

The West Jersey Pioneer.

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Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.
THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH.

BY ANNA.

'Twas a quiet little chamber
With a window from the floor,
And the sunlight streamed so joyfully
From out the open door.
I remember well, 'twas Sabbath,
All was quiet, hushed and still,
And round that little chambered bed,
Stood Emma, Rose, and Willy,
Two sisters and a brother fair,
Bowed down with grief and pain,
For resting in a dreadful throb,
Though they hope to meet again,
The sun was sinking, so was she,
The sufferer pale and worn—
Must soon be from her children called
And far from earth be borne.
The doctor with his finger,
Tightened firmly on her wrist,
And the husband with his head bowed down,
That he might also list.
For the moment when the feeble pulse—
He stopped, and he no more—
Shall have a gentle angel guide,
Though he has clinging ether that couleth,
No light beams of heaven that couleth,
When the doctor with an anguished look,
Struck back the wailing hair,
The hand had fallen from his grasp—
The heart's last beat was o'er,
And the father with his orphan ones,
Was each the other's store.
Alone with death, and that pale form—
He bowed his head and wept,
For the word and of other days
So cold in death now slept;
He gazed upon the marble brow,
And raised the death-cloth from it,
And when they came to seek for him,
A mantle stood there!
The children soon were fatherless,
For he had fled earth too,
They placed them both in one dark grave
And to them bade adieu!

In a pauper's cell in the city jail,
Was a dark haired youth, cheeks wan and pale—
The eyes, how sunk! You scarce would know,
The beautiful boy of years ago;
Yes—'twas Willy, the same, that you met in room,
And the gentle boy at his mother's tomb;
But turn away, 'till you've heard his tale,
To tell its own, my pencil would fail,
Ah—changes—dark changes have crossed his
Bright dream—
Or that noble soul boy, would there not be seen,
No one to guard him, but young sisters fair,
Nothing to guide, but a mother's last prayer,
Could it wonder, that the boy left to roam
Unheeded, forgot, in the world most alone—
He gave to the tempter the heart once so true
From the right path he turned, as the tempted fall
He left those child sisters, once placed in his care,
The spoil of a gambler! He courted despair
And in a dark hour, from recitance fell,
His chamber of death—was the Prison Cell!
In a far off clime beyond the sea,
Where the scented shrub and Orange tree,
Throw over their fragrance on all things around,
With perfumes, and odors the air abound,
Where the voice of song, and the artist's skill,
Are the workings of thought, and practiced art.

Where the Sculptor's tracings, will fully compare
With the beautiful forms of its women fair,
Where the golden rays of Italian sun,
Turns all to gold which it looks upon,
And the castle's grand, of its lordly Peers
Unharned by evil thoughts and fears—
Nearth an alcoved bower, where the clematis twines
Its scented leaves,—and the orange vines,
Carresses with perfume the genial air—
Surrounding Do Vega's lady fair,
But she heeds not for her mind is away,
To the happy spot, of childhood's day
Embedded in cushions of velvet rare—
The wife of Do Vega is waiting there—
The handmaid of pearls, but loosely worn—
Holds no longer the weight it has borne—
Of those dark dyed tresses, now damp with dew,
And the jewelled tapers are resting too
With the white arm bare, and carelessly flung
O'er the beating head: Her course is run!
Alone she dies, for her Lord is away,
And will not return for many a day:
Our beautiful Rose, made early a bride,
Has the power and wealth of love defied,
Sad thoughts of her brother, her own lonely home,
Gave the once happy heart a sadder tone,
She grew tired of wealth, of pomp, of power
And gave to the grave her princely doom,
And the quietly bride—loved Rosabella
Made her chamber of death—that fairy dell,
Where the wild waves rock the sturdy barque,
And water beneath are black and dark.

Where the haughty Southern, and humble poor—
Alike have ended a sad career—
Where no light is heard but the waters wild
On their surging blast a wailing cry—
And one too of strength, you surely would deem—
Firm on the deck with hands clasped to Heaven
Stood a beautiful boy, scarce yet eleven—
The youngest and fairest, the Captain's child
The star of their hopes—The sailors styled,
With streaming eyes—and hands raised above,
He lifted his voice to the Father of Love,
Oh! save my mother—take her not from me
And let not her grave be the roaring sea.
The wild waves rose and enshrouded the barque
And then as they fell, not a vestige or mark
Was left of the life, that but just before
Went on as the deck of the Ironore.
And the beautiful mother—Emma Linn—
Found her chamber of death—the howling sea.

MORAL.

From the Portland Mirror.

FICTITIOUS WRITINGS.

