

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.

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TERMS.

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Choice Poetry.

For the West Jersey Pioneer. WORSHIPERS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

In the times of the terrible persecution of the Christians by the church of Rome, great numbers fled for security to the wild mountain fastnesses, and many a lonely spot is hallowed by the prayers of those devoted people of God. A low and solemn anthem Rang on the mountain air, And neath the dark blue arching heavens The Christians knelt in prayer. Their temple was the mountains All lonely drear and wild, While far beneath their native vale In peaceful beauty smiled. And there a splendid temple Glittered with gems and gold, And pealing through the sounding aisles, Rich solemn music rolled. Thus led in gorgeous vesture, Beneath the sculptured dome, The priests administered the rites Of the proud church of Rome. And here among the mountains, Upon the verdant sod, This little band of wanderers Knelt down to worship God. But faith, true, strong, and fearless, Burned like a quenchless flame, Upon the altar of each heart, Through every ill the same. And lo! an ancient prophet Stood forth the leader there, And like a bugle rang his voice Upon the mountain air. "Wo! to the blinded millions Who bow beneath Rome's rod, For on her guilty head shall fall The vengeance of our God!" "Then let us seek the mountains, For here our hearts are free, Here we'll not feel the oppressor's power, Nor bow to tyranny. "Here we can pour our anthems Upon the pure free air, Nor tremble lest our tyrants here The voice of humble prayer. "Here in this Alpine temple Our souls can worship God, Who still hath kindly strengthened us When 'neath th' oppressor's rod. "His arm hath still sustained us In danger, grief, and pain; This still small voice hath cheered our hearts When blood flowed forth like rain." Still, Dec. 1856.

MORAL.

A SKETCH.

BY EDWARD CROTON.

"Ho that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "Please give me a penny to buy some bread, for I am very hungry." "This appeal was made by a small boy, thinly clad, to a man muffled in a heavy cloak, just as he was hurriedly turning out of Broadway into Chamber Street. The man stopped and turned to the boy with a friendly look. "Where do you live, my little man?" "I have no home; my father and mother are both dead." "Where do you stay nights?" "I sleep on the steps of the City Hall most of the time." "How do you get victuals when you are hungry?" "Sometimes people give me a few cents, and sometimes I go hungry for a long time." "Well, here's two dollars for you, this will buy you some food. Take good care of it and don't lose it." "Thank you, sir, I will pray God to bless you, and I know he will for he loves those who are kind to the poor." "Who taught you to pray, my little man?" "My mother, sir. She was a Christian, and is now in Heaven. She told me always to pray to God for such things as I needed, and I was just lifting my thoughts to Him and asking Him to give me some food, when you came along, and you said that my prayer is answered. Oh, sir, God is very good, and I know he'll bless you for what you have done." "The man made no reply, but as he walked away a tear glistened in his eye. I have been, thought he, the effects of early teaching piety to children. Mr. Kensington was a wealthy merchant, who lived in New York.

He had commenced in the capacity of clerk and risen to partner, and at the time of our story was sole owner of a large store. It was his habit to give the boy the money, and he went home with more happiness than if he had made a hundred dollars, for he had the satisfaction of thinking that he had contributed something to alleviate the suffering of one of God's creatures. Time passed and Mr. Kensington saw nothing more of the little boy; although he often cast his eye among the groups of beggars who thronged the streets of the great city; and in the course of a few years the circumstance had almost passed from his mind.

Mr. Kensington was seated in his counting room with a troubled expression on his countenance, carefully examining his books.

"Nothing can save me," he said sorrowfully to his book-keeper.

"No, I see of no way to escape the blow which seems hanging over you."

Just then a stranger entered the store and inquired for Mr. Kensington. He was shown into the counting-room, and bowing, thus addressed him:

"I understand that you have become considerably embarrassed by signing with M— who has lately failed, and I have come to offer you what money you need until you can repay it."

"Who are you that offers me assistance in time of need? I do not remember of ever having seen you before."

