

West- Jersey Pioneer

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

\$ 1.25 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON, N. J., SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1864.

VOL. XVI No. 830

Business Directory.

CARPETS.

TOWNSEND & CO.
No. 39 South Second St., above Chestnut.
PHILADELPHIA.
Importers and Dealers in
Carpeting, Oil Cloths, Window
Shades, &c., &c.
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.
March 28, 1863-y

B. F. FERGUSON,
ARTIST.
S. W. cor. Arch and 8th Sts., Phila.
(Over Parrish's Drug Store.)
Painting and gilding in oil, water, and
mineral colors. Also, photographs colored in different styles
and also, photographs colored in different styles
and also, photographs colored in different styles.

JAMES J. REEVES,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
OFFICE ON COMMERCE STREET,
(BELOW LATEL),
BRIDGETON, N. J.
July 18th, 1853-y

JAMES H. NIXON,
Attorney at Law and Master in Chancery,
MILLSVILLE, N. J.,
Cape May and Atlantic Counties,
All kinds of legal business, especially attended to.
Acknowledgements taken, Accounts, Penalties, &c.
collected. Also, real estate, &c., &c.

ATLANTIC JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT,
(Formerly occupied by F. Gieseler, and opposite
Pogue's Tin Store) the public can get their
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery
Made to order, and repaired in the most
Thorough and Substantial Manner.
All work warranted. Give me a call and you
shall not go away dissatisfied. WATCHES, CLOCKS,
and all the finest of Jewellery, made to order, and
all engraving done in a neat and finished manner.
East side of the Bridge, Bridgeton, N. J.
Nov. 14, 1863.

J. C. KIRBY,
Surgeon Dentist,
Respectfully offers his professional services
to the inhabitants of Cumberland, Gloucester,
and the public generally. Office in the
City of Philadelphia, in the building
at the corner of Chestnut and Second Streets,
Feb. 2, 1861. BRIDGETON, N. J.

S. E. M'GEAR & BRO.,
CHEAP DRY GOODS AND
FURNISHING
STORE.
GROSSCUP'S BUILDING,
Commerce and Laurel Sts., Bridgeton, N. J.
S. E. M'GEAR. F. M. M'GEAR.

H. LANING,
SURGEON DENTIST.
H. LANING, having removed to New
Jersey and Philadelphia, would offer his professional
services to all who may see fit to give him a call. All
work warranted to give satisfaction, or no charge.
Office in the New Building, opposite the
gate's Office, East side of the Bridge, Bridgeton,
through the Hall adjoining the Jewellery store, marz
NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.

SHEPPARD & GARRISON,
Fancy & Staple Dry Goods,
Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs,
and Fancy Dress Trimmings,
Commerce Street, opposite the Clerk's Office,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
D. SHEPPARD. A. B. GARRISON.
March 9, 1861.

Harris & Davis,
BOOT, SHOE AND LEATHER STORE
NO. 10, CARROLL'S BUILDING,
Bridgeton, N. J.

PEDRICK & CHEESMAN,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL,
AND
BLACKSMITH COAL,
Bridgeton, N. J.
SPRINGS, AXLES,
ANVILS, TICES,
BELLOWS, &c.
SAAC PEDRICK, JOHN CHEESMAN
ALFRED C. MERRITT. JOHN M. LARKIN

MERRITT & LARKIN,
Wholesale Druggists,
NO. 41 NORTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Importers and Dealers in Drugs, chemi-
cals, Dye stuffs, Patent Medicines,
Spices, Oils, Perfumery, &c., &c.
Manufacturers of Sins' Syrup of Tar, Dys-
entery compound, &c.
AUGUST 15, 1853.

CANDY MANUFACTORY,
318 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Fine and Plain Candies, Gum Drops,
Figs, Paste, Chocolate, Confections,
Mixed Sugar Plums,
Sugar Toys, &c., &c.
oct. 10, 6m. F. G. WHITMAN, & CO.

