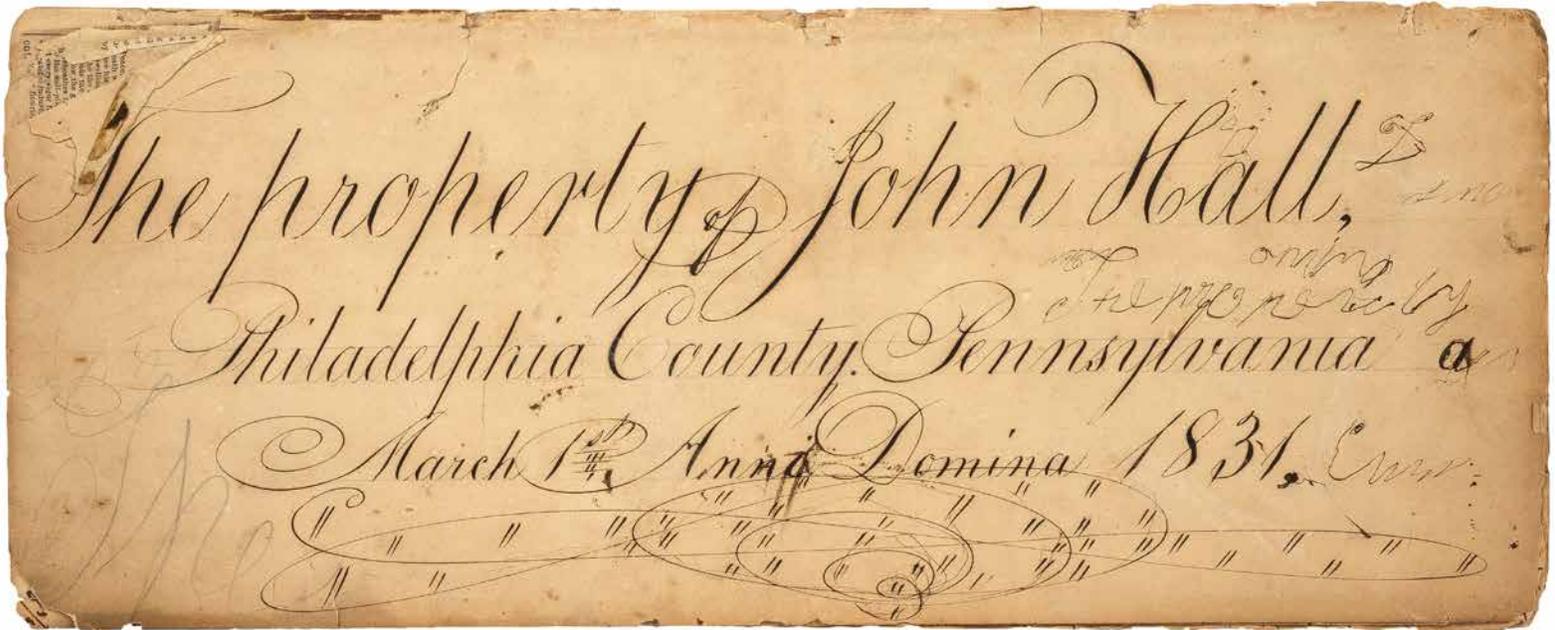


(Ledger and Scrapbook) The Property of John Hall, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania. March 1st Anno Domina 1831

\$600



Tall narrow folio. [24]pp. Approximately 6½" x 15". Stitched self-wrappers. Splitting along the spine and partially disbound, some modest nicks and tears mostly on the first and last leaf, still sound and good.

A ledger used by a merchant, possibly in Blue Bell, Pennsylvania in the 1830s, and then later repurposed in the 1840s-1860s as a scrapbook. Likely compiled by someone from Bridgeton or another small Southwestern New Jersey town, because of the preponderance of clippings about news local to Bridgeton and the surrounding towns, the clippings mostly from small local newspapers. Of particular interest are three unrecorded broadsheet poems or song sheets:

1. HARRIS, Henry. *The California Brother*. [Bridgeton, N.J.]: J. B. Ferguson, Printer [circa 1855]. Approximately 6" x 8". Affixed to a leaf, old folds, modest foxing, good or better. It seems likely that it is a variant of *California Brothers* or *The Dying Californian* by Catherine Harris. From what we can gather there are significant differences in the text, but follows the same overall story. According to Keach *Burrillville; As It Was, and As It Is*. (Providence, 1856), p. 136: "Poem first published in the *New England Diadem* and *Rhode Island Temperance Pledge*, Feb. 9, 1850 as lines 'suggested on hearing read an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, containing the dying words of Brown Owen, who recently died on his passage to California.'" OCLC locates no copies of this variant, or of a printing by this publisher.

Camp Correspondence.

The following is extracted from a letter written by a member of the 9th Reg

GO TO.

