

# 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, MAY 27, 1854.

VOL. VII.—NO. 325

## Franklin Ferguson.

**TERMS.**  
THE WEST JERSEY PIONEER is published every SATURDAY Morning, at \$1.00 per year, in ADVANCE, or \$1.25 at the end of the year.

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All letters and communications must be post-paid, and accompanied by the author's name, to insure attention.

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

## Choice Poetry.



### THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

"JEAN PONCE DE LEON, a Spanish soldier who had once voyaged with Columbus, was sent to conquer the island of Porto Rico; and afterward made governor of it. While there he amassed great wealth, but he found that old age was fast coming upon him, and that he would soon be compelled to leave his earthly treasures. Among the natives of Porto Rico he heard the tradition of a fountain which existed in a neighboring island, which possessed the remarkable power of restoring youth to the aged and of perpetuating the life of any one who should bathe in its stream, and drink of its waters. In quest of this Fountain of Youth, Ponce de Leon sailed from Porto Rico in March, 1512. After cruising about for some time, he discovered a country, which, from the abundance and beauty of its flowers, and the brilliance of its forest trees, he believed to be a land of flowers. Owing to its blooming appearance, and the fact that it was discovered on Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua Florida, he gave the country the name of Florida. In this blooming land, thought the dreaming adventurer, must be the fountain, whose waters would restore to him the joys of youth. Eager to reach the great object of his voyage, and drink the boon of immortal life, he landed near what St. Augustine now stands and explored the coasts of the peninsula. The object of his search was unattained, the fountain of life was not there."

Mora o'er the ocean in splendor beaming,  
In the soft light the dark waves are gleaming,  
Foam wreaths are flashing like coronets of pearl,  
As the light ocean breezes their pinions unfurl.  
O'er the bright waters a vessel is dancing,  
In the clear sunlight the white sails are glancing,  
Proudly she skirts o'er the deep blue sea,  
As an ocean-bird all fearless and free.  
Hark! from the ship descends a glad cry,  
Faint heart grow joyful for land is nigh,  
Land, with its fountains, its groves and bowers,  
And the green sward brilliant with lovely flowers.  
Sunset was pouring its radiant light  
Of crimson and gold, o'er the waters bright,  
When the glad crew joyfully reached the strand,  
Mid the blooming groves of a southern land.  
There was one, an old man, with hoary hair,  
And brow deeply traced by sorrow and care,  
He had wandered far, and sought in vain,  
For the fountain which makes men young again.  
His was a noble and honored name,  
His brow was bound with the wreath of fame,  
Fortune poured round him a tide of gold,  
But he turned from it all—he was growing old.  
And now, in this glorious land of flowers,  
With its unclouded skies, and its evergreen bowers,  
He fancied his trials and wanderings past,  
He surely had found youth's fountain at last.  
There were silvery lakes, and flashing streams,  
Their beauty hid hidden from day's bright gleams,  
By the spreading trees, with their solemn bloom,  
And the twining vines, with their glowing gloom.  
There was many a fountain midst the woodland bowers,  
Edged with feathery ferns and brilliant flowers,  
Where the gentle ring-dove built her nest,  
In the branches which drooped o'er its glassy breast.  
There was many a fair and lovely glade,  
Where the gleaming, musical waters played;  
And many a forest, shady and dim,  
Where the dancing stream sang its joyful hymn.  
And there were rivers, noble and free,  
Sweeping on to the dark and fathomless sea;  
And waterfalls, sparkling in the light,  
As they leaped from each rocky meadow height.  
But although he plunged in each fountain clear,  
Whose musical murmur reached his ear,  
His brow was still wrinkled, his hair was still grey,  
The signs of old age would not pass away.  
Shiloh, May, 1854. SARAH.

