



An Independent Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Arts, Education, Morality, Local and General News, &c.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON, N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

VOL. XIII No. 652.

Business Directory

B. F. FERGUSON, ARTIST,
No. 504 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Photographs taken after the late, beautiful style, of Ambrotypes and colored in the most beautiful style. Call and see specimens.

THE UNION
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD, PHILADELPHIA.
It is situated in the very center of business, with Passenger Railroads running past and in close proximity to the city. It is a desirable place for a residence, and a fine place for all kinds of business. It is a fine place for a residence, and a fine place for all kinds of business. It is a fine place for a residence, and a fine place for all kinds of business.

J. R. HOAGLAND, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Solicitor, No. 100 Arch Street, in Chancery, PHILADELPHIA, N. J.
Office on CORNER ST., over the CHANCERY OFFICE.

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

DR. ROBT. W. ELWELL,
PHYSICIAN
Office on Arch Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
The old doctor was a small, lean man, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

PEDRICK & CHESMAN,
DEALERS IN
IRON, COPPER,
BLACKSMITH COAL,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
SPRINGS, ANVILS, SOFDS, BELLOWS, &c.
IN ACH TERRITORY.

H. L. LANE,
DENTIST
Office on Arch Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

A CARD.
J. C. KIRBY, SEVERAL DENTIST,
Office on Arch Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. N. R. NEWARK,
DENTIST
Office on Arch Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

DANIEL NEELD,
MANUFACTURER OF
ENGRAVING PLATES,
AND
Dealer in Cutlery,
GRINDING AND POLISHING,
No. 10 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. R. BUNTING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Furniture Warehouse
221 SOUTH SECOND ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

F. A. GIVENBACK,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
No. 26 East Commerce Street,
BRIDGETON, N. J.

QUAKER CITY HOTEL,
Water and Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

Farmers Attention—
Steam Power for threshing Grain in Cumberland and Salem Counties.

LOOKING GLASSES,
Newest Styles of Frames,
AT
A. S. ROBINSON'S
FINE GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME
MANUFACTORY AND FREE
PICTURE GALLERIES,
No. 910 CHESTNUT STREET,
ABOVE NINTH.

Choice Poetry.

"WORLD OF LIGHT."
There is a beautiful world,
Where saints and angels sing,
A world where peace and pleasure reign,
And heavenly praises ring.

There'll be there, We'll be there,
Palms of Victory,
Crowns of glory we shall wear,
In that beautiful world on high.

There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes,
A world where tears shall never fall,
In sighing for our home.

There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love,
O, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.

HUMOROUS.

CONSIDER ME SMITH.
There is a very good story told in the papers of the day, which was played by old Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The old doctor was a small, lean man, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as if he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was as agile as a cat, and, in addition, was by no means deficient in the knowledge of the "mole science of self-defence."

Pesides, he was cool as a cucumber. Well, in the Freshman class, of a certain year, was a burly, beef-mountainier of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

"Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him—had no idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under, and he was controlled despotically by a man that he despised, he could tie and whip. He at length determined to give the gentleman a good private thrashing, some night in the college campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor, crossing the campus. Walking up to him abruptly—

"Hello, Smith! you rascal—is this you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight, and muscle, made him an ugly customer, but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his beefy antagonist down, and was astraddle on his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Dr. Caldwell—a mistake—for heaven's sake, doctor!" groaned Jones, who thought he was about to be gaten up. "I—I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith!"

And it is said that Old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity, at least on the college campus.

THE MARTYRED WIFE.

Mary Martin was an admirable, conscientious Christian girl. Looking into her sweet face, one would involuntarily have hoped that much of life's sorrow might be spared her; but she was appointed for trouble to an unusual degree, almost tempting us to wonder, as did the people in the New Testament, when they asked if the man or his parents sinned, that he was afflicted from his birth.

For several years, Mary was a successful school teacher. She had a way with her that even the most untractable scholar could not resist. It was strange; how the little creature, for she was small of her age, could sway, with almost absolute control, the rude, half-grown boys, whose nature was so wild and ungovernable. Some people exert over others a subtle influence, powerful in its effects, and almost defying analysis, and she was one of this favored class.

I never shall forget what a sweet picture she made, coming along the wooded path from the school house, a rosy-checked child holding each hand, and others, older and younger, following and longing for the coveted distinction.