A worthy correspondent of our own, a layman in the common walks of life, has often alluded to the mischief consequent on too intimate an acquaintance with fictitious writings—or that portion of them which have become as numerous and obtrusive as the frogs of Egypt. It matters little by what name they are called, whether novels, romances, or tales. Most of them profess to have a moral; but who can afford to toil through 300 or 1000 pages to find a moral, when a better one from among hundreds, may be obtained at a glance by turning to the proverbs of Solomon. When the mania for reading is on, it may not be seen and felt as toll, but the effect on mind and body is more certain to deprive both of rest when the toll is professedly suspended. Aching limbs, and perturbed spirits, and feverish dreams, are not desirable bed-fellows; but they are the best that determined novel reading provides.

Coleridge, with the perception and discrimination of a philosopher, but not therefore the less lucidly and impressively, expresses the evils of habitual Novel Reading: "It cannot be too injurious that the human mind should never be called into effort. The habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Those who confine their reading to such books, dwarf their own faculties, and finally render their understandings to a deplorable imbecility. Like idle wandering visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry off in quick and profitless succession, each indeed, for the moment of its stay, prevents the pains of vacancy, while it induces the love of sloth; but altogether they leave the mistress of the house (the soul I mean) flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to its own concerns, and unfit for the conversation of more rational guests."

It is not in fiction or narration, that this evil consists; the frame-work may be fictitious and the filling up solid truth. Joban's account of the trees going forth to announce, or elect a king, was not, and could not be literally true; but it brought truth home to those concerned, with a force which moved them more than the literal truth ever could have done. Cowper apostrophizes Bunyan, as the ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale Sweet fiction and true truth also prevail.

Who marks the progress of the soul to God?
This book is a look of truth, theoretical, experimental, practical truth, real Bible truth, although no city on earth could be found bearing the name of "City of Destruction," and no such way as the pilgrim travelled, and no such personages, objects, incidents and adventures, as he met with on the way. But they all indicate facts and feelings, triumphs and depressions, which the Christian understands. It is the matter of a book which renders it valuable or worthless.

TEMPERANCE.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

A Few thoughts on Temperance.

BY MORRY, JR.

(CONCLUDED.)

But another man says, admitting its constitutionality, we do not need the law—we have laws upon this subject, why not execute them, they are all sufficient. Well now my friend I should think that you have lived long enough to see that these laws are not sufficient. Possibly they might do in some cases, but where is the man vested even with legal authority, that's going to enforce them? The man slaved to his beastly appetite fears not these laws. What does the person clothed in rage, staggering along with his last cent to purchase his morning dram care for the mention of these laws which are comparatively never executed? Even if we were to endeavor to enforce them we should perhaps find more trouble attended with less benefit than if we said at once and with authority, "thou shalt not drink." It is evident that we need something, and that something in my opinion is nothing less than "A Prohibitory Liquor Law."

Suppose a man under the influence of liquor to plunge a dagger to the very heart of an innocent, unoffending man, who just now was looking forth to the future all bright and laying deep his foundations for coming happiness. But see he roars! gasps and dies! Now who is to answer for that man's life? Is the murderer, himself a very disgrace to society and to our State, alone responsible, not only to an earthly but to an heavenly tribunal? Are not the persons vested with au-

thority to execute the laws responsible also? And what shall be the punishment of this man; shall he not if it were possible be punished twice, firstly for his drunkenness and secondly for his crime? Or shall the verdict be rendered not guilty or murder in some inferior degree, because, what—why because the man was under the influence of liquor and therefore not in his right mind? Too often the latter is done when the gallows itself is too good for such a man and for such a crime! Now my reader it is too late to enforce your laws, you have neglected them too long. But give us a Prohibitory Law and make it binding upon the officers to execute that law, and then and methinks only 'till then may we hope for better things. Our present existing and nonexecuted laws in comparison with this are like the little heaps compared with the monuments of Egypt or like the little rivulet which is weak and insignificant compared with the great deep which is boundless and mighty. Talk not then about our laws which only exist in our Statute books, but enact a law which shall eventually make the heart of even the drunkard swell with thankfulness and joy.

Another objection often presented is—admitting its constitutionality and utility—the people are not ready for the law. And when pray will they be ready, will it be the next month, the next year, the next ten years? No my friends, it will always be as easy to present this excuse as now. Ten years hence the cavilling mind will produce this as boldly and unblushingly as it has been urged to-day. Not ready for the law! Ask yonder broken hearted mother weeping over the desolation of her home and her all. Whose life's young hopes all fresh and dewy have long been buried and gone and whose little world of happiness the waves of sorrow and trouble have concealed and washed away. Her sky of pleasure and felicity is clouded o'er, comfort and peace have spread their downy wings and flew away to more congenial climes; grief stern, unrelenting, has fixed its abode here.

