Centennial Edition

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Aroostook Pioneer

December 1, 1857 to December 31, 1932

AROOSTOOK PIONEER.

JOSEPH B. HALL, Editor.] A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Agriculture, Manufactures, Education, Literature and News. [W. S. GILMAN & CO., Publishers.

VOL. I. PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1857. NO. 1.

AROOSTOOK PIONEER.

SONG OF THE SPADE.

Give me the spade and the man that can use it;
A fig for your lord and his soft silken hand;
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give it back to the giver—the land, boys, the land.
There's no bank like the earth to deposit your labor—
The more you deposit the more you shall have;
If there's more than you want you can give to your neighbor,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.
Give me the spade—Old England's glory,
That fashioned the field from the bleak, barren moor;
Let us speak of its praise with ballad and story,
While 'tis brightened with labor, nor tarnished with gore.
It was not the sword that won our best battle,
Created our commerce, and extended our trade,

the relative profit of stock raising and wool growing, and many other subjects are worthy of a thorough investigation and careful comparison of results.

We suppose that the Pioneer is open to such discussions as these, and if farmers will only avail themselves of the advantages it offers for discussing agricultural matters they might make it worth many times the subscription price to them annually, in this respect alone.

Farmers of Aroostook! will you make the Pioneer a medium of communication, or not? THEATES.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1857.

The suggestions of our esteemed correspondent are worthy of consideration. The columns of the Pioneer are open to the Farmers, and we hope they will avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from pursuing the course marked out by our friend. ED. PIONEER.

For the Aroostook Pioneer.

THE RURAL COTTAGE—No. 1.

MR. EDITOR:—It may be noticed by many of your readers, that they have before heard, in a formal address before the North Aroostook Agricultural Society, the substance of this article on the above topic. This incidental reference therefore

timely, appropriate, and proportionate, in our equipage and mode of life, I will still say that our homes are more sacred than our outward persons,—that a useless outlay there, which remains, while we come and go, is a wiser deposit of our means for personal benefit, than gilded equipage on our journeys abroad. In this particular, I feel that I cannot use language too strong, especially when I speak to a hard laboring yeomanry, who, by the appointment of the Almighty, are the first—the most worthy claimants to the best comforts and pleasures that this world, in any way affords.

Every man's house is his castle, by the laws of the land—the laws of God and the common consent of humanity. It is the central point of interest,—the great focus of all his labors and his treasures, whether he be high or humble in his possessions, and in his relations of rank to the community of man. The family residence is the place where character is born—where it is created, nurtured and matured, and I know that I am within the bounds of truth—of proveable facts, when I say that whatever pertains to the location, as well as the arrangements and fixtures of that home, all go to modify and give direction to that character which is there born, nurtured, matured and given to the world—that the

Take care of your Cattle.

There is a prevailing fault among farmers in neglecting young cattle. Go through the country, and you will see calves, yearlings, and two-year olds, shivering and shaking in the fields or yards, through the month of November, and often into December. In fact, through the entire winter, they are exposed to the weather, and live on poorer feed than other cattle. Now this is all wrong. Cattle should be better fed and better housed at such ages, than at any other period, if you intend to raise good stock. If calves or yearlings become stunted by neglect of food or shelter, they never recover from it. They may make good oxen and good cows, but never so good as they would have been, if they had been properly cared for when young. Many farmers understand this, and let their calves have a good share of milk, and provide well for them afterwards; while many others stint them as to milk, and when larger, as to food and shelter. Such young cattle are jocosely said to have been "knocked on the head with the milk-pail," or to have been "sick of the *shorts!*" These complaints are altogether too prevalent for the advantage of neat stock, or the economy of their growing. Now extra fine stock, when calves, usually run with their dams the first year, and have continuous extra care afterward, but there is no profit in such stock-raising, and the practice is not to be followed, only by such as have little care for expense or profit. A good mode is to take the calf from the cow at a day old, put it in a clean, dry pen, and let it have two teats of the cow to suck the first week, three during the second, and all during the third or fourth.—The calf, if he takes a part from all the teats

AUTUMN.