"I remember you. Do you not remember of giving a poor boy money one night when he was cold and hungry. That boy has not forgotten you, though ten long years have rolled round since you befriended him. I then resolved that I would become rich in order to repay you. Fortune has favored me, and I come now to offer you what money you need—take it, and pay it to me whenever you can."

Mr. Kensington rose and grasped the hand of the stranger, while tears ran down his cheeks. "I will accept the loan of what I need to keep my business going, and hope I shall be able to repay you ere long."

"How much do you wish?" Mr. Kensington told what sum would answer, and the man set down and filled out a check for the amount.

"There," said he, "take that, and remember that it is the result of being kind to the poor in time of need."

Mr. Kensington in due time paid the amount of the loan, and once more saw himself in the way of prosperity.

But, he said to the poor, for you know not how soon you may need their help.

How I Became A Gambler.

Although I belong to the despised fraternity of gamblers, I have always made it a rule to advise young men to shun the gambling-tables, that they may avoid the ruin which I myself have incurred, and which I will now offer, through your paper, some suggestions to the heads of families on the subject of social card-playing.

I was at least twenty years of age, and had lived some months in New York, before I ever knew the names of the ordinary playing cards—but the importance of a thorough education in the science of games was soon made apparent to me, and in a quarter whence I least expected it. Boarding in Broadway, I gradually formed an acquaintance with a number of highly respectable families.

By one of these I was invited to attend a social party. The heads of this family I knew to be members of an evangelical church, and you may judge of my surprise, when I made my entry into the parlor, to behold most of the company, together with my pious friends, deeply engaged at play—not the plays of innocence, but of depraved gambler!

The father of the family was engaged at chess; while the wife presided at a card-table; their children were among the whist players, and others of the company were engaged at bank-games, dominoes, and checkers.

The wine circulated freely and all seemed happy but myself, who in such a party was a barbarian. I could do nothing but look on and confess my ignorance, or occasionally engage in conversation with some old lady, whilst

"The young and gay Were all engaged in play."

It is needless to say that I spent a very unhappy evening—and that I resolved at once to acquire an education so necessary to the maintenance of a respectable standing in good society! I was not long therefore, in mastering the mysteries of High, Low, Jack and the Game, and of Whist, and a slight knowledge of these led me to desire for further information; until at last I was an adept at a variety of games able to teach others, and was a favorite partner wherever I went. I became exceedingly fond of cards, and as they were introduced into every social circle where I was admitted; my fondness gradually ripened into a passion, which clings to me even to this hour.

No better illustration of the dangers of card-playing can be given, than my own history. In the parlors of respectable families I acquired a taste for play, which finally became an all-absorbing passion, knowing no bounds, and rapidly hurrying me down the road to ruin, where all is misery, desolation, and death! But my case is not a solitary one—thousands of gamblers have been made in the same way—and tens of thousands have fallen before this terrible vice, in consequence of a taste for play being formed in the family circle.—Green's National Guard.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.

You enter the porch. The portly sexton, with his thumb in the armbolts of his vest, meets you at the door, he glances at you, your coat and vest are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Close behind you follows a poor, meek plain clad seamstress, permitted from her treadmill round to think one day in seven of the immortal. The sexton is struck with sudden blindness! She stands embarrassed one moment, then as the truth dawns upon her, retraces her steps, and with crimson blush re-crosses the threshold which she has profaned with plebeian feet. Hark to the organ.

It is a strain from Norma, a little sabbathized. Now the worshippers, one after another, glide in—silk rattle—plumes wave—satin glisten—diamonds glitter, and scores of forty dollar handkerchiefs shake out their floral odors. What an absurdity to preach the gospel of the lowly Nazarine to such a set. The clergyman knows better than to do so. He values his fat salary and handsome parsonage too highly. So with a velvet tread he walks all around the ten commandments—places the doviest pillow under the dying prodigiate's head, and ushers him with a seraphic hymning into an upper heaven.

