

# The West Jersey Pioneer.

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

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON, N. J. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

VOL. VI—NO. 263

## Franklin Ferguson, Publisher.

**TERMS.**  
The West Jersey Pioneer is published every Saturday Morning, at \$1.00 per year, in ADVANCE, or \$1.50 at the end of the year.

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

## Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.

**The Wanderer's Song of Home.**  
Air, "O carry me back to old Virginia."

BY ESTELLA SACHCH.

I've wandered far in many a clime,  
But still where'er I roam,  
The fairest spot on earth to me,  
Is my dear native home.  
I've stood upon the lofty Alps,  
Mid' snarling golden glow;  
Where brightly flashed the crimson light  
Upon the spotless snow.  
Chorus.—But carry me to my native home,  
The home I love so well;  
O carry me to my childhood's home,  
Where all my loved ones dwell.  
I've roved through England's peaceful vales,  
And her fair greenwood haunts;  
And listened to heroic tales  
Linked with her castled towers.  
I've wandered in a southern clime,  
A land of glowing flowers;  
Where birds of rainbow plumage flit  
Among the orange bowers.  
But carry me to &c.  
I've stood beneath the sunny sky  
Of glorious Italy;  
But still my heart has ever turned,  
My native home to thee.  
That home is in a happy land,  
Where western skies are bright;  
Where around the altars and the hearths,  
Beams Freedom's holy light.  
Then carry me to &c.  
Stillah, Feb., 1853.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

**New Jersey My Home.**

BY MISS HENRIETTA MOORE.  
Who perished on board the steamer Henry Clay, when on a visit to her Northern home.

I love this bright, this sunny land;  
This land of fragrant flowers;  
A climate perfumed with every sweet  
From Florida's richest bowers.  
But still my heart though glad it throbs  
Forever far I roam;  
Turns fondly back to Northern climes  
New Jersey is my home.  
I love this balmy Southern breeze  
This land so sweet and bright;  
I love its moonlit eve so calm,  
Its starlit brilliant night;  
Though far less bright in Northern climes,  
My heart can never roam.  
Through loving this bright land of flowers,  
New Jersey is my home.  
I love this perfumed fragrant air,  
Its odors all so sweet;  
But still all welcome Northern blasts  
Which off at home we greet;  
For though in sunny climes I dwell,  
On Southern shores I roam.  
My heart still fondly turns to thee,  
My loved New Jersey home.  
Though Southern hearts are warm and true  
And kind the tones which greet  
The voice of earlier friends I hear  
Those accents doubly sweet;  
For all this heart to thee turns warm,  
However far I roam.  
Though other lands may boast their charms,  
New Jersey is my home.  
My Northern home, though it may boast  
Much that is bright and rare;  
Its flowers, its lilies, its soft sweet breeze,  
With this cannot compare;  
But while in fragrant climes I dwell,  
My heart can never roam,  
Still though I love the balmy South,  
New Jersey is my home.  
Memphis, Tenn. 1852.

From the Banner of the Union.

## THE TIES AND JOYS OF EARTH.

Though earth may seem a happy spot,  
Though much of beauty lies  
Upon its surface, as might tempt  
An angel from the skies;  
Yet all its ties, and all its joys,  
And all its beautiful things,  
Act as a heavy downward weight,  
To clog the spirit's wings.  
For all that seems so bright and pure,  
Will fade and pass away.  
Like changing clouds of sunset skies,  
Upon an April day,  
Its brightest hopes, its purest joys,  
Must very soon depart—  
They cannot last with their bright smiles  
To cheer the drooping heart.  
Baltimore, Md., 1853. FRANK JONISON.

## MORAL.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

### A GUIDE TO OTHERS.

And how can you become a guide to others, until you have learned to guide yourself? How advise the inexperienced to listen not to the promptings of unwholy ambition, unless you have stilled its throbs in your heart? How can you use that golden advice, "Love your neighbor as yourself," if in the time when you might have given the helping hand to a brother, you left him to bear the misery of disappointment alone?  
If one saps with a hypocritical countenance, "Well, it is a good thing to help the poor, a very bad thing to neglect them—I advise every body to assist his neighbor, to feel it a duty incumbent upon him to see that there is no suffering about him,"—his words will be sure to go for little, yet they make no impression. But what if that man's poor neighbor comes up to you with a smile on his honest face, and exclaims, pointing to your friend, "God's blessing on that man. He came to me when I was destitute, and gave me a dollar. He found no fire on the hearth, and sent me wood from his own cellar. He saw me broken down and despondent at the wants of my large family, and he encouraged me and put sunshine in my heart. He helped him to work, and lightened the burden of my poor wife, by lifting the weight that was crushing me to the grave. He gave me kind words, better than money—God bless that man!"  
How that strange feeling comes choking up your throat. You feel what power there is in a deed of kindness. You long to have some human being bear in the most sacred depths of his bosom that almost divine love that the poor man feels for his benefactor. You want the sun-light of a generous nature forever shining in your heart—the prayers of struggling poverty, hallowed by the Master, following you as ministering angels.  
You cannot rest till you have seen some face looking up in your own, radiant with gratitude, and you feel as if you could say to all the world, "Go and do likewise," when the ruffled lips of poverty, call down God's blessing upon you.  
Then if you would preach charity, give of your store to the destitute, however small. If you would reprove extravagance, banish it from your person and your home; if you would urge to virtue practice it. In that way you will become a leading mind, having under your command hosts who look up to and reverence your example, and, what is better, strive to follow it.

