

Business Directory

B. F. FERGUSON,
ARTIST,
No. 604 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA,
(Six doors above Sixth).
Photographs taken either from Life, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, and colored in the most beautiful style. Call and see specimens.

"THE UNION,"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
PHILADELPHIA.
Established in the very center of business, with passenger facilities for the most direct routes, and with the most comfortable accommodations, it is the only place where the traveler can find a comfortable and pleasant resting place. The proprietors give assurance that "THE UNION" shall be kept with such character as will meet public approbation and respectfully solicit patronage from Continental and foreign countries.
TERMS: \$1.00 per day.
MARCH 2, 1860. UPTON S. NEWCOMER.

J. A. HOAGLAND,
Attorney at Law,
Solicitor, Master & Examiner in Chancery,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Office on Commerce St., over the Chronicle Office.

C. S. MILLER & CO.
CHEAP FANCY DRY GOODS
AND TRIMMINGS STORE,
GROSSCUP'S BUILDING, CORNER AND LAUREL
STREETS, BRIDGETON.

DR. ROBT. W. ELVER,
DENTIST,
Office in the row of brick buildings, five doors
west of E. Davis & Son's hotel, formerly occupied
by J. D. Harbert.
Mar. 28, 1867-y.

PEDRICK & CHEESMAN,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL,
AND
BLACKSMITH COAL,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
SPRINGS, AXLES,
ANVILS, VICES,
SAWES, BELLOWS, &c.
ISAAC PEDRICK, JOHN CHEESMAN, JR.

H. LANING,
SURGEON DENTIST
H. LANING, having pursued a regular course in dentistry, with the most skillful dentists in New Jersey and Philadelphia, is now in the city of Philadelphia, and will give his services to give satisfaction to all who call. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office in the New Building opposite the Surgeon's Office. Entrance in the Dental Department, through the Hall adjoining the jewelry store. mar 28

A CARD.
J. C. KIRBY, SURGEON DENTIST,
respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Cumberland County and the public generally.
Office in the row of brick buildings, five doors west of E. Davis & Son's hotel, formerly occupied by J. D. Harbert. Mar. 28, 1867-y.

HENRY NEFF,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office in the row of brick buildings, five doors west of E. Davis & Son's hotel, formerly occupied by J. D. Harbert. Mar. 28, 1867-y.

C. E. EDWARDS,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST.
JOURNER OF MAIN AND SECOND STREETS
MILLYVILLE N. J.

REMOVED.
E. S. BROOKS'
Confectionery and Eating House,
42 SOUTH SECOND STREET,
Ten doors above Chestnut, upper side.

DR. N. R. NEWKIRK,
Physician in the town and country, who are disposed to
consult him with a call.
Office—Corner of Commerce and Walnut sts.
BRIDGETON, N. J.
February 18th, 1860-y.

REMOVAL.
E. S. BROOKS'
Confectionery and Eating House,
42 SOUTH SECOND STREET,
Ten doors above Chestnut, upper side.

QUAKER CITY HOTEL,
Water and Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
CONDUCTED ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Rooms by the night, week or month. Business articles in the city by the various railroad or steamboat lines, can obtain meals at all hours, day or evening.
Private dining rooms for ladies.
March 17, '60.
RUBT. M. McCLEURE.

VANDERVEER, ARCHER & CO
Wholesale Grocers,
45 North Water St., and 40 North Del. Avenue.
Offer for sale upon the most liberal terms

Sweets,
New Orleans, Porto Rico, Cuba, and all the various grades of brandy.
Coffee,
Java, Manacabo, Loguira, Rio Santos, Rio St. Domingo, &c.
Teas,
A large and well assorted stock of New Crop, Green and Black Tea, Young Hyson, Hyson, Gunpowder, Imperial, Oolong, Nibing, &c.
Meats and Spices,
New Orleans, Porto Rico, Muscovado, Trinidad, Philadelphia and New York Ceylon all grades.
Pepper, Mustard, Pimento, Cassia, Ginger, Allspice, Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, Vanilla and Madras Indigo, Cocoa, Chocolate.
Bunch, Salt Soda, Saleratus, Sup. Carb. Soda, Hummel's Extract of Coffee, Machines, Pipes, Segars.

TOBACCO,
Jones & Son's Tobacco, No. 10, 12, 14, Vanhook Doodle, Li
son, Mallow Knight, Shiloh, Anderson's Fine Cut, &c.
No. 10.
J. S. RECKER.

STRATTON & TUCKER,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Groceries,
HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE,
Boots, Shoes, &c.
NEXT DOOR TO BRANDRIF'S HOTEL,
MILLYVILLE,
Cumberland Co., N. J.

Choice Poetry.

HEAVEN.

The following lines are by the author of that exquisite poem, "Over the River"—Miss Nancy A. W. Priest—and are copied from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Beyond those chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portals,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever green;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision;
For death the silent varden, keeps the key
That opens those gates elysian.

But sometimes when adown the western sky,
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

Oh, land unknown! Oh, land of life divine!
Foster, all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, wayward feet of mine,
Into those pastures verdant.

HUMOROUS.

A LONG TIME UP.

The steamer S. commanded by Captain S., exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge.—

Capt S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating cotton bale, upon which he floated unharmed, but much blackened and muddled. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item:

"I say, boy, is the S. blown up?"

"Yes, Captain S. killed."

"No, I am Captain S."

"The thur'er you are! How high were you blown?"

"High enough to think of every man thing I ever did in my life, before I came down here."

The editor started on a run for his office; the paper was about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, wrote as follows:

The steamer S. has burst her boiler, as we learn from Captain S., who says he was up long enough to think of every man thing he ever did in his life before he lit.—

We suppose he was up about three months.

