

# 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!

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## 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.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be inserted for 40 cents a folio of 100 words, for the first insertion; 20 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made upon all advertisements exceeding five folios in length, and which are inserted for a longer period than three months. No advertisement of a folio or less will be inserted a single week, for less than 50 cents. All letters and communications must be POST-PAYED, and accompanied by the author's name, to insure attention. OFFICE—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

## Choir Notes.



## THRILLING VERSES.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following touching and thrilling lines are as follows:—A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of Temperance. Her writings were full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of her's accused her of being a fanatic on the subject of the following lines:—

Go feel what I have felt—  
Go hear what I have borne—  
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt;  
And the cold world's proud scorn;  
Then suffer on from year to year—  
Thy sole relief the searching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,  
Go kneel, beseech, and pray;  
Strike the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay;  
Do dashed with bitter course arise;  
Your prayers blasphemed, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,  
O'er a loved father's fall—  
See every promise's blessing swept—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—  
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way—  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,  
Behold the strong man bow—  
With gnashing teeth—lips batted in blood,  
And cold and livid brow;  
Go catch his withered glance and sob  
Through mirr'or'd his soul's misery.

Go to the mother's side,  
And hear crush'd bosom cheer;  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheeks the bitter tear;  
Mark her worn frame and withered brow—  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now—  
With fading frame and trembling limb,  
And trace the ruin back to him,

Whose piteous sigh, in early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth,  
But who, forewarn'd, had yielded up  
His promise to the cursed cup,  
And led her down, through love and light,  
And all that made our prospect bright—  
And chid'd her there, 'mid want and strife,  
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—  
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,  
That withering blight, the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,  
All that my soul hath felt and known;  
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone—  
Think if its flavor you will try,  
When all proclaim "tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl—  
Hate is a feeble word;  
I loathe—abhor—my very soul,  
With strong disgust is stirred,  
When e'er I see, or hear, or tell,  
Of the dark beverage of hell.

## MORAL.

### PERFECTION OF THE MIND.

Mental perfection should be the great aim of life. To this end should our labors, struggles, and prayers tend. In youth, indeed, we should seek to render manhood and in age, the powers of mind. We are never too old, and but a few weeks too young for mental improvement. To perfect our minds we must contemplate perfect objects, both in the material and spiritual universe. We must dwell much upon these objects. We must appropriate their perfections to our mental use; cherish, admire, love them. We must look for beautiful things, that images of beauty may through our minds, to our souls, enrich the inward temple with the music of its numbers. We must strive for perfection of all our actions, that in our daily walk the halo of angel life may surround us. Deformity will not make us more perfect. Vice will not help us in our work. The artist never studies deformity to augment his treasure of beauty. The musician never makes discords and hearkens to them, thereby to cultivate the sense of harmony and beauty in his soul. So in life—we should surround ourselves with the best objects. We should seek the company of sweet thoughts, lovely objects, amiable feelings, pleasant words, good offices. These help to perfect our minds. Our thoughts are the chisels which carve the statuary of our souls. They do it well or ill as they are right or wrong. Bad thoughts are enemies worse than all outward ones. Dr. Channing says: "The perfection of the mind is to have a propensity to seek agreeable and interesting objects, to have attention spontaneously bestowed on objects of nature, excellence of human character—God's perfection." A mind thus filled is always improving, always happy. A mind which turns to dis-

agreeable things, party agitations, future uncertainties, etc. must be depraved. All objects may be viewed as expressions of goodness.

## AGRICULTURE.

### Social Status of Farmers and Merchants.

The farmer's share of the profits of the land should not be as a narrow rivulet, and a thin and hardly perceptible thread, flowing through a wide margin of rent on the one hand and expenses on the other. It should be something much better than this. (Hear, hear.) When for instance, I meet a farmer going to his market town, I like to see him mounted on a good horse, or driving his family in a neat turn-out, with a good horse in it. (Hear, hear.) When I enter a farmer's house I like to find it, not only well and substantially, but handsomely and elegantly furnished. And when in it, the first thing which I always do is to look around for the book shelf, on which I hope to see, not only volumes on practical and scientific agriculture and the improvements of the day, but also works on general instruction and information, such as make the well cultivated mind and the accomplished gentleman. (Hear, hear.) And I never forget to peer about for the wife's piano, as the most graceful ornament of the parlor. I especially and emphatically, and advise to mention the piano, because I recollect a London paper five or six years ago, somewhat scoldingly and very audaciously recommending the farmer.

"To sell his wife's piano. And with the money buy guano."