HENRY NEFF,
Surgeon Dentist,
Having returned from service in the
Army of the Potomac, he offers his
Professional Services to all his old
friends and as many new ones as he
can accommodate.
Office on Commerce Street, opposite the New Baptist
Church, Bridgeton, N. J.

Bridgeton Marble Works.
Laurel Street, near the first Presbyterian Church.
Monuments,
Tombstones,
Head-stones and Posts.
GEO. W. CLAYPOOLE,
Bridgeton, Sept. 7, '61.

TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER.
I would call the attention of Farmers and others to
my TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER, which has
been thoroughly tested and proven to be the
best that has ever been made. It is simple,
and of the Lever. It is of very light weight,
and can be moved from place to place readily, it being
on wheels with four casters, and can be
placed in position for work in less than three
minutes. The exceeding cheapness of the
machine is its greatest recommendation.
I would refer those who want of a good power to the
following persons:
FERRIS & BOIS—Irishland Mill.
DAVID YOUNG—Fairton road.
SCOTT WILLIAMS—Stone Creek.
LEWIS POWELL—Hopewell.
RESOLVING NICHOLS—Bridgeton.

This is a quantity of iron upon Mr. J.
Dobson, as a distinguished person, to feed a number
of his cows, which I called in last minute time
and the result was ten bushels of grain. Turkeys,
Farmers and others in want of Power should call
upon the subscriber at the above places. Foundry,
and all kinds of machinery made to order.
D. L. BROWN, Proprietor.

RESOLVING NICHOLS.
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D. L. BROWN, Proprietor.

Dickens's Cradle Song of the Poor.

Heck, I cannot bear to see the
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee—
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Pray and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day—
So, I know I will wait any day
To see thee die.
Waste thy little life away.
Famine makes thy mother reckless,
And joy has gone from me;
I could stifle my baby's wail,
Had I but a crust for thee.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is sore oppressed;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Famine makes thy mother reckless,
And joy has gone from me;
I could stifle my baby's wail,
Had I but a crust for thee.

He will take us to his heaven,
Where no want or pain can be;
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

"NOBODY BUT ANN."

BY A VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

The weary, worn-out sun had gone to sleep,
The persevering cries of buyers and sellers
had died out of the noisy streets; the street
lamps had just been lighted, and the sky lamps,
too, were only one by one slowly kindled
around the throne of night.

We were sitting at the window watching for
him from among the occasional passers-by; for
that hour, the business hour, had come, when
many a hundred hearts, as fancy, wait still and
anxiously for the coming of some tenderly
loved one that went forth in the morning.

Mrs. Smith was the wife of a government
contractor, and Ann was her "nobody" girl.
hence, Ann was "nobody," and Mrs. Smith was
a member of the "shoddy" aristocracy, which is
less than nobody.

There was a vast difference between Ann and
Mrs. Smith. One was pleasant, pretty and in-
telligent; the other was hateful, homely and
ignorant. One made her money by working
for other people; the other made money by
other people working for her.

Which was the more honorable mode Ann's
or Mrs. Smith's?
"Nobody but Ann!" Did that mean her
less a lady? Do you suppose that great Task-
master will refuse a laborer his penny because
he worked under a master? No! he some-
times refuses those who do not work at all—
like Mrs. Smith.

And who set this would-be goddess upon the
stools of conceited pride, that she should be a
none but herself. There are hundreds of con-
ceited persons who set themselves up above
their fellows, (none else ever do) like some
golden calf, and think themselves gods.
They try to make themselves conspicuous, and
succeed in rendering themselves ridiculous.
Yes, there are hundreds and thousands
of such persons, and they are the worst of
them? If you are at all like her, your shoulders
are surely broad and will bear a little lashing.
And now, did you ever think what a clog you
are in the wheels of human progress? How
many of your silly friends are trying to imitate
you in your luxurious laziness, and some of
their friends are imitating them, and so on until
honorable labor is deemed a disgrace.

