

The West Jersey Pioneer

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Commerce, and the Interests of the People.

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TERMS.

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Choice Poetry.



Selected for the West Jersey Pioneer.

FORGET THESE NEVER.

Then be it so, and let us part
Since Love like mine has failed to more thee,
But do not think this constant love,
Can ever cease, I grieve to lose thee,
No spite of all thy cold disdain,
I'll bear the hour when I first met thee,
And rather bear those years of pain,
Than e'en for one short hour forget thee.
Forget thee! Never.

Still memory, now my only friend
Shall with her soothing art endeavor,
My present anguish to suspend
By painting pleasures lost forever,
She shall the happy hours renew
When full of hopes and smiles I met thee,
And little thought the day to view,
When thou wouldst wish me to forget thee.
Forget thee! Never.

Yet I have lived to view that day,
To mourn my past destructive blindness,
To see, now turned with scorn away
But eyes once filled with answering kindness,
That go—Farwell—and be thou blest,
If thoughts of what I feel will let thee,
Yet, though thy image fills my rest,
I'll never greater anguish to Forget Thee.
Forget thee! Never.
Cedarville, September 1853.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

SEASIDE VISIONS.

BY FRANCIS A. DEWITT.

Along the beach, gray beach we stray,
As sunset melts from the slight;
And stars were, one by one, displayed
Upon the azure flag of night.
The breeze came off the misty main,
With healing in its balmy breath;
Silent above the glittering train,
Below the hush of death.
Then buried memories awoke,
The phantom glories of the past;
Voices long hushed in music, spoke
To yearning hearts they thrilled at last.
Hence long since mouldered in the dust,
Returned a pressure fond and warm,
Hearts beat against a loved to trust
Through sunshine and through storm.
And thus our unsealed eyes beheld
Visions beyond mere mortal scope;
The future life—the buried old,
A memory and a hope.
As on we moved with noiseless tread,
And thus upon the starlit beach
She saw give up its dead.

MORAL.

FALSEHOOD IN CHILDREN.

Perhaps there is no evil which children so easily and so universally fall, as that of lying. The temptation, too, is strong, and therefore the encouragement to veracity should be proportionally strong. If a child breaks anything, and honestly avows it, do not be angry with him. If a candor procures a good scolding, besides the effort it naturally costs, depend upon it, he will soon be discouraged. In such cases do not speak until you can control yourself. Say "I'm glad you told me. It was a very valuable article, and I am truly sorry it was broken, but it would have grieved me much more to have my son do so." But having said this, do not reproachfully allude to the accident afterwards. It was about to say that children never should be punished for what was honestly avowed, but perhaps there may be some cases where they do wrong from an idea that an avowal will excuse them in this case they tell the truth from policy, not from conscience, and they should be punished with and punished. However, it is the safe side to forgive a good deal rather than run the risk of fostering false habits.

Mrs. Child.

TIME IS MONEY.

Those who daily waste hours in idleness, or in trifling, or in the pursuit of some idle hobby, may find themselves wiser after a thoughtful perusal of the following, which we clip from the Ledger. "Time is money," says an old adage, the truth of which every one admits. Yet how few act up to it. An acquaintance enters an editor's room at the best hour of the day, and sits in useless gossip, regardless of the time which is slipping by. An author is visited by some young aspirant, who asks to have his article composed, corrected, or revised. The time was not his income. A merchant is sought to be made by some idle neighbor, and detained in the very crisis of some im-

AGRICULTURE

From the Wool Grower and Stock Register. Right Education of Horses.

That horses may be educated will not appear strange to those who have closely observed the intelligence often manifested by that noble animal. The present remarks are designed to give some information in relation to the rearing and treatment of young horses, not so much, however, with reference to their food and drink, as to their quietness and docility.

There is a difference in the temper and disposition of different horses, is not denied; but at the same time it is ascertained that where a horse is so vicious or unmanageable as to render him unsafe in the harness, it is chargeable in almost every instance to the treatment he has formerly received. The training of colts should commence when they are about three months old, so as to have them become familiar with the family before they are taken from the dam. Some colts are inclined to use their heels rather too freely; in such cases great care is necessary. They should be approached carefully, and caressed and curried, and they will soon submit to have their feet taken up and handled with out resistance; and this will aid in quieting them while being shod, as the horse seldom forgets what he has once learned.