Mary's life was apparently blameless. Her love and duty as a daughter were not forgotten. She was the sole support of a widowed mother, and cared for that mother's little wants with a beautiful solicitude. Her place in the village church was never vacant—nor at the head of her Sabbath school class. Everybody liked her, for she had a word of welcome for all. The poor people thought there never was a more thoughtful, gentle-hearted girl, and perhaps they were right.

Time, as it went on, saw Mary a wife and a mother. Hers was a sweet cottage-home, from whose altar, prayer ascended daily. It saw the young mother kneel often by the cradle-side of her child, and fervently ask for his future happiness. It saw a husband fond and sincere—happy as a parent, and as a professed Christian. There was a chair by the fire-side for the weary old mother, who bore her infirmities not always with patience, yet whose murmuring complaints were listened to by Mary, as affectionately as if they were blessings.

But the years that rolled on brought new acquisitions to the busy town. Among them came a lawyer, a young man of some promise, but whose habits were questionable, and whose convivial talents made him a great favorite. It was a sad day when Mary's husband first found pleasure in his chamber society. I say chamber, for cannot the serpent charm? But little impression was made there, but John Mansfield's strength had never been tried, and the foundations upon which he had built his Christian hopes were shaky, as time proved. At first the lawyer began with light skirmishing. The Bible he revered, as much as he could. "It was an old book," he said, "and a good book—as far as it went. But there were some singular things in it. Now, for instance, how can you prove this or that? Candidly, do such and such things, in such and such a chapter, look reasonable? I leave it to your common sense now," etc., etc.

John defended his Bible. O! yes—with strong, sturdy, honest language—with flushed brow and shining eyes—he did the cause service. His opponent listened and smiled, now and then quietly throwing in a seed, that in his wicked heart he hoped might germinate some time. Then when language became exhausted, the wily tempter resorted to something else. Would John read such or such a book? Or perhaps he was afraid to read such heretical works? John scorned the sneer. He would not read, but he would take more than all the books that ever were written to shake his faith. In his self confidence he did not think of the strong disciple.

"Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?—I will lay down my life for Thy sake."

Jesus answered him—"Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily, verily I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow till thou hast denied Me thrice."

Alas! for Peter, the boaster. Alas! for John, the boaster. Both fell, and one, it is to be feared, never rose again.

Neither the subtle language of his new friend, or the cunningly devised fables he placed in his hands for perusal, seemed for a long time to have influence. But they opened a new and a dangerous field to the man's research. What if years passed before he ventured to avow himself a disbeliever? Night after night found him poring over those giant but Satanic philosophies. How by little and little he gave up his hope, who can tell?—cutting here a ligament—there, killing a nerve in his moral nature; were, sitting a heavenly impulse; there, buying a hope. The first fruit was (it always is) the giving up of the family altar. The sun no longer looked through the woodwork on parents and children at prayer. Bright boys with wide awake minds were growing up almost to man's estate. Their mother had tried to keep the season of worship in remembrance, but how could she succeed in the face of such an opposing influence? It began to wear upon her. Her gentle, serene mind looked out upon the evil in stores for her boys. Without the restraining influence of a Christian home, what was not their danger? She saw that day by day the man she had thought to lean upon as on a rock, grew more and more godless, and despised the restraints that had once been as pleasant as silken cords. The seat they had always filled in the church had long been abandoned to strangers. The once kind husband had said, "you shall not go; neither I nor mine shall be burdened any longer with those old traditions and senseless tables."

The martyr-wife did not wholly obey.—Her heart longed for the holy courts. It had been so sweet to slip away from her myriad cares—to snatch a ray of sunshine after the week's hard toil; to hear something of God and heaven, for her labors took all her time. Her husband was not rich, she could not afford to read, and there was not

ALL NEVER FORGIVE HIM.

"I'll never forgive him—never!"
"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing.
"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible!"
"Stop husband, John! remember he is my brother; and by the love you bear me, forgive to curse him." He has done you wrong, I allow, but oh! John, he is very young, and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday, will hardly be wiped out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John. Oh! please don't say anything dreadful!"

The sweet faced woman prevailed; the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken; but still he said, "I'll never forgive him, he has done me a deadly wrong."

The young man who had provoked his bitterness, humbled and repentant, sought in vain for forgiveness from him whom in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond repair. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

In his store sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached; but he took no notice of it until a halless boy burst in with the store, screaming at the top of his voice—

"Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke!"