AGRICULTURE.

FARM WORK FOR DECEMBER.

Winter has come, cold winter, when few men like to be exposed to wind and snow.—But good farmers have finished all the work that could be done in the field, and now for other exertions.

The wood pile must be attended to. We want one month more of fair and dry weather to enable us to pick up the wood now in the field, and to give it a shelter for winter use. And should the snow remain in the clouds till January next, we shall have reason to be thankful, for we can cut our wood better and closer when there is no snow on the ground, though we may want snow in January to enable us to go into rough and rocky woodlots with sleds to carry the wood away.

Young men, now is the time to improve your health and consolidate your frames. During your years of maturity you have had ample time to learn to read, to spell, to write a good hand, to cast accounts, and to become acquainted with general history and geography.

If you have not attended to these small matters before the age of twenty-one, you cannot expect to make much progress in them in future. These foundation stones must be laid before a super-structure can be expected to stand firmly. Our first men obtained their school education in district mansions not a tenth part so costly as the extravagance of the present age has prepared for the rising race. You are now too old to avail yourselves of the advantages of modern schools and modern school houses.

But we advise you to take note of the times. The gross expenditures of the present day for schooling and for school houses must be paid for out of your pockets. It is for you to watch and determine whether scholars can be manufactured faster or better by means of high schools and high school houses, than they were when more modest terms were used and more mental effort was required.

The idea that there was a "royal road" to education was exploded long ago. Give it up now at once and do not seek to make philosophers, or even common scholars, at a high heat. If you unobtrusively thrust your child into a high school before it has made any progress in a common school, you will place it in a position too conspicuous for the eye of a good examining committee, and instead of the word "go up higher," the child will be forced to take "the lowest room."

Mental effort is required of every individual who is to be benefited either by high schools or by common schools. The mind must labor. Much depends on the teacher to put the mind on the right track. Good school houses also are conveniences which the present age will not dispense with. Still "worth makes the man and want of it the fellow."

All the wealth in the universe cannot contrive a short cut to literature or sciences though vast numbers of people seem to suppose that education is improved in proportion to the amount of money put into common schools, &c. But the greatest error of the age consists in the fancy that a school called a high one is better than a common school, and that it is more important to slide into one of them than to be qualified for an admission.

The fact that our high schools are crowded while our common schools are deserted, is no proof that the education of the masses is at all improved. A little smattering of the higher branches of education, usually taught at colleges, is often substituted for the more important ground work which is now too much neglected.

Children should be compelled to attend school at leisure seasons and winter is the time when farmers and mechanics can spare their offspring better than at any other season. Let nothing but actual sickness be an excuse for absence from school. Children naturally intelligent can hardly fail of learning something at a common school, which will set them far before those who are indulged at home and are under no restraint.

It is important that children should recite their lessons in the presence of others. This is a very important art of reading well is seldom acquired in a closet, or under a private tutor. The learner must read aloud and become familiar with the sound of his own voice in school before he can acquire the confidence which is quite essential in all public stations, and in the smallest town offices.

People differ much in regard to the length of the terms for schooling, and they seem quite inconsistent with the dogmas that are insisted on in relation to the hours of common labor on a farm.

Some suppose that where a school is continued throughout the year the students will advance in proportion to the time allotted for school hours. But this is found, on trial, to be an erroneous supposition. You cannot cram a student with the same chance of success as when you cram a turkey, or other poultry, for the market. Time must be allowed for digestion. And it is known to many observers that schools which are continued for half the year are quite as useful as those which are kept up for the twelve months.

Useful men and useful women are not wholly made up in school houses. These are only aids to the natural capacities bestowed by the Creator. What is imbibed at school must be incorporated with that which was inherent, otherwise the mind is not improved or enlarged.—Mass Ploughman.

Beauty without virtue is like a flower without perfume.