A common method of weaning colts is to take them to some back lot, and place a heavy yoke or "poke" on the neck, which they are compelled to wear for several weeks until their spirits are completely broken, and they become more or less "overchecked," from which defect they rarely wholly recover. Another method, but little less objectionable, is to shut them in the stable, but this does not learn them to respect a fence in the least. Now the better way and the one that the writer has practiced with uniform success, is the following:—Prepare a yard, if it contains an acre or more, so much the better, having a strong high fence, so high that the colt cannot possibly leap over it from six to seven feet will be sufficient—and let the materials of which the fence is composed be the same as those enclosing the field where the colt is in future to be kept—either wall, boards, or rails, as the case may be—and place him there without attaching any artificial impediment whatever, and let him understand that it is the fence alone that prevents his escape.

He should be generously fed, and also have a shed at which he can retire at pleasure. After he has been subdued in this way he may be turned into any field having a fence of the same kind, and of ordinary height, and he will not attempt to break over. Even the most spirited horse brought up in this way cannot be induced to leap a fence four and a half feet high.

The practical benefits of the above plan are great. In passing through the country one is pained to see so many noble looking horses shod and hampered in every conceivable way that ingenuity can invent, much to their detriment in putting on flesh, to say nothing of the perplexity and trouble the owner in adjusting the trappings every time the beast is turned out or taken up, and all for the want of a little care during the first year,—nor it is eminently true in this case that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. There are many horses not "true" or reliable in the harness, having the habit to stop or balk, especially at the foot of a hill; this is caused by having been at some time overloaded, and perhaps unmercifully beaten. Neighbor A. has a beautiful span of bays three years old, that he has been breaking in for the past winter; he wishes to haul some rails from the farther side of the farm, and as the colts have become tolerably handy he puts on nearly a full load which they manage very well until they come to a "look and spot," and there they stop. The driver looks at the load, then looks at the horses; they are nearly as large as the old team,—he knows they can draw it, and it is determined they shall. So he commences beating and pounding the poor animals until he is nearly worked out, when he throws off his load and goes home with loss of both time and temper, and the horses damaged to the amount of \$25 each.

Now it is quite probable that the horses had strength enough to draw the load in question, but they had not sufficient practice; they did not know how to apply their strength, and did not work in concert. They should have been made to draw only light loads for a long time, and then by increasing the weight gradually, as their strength and experience increased, they can be led to do all the work they are capable of doing, and will always work kindly, and may be depended on under all circumstances.

SUB-SOILING.

J. D. Taylor, of Rockport, has tested the value of sub-soiling in case of drought. It is well known that the dry weather has rendered the out-crop of Ohio almost a failure. One year ago Mr. Taylor sub-soiled three fields, this spring he plowed and put it in oats; the result is, that this piece will yield over 50 bushels to the acre, when other fields with soil equally rich, will not yield over 25.

We are satisfied, and have long advocated the sub-soiling and the under-drained lands never suffer from drought. The atmosphere is always charged with a great amount of moisture, and it can be loosened as to permit frequent changes of it; the atmosphere among its particles, the moisture will always be condensed upon the colder surfaces of the particles of the sub-soil, even when a long drought has rendered the surface soil too hot to condense moisture from the atmosphere,—soils will pass down into a loosened sub-soil, and we have now several fields properly prepared, where the crops never suffer from drought.

Working Farmer.

For Haven, or blast, caused by eating clover, give a teaspoon full of saleratus dissolved in a pint of warm water, and turned down a cow from a jug bottle. Perhaps one might need a larger dose. A few spoonfuls of tartar emetic, dissolved in a quart of water, will also give relief.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

AUNT DEB'S FAILURE.

BY IDA HELL.

"I tell you Aunt Deb he certainly must have called there simply to get his black coat mended," said Charley Crawford as he drew up his fine features into one of his peculiar smiles.

"That's all very well," replied Mr. Charley and I would like to know it but I cannot," replied Aunt Deb with a long sigh.