To dash down the paper, and spring for the street, was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac he flew, till he reached the bank of the river, pallid and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eye was little Johnny, lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair disheveled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved. He breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face; she saw with a choking voice, thanked God. Another form lay insensible stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred, had, at the risk of his own life, been the savior of his child. He had struck a floating piece of drift-wood as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable.

John Locke flung himself down upon the greensward, and bent over the senseless form.

"Save him," he cried, huskily, to the doctor who had been summoned. "Restore him to consciousness, if it be only one little moment; I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," replied the doctor. The wounded man opened his eyes; they met the anxious glance of his brother-in-law, and the pale lips trembled forth, "Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes; God is witness as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you, and in return, your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct?"

A feeble pressure of the hand, and a beaming smile was all the answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life; and never were there more devoted friends than those who hovered over the sick-bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and, pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"Oh! if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in Heaven," said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living terror. "Never—now I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness—never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness towards the erring; for there is new meaning to my soul in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling judgments upon myself, while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

THE THRIFTLESS FARMER.

The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter, but permits them to stand shivering by the side of the fence, or to lie in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground, or in the mud, and not infrequently in the highway, by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, is wasted.

He grazes his meadows in fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.

His fences, old and poor, just such as to let his neighbor's cattle break into his field, and teach his own to be unruly and spoil his crops.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the stalls of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted, and his barn destroyed.

He fills or skims over the surface of his land until it is exhausted, but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the first he has no time, and for the last he "is not able."

He has a piece for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe or rake, or a hammer, or an auger, but knows not where to find them, and thus loses much time.

He loiters away stormy days and evenings, when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading useful books and newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, or at the "rum holes," complaining of hard times, and goes home in the evening "pretty well tore."

He has no shed for his pig wood, consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroy them. He "has no luck in raising fruit."

One half of the little he raises is destroyed by his own or neighbor's cattle.

His plow, harrow, and other implements lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry, the next season, his plow breaks because it was not housed and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in and destroy his garden, because he has not stopped a hole in the fence that he had been intending to stop for a week.

He is of ten in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.

He has, of course, but little money, and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, etc., he raises it at a great sacrifice, in some way or other, by paying an enormous amount, or by selling his scanty crop when prices are low.

He is a year behind, instead of being a year ahead of his business—and always will be.

When he pays a debt, it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.

He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals charge him twice or thrice the profit they charge prompt paymasters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at any cost. He has to beg and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on any terms. The merchants dread to see his wife come into their stores, and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded.

His sickness begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter's morning, while his cattle are suffering for their morning's food.

Manure lies in heaps in the stable, his horses are rough and uncared, and his harness trod under their feet.

His bars and gates are broken, his buildings unpainted, and the boards and shingles falling off—he has no time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the holes stopped with rags and old hats.

He is a great borrower of things, neighbors' implements, but never returns the borrowed article, and when it is sent for, it can't be found.

He is in public a great show, and never attends public worship; or if he does occasionally do so, he comes sneaking in when service is half over.

He neglects his accounts, and when his neighbor calls to settle with him, he has something else to attend to.

Take him all in all, he is a poor farmer, a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, and a poor Christian.

SELECTIONS FOR SCRAP BOOKS.

STARTLING STATISTICS.
THE GOOD OLD FARM.—Statistics reveal the astounding fact that sixty-seven out of every hundred retail merchants in our principal cities still in business, and that ninety-three in every hundred wholesale merchants are gone bankrupt. And yet this appalling trading, bargaining, health-destroying, speculation holds out its false colors, its glittering pretensions, and leads the sturdy, hearty young yeoman to part, as for very life, for the chance of quitting his father's noble fields, his native hills and verdant valleys, in order that he may become a clerk in a store. Quit the good old farm, with its invigorating exercises, its manly occupations, its delightful scenes, its abundant harvests, the beauties of its season, the delights of its season of fruits, for the great privilege of learning to sweep out a store, take down and put up window shutters, and finally, after spending years in acquiring this beautiful elementary branch get to be a clerk out of employ, or possibly have the privilege of starting a store on his own account, and receive all the pleasures just named, as the certain accompaniment of the merchant. And when a merchant proves successful—when, after years of toil and pain, of strife, excitement, and misery, he accumulates a fortune, what does he do then? Where does he look for happiness as the reward for all his life of labor and self-denial? Why, to the country.—His great desire is to retire to fields where he can raise his own corn and potatoes, eat butter and cheese from his own dairies, and pluck fruit from his own vines and trees.—Thus, at nearly the termination of his life, he is able to become a farmer, and enjoy what he might have delighted in during the previous thirty years, if he had not been dazzled with the false idea that the merchant is more respectable than the agriculturist.