(Loud laughter.) Now if I were a smart young farmer, I should put it altogether the other way—

If I use so much guano,  
I hope to buy a good piano;  
For, if music is the charm of life,  
I'll try to claim my charming wife."

(Loud laughter.) Or, to prove my view of the farmer's rightful position in the social scale in another light, let us suppose the case of a man with two sons, of each whom, to start him in life, he gives three or four, or five or six thousand pounds. Very well.—One of them settles in the country and establishes himself as a farmer, while the other finds his way to London, Liverpool, Bristol or Hull, and embarks in trade and commerce. If this last is judicious and successful, in a very short time we hear of his name in the list of the merchants of the land; and all respect and praise, say I to the men who win and deserve and adorn this honorable and world-famous title. And when we visit him we find him surrounded by all the comforts station and elegance which he has achieved. Now, while the one brother who, it may be, imports the tea which we are to drink with our toast, is called a merchant prince, and has and enjoys all things accordingly, why should not the other brother, who grows the toast which we are to eat with our tea, also claim to be of the same royal family, and be called a farmer prince, and take the rank and all the respect of it with his merchant brother?—  
Speech of the Rev. James Aspinwall at the late of Ashburn agricultural dinner.

### FROM LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

### MORE ABOUT HOUSEKEEPERS.

DEAR LIFE:—If you ever marry, we hope you will not form an alliance with one of those pitiful daughters spoken of in our last article, but choose a woman who has moral courage enough to go into your kitchen and get you a nice breakfast or a good warm dinner, should your domestic happen to "leave," and render such a thing necessary. If you are wealthy, so much the more do you need a wife who has a practical knowledge of housework. It will enable her to judge correctly of the merits and demerits of servants; to give them reasonable directions, kind instructions, and judicious advice. Let the mistress of a family who knows nothing of cooking, arranging, and ironing, nothing of keeping dressing rooms well aired and in order, give directions to her servants about these things, and she often makes herself, in their eyes, ridiculous through ignorance, hence they soon learn to look upon her with secret, it may be, to too often open disrespect and contempt, and feel that they are in some respects wiser than that they are in the neglect to look after or give directions to her servants from fear of exposing her ignorance of domestic concerns, so much the worse, everything in the house is topsy-turvy, and the whole family machinery is out of gear.—besides, the expense of living is greatly increased. Those housekeepers, or wives, who are so ignorant of housewifery as to be dependent on servants for the preparation of their daily meals or as infants during the recess which his often occurs on a change of "help," are truly deserving of pity.

But let a woman be educated as she ought to be, and she never, while health continues, need to experience this inconvenience and mortification. When servants know that their mistress has a practical knowledge of housekeeping, her directions will generally be promptly obeyed and the work faithfully done—they readily see that her experience and eye will detect their shortcomings, and govern themselves accordingly. This false notion that a lady is out of place the moment she steps into the kitchen with her domestic, ought to be annihilated. Who thinks of calling a gentleman out of place because he is walking over his grounds and giving directions to his workmen? and who would think of speaking disrespectfully of his shoulder to a gentleman who has been to a party and who steps into the kitchen with her domestics, ought to be annihilated. Who thinks of calling a gentleman out of place because he is walking over his grounds and giving directions to his workmen? and who would think of speaking disrespectfully of his shoulder to a gentleman who has been to a party and who steps into the kitchen with her domestics, ought to be annihilated. Who thinks of calling a gentleman out of place because he is walking over his grounds and giving directions to his workmen? and who would think of speaking disrespectfully of his shoulder to a gentleman who has been to a party and who steps into the kitchen with her domestics, ought to be annihilated. Who thinks of calling a gentleman out of place because he is walking over his grounds and giving directions to his workmen? and who would think of speaking disrespectfully of his shoulder to a gentleman who has been to a party and who steps into the kitchen with her domestics, ought to be annihilated.

dependent on the drugged bread of the bakery for our family supply. Now, would it not be better and cheaper in the end for the mistress of the family to spend one forenoon with her Irish girl—yes, half a dozen, if need be—and show her how to make a loaf of bread, by which we mean, make one herself, requiring the servant to take special notice of the operation, then, on the next occasion of bread-making cause the servant to make it under the immediate inspection of her mistress, than would be the so frequent change of servants? We think also it would be cheaper to take a little more pains to teach servants in various other departments; but if the mistress is ignorant of housewifery, and above doing housework, she must expect to suffer the inconvenience of being dependent on servants who may be as ignorant as herself on these matters. We depend too much on ill-educated foreign women to manage our household, and neglect to put our own shoulder to the wheel, or educate our daughters to the same. The good farmer might have added that pride was an expensive article anywhere. Certainly, if it is so costly an affair on a prairie farm it is none the less costly in our great Atlantic cities, which are full of the ruin caused by pride. Thousands are annually beggared, and tens of thousands straightened in circumstances by this same pride.