True, the "king of day" shines as brightly, the "queen of night" blushes as lovely, the flowers smile as sweetly as when in youth she wandered forth to pluck the opening buds, the little birds warble the same melodious notes that they were wont to do beneath her father's bower. Nature wears the same smiling aspect that it did when she in girlish rapture o'er the verdant fields to cull the new-bloomed flowers or sauntered along the sparkling brook to watch the eddy waves. The busy world moves on just as it did then—the *multum in parva* of business is here—but not here! not here! Happiness comfort joy and peace are strangers to her soul, the voice of kindness falls not upon her ear, for he is a drunkard's wife! Yes that man yonder by whom even the street mendicant passes with abhorrence, blotted by drunkenness, health impaired, mind gone, talents buried, is her husband! Not many years ago he led to the altar his blushing bride, and there he solemnly swore to be her protector until life should cease to be, and now you behold him, and yet exclaim we are not ready for the law!

Not ready for the law! Who says so? Who as he casts his eye around him and beholds the wretchedness and misery brought upon innocent and once happy families can with a clear conscience say so? Who as he sees 30,000 souls yearly sinking to a drunkard's fate, and the desolation and poverty of the widow and orphan can say so? Who when he scrutinizes the ravages which drunkenness has made—how it rudely seizes the bloom of youth from the cheek, blasts earthly happiness, and brings sorrow and grief into the heart once the fountain of pleasure and peace, can say so? My reader, do you say so? Remember that these 30,000 souls were as dear to some loving heart as your son or your daughter; these also once leaned their heads upon a dear mother's breast while she sang to them an evening lay or whispered in their ear the words of prayer; for these the silent tear has oft flowed, and the agonizing prayer to heaven gone for these. And yet they drink, drink and die. Not only victims of the damning cup die, but broken-hearted mothers seek the grave as a rest from their grief, and dotting fathers come with sorrow to their last resting place—and yet you say we are not ready for the law! As well might the mariner, tossed upon the heaving billows, around whose bark the angry surge is raging, while the waves mountain-high seem to threaten instant destruction, say I want no superior power to bid the raging tumult cease and whisper, "Peace be still!"

Delay is dangerous in all cases and particularly so in this. As a house well nigh gone if left to brave the winter's storm and summer's heat, will in time become more dilapidated and need more exertion to repair it than it would if taken at first, so in after years it will require more strenuous efforts to enact the law than it will to do it now. Do we not need the law? How read you my friends the signs of the times?

Another excuse offered is—We cannot pass the Law if we undertake it. Grant it, but is there any harm in trying? This reminds me of an anecdote I once heard. In a certain village there lived a poor colored man,

who was devoted to the cause of Christ and was one of the most zealous christians in that part of the country. So exact and particular was he that it became a matter of conversation among the inhabitants. Every thing he found written in the Bible he believed to be addressed exclusively to him and therefore felt called upon to go and do it. One evening this man stopped at a neighbors of his, opposite whose house then was a high, thick stone wall. As usual they commenced talking about his over-much piety. Says the man, "samba if you found your Bible that the Lord commanded you to kick a hole through yonder wall, would you do it?" Samba studied for a minute or two, presently however he looked up with glistening eyes and said, "I'll massa, tho' I could no do it, still me think it my duty to kick with all my might." Now my friends it is the spirit of this poor man that we want. Though it may seem difficult and almost impossible to pass the law, still let us not cease to labor and pray with all our might. Ten long years if I mistake not, the State which first set us the example in this matter labored to accomplish its praiseworthy object and it succeeded. And now shall we who are not only proud to call ourselves people of these United States, but citizens of the little State of New Jersey, lack energy and perseverance? Shall we sit down in despair if the work is completed or the victory won? Look ye to the past and learn a lesson from it, behold the long and arduous struggle of our ancestors to free themselves from the hand of tyranny and redress our country's wrongs. True the mighty are fallen—we have no Washingtons among us, Clay and Websters our State cannot boast—still are there not the same feelings in our hearts which dwelt in theirs. Is not the same love of liberty implanted within our souls?—

Bear we not hearts as susceptible of feeling as theirs, and are we not as strongly attached to right and truth as they? What need we more then, but for every man to buckle on his armor, and proclaim with united hearts from one end of our beloved State to the other, "Prohibition!" "Prohibition!" And casting aside party spirit and predilections fill our Legislative halls with our best and most talented temperance men who shall not be afraid to speak out boldly in the cause of right knowing that there is no such word as fail, since we have God and the ladies on our side.