THE INNER PACKET.—A VISION.

Among the travelers in the valley of tears, I had occasion to remark that those who most kicked and struggled under their burthens, only made them so much the heavier, for their shoulders became extremely galled by those vain and ineffectual struggles. The load, if born patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers, for so the load of the valley had kindly decreed; but as to these grumblers, they had all the smart, and none of the benefit; they had the present suffering without the future reward. But the thing which made all these burthens seem so heavy, was that in every one without exception, there was a certain inner packet, which most of the travelers took pains to conceal, and kept carefully wrapped up; and while they were weary enough to complain of the load, but other part of their burthens, found a word about this, though in truth it was the pressing weight of this secret packet which served to render the general burthen so intolerable. In spite of all their caution, I contrived to get a peep at it. I found in each that this packet had the same label, the word six was written on all as a general title, and in ink so black that they could not wash it out. I observed that most of them took no small pains to hide the writing; but I was surprised to see that they did not try to cover up the label, but the label. If any kind friend who assisted these people, did but so much as hint at the secret packet, or advise them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any such article in their portmanteau; and it was those whose secret packet swelled to most enormous size, who most stoutly denied they had any.—*Lucan's Mors.*

THE TOO ARDENT PURSUIT OF BUSINESS.

Business, in its proper sphere, is useful and beneficial, as well as absolutely necessary; but the abuse of it, or an excess in it, is pernicious in many points of view; I cannot approve, in very many respects, of the intense degree of application and attention, which seems often to be required of those that are in business.

There is one degree to which the man of business is particularly exposed, and the more alarming because it is concealed.—I mean the danger of a worldly spirit, and of losing that tenderness of conscience, that love of religion, which is the ground of all virtuous conduct.

The person who is engaged in worldly affairs, whether the sphere of his engagements be large or small, should be most anxiously attentive to his eternal interests, that also may be kept in a flourishing, profitable condition. He should also be very jealous of his scanty leisure, that he may not omit to employ some of it in his daily duties to his Maker, it is the slow though sure tendency of the spirit of the world, silently to contract. For I own I tremble at the very idea of any man's mainly pursuing his perishable interests, when perhaps in one short moment he is gone. How inconceivably terrific an expense must be that man's anguish, whilst on the very brink of going he knows not whither, to think that he has given up an eternity of bliss, for the empty grasp of that which is not.—*John Barclay.*

GRACE, LIGHT AND TRUTH.

The more grace any man hath, the more humble, meek and merciful he is; the more light any of us has, the greater discovery it makes of what is amiss in ourselves and others, the more truth dwells in us, the less fraud and deceit is wrought by us.

RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

Next to the loss of the soul, there is nothing so dreadful in itself nor so much to be dreaded, as the loss of religious impressions; and who later leads on to the former.—*James' Anxious Inquirer.*

They who have been with Jesus, cannot conform to the fashions and customs of this world.—*William Penn.*

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

We recently heard a remarkable and touching story of a little boy, the son of a gentleman in an adjoining county. His age is twelve or thirteen. He is an interesting, promising lad. One day during the past winter, he failed to rise in the morning as early as usual. At length his father went into the room where he lay, and asked him why he did not get up. He said it seemed dark yet, and he was waiting for daylight. His father retired, but the boy did not make his appearance for some time. "My son, why don't you get up?" He replied, "Father, it is daylight!" "Yes, long ago." "Then, father," the little fellow said, "I am blind."

In a short time, his father took him to Nashville to get the benefit of the medical profession there, but none of the physicians could do anything for him, and happily made no experiments on his eyes. Some ladies in a family of his father's acquaintance sought to cheer him in his affliction, and one night proposed to take him to the opera, that he might hear the music and singing. He went, and was delighted. In the course of the performance, all at once he leaped up, and threw his arms around his father's neck, and screamed with ecstasy, "Oh, father! I can see! I can see! His sight had instantly returned. And since then he has retained it in full vigor, except that under excitement there is sometimes a transient dimness of vision. The case is one of a remarkable and singular character.

