

The West Jersey Pioneer.

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

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

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TERMS.

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Office—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

Choirs Portrait.



From the Philadelphia Courier.

Oh! Would That I'd Been Born a Girl

BY MISS ROSEBUD.

In answer to "Oh! Would That I'd Been Born a Boy," by "Belle Thorne."

Oh, would that I'd been born a girl,
How happy I would be!
Especially if you'd been born,
The boy you wished to be.
I'd wear a bonnet on my head,
Not stuck behind "a feet";
While in the place of ringlets false,
My own I'd make look neat.
My hoops I wouldn't get so big,
That the men could not get near;
To walk, or talk, or promenade,
Or whisper in my ear.
When Laura Keane I'd wish to see,
I wouldn't have to pay;
For to some beau I'd give a hint,
And thank you he'd say nay?
I'd always show a small neat foot
When in company I'd sit,
And when the men would say "how sweet!"
I wouldn't care a bit.
I'd have the very best of rouge,
To put upon my face;
That every man that looked thereon,
Would surely be a case.
The beau I'd have you scarce could count
To flirt with and deceive;
But one like you I'd like to have,
In whom I could believe.
Mustaches I would tell you wear,
And long tatted Shanghai coat;
While on me—little sandy lass,
You lovingly should dote.
But as it is, my snappy Belle,
That we no seeing were horned,
May not be I (oh, answer yes),
A Rose upon the Thorn?

MORAL.

The Path to Shame—A Letter from a Father to his Erring Son.

Our readers, says the Chicago Tribune, of the 2d inst., have already found the circumstances of the arrest of Frederick Bigg and his young accomplice, James Harold, for robbing the Chicago Post Office, and the trial and conviction of Bigg, detailed in the columns of our paper. Soon after Harold's arrest the following letter was beautifully written, and betrays the full depth of the shame and despair into which the family have been plunged by errors of a loved darling son. We hope that should it meet the eye of any of those now upon the brink of crime, it will be to them as a voice of warning from the home circles they have left, and serve to recall them to a sense of the terrible consequences to loved ones of the crime they may have determined to commit. Some years ago young Harold left a home as happy and pleasant as kindly affectionate hearts and undying love and faith in Heaven could make it. Upon the very verge of his manhood, unstained and unspotted he left it, to win for himself an honorable name in our city. Today he fills a felon's cell with long years of confinement with other felons before him. In the very outset of his career he has blasted his own fair prospects in life and brought down sorrow and shame upon kind and loving parents. It were better that he had died in his infancy ere shame had been written upon his brow, for then, though the parents might, as they stood by his little grave, have gazed through the mist of their tears up to that "better land." Now the only vision beyond that bitter, blinding mist is the gloomy walls and iron gratings of the convict's home.

We ask every young man to read this letter that his resolutions for good may be formed anew, and that he may be fully impressed with the far reaching consequences of the wicked acts he may be tempted to commit.—

N. Y., June 28, 1856.

My DEAR JAMES—The painful news of your imprisonment was received yesterday, and it has filled the minds of your mother and myself with profound grief, that few could have had opportunities that but few could possess, even to the selection of an honorable station, provided you would fit yourself for it, with a home to be welcomed to, with every comfort to be desired should at the entrance to manhood have degraded yourself and disgraced your family. Where you have copied the example, is to me a mystery. For years have I been the recipient of situations of honor and trust, holding many of the prominent stations in our country and with friends of the highest character throughout the State. Now review the picture and realities you have substituted. It appears to you like a dream.

What could induce you thus to offend the laws of your country? Not want! Did I

not tell you when you left home that if you connected yourself respectively I would consign your goods, and hence not frequently asked you by any means I could help you along?

Look, my erring son, at the words I wrote on the first page of the Bible presented you on leaving home. Alas! how true the sentiments they express.

You received introductions to respectable merchants, to one of the Chicago clergy men, (the Rev. W. A. Smallwood,) and with what entreaties did your mother and myself urge you to connect yourself with a church and Sunday school! We have just read your first letter, promising to make for yourself an honorable name, and associate with respectable persons; and can it be possible that even at this period you were associated with this man Bigg?