"From the very nature of the case," said Charley, rising and placing emphasis upon his words with numerous emphatic gestures, "we know there must have been a rent somewhere, for reasoning systematically what else could have forced him at that hour to call on a tailor?"

"O dear! all is vanity and vexation of spirit!" said Aunt Deb thoughtfully plying her needles with more rapidity.

"That must be a sober conclusion, but I am afraid you have quoted it in the wrong place, it certainly don't come under this head of proceedings," said Charley laughing.

"You are young Master Charley, have but just entered the world, but I with thirty-five years experience know something about human nature. I have found out that it is curious," replied Aunt Deb in her sermoneering way.

"I have found that out long ago," said Charley musingly.

"Then prof by that knowledge," answered Aunt Deb, leaving the room with another tremendous sigh.

"Taking advantage of Aunt Deb's absence allow me to introduce you, gentle reader, to the parties concerned. Mr. Crawford was an independent merchant, residing in the beautiful town of S—, and being an energetic as well as pious man was looked up to as one of the leading aristocratic men of the place.

His only son Charley had just returned from college, filled with college ways and college tricks. So fond of sport was he that he would willingly walk five miles to see a person 'sold' (as the saying is) right decently. Hearing of Aunt Deb's unsuccess, he at once considered it a good opening for a spot of fun, accordingly he became her constant well as a confiding friend—all Aunt Deb's troubles, sorrows and vexations were breathed into the private ear of Master Charley.

Aunt Deb was a kind of particular friend of the Crawford family, and was as you perhaps have noticed a seely maid, but rest assured she was not afraid of being reckoned young,—it is true she could not at present boast much beauty, yet she was well informed and agreeable,—she could not show much wealth, and yet she always managed to have enough and occasionally a little to spare. She had already lived in the splendid mansion of Mr. Crawford ten years, and had become fully initiated into the mysteries and niceties of high bred life;—during this period she had merited and received the honorary title (as Charley expressed it) of Aunt.

Strange as it may seem during her whole life she had never before been moved and influenced by the passions of love;—she wore a heart like unmovable and untouched by the least darts of Cupid. But having at this advanced age found a person to her mind, she determined to try earnestly that peradventure she might get him, for she said, "It was the first man she ever saw worth his weight in carpet rags." And who do you think this gentleman was? You might suppose him to be a barber, a baker, a tailor or possibly a merchant,—but don't tell Aunt Deb you thought so for she aspires higher even to the minister of the 'big stone church.' The Rev. Mr. Laley was a young man,—had just completed his Seminary course, and being a very smart and extraordinary preacher was unanimously elected pastor of the first church in S—.

He was an unmarried man, and as Charley always would have it "the first time Aunt Deb's celestial eyes beheld him she was killed up with affection—and could not rest day nor night until she showed herself to the best advantage.

The circumstance which gave rise to the brief conversation with which our story commences was Mr. Laley's calling one evening on the beautiful Miss Lizzie Wood, a neat fair-haired, the cause of which Charley says was simply "to get his black coat mended."

But let us hasten to resume our story. After Aunt Deb had thus suddenly left the room, Charley seized a Homer and glancing over two or three sentences cast it aside with the heartfelt wish that he could once more be seated within old college walls.

"To be in the middle of the middle ago," stammered Charley, blushing like a rose.

"Not exactly that, but—"

"Oh Charley, you're a little of a duffer," said Aunt Deb, "but you'll do."

"I don't know what you mean," said Charley, "but I'll do my best."

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And the only consolation that came to her mind was that of a black coat mended.

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you to think that this locomotive had done this a seventy-five cent hat of simple straw—a dress of lawn, one shilling per yard—a twenty-five cent collar, and a shawl of the most unpretending price and fabric.

All these things you will see in a glance, as you turn upon her aristocratic eye of family criticism to extract, if possible, the talismanic secret of her magnetism. What is it? Let me tell you. Nature, wild dame, has an existence of her own, and in one of her independent freaks has so daintily fashioned your rival's limbs that the meanest garb could not mar a grace, nor the costliest fabric add one.