WORLDLY BAITS.

Pride, pleasure, and unrighteous gain, are baits that have caught many; all which, with many other things, we must deny and turn from, if we will do the will of Christ in a righteous life; and though such denials we shall find the root of iniquity wither, and grace grow; sinful notions will diminish, and heavenly desires increase; the small seed will become the tallest of herbs; and the lump come to be one in nature with the leaven.

PRIDE AND SUPERFLUITY.

I am sensible that many gaudy things females wear, are not anywhere in Scripture directly forbidden, but I learn, from thence, that pride, and all manner of superfluity is, and if by wearing this rich silk, or adorning ourselves with other superfluous ornaments, we feed and nourish a proud, vain desire, it becomes by this circumstance as unlawful as pride itself; and that they do so, I have greatly experienced.—*Sophia Hume.*

THE EFFECT OF ADORNMENT.

Let us consider what effect jewelry, and gay, fashionable and costly attire have upon the mind and heart of the individual. Their natural consequence is to engender pride; pride begets extravagance, and extravagance leads to ruin. Moreover, the Prophet declares, "the way of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low."—*Fruits of Pride.*

THE MOTIVE.

We do not find the fashionable women of our times dressing with reference to ease and comfort. There must be some object, some other motives that influence many. To be seen in the most frequented streets; to attract the attention of others; to make a display of finery; these are the motives that influence a vast majority of the females of our country.—Why do you wear it?

PILGRIMS PROGRESS.

What if pilgrims have been jeered at while passing through Vanity Fair. Is it not better to be gazing stocks than stumbling blocks.—*A Plea for Pilgrims.*

LETTER ENTANGLEMENTS.

I saw that it was my privilege to have the smiles of God upon every penny I laid out, and every moment of my time. Fashionable apparel involves a thousand little entanglements which a dress entirely plain cuts through at once.

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Bridgeton, September 1, 1880.

THE PIONEER HAS A LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY COUNTY PAPER IN THIS STATE.

Only \$1.00 per Year! JAMES B. FERGUSON, Editor.

We take pleasure in reminding our readers that the next session of the West Jersey Academy will commence on Wednesday next, the 5th inst. It is unnecessary to add a word in favor of this popular Institution...

Pennington Female Institute. This long established Institute has for several years past been under the management of Mr. A. P. Lasher, whose superior ability and indefatigable perseverance has placed it among the very best Institutions of the kind in this country.

Mr. Editor:—Your New York correspondent needs a little candid criticism. He represents Lord Brougham as being in love with an Octoroon Orator, thus making a fool of himself, and shaking the foundations of the American Republic.

On Monday morning last, as Mr. Jeremiah Hann was about leaving Pittstown, after changing horses, one of the lines dropped, and while reaching for it, the horses sprang, throwing him to the ground.

Several ribs were broken, besides being otherwise injured. Mr. Hann is one of our oldest and most worthy citizens, and will be sympathized with by many friends in this, his sad misfortune.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Richard Barracliff, of Mauricecove, for a lot of the largest and best Sweet Potatoes we have seen this season.

It will be seen by advertisement in another column, that passenger cars will be run on the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad, daily, commencing on Monday next.

The West Jersey Road from Bridgeton to Philadelphia, via Woodbury, is progressing rapidly under the skillful management of the contractors, and will be completed about April next, at which time the section from Woodbury to Glassboro' will be completed.

We understand that those interested in the extension of the Millville and Glassboro' Road to Cape Island, are making strong efforts to raise the amount requisite to build the road.

Some months since we called attention to this Hotel, and would again remind our readers that it is just the place to call at when in the city if you want a good meal, done up in the most approved manner...

The attention of those wishing to purchase cheap goods, is directed to the advertisement of Mr. J. S. Richardson, which appears in another column.

A fugitive Slave was arrested near this place on Thursday morning last, by the Marshall of this town. He was at work on the farm of Michael Mink.

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly for September is truly a valuable number. Step by step this magazine advances in literary and scientific merit, and it rapidly and surely winning its way to high estimation among the masses of the people.

Harpur's Magazine for September has been received from the publishers. Its contents, as usual, are of the highest order.

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Some months since we called attention to this Hotel, and would again remind our readers that it is just the place to call at when in the city if you want a good meal...

The attention of those wishing to purchase cheap goods, is directed to the advertisement of Mr. J. S. Richardson, which appears in another column.