As I write, I reflect what a home you have lost, and where are you? In a goal, and for stealing! The first, too, of your family, of which I have any record, who for hundreds of years have borne a family escutcheon without a stain! What can I do for you? Your mother, almost broken hearted, cannot be left and what could I do were I to come to Chicago! From Captain Connett's letter it seems that the proof against you is positive. The laws of your country must be vindicated; I set no way but to let justice take its course. But in your extremity what can I recommend better than that you should tell the whole truth, and cast yourself on the mercy of the Court before which you will be tried. But one consolation is left, and that is, repentance and prayer to God. He only can help you, by forgiving you your sins, and bringing you to a knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Oh! at once cry to him for aid and direction, and may the urgency of your case lead you to true repentance.

We had been anticipating a surprise for you in the shape of a number of presents, articles of clothing, and on your arrival at age, next April, a sum of money; but our fond hopes are all vanished, and until I receive advice from you or Captain Connett, we know not how we can help you.

The first Monday in July is set down for your trial. What a day it will be for your parents!—Would to God, my son James, you had died in your infancy, unspotted from the world!

Your mother sends her love; yes, we both do, for we have hope that this painful and afflictive circumstance, your first step in crime, will be your last. Until that is attained, for what will you and we have to suffer?

I remain your afflicted and distressed FATHER.

IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What untold sorrows, what invasion of self-respect, what cares, what double dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the irons, open face into wrinkles; how like a knife it will stab the honest heart! And then its transformations. How it has been known to change a godly face into a mask of brass; how with the diabolical custom of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsome in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo."

And then, for raiment, what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket; what luster in the faded waistcoat, the vest but owed for how glossy the well-worn hat if it covers not the shining head of a debtor! Next the home sweats, the out-door recreation of the freeman. The street door falls not a knell on his heart; the foot of his staircase, though he lived on the third pair, sends no spasms through his anatomy; at the rap of his door he can exclaim "come in;" and his pulse still beats beautifully; his heart sinks not in his bowels.

See him abroad. How he returns! Look for him with any passenger; how he saunters! how meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips; but then this man knows no debt; debt that casts a drug in the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquets of the Lucullus with ashes, and drop soot in the soup of an emperor; debt that like the moth, makes valvets furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a fasting prison, (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for;) debt that writes upon frescoed halls the handwriting of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the banqueted frieze; debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ghastly hue of death as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him.

Debt is a better draught, yet may, and sometimes can with advantage be gulped down. Though the drinker makes dry faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt however courteously it may be offered, is the cup of Syren; and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, is poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe lether, an heirloom hat, is all the son of liberty; free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, although clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor?

My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; see thy mouth water at last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the only wear; and acknowledge a whitewashed garret the fittest lodging for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at rest, and the sheriff confounded.—*Douglas Ferriss.*

There is something inexpressively sweet about little girls, lovely, pure, innocent, ingenious, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brother, baby, and everything they are sweet little human flowers, diamonds, dew-drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, firts, and heartless coquettes.

ORIGINAL.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.
Lawrence, Kansas Territory
July 12th, 1856.

Mr. EDITOR:—This is one of the most beautiful evenings I ever saw; such an evening as only Kansas knows. But I will not take up your time and patience in a dry attempt to describe the surpassing loveliness of this outraged Natural Paradise. No wonder slavery, the grasping monster should make even almost superhuman efforts to possess this enchanting country. The greatest wonder is that the North, which ought to be the legitimate representation of Liberty should so far lose her self respect as to sell this beautiful Virgin or even allow her to be delivered into the vile embrace of Slavery. O, valorous North to submit to be governed by less than one-eighth of their number from the South, to sit down and cry over the wrongs of Kansas, and her inability to do anything for the relief of the sufferers there when one-hundredth part of the physical energy on her part, that is put forth by the South to secure her interest (populations considered) would have secured Kansas. Free and unfettered long ago and that with less blood than it now has cost. The North has been passing resolutions and in the mean time the South has been doing. The North, for some reason, as you say, are incredulous as to the wrongs that "Border Ruffianism" is imposing upon us, they will not believe, even though some of our murder-brethren should rise, and in the habitations of death, present their spectral forms before them and with their skinny fingers point to the perforations of the murderous bullet. *The wrongs of the people of Kansas exaggerated?*—what an idea. Why I tell you I do not believe there is any possibility of exaggeration. To some sensitive spirits who have never been in contact with the Masterpieces of Pandemonium. Some things which have been said about "Border Ruffians" might seem harsh, but I would guarantee a speedy removal of such qualls if they could witness *what I have witnessed* since my arrival. I arrived at Lawrence upon the 9th of May, finding the utmost excitement prevailing in this vicinity in consequence of floating rumors of the approach of the "Ruffians," to burn our city and drive out or murder our inhabitants. After staying here about one week I started to go to Topeka 25 miles distant on foot and in company with two others, I was told before I left that I should be stopped and insulted and probably detained. This I did not believe, but after having travelled about 9 miles. My eyes were opened by two bayonets that came bristling up to me from the roadside. Then and there my unbelief began to vanish. Then I received such a demonstration as placed me entirely beyond the possibility of skepticism. The Ruffians before me looking defiantly asked me the following questions: How far have you come this morning? to which I replied, "We have come from Lawrence, sir. Do you live in Lawrence?" No sir. "How long have you been in the territory?" About one week. Do you intend settling in the Territory? Yes. Do you intend to take any part in political matters? Yes sir, I shall avail myself of any privileges as a citizen. What State did you come from? Wisconsin, sir. Are you in favor of making Kansas a Free State or a Slave State? Free State, sir. What would you do to make it a Free State? I would vote for it. Would you do anything more? No sir. Do you recognize the present Legislature of Kansas? No sir, I recognize no Legislature in Kansas and until after the report of the Investigating Committee, when if it shall appear that the said Legislature were legally elected, then I am bound to recognize them if not by your course will not ask it. Quite a number of equally insulting questions were put to me and in consideration of the agreeable presence of the bayonets I continued to answer each in the blandest manner. We were entirely unarmed, and even if we had been as well armed as our opponents with the extras of the cavalry, we should not have stood the ghost of a chance, for within half a mile of us there was the white tents of the celebrated "Buford's company" surrounded by a blood red flag, upon which was inscribed the following beautifully characteristic motto:

"The Yankees tremble and abolitionists fall, Our motto is, 'Give Southern rights to all!'"

Of course, under these circumstances, we considered that "Discretion was the better part of valor," and although all my answers as you see them above (verbatim) were firm and decided, still they were given in such a good natured way that my captors could take no exceptions to them, and we were allowed to pass. Almost everybody that passed the road, or indeed any road leading to Lawrence was stopped, and many taken into camp and detained until after the siege. Some knowing their rights and thinking these villains would not dare proceed to shoot in case of refusal, did not heed the order to stop and proceeding were fired upon. A strict blockade was kept up until the siege was over. The day before the siege I returned to Lawrence and learned that two of our citizens had been shot down by this lawless "Law and order

mob." One was a young man the son and stay of an aged widow who had been in to Lawrence to get some meal for the family.—He was riding upon a neighbor's horse that he had borrowed for the occasion, while on his way home he was hailed by the mob and they demanded his arms which he gave up. They then demanded his horse, but if I remember right, he expostulated with them upon the ground of the horse being a borrowed one, when he had proceeded a few steps homeward one of these demons fired and he fell dead or rather mortally wounded from the effects of which he died in about two hours. Some young men of the city hearing of Jones' melancholy death and being somewhat acquainted with him, started over to see him. They had proceeded but a short distance when they met a scouting party who demanded that they should halt, and the boys being armed with Sharp's rifles, and their numbers being double that of the Ruffians, they determined to assert their rights. The Ruffians seeing no disposition to obey their order levelled their rifles. This the boys saw and instantly levelled theirs in turn but unfortunately every one of them missed fire, one of the Ruffians took deliberate aim at the head of young Stewart, and the ball passed directly through the left eye passing through the brain and producing instant death, one of the boys by the name of Cook, in the meantime leveled his revolver (his rifle missing fire) and fired at one of the Ruffians the ball taking effect in the left wrist, disabling it and passing into his side, making a rather serious flesh-wound. The Ruffians, who were mounted, now fled. Young Stewart was carried back by his remaining comrades into Lawrence where I saw him in the afternoon of the following day when I arrived in town. The next morning, 21st of May, soon after daybreak, we descried the Ruffians on the top of the Mount, three quarters of a mile from the heart of the city. Most nearly discovered they were about 300, mostly mounted, and a large portion of them were mounted upon horses that had been stolen from our people, some fifty horses having been taken within five or six miles of Lawrence; oxen, too, and sheep, and cows, and pigs, were appropriated to their benefit without stint to feed our enemies, not willingly, for they were shot down and butchered before our eyes, and woe be to the man who dares to object. But to resume my narrative of the doings of the 21st of May: They drilled and marched around in the most insulting style, and if any individual attempted to leave town he was chased and fired at, some were wounded but none were killed, thanks to the lack of skill in gunnery on the part of the Ruffians. About 9 o'clock a conference took place between General Pomeroy and the United States Marshal, in which it was agreed by the citizens to admit the Marshal with some five or six men beside the officers, and to make up the remainder of the posse commitatus among our own citizens at the same time. The Marshal promised that if no resistance should be made to these arrests, that when they had made the arrests of all they could find he would immediately withdraw his force and no further violence should be permitted.