Young man, do you believe in a future state? In course I does—and wat's more I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready.

You mistake me; do you believe in a future state of reward and punishment?

Most assuredly; if I could cut mugs with a red haired woman I should expect my hat indented by the first broomstick she could lay her hands on.

Go to, young man; you are incorrigible. Go to.

Go to? If it wasn't for the law against bigamy, whip me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your years would give such advice to a mar just starting in life?

This took the deacon down.

John Banyan's Flute.—The flute on which John Banyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours, is now in possession of Mr. Howals, tailor, Geinborough. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool, out of which, it is said, that Banyan, while in prison, manufactured it. When the turkey, attracted by the sound of music entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the melody, the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.

An Artist.—At the Broadway Theatre, the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified individual to his friend, as a sculptor.

"What," said his friend, such a looking chap as that, a sculptor? Surely you must be mistaken."

"He may not be the kind of a man you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he chiseled a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

There is a divine out west trying to persuade girls to forgo marriage. He might as well undertake to persuade ducks that they could find a substitute for water; or rose-buds that there is something better for their complexion than sunshine. The only convert he has made, is a single lady, aged sixty.

"John, how's your ma?" "Feeble enough, I've got so that I can lick her now, and have everything my own way. You don't see me runnin' errands and doing chores as I used to do."

There is a boss mason of our acquaintance, who, whenever he sees an organ grinder approaching, sends a boy with a shilling to him on condition that he will turn up some other street. By this means he saves 15 minutes time on 27 hands.

A man recently hung in a neighboring state, confessed upon the gallows that his first commencement in crime and villainy was stopping a paper without paying for it.

Virtue is no eccentricity in this world. What can be more upright than pump logs and editors. Yet both are destined to be bored!

If a man should set out calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

Venerable Preacher.

We understand that the Rev. E. Osborn, of Fairfield, in this county, has entered upon his one hundredth year; and although his mental faculties have in some degree weakened, his bodily health continues good. He resigned his charge over the "old stone" Presbyterian Church in the year 1845, and since then he has had no stated charge, although he has frequently preached. His last sermon in the old stone church was delivered in January, 1847, fifty-one years after his connection with the church as their pastor. In that last sermon, he stated that during his Pastorship in that congregation, he had baptised 1146 persons; married 706 couple; and that there had been buried in the grave yard 1687.

MAR FATHER:—I take this opportunity of writing you, to let you know that I am well and hope this will find you the same. We had a hard battle last Saturday, the hardest battle that has been fought since the war began. On Friday night, after our gun-boats had silenced the forts and gun-boats of the enemy, we had to stay out in the rain all night in an old sand field. We had no blankets, for we left them on board when we went on shore. On Saturday morning they opened fire on the 25th New York regiment, and then retreated behind a large battery in the swamp. We had to face a battery of 3 rifled cannon, with nothing but our infantry and I small cannon that 3 men could easily pull, and had to wade in mud and water knee deep to fight them; but when the bloody 9th and 21st Massachusetts got to work, we soon made them get away from that. Although staying out in the rain all night, and going without breakfast is hard enough without fighting, yet the boys were so eager to get into the fray that they would have gone through a Nail Factory to get at them Seceshers. Companies I and C were giving them our pills when they left. If I had had both legs shot off close to my ears, I should have laughed when the Zouaves came into the battle field. They came a hallooing like a parcel of Indians, and when their screams commenced you ought to have seen the rebels get through the pines, and also to have seen old Dickey Mickle's son getting to that old battery. We took four forts, 28 cannon, Elizabeth City and 3500 prisoners. I tell you it was Burn-both-sides, but then we Burn-their-sides the worst. We have about one hundred Negroes, and they are coming on the Island every day by the boat load. We put 3 pills in old Gov. Wise's son and would have served the old man the same, but he was Wise enough to keep out of the scrape, for fear of getting scraped himself. The loss of the 9th is 9 killed and 26 wounded.— Their were none killed in Company I; there were five wounded, but they are recovering fast. The old balls came through the swamp a hummin, but they have had to leave that hole. They said they thought they had men to fight, not fish in the water. Some said they had never seen Yankees before. I told one of them if they had stayed behind that battery we would have Yankee'd their insides out with our bayonets. We have good quarters on the Island. The rebels built good barracks, which we now occupy. The North talked about starving them out; they live like kings. When we got to the barracks they had about one thousand bags of Flour and Indian Meal, Sugar and everything like good living. We live on Indian Cakes, Ship Jacks and Sugar, and are getting fat. We have nice warm weather down here in the sand. I think the victory as noble as any ever won by infantry; the rebels had a road made for us to come right down in the face of their big guns, but they didn't fool the Yankees as they thought they would. The rebels are the hardest looking set I ever saw; they look like a parcel of old colliers and wood choppers. The greater part of them have no uniforms, and their guns are about like that old one of yours, only not so good. You must excuse my poor writing, for I am on guard, and so sleepy that I can scarcely see the lines half of my time. I thought I must tell the boys around the Burg about the scrape. If they see fighting at Tidmore, they ought to have been down here; then they would have seen fighting. Tell some of them old Seceshers around that they must turn before I get home, if ever I do, or I will turn them, if it takes a little of what we give the rebels. Please don't forget J. M. and J. H., for I hate them. No more at present. From your son,