A fugitive Slave was arrested near this place on Thursday morning last, by the Marshall of this town.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

MAURICECOVE, Aug. 29th, 1880. Mr. Editor:—Our little town was enlivened to-day with an event, which happens at intervals along now and then among us, and which always makes a holiday with the greater part of our people.

"There was something about the face and figure of Prospero that suggested to me those of my father, and this, perhaps, added to the poignancy with which the representation of his distress affected my childish imagination; and never, even now, do I turn the magic page that holds that marvelous history, without again seeing the lovely lady, the picture full of sad dismay, and my own six-year old self listening to that earliest Shakespearean love that my mind and heart ever received.

Her captain is Mr. William Ha'ey, of this place, and the name of the vessel is in compliance with his amiable better half, and we hope, that as an add to the comfort and pleasures of his home, the other will be successfully contribute to his purse enough of the miscellaneous root of all evil, to lift him above all the evils and incidents of life.

We feel under obligations to our Newport friends for honoring us with their company, and cheering us with the strains of their music, while this noble specimen of our mechanical skill, glided gracefully into the element for which she was intended.

The launch was most successfully performed, and she was in a few minutes brought alongside of the wharf, where she sits as gracefully as a swan upon the water, and it is the opinion of all persons with whom the writer conversed on the subject, that she is by considerable, the finest appearing specimen of nautical architecture which has ever been launched at this place, if not upon Mauricecove River; and she reflects much credit upon the two young and enterprising designers who put through her engineering, Mr. Jos. Vannaman and Mr. Henry Phillips, the latter of whom is not yet out of his apprenticeship, and who bids fair to make his mark in the line of his profession.

She is, we believe, designed principally for the coal trade, but so constructed, that she can be profitably employed, as occasion may require, in the trade to the West Indies and the Gulf, and she will carry, perhaps, about 250 tons of the black diamonds, which bring more profit and comfort to Jersey households, than the more brilliant diamonds of Golconda, to the sunny homes of Hindoostan.

Mr. Editor:—We left our "Cumberland Hills" week before last, and paid a visit to old Gloucester, to attend a camp meeting on the circuit bearing that name, arriving after the glorious rain that gladdened the hearts of the farmers, and made the traveling pleasant. We enjoyed sunshine and pure, cool air during our stay.

Recently at the Statistical Congress held in London, Mr. Dallas was present, and also a negro by the name of Dr. Delany, from Canada. Lord Brougham being careful of the safety of Mr. Dallas so far from home, informed him that there was a negro present a member of the Congress; upon the same principle, doubtless, that he would have informed if there had been a furious wild cat under the seat upon which he sat.

Again we are told that poor Lord Brougham's name is in the mouths of all the gossips, in the sneering way. Likewise John Quincy Adams' name was in the mouths of all the rabble when he battled in Congress for the right of petition.

The evening Post has the following: At a meeting of the statistical society of London the other day, where were assembled all that was most distinguished in the English world of science and letters, presided over by the man of highest position, socially and politically, in the kingdom, Lord Brougham availed himself of the occasion to go a little out of his way then and there, to make an example of our Minister at the Court of St. James.

There has been a report published in some papers, stating that Hicks, who was executed on Bedloe's Island on the 13th of July last, for piracy, is still living; and that he was only pulled up a distance of two and a half feet, utterly inefficient to break his neck, and that he was allowed to remain hanging only 13 minutes. He was then cut down, and his body handed over to Dr. J. T. Bell and Henry D. O'Reilly of Brooklyn, and through the agency of the electro-chemical bath was restored to a state of consciousness.

Resurrection of Hicks the Pirate. There has been a report published in some papers, stating that Hicks, who was executed on Bedloe's Island on the 13th of July last, for piracy, is still living; and that he was only pulled up a distance of two and a half feet, utterly inefficient to break his neck, and that he was allowed to remain hanging only 13 minutes.

A day or two since, our attention was called to a "fast young man" of this town, between three and four years old, whose father wears one of the new style Heenan caps. His father being absent, and mother busily engaged about her household affairs, the little fellow took a notion to wear the new cap to school.

Mr. Editor:—Your New York correspondent needs a little candid criticism. He represents Lord Brougham as being in love with an Octoroon Orator, thus making a fool of himself, and shaking the foundations of the American Republic.