The arrests, four in number, were accordingly made, and Colonel Eldridge of the Free State Hotel, furnished them with a sumptuous dinner. They immediately left town for the camp on the hill. Postscript Donaldson on the face of all the promises he had made to the contrary turned over into the hands of Jones, this monstrous mob which had now swelled to some 600 or 800, right in limits of our city and recommended them to attach themselves to sheriff Jones as his posse, as he had some important processes to execute and would need them. Jones immediately summoned them and in company with about 20 horsemen entered the city, cursing long and loud demanded all the arms of the city, General Pomeroy told him that the rifles were private property and could not be got. Jones told the General that if the cannon were given up the Hotel should be spared, otherwise the writ for its destruction should be executed and they would level it to the ground. In the vain hope of saving this beautiful structure with all its valuable furniture, they acceded to the proposal. But when the cannon had thus been given up, the demand for all private arms was renewed, with the threat that if they were not given up and stacked in the street within one hour, the town would be laid in ruins. Common sense teaches any one that this could not nor would not be done and by a silence they dared him to do his worst. Immediately he returned to the Hill, set his whole mob in motion, followed by four pieces of cannon, moved them down into Massachusetts street—the Broadway of Lawrence—upon which stood our beautiful Hotel, formed a hollow square and amid terrific yells, loud drunken Dave Atchison appeared in the middle of the square and made a speech which was in substance as follows: Boys, this is the happiest day of my life. This day we have made these insolent outlaws acknowledge the validity of our enactments. You have acquitted yourselves like men. To-day you have vindicated the rights of the South. To-day you have taught these bigger thieves a lesson which they will not soon forget. But

your work is not fully accomplished yet. The Grand Jury of this county have found a true bill against the Free State Abolition Hotel and Printing Presses of Lawrence, as nuisances and the court has ordered them destroyed, this accomplished and your victory will be complete; you will have laid the South under obligations to you that can never be destroyed. But boys I trust you will all have a due respect to ladies, as I know you will. But if a woman takes upon herself the garb of a Soldier, if you catch one of them with a Sharp's Rifle or revolver in her hand, trample her under your feet, crush her as you would a viper, for she has thereby lost all claims to the character of a woman.

This speech was interlarded with a string of oaths, such as the "distinguished Senator" only knows how to use, and ever and anon his voice was perfectly drowned in terrific yells, such as Pandemonium only, is supposed to have the right to emit.

(Conclusion next week.)

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Sawanton, Vt., Aug. 11, 1856.

Mr. EDITOR:—In my last communication I took your readers to Detroit, I must now turn round a little with them and proceed to Western Canada again. One seems quite out of the way in pushing into the United States to get from Lorda to Sarnia; this is owing to the unfinished state of the great Western Railway, when that is completed a hundred miles will be saved at one stroke—and thus the extreme West of Canada will be opened up to the advancing spirit of Hamilton, Toronto and London.

There are two steamers leaving Detroit for Lake Huron every day, visiting the towns now rising in such profusion on the banks of that magnificent lake. I took one of these steamers at 9 o'clock, A. M., and had a beautiful trip over Lake St. Clair up the artery-like river that bears its name to the mouth of the first mentioned lake, and landed at Port Sarnia. The river St. Clair is one of the most interesting rivers I have seen in America. In sailing along its boundary waters one feels half a Canadian and half a "States man" intercommunicating as it were with monarchy and republicanism—on the left the thriving town of Algonack, Newport, St. Clair and Port Huron belonging to the American side, and on the right Oakville, Sombra and Port Sarnia belonging to the Canadian side tell that this juxtaposition of nationalities does not neutralize the efforts of the two, but rather acts in a way of a stimulating rivalry advancing the interests of both—but an impartial observer must be struck with the superior cultivation on the American side although Canada is blest with by far the most fruitful soil and available means of prosperity; yet it is but fair to say that the latter has late pulling up amazingly especially since the establishment of the principle of international free trade. It is a fair sight to see the vessels crossing from side to side, visiting now one and then the other of the ports on either side of the river fraternizing as it were with both shores, so that one is somewhat puzzled at times to know whether one is in the American or the British dominions.—Ferry boats are crossing continually and heavily laden vessels, showing that the benefits of interchange are not lost sight of nor allowed to remain unimproved.—This river has not the solitary appearance of some of our rivers and lakes. It is continually (that is during the parts of the year that our inland waters are navigable) covered with vessels of nearly all descriptions.—As everybody knows, it is the great outlet of the extensive commerce on the shores of lakes Michigan, Superior and Huron—Chicago is well represented, sending her merchandise through these waters even to the European ports. I counted from the deck of our steamer 40 vessels within the range of vision at one and the same time. This is not to be wondered at when the above considerations are taken into account in connection with the fact that all the traffic of the great lakes converges to a point at the mouth of the river between Port Sarnia and Port Huron, and runs, as it were, along a narrow line through its course to the lake St. Clair.

