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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

Poetry.

THE OLD APPLE WOMAN.

A clever old woman,
A funny old woman,
A wonderful woman,
A very uncommon
Good-natured old woman was she;
And the apples she sold,
And the stories she told,
To young and to old,
Through heat and through cold,
Were so funny and nice as could be.

Spring, summer and autumn,
And winter she brought 'em,
And all the boys bought 'em,
Because they all thought 'em,
The cheapest and finest on earth;
And because 'twas a treat,
While we waited to eat
Her apples so sweet,
To hear her repeat
Her tales, full of humor and mirth.

At the corner of the street,
An old box for a seat,
With a mat at her feet,
And an awning complete,
'Neath a broad-spreading cotton umbrella,
She was there all the day,
Knitting, knitting away,
With a kind word to say
To all who would pay
For her apples so rich and so mellow.

Always early and late,
With her rich, luscious freight,
And her knitting, so neat,
Of the corner she sat
In all sorts of weather and times;
With old Mother Mack
Trade never was slack,
Her stocks knew no lack,
And she had a strange knack
Of getting our ponies and dimes.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE CROCODILE PITS.

We have never seen more readable volumes than the works by William C. Prime, called "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," and "Tent Life in the Holy Land." From the first of these, we take the following account of his visit to the celebrated Crocodile Pits in Egypt.

These pits have long been celebrated for the difficulty experienced in entering them. Many have attempted to explore them. None have succeeded so well as Mr. Prime. An English gentleman named Legh, once made an unsuccessful attempt. Three of his Arab guides fainted in one of the passages. He retreated, leaving them to die there.

I saw no hole or entrance till I was close to them. They paused on the edge of a hole in the sand, about six feet long by four wide at the widest end, narrowing to a point at the other. It descended perpendicularly about ten feet to a floor of sand. Originally it was much deeper, but the sand flowing into it in every wind, has filled it much. It is only marvelous that it was not long ago quite filled. There was nothing outside to indicate its existence. No ruin, nor stone, persons might pass a hundred times within twenty feet of it and never see it. The sand was unbroken to its very edge.

After resting a few moments I prepared for the entrance to the pit.

As it was by no means certain that villagers from the foot of the mountain would permit us to finish our examination unobscured, and as Abd-el-Atti bow strenuously object to entering the hole himself, I left him setting on the ground at the entrance with a sailor from the other boat, and the donkey-boys, taking Abdallah with me, he seeming very willing to go in, and not at all influenced by the tales of horror which the guides had amused us along the way. I took off all the clothes that I had worn and put on an old shirt and a pair of brown linen pantaloons of the coarsest sort. This was my total equipment.

Having no coat and no breast-pocket, and mindful of the disasters which had occurred to various travelers solely from want of stimulants in this cavern, I put my small pocket brandy-flask, a glass flask covered with wicker, into my pantaloons pocket, each of us having in the first place fortified himself with a single swallow of the liquor.

The descent into the cavern was by sitting on the edge, swinging off with one hand on each side of the hole, and dropping into the depths below, where a soft bed of sand received us, in a chamber just large enough to hold the eight persons of whom the party consisted, all standing in a stooping posture while we lighted our candles and arranged for our progress. I tossed my torches and took up a bundle of sticks, and left my head bare. The following the principal guide, I lay down flat on my face, holding my candle before me, and began to advance with as close a resemblance to a snake's motion as human vertebrae will admit of. My other guide and Abd-

dallah followed me, the English gentlemen next, and their dragoman and guide bringing up the rear. I progressed slowly, and with great difficulty, constantly bruising my back on the sharp points of the rock above me, some five or six yards. Legh calls it eight, but I think it not so much. We were now able to stand up again, in a stooping posture, the ceiling being a little over four feet high, and thus advanced eight or ten yards further, until we reached the chamber of which Mr. Legh speaks.

I am of opinion that we had now arrived just under the bed of the torrent I have spoken of, and that the entire cavern, which I afterward explored, is a natural fissure in the rock running under this point of meeting of two hills, and following the line of the valley between them. This is, of course, but a conjecture, as I did not take a compass with me to determine the course.