On Monday morning last, as Mr. Jeremiah Hann was about leaving Pittstown, after changing horses, one of the lines dropped, and while reaching for it, the horses sprang, throwing him to the ground.

Several ribs were broken, besides being otherwise injured. Mr. Hann is one of our oldest and most worthy citizens, and will be sympathized with by many friends in this, his sad misfortune.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Richard Barracliff, of Mauricecove, for a lot of the largest and best Sweet Potatoes we have seen this season.

It will be seen by advertisement in another column, that passenger cars will be run on the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad, daily, commencing on Monday next.

The following is from a late number of the N. Y. Times.

The United States steam frigate Susquehanna, the new flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, was put formally in commission yesterday afternoon, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

ARRIVAL OF CAMELS.—The schooner Caroline E. Foot has arrived at San Francisco from the Amor river with fifteen Tartar camels, (two humped) to be used in transporting goods in Utah.

JUDGE CLAWSON RETURNED.—We are gratified to be able to inform the many friends of Judge Clawson that he reached his home at Woodstown on Saturday last, very much recruited in health.

As Tom Sayers was recently driving along the Holloway road, near London, the wheel of his chaise came in contact with that of a cart, whose driver put his whip across Tom's shoulders.

The Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican says: Within the Rutland and Washington Railroad are considerably impeded in their passage by the myriads of grasshoppers that lodge on the railroad track, and are crushed beneath the giant wheels of the engines.

A Virginia census taker reported: "I have opened 2000 to 2500 gates, let down 1500 to 1800 pairs of bars, and any number of fences; have got off and on my horse from 50 to 80 times a day, done any amount of talking in the way of explanation, made countless calculations, &c."

The Prince of Wales, after opening the exhibition at Hamilton, Canada, on Wednesday week, will leave the same day for Chicago, where he will remain one day. He will visit in succession St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Portland.

The eleventh semi-annual session of the State Normal School of New Jersey will commence on Monday next, September 3d, and continue for twenty weeks.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Etc., has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Pennsylvania Branch. The quarterly report of H. N. Thissell, (which includes West Jersey), the superintendent of this branch, embodies the details of the personal labors, sales and grants of 91 colporteurs on this field; showing that in the quarter ending June 1, including 111,400 tracts of publications, addressed 677, public meetings, also 42,241 families, united in prayer, and 20,800 conversations with 27,316 of those religious souls, habitually neglect the house of God on the Sabbath, and 2,319 of them had no Bible.

Another, who had visited 384 families, and conversed and prayed with 296 of them during the quarter, relates an account of the conversion of an intelligent gentleman by the blessing of God on the reading of the American Messenger.

Now is the Time. TO GET BARBERS' SHAVES READY FOR CLOTHING—If you have a business, and your customers are not getting ready for the season, call in and examine the stock all that I will sell cheaper than any other place. Dispose of the present lot of Summer Coats, Pants and Vests, and hats for men or boys, regardless of price!—Remember the Union Clothing Store, opposite the Post Office, Bridgeton, N. J. JACOB TUCK, Proprietor.

Philadelphia Grain Market. White Wheat 145. Red Wheat 135. Corn 85. Rye 85. Oats 35.

Bridgeton Prices Current. Corrected weekly for the Pioneer. Potatoes 75 cts. Butter 25 cts. per lb. Old Corn 1.75. Eggs 14 cts. New Corn 80. Lard 14 cts. Rye 85. Pork 10 cts. per lb.

MARRIED. At the house of the bride's mother, on Monday, August 30th, by Rev. J. B. Beggs, Mr. Wm. A. Ashmead, of Phillips, to Miss Mary T. Henderson, of the former place.

DIED. In Doverfield Township on the 28th ult. 2:30 P.M., daughter of John and Mary D. Hepner, in the 15th year of her age.

THE NEWSPAPER PRINTERS' EXCURSION.

The compositors of all the morning papers of Philadelphia, were kindly invited by John Broadhead, Esq., the able and enterprising President of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, to visit the shore of old Ocean at Atlantic City.

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DIED. In Doverfield Township on the 28th ult. 2:30 P.M., daughter of John and Mary D. Hepner, in the 15th year of her age.

LAUNDRY HOTEL, LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

In Bridgeton, on the 19th ult. Charles E. son of Margaret Ogden, aged 1 year and 6 months.

