

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!

BRIDGETON N. J. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1855.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 403

T. & J. S. Ferguson,
PUBLISHERS.

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-paid, and accompanied by the author's name, to insure attention. Office—Brick Building, Corner of Commerce and Pearl Streets.

Choice Poetry.



For the West Jersey Pioneer.

SONNETS.

BY EMMA LEE EVANS.

The day still lingers in the glowing west,
As loathe to leave me to the gloomy night
My heart leaps up within my weary breast:
And joys it in the gold and crimson light
That plays alternate with Eve's sable veils—
To chase the shadows from my cheek, all pale,
And find faint glory on the wanderer's track.
Sweet onset! its rain; the solemn night must come,
Your light be quenched in darkness evermore,
And she who blesses you, life's journey done,
Will follow you far pathway to that shore,
Where all things fair and bright, must be at last,
Merged in the one ineffable Past,
Camden, Nov. 15, 1855.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

LINES.

BY MRS. SARAH S. BOWWELL.

Not lost, but gone before!
Gone, ere thy young life's joy was dimmed by
sadness,
Gone, in thy infant purity and gladness,
Gone to the better shore.
Not lost, but gone before!
A flower's brief life, to thee, fair child was given,
And now thy loveliness unfolds in heaven,
Where sin can blight no more.
Not lost, but gone before!
And now in heaven with angels thou art dwelling,
Where songs of holy joy are ever swelling,
And peace reigns evermore.
Gone, but thou art still mine;
Mine, by the deep, strong, holy love I bore thee,
Mine, by the earnest prayers I murmured o'er
thee.
My angel thou art divine,
And thou art with the Lord;
All blessed be his name, for he hath given
And taken away, and though my soul is riven,
I'll bow before his word.
Not lost, but gone before!
And when the ties which bind me here are riven,
And round me pours the glorious light of heaven,
I shall see thee once more.

Not lost but gone before!
Mine eyes, now dim with weeping, shall behold
thee;
I shall with rapturous joy again unfold thee,
Where death's dread reign is o'er.
O! thou art mighty death!
Thou dost destroy the body, but forever
Endures love's holy power—thou canst not sever
Its ties by thy chill breath.
Shiloh, Cumberland Co., N. J.

THE ANGEL WHISPER.

In midnight hours, dark, lonely, dreary,
In a chamber lone and small,
A mother watched, with eyesight weary,
O'er her child—her earthly all.
The autumn winds without were sighing,
In their mournful tones replying,
To the doubts which did enthrall,
With shadows dim, her heart encircling,
Nearer, closer, ever clouding
All its hopes as with a pall.
How she watched the moonlight, stealing
Through the broken casement there!
"Till you fall, with mournful pealing"
Told a knell upon the air.
With its tones his breath departed,
Leaving her lone, broken-hearted,
In the anguish of despair!
O'er his lifeless form now kneeling,
Tears gave vent to pent up feeling,
Deluging his golden hair.
Hark! The angel tones now speaking,
In sweet accents soft and low,
Giving proofs her mind was seeking,
And her heart which much to know—
Bringing words of consolation
To her in her desolation,
Chasing her amid her woes:
"Mother, I am ever near thee,
In thy loneliness to cheer thee,
Lift thine eyes from all below!"
Mark the smile, in beauty beaming,
On her features pale and wan,
And she murmurs—"I am dreaming!"
Now those angel tones are gone:
But their echoes, still remaining,
Life and love and hope sustaining,
Cheer her heart ere she do fall;
"Till at last the angel whisper,
Soft and low as evening vesper,
Called her spirit back and won."
There are five hundred millions more
of heathens than of Christians in the world.

MORAL.

GOVERNOR POLLOCK'S LECTURE.

Governor Pollock delivered the opening lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, of Lancaster, about three weeks since. His subject was the "Known and the Unknown in their relations to each other, and to Man as a physical, intellectual, and moral being." A Lancaster paper says that the lecture was "one of those beautifully complete extempore efforts, to which the abstract reporter can rarely do justice." We copy a brief extract:

In contemplating the wonders of creation, as revealed by revelation and science, and one sentiment should fill our hearts—reverence for their Author. We know, and knowing, desire to know—for the mind of man in its insatiable thirst for knowledge, is never satisfied; it is ever progressive; has no stopping place in time or eternity—all this proves that the soul is immortal. Shall it be said that this exalted desire for knowledge, must perish—the mind with the body? Oh, no! The soul shall live. There is a God. How chilled and blighted the heart that doubts it. All things around and within attest this divine truth. To know ourselves is to know this—Then our duty is plain. In our pursuit of knowledge in the fields of science and literature, let us not forget that higher knowledge which purifies the heart and sanctifies the soul.

The book of nature has been opened before us this evening; but I would not be true to myself and to those whom I address, did I not point you to that other Book. The question was asked of old, and is still asked, "What is truth? and where can truth be found?" Turn from Nature and open the Bible. Truth can there be found—an emanation from the living God—there truth is revealed in letters of living light—there can man his duty learn.