This chamber was a small, irregular, cavernous room, the floor of which was covered with shapeless masses of stone that had fallen from the roof. Over these we stepped with great difficulty. I need not remark that the darkness was profound, and the air already became so close that our candles burned but dimly, so that each man was obliged to hold his own at his feet to determine where to set them. Crossing the room, we stepped over a chasm between a mass of rock and the wall of the chamber, to a point in the wall, which presented a ragged edge, and from this into a narrow doorway, about four feet high. I call it a doorway, for it resembled one, though I could find no signs of artificial origin about it. It was almost square, and opened into a sort of gallery, the floor of which was covered with broken rock, and interrupted by huge deep fissures. A ledge at the side afforded tolerable walking for some distance, in a stooping posture; and then we again lay down on our faces and crawled through a passage twenty feet in length, entering the largest chamber in the pit.

It was a vast, irregular cavern, perhaps seventy or a hundred feet in diameter. Entrance to it was almost forbidden by clouds of bats that met me in the narrow passage through which I was crawling, dashing into my face, wounding my forehead and cheeks, clinging by scores to my hair and beard, like so many thousand devils disputing the entrance to hell. I can give no adequate idea of this chamber of horrors in which I now found myself. Profoundly silent, we had crawled along, each man having a fast-beating heart, and listening to its throbs; and now, as I emerged into this room, the loud whirr of the myriads of bats like the sounds of another world into which I had penetrated. I staggered forward to a rock and sat down, when a piercing yell started me to my feet. It rang through the cavern as if the arch-fiend himself were there tormenting some poor soul. But it was only one of my poor friends who were making their first entrance to an Egyptian catacomb, and had never before encountered the bats, with whom I was thoroughly familiar. The one who was in advance was overwhelmed by the army that met him as he approached the room.

"What is it?" I shouted.
"These bats: they are devouring me."
"Push on; they will not harm you."
"My light is gone, and I can see nothing."

"Here is my light, come toward it." I had re-lit my candle, which had been put out as his was, and was now seated in the centre of the cavern, on a black rock, holding it up before my face. As he emerged into the room and caught sight of me, he uttered a howl of mingled astonishment and terror.
"Pluto or Sathanas, by all the gods," said his friend, coming up behind him, and looking at me. My appearance must have been picturesque in my primitive costume, now begrimed with dirt, and seven bats (which counted them) hanging on my beard, with a perfect net-work and Medusa-coil of them in my hair. I was very little disturbed by the harmless little fellows, although, before coming to Egypt, I scarcely knew of an animal in the world so disgusting to my mind.

But the atmosphere, if it may be so called, of this chamber was beyond all description horrible. It was not an air to faint in; there was too much ammonia for that. It was foul, vile, terrible. I confess, that as I found myself panting for breath, and drawing long, deep inspirations, to very choking, "without reaching the right place" in my lungs (I think every one understands that,) I trembled for an instant at the idea of going further. It was but an instant, however, and the desire to see the great repository of the sacred animals overpowered the momentary terror.

"Abdallah."
"Ya, Howajji."
"If anything happens; if I fall down, give out, or faint, do not you run. Tell the guides that I have ordered Abd-el-Atti to shoot them man by man as they come out, if one of them appears without me. Do you pour this down my throat, and drag me out to the entrance. You understand?"
"Aiohah, Ya Howajji. Fear not; I will do it."
"Recollect that if I die, you, all die. That is arranged, for, as surely as you, one of you, attempt the entrance without me, Abd-el-Atti is ready for you."