HOW TO SAVE CARROTS.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:—

"I have had some experience in saving carrots for spring feeding. After they are pulled and topped, I make a smooth place in the field, and dig a trench, say two feet wide, six or eight inches deep; and then lay in two rails—leaving a space of eight inches between the rails—then lay carrots over these rails so as to leave the space open; then pile on the carrots, say three feet high and four wide.—In this way you can make your pit any desired length; cover it with a coat of straw and about four inches of dirt; but be sure that the ends of the rails be left open so that the air will pass through from one end to the other, and they will not rot or freeze to injury. In this way I have kept mine for a number of years in good order."

Protection of Trees From Mice.

In the fall, say the last of October, dig a way all the grass and roots from the tree, making a circle about two feet in diameter.—This will leave a small space of two inches in depth or more, which fill up with one-half bushel of coal ashes, or, if these cannot be had, some coarse gravel. Ashes are the best as they have a good effect on the tree. Be careful and bring the ashes well up round the roots of the tree, leaving no place where leaves can lodge. Mr. Mouse is a gentleman who likes a good bed, as well as a good dinner.

A CHEAP AND EFFICIENT RAT TRAP.

A good trap may be made by filling a smooth tube to within six inches of the top with water, and covering with chaff. The first rat gets in and makes an outcry because he cannot get out, and the rest coming to see what the matter is, share the same fate.

ORIGINAL.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Mr. Editor:—I thought it not improper, (as you so frequently put us upon matters of locality, &c.) to give you an account of some of my experience. I am a day traveler, or a kind of a wandering Jew. I make myself known only where I distribute my goods, to the value of every cent I receive for them.

I have had the pleasure of traveling thro' the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Salem, and part of Cumberland, making observation as I passed. It does me good; yes, my very soul good to see the improvements, moderately in some places, and daily in others.

Where will you find a country, or a section of country, through which you pass, (considering the deprivation of railroad transportation) that has improved more than those to which I have alluded? The merchant, mechanic and agriculturist, all keeping pace one with the other; doctors, lawyers and divines, each in their sphere, good. At my Yankee home I could not produce more talent.

Notwithstanding these things are so, yet in my travels I find small localities apparently standing still, inhabited by men of talent and enterprise; but they are crippled; let them branch, and that branch is, by some unfeeling wretch, lopped off. This is not as it should be.

Where will you find a more beautiful village than Woodbury? The inhabitants therein saying to the passer-by, we are proud of our situation! Look at their streets, with a universal shade in mid-summer. Look at those well plotted and arranged yards, attached to almost every dwelling, interspersed with the most beautiful evergreens! Pride is there, yes, and such pride as should be in every place, their hotels, I may almost say, are models, for West Jersey. There you will find William and his good lady, always ready to greet the weary traveler with that smile so natural to them, always ready to do you good. Blessed is the man that is fed by them.

Then on to Carpenter's Landing. In former days, I am told, it was a universal stand still, but those days are passed and gone.—This is the time I speak of; this is the hour of description; this the moment. I call your attention to, yes, look at the daily improvements. To whom shall I give the credit?—To all. I suppose it is only some hidden enterprise lately broke from its hiding place.—No matter to whom the credit is due, so it is. They have in that place a good and respectable hotel, one that no man need be ashamed to stop at. The traveling public speaks well for it.

Barnsboro'—There is a slow but sure progress of improvement. Clever Johnny is a about, always ready to give to you the needful.

Hardingville but a short time since was not much; but now you will find there merchants and mechanics, all doing a good business. There you will find that kind and an accommodating two, Mr. and Mrs. E.—always ready to supply your every want—a man and woman such as it will do your stomachs good to find.

Pittstown is a flourishing little village.—There is he who holds the helm of righteousness. There is he who is trying to bend his way on to good, and begs of all to follow him in the pathway of righteousness. There is the Doctor with his newly received partner for life, all of which is among the improvements of the day. He is the man in time of trouble—he is the relief of all the distressed.