The speaker concluded by exhorting the young men of the Christian Association to go on in the work so auspiciously begun—How many young men in entering our large cities—leaving a beloved father or mother—out upon the open world, without the compass of their affectionate counsel to guide them through the shoals of life—have fallen into the snares of the tempter, which beset them on every hand, and are lost to themselves and society. To "seek and to save the lost" is the holy mission of the gospel; but let your aim be to rescue from danger. Say to me, in the language of guilty sinners, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Be as brethren one to another—act well the part of the good Samaritan. Call to remembrance, in the mind of the wayward "stranger in a strange land," the happy scenes of childhood—the mother's kiss, the mother's knee, and the childish prayer: there learned to hush in cooing accents; with that warm out-gushing of a mother's heart, "God bless my child!" Had indeed will you find the heart that cannot be reached and softened by moral potencies powerful as those.

To encourage you in this noble mission, I am here to-night—having risen from the couch of sickness but a week ago—and am fully prepared to address an audience like this, but of one thing let me assure you, that I am ever with you, in heart and soul, in all efforts to promote the literary, social, and moral interests of my fellow-citizens and of the whole family of man; and while we devote our energies to these all important interests of time, let us ever remember that there is within our reach a "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

EDUCATION.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

EDUCATIONAL.

Nothing pleased me more, during the late Annual session of our Institute, than the remarks of Professor Thompson, on *pedagogics in schools*. For that gentleman, where a teacher shows that he respects his pupils, they will of necessity respect him. This is a law of our nature. Address the most ragged, rugged piece of humanity as a gentleman and he straightway gathers up himself, to reply in the best style he is master of. If this is the result of gentle manners on manhood, how much more powerfully must it affect childhood.

Open, truthful, uncalculating childhood! which chameleon like, throws back the hues of all around it.
Every intelligent teacher must have observed the moment he enters his school room, how his own mood is reflected in the countenances of his pupils. When the sun shines and all outward things go well with him, he enters cheerfully; an involuntary smile lights his face which is at once reflected from a hundred smiling eyes. The old school room is bright this morning. But, to-morrow it rains, or you lose your money, and consequently your temper. There is dull times at school that day. No one asks Mr. Blank a question for fear of a frown, or a growl deep and fearful as distant thunder.

Let not the teacher imagine that the copies he places in books are those most likely to be imitated. For he is himself the living copy that all study instinctively. How necessary that this copy be a correct one, that the outward as well as inward be at all times fair, pure and calm. To be elegantly clothed at our daily labor is not a proper example for those who will soon have like us, to labor for a livelihood. But all can be neat, clean and plain, and sit, walk and talk as ladies and gentlemen. There is no address for the well-bred mind. A lady is always a lady, and a gentleman always a gentleman. This should be strongly impressed upon children. They are usually under the impression that

"good manners" like their best clothes, is a thing only kept to exhibit before company. Teach them to consider each other as company, and their teacher who holds them so lightly it would be shameful to utter a rude remark. All will admit that this is very desirable, but many will doubt its practicability. It is at least worth the trial; and if we succeed in having off some of the rough angularities of life, we shall have the satisfaction of leaving a less thorny path to our successors.
Camden, 1855. E. A. E.

From the People's Mirror.

EDUCATION.

Over the uneducated mind, nothing exercises so controlling an influence as wealth. While mental acquisitions, seem fanciful and visionary, there is something real and tangible about riches. Broad acres, flocks and herds, and the chink of hard dollars, are stern realities to such a mind.

This love of the material exhibits itself in early childhood, and often becomes the ruling passion through life. The infant mind thirsts for acquisition, and grasps after that which it can most easily comprehend. It receives every impression through the senses, and is most eager for that which is most pleasing to them. This propensity, if indulged and encouraged, becomes predominant, and is fostered at the expense of the nobler and better powers. Few children if left to follow their own inclinations, would close the paths of wisdom and virtue. The tender mind cannot comprehend the advantages of study, and often takes an aversion to its dry and perplexing task. Youthful minds are like tender plants, which if cultivated, pruned and guarded, bear precious fruit, but if neglected and left to themselves, bring forth blighted and bitter fruit. The seeds of error and prejudice are easily sown, and easily take root in the tender mind, and when once sprung up, it is difficult to eradicate them.

Among these errors none is more pernicious, when deeply rooted, than the love of money. The dollar in childhood increases to the size of a cart wheel in old age. Gold becomes the idol at whose shrine is sacrificed friendship, love and religion. All generous emotions, virtuous principles and lofty aspirations, are piled promiscuously on its altar, and every element of manhood is converted to the accomplishment of a mean, niggardly and slavish purpose.

It is a popular, but erroneous idea, that wealth confers rank on the possessor. The possession of wealth is never considered a test of distinction, but by the vulgar. In minds liberalized by education it is regarded only as the means of laudable purposes. And though ranks in society will continue to exist until all men are liberally educated, they will be found to be established on the basis of mental and moral sympathy; while sordid and mean souls will always be despised by the cultivated and refined. The barriers of good society are ever closed against ignorance and stupidity. Modesty and delicacy, shrank from coarseness and vulgarity, and however rich one may be favored by accidents of fortune, birth and personal charms, he will still be secluded from society, without something more to recommend him.