The guides had listened attentively, and, having seen me hand my pistols to my trusty dragoman before coming down, they believed every word of it, though it had never occurred to me till this instant. The guides were all at fault here, precisely as they were in Mr. Legh's time, and that of every traveler since. This chamber has been the end of most attempts to explore the pits. The intense darkness, and some excuse for this, since our eight candles wholly failed to show a wall anywhere around or above us. The men proposed that we should sit still while they tried various passages, opening out of the room. To this I objected, much preferring to trust myself to a juncture like this. In that intense blackness it was not easy to find even the way we had come in at, for, of course, there was no guide to north or south, except my recollection of the shape of the rock on which I was seated, and its bearings as I approached it. The reader will bear in mind that the whole floor of this room was covered with immense masses of rock, among which we moved about in

search of outlets, leaving always one person on the rock to mark its locality.

After trying three passages that led nowhere, I hit on that one which the guides pronounced correct, and the party advanced. For the benefit of future explorers, if any such there be, I may explain that it is the first passage which goes out of the chamber to the right as you enter it. That is to say, keeping the right-hand wall will bring you to it, leaving a chasm at its entrance. This is the chasm of which Legh speaks. I found it to be only about six feet deep.

The passage which we now entered ran so low that I found it necessary to creep on my hands and knees, and sometimes to crawl, "snake fashion," full length. It continued for a distance that I hesitate to estimate. It is wholly impossible to guess at the progress one is making in such postures. Heinekier, I think, makes it four hundred yards. I should think a thousand feet a very large estimate, but it may be as much. The air was poor, lacking the ammonia. It seemed to be almost pure nitrogen. The lungs operated freely, but to no benefit or refreshment from it, while the heat was awful, and perspiration rolled down our faces and bodies, soaking our clothes and making mud on our feet and hands, with the fine dust that filled the atmosphere. At length the passage became so narrow, that my progress was blocked entirely. My broad shoulders would not go through, and I paused to consider the matter. The hole was about eighteen inches wide, and a little less than two feet high. Evidently Mr. Legh did not pass beyond this. I was obliged to lie over on my right side, presenting my body to it narrow way up and down, pushing with all the strength of my legs, as well as pulling with my hands on the floor and rocky projections. I forced my way along about eight feet. In this story, my brandy flask, which was in my trouser pocket, being under me, was broken into pieces, and my sole hope, in the event of a giving out of my faculties, was gone. At the time, I thought little of it, but at the occurrence as I called upon those who followed me; but afterward remembered the incident with a shudder.

The only argument that had allowed me to persuade myself to attempt this exploration was a promise to myself that I would take brandy with me, which no one else had done, and, if necessary, secure artificial strength thereby. It was gone now, and was more than a thousand feet from me, and air, in a passage that did not average four feet by two its entire length.

A vigorous push sent me out into the open passage and a sort of doorway opened into a gallery on a level two feet lower. Jumping down this step I was, for the first time in nearly a half hour, where I could stand upright. My English friend turned out, and he was literally stuck in the hole. I returned, touched my candle to the wall, gave him a hand to drag him through, and in a few moments we were all standing together. We now advanced some hundred feet, perhaps three, perhaps five hundred, in a stooping posture mostly, but occasionally crawling as before, and at length, as we crept, the rough and very low parts of the gallery and the roof began to lift, and I found that I was actually crawling over mummies. There was just here a sort of blind passage at the side of the chief passage, in which the French expedition had carved their names. The walls were covered with a jet black substance, like the purest lamp black, which the point of a knife would scratch off, exposing the white rock. Numerous stalactites hung from the ceiling, all jet black, and some grotesque stalagmites at the sides of the passage started me at first with the idea that they were sculptures. This black sooty matter I can not account for unless it be the exhalations in ancient times from the crocodiles which were laid here, for we were at last in the depository.

The floor was covered with crocodile bones and mummy cloths. A spark of fire falling into them would have made this a veritable hell. As this idea was suggested, my English friends, whose experience in the narrow hole had been sufficiently alarming, vanished out of sight. They fairly ran. Having seen the mummies, and seized a few small ones in their hands, they hastened out, and left me with Abdallah and my two guides. Advancing over the mummies and up the hill which they formed, I found that I was in one of a number of large chambers, of the depth of which it was of course impossible to get any idea, as they were piled full of mummified crocodiles to the very ceiling. There was no means of estimating the number of them. When I say there were thousands on thousands of them, I shall not be thought to exaggerate after I describe the manner in which they were packed and laid in.

