man!

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely as to forget both the language and principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun, in no measured terms, to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes of whom our middle aged friend—who didn't look near so middle aged with his wig off—was the chief. The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place.

The result was that both for season, did the State some service.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Jubilee period produced an extraordinary demand for flowers, and greenhouses in all quarters within reasonable distance were put under contribution. The quantites sold were such that men had to work day and night during the whole week making boquets.

An English nobleman drives a public coach from London to Winsor just for the fun of it.

A patent has been obtained for the manufacture of water-proof paper. It will be no uncommon thing, by and by, to carry a quart of milk home in a paper bag.

Garibaldi is stated to be in very bad health—so bad that some of his physicians think it very doubtful whether he will recover.

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