I soon found out by the conversation of the passengers that there were great expectations touching the prosperity of this part of the country—and I was not surprised that such should be the case when I reached Port Sarnia and found that since a visit paid by me some eight months before, it had increased one-fourth in size and nearly one hundred houses were in course of erection. The great Western and the grand Frank Railways are each to have a terminus at this port. The former was in such a forward state that the foundations of the Station House were laid, and the cutting was in a state of forwarding even to the very heart of the town. There is an Indian settlement on the side of the town entered by the railway, this could not be appropriated to the use of the company until a grant had been procured from indemnification made to the tribe of Indians in possession.—This had all been done and through this quiet settlement the steam shovel was deliberately made to work, teaching the aborigines that no limits can be set to the advancements of science and enterprise. The poor Indians seemed to be startled, but had grown a little reconciled be-

cause the white man had opened a market for his game and thus afforded a temporary advantage, you might see droves of them hawk- ing wild pigeons on poles through the streets still dressed in their native costume with the expression of blank amazement in their faces at the storm should dash through their once secluded domain, little dreaming that the invoad had been made which was destined to take from them the last remnant of the possessions of their forefathers. But so it is, even under the British sway where the Indian territories are mapped out and well defined, when what are considered the necessities of civilization press upon the hunting grounds of the red man they must be superseded by the superior claims of the dominant race.

Your correspondent, W. H. B.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Mr. EDITOR:—With your favor I wish to see some extracts published in your paper, from a pamphlet written by the Rev. Thomas Binney, being

An Address to Young Ladies.

The author of the volume before me from which I copy, says of Mr. Binney: It is eminently domestic in his preaching; he does not confine his attention to young men; he does not suppose that they only have the making of the world. He is the young woman's preacher to he talks to her like a brother. Acting upon his impression of the power of woman, in society, he has published a discourse called the "Hebrew Wife," in which he says, I wish you to notice, as running through the whole of the Scriptural picture of domestic industry, this principle, the reality of the work, and the earnestness and decision with which it is attended to. The woman before us does not choose to eat the bread of idleness. She has no idea that she has married a husband to support her in inactivity or to find money for the payment of those who are to do everything for her. Her attention to work is not pretence; it is no mere lifeless amusement; a sort of elegant idling that means nothing; a constant expenditure of time and labor, material and skill, or what is little better than industrious trifling. She works well and earnestly; she girds her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms, she rises early, proceeds upon a plan, has her work of the day arranged clearly before her, is never in a hurry, never in a muddle, everything is done with force; her husband and children know nothing of the machinery, have no annoyance from its din and dust, but all the enjoyment of the silent and steady production of its results.

Now, without in the least recommending this woman as a model in respect to the actual nature of her employments, we do beseech you to study the principle which underlies them all, and whatever you have to do, whatever be your work, according to modern customs and habits—see to it that it is work, something real, useful and dignified, and do it "with all your might."

She does not choose, either, in her more intimate social relationships, to be a plaything or a toy. She knows better than to fancy that it is the privilege of womanhood to be weak and helpless; to be incapable of doing anything for themselves, or to be ignorant of common domestic duties; or to be always ill, or to live on the attentions, and to exact the service of a previous period. To be delicate and fragile, and to be upheld and sheltered, and to be petted and indulged, as if it were an evil to set foot to the ground or face to the weather, may do all very well for a little while, but men get tired of this—it is not of a piece with the rough fish-work they have to attend to in the world; they come to feel that they want, in a wife, something more than can be strung into a song, or set to music; and something certainly, very different from an everlasting appeal to tenderness and compassion.