An Illinois farmer, writing to a Chicago paper about the expenses of a settler, says:— "His living will vary according to the size of his family, and their propensity to gratify pride, which is always an expensive article in a new country." The good farmer might have added that pride was an expensive article anywhere. Certainly, if it is so costly an affair on a prairie farm it is none the less costly in our great Atlantic cities, which are full of the ruin caused by pride. Thousands are annually beggared, and tens of thousands straightened in circumstances by this same pride.

It is pride that makes the father dress his daughter beyond his means. Pride induces the mother to do the kitchen work, that Mary Ann may sit in the parlor and practice music. It is pride that leads families to live in houses finer than they can afford, to give showy parties, to waste the surplus of their income in a summer excursion. It is pride that has French mirrors, French laces, French china, French knicknacks of every sort.—It is pride, in short, that is at half of the ruin of the age. Truly did the wise man say—"Pride goeth before destruction." Embarrassment and ruin are what pride costs.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FROM THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER.

### NEW JERSEY.

In no State in the Union, perhaps, has the cause of education had a more rapid development than in New Jersey. Seven years ago little or no interest was felt in the subject throughout the State. School-houses were miserable, and schools more miserable. Teachers were as frequently employed because they would work cheaply as because they were worthy. But a change has taken place, and to a great extent through the efforts of one man, Dr. C. C. Hoagland, then a resident of Somerset County. He travelled through the county, lecturing, calling teachers' meetings, visiting schools, &c., &c., and never flagged, though he received only remuneration as his reward. He established a Teachers' Institute in that County, which has held a session annually ever since. The influence of all these extended to other Counties. The matter was brought before the Legislature of the State. John B. Thompson, the present state agent of the New Jersey Teachers' Association, then as now a warm friend of popular education, and a zealous teacher, presented the importance of Teachers' Institutes to the members of the Legislature, in an address delivered in the Capitol at Trenton, so forcibly, that they passed an act appropriating one hundred dollars annually to each county, to defray the expenses of an Institute. Few of the Counties accepted this offer, for they knew little and cared less about the matter.

About this time some teachers of New Jersey, among whom were Messrs. Peckham, of Newark, and Cole, of Trenton, at the instigation of Dr. Hoagland, issued notices for, and in due time met and organized the New Jersey State Teachers' Association. This seemed to unite, and consequently to strengthen their powers. It is now in the fourth year of its existence. Two years since, the members became convinced that the people were very properly looking to the teachers as the ministers of this nation, to take the lead in this cause. Accordingly they appointed an Agent whose business it should be to visit different parts of the State, to band all the teachers together, to stir up the people by addresses, &c. No more able man could have been found for such a purpose, than Dr. Hoagland. He accepted the post tendered to him, and how ably he discharged his duties, the rapid march of the cause has shown. He also succeeded, with the help of the many warm friends he enlisted in the work, in securing the establishment of a State Normal School, with an appropriation of \$10,000 per annum. This school is now in active operation, and Jerseyman claim, with some show of justice, too, that it is second to none in the country. Its Principal, W. F. Phelps, is a well known educator, who was for many years connected with the New York State Normal School. Earnest, enthusiastic and devoted, he has already secured the confidence and support of all the leading educators of the State.

Very much to the regret of his fellow citizens, Dr. Hoagland, about the time of the establishment of the Normal School, removed to Henry, Illinois, where he is working as ever in the good cause. But we are glad to say he left behind him those eminently fitted to carry out the work begun. His successor in the Association appointed his friend and associate, John B. Thompson, whose services in behalf of Teachers' Institutes have already been mentioned. Convinced by the experience of the pro-

ceeding year that the influence of a single lecturer, or of a single day, is soon, in a great measure, lost, the Association, through their Committee, instructed their Agent to devote his attention principally to Teachers' Institutes, where the exercises are continued during five days, the evening being devoted to discussions and lectures directly for the profit of the people. Accordingly, Mr. Thompson has gone into the sections of the State where educational meetings have never before been held, and—by dint of personal solicitations, by newspaper articles, and every proper means—has established Teachers' Institutes and conducted them with distinguished success. They have now been held in nearly every County of the State, and wherever held have excited a deep interest among the people at large as among teachers. Mr. Thompson has conducted nearly all of them in person, and to his ability, readiness and tact, especially to his judicious movements, the popularity of the Institute is in a great measure owing. We congratulate the New Jersey Teachers' Association on the success of their well planned movement, and hope that they may long retain the services of their present Agent, Mr. Thompson.