Climbing to the top of the hill, and extinguishing all lights but one, which I made Abdallah hold very carefully, I began to throw down the top of the pile to ascertain of what it was composed, and at length I made an opening between the mummies and the ceiling, through which I could go further, descending a sort of hill of these dead animals, such as I had come up. In this way I progressed some distance, in a gallery or chamber that was not less than twenty feet wide and probably twenty or thirty feet deep.

The crocodiles were laid in regular layers, head to tail and tail to head. First on the floor was a layer of large crocodiles, side by side, each one carefully mummified and wrapped up in cloths. Then smaller ones were laid between the tails and filling up the hollows between these. Then, and most curious of all, the remaining interspaces were packed full of young crocodiles, measuring with remarkable uniformity about thirteen inches in length, each one stretched out between two slabs of palm leaf stems, which were bound to its sides like splints, and then wrapped from head to foot in a strip of cloth, wrapped around, commencing at the tail and fastened at the head. These small ones were made up in bundles, usually of eight, and packed in closely wherever they could be stowed.

I brought out more than a hundred of them, of which my friends in Egypt seized on the most as curiosities, but I succeeded in getting some twenty or thirty of them to America with me.

This layer completed, a layer of palm branches was carefully laid over it, spread thick and smooth, and then a second and

precisely similar layer of crocodiles was laid, and another of palm branches, and the continued to the ceiling. These palm branches, stems, and mummies lie here in precisely the state they were in two thousand years ago. No leaf of the palm had decayed. There could have been no moisture from the mummies whatever—or if any it had no effect on the palm branches.

Among these crocodiles I found the mummies of many men.

Sitting down on the hill, by the dim candle light, I overthrew gods and demigods with scrologious hand. It was a strange, wild, and awful scene. Among all the pictures that my memory has treasured of wandering life, I have none so fearful and thrilling as this. It was hell—a still, silent, cold hell. All these bodies lay in rows, in close packages, like so many souls damned to eternal silence and sorrow in this prison. Five bodies of men that I drew out of the mass lay before me, and I cursed me with their hideous stillness and inaction. I dared them to tell me in words the reproaches of which their silent forms were so liberal; reproaches for penetrating their shade and disturbing the repose of twenty or forty centuries.

These were of the poorest and most common sort, destitute of any box, wound in coarse cloth and laid in the grave with the beasts that were sacred to their god. One I found afterward in a thin plain box, but it contained no indication of its period, and bore no mark of its owner's name or position, such as to my disappointment.

"Let us go further," I said to the guides, at length.

"This is no further," they said. I was satisfied that the entrance we had effected was not by the passage known to the ancients, and that some other outlet lay beyond these chambers. I pushed my way over the piles of mummies to a point where another low passage went on, but it was too difficult of exploration to tempt me into it. It may lead to any outlet in the desert hitherto unknown, or that outlet may be long ago covered over by the shifting sands.

What was the object of all this preservation of the Nile-mummies is not within the scope of this volume to discuss. It is at best a mystery, for we know so little of the Egyptian theory of a hereafter that we cannot understand what part the birds and beasts were to take in the resurrection.

Time flew fast, and I began to think that if I remained much longer I should be in a fair way to await the resurrection of the crocodiles before I should emerge to light.

I much desired to bring out with me a gigantic fellow, nearly twenty feet long, but the impossibility of it made it manifest that he never came in by the way I had entered. He was one of the ante or immediately post-diluvian sort, a crocodile of the days when they were giants. Perhaps he had survived the flood, who knows? He may have laid that huge jaw on the edge of the ark in stormy times and fixed those hollow eyes on the strange ship of Noah. He may have fed on dainty limbs that were swept down to him from the wrecks of palaces. I wonder how long a crocodile lives. What rags these are that fill this cavern. Rags of grave-clothes. The last thin covering of the dead, torn to tatters! These young fellows have padded in sacred fountains and been fed in costly vases in temples? These silent men—were guardians, keepers, feeders of the sacred animals, and were buried with their charges—or possibly; they were crocodile embalmers, privileged expressly to rot—to preservation with their Nidectis companions.