In the prose history and the real every-day battle of life, while there is plenty of the material of true poetry; this will always be best enjoyed when it is found associated with the "sweats of war." The romance will change to the ridiculous or the tragic, if there is not in both the personages of the story an enduring basis of earnest strength.

Men need, in a world like ours, women for their companions, who have good sense and every day knowledge; who have tact and judgment; who can manage well; can control expense, and make their accounts "come right"; and though these may seem very unromantic and unpoetical virtues, they are those on which much of the poetry of life depends, of that life, at least which is lived in houses, and is not merely to be found in books. The woman before us knew all this; and with her strong will and resolute character, firmly pursued what she felt to be even to the very heart of the town. There is an Indian settlement on the side of the town entered by the railway, this could not be appropriated to the use of the company until a grant had been procured from indemnification made to the tribe of Indians in possession.—This had all been done and through this quiet settlement the steam shovel was deliberately made to work, teaching the aborigines that no limits can be set to the advancements of science and enterprise. The poor Indians seemed to be startled, but had grown a little reconciled be-

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MISCELLANEOUS

SCENE IN A LADY'S BED CHAMBER.

On Thursday night, which will be remembered as one of the warmest of the season, a young lady at the "West End" was excessively frightened at a little circumstance which transpired about the hour of midnight. The young lady whose beauty is only equalled by her modesty, and whose eye's dark charm has caused more than one waistcoat to palpitate, had retired to her chamber, where, after laying aside the greater portion of her wearing apparel, she committed herself to the tender embrace of Morpheus, whose soothing influences were aided by the cooling breath of Zephyr, who came in at the open window and fanned her cheeks with his feathery wings. In a word, she was snoozing finely—or, to use the language of a modern bard—
"Sleep on her velvet eyelids lightly pressed,
And dreamy sighs upheaved her snowy breast,
White starbeams, through her window softly creeping,
Stole to her couch, and trembling there stood peeping!"

It was, as we said, about midnight when the young lady was aroused from her delicious slumber by hearing a noise at the window. Half unclosing her eyes, she was startled by the sight of a corpulent form, apparently struggling to gain admission to her chamber through the open window. It struck her at once that the intruder had been caught by the rear of his unmentionables, by a nail or some other sharp instrument, as he seemed to be struggling with a firm determination to enter.

Her first thought was to faint—her second to give the fellow a push—her third, to jump out of the window as soon as she could find her fourth, to scream, which was immediately carried into effect.

The whistle of the locomotive on the Iron Mountain road, when it gave its first sport on the 4th of July, was but a whisper to the screams of the young girl. The whole house, and half the neighborhood, were awakened by the outcry. The old folks, three female servants, and two big brothers, rushed to the rescue, and brooms, mops, handkerchiefs, and boot-jacks flashed in the gas-light, as the household entered the chamber of the frightened beauty.

An examination of the figure in the window dispelled the fears of all, and changed the streams of the young lady into shouts of laughter. The imaginary "fat man" was only her own darling hooded skirt, which she had hung on a hook near the window, and which the wind had inflated and set in motion. There was no more sleeping in the house that night.—*St. Louis Herald.*

A SMART BOY.

The Abington (Mass.) Standard tells the following: The Rev. Mr. G. a clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home on business, his little son, a youth of four years, calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father, at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied with a grave face, "No, I don't like the looks of them taters."

Proof that a Man is Dead.
A subscriber to one of the eastern papers a few years ago being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor that if his life was spared to a certain day, he would withdraw full discharge his bill. The day passed, and the bill was not paid. The conclusion, therefore, was that the man was dead, absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor in his next paper placed the name of his delinquent under his obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement the subject of it appeared to the editor, with the pale, ghastly appearance usually ascribed to apparitions, but with a face as red as scarlet; neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence—
"What the—sir, do you mean by publishing my death?"

"Why, sir, the same that I mean by publishing the name of any person—viz., to let the world know that you were dead."

"Well, but I'm not dead."

"Not dead? then it is your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day if you lived till that time. The day is past, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead, for I will not believe you would forfeit your word; Oh no!"

"I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor—but say no more about it—here is the money. And besides, you say, just contradict my death next week, will you?"

"Oh, certainly, sir—just to please you—though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you dead at the time specified, and that you merely came back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

A Scrupulous Bond.—There is an old, gray pussy cat in Newark, who has recently had an addition to her family, of six kittens, all of which are joined together near the hind legs. In lifting one up, you raise the whole, like a bunch of bananas. This interesting group of felinity seems to live very harmoniously together, with the exception that neither one can tell which is its own tail. These latter appendages are so twisted and inter-twined that even the grave and staid mother can herself cannot unravel the mystery, and hence the kittens quarrel occasionally.