There is in that place a hotel, kept by one William, and a clever fellow he is. Yes, and there is little Johnny the fiddler; I don't know what the fun-loving part of the commu-

nity would do without him. Go it, Johnny, while you are young.

Then to Centreville. What do you find there? The same old buildings, marked with age. Why is there such a stand-still in its appearance? It is a business place; no one will deny that! Then why does it not move on in the path of improvement? Is its locality against it? No. Is it because there are no enterprising men there? No, not so. I know some of them; yes, I know them well. I know there are men in this place whose hearts are big with action; men who have enlivened the place, and could do it again. Then, I ask, what is the cause? Me thinks I hear one say, go to him whose action is all against any enterprise; go to him who has been fed and clothed in former days by them, and ask, why is this opposition? why do you misrepresent and abuse them? If I do go to that source for information, conscience would silence them. I know you; come out from your hiding place, and be a man among men. The day will come when he whom you persecute will stand in front; and look down upon you; not to scorn, but to pity—you will be despised by the world.

That old and venerable Inn is there. Not long since, I called to have myself, and horse entertained. A man was there, a stranger to me; a man upon whom I never before had the pleasure to look, and I found him to be a man, every inch of him, (and he is not short), but I dared to talk to him. A clever, accommodating fellow he is. But upon inquiry, he told me he had no license. Had he told me he had no wife, I should not have been more surprised. I asked him the cause. His only reply was, they were rejected. Rejected by whom? I asked. He refused to tell me. Said I, look here, my friend, I know the whole. Perhaps you do, say he; but I have only to say they were rejected.

Then being left to the knowledge I had of men and things, I had only to suppose they were rejected by the judges. I have no doubt but that it was a conscientious act. If so, I would ask those Judges, is it right?—Look at that place! Look at my humble self, and hosts of other weary travellers! No where to lay our heads; no lodgment for ourselves and horses. Hear us pleading with a man whose voice is uplifted against this worthy host and family. Look at that hard and flinty heart of his. If a comfortable bed and bed; we weary travelers neither of them. Hark at his reply! They would spurn me from their comforts, and say, go to Samuel, he who now occupies that same old building.

Now, gentlemen, this man Samuel will feed me, and do it right. But I tell you, he cannot afford it. Let these human feeling men put their actions to their word. Let them put their hands to the plough, and not their tongues. Let them use their purses, and not their slanders; then, and not until then, can a man situated like Samuel afford to keep a house without license. But no, they will not do it. See them traveling on a cold and frosty morning, you will see them first to the stove, and last to leave it, and without the least compensation to the landlord. But thank Peter, there are but few such men. I see you, Judges and people; some of you I know, (Judges), yes, and I am proud that I do; and I am bold to say no man of honesty will say ought against you. You have proved yourself in State and Congress. West Jersey may well be proud of such men. I only attribute this mistake to a want of knowledge of the situation of the place. The other Judges I do not know. There may be some hidden enmity; if so, Tom forbid. Do wrong to many to average one. O no, it cannot be. Then why the rejection?

It is not that they do not know all about the place. It is not that they do not know that business is taken away from the place, and travelers are turned other ways on the account of there being no licensed Inn there. It is not that they do not know that a public house is wanted there; and I may almost say more than any place in the western part of the County. It is not because they do not know that there was but one man in the village who raised his voice against it. Then why is it? Why do you reject? O, I forbear to give my opinion! Some of you know that it would enliven the place, and no more rum would be drunk than there is now. A few small drinks would necessarily take the place of quarts, yes gallons. Perhaps some of you Judges do not know the above to be true, but some of you, I know do. I learned a short distance from the place, with reference to the one opposition, but did not, neither could I learn, who he is, neither do I care. Be he who he may, I would not trust my empty stomach with the bounties of his hospitality.

O, men and Judges! reconsider; I plead for the place. I have no interest—only a would-be transient lodger. But to you, brethren, do not turn aside from Centreville on the account of my pleading or my description. Samuel is there, and he will not let you or your horses go away hungry—only let your wants be known.