2. H., M.L. *Burning of the "New Jersey." Tune - "California Brother."* [Bridgeton, N.J.]: J. B. Ferguson, Printer [circa 1855]. Approximately 6" x 9¼". Affixed to a leaf, old folds, modest foxing, good or better. "Hark! I hear the bells are ringing. The New Jersey is on fire!" OCLC locates no copies of this title. The Library Company references a digital copy with a Philadelphia imprint, but seems to display a completely different song sheet when accessed.

3. *Heaven's My Home* [Bridgeton, N.J.]: T. H. Heward, Printer [circa 1855]. Approximately 5" x 7½". Affixed to a leaf, old folds, modest foxing, good or better. The title is fairly generic and we couldn't locate anything that matched this. OCLC locates nothing by this printer, lightly a small South Jersey job or newspaper printer.

Additionally, there are many poems by local people extracted from several small South Jersey newspapers (*The Jersey Blue, The West Jersey Pioneer*), as well as a lively account extracted from a letter by Lewis Mickle of the combat action of the 9th New Jersey Regiment landing at Roanoke, Virginia during the Civil War, as well as a long roster of the Nixon Guards, many from Bridgeton and the surrounding towns. [BTC#436293]

BURNING OF THE "NEW JERSEY."

TUNE—"California Brother."

Hark! I hear the bells are ringing. The
"New Jersey is on fire!
And the lurid flames are winging on the
breezes, higher, higher.
See! they're fighting up the waters. What
a mournful sight is found.
Burned are fathers, mothers, daughters; bro-
thers, sisters, friends are drowned.

Forms are floating on the waters; forms of
those we once held dear;
But their spirits are in Heaven, where is
shed no bitter tear.
And we hear a voice of weeping—mourning
for those who are left;
Not for those who're calmly sleeping; but for
those who are bereft.

Hark! I hear a voice of weeping; weeping
for the silent dead.
Those who 'neath the waves are sleeping, with
no marble at their head.
Many homes are draped in mourning, on this
saddened Sabbath day;
Those who were those homes adorning, 'neath
the cold blue waters lay.

Fair young maidens, hopeful, glancing for-
ward to the joys to come,
When they'd joined the merry dancing, in
the gaily lit ball-room,
Soon were shrouded in the blazing of that
awful, awful scene:
But we hope by faith were gazing—on the
lowly Nazarene.

There's a father, and a daughter, seeking ear-
nestly to save
The dear one; but 'neath the water one has
found a nameless grave.
Though the daughter's saved, her sorrow
greater is than if she too
Had been buried with her father, deep with-
in the waters blue.

Hark! how fearful they are shrieking, terror
reigns in every heart;
Now they're in the waters leaping, for the
flames around them dart;
Some unto the ice are clinging, hoping thus
they will be saved;
Awful shrieks their hearts are wringing—
hearts which many woes had braved.

Lurid flames the waters lighting, do the aw-
ful scene reveal;
Tell how death is young hopes blighting, and
their joys forever seal.
Many 'neath the waves are sinking, and their
hearts with grief are torn;
Of their wives and children thinking, for they
know they'll deeply mourn.

There, two brothers clasp each other, and a
last embrace is given;
And they whisper, Farewell, brother, Jesus
save us all in Heaven.
Now we part, but not forever: no, we hope
to meet above,
Where no partings are, no, never; in that
glorious land of love.

One was saved, but oh! how altered was the
face I loved so well;
And his dear voice, how it faltered; fearful
things he had to tell.
'Midst the blaze he saw his brother,—then
was parted from his sight,
And those scenes still round him hover, as
they were that fearful night.

Said his wife and loving children rested on
his saddened mind,
But his words, how deeply precious! Marga-
ret! I was resigned.
When I thought that I was going, each loved
form I wished to embrace,
But I hoped at last to meet them in a far
more glorious place.

Now he weeps such bitter weeping, saying,
as the tears stream down;
Weeping not for what I've passed through,
but for my dear brother John.
Thinking of the prayer he uttered, for his
family and friends:
Precious brother! ere he entered, on the bliss
that never ends.

Cold in death he now is lying, but a smile is
on his face,
Proving that he felt when dying, that "to
die in Christ is peace."
Many a golden bowl was broken, many a
silver cord was snapped,
Many a pitcher at the fountain, in the death
stream was enwrapped.