Newspapers.—How little do the majority of readers of newspapers know of the expenditure of thought, of the labor of the head, and brain, and hands, which goes to make up that which ministers to their highest wants! And also how many truths, thought out with brain throes, passed unnoticed, unobserved, even if not recited with relentless hostility!—Nevertheless, the true man must work, and work, too, in the martyr spirit; contented with the thought that his mere retinae, when he has laid him down in the dust, will constitute a kind of a superstructure and basement, upon which the glorious and eternal temple of truth shall stand.

J. C. C.

"Now papa, tell me, what is a humbug?"
"It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts on but-tens on my shirt."



BRIDGETON: Saturday Morning, August 23. CIRCULATION 1450. Only \$1 00 per Year!

JAMES B. FERGUSON, Editor. THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be held at Bridgeton, on WEDNESDAY, October 1st, 1856.

SICKNESS.

At this season of the year it is customary to hear reports from all parts of the country, that sickness is more prevalent than usual, and many are being hurried away to their "long home" by the hand of disease and the unrelenting monster death.

By observing the laws that govern our physical being, and living in accordance with the proper teachings of those laws, we may avoid many of the "ills that flesh is heir to" and live to a "good old age" in the enjoyment of health and consequently, happiness.

Let us suppose a case. A calls B a coward. To revenge himself for this insult! B retaliates by watching days for A, and when he succeeds in finding him in a cramped condition, so as to be able to neither use his hands nor rise from his seat, he beats him over the head with a cane, and thus proves his courage.

This doctrine of retaliation, so dimmetrical, if opposed to the laws and religion of any enlightened and civilized country when advocated by any respectable journalist, is calculated to do an immense amount of mischief by producing an untold amount of law breaking and wickedness.

An Englishman has just perfected a process of condensing eggs so that the nourishing elements of a dozen of the hen fruits can be held in the bowl of an ordinary spoon.

During our late tour through the lower counties, we have taken some pains to inform ourselves of the condition of the crops. As far as we can learn, the dry weather has not materially affected the growing crops.

A Rich Treat. We acknowledge the receipt of two large "mountain sweet" watermelons that made their appearance in our office on Saturday last.

Grand Festival. The colored brethren of the African M. E. Church of this town, intend holding a Festival in their Church on Wednesday Evening the 10th of September next.

Freedom of Speech.

"Retaliation is justifiable in many instances, and oftentimes serves to check injurious freedom of speech. If a man in the Senate Chamber or any where else, indulges in language calculated to provoke anger, or to excite against him hostile feelings, he can have no just right to complain of a broken head, a cowhiding or a coat of tar and feathers."

The above bold advocacy of lawlessness and roidism, we clip from the last number of the Bridgeton Chronicle, in an article most probably designed to vindicate the bully Brooks, after he had been condemned by nearly all the free presses at the north, and south.

Does our cotemporary really prefer such a condition of life to the enlightened freedom of action and speech constitutionally guaranteed to us here? If so, an intelligent American commonwealth is no proper sphere for his labors.

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Another Item.

Farmers who come into Bridgeton with their horses, do not realize how dangerous it is to leave their horses standing without being hitched. Scarcely a week passes without some accident happening in consequence of this neglect.

Church at Atlantic City. On Thursday afternoon last, the cornerstone of a church edifice was laid at Atlantic City between the Mansion house and the Ocean.

Graham's Magazine. The September No. of this popular American Illustrated Monthly, has already made its appearance on our table.

The Parlor Caskeet. This is the title of a new and handsomely executed weekly journal, the first number of which has made its appearance.

Retribution—a Tale of Passion. The enterprising publisher, Mr. T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, has in press another of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's popular works, entitled as above.

The author of "Retribution," is already famous and celebrated as a writer of fiction. We regarded the "Lost Heiress" as furnishing indubitable evidence of her powers as a novelist, and so we do still.

For the West Jersey Pioneer. Mr. Editor:—Supposing you readers wish to know, to some extent, what is going on in the political world, I send you a sketch of the proceedings of the Republican Mass Meeting, held near Swedesboro, on Wednesday, the 20th inst.

For the West Jersey Pioneer. We are told that mankind must have recreation, that they are so constituted, that the very existence of the human race depends upon amusements.