Now, Mr. Editor, I shall be around again soon, and if I learn more I will tell you.

YANKEE PEDLAR.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY MEN HARRY!

BY EANNY HOWARD.

I verily believe one-half of the young men who marry, take that responsibility upon themselves for the express purpose of having some one to wait upon them! You know that they couldn't at all times call upon a servant to lunt up their slippers, curl their hair, or tie their cravat. And then how delightful it is, when a young gent finds his little wife half asleep in the arm-chair, patiently waiting his return from the opera or theatre where perhaps he had been carving on a flirtation with half a dozen young ladies, not to say a word about the smiles and bouquets bestowed on a favorite actress! How she opens her large black, or blue eyes, and tries to look pleased, but poor soul she should have courage to ask him why he staid so late, or where he had been, do you think he would condescend to tell her? Not he indeed! He merely takes his watch out of his pocket, and exclaims:

"Bless my heart! I had no idea it was so late; I've been so engaged with business to-night I was not aware how time passed; come Basic, like a comfittle wife, get me something to eat, then I'm off to bed!"

So the poor thing must only smother her feelings—if she is unfortunate enough to be very sensitive—and go down into the kitchen or cellar, (for of course the servants are in bed) and get some supper for her lord and master.

Then she must stop after he retires to see that the gas is turned off, and the fire is safe; and quite likely after she goes to her room, she may have to run down stairs again for a glass of water, if his lordship should take it in his head he required one.

Thus wives are looked upon as a mere appendage to the comforts of the other sex.

Still, I must allow, one here and there may be found wholly free from such selfishness;—one whose soul yearns for companionship—considering a hundred spirits necessary to render her happiness complete! Blessed must the woman be whose fate is in keeping of such treasure. Will may she rest her head on his bosom, in full confidence that its throbbings are for her alone.

And then how she cherishes the remembrance of him in his absence; for his love, like a beacon of light hovers around her, cheering her, amid all her labors, smoothing the waves which so often ruffle the dark yart of matrimony, strengthening her against temptation, and enabling her to turn an eye of cold indifference on all, but he who claims her for his own.

Now, lady reader, if you are fortunate enough to be united to one of those stars of earth, value them as being far more estimable—even though they may not have acquired the polish of the world—then the heirless being whose a hundred spirits necessary to render her happiness complete! Blessed must the woman be whose fate is in keeping of such treasure. Will may she rest her head on his bosom, in full confidence that its throbbings are for her alone.

But bear up like a woman; never shrink from his coldness, though it falls upon your very soul like ice; what good would that do? why, he would only laugh at you if he saw you were pining beneath his neglect. No, no, take my advice, turn your back to care, and appear as one of this cold world's happy inmates though your heart swells to breaking. If I have been rather sarcastic in expressing my opinion of the sterner sex, I hope they will forgive me. At the same time I am sure they cannot deny the existence of wholesome truths in my remarks, from which I sincerely trust, they may be able to glean hints, that may prove profitable to them in matrimonial career.

FATTENING TURKEYS.

The following experiment on Fattening Turkeys was published in the Pioneer, about a year since, but as many of our farmer friends may not have observed it we republish it at this reasonable time when Turkeys are being fattened for Christmas and New Years dinners.

The alimentary properties of charcoal are very great; indeed, it has been asserted that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that, too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritious grains. In an experiment made to test the value of the article, four turkeys were taken and confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same breed were also confined at the same time, in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of very fine pulverized charcoal mixed with their meal and potatoes; they had also a plentiful supply of broiled charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal; they being much the fatter, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor. This would appear to establish, beyond a doubt, the benefit of charcoal for fattening purposes.

SAGACITY IN A DOG.