How dear to roam along the sunny hills,
When Autumn spreads her bounties on the plain;
When Industry his gamered treasure fills
With richest stores from fields of ripened grain;
When slow across the fields the pondrous wain,
Deep laden with the yellow ears, is drawn,
While from wide trees that overhang the lane,
The ripe red apples, shaken down at dawn,
Lie scattered thick and far along the level lawn.

The winding rill along the sunny vale
Sings its sweet song to cheer the reaper's heart;
And oft its voice the pensive Autumn gale
Will join and cause the rustling leaves to start;
While scores of screaming blackbirds bear their part,
With varied notes, yet full of melody;
And troops of noisy boys, with dog and cart,
Are hasting to the hills with youthful glee,
To shake the nuts from the tall walnut tree.

But soon this beauteous pageantry shall fail,
And every mellow tint of Autumn fade;
A melancholy murmur fills the gale,
And sorrow saddens o'er the yellowing glade;
Through thickening clouds the suns of Autumn wade.
And beauty sets upon the hills no more;
The verdure of the wood is prostrate laid,
And soon the Autumn rains begin to pour,
And down the craggy rocks the swelling torrents roar.

How to Cook Potatoes.

We are all potato eaters, (for ourselves we esteem potatoes beyond any other vegetable,) yet few persons know how to cook them. Shall we be bold enough to commence our hints by presuming to inform our "grandmothers" how.

To Boil Potatoes.—Put them into a saucepan with scarcely sufficient water to cover them. Directly the skins begin to break, lift them from the fire, and as rapidly as possible pour off *every drop* of the water. Then place a coarse (we need not say clean) towel over them, and return them to the fire again until they are thoroughly done, and quite dry. A little salt, to taste, should have been added to the water before boiling.

Potato Cheese Cake.—One pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar and butter, and four eggs, to be well mixed together; bake them in patty pans, having first lined them with puff paste.

Potatoes Fried in Slices.—Peel large potatoes slice them about a quarter of an inch thick, or cut them into shavings, as you would peel a lemon; dry them well in a clean cloth, and fry them in lard or dripping: Take care that the fat and frying-pan are quite clean; put it on a quick fire, and, as soon as the lard boils, and is still, put in the slices of potato, and keep moving them until they crisp; take them up and lay them to drain on a sieve. Send them to the table with a little salt sprinkled over them.

Potatoes Escolloped.—Mash potatoes in the usual way; then butter some nice clean scollop-shells, patty pans, or tea-cups, or saucers; put in your potatoes, make them smooth at the top; cross a knife over them,

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A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Literature, Arts, Agriculture, News, General Intelligence, &c., &c.

VOL. I. HOULTON, MAINE, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1860. NO. 1.

POETRY.

SCHOOLS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The schools—the schools of other days!
Those were the schools for me;
When, in a frock and trousers dressed.
I learned my A. B. C.

When, with my dinner in my hat,
I trudged away to school;
Nor dare to stop, as boys do now—
For school ma'ams had a rule!

With locks well combed, and face so clean,
(Boys washed their faces, then,)
And a "stick horse" to ride upon—
What happy little men.

And if a traveller we met
We threw no sticks or stones,
To fright the horses as they passed,
To break good peoples bones.

But with our hats beneath our arms,
We bent our heads full low.
For ne'er the school ma'am failed to ask,
"Boys did you make a bow?

And all the little girls with us,
Would courtesy full low,
And hide their ancles' neath their gowns—
(Girls don't have ankles now.)

We stole no fruit, nor tangled grass;
We played no noisy games,
And when we spoke to older folks,
Put handles on their names.

And when the hour for school had come,
Of bell we had no need—
The school ma'am's rap upon the glass
Each one would quickly heed.

The school ma'am—Heaven bless her name—
When shall we meet the like?
She always wore a green calash,
A calico vandyke.

She never sported pantalette,

ing marriage to her. He retorted bitterly, vaunted his hold on her and Philip, and swore an oath that unless she became his wife, they should both henceforward be penniless. Losing his habitual self control in his exaspiration, he even added insults such as women never receives from any one deserving the name of man, and at his own convenience left the house. That day, Philip returned to New York, after an absence of several weeks on the business of a mercantile house in whose employment he had lately engaged.