Briggs, the banjoi't, of Wood's Minstrels, gets off the following good one:

"As I was going down Broadway the other evening, I see a man on the sidewalk in front of a hospital with a big stove-pipe stuck up on free sticks, a looking up to de sky froo his feet, and he told me if I'd gib him free cents I could take a sight through it, and I'd see de head ob de man in de moon. Well, I gib him de free cents—it was all de circutration I had wid me, too—and put my eye to de stove-pipe. I did see a head, but somehow or order it seemed to me as if the face looked kinder familiar—I didn't think it was de man in de moon; for I was pouty sure I'd seen it afore. I jis had de curiosity to move my eye 'way from de stove-pipe, and dar I see de man wot I paid de free cents to lookin' froo at me. He could-n't fool dis nigger, no how."

"Please, Mister, give me a bundle of hay?"

"Yes, my boy. Sixpenny or a shilling bundle?"

"Shillin'."

"Is it for your father?"

"No, 'tain't—it's for the boss. My father don't eat hay!"

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases; then kiss her. This is a sure cure.

"Come, Charley, get up; it's the early bird who catches the worm."

"I know, sis, but I've had the worms, and I don't want 'em any more you know."

Never look for the milk of human kindness in the pale of civilization.

"I say, John where did you get that rogue's hat?"

"'Plase, yer honor," said John "it's an old one of yours that misgave me yesterday."

A wag said of a woman who had obtained a divorce from her husband because he had a bald head, which he concealed by a wig during his matrimonial suit and the consummation of the bargain, that she wig led out wedlock on a bald assumption.

A man applied once to be shipped before the mast.

"Are you an able seaman or a green hand?" asked the Captain.

"Why not an able seaman nor a green hand. I've some knowledge of the water."

"Ever been on a voyage?"

"No!"

"Well, what then do you know about the sea?"

"Why, I have teaded saw mills!"

A WORD FOR NEW JERSEY.

In an old copy of the Philadelphia *News* we find a correspondence from Salem, from which we are tempted to make the following extract. After alluding to the agricultural resources of the State in glowing terms, the writer thus eloquently pictures her other merits and glories:

"But New Jersey has something more than fertile lands of which to boast. She has a history replete with toil and blood—of smoking hamlets and sanguinary fields, unequalled by any other State of the Confederacy; and when her sons hear the gibes and sneers heaped upon her by an anti-American population of the great cities on her borders, they remember Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, Red Bank, Assanpink and Springfield, and pity the ignorance, or despite the ingratitude of those who would mar the casket containing such jewels. There is scarcely an old mansion or locality in our State, but has its Revolutionary history, and the name of some of our heroes, who were the first to rescue our flag from barbarian insult. To Pike, the chivalric commander, who fell before York in the arms of victory. To Kearney, the peerless dragoon, who with Stockton, added to our Confederacy, a new Empire on the Pacific; and others, of deathless name, which the nation cannot afford to have stricken from her annals. We show you our land at Cape May, (not altogether destitute of diamonds) but we have lead and zinc, copper, silver and sulphur in our hills. Aye, there is iron too, that same which was forged into guns and balls away among the mountains of Morris county during the darkest period of the Revolution. We have marble in our plains, granite and lime stone in our hills, and pearls in our brooks! We have colleges, Normal School, Lunatic Asylum, Penitentiary, and other institutions which are regarded as models for the world. We are free of State tax and State debt, have a genial climate, and a geographical position unsurpassed by any State of the Union.—Our towns are rapidly outstripping yours in size and importance. The manufactures of Paterson, Newark, Trenton, and other cities, are sought for by all the civilized nations. Our horses, for speed, have set the fashion of the world, and our Jersey Commodore, on board the yacht America, caused the British ensign to drop in the presence of Britain's Sovereign. Many of the principal merchants, bankers, orators, and thousands upon thousands of the most enterprising citizens of New York and Philadelphia are of New Jersey birth. We have the old Revolutionary stock for our population, which has never, in any emergency, proved recreant to the Union. Such, briefly, is New Jersey. Her position is at the outpost. The Atlantic breakers which lash her shores are more surely cast back than would be the foreign foe who there seeks a landing. She is also the border State of the Union. Against her comes beating of the waves of fanaticism of the North, and the madness of the South. She recognizes her mission to part these warring brethren, and if even they grapple it will be after they strike her from the roll of existence. Such is our gallant little State. We all know and appreciate her worth, and take more satisfaction than the millionaires' *pate de fois gras* and *iced champagne*. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them to "make the best of it." Was ever stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy fate, falling across its turbid tide, would not wake an answering gleam? Why, then, joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and savage you feel, Mr. Grumbler—no matter if your brain is packed full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills, and tonics, just set one of these cherry little human talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The longer drawn lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows when, and the first you know, you'll be laughing—yes, positively laughing! Why? That is another thing we can't no more tell why than we can tell why you smile involuntarily to listen to the first bluebird of the season, among the maple blossoms, or to meet a knot of yellow-eyed dandelions in the crack of a city paving stone. We only know that it is so.

Oh, these happy women! how often their slender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would smother man by the ground how often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch! how we look forward, through the weary day, to their freshest smiles, how often their cheerful eyes see *couleur de rose* where we only behold thunder charged clouds! No one knows—no one ever will know, until the day of judgment, how much we owe to these helpful, helpful, uncomplaining women.

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WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Three noble is their position. Inheriting to a greater extent than those of any other country, the divine gift of talismanic liberty—breathing in not only the ambient mountain air, but also the exhilarating elixir of free thought, theirs is the lesson learned from the broken heads and hearts of the sisterhood of centuries dead and gone, enabling them, to a certain extent, to snap the strong Sampson with which have been girded around their souls, and to stretch upwards the slender but powerful arms of their mental framework,