### HOW TO BUY A HOUSE.

"I tell you, my dear, it is utterly impossible. Save three hundred dollars a year out of my salary! You don't understand it," said Charles to Mrs. Converse as she was talking of her husband's salary. "Perhaps I do not," replied Mrs. Converse, "but my opinion is very decided." "Women don't understand these things. You think my salary of eight hundred dollars a year a fortune." "No such a thing, Charles." "Eight hundred dollars, let me tell you, won't buy all the world."

"I had no idea that it would; yet if you only had the habit of saving what you spend for things that you can get along without, you would be able to build a house in a few years." "Build a house? Yes, build a house, Charles." "Well, that's a good idea." The young man laughed heartily at the idea of his clerical, too absurd to be harbored for a moment.

"How much do you suppose it cost us to live last year?" "Yby, eight hundred dollars, of course. It took all my salary; there is none of it left."

The young wife smiled mischievously, as she took from her work-table drawer a small account-book. "You don't know that I kept account of all these things, did you?" "No; but how much is it?" And Charles was a little disturbed by the cool way in which his wife proceeded to argue the question.

"Four hundred and ninety-two dollars," answered Mrs. Converse. "Oh, but, my dear, you have not got half of it down." "I have—everything."

"My tailor's bill was sixty-five dollars." "I have it here." "Hats, boots, and—"

"I have them all." "You have?" "When you had anything new, you know I always asked you what you gave for it." "I knew you did; but I can name a dozen things that you have not got down."

"Pencils, six dollars," said the husband promptly. "Here it is," answered she pointing to the entry in the book. "Try again." "Season ticket on the railroad, twenty." "I have it."

"Sawing the wood." "Entered." Charles reflected a moment, the case began to look desperate. "New lining for the cooking stove." "Here—two dollars." "Cleaning the clock."

"One dollar—here it is." Mr. Converse began to look hopeless. "My taxes." "But that was the only thing he could mention of his necessary expenses, that was not found to be regularly entered on his wife's book. Still Mr. Converse was not satisfied.

"Your figures cannot be correct, Mary." "Why not?" "My salary is all used up, and you can account for only four hundred and ninety-two dollars of it."

"You must explain the balance." "Why, Mary, I have not been extravagant. It is true that I buy a great many things in the course of the year, but they are hardly worth the mention."

"Ah, there's the mischief. That is where the money goes, you may depend on it." "Nonsense! You women don't understand these things."

"Of course you don't! Where has the three hundred dollars gone to, then?" "I don't know, Charles. I haven't the least idea. I am sure that I have got down all the items that came within my knowledge. I am positive that you have brought home no article of any description that has not been entered upon the book—I mean the articles of food and clothing, and things for the house."

"But just look at it a moment. You don't mean to say that I have spent three hundred dollars over and above our necessary expenses?" Said Charles, a little warmly. "I have not."

"There is forty of the three hundred." "But, it leaves two hundred and sixty—eight dollars unaccounted for." "I would take a great while to collect money enough to build a house, even if the whole sum were saved." "You know what a great while, Charles. You know my father has promised to give you the land,

when you have the means to build a house upon it." "It will be a long while," laughed the husband. "Five or six years, perhaps, if you are prudent. Hasn't the president of your bank promised you a thousand dollars a year?"

"Yes." "Then you can certainly save four hundred dollars a year." "There is a thousand things we want when my salary is raised."

"But, we can do without them." "I suppose you can." "Just look here, Charles."

Mrs. Converse took from her pocket a circular issued by the "People's Saving Bank," in which the accumulation of several small sums, deposited weekly and quarterly, were arranged in a table:

"Fifty dollars deposited every quarter will net in five years, one thousand one hundred and forty dollars twenty-five cents," continued she, reading from the circular.

"Bah!" added Mr. Converse. "That sum would buy a very comfortable house; and when your salary is a thousand dollars a year, you can save more than fifty dollars a quarter."

"A five per cent. institution, isn't it?" asked the young man. "But the reasoning of his wife had produced a strong impression upon his mind. She had been brought up in the strictest economy. Her father, though rich, had an army of children; but they were all wealthy in their thrifty habits.

Charles read over and over the circular of the Saving Bank, in the evening, figured up statistics, and wondered what had become of that two hundred and sixty-eight dollars. Before he went to bed he had matured a resolution, though he did not say a word to his wife about it.