## MORAL.

### THE HAPPY MAN.

"The happy man was born in the city of repentance, in the parish of repentance unto life. He was educated in the school of Obedience. He now lives in the plain of Forgiveness, and works at his trade of Diligence, notwithstanding which, he has a large estate in the county of Christian Contentment. He many times does jobs of Self denial. He wears a plain garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on called, 'The Robe of Christ's Righteousness.' He often walks in the valley of Selfabasement, and sometimes climbs the hill of Spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on Prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is, the sincere milk of the Word."

## From the Independent.

### SNOWY MIST.—A FABLE.

The sun rose and set as he had done ever since he first shone upon our round world. He looked down upon hills and plains, and rivers and oceans, broad lands and coral islands, and made them beautiful with his golden beams, as he dashed them, a thousand miles an hour, all around the globe.

There was a beautiful vale between two hills, where he looked down and smiled upon the peace and love of that happy abode. Spring filled it with flowers, summer with golden grain, autumn with rich fruits, and winter with hoary cheer, while the farmer rested at his fireside.

One morning, as the sun looked down upon the place, he found it was hidden from his sight. During the darkness, a thick veil had been spread over it, and a dense mist was hanging between the hills.

"What is this?" he said, as he strove to break through the veil, and catch a glimpse of the scene he had made to look so lovely the evening before.

"Oh!" whispered a soft voice from within the veil, "we are the vapors that hang on the tall hill-sides, and serve as a curtain at night for the valley."

"And how long am I to wait before I can look down upon the fields and flowers?" said the sun.

"Not long," answered the voice. "We were only waiting for you to come and raise us from our resting place. You shall have it all to yourself if you will only help us up."

"Certainly I will. And where are you going, Snowy Mist?"

"We shall float along in the blue sky till we join our sisters in the clouds!"

With a light current of air that the sun made to stir by his warm breath, he softly lifted the snowy mist to the hill-top and bade it adieu.

After several hours, the wind came whistling along, as if the whole world were his own, and he brought with him a wonderful train of snowy clouds; and then, one after another, they gathered, and shut the valley up in their shade, while the sun spoke out again, and said,

"What are these?"

"We are the snowy mists you saw in the morning."

"And what are you doing here again, Snowy Mists?"

"We have come to bring treasures to your lovely vale," said the voice in the clouds.

All this time, while the sun was looking at the dazzling face of the mist turned up toward him, the villagers and peasants were in the shade, and were receiving a heavy shower of rain.

"What kind of treasures do you bring, Snowy Mists? You seem too light to carry your own weight!"

"We will let you see in a moment," said the voice; and as a large cloud rolled aside, the sun looked down, and saw after another, they gathered, and shut the valley up in their shade, while the sun spoke out again, and said,

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## TEMPERANCE.

### AN INCIDENT.

More than sixteen years ago there lived in the village of —, a man by the name of —, who had once been a professor of religion, but had fallen away, and become a drunkard.

His wife was a very pious woman, and very kind to her husband, longing for his return to the paths of sobriety and piety, and daily did her prayers ascend to God in his behalf.

God heard her cries; a revival of religion commenced, (though heretofore the state of religion had been very low) and this man was among the first found at the altar of prayer, seeking pardon through the merits of Christ.

He was a man of a kind heart, good mind, and considerable talent for usefulness in the Church. After some months he was appointed Class-Leader, and was so far faithful in his office and Christian character as to gain the confidence and esteem of those committed to his care, and of the community in which he lived.

But alas! he had the drunkard's appetite, and whatever influence grace had upon his heart, it did not destroy this appetite.

The *Hotel*, licensed for the good of the public, was but a short distance from his dwelling, and he was often called in that direction, and by some means, unknown to the writer, he was induced to drink wine—the love of strong drink was again aroused. He drank more and more. He fell into his old habits, was excluded from the church, remained a drunkard for years, and finally, as is believed by the writer, died without hope.

How terrible to think upon! and yet how many cases similar to this are continually occurring. Might not this man have been saved from this terrible ruin, if the rum trade had been entirely outlawed and thus the temptation to drink been taken out of the way. And may not the ruin of thousands be prevented by the passage of a stringent prohibitory liquor law in New Jersey?