Toward the latter part of the same afternoon, Mr. Covert was sitting in his office, in Nassau street, busily at work, when a knock at the door announced a visitor, and directly afterward young Marsh entered the room. His face exhibited a peculiar pallid appearance that did not striked Covert at all agreeably, and called his clerk from an adjoining room, and gave him something to do at a desk near by.

"I wish to see you alone, Mr. Covert if convenient," said the new comer.

"We can talk quite well enough, where we are," answered the lawyer: "indeed, I don't know that I have any leasure to talk at all, for just now I am very much pressed with business."

as well as himself had received, and were still likely to receive, at the hands of that bold bad man—how mean, selfish, and unprincipled was his character—what base and cruel advantages he had taken of many poor people, entangled in his power, and of how much wrong and suffering he had been the author, and might be again through future years. The very turmoil of the elements, the harsh roll of the thunder, the vindictive beating of the rain, and the fierce glare of the wild fluid that seemed to riot in the farocity of the storm around him, kindled a strange sympathic fury in the young man's mind. Heaven itself (so deranged was his imaginings) appeared to have provided a fitting scene and time for a deed of retribution, which to his disordered passion half wore the semblence of a divine justice. He remembered not the ready solution to be found in Covert's pressure of business which had no doubt kept him later than usual; but fancied some mysterious intent in the ordaining that he should be there and that they two should thus meet at that untimely hour. All this whirl of influences came over him with startling quickness at that horrid moment. He stepped to the side of his guardian.

"Ho!" said he, "have we met so soon,

The crowded court room made way for him as he came out; hundreds of curious looks fixed upon his features, and many a jibe passed upon him. But of all that arena of human faces, he saw only *one*-a sad, pale, black-eyed one, cowering in the centre of the rest. He had seen that face twice before—the first time as a warning septre, the second time, in prison, immediately after his arrest—now for the *last* time! This young stranger—this son of a scorned and persecuted race—coming to the court-room to perform an unhappy duty, with the intention of testifying to what he had seen, melted at the sight of Philip's bloodless cheek, and of his sister's convulsive sobs, and forbore witnessing against the murderer. Shall we applaud or condemn him? Let every reader answer the questing for himself.

That afternoon Philip left New York. His friendly employer owned a small farm some miles up the Husdon, and until the excitement of the affair was over, he advised the young man to go thither. Philip thankfully accepted the proposal, made a few preparations, took a hurried leave of Esther, with a sad foreboding, which indeed proved true, that he should see her no more on earth, and by nightfall was settled in his new abode.

And how, think you, rested Philip Marsh

CHAPTER IV.

After desolating the cities of the eastern world, the dreaded Cholera made its appearance on our American shores. In New York, hardly had the first few cases occurred, when thousands of the inhabitants precipitately left town, and sought safety in the neighboring country districts. For various reasons, however, large numbers still remained, While fear drove away so many—poverty, quite as stern a force, also compelled many to stay were they were. The desire of gain, too, made a large number continue their business as usual, for competition was narrowed down, and profits were large. Besides these, there was, of the number who remained, still another class, every name among whom is brightly kept in the records writ by God's angels.—These were the men and women, heedless of their own small comfort, who went out amid the diseased, the destitute, and the dying, like merciful spirits—wiping the drops from hot brows, and soothing the agony of cramped limbs—speaking words of consolating to many a despairing creature, who would else have been vanquished by his soul's weakness alone—and treading softly but quickly from bedside to bedside, with those little officers which are so grateful to the sick, but which can so sel-

"Why are you crying, my little son?" said he.

The child ceased his sobs and looked up, but made no answer.

"Are you alone here?" continued Philip. "Is your father or mother sick?"

"My brother is sick," answered the child. "I have no father. He is dead."

"Did he die of the cholera, then?"

"No," replied the boy, "a bad man killed him a year ago."

Philip's heart quivered as if some harsh instrument had cut into it. A dim foreboding, not without joy too, came dreamily to him.

"What is your name, my poor boy?" he asked.

"Adam Covert," said the child.

And that the same moment Philip was down the area steps, and had entered the door.

By the death of Covert, his two children were left without any protector, and almost without a shelter. The lawyer's business was conducted on a plan so entirely without method—the knowledge of its details being confined to himself almost exclusively—that it would have been difficult for any one to realize the smallest sum over the demands against him. In this state of things several rapacious credi-