The next day he received a quarter's salary, and his first step, after receiving it, was to visit the Saving Fund, where he deposited fifty dollars.

But the hundred and fifty dollars which he had left, burned in his pockets. It was all he had to carry him through the ensuing three months. There were a dozen little things that he wanted, and a dozen big ones for that matter. Against the latter he resolutely set his face, though in consideration of the fact that his salary would be a thousand dollars a year, after the next pay day, he had a week before made up his mind to have them.

Among other things, his cigar case was empty, and he stepped into a store to have it replenished. Segars were a great luxury—in fact, a necessity to him, in his own opinion.

The gentlemanly proprietor of the establishment placed a box of the fragrant rolls upon the counter. "Something new," said he. Charles took up a handful and smelt them.

"Best segars in the market," continued the vendor. "Tip-top," replied Charles, inhaling the fragrant odor. "How do you sell them?" "Four cents apiece."

Six of them were transferred to the case, a quarter thrown down, and as it was not magnanimous to pick up a copper's change, he left the store. But then a little fellow inside seemed to say:

"Charles, you can't afford to smoke such segars as these. They will hardly last you two days. If you must smoke, buy a cheaper segar than that. You will not be able to build your house in ten years, at this rate."

He did not pay much attention to the monitorial voice, however, and as he passed along, he drank a sherry cobbler himself, and paid for three friends, whom he could not help asking to drink with him, at Barton's saloon, that, before he was out, he was disposed of, and so on to the end of the chapter.—And these were his daily habits. It was only a sixpence, or a quarter at a time, and these were so ridiculously small, that they never gratified his appetite or inclination in these matters, as they had come to be regarded as necessities.

Still, Charles Converse had turned over a new leaf. He refrained from purchasing a great many articles which he had intended to get when he received his quarter's salary, that, before he died, he would do something to serve our country, that may make us prouder of each other; and if we fail there, that at least we will never willfully and consciously do anything to make us ashamed of each other."

"You are late, Charles," said Mary, when he reached his sunny cottage. "I have been paying my quarter bills," replied he with a smile. "Here they are, my sweet accountant."

He threw the bills upon the table, and while she was examining them, he threw his bank book in her face. "What?" exclaimed she, in astonishment, as she saw the book. "Fifty dollars!"

"Yes, my dear, female influence—the influence of a wife,"—and the husband of sin, and converted too, which is better still. I am resolved to be prudent, economical, saying, even parsimonious."

"I am glad to hear it." "And the house will be built in just five years, according to the programme of the Saving Bank."

As he spoke, he took from his pockets three of the city evening papers. "Quite cured, Charles," said Mary, with a smile. "What do you mean?"

"Journal, Transcript and Traveller, two cents each," laughed Mary. "You are determined the publishers shall live." "You are determined the publishers shall live." "You are determined the publishers shall live."

"Why, Mary, you wouldn't have me live without a newspaper, would you? That would be a depth of barbarism to which I would never descend," replied Charles, with a look of astonishment at the interesting remark.

"Certainly not; but is not one paper a day enough?" "This is but a trifle." "The rain falls in drops, but washes the whole earth." "On being rather, re-proached for not being at home, he made due apology in this wise: "Squire, at every town they wanted me to stop and be President in a bank."

Charles scratched his head. It was a most astounding revelation to him. "You are right, Mary; one paper is enough."

Charles ate his supper, but was moody and abstracted. A new idea was penetrating his brain, which, he began to think, had been rather muddy on his financial affairs.

As he rose from the table he took out his cigar case, and as he did so, the little fellow within, who had spoken to him when he came out of the seagr shop, began to upbraid him pretty sharply, he burned his fingers in attempting to light the fragrant roll, and then relapsed into a fit of deep musing.

"What are you thinking about, Charles," asked Mary, after she had cleared away the table. "Oh? Oh, I was thinking how much twelve times three hundred and sixty-five are."

"Twelve means twelve cents, I suppose," said she, performing the problem on the margin of the newspaper. "Here it is, forty-three dollars and eighty cents."

"For segars," added he blankly. "Which, added to the sum paid for superfluous newspapers, makes fifty-six dollars and twenty-eight cents."

"And twenty for shaving, which I may do myself, are seventy-six dollars and twenty-eight cents," continued he, taking the pencil and cyphering away with all his might for a few minutes.

"Gleason's Pictorial, Home Journal, Saturday Courier, and your county paper, come to—"

"But, my dear, we can't do without our county paper," exclaimed Charles, looking with amazement into the face of his wife. "I don't want you to do without that," said his wife.