And now, a word to the "nobodies" in general.
The almighty dollar instead of worshipping the
Almighty; or could you never find anything
to do but to torture your husband and the piano?
Ah! I fear you have never tried. The
world is full of much like labor. Remember,
"God helps those who help themselves."

You sometimes wonder why every one is so
freely so delighted. Don't you know that the
world is full of people who are like you? They
grow so wonderfully tall, pompous and puffed
up; and have risen so far above "the common
herd," that they have to hold their heads high
in order to see you.

And you wonder why every one dis-
likes you? I will tell you, why. You think
the world was made for you; not you for the
world. You think yourself better than other
people; and your light is but a but; but your
actions do, most emphatically.

You are a social iceberg. Your looks are
"chills and fever." Your manner is full of
frosts. You yourself, are an imp. You think
yourself a great person. Ah! look out! you know
there's a place where even ice is melted—
Would you have all this changed? then you
must change yourself. Get down from your
stump, and get your head and heart close to
others will be closer together. Let the sun-
shine of love dry the vinegar out of your face.
Vinegar never catches flies—much less friends.
Learn to love others as well as yourself. Be
half as well-tempered as the man you believe in.
Money and talent can buy admiration, and
sometimes envy; but Dan Cupid is a shrewd
old trafficker, and only gives love in exchange
for love. You cannot cheat him, if he is
"blind." He can detect counterfeits by the
sense of feeling. In a word, be true, whole-
somed, self-reliant, and honest. That is
enough for perfection; for, I sometimes think
that a true woman is the highest type of hu-
manity that a portion of his lost paradise.

And now, a word to the "nobodies" in general.
Ah! I wish there were more of them, for then
we could dispense with one-half of our physi-
cians and other unnecessary. Little nobodies,
do not discourage! The world may talk
about nature's noblemen; but you are nature's
noble-women. You are real living units, while
the Mrs. Smiths are nothing but cypresses.

Suppose you do labor for a living. God has
called you to honor, and he will honor you
for nature's noblemen; but you are nature's
noble-women. You are real living units, while
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CHILDREN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"A little child shall lead them."
One cold market morning I looked into
a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale,
heartily, well-browned young fellow from
the country, with his long cap, and a
long shawl, holding in his great
mattar, and turning it about on his great
fist. And what do you suppose it was?
A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue, satin
hood, with a swan's down border, white
as the new fallen snow, with a frill of rich
blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman,
holding, with no small pride, the baby—
for evidently it was a baby. Any one
could read that fact in every glance; as
they looked at each other, and the little
hood, and then the large blue uncon-
scious eyes, and the dimpled cheeks of
the little one. It was evident that nei-
ther of them had ever seen a baby like
that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young
man, "is not three dollars very high?"
Mary very prudently said nothing, but
taking the little bonnet, tied it on the lit-
tle head, and held up the baby. The
man looked, and grinned, and without an-
other word went the three dollars;
and as they walked out of the shop, it is
hard to say which looked most delighted
with the bargain.

"Ah! thought I, 'a little child shall
lead them.'"
Another day, as I was passing a car-
riage factory along one of our back streets,
I saw a young mechanic at work on a
wheel. The rough body of a carriage
stood beside him—and there, wrapped up
snuggly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a lit-
tle dark-eyed girl, about a year old, play-
ing with a great shaggy dog. As I stop-
ped, the man looked up from his work,
and turned admiringly toward his little
companion, as much as to say, "See what
I have got here!"

"Yes!" thought I, "and if the little
boy ever gets a glance from admiring
swains as sincere as that, she will be
lucky."

Ah, these little children! Little witch-
es! pretty, even in all their thoughts
and absurdities! winning, even in their
sins and iniquities! See, for example,
yonder little fellow in a naughty fit—he
has shaken his long curls over his deep
blue eyes—the fair boy is bent in an
infantile defiance—and the white shoul-
der of a child look so pretty in their naugh-
tiness?