M. L. H.

J. B. FERGUSON, Printer.

Proverb.

You must find, says the proverb, almost a thousand
people to make everybody.
Mr. Pick thinks you must find almost as many
opinions, to make up the Tribune of Wednesday.

The Odds.

"What is the difference between a bare head and
a hair bed?"
"Why one flies for shelter, and the other is a shel-
ter for flies."

Rather High.

A young Jerseyman, who had a wind fall from a
relative, concluded to come to the city and com-
mence business. Accordingly he strolled up Broad-
way in search of a store, and the first one he came
to that was to let, he enquired the rent.
"Five thousand dollars," said the landlord.
"Oh, you don't understand me," said the Jersey-
man, "I don't want to buy the whole house, I only
want to hire the store by the year."
"I understand you, sir—that is the rent for one
year."
"Christopher Columbus! Gosh all hemlock!
Crack straightly, what a rent—where on earth do you
expect a feller is to get the money? I can buy half
of Spinkville for that, and set up a tavern big enough
to accommodate all creation."
He was last seen *stealing it for the Jersey boat.*

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear—
But, blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousand
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

Oh there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

HEINTZ—In this city, July 18th, 1877, Albert
H., son of William and Rebecca M. Heintz, in
his 23rd year of his age,
Friends and relatives, and Junior Order of
American Mechanics, are invited to attend his
funeral from the residence of his parents, on
Walnut street above Marion, Sunday, July 22d,
at 2 o'clock P. M.

Notice in City of Stock
BRO. RS.—On the 20th ult. WM. H. BROOKS,
son of Elizabeth E. and Ellen Brooks, aged 23 years,
The relatives and friends of the family, 25 Common
Lodge, No. 144, A. Y. M. United Council, No.
137, O. U. A. M., and Fourth of July Lodge, No.
141, O. U. F., are respectfully invited to attend
the funeral, on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock,
from his late residence, No. 147 South Fifth street,
To proceed to Mechanics' Cemetery. 4225
BROWN.—On June 23d, GEORGE WALTER

THE CALIFORNIA BROTHER.

BY HENRY HARRIS.

Harken to me, brother, harken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away.
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
And my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
While thy arms around me fold.
I am going, brother, going,
But my hopes in God are strong;
I am willing, ever knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him;
Prayed that I one day might meet him,
In a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, God assist her,
Now that she is growing old,
That her child would fain have kissed her,
Ere his lips were growing cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I speak of now;
Tell, oh! tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow.
Tell her, brother, catch each whisper,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when I last held them,
Closely folded to her breast.
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For He has said so in His word.

Oh, my children, Heaven bless them,
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea.
It was for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes are I'll not tell,
But they have gained an orphan portion,
For He doeth all things well.

Tell my Sisters, I remember
Every kindly, passing word,
And my mind has been kept tender
With the thoughts their memory stirred.
Tell them I ne'er gained the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Tell them to secure an entrance,
They will find their Brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance,
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis His voice, I know so well;
When I'm gone, Oh! don't be weeping—
Brother, here's my last farewell.

J. B. FENIMAN, Printer.

WILL YOU GO.

We're travelling home to Heaven above;
Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love;
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blessed shore,
Their trials and labors all are o'er,
But still there's room for millions more:
Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light;
Will you go?
Far, far from death, and curse, and night;
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of Heaven share:
Will you go?

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb;
Will you go?
With joyful songs to praise his name;
Will you go?
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning past and gone;
Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;"
Will you go?

O could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go."
O could I here him humbly pray,
"Make me go."
And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go."

For the West Jersey Pioneer.
LINES

On the Death of EDGAR H. REEVES.

O! can it be—is Edgar dead?
And has he passed away?
Say, does that bright, and youthful head
Lie mouldering in the clay?

Alas! 'tis true; we ne'er again
His lovely face shall see,
For he has left this world of pain,
With Christ in Heaven to be.

The Sabbath, which he loved so well,
Witnessed his spirit's flight
Up to the place where angels dwell—
To realms of life and light:

There in that heavenly world above,
No sorrows move his breast;
In Heaven the very air is love—
There weary souls may rest.

Oh, ye fond parents, cease to grieve;
Look forward to the time
When you your earthly cares shall leave,
And soar to that blest clime.

There with your Saviour you shall meet,
And at his feet adore;
There your lost Edgar you will greet,
Where parting is no more.

But from the grave we hear his voice—
Oh, shall it speak in vain?
It bids us make the better choice,
While free from care and pain.

It bids us to the Saviour fly,
While in our youthful bloom;
Though we are young, yet we may die—
Our sun may set at noon.

Oh let us heed the warning kind,
Which echoes from his grave,
So shall we all "true wisdom" find,
Through Christ, who died to save.

Bridgeton, Sep. 29, 1852.

H.