My friend, there is pleasant thought, in our land, of graves in shadowy church-yard corners, but think of life in such employment and burial there! If I thought that I were to be laid in that horrible company—I would—I would—if they did but let me there I would rise up and walk from very horror and find another grave for myself.

I crawled out as I crawled in. Before I came away from the chamber of horror (Madame Tussaud's is nothing like it) I laid the wreck of my brandy-flask on a projecting shelf of rock where the next explorer will find it. The chances are that it will turn up in the British or Prussian Museum, as evidence of the bad habits of the ancient Egyptians thus proved to be strong in death.

A MODEL REPORT.
Report of F. R. Brace, Town Superintendent of Mullica Township for the year ending March 6th, 1864.
In accordance with the requirements of the school law, I would offer the following report of the number, state and condition of the public schools in this township. There are altogether in the township, six school districts and nine schools. Three of these districts, Hammonton, Roads and Oakdale are incorporated; and it would be well if the other three were also. The whole number of scholars is five hundred and twenty-five. Of this number, only three hundred and eighty-three are found on the rolls of the schools, and the average attendance is only one hundred and eighty-two, having, on an average, out of school every day, three hundred and forty-three. This is really too bad and requires immediate attention on the part of parents and trustees.

In order to give a better idea of the schools, I will take each district separately.

PLEASANT MILLS, NO. 2.
The number of scholars in this district is eighty-two. On the roll of the school, fifty-four; about two thirds of the whole number. Of this number, twenty-seven or half of those whose names are on the roll, were absent more than half the time. The school has been open seven months.

The school house in this district is worse than the one at Weekstown. The building is too small, and the inside walls and desks are terribly disfigured. The plaster is down in places and gives the walls an appearance of something like the leprosy. The seats have no backs at all, and a greater or more severe punishment than to have to sit either in this school house or the one at Weekstown for four or six hours a day cannot well be conceived of.

There is, however, in this school house a black board. Bad as the building is, it ought to be taken better care of; a good lock ought to be put on the door and rewards kept from getting in, in the night time. It gives me pleasure to state that the trustees have determined to build a new and better school house, and that they will probably commence this spring. The school has been visited three times this year and two public examinations held. Several parents and all the trustees were present.

NEW COLUMBIA, NO. 3.
The number of scholars in Columbia is sixty-seven. Of this number, forty-eight have been found on the roll. Seventeen were absent more than one half the time. The school has been in session ten months. The school house in this district is too small, also, but a little better furnished than those at Weekstown and Pleasant Mills.

It has a very good black board and some maps. Through the narrow proportions of the room, the seats have to be badly arranged. The children must be huddled together as closely as possible to accommodate thirty or forty. For this reason, five and six children have to sit on a seat, and when one of those sitting inside has to get out to recite, all outside of him must rise to enable him to do so. The same must be done when he goes back to his seat. Thus there is constant confusion. This and the two school houses just spoken of, do not seem to have been built with a view to the comfort and pleasure of the scholars but rather with the idea of cramming as many children as possible into the smallest space conceivable. In the summer time when the doors and windows can be thrown wide open, it does not make so much difference, but in the winter time when windows and doors must be closed to exclude the cold air, the atmosphere is rendered so impure that the only wonder is that all the children attending these schools are not laid up with some kind of disease. It is this, perhaps, which causes so much irregularity of attendance; and if I were a child and had to be confined in such a room, and had to sit on such seats, and to breathe such atmosphere, six hours a day, I should be tempted to be absent more than half the time too. This school has been visited three times and two examinations held. At the last, special invitations were sent to trustees and parents, but only one patron of the school, a trustee, was present.