"Sherry cobbler, ice cream, and oysters, over a hundred dollars," continued he in amazement, turning to his figures again.

"Indeed!" "I began to see where the two hundred and sixty-eight dollars have gone to," said he. "And sherry cobbler are worse than useless; I had no idea that you drank, Charles."

"Say no more, Mary, I have done." And this was done. The idea of "saving" something, took complete possession of him—not so far as to make him niggardly— but far enough to make him abandon the four cent segars, three daily papers, Yinton's saloon, and especially sherry cobbler.

On the next quarter day he deposited a hundred dollars in his deposit at the Savings Bank, and as his habits improved afterward, and his salary still further increased, much greater sums were added.

In four years the house was built, new furniture bought and paid for; and Charles is considered one of the most thrifty young men in the town.

Bulwer Lytton to the Schoolboys.

Six Bulwer Lytton addressed an eloquent speech to the scholars of Bishop Stortford's High School at the annual festival last week. He urged them to high aspirations, and spoke of that desire of distinction which led the rank and file of the English soldier up to the heights of Alma: "They did not hear the roar of the cannon, to whose jaws they marched on with unflinching tread; they only heard it whizzing at their heels. And if we do our duty this day, what will they say of us in England? (Cheers.) Ay, and when a boy sets down resolutely to his desk—and puts aside an idle pleasure, faces every tedious obstacle—firmly bent upon honorable distinction, it is the same elevating sentiment which whispers to him, 'And if I succeed, what will they say of me at school? or, a dearer motive still, 'What will they say of me at home?'"

(Loud cheers.) Boys, when I look at your young faces, I could fancy myself a boy once more. I go back to the day when I, too tried for prizes—sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing—I was once as fond of play as any of you; and, in the same way, I fear my head might have been more full of cricket than of the science or even of Homer; but still I had always a deep thought, a quiet determination that, sooner or later I would be a somebody or do a something. (Cheers.) That determination continues with me to this day; it keeps one hope of my boyhood fresh, and other hopes have long since faded away. And now that we separate, ay, be with that hope upon your backs—on your side, upon yours—get when he received his quarter's salary, that, before we die, we will do something to serve our country, that may make us prouder of each other; and if we fail there, that at least we will never willfully and consciously do anything to make us ashamed of each other."

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## THOUGHTS ON TIME.

"Time is money," said Franklin; but that is a worldly maxim. To the industrious and prudent man, seeking worldly good, it is indeed money; but to the earnest man, seeking knowledge and goodness, it is wisdom, that which is of value incomparably higher than money.

To both, then, it is precious; and they improve it eagerly and faithfully. By the one, it is transmuted into gold and physical good; by the other, into wisdom and spiritual good.

The proper improvement of time is a practical subject, and one easily enough understood in a general way, but after all not sufficiently attended to. For it is not enough that time be improved; how it is improved is an important consideration. It is well to inquire if any thing has been gained, and if so, how much; but a more important question is, "What has been gained?" Is it something worth the pain? Is it something which will help to satisfy my most pressing wants? Is it something of imperishable value?

And then I should ask, How well have I gained it? Is it secure, so that I shall not let it slip; or shall I be likely to retain it but a short time? All these are important questions with reference to the improvement of time.

Time is valuable to a man in proportion to the impacts during its continuance. Man must work, and he must work wisely and well. If he does, then will his fleeting time be changed into that which is durable and ever precious.

"Time flows on unceasingly. Day after day comes and goes. It was first future; soon it appeared as present, and quickly it joined the past, and recedes farther and farther from view."

When future, hopes or fears, or both combined, gave it an imaginary shape; as the present, it was reality, sharp and stern, or less often; a reality which seemed too bright to be indeed so; as the past, it is still reality, yet as it was not, and shall not be, it is not contemplated with hope or fear, with joy or dread, but with pleasure or sorrow, with satisfaction or regret.

And out of these thoughts, wholesome results oftentimes proceed; and as the boughs sprout their offerings about us, we in silent meditation fit ourselves for the change which is due (time shall command us to its embrace. The Autumn is a true and earnest heart.

In the interior of Peru there has been discovered a beautiful tunnel and a lasting proof of their civilization.

A Western editor says that a child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed, and which never spoke afterwards. He gives his readers some lines which he says— "were written by a young man who has long since lain in the grave for his own amusement."