Then comes the instant change—flash-
ing smiles and tears, as the good comes
back all in a rush, and you are overwel-
med with protestations, promises and kis-
ses. They are irrepressible, too, these
little ones. They pull away the scholar's
pen-tumble about his papers—make
somersets over his books, and what can
he do? They tear up newspapers—litter
the carpets, break, pull, and upset, and
then jabber unimaginable English in self-
defense, and what can you do for your-
self?

"If I had a child," says the precise
man, "you should see."
He does have a child, and his child
tears up his papers, tumbles over his
things, and makes a noise like all other
children, and what has the precise man
to say for himself? Nothing—he is like
everybody else, 'a little child shall lead
him.'"

Poor little children! They bring and
teach us human beings! More good than
they get in return! How often does the
infant, with its soft cheek and helpless
hand, awaken a mother from worldliness
and egotism, to the whole world of new
and higher feelings! How often does the
mother repay this, by doing her best to
wipe off, even before the time, the dew
and simplicity of childhood, and make
her daughter too soon a woman of the
world as she has been.

Amusing Instance of a Rebel Desertion.
After the recent advance of our army upon
Bragg, at Tallahassee, and retreat, the En-
sign Brigade pushed on to Elk River to repair
a bridge. While one of its men, a private, was
bathing in the river, five of Bragg's soldiers,
guns in hand, came to the bank, and, sit-
ting on the swimmer, one of them shouting,
"Come in here, you d—d Yankee, out of
the water!"

"The Federal was quite sure that he was
"done for," and at once obeyed the order. Af-
ter dressing himself, he was thus accosted:
"You surrender, our prisoner, do you?"
"Yes, of course I do."
"That's him. Now we'll surrender to you."
And the five stacked arms before him, their
speckman, adding—
"We've done with 'em, and have said to
'Brave, good-by!' See how it is played out.
Now you surround us and take us into your
camp."

This was done accordingly, and is but one
of hundreds of instances of wholesale desertion
coming to the knowledge of our officers during
the past two months—July and August—in
Lower Tennessee.

Old Man G.—was never regarded
as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness
is next to godliness," as St. Paul asserts, it
is so feared that the old lady never attained
to the latter state. Not only was she a very
dirty person, but she showed a sovereign
contempt for it in others.

Speaking of next people, one day she re-
marked that her son, Josiah, was one of the
most particular men in the world.
"Why," said she, "he threw away a whole
cup of coffee, the other morning, because it
had a bedbug in it!"

HOW PAT TRANSLATED GERMAN.
At a table d'hote, recently in Hamburg, a
German lady was seated next to a German lady
who did not speak English. Hearing her
speak, she said:
"Have a peach, ma'am!"
"No," replied the lady.
"What is it?"
"It is a peach, ma'am," said the German
lady, "and it is very good."
"Why," said she, "it is only six, on the table,
but it is very good, and it is very good."
"Why," said she, "it is only six, on the table,
but it is very good, and it is very good."

THE DOMINANT RACE.

From the earliest period in the history
of man down through the successive ages,
there has ever been one race more particu-
larly favored than the others. This race
—more fortunate in all that pertains to
greatness, power and dominancy. The
Anglo-Caucasian from his rude but far
away among the wild scenes and moun-
tains of Caucasasia—where the impress
of the hand of Deity may still be traced in
its abnormal grandeur on the hearts and
character of the people—imbibed the pur-
ity of God's first principle in the great
plan of human elevation—that of remain-
ing true to the blood of his fathers.

For of late, as well as national unity,
the advancement of civilization. Rejoic-
ing its patronage and impetus from the
hands of a people vigorous and bucolic—
a people who drank into their spirits the
uncontaminated principles of nature's ele-
ments, it swept onward with irresistible
strides, expanding in its course, until it
covered the dominions of Rome, of Greece,
of Etrusca—until the shepherds on the
hills and along the valleys of the Nile
caught the inspiration—until it was writ-
ten in the columns of Oriental temples. This
people—the Anglo-Caucasian—has ever since
been the dominant race of the world.