HAMMONTON, NO. 4.
The number of scholars in Hammonton district is one hundred and ninety-eight. On the roll in Third street school in the summer time there were fifty-two names of whom twelve were absent more than half the time. On the roll in Old Hammonton during the summer there are fifty-one of whom thirty-three were absent more than half the term. In Third street school during winter term, over forty scholars, of whom none were absent more than half the time. The schools have been kept open eight and a half months. In this district four schools have been in progress during the winter, two in the school houses owned by the district and two in rented buildings; the latter being for little children. The two school houses are good buildings, well furnished with black boards and good seats and desks but yet are not sufficient to meet the wants of this district. It will soon be necessary to either build another school house similar to the present or else to erect a high grammar school for the more advanced scholars. The schools are rather deficient in school apparatus, such as globes, maps, cubical blocks, &c. The fence around the one at Old Hammonton is in a rather dilapidated condition and ought to be repaired.

The school at Old Hammonton has been visited three times. A public examination was held on Tuesday, the 8th inst, very well attended by the patrons of the school. Classes were examined in Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar and Algebra, in all of which considerable proficiency had been made.

The school on Third street, was also visited three times. A public examination was held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 2d and 3d inst., at which there were over one hundred visitors during the two days, showing that the friends and patrons of this school take a more lively interest in the education of their children than those of any other district in the township. Classes were examined in Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, written and mental, Geography, Grammar, History, Algebra and Latin. The scholars acquitted themselves well.

ROADS OR ELWOOD, NO. 5.
The number of scholars in Roads district is eighty. On the roll during the summer were found sixty-eight names, of whom fifty were absent more than half the time. There has been school eight months. The school house in this district has been furnished lately, and is very neat, but the furnishing is not yet complete. The desks are not fastened to the floor and are consequently, easily moved and this often creates much noise. The seats are rather poor, but as the inhabitants have begun to well, it is to be hoped that they will not stop until the room is well and pleasantly furnished.

OAKDALE, NO. 6.
The number of scholars in Oakdale district is eighty. On the roll during the summer were found sixty-eight names, of whom fifty were absent more than half the time. There has been school eight months. The school house in this district has been furnished lately, and is very neat, but the furnishing is not yet complete. The desks are not fastened to the floor and are consequently, easily moved and this often creates much noise. The seats are rather poor, but as the inhabitants have begun to well, it is to be hoped that they will not stop until the room is well and pleasantly furnished.

THE COPPERHEADS AND REBELS ARE HAVING A FRESH SPURT OF HOSTILITY TO PARLIAMENTS.
The Richmond Dispatch is shocked at the Life of Oliver Cromwell for sale in this city. It thinks that this book should be accompanied by the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and the "Life of the late lamented John Brown, whose soul is marching on in the ranks of Cromwell."

SAVE YOUR COAL ASHES.—It behoves every housekeeper, considering the high price of coal, to be saving of their coal ashes. Fully one-third of the coal is wasted by being thrown away with the ashes. Get a good sifter, and every morning sift your ashes; well, throw away the stone and cinders, wash it off; and you will find that not two-thirds of the coal has been consumed. The ashes themselves, by being mixed with a little water, and rolled into balls, and placed on the fire, will burn a good while, and is a great saving, particularly when it is desirable to keep fire over night.

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HAMMONTON, NO. 4.
The number of scholars in Hammonton district is one hundred and ninety-eight. On the roll in Third street school in the summer time there were fifty-two names of whom twelve were absent more than half the time. On the roll in Old Hammonton during the summer there are fifty-one of whom thirty-three were absent more than half the term. In Third street school during winter term, over forty scholars, of whom none were absent more than half the time. The schools have been kept open eight and a half months. In this district four schools have been in progress during the winter, two in the school houses owned by the district and two in rented buildings; the latter being for little children. The two school houses are good buildings, well furnished with black boards and good seats and desks but yet are not sufficient to meet the wants of this district. It will soon be necessary to either build another school house similar to the present or else to erect a high grammar school for the more advanced scholars. The schools are rather deficient in school apparatus, such as globes, maps, cubical blocks, &c. The fence around the one at Old Hammonton is in a rather dilapidated condition and ought to be repaired.