The subjoined incident is a striking illustration of the canine sagacity. We find in the California Trinity Times:

"William Drege lives about five miles from town, at the base of the mountains which tower north of us. A short time after mid-night, on the morning of Wednesday last, he was roused from his slumbers, by the howling of a dog. No moment on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal howling and howling occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised, and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration; Mr. Drege, at last hastily dressed himself and unbolted the door, when a large mastiff rushed in. The dog at once caught hold of his trousers and employed every gentle means to induce the man to accompany him outside. Drege's first impression was that the animal was mad, and yet

so peculiar and earnest were the dumb entreaties, that he finally yielded, and proceeded toward the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute, now capering and wagging his tail, ran before him, and now returning and gently seizing him by the hand and trousers, induced Drege to follow him.

"Their course was up the precipitous side of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through one of its numerous fissures. Here they halted in one of its numerous fissures. Here comes the wonder. Upon the narrow ledge of a body of a woman, who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in death; but what was the surprise of Mr. Drege to see that faithful dog ferret out of a bundle of clothing, that by the side of the woman a young child, about two years of age, still warm and living. A little inspection aided by the starlight and the brightness of the snow enabled him to discover that the person of the woman was nearly motionless. With a mother's affection she had stripped her own person in order to furnish warmth to her exposed infant. The trusty dog had completed her work of self sacrifice.

"Mr. Drege immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and, arousing some of his neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from the attack of will beasts the person of the unfortunate woman. Her body was buried the next day. The child and the dog had been adopted by this good Samaritan; but as yet he has been unable to obtain any to the name of the woman, or how she happened to stray on the dismal mountain-side at such an unfortunate hour. The child is doing well, and is truly a handsome boy."

THE PRAIRIE CHIEF.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Journal gives an interesting account of a noted wild horse which has been captured in that vicinity. It was known as the 'Prairie Chief,' or wild horse of Yale, and is considered the best native trotter in the State, and the most enduring animal perhaps in any country. He had baffled for years any attempts to capture him, although every method that ingenuity could devise and man execute was tried years ago. More than forty horsemen, mounted on the very flower of the ranches, pursued him from time to time, often running him from sun to sun, and occasionally hunting him on the prairie, where he proved as fresh as on the first day; but he was, until at last captured, even when hottest pursued, was seen to break into a gallop. Trotting, he could go around most horses galloping. Once he was decamped, by means of other horses, into a corral. He was, after several attempts, driven into a narrow pass and there lassoed, but he snapped the lasso in an instant and escaped.

The last effort I attempt to secure him, however, succeeded, and the noble animal was robbed of the freedom he had so long and so gallantly contended for. A party of thirty persons, well mounted, assembled at the place where he was known to be grazing—which was along a range of hills on the west bank of the Sacramento. A few of them, in the morning drove him to the mountains, when he was compelled to turn back upon the plain, where the party, scattered in squads for a distance of thirty miles along the country, dashed at him by turns, and thus drove him at full speed, back and forth, to the plains, until he was completely jaded and worn out.

At dark they were enabled to lasso and capture him. Thus did this wonderful horse run, or trot, the entire day, without a moment's breathing time. At the close, when fully pursued, he broke into a gallop. It is estimated by those who know him, that he could be traveled from 100 to 170 miles, and about fourteen hands high, and is believed to be about 15 years of age, and is, withal, very fierce. A reward of fifteen hundred dollars was offered for his capture.

THE LITTLE JOKER.

In the greater times of the party, when substantial justice was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys, of which it was alleged that plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as thimble-rigging. In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert" undertook to enlighten the court as to the modus operandi of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:

"Then, may it please the Court, the defendant, placing the cups on his knee thus, began shifting them so, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which cup was the little joker—meaning thereby, may it please the Court, this ball—with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup so, your honor's supposes you see the ball?"

"Suppose I see!" interrupted the judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why say darn fool can see where it is, and bet on it and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' thar."

"Perhaps your Honor would like to go a V on it, inasmuch as the counsel."

"Go a V? Yes, and double it, too, and here is the rhim. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury, and I, and I," joined in the jurors, one after the other, until each had invested his pile."

"Up!" said his Honor.