If parents can give their children wealth and an education it is well, if they can give only one of the two, by all means should they bestow the latter. It is the greatest legacy that parents can give to their children. By no means fail to do it. They will then respect and honor you while living, and commendate your virtues when dead. They will erect above your heads, monuments of character, inscribed all over with living letters of love and praise, and will cherish in their memory, recollections more enduring than brass. They will plant beside your grave the laurel; they will strew it all over with flowers, and moisten them with the tear drop of affection.

But if you neglect so important a duty, bitter will be the fruit of that neglect. Bring up your children in ignorance, and you will have your reward. Murmur not at undutifulness and disrespect. Murmur not that no kind and willing hand is ready to cool the fevered head of age, or to wipe the damps of death from your brow; for your neglect is merited, and your very tombstone will prove an index of your children's education.

Let it not be understood that we would say ought against the acquisition of wealth; but it should be looked upon only as the means while mental and moral attainments are the end. Wealth is good, but an education is better. Wealth often proves a curse, while education is always a blessing. It requires talent and economy; to acquire wealth, but wisdom alone will teach one how to spend it properly. Education can neither be robbed, stolen, nor squandered, while riches often take wings and fly away.

AGRICULTURE.

From Life Illustrated.

FRUIT AND FRUIT TREES.

This is the season for apples; and had our farmers done their duty, apples would now be so plentiful that all, rich and poor, and especially children could partake freely of them. But such is not the fact. Thirty years ago it was. Then, whatever privations the honest sons of toil and their families had to submit to, they had abundance of fine, ripe apples at very low prices, and children could find employment in "picking" them; after which, a healthy supper of baked apples and milk would prepare them for slumbers that would be undisturbed by the cry of "stomach" and "millions" envy, but cannot obtain. Since this time the public ear has been dinned with noisy statements of all kinds of benevolent enterprises, and what have we to show for them? Echo answers, What? "Well, we have dear food and dear fruit—plenty of physic; but little fruit, except in great cities, as New York, where hundreds of miles by railroad. Farmers were wont, in those days, to supply New York with apples; now they and their children, from

large portions of the country, depend on the New York market for apples, etc., and on her "saloons" for lager beer! Who can doubt but the conversion of the world and the millennium are just at hand? It is understood that the proper cultivation of the soil and the mind to be the chief employment of the millennium. If so, a great deal of soil that I know of will have to "change owners," to say nothing of the mind; which last, being *Luciferus* (the body is *Dives*, according to Horace Mann), will of course have its good things hereafter, as it gets few of them now.

Solon Robinson remarked in the Farmers' Club, that an APPLE FARM is more important to the masses than the electric telegraph, and I think no intelligent person will doubt it. It is pretty well known now that scarcity of good fruit is one cause for the great increase in the consumption of physic for which our country is remarkable. Children that have plenty of fruit will eat but little meat. The apple is an indispensable in family cooking as the potato. A case is recorded of a clergyman in England who reared a family of children chiefly on apples. In some of its forms, the apple, as food, is indispensable in health and in sickness, and the necessity is causing an immense consumption of pills and balaams; quacks got rich, and people die, because cultivators neglect or refuse to supply the demand at good prices. But many excuse themselves by saying, "Our trees die, and we cannot help it." They should say, "We do not try to help it." That would be the truth. The apple is a long-lived tree—with right treatment it lives hundreds of years; but not one farmer in a hundred tries to find out or apply the right treatment. Scarcely one in a hundred (judging from their actions) has ever thought that an apple tree required any different treatment from a post and rail fence. And they might as reasonably expect a post and rail fence to bear apples as their trees, under the management they receive. The larger portion of apple orchards in New Jersey and Pennsylvania is also used for meadow or pasture ground; and this on the principle, as the owners say, of economy. They expect to get two crops from the same ground, without labor, care or manure! The grass, as I have proved in a former communication, not only takes most of the food from the roots of the trees, but it absorbs all the rains that fall in summer and early autumn, when the young buds so much need it. Here is the secret of barren and dying trees. Those who run may read this cause, if they have any science, or even tolerable observation. The great value of the apple in a family appears to be overlooked by many farmers in New Jersey, judging from their neglect of orchards. Formerly this State was celebrated for its fruit; and scientific men believe its soil is peculiarly adapted to it, and its position as regards a market is unequalled—over a million of fruit eaters, in two large cities, at its very doors. But there is one defect, and that a fatal one, it is a want of the requisite knowledge. Still cultivators or farmers are not deficient in general knowledge; but on the subject of vegetable physiology and agricultural chemistry which explain the reasons and principles of their calling (a knowledge indispensable to success) many of them have yet to learn the first lessons, nor when it is said, or that the fruit is formed. Many assert that "all die in the winter, and of course the buds are formed in the spring!" So far, I have pushed the inquiry, this seems to be a general opinion among old fruit-growing farmers. Need we seek any further for the cause of decline in fruit-raising in the Middle States? For it is of those I speak. The East and West are waking up to this matter, and quietly making money by the slanders of their neighbors.