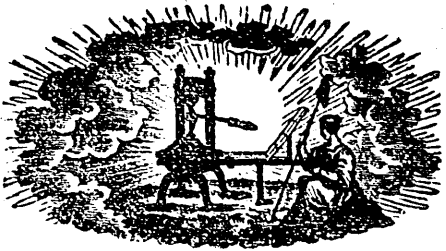
A "stuck up" sort of genius entered a shop in Philadelphia, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed: "Are these apples fit for a hog to eat?"

"I don't know—try them and see," was the instant reply of the shopkeeper.

Mere personal beauty may challenge the admiration of the eye, and hold its worshipper, awhile, in the thrall of passion; but if there be not superadded the ornaments and graces of the spirit, it can



The West-Jersey Pioneer.



REBIDGETON

Saturday Morning, September 27.

CIRCULATION 1450

Daily \$1.00 per Year

JAMES B. FERGUSON, Editor.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be held at Bridgeton, on WEDNESDAY, October 1st, 1856.

Cumberland Co. Agricultural Exhibition.

Our readers will bear in mind that the Third Annual Exhibition of this Society will be held in Bridgeton, on Wednesday next, the first day of October.

Messrs. Dalrymple and Recap are finishing several handsome carriages, which they design for exhibition, and if all of the carriage makers in this town and county were to do what they can in that way, the carriages alone would be an important feature of the Exhibition.

There are many good horses in this county which should be trotted out, but we fear that because they are not all 2-40 nags, many of them will remain at home.

Farmers in particular, should feel an interest in this Exhibition, it will be of advantage to them in innumerable ways.

The Ladies, who at the two previous exhibitions in this place, made such a grand display of fancy articles, should not get weary in well doing, but show to their rivals in other counties, that they are able to compete successfully with them.

The Plowing Match will take place on Tuesday afternoon next, at two o'clock, on the farm of Jonathan Fishian, near Bowenstown.

The State Fair and all the County Fairs that have taken place in this state the present season, are highly spoken of and we trust that the same or even greater praise may be awarded to the Fair of Cumberland County.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Salem Co. Musical Association closed a very pleasant and interesting session on Wednesday evening of the present week, by giving a public concert.

It has been our pleasure to attend several concerts within the past year, but justice requires us to say that our friends in Salem on Wednesday evening of the present week, surpassed all the efforts of the kind since our recollection.

The effort passed off a complete triumph, and we congratulate our friends in Salem upon their felicitous success in this noble and praiseworthy undertaking.

The Farnum Preparatory School.

We have received a circular from the Trustees of this Institution, located at Beverly, from which it appears that it will be opened on Monday, Oct. 6th.

LARGE YIELD OF CORN.

We were shown a week or so since a single stalk of corn, raised by Mr. John Hepler, on his farm about three miles from Bridgeton, in Deerfield township.

Sunday School Pic Nic

On Thursday last week, being in the neighborhood of Pittstown, we should have thought the entire population were emigrating to some "far off country," had we not been informed the day previous by our friend Trencard, at Centerville, that there was to be a "gathering" in the grove near that place—and a gathering it was.

The morning exercises passed off very pleasantly. The dinner was partaken of by several hundred persons of all ages, and, although other important business prevented our being present to discuss the merits of the case, we doubt not it was worthy the occasion, and relished with a hearty cheer.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

A few weeks since we noticed the reception of the Seventh Annual Announcement of this Institution, located at Philadelphia. We are pleased to find in the Delaware County Republican, an editorial, in which the following just remarks are made.

With these facilities, advantages are offered to the students superior to those obtained at many much larger schools. The Faculty is composed of ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent, and at its head we perceive the name of ELLWOOD HARVEY, M. D., a physician of much experience and high standing.

Schooner Launch.

A full rigged SCHOONER, built by Messrs. BANER & CHAMPION, will be launched on Thursday next, the second day of October.

Improved Cider Mill.

The attention of farmers is directed to the advertisement in another column, of Krauser's Improved Portable Cider Mill. These Mills have been thoroughly tested and are said to be the best portable Cider Mill yet invented.

The Banished Son.

This is the title of a new and thrilling work, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," "Rena," "Planters Northern Bride," "Marcus Worland" and other popular works.

A Sad Calamity.

The following circumstance, though not quite so sad as some that have come under our observation, was quite sad enough to a poor colesman, as he was coming in town a few days since, with his wagon-load of charcoal.

Struck by Lightning.

A wagon-house on the premises of Abijah Gould, in Fairfield township, was shattered considerably by the effect of lightning, during the storm on Saturday morning last.

NEW MUSIC.