Preserving their own natural purity of
blood, their constitutional and physical
organization received no foreign elements,
and consequently were pure and unencum-
bered with deleterious substances. The
Caucasians looked upon other tribes
for slaves, saw them, in consequence, grow
weak and effeminate, and ultimately lose
their individuality as well as nationality.

These circumstances impressed themselves
upon their minds as great physiological
truths, and led them to adopt that law of
nature which has ever since made them
the governing race. God never designed
that a superior should intermix with in-
ferior races. He created every living
thing after its own kind with its own or-
ganization and functions of reproduction;
and to make this natural law imperative,
he fixed a prohibition against amalgama-
tion.

Those nations which have kept themselves
pure and unadmixed, exhibit, even in our
days, and exercise a more acceptable
of vigorous and active intellects, they
grasp the abstruse principles of science and
wield the weapons of war with greater skill
and effect. Their very nature fit and en-
abled them to maintain a dignified refer-
ence to the history of our own country, and
the lessons which this history teaches
ought to exert salutary influences upon
civilization. Almost simultaneously Euro-
peans commenced the settlement of this
continent at three several points—the
French in the North, the Caucasian in the
Middle States, and the Spaniard in the
South. The French amalgamated with
the rude and uncivilized Esquimaux, and
the degenerate progeny is seen in the
thriftless and degraded packmen of the
Fur Companies. The Spaniards inter-
mixed with the South American and In-
dians of Mexico and fared still worse.—
Both these branches of Europeans lost
their identity and distinctive individual-
ity by their marital intercourse with in-
ferior races. In the Middle or United
States, the early settlers saw and felt the
necessity of observing the great rule of
the Anglo-Caucasian, and kept their blood
unaltered. And what has been the result?
The rapid advancement of their
country from insignificant colonies into the
most powerful nation on the face of the
earth, with a people physically capacitated
to achieve the most gigantic results of na-
tional greatness, has established beyond
controversy the propositions we have dis-
cussed. It is only because our people
have emulated the amalgamative examples
of the Spaniard and French that civil strife
and discord are threatening by an inter-
course to destroy our national unity and
degrade the principles of Christian Govern-
ment.—Camden Journal.

The Richest Incident of the Season.
This forenoon Conductor Frank Ly-
man's train, coming from Milwaukee, was
at La Crosse, we saw the richest mistake
of the season. In the fourth seat back of the
stove, in one of the passenger cars, sat a
gentleman and lady, sweet and gushing as
the fairy ones of olden times. His arm
encircled her waist in bear like squeezing
—his one hand toyed with her ribs—his
other hand wandered around her ample
bosom strings like a lost child in a
berry patch, seeking a place to rest, and
his eyes were fixed on the face of his fair
companion with all the earnestness of a
Roméo. In short, they were the observed
of the observers.

In the first seat back of the couple al-
luded to sat a demure looking lady, naturally
interested in the display of affection in
front of her, so natural and touching.—
When the car entered the tunnel, the
gentleman was standing by the stove for a
moment. When part way through, and
while all was dark as night, he groped his
way back, and just as the train began to
emerge into the least glimmer of light,
he was yawned which started the engine load
of passengers, and he seated himself in the
second seat, and was trying his best to
hide his demure lady, who couldn't see it.
He lit out in a hurry, and with the most
sheepish look we ever saw, took his place
beside the girl, while the spectators were
convulsed with laughter.—La Crosse
Herald.

Some unknown cholera reporter "states
that the lady who had died of cholera, and
was laid out by her friends, was found the
following morning, lying on the ground, and
was found to be the same person who had
died of cholera, and was laid out by her
friends, and was found the following morn-
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