But let all be awake. The home market is not half supplied, and Europe would take our fruit instead of our gold. This would make money easier, and keep our mechanics and manufacturers at work.

The great want of our country is agricultural schools. Every State must have one. The value of "normal schools" would be doubled by having an agricultural department connected with them.

Newark, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

LAME ANGIE. REMINISCENCES OF IOLA.

No. 4. BY PAUL PEMBERTON.

(Concluded from last week.)

It was Christmas eve. A deep snow lay upon the earth, sparkling in the clear, cold moonlight. The air was pure and invigorating and brought a grateful freshness to the faces of hundreds who were gliding behind fleet horses over the frozen roads. In Iola the streets were one simultaneous, confused jingle of bells—the young and merry were improving this opportunity of sleighing and were rejoicing in the beauty and glory of the night. The blacksmith trio had been busy all day but evening saw the fires out, the shop closed and the laborers hastening homeward. Angie Hancock was to be married.

The large front room had been decorated with rare exotics. The plain mahogany window drapery, spotless as the snow that lay in the yard, hung in graceful folds to the floor. The chairs and tables were furnished to a mirror degree of reflection and the thousand brass tacks in the old fashioned sofa glistened like so many stars. A small company was assembled in this apartment. It consisted of about thirty of Harry's and Angie's relatives. The bride had not informed Peggy Pitcher of the precise day on which she was to be married; she had led her to suspect it would be at a later date, intending a pleasant surprise by sending around a generous slice of pound-cake

the ensuing morning. No parade attended this simple nuptial occasion; there was no exultation in beholding you, my favorite, the happy concert of so noble a gentleman." Harry bowed. "And I cannot tell you what a hole will be executed in my heart when you are absent permanently from the village." Mrs. Hancock sobbed. "I hope in your *unavoidable* bliss, you will never again worry about your lame leg." Mr. Hancock frowned. "If at any time you should be ill, don't neglect to send immediately for me. In the treatment of young children, you will seldom find one more skillful than me. Yours respectfully, PEGGY PITCHER."

Finishing this unfortunate oration with a low curtsey and three tears, the injudicious old maid retired to her quarters in the arm chair secretly congratulating herself with the thought that the silence her speech had effected, was caused by the wonderful impression its interest had made.

To do justice to Peggy she was not always so erroneous as upon this occasion. To night she desired to appear "posted up" in the general knowledge of Geography and history and so she dashed heterogeneously at such names as she chanced to think of.

Six months subsequent to the marriage of his son, Judge Babcock led a very estimable lady to the altar. Peggy Pitcher was astonished at the intelligence; that gentleman in early manhood had actually formed a strong attachment to her and during a few months paid her marked attention. She, naturally vain and coquetish (desiring speedily to retract her capricious steps and yield a willing assent to Mr. Babcock's wishes) planned a little flirtation with Oscar Pitcher, a cousin whom she heartily despised. The artifice resulted adverse to her anticipations and proved fatal to her hopes. Though she had many wooers afterwards, her love was never elicited. Long, long years she lived in single blessedness and when Mr. Babcock became a widower her withered hopes revived. After the flattering sensation she created at Angie's wedding, Peggy considered her chance sure; but here was a sudden punishment to her vanity. And the punishment was greater than the constitution could sustain; a few weeks after the unwelcome tidings reached her, she died of heart-disease, while sitting in her great arm-chair. Shortly prior to her demise a will was made; upon being opened it was discovered that her property, amounting in value to \$12,000 was bequeathed as follows:—\$2,000 to Angie Babcock, \$2,000 to Genesis Hancock and \$1,000 to each of the poor blacksmith's other children.

"Requiescat in pace," pompously remarked journeyman Jake, referring to Peggy Pitcher and quoting a Latin sentence he had read in connection with the death of General Harrison.

"Is my confirmed opinion," sagely returned Bill, vigorously applying the hair-switch to the legs of a horse his companion was shoeing, "is my confirmed opinion that old maids are the very best species of skirted humanity, after all their denunciation—especially when they're dead."
Philadelphia, Oct. 23, 1855.

PREMATURE MARRIAGES.

Marriage is a divine and beautiful arrangement. It was designed by Providence, not solely as the means of keeping up population, or as a mere social and nominal convenience, but as a blending of two spirits into one—the masculine representing "wisdom" and the feminine "affection." When there is a true spiritual affinity between the two; then a design is accomplished.

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times, and it would be a bad idea in these days of reform, if any anti-New-Angels people had to the magic life with more consideration than they would partake of a dinner, little thinking that when once in, they are there, till their end comes. There is little, sometimes no mutual analysis of disposition, and comparison of taste and affections. They seem to fancy that if there are any discrepancies, the fatal Gordian knot, which can be seldom cut and never untied, will harmonize all.

The numbers who have felt this truth—the numbers still feeling it to their hearts' core—are innumerable. They recognize it as the great mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silk-uncut, but a cable of iron, that tightens around them more and more, crushing all hope and energy, substituting hate for love, and eating out with its rust the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls marry now to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting till they become full-grown and matured men and women. The young dandy, as soon as he gets out of short jackets and finds a little *flair* gathered on his upper lip, and the young Miss, as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frock, think they are qualified to assume the most solemn responsibilities of life. And so, if "Pa" and "Ma" won't consent, they post off to some Groutman, and there take obligations they will never cease bitterly to regret.