HORACE WATERBURY, 333 Broadway, New York, Music Publisher, and Agent for the sale of Pianos, Melodians and Harmoniums, has sent us the following popular piece of music:

"WE'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING," Ballad—Words by Henry Clay Preuss; Music by Thomas Baker.

A highly interesting and affecting incident gave rise to the above ballad, affording a genial and extended scope for the conceptive powers of both poet and musician, and that the inspiration received therefrom was of more than ordinary character, we site their joint production in witness.

THE ARK.

This floating palace that for several years past lay in our creek, adjoining the bridge, has at last left for parts unknown. The last glimpse we had of it was a few days since, as it lay in a heap of ruins.

ARRIVAL OF THE KANGAROO.

The steamship Kangaroo, from Liverpool, the 10th inst., arrived here this morning.

ENGLAND.

The London Times has a leader on the suspension of the Royal British Bank. It considers that the Bank has broken in a most disgraceful manner.

FRANCE.

The Emperor's sojourn at Biarritz, will be extended to the 1st of October.

SPAIN.

Madrid journals contain the official justification of the degree by which the Cortes was dissolved. The Ministers declare that this assembly has overstepped the limits of its powers, and that it has behaved regardless of the restrictions which were originally put upon its mandate by the decree of convocation.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

During the thunder storm on Saturday last, the 20th inst., three trees in Deerfield Township, within fifty yards of the house of George Garrison, were struck by lightning.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Bridgeton, Sept. 18, 1856. Trinity M. E. Church, 10 1/2 o'clock.—Convention called to order by Rev. S. Y. Monroe, President.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

THE PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Friday, Sept. 26th, 1856. Sales of 7000 bush of No. 1424 for good and an inferior and Pennsylvania red, and 15000 bush of white—the latter for choice.

MARRIED.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. James Vansant, Rev. Assessor CONVERY to Mrs. ESTHER BARCOCK, both of Atlantic Co., N. J.

DIED.

At Cedarville, on the 23rd inst., MARY H. wife of Rev. Charles E. Diven.

GRAND EXHIBITION AT

BURT'S Hat Emporium The place to buy good hats and caps, is at the HAT MANUFACTORY of Joseph Burt.

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A RARE CHANCE.

THE subscribers offers for sale at a bargain, the fancy articles, stock and fixtures of her Dry Goods Store.

Democratic Township Meetings.

THE Democratic voters of the several townships of the county of Cumberland, are requested to meet at the usual places of holding such township meetings, on SATURDAY the 4th day of October.

Democratic Co. Convention.

THE Democrats of Cumberland County, and all who are in favor of the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency, are requested to meet in Convention at the Hotel of Wm. B. Adams in Bridgeton, on Wednesday Oct. 8th, at 12 o'clock.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

A Convention of the first and second districts of the County will be held at the same time and place as the above County Convention for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the Legislature from each District.

WILLIAM G. LEAKE.

Chairman of the last Co. Convention. Sept. 27, '56.

FALL GOODS.

J. B. POTTER & CO. INVITE the attention of their customers and the public generally to the stock of goods which they have just received.

BOWENTOWN NURSERY.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he has commenced the nursery business in North Bowentown, Hopewell Co., Cumberland County, near the road leading from Bridgeton to Salem.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

AD Personal Property will be sold at public sale, on FRIDAY the 4th day of October, 1856, at the residence of the subscriber in Stone Creek township, the following described real estate.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Superior Court of Common Pleas of the County of Cumberland, to the undersigned, I have levied on the following described property.

ADJOURNMENT.

The above Sale stands adjourned until Tuesday the 21st day of October, 1856, at the same hour and place.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A Journeyman to do all kinds of woodwrighting, inquire of J. H. CROUSE, Sept. 27, '56.

LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-office, Bridgeton, N. J., Sep. 28, 1856.

E. Abigail Baker, M. S. Bennett, F. H. Baldwin, Jno. M. Brown, Joseph Banks, Mary A. Brown.

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C. S. MILLER & CO.

ARE now on hand a large and well-selected stock of Fall and Winter Goods, the largest and best assortment ever offered by us; as we make our purchases entirely for cash, and having adopted the cash system, we are determined to offer to our friends and the public generally, goods at prices so low that shall make a great inducement to buy.

A Few More Left!

In the Pioneer of last week, I noticed an advertisement, claiming that the only regular Hat Store in Bridgeton, was one of the oldest.

POWELL'S, WELLS & CO.

Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch St. below Seventh, Philadelphia. All works on Phrenology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phrenology for sale.

HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Certificate of Ralph Lutz, Esq., Editor of "Spirit of Times," Trenton, Oct. 30, '54.

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