But the last objection I shall now mention, is that sometimes presented, viz: that we place the temperance cause before religion. This too is a great mistake and one which has occasioned not a little trouble. If in wandering forth you chanced to stray near by a little sparkling brook, which hymned its little tune so sweetly, and gushing forth threw up its jewelled drops, glistening in the mid-day sun; and if perchance this self-same brook called forth your admiration, and if a sense of pleasure and romance came over you as you followed its meandering course or listened to its child-like murmuring; would you for an instant by the act cease to acknowledge the superiority of the great and boundless deep? Would you by the act even imply that you ceased to believe that the ocean has facilities vastly superior for commerce and a thousand other things beneficial to man? Certainly not.

Again, if your attention was arrested by some shining star in heaven's blue vault, and as you gazed long and earnestly upon it, its brightness seemed to increase until your admiration was drawn forth, and its brightness and dazzling splendor excited your praise, would you by so doing cease to acknowledge the infinite superiority of the rolling sun along his burning line—that he possesses capacities for light and heat which the little star knows not of? I answer again, certainly not. So it is with regard to this subject. If we see in the moral universe a twinkling star by whose brightness we are captivated, do we cease for an instant to acknowledge the great Sun of Religion as infinitely superior, by whose light the world must be christianized, man's condition ameliorated, and in whose track follows divine blessings? No, my friends, we do not place Temperance before Religion, we only join the two together. It is just as propertous to talk of a man as having religion without temperance as it is to talk of a man as being alive without breath! Banish the thought from your mind then and consider it as it really is, one of the means which pave the way for the reception of true religion into the soul.

And now in conclusion, shall I say that victory is certain? Can any one doubt it? Are not the clouds already rolling away? Is not the night of darkness well nigh spent? Is not the morning star of success arising, yea, even arisen? In the past twenty years has there not been a striking reformation, and has not that reformation advanced slowly but steadily upon us? See it stops not yet, nor will it until the warfare is completed, and the flag of Prohibition floats triumphantly over a free and sober people. Heaven in mercy hasten the day!

Cedarville, July 1854.

Drought and fire are the two great enemies of the United States; one of the country the other of the city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

BY SYLVANUS, (LBB, JR.)

In one of our large towns lived a man named John Atkins. He was one of those men who had made his way to wealth, affluence and honor by strict integrity and attention to business. Every penny of his great wealth had been honestly earned, and he richly merited all the love and respect that were bestowed upon him. Mr. Atkins was now a widower, and his household was managed by his daughter, a fair, blooming girl of eighteen summers. Her name was Laura, and her beauty and wealth made her the object of a vast number of ardent admirers. Attached to Mr. Atkins's establishment was a young man named Jared Walker. He was about eighteen years of age, and was the son of a man who had once been in the mercantile employ. When his father died he was left poor and friendless, and Mr. Atkins hired him to take charge of the garden and stable. He had now been with his present patron a little more than two years, and during that time had proved himself not only capable of all things which he undertook, but also most scrupulously faithful and trustworthy.

Not far from the dwelling of Mr. Atkins stood a college—one of the most flourishing and noted in the Union. Mr. Atkins himself had never had the advantages of a college education, but he had yet picked up a vast deal of information, more of real practical information than a man could gain in a lifetime within the walls of a college; but the old man was a friend to the institution, and he was the best friend to that youth who made the best use of his time. One summer's evening, while Mr. Atkins and his child were sitting in one of the drawing-rooms, a visitor was announced. He was a young man, and both the merchant and his daughter received him very kindly. His name was Albert Landown, and he was the child of wealthy parents. Young Landown, though only about nineteen, was considered the favored son of Laura's hand, and from his manner it was evident that he had the same opinion himself. If he possessed any peculiar traits of character they were rather of the negative kind, though perhaps his love of self and pride in wealth, may have been rather a positive character.

"Laura," said the young man, after the usual civilities of the meeting had been passed, "who is that fellow that works around your garden here?" "O, that is Jared Walker. He lives with us now. Don't you remember his father—old Timothy Walker—that used to live in the little black house back of the college?" "Seems to me I do remember such a name; but I never knew him."

"He used to work for father, but he died a few years ago, and Jared came to live with us."

"Ah—is it possible?" uttered the youth, with a condescending air. "Yes, it is just like your father always kind. But this Jared needs some better manners."

"But he actually bowed to me in the street this morning—bowed to me when I was in company with a couple of friends from the South. Really, I felt as though I should sink through the sidewalk. Had it not better speak with him, and tell him not to recognize me in the street again?"

"You must excuse me, Mr. Landown, for I could not do such errands, even for you. I only wish the rest of the young men in our town needed no more cultivation of manners than does Jared Walker."