Marriage should never be the result of fancy. The ball-room and the evening party—under the influence of the dance, the glare of lights, and the merry squib and joke, the disolute young man may appear amiable, and be slatterly sold loveable. Matches made in such places, or under similar circumstances are not of the class that originated in heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposite place, and bring forth only iniquity.

"As for myself, instead of a 'Free Lover,' I am a 'bound lover,' having been joined in wedlock some twenty years, and as yet I have never a passionate attraction strong enough to overcome the cord which binds me to the safety of my youth. I have never yet been able to find 'any more of the same sort.'"
Henry Smith, Razor Strip Man.

The best food for fattening fowls; a potato mixed with meal.

to the bride. She walked firmly forward and kissing Angie, proceeded "I am in an ecstasy at beholding you, my favorite, the happy concert of so noble a gentleman." Harry bowed. "And I cannot tell you what a hole will be executed in my heart when you are absent permanently from the village." Mrs. Hancock sobbed. "I hope in your *unavoidable* bliss, you will never again worry about your lame leg." Mr. Hancock frowned. "If at any time you should be ill, don't neglect to send immediately for me. In the treatment of young children, you will seldom find one more skillful than me. Yours respectfully, PEGGY PITCHER."

Finishing this unfortunate oration with a low curtsey and three tears, the injudicious old maid retired to her quarters in the arm chair secretly congratulating herself with the thought that the silence her speech had effected, was caused by the wonderful impression its interest had made.

To do justice to Peggy she was not always so erroneous as upon this occasion. To night she desired to appear "posted up" in the general knowledge of Geography and history and so she dashed heterogeneously at such names as she chanced to think of.

Six months subsequent to the marriage of his son, Judge Babcock led a very estimable lady to the altar. Peggy Pitcher was astonished at the intelligence; that gentleman in early manhood had actually formed a strong attachment to her and during a few months paid her marked attention. She, naturally vain and coquetish (desiring speedily to retract her capricious steps and yield a willing assent to Mr. Babcock's wishes) planned a little flirtation with Oscar Pitcher, a cousin whom she heartily despised. The artifice resulted adverse to her anticipations and proved fatal to her hopes. Though she had many wooers afterwards, her love was never elicited. Long, long years she lived in single blessedness and when Mr. Babcock became a widower her withered hopes revived. After the flattering sensation she created at Angie's wedding, Peggy considered her chance sure; but here was a sudden punishment to her vanity. And the punishment was greater than the constitution could sustain; a few weeks after the unwelcome tidings reached her, she died of heart-disease, while sitting in her great arm-chair. Shortly prior to her demise a will was made; upon being opened it was discovered that her property, amounting in value to \$12,000 was bequeathed as follows:—\$2,000 to Angie Babcock, \$2,000 to Genesis Hancock and \$1,000 to each of the poor blacksmith's other children.

"Requiescat in pace," pompously remarked journeyman Jake, referring to Peggy Pitcher and quoting a Latin sentence he had read in connection with the death of General Harrison.

"Is my confirmed opinion," sagely returned Bill, vigorously applying the hair-switch to the legs of a horse his companion was shoeing, "is my confirmed opinion that old maids are the very best species of skirted humanity, after all their denunciation—especially when they're dead."
Philadelphia, Oct. 23, 1855.

PREMATURE MARRIAGES.

Marriage is a divine and beautiful arrangement. It was designed by Providence, not solely as the means of keeping up population, or as a mere social and nominal convenience, but as a blending of two spirits into one—the masculine representing "wisdom" and the feminine "affection." When there is a true spiritual affinity between the two; then a design is accomplished.

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times, and it would be a bad idea in these days of reform, if any anti-New-Angels people had to the magic life with more consideration than they would partake of a dinner, little thinking that when once in, they are there, till their end comes. There is little, sometimes no mutual analysis of disposition, and comparison of taste and affections. They seem to fancy that if there are any discrepancies, the fatal Gordian knot, which can be seldom cut and never untied, will harmonize all.

The numbers who have felt this truth—the numbers still feeling it to their hearts' core—are innumerable. They recognize it as the great mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silk-uncut, but a cable of iron, that tightens around them more and more, crushing all hope and energy, substituting hate for love, and eating out with its rust the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls marry now to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting till they become full-grown and matured men and women. The young dandy, as soon as he gets out of short jackets and finds a little *flair* gathered on his upper lip, and the young Miss, as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frock, think they are qualified to assume the most solemn responsibilities of life. And so, if "Pa" and "Ma" won't consent, they post off to some Groutman, and there take obligations they will never cease bitterly to regret.

Marriage should never be the result of fancy. The ball-room and the evening party—under the influence of the dance, the glare of lights, and the merry squib and joke, the disolute young man may appear amiable, and be slatterly sold loveable. Matches made in such places, or under similar circumstances are not of the class that originated in heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposite place, and bring forth only iniquity.