DEAR Little Suffrage thou hast left us, But thou that hast brought us, Has left us all sorrowed.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Circuit Court of Cumberland County, to mediate with the said County of Cumberland, to wit: TUESDAY, the 31st day of October, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Hotel of E. Davis & Son, in the City of Philadelphia, the following described lands, with the improvements, situate in the Township of New Hope, County of Lancaster, No. 1 contains twenty acres, more or less, and No. 2 contains eight and a half acres, more or less, and No. 3 contains eight and a half acres, more or less.

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PLUMSTED INSTITUTE. New Egypt, Ocean Co., N. J. This is a first-class English and Classical Institution for both sexes. It offers to students superior advantages in the study of the Latin and Greek languages, and in the study of the sciences, mathematics, and in the study of the history and literature of the ancients.

THE PEOPLE'S AGRICULTURAL AND Horticultural Society of the First Congressional District of New Jersey. SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Will be held at Woodboro', N. J., on Thursday and Friday, September 6th and 7th, 1880.

TICKETS FOR MEMBERSHIP can be procured of the Secretary, Gloucester County, Gloucester, N. J. Tickets for non-residents can be procured of the Secretary, Gloucester County, Gloucester, N. J.

MILLVILLE & GLASSBORO' ROAD. On and after THURSDAY, September 3d, 1880, a Passenger Train will leave Millville for Glassboro' (excepted) at 8:30 A.M., arriving at Philadelphia, via Camden, Trenton and New York, at 12:30 P.M. Returning, leave Walnut Street at 3 P.M., arriving at Millville at 8 P.M. LEWIS MULFORD, Secy.

ADOLPH WOLFE'S AROMATIC SWEETENED SCUMPS. A SUPERLATIVE TONIC, DIURETIC, AND INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

WOLFE'S PURE GINGER BEER and PURE WINE. WOLFE'S PURE COGNAC and ST. RENE WINE. WOLFE'S PURE SODA and LEMON WATER.

ALL IN BOTTLES. I beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of the United States to the above Wines and Liquors, imported by Adolph Wolfe, of New York, whose name is familiar in every part of this country.

WOLFE'S PURE GINGER BEER and PURE WINE. WOLFE'S PURE COGNAC and ST. RENE WINE. WOLFE'S PURE SODA and LEMON WATER.

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CANCERS CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE.

Wm. J. B. REAGAN, M.D., of Philadelphia, has cured many cases of Cancer without the knife. He has cured many cases of Cancer without the knife.

REAGAN'S CURE FOR CANCER. This is a simple and effective cure for Cancer, and is recommended by the highest authorities.

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Summer Arrangements NEW YORK LINES. The Camden and Amboy Railroad Co's Lines from Philadelphia to New York and Way Places, will leave as follows...

WISHART'S PINE TREE TONIC. CONSUMPTION has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease. It is a disease of the lungs...

WORKS ON PHRENOLOGY. Illustrations of the Human Brain. The Faculty of Language. The Faculty of Reasoning...

CHARLES W. DEAN. Wholesale Dealer in French and German Baskets. No. 110 Market St., Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA. Second FURNITURE STORE below South Park Bank. Second FURNITURE STORE below South Park Bank...

FARMERS' ATTENTION! Tassar & Clark's Phosphatic Fertilizer. These Fertilizers have been used extensively in this country...

THREE TRIPS A WEEK. Steamers Patuxent For Philadelphia. On and after Wednesday, August 16, 1860...

TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF BRIDGETON AND SURROUNDING COUNTIES. Gentlemen, you cannot do me so much science, than to advise parents, in whose families you practice...

REVOLUTION IN THE MILLING BUSINESS. The Great Mill lately owned by the late P. S. Stratton...

Water-Cure. Accidents and Emergencies. Illustrations of the Human Brain. The Faculty of Language...

HOUSEKEEPING HARDWARE. Knives and Forks, Carvers, Butter-Knives, Bread-Knives, etc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Groceries and Provision Store. Brick Building, S. W. cor. Corn & Pearl sts.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. W. H. THOMPSON, Watch and Jewelry. Wholesale E. Davis & Son's Watch...

READ THIS. THE Subscriber having purchased the old Line of Stages of Mr. Hancock...

ROBESON & WHITAKER'S Bulletin for March. We would call the attention of our numerous friends and patrons to our stock of Drugs, Confectionaries and Fancy Articles...

NEW WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Flour, Feed and Grain Store. The Subscriber, thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him...

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