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For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Mr. Editor:—I see by a communication in your paper of the 2d inst., from B. C. H., an initial signature we are always pleased to greet, as it is always accompanied by descriptive sketches and pleasant reminiscences, instructive and entertaining, whether the subject be natural history, education, or biography.

The system of teaching as now practiced in the State Normal school at Trenton, is said to be as near perfection as the limited efforts of the most enlightened and erudite of the age, can devise and concentrate.

Proceedings of a Republican Meeting at Shiloh, N. J. Pursuant to a call signed by over thirty persons of Shiloh and vicinity, the people met at the Lecture Room and organized by calling Hon. Lewis Howell to the chair.

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where it was that it might in time be removed with the least possible disadvantage to all, and as all parties admit that Slavery is a great evil, it is no injustice for the millions of freemen to say to the few hundred thousand slave holders, you may come and possess the public domain on equal terms with ourselves, but we cannot allow you to curse it with Slavery.

The Storm at the South. The latest despatches from the South report that the storm of Sunday and Monday week, has been more destructive of life and property than has been reported.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE. ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIMIC. New York, Aug. 17.—The Collins's steamship Baltic, from Liverpool, on the 6th inst., arrived at this port this morning at 6 o'clock bringing four days later intelligence from Europe.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET. Friday, Aug. 22, 1856. Wheat is not so plenty, and holders are rather firmer to-day, sales reaching 45,000 bushels at 135 1/2 to 145 cents for Red, and 150 to 155 cents for White, the latter for prime, including 600 bushels old Pennsylvania, of fine quality at 138 cents.

BRIDGETON PRICES CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE PIONEER. W. Wheat \$1 50 sts. Potatoes \$1 25 cts. R. Wheat 1 40 " Butter 25 cts per lb. Old Corn " Eggs 14 " doz. New Corn " Hams 15 " lb. Rye, 75 " Lard 14 " lb. Oats, 35 " Pork 11 cts per lb.

MARRIED. On Thursday the 21st inst., by Rev. W. Walton, Mr. GEORGE MITCHELL, of Hopewell, and Miss PAULINE ENDREWS, of Fairfield, Cumberland Co.

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

TO LET. THE House where the subscriber now resides, on Commerce St., near the Clerk's Office, is for possession given immediately.

NOTICE. ALL persons indebted to the subscribers on call and settle the same without further notice by the 1st of OCTOBER next, after which date the accounts will be put into the hands of a Justice for collection.

BUGLELAND. THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, a Small Farm, containing about 50 acres, situated in the township of Hopewell, in a good state of cultivation.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, two good work horses, one new carriage, one hand-some mule colt 6 months old, a new heavy wagon, and second hand harness.

TIMBER SALE. WILL be sold at Public Sale, on SATURDAY, the 13th day of SEPTEMBER, 1856, on the premises, in the township of Millville, near the Parent Field, on the main road leading from Cedarville to Millville, within two miles of the latter place, adjoining lands of William G. Nixon, George Ogden and others, being within one mile of the Landing at Silver run, on Maurice River, the following:

VENUE. WILL be sold at Public Sale, at the late residence of Geo. Ogden, dec'd., in the township of Millville, on the main road from Cedarville to Bridgeton, two miles from the former place, on Wednesday the 3d day of Sept., 1856.

SHERIFF'S SALES. BY virtue of a writ of fieri Facias issued out of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas of the County of Cumberland, to me directed, will be exposed to Sale, at Public Vendue, on Tuesday the 23d day of Sept., 1856.

TREACON SEMINARY. SIXTEEN miles northwest from Philadelphia, near Norristown, Pa., will be open for young men and boys 14 years of age, from October 1, 1856, till June 1, 1857.

WHITE PINE BOARDS. OUR stock of white pine boards is good, and the prices will be made all right to any person wanting. Call and see us.

HERMLOCK SCANTLING. THE quick expense is better than the slow shilling. We have a large stock of hermlock scantling on hand, and will sell by calling on us we will bear the above charge in mind.

CORN CRIBS, CORN CRIBS. WE are now prepared to furnish farm stock of every description and other lumber for corn cribs. An early application is solicited.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE. THE subscriber will sell at Public Sale, on THURSDAY, the 6th day of NOVEMBER, 1856, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Hotel of B. Davis, and Son, in the City of New Jersey, the following:

BUGLELAND. THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, a Small Farm, containing about 50 acres, situated in the township of Hopewell, in a good state of cultivation.