"As for myself, instead of a 'Free Lover,' I am a 'bound lover,' having been joined in wedlock some twenty years, and as yet I have never a passionate attraction strong enough to overcome the cord which binds me to the safety of my youth. I have never yet been able to find 'any more of the same sort.'"
Henry Smith, Razor Strip Man.

The best food for fattening fowls; a potato mixed with meal.

The true way to learn each other is at home in the parlor, in the kitchen, and on occasions that test the temper. We see the result of these unions in the almost daily divorces that are taking place, in the running away of husbands, leaving their wives and children to starve, and the elopement of wives. Not only this, but in the broken-spirited men, made old in the prime of life, struggling on for more food and clothing, and shelter; and in women—cross, dirty, sluttish and wrinkled.

It would be quite impossible for us to do, faithfully, the multitude of physical and moral evils that result from these sinful alliances—for sinful they are. They ruin the body, corrupt the moral, stultify the mind, and the result does not stop with husband and wife. There are the children; they partake of the feebleness and vices of the parents, both physical and moral, and go out into the busy world stunted and gearled. God pity them.

We would not be understood as speaking against the institution of marriage. It is holy, heaven sanctioned and beneficent. But let every one take his mate or none. Let not the brave eagle pair with the stupid owl, nor the gentle dove with the crotch crow. Like should love like. It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storm and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand, lovingly and truthfully down the gentle declivity of time, with no anger, no jealousy, nor hatred garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to that everlasting youth heaven, where the two shall be one forever. This is the true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. The love is woven into a woof of gold that neither time nor eternity can sever.—*The Electric.*

ROMANCE OF LIFE.

The Cincinnati "Enquirer" of the 2d inst., furnishes the following touching incident:

We heard the particulars yesterday of one of those strange episodes in life in which the old sage of "truth is stranger than fiction" was fully illustrated. About six years since a lady named Mrs. Martha Wood, accompanied by her son, his wife and two children, arrived in this city from New Bedford, Mass. She stated that she was a widow of some twenty-four years standing, her husband having been mate of a whaler, which had been lost at sea. The family have resided for the greater portion of the time on Liberty street, Mr. Wood, the son, working at his trade, which is that of a Cooper.

Yesterday morning a gray headed and toil worn man called at the residence of the family, and seeing Mr. Wood, inquired for the widow, who being called into the room, while going intently at the stranger, whose eyes were fixed mournfully upon her, requested to know his business.

"Do you not know me Martha?" said he, and as the sound of his voice, like the memory of an old melody, met her ear, she gave vent to a hysterical cry and fainted in the arms which were open to receive her.

The tale is soon told. The ship in which he had made his last voyage from New Bedford was cast away in the South Sea Islands; and he was one of the crew who escaped a watery grave. After enduring almost unnumbered privations, he succeeded, after 30 years' absence, in reaching his native city. From a brother of his wife he learned their present location, and arrived here to find her whom he had left a young and blooming bride far advanced in the evening of life, while the infant, upon whose lips, when he last saw him, he had imprinted a father's kiss, and who could then scarcely lip his name, was now a stalwart man and the head of a family. How many hopes and fears must have agitated the heart of an old mariner as he again set foot, after his long pilgrimage, upon his native soil.

How to Break up a Cold.

Dr. Hall, in his *Medical Journal*, gives the following directions for breaking up a cold: "A hot cold, like measles, or other similar ailments, will run its course about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it; unless remedial means are employed within forty-eight hours of its inception. Many a useful life may be spared to be increasingly useful, by cutting a cold short off, in the following safe and easy manner. On the first day of 'taking a cold' there is no application of 'taking a cold' there is a very important observation to be made: you must see that you keep it to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires a hundred degrees Fah. In addition, put your feet in water half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hotter water from time to time, for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in; then dry them thoroughly, and put on warm, thick, woolen stockings, even if it be summer, (when colds are the most dangerous), and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm tea, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken, without any medicine whatever." This theory is no doubt, good for weak constitutions, but for a hale hearty person we would recommend the substitute of cold water drinks in place of hot tea.

Henry Smith the "Razor Strip Man," found his name published as a member of the Free Love League, and thereupon wrote to the New York Express, denying the soft impeachment. He concludes his letter as follows:

"As for myself, instead of a 'Free Lover,' I am a 'bound lover,' having been joined in wedlock some twenty years, and as yet I have never a passionate attraction strong enough to overcome the cord which binds me to the safety of my youth. I have never yet been able to find 'any more of the same sort.'"
Henry Smith, Razor Strip Man.

The best food for fattening fowls; a potato mixed with meal.



BRIDGTON: Saturday Morning, Nov. 24.

CIRCULATION 1300

Only \$1.00 per Year!

FRANKLIN FERGUSON, Editor.

The Annual Thanksgiving.