Bridgeton, May 1854. P. S.

## The Elephant and the Fox.

### A FABLE.

A grave and judicious Elephant entering into argument with a pert Fox, who insisted upon his superior powers of persuasion, which the Elephant would not allow, it was at length agreed that whichever attracted the most attention from his auditors by his eloquence, should be deemed the victor.

At a certain appointed, therefore, a great assembly of the animals of the forest attended the trial, and the Elephant was allowed to speak first. He with eloquence spoke of the high importance of ever adhering with strictness to justice and truth; he dwelt upon the happiness which resulted from controlling the passions; upon the dignity of patience, the hateful nature of selfishness, and the odiousness of cruelty and carnage.

The pert Fox, perceiving the audience not to be much amused by the discourse of the Elephant, made no ceremony, but interrupted the oration by giving a farcical account of all his mischievous tricks and hair-breadth escapes; the success of his cunning, and his audacious contrivances to extricate himself from harm; all which so delighted the assembly, that the Elephant was soon left, in the midst of his wise advice, without a single hearer near him. All thronged with eagerness to hear the diverting follies and knaveries of the Fox, who, of course, was declared the victor.

APPLICATION.—The picture here drawn is as humiliating as it is true to nature. Most men find much more pleasure in laughing at a fool than in being instructed by a sage. This truth has often been exemplified in the history of the present temperance reformation. The appeals of wisdom, patriotism, and morality, in favor of that reform, have been overborne with many people, by the fully and farcical jesting and ridicule of the rum interest.

## EDUCATION.

### COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION.

BY C. ROLLIN BURDICK, A. B.

We live in the midst of stirring times.—Progress, is written upon every thing. The nations of the earth are beginning to learn their mighty destinies. The masses of mankind are waking up to their own peculiar interests and from unlying prognostics we may safely predict better times for the human race.

The work of redemption from ignorance and misery has already begun and its results are grand beyond all precedent or anticipation. Countries and nations are being strapped together with iron rails and the tramping and snorting of the iron horse are heard instead of the din and commotion of war. Harbors trackless oceans are now crossed in a few days and ere long sandy deserts will listen to the clatter of cars drawn by steam.

The electric wire is stretching itself from city to city, from country to country, and from nation to nation and ere long it will interweave the whole world with one grand network of nerves by which the shocks, but they ever so light, of each particular locality will be felt by all.

The most remote cities and countries are brought into hailing distance and space is perfectly annihilated by it so far as the transmission of intelligence is concerned. The air is becoming play ground for our aeronauts and the strong foundations of our mountains

## THE ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH.

It is computed, says the Ledger, on calculations furnished by the census returns, that 683,000 new houses have been built in the United States in the last six years, which, at an average of \$100, would add \$68,300,000 to the wealth of the country; to say nothing of the fortunes necessary to the habitation of the shipping and railroads, however, would increase this amount to over \$1,000,000,000.

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"And how long am I to wait before I can look down upon the fields and flowers?" said the sun.

"Not long," answered the voice. "We were only waiting for you to come and raise us from our resting place. You shall have it all to yourself if you will only help us up."

"Certainly I will. And where are you going, Snowy Mist?"

"We shall float along in the blue sky till we join our sisters in the clouds!"

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"What kind of treasures do you bring, Snowy Mists? You seem too light to carry your own weight!"

"We will let you see in a moment," said the voice; and as a large cloud rolled aside, the sun looked down, and saw after another, they gathered, and shut the valley up in their shade, while the sun spoke out again, and said,

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**C. C. GROSSCUP**

*Has just opened a very large Stock of Ready Made*

**CLOTHING!**

**For Spring, Summer and Fall Wear, consisting of**  
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Trimmings, which I will sell by the piece or yard, or make them up to order, just as you wish and warrant every article to give entire satisfaction, both in fit and workmanship.

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**✎ Cutting out done at Short Notice.**

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Bridgeton, May 25, 1854.

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F. FERGUSON, Printer.