## SPRING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. EFFIE FORRESTER.

So truly are we children of Hope, that even now, although Winter has by no means relinquished his authority, and hid-down his rigid sceptre, still we are dreaming of the time, when we can say with the Poet:  
"There's perfume upon every wind—  
Music in every tree—  
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—  
Sweets for the suckling bee;  
The sick come forth for the healing South,  
The young are gathering flowers;  
And life is a tale of poetry  
That is told by golden hours."  
He who opens his understanding to the wisdom of Nature, will find that all her changes are pleasing and beautiful. But at no time of year are we so thrillingly alive to these ever pleasing ministrations, as in the vernal season; for then it would seem that the spirit of perfume, music, bloom, sunny days, and green meadows, is a universal instinct: Who does not remember seasons, when a simple leaf of grass, which the melting snows and revivified in the freshness of its early green, has been filled with emotions which no after bloom, no perfection of summer beauty, could excite? Who does not welcome the first violet, as the Patriarch did the olive branch, accepting it as a sign that the storms are passing away, and the Earth is beginning to put on her garments of joy?  
And if at this pleasant season one could have some knowledge of the natural sciences, what a deep and inexhaustible source of happiness would be unfolded! If one could but analyze a flower, the external world would awake, as if with the magic of a new creation; for to the more deeply seeing eye would be revealed a more exquisite beauty, a profounder wisdom, which is not elaborated in the surface, but which penetrates and pervades the essence and soul of things. The importance of these studies, as the best means of expanding and strengthening the intellect, of refining the taste, and cultivating the moral affections, is beginning to be appreciated, but is by no means truly appreciated, or thoroughly understood. Let not our fair readers start, or wonder, or frown, when I say that no woman should be a mother, who has not at least a sufficient acquaintance with the natural sciences to give her children the rudiments of them, and assist them in forming Cabinets, Herbariums, and other collections.  
If these sciences were made the basis of education, if they were understood and appreciated at home, and taught in our common schools, we should not see our young men dissolute and depraved as they too frequently are, nor our young women wearing away their lives in the miserable frigidities of fashion and false show. And for this reason, that they are truly studied, without that perception of Truth and Beauty, which, while it inevitably excites the affections, opens the mind by the most agreeable methods; to a comprehension of that Divine Intelligence which "inspires, informs, and animates the whole," thus not only expands the intellect, but calls forth, and purifies, and exalts the moral and religious affections.

From the New York Organ.

## WHO EDUCATES YOUR INFANT?

We often ponder this question in our own minds. We see the infants of our streets, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the poor, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the rich, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the noble, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the lowly, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the virtuous, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the vicious, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the wise, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the foolish, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the good, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the bad, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the true, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the false, and we wonder who educates them. We see the children of the honest, and we wonder who educates them. 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LIST OF ACTS

Passed by the Seventy-Seventh Legislature of New Jersey. Act to amend act for supplying Jersey City with water.

Supplement to act to regulate fess. To inc. Cape May and Atlantic Railroad Co. To authorize Matineuk Land Association to build bridge.

A Most Amazing Tragedy—Two Women. This tragedy was committed sometime on Tuesday night the 10th inst., by whom the investigations of the police are now endeavoring to discover.

Grand Literary and Artistic Combination. Arrangements have been made to furnish the Knickerbocker Magazine, the Home Journal and the New York World, World's News, to new subscribers.

Important to all who would spend their money well and wisely. C. C. GROSSCUP. WOULD most respectfully inform his friends that he has just received a large quantity of goods.

CUMBERLAND ORPHANS' COURT. DECEMBER TERM, 1852. ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE. HAVING made application to this Court, stating that the personal Estate of said decedent is insufficient to pay his debts, and requesting the aid of the Court in the premises.

DENTAL SURGEON. DENTALLY informs the inhabitants of Bridgeton and vicinity, that he has succeeded J. C. Harris in the Dental profession, in the office occupied by him, in Commerce St., Bridgeton, N. J.

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