Our readers are already advised of the appointment by Gov. Price, of the 29th instant as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God, for his loving Kindness the past year. This we suppose to be the regular Thanksgiving, the one held in September having been designed as a special occasion for special mercies received. Much speculation was indulged at the time as to its real character, some affirming that it was to serve as the annual Thanksgiving, and others contending that it was to be regarded wholly as an "extra." On either supposition it was thought to be a very strange procedure on the part of the Governor, for, said the people, if he intended it for the regular Thanksgiving, why appoint it so early in the season and if he meant it to be a special occasion, where was the special demand for it, particularly as the terrible rail-road tragedy at Burlington had just occurred? After this manner, at least, reasoned some of our New York neighbors, not are we certain that the same thoughts did not occupy the minds of some nearer home. All speculation, however, as to the character of the Thanksgiving held at that time, has been dispelled by the late appointment of Gov. Price, and as loyal subjects it is to be hoped that our citizens generally will pay to it all due respect.

But the reader may ask, whence originated the custom of an annual Thanksgiving? This is a natural question, and one upon which it may not be amiss to indulge in a few reflections. It is well known, that as early as the time of Moses three grand Annual Festivals were instituted among the Israelites, called the Passover, the Feast of Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles, at which all the males of the twelve tribes were bound to be present. Upon this ancient custom, were probably founded the religious festivals observed in the primitive Christian Church, and which have since been multiplied into almost innumerable festivals and holidays, especially among the Roman Catholics. Indeed, it is affirmed that in Papal countries every day of the year is converted into a church festival, thus teaching us how easily a wholesome custom may be perverted by designing ecclesiastics, from its original and true intent, to sources of secular gain to themselves and oppression to the people.

In the first centuries of the Christian era the number of religious festivals was very small, a fact to be accounted for from the adverse circumstances with which Christianity had to struggle till its commencement, but especially from the high tone of piety then prevailing in the Church, and by which the outward forms and ceremonies of religion were invested with much less importance than religion itself. This state of things has been exactly reversed by the fallen Church of Rome, a Church in which forms and ceremonies abound to the almost total exclusion of vital Christianity. What then are we to infer from the general absence of holidays and festivals among Protestant Christians, and under Protestant governments? That inference is simply this—that while the observance by them of occasional fasts and festivals is a plain proof of their recognition of God and Divine Providence, the rare recurrence of special and extraordinary seasons of this kind, is an indication that their religion is more real than ceremonial—is more in substance than in shadow. In accordance with this remark the whole history of the Church, at least of the Christian Church, goes to prove that where much of ostentation and show is found in connection with the public services of religion, there vital godliness itself is greatly wanting. The reason for this is to be sought in the natural tendency of the human mind to give importance to the things which are seen, and which are temporal, and to shut out of view the things which are not seen, and which are eternal. In obedience to this tendency, the outward forms of religion, if unduly magnified in number or in grandeur, become at length substituted for the thing which they are intended to represent.

While therefore we feel great pleasure in the reflection, that both the evangelical Churches and the civil authorities of our land, authorize the holding of religious festivals in humble acknowledgment of and in grateful praise for the mercies of a bountiful Providence, we experience equal pleasure in the reflection, that such occasions are not so frequent occurrences as to render them burdensome to the people, or secularizing to religion. This state of things to our mind is indicative of a healthy condition of moral sentiment in the State, and of religious feeling in the Church.

Webster informs us, that the custom of appointing an annual Thanksgiving in this country, took its rise in New England. Of the particular circumstances connected with the introduction of this custom, we are not fully advised. The following facts, however, will serve to throw some light upon the matter. About two years and a half after the settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in 1620, they were called to endure great privations. Their corn was exhausted, and faint and

staggering for want of food, they began to plant for the harvest. All their land had hitherto been held in common; but as a great stimulus to labor it was now divided, and each man wrought for himself. No sooner had the corn appeared than a drought set in, and continued for six weeks, so that starvation seemed inevitable; and the more, that a ship despatched to their relief, after being driven back twice, was wrecked on the coast. In this fearful exigency a day of fasting and prayer was appointed. The occasion is thus described by an eye witness:—"In the morning when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear and the drought as likely to continue as ever it was, yet, (our exercises continuing eight or nine hours,) before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn, or drooping affections were most quickened or revived—such was the bounty, and goodness of our God."

It is not unlikely that this signal interposition of Providence first suggested the idea to those early colonists of setting apart some particular day each year, as a day of general thanksgiving and praise to God for his temporal as well as spiritual mercies. And the custom thus piously introduced by our Puritan fathers has been continued to the present. Nor will any, we think, but the atheist, deny that a custom having such an origin and possessing such a character, is worthy to be perpetuated to the latest generation. We hope therefore again, that next Thursday will witness a general suspension of business, and a general offering up of praise to God, by the citizens of our highly favored State.

Owing to the length of the Address of Dr. N. R. Newkirk, which occupies over three columns and a half of this page, and our leading article on the Annual Thanksgiving, we are compelled to leave out many articles prepared for this week's paper; at least one column of advertisements have been thrown out that should have appeared this week. The valuable address of the Dr. published by the committee and unanimous vote of the Farmers' Club, will repay a careful perusal. Our first page contains the usual variety of original and select articles.