"This seemed to operate as a sort of damper upon the rising spirits of the young exclusive, and it was some time before he could rally, but at length he managed to regain his wonted speech, and for a while he rattled away at a mass of "small talk," to which his listener only answered by occasional monosyllables.

"Albert," at length spoke Mr. Atkins, laying aside the paper which he had been reading, and moving his chair nearer to where the young couple sat, "when do you enter college?" "Next week," answered the youth, with a flush of pride.

"And I hope you mean to improve your time to the best advantage."

"O, certainly!" was Albert's reply; but it was spoken in that off-hand manner which indicates no great depth of purpose.

"You have great advantages," resumed the old man, "and it behooves you to make the best use of them in your power. I know of many a poor boy who would give half the liberty of his lifetime if he could but have the opportunity for an education that you have."

"Yes—I suppose so," said Albert and then he added, with a light laugh, "and I suppose they would like some of my money, too."

"Perhaps they might, but those who are wise would not take the money with ignorance; they would rather have the education, for that is by far the nobler portion."

The old man gave his young friend considerable good advice, but Albert seemed to pay but little heed, and at length the talk was given up.

"He is young and inexperienced," said Mr. Atkins to himself, after the youth had gone, "and I suppose don't like too much advice. I know how it is with these fortunate young men; they want just to stagnate their understandings."

The old man had just taken his seat again to read a little more in his paper before he died when some one rapped upon his door.

"Come in," said Mr. Atkins.

It was Jared Walker, who entered the apartment. His face was tremulous with emotion, and he seemed to be laboring under some great anxiety.

"What's the matter, Jared? What's the matter?" kindly asked the old man, as he noticed the youth's perturbation.

"Sit down, sit down, and out with it."

"I want you to do just as you think best, Mr. Atkins. You have been very kind to me, and God knows that I would not be ungrateful. But I have got a chance to go to another place—a chance to go to—"

"Say on, say on, Jared," said Mr. Atkins, showing by his tone and manner that he was disappointed. "If I have found a better place than this, of course I would not keep you. If you can find a better friend than I am, you may go with him."

"It is not Mr. Atkins," quickly cried the youth. "God knows I shall never find a nobler friend than you have been. But I have got a future to live—I have got a manhood to prepare for, and I may never find another opportunity like the present. But I didn't seek the place, sir—they came of their own accord and offered it to us."

"What is it, Jared?"

"Why, sir, the professors in the college want me to take care of their rooms, and in return they offer to instruct me in all the branches taught in the college. I can have half of every day and nearly the whole of the evening for study. Yet, sir, I will not go if you would rather have me stay with you—You have been very kind to me, and I would not for the world—not even for the education I covet—leave you if you wished me to stay."

For some moments the old man was silent. There was a rich moisture in his eyes, and his nether lip trembled.

"Jared," he at length said, "I think I have been kind to you; but that is no reason why I should now be unkind. You could not have done a thing to give me more real joy than this. I knew not that you had such a desire for learning, or I would have helped you myself."

"And have you not helped me?" cried Jared with enthusiasm. "I have had your books, and read the hour of need. I was an ignorant upon educated man. I owe it all to you, sir."

"Well, well, perhaps you do. But I will let you go to the college and try the plan you have formed on your own condition."

"What is it?" asked the youth.

"That you will consider my house your home; that you will spend your Sabbaths here, and also such of the holidays as you have to spare. You will have no other home, and this will come handy for you."

It was hard work for Jared to speak, but he managed to promise what his patron had asked, and then he bowed his head and wept. He had not expected such kindness; in his orphaned heart he had laid down the rules of life, but he had not looked for such sympathy and assistance in the hour of need. Each of those tears that fell from the young man's drooping lids was a volume of thanks to Mr. Atkins, and he knew it. He saw at once how noble was the heart he had touched, and he felt happier far than as though he had found a mine of gold.

On the first of the next week, Jared Walker took his new situation in the room of the college, and was entered as a freshman. One was poor, the other rich. One came there to study for the future, and the other came because it was fashionable. One came with the determination to be a man, and the other came that he might appear a man.

At first some of the students were inclined to be unkind towards the poor youth for the advancement that he enjoyed. Each of these gentlemen and unobtrusiveness, and his quiet upright conduct soon won most of them to his friendship. But there was one in the college who still effected to scorn him.

Early one morning, as Jared was going across the college yard with a bucket of water in his hand, he met Albert Landown. He was entered as a freshman. One was poor, the other rich. One came there to study for the future, and the other came because it was fashionable. One came with the determination to be a man, and the other came that he might appear a man.

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