

# The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Hygiene, Agriculture, Commerce, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Subscription of Post or Retail.

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BRIDGETON N. J. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

VOL. XI—NO 619

## The West Jersey Pioneer.

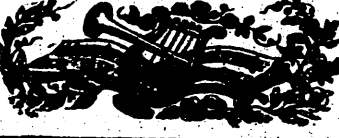
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### CHOICE POETRY.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Mary Lavinia, was the daughter of William and Helen Hartley, a bright and beautiful girl, the joy and pride of her parents. To natural grace and amiability were early added those christian graces which are so necessary to adorn and beautify the female character, shedding a divine lustre and throwing a halo over the pathway of life.

On the 28th of Feb. 1852, while praying for a new heart, her soul was instantly filled with joy and peace in believing. Now she began to sing, "How happy are they who their Saviour obey."

On the 7th of March the same year, she joined the Union M. E. Church of Camden, N. J., and from henceforth lived on humble, intelligent and deeply pious christianity. But she is gone—gone to join "The general assembly and Church of the first born." After months of protracted illness, death came as a kind messenger from Heaven to her relief. She died on the 29th ult., full of hope and full of joy, triumphing over self, and over the fear of death, through the blood of the Lamb.

The following lines which were composed by herself, in anticipation of her approaching death, are touching and beautiful, and will doubtless be read with interest by many who can appreciate the couplets which must have been the bosom of one so closely allied to two words:

Lines to the Few who will not Forget me.

O when your sky seems clouded,  
In deepest darkness shrouded,  
And your dark hearts are crowded  
With memories gone;

Then think how sweet I sleep  
Down in the earth so deep,  
No more to wake to weep,  
No tears are done.

Oh! come not to my tomb  
When Nature rounds in gloom  
Her spacious drawing room  
Her spacious drawing room;

But come when sunshine throws  
Her radiance over the dews  
Which round my grave shall close  
To scatter flowers.

'Tis sweet for me to think  
There are some hearts which link  
My soul to theirs, and sink  
My memory deep.

A few will not forget  
My soul so early set  
Until again we meet  
No more to weep.

O life! my heart-strings cling  
To every living thing  
To all the birds that sing  
Around my home;

Yet each fair tree and vine  
And all these flowers are mine  
But for a little time;  
I'll soon be gone.

My loved ones, Father keep  
Their hearts from weeping  
When I lie down to sleep  
The sleep of death.

May their affections twine  
Round those that I left behind  
More closely till the time  
They yield their breath.

O! let not thoughts of me  
A saddening memory be  
But think how happily  
You still may live;

Each still hath six to love  
And all the gentle dove  
Of peace shall with you move,  
You need not grieve.

Then think another tie  
Hath linked you to the sky  
For loved ones by and by  
Will meet again;

Meet where there is no night—  
No death—no sin—no blight—  
For God—himself—the light  
Shall ever reign.

GET MORE THAN THEY WANTED.  
The following is attributed to the celebrated Rowland Hill:

"Two strangers passing the church in which he was preaching, entered, walked up the aisle, and finding no seat, stood for while and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out. Before they reached the door, the preacher said: 'But I will tell you a story.' This arrested the strangers, and they passed, turned again, and listened. 'Once there was a man,' said the speaker, 'who said that if he had all the trees in the world made into one great tree, and all the trees in the world made into one great tree, and he could wield the axe and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whip to thrash those ungodly men who turn their backs upon the Gospel, and stop to hear a story. The stranger thought they had heard enough to satisfy their curiosity, and resumed their walk in the street.'

"Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a resal living in port.

"No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the mate."

"The Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1784, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved that no member of the Legislature is allowed to come to the House bare-footed, or eat his bread and cheese on the steps."

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that law."

"No, mother, it wasn't greedy that it cost me my mind."

Never spend your money before you have it.

### From the American Agriculturist.

#### TIM BUNKER ON RAISING GIRLS.

Mr. Editor—  
Ever since I sent you that account of the "gal horse race" got up by Col. Lawson last Fall, I have been thinking about the way girls are brought up in this country. Indeed, I have had considerable many ideas on that subject, ever since our Sally was born and the matter has been brewing, as Mrs. Bunker says of her beer, for well nigh twenty years. Last Winter when I was down South, I got some ideas, and I am now so full on this topic, that I shall boil over, unless I dip out a little into your paper.

I count a well grown, well behaved, and educated woman, as the very blossom of creation. She is the last made, reserved for the good, because best, as there is nothing so good a woman, so there is nothing so bad as a splendid woman. And now I am sorry to say that very many girls are utterly spoiled. They are not well balanced and well adapted to the work that woman has to do. The most are brought up with such notions, that they go through life discontented and unhappy.

There is Deacon Smith's daughter Eliza—a fair sample of the kind of bringing up I mean. They are very good people over there, but they seem to forget that children have got to grow up, and can't be playthings forever. They did not teach her to do any thing, when she was a little girl. She pretended to go to school, but it was only when she took a notion to go. "There was no habit of study fixed, and so she got discouraged, and disgusted, with all kinds of books that required any thinking. She had a little discipline of body, as she could not see or well, did not know how to make up a bed, or to darn a stocking, could not broil a fowl, or boil a pudding. Some how, her mother seemed to think, these every day matters were not worth attending to. She said she was going to make a lady of Eliza, and marry her off to some rich man, who would not want a wife that knew how to work. 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