Compassionate her slender pure nature has also added an artistic eye, which accepts or rejects fabrics and colors with unerring taste; hence her apparel is always well chosen and harmonious, producing the effect of a rich toilet at the cost of a mere song; and as she wears majestic past, one understands why Dr. Johnson pronounced a woman to be perfectly dressed when one could never remember what she wore.

Now, I grant you, it is very provoking to be eclipsed with a star without a name—moving out of the sphere of upper-middle-down women, who never wore a comb's hair shaved or gazed a diamond in her life; after the expense you have incurred, too, and the fees you have paid to Madame Pompadour and Stewart for the first choice of their Parisian foibles. It is harkening to the sensibilities. Appreciate the awkwardness of your position; still, my compassion jogs my invention vein; for a remedy—unless, indeed, you consent to crush democratic presumption by labelling the astounding rig of the dry goods upon your aristocratic back.

A Remarkable Story.—David Wilson a revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey died lately in Dearborn county, Indiana, aged 107 years 2 months and 10 days. He had at different periods of his life five wives, and at the time of his death, was the father of fort-seven children! This extraordinary man, when in his 104th year, mowed one acre per day of heavy timothy grass for a week or two at five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by ribs, but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place. He could hold up his hands in a vertical position, and receive a blow from a powerful man on the lateral portion of his body without inconvenience.—Madison (Va) Banner.

An Anecdote with a Moral. A friend not long since told us an anecdote, in retaliation to one of our subscribers, which contains a good moral for husbands, and also furnishes an example for wives which is not without imitation under similar circumstances.

The subscriber referred to said our friend, in the absence of his wife, it had been his intention to call at the Recorder's office, pay up his arrearages, and discontinue his paper. His wife very promptly asked—

"Why do you intend to discontinue your paper?"

"Because," said the husband, "I am so much away from home on business, and have so little time to read, there seems to be very little use of my taking the paper."

"Yes," responded the wife, "it may be of little use to you, but it is of great use to me. I remain at home, while you are gone, and wish to know what is going on in the world. If you discontinue your paper, I will go straight to town and subscribe for a new one. As the paper has not been discontinued, we suppose that the wife's reasoning was conclusive.

The moral of this incident must not be overlooked. A husband should consider the gratification and profit afforded his wife and children by the paper, as well as his own, and not discontinue it, simply because he may not have an opportunity to read it regularly, and further it may furnish some good husbands, and now subscribers, that it is their duty to take the paper that their wives and children may know "what is going on in the world."

An Inquisitive Lawyer, famous for examining witnesses, had a nice old gentleman, and witty widal, upon the stand, questioning him upon his ability to lose money and give credit, inasmuch as all sorts of interrogatories to draw from him a statement of the amount of his property and in what it consisted—in fact how much it was worth. The old gentleman considering the questions rather invidious, for he was quite wealthy, answered that he had a wife he always called dear; a boy and a girl that he would not sell for any money; and a mortgage on two cows down east a nice little piece of real estate, and the mother of a barrel of cider that never saw daylight; and "a puppy that knows more than you do, for which I have been offered twenty-five dollars."

Boston Post.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW. A laughable illustration of the heading of this article occurred in Illinois lately, as will be seen by the following from the Peoria News.

Mr. B. was out hunting with his rifle, and crossing the field of Mr. C., a Frenchman, Mr. B.'s dog attacked him savagely, while C. stood looking on not attempting to call off his dog. B. getting out of patience, shot the dog, and he fell apparently dead. C., in a big judgment, forthwith got out a warrant, and had B. arrested for killing his dog—swore to the killing, and was corroborated by two of his neighbors who were present at the shooting. The magistrat fined B. ten dollars and costs, which amounted to about ten more.—B. paid the fine and costs, and when the parties got home from the trial the dog had got home also; and was not killed. B. then got out a warrant against the Frenchman, and his two associates for perjury in swearing B. had killed the dog. They were frightened, and made peace with B., paid him back his twenty dollars, and ten more for his trouble, and no trial was had; and when the parties returned home from the last suit, let the dog go dead.

The poorest business a honest man can engage in is that of politics for the sake of it.