The school at Old Hammonton has been visited three times. A public examination was held on Tuesday, the 8th inst, very well attended by the patrons of the school. Classes were examined in Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar and Algebra, in all of which considerable proficiency had been made.

The school on Third street, was also visited three times. A public examination was held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 2d and 3d inst., at which there were over one hundred visitors during the two days, showing that the friends and patrons of this school take a more lively interest in the education of their children than those of any other district in the township. Classes were examined in Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, written and mental, Geography, Grammar, History, Algebra and Latin. The scholars acquitted themselves well.

ROADS OR ELWOOD, NO. 5.
The number of scholars in Roads district is eighty. On the roll during the summer were found sixty-eight names, of whom fifty were absent more than half the time. There has been school eight months. The school house in this district has been furnished lately, and is very neat, but the furnishing is not yet complete. The desks are not fastened to the floor and are consequently, easily moved and this often creates much noise. The seats are rather poor, but as the inhabitants have begun to well, it is to be hoped that they will not stop until the room is well and pleasantly furnished.

OAKDALE, NO. 6.
The number of scholars in Oakdale district is eighty. On the roll during the summer were found sixty-eight names, of whom fifty were absent more than half the time. There has been school eight months. The school house in this district has been furnished lately, and is very neat, but the furnishing is not yet complete. The desks are not fastened to the floor and are consequently, easily moved and this often creates much noise. The seats are rather poor, but as the inhabitants have begun to well, it is to be hoped that they will not stop until the room is well and pleasantly furnished.

THE COPPERHEADS AND REBELS ARE HAVING A FRESH SPURT OF HOSTILITY TO PARLIAMENTS.
The Richmond Dispatch is shocked at the Life of Oliver Cromwell for sale in this city. It thinks that this book should be accompanied by the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and the "Life of the late lamented John Brown, whose soul is marching on in the ranks of Cromwell."

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Thus the service of Somers, as a midshipman, could not have exceeded a twelve-month...

Thus the service of Somers, as a midshipman, could not have exceeded a twelve-month...

and this was a period of life when such opportunities were of importance. Nor does he seem to have neglected them, as all of his contemporaries speak of his steadiness of character, good sense, amiable and correct deportment, with affection and respect.

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UP TRAINS: LEAVE: Atlantic, 6.25; Swamp Biding, 6.40; Egg Harbor, 6.56; Weymouth, 7.10; De Costa, 7.23; Hammonton, 7.30; Winslow, 7.39; Spring Garden, 7.47; Waterford, 7.53; Junction, 8.04; Long-a-coming, 8.12; White Horse, 8.23; Ashland, 8.41; Haddonfield, 8.41; Cooper's Point, 8.57.

FOR NEW YORK. LEAVE: Jackson, 10.55; Atison, 11.30; Harris, 12.02; Shamong, 12.25; Lebanon, 12.45; Woodmansie, 1.15; Whiting's Mills, 1.56; Manchester, 2.35; Ridgeway, 2.42; White's Bridge, 2.47; Bergen Iron Works, 3.26; Squankum, 4.15; Farmingdale, 4.35; Shark River, 5.10; Junction, 5.35; Shrewsbury, 5.41; Red Bank, 5.55; Middletown, 6.10; Highland, 6.17; Pt. Monmouth, 6.25; Pier, 6.32; New York, 9.30.

FROM NEW YORK. LEAVE: New York, 8.45; Pier, 8.53; Pt. Monmouth, 9.30; Highland, 9.37; Middletown, 9.44; Red Bank, 9.59; Shrewsbury, 9.19; Junction, 9.25; Shark River, 9.34; Farmingdale, 10.19; Squankum, 10.50; Bergen Iron Works, 11.25; White's Bridge, 11.55; Ridgeway, 11.45; Manchester, 12.05; Whiting's Mills, 12.32; Woodmansie, 1.05; Lebanon, 1.25; Shamong, 1.45; Harris, 1.57; Atison, 2.35; Jackson, 3.10.

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