LECTURE.—The Lecture "On the Government and Institutions of the United States as contrasted with those of Great Britain," delivered by Rev. W. H. Bakewell, on Thursday Evening last, was listened to by a respectable and attentive audience, though not quite so large, as though the admittance had been gratis. The Rev. N. Vansant, was appointed Chairman, who opened the meeting by offering up an appropriate prayer to the God of Nations, and introduced the speaker, with a few remarks informing the audience that the Lecturer would appear before them as an Englishman by education and association, though an American by birth. We have not space this week for an extended notice. Our readers may expect to see a report next week embracing most of the important ideas of the Lecture, which we think will be interesting.

FAIR.—There will be a Fair held in the Town Hall, Sheppard's building, by the Ladies of the Trinity M. E. Church of this town, on Christmas day and the preceding and succeeding evenings. We learn from one of the leading members, that the young folks are taking an active part and have formed themselves into an association, each one subscribing liberally towards furnishing a table in the fair to be recognized as the young folks' stand. Fancy articles, Ice Cream, Cakes, Fruit, &c., will be for sale, the proceeds to be used for liquidating the Church debt.

GRAND CONCERT.—It is announced that a grand concert of Sacred and Secular Music will be given in the Second Presbyterian Church of this town, on the evening of Thanksgiving day, Thursday Nov. 29th. The committee have made arrangements with many of the best performers in Bridgeton, who have volunteered their services for the occasion, and whose proficiency in vocal and instrumental music, will enable them to give one of the most entertaining concerts that Bridgeton has ever been favored with. The proceeds accruing from this entertainment are to be appropriated towards defraying the expense of repairing the Church, which has been nearly ruined and the walls elegantly frescoed and ornamented. The price of admission will be twenty-five cents, and some think the scenery alone will be "worth a quarter," and we don't doubt it. Lovers of Good Music go and hear!

LAUNCH.—The large and handsome Schooner of Messrs. Joseph W. Woodruff, John S. and Christian Somers, was launched from their Ship-yard in this place on Saturday afternoon last. She slid into her destined element most gracefully, and "walks the water like a thing of life." This praiseworthy vessel does credit to her owners and builders, and adds another to the fleet formerly launched by these experienced builders. Johnny Bull had better be cautious how he talks about storming Brother Jonathan's castle, when such storms are fitting out in our Creek! With these vessels and our Military Company, numbering at least twenty men who are drilling every Saturday night, and with shell no less and spirit stirring drum, like the brave army we read about in the spelling book, "march up the hill and then march down again," we are invincible.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

HAMFAX, Nov. 22d, 1855. The Steamship Canada, with dates to the 10th inst., arrived at 1 o'clock P. M. to day. There is nothing new from seat of war. Peace rumors are numerous but unreliable. Significant efforts have been made to bring Sweden into the alliance. Unfriendly relations are arising between England and Spain. From the Crimea there is nothing to report. The armies are engaged in building huts for the winter.

The excitement respecting a war with the United States, had quite subsided and leading journals ashamed of the panic they created.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23. Dr. BEALE was set at liberty yesterday in time for Thanksgiving dinner.

AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS. DELIVERED BY DR. N. R. NEWKIRK, Before the Bowentown Farmers' Club, on Monday Evening the 5th inst., and published by request of the members.

It is a remark of some one, "that a contented mind is a continued feast." If that is the truth, the inference is a natural one, that whatever contributes to the securing such a condition, deserves encouragement in every possible way. And here commences a difficulty. Men differ in thought, in sentiment, in taste. The natural appetite and the acquired habits each an endless variety—while education, moulds, and changes, and remodels, until in the improved specimen, every trace of the original seems absorbed. Things that pleased, instructed, even amused once, scarcely attract attention now. In this, mankind exhibit a striking affinity. For change, novelty and variety, all seem for the most part, ever ready. Hence, the necessity, since such is the fact, that every change should be for the better, that whatever is new, should be well tried, thoroughly understood, and its utility made a practical certainty, before its adoption. And here we come to a stand point. Capacity comes into requisition. The powers of correct reasoning, of accurate examination and a knowledge sufficient to effect judicious decisions, are in this indispensable. And as society is constituted, as the great mass now seem to believe—are all in our communities practically informed to the extent, that they are prepared to act in every emergency, with a reasonable hope, to profit, or even to their perchance, even transient satisfaction? If such generally is not the case, so far regards the farmer's interests, that no man can be perfectly qualified for his vocation, without such practical knowledge. Let the farmer's wants and the farmer's rights be the subject to which we would direct your thoughts and ask your attention for a few moments.

The farming community has never been rightly appreciated, and its true position, its importance understood. Movements are now being made, that seem to indicate at least, the dawn of better days; still their wants, real, or unknown, because the non existence of a certain kind of information had not created or caused them to exist; their rights unasserted, because never having been regarded as a reality, have never been properly considered, and therefore of necessity neglected. Who are to blame, or whether blame is to be attached to any class, for this state of things, it may not be worthwhile at present to inquire. Let the fact, that farmers are now waking up to their true interest, and that the community generally is disposed to encourage the movement, be regarded as proof of the statement, and of the necessity, that the farmer's interests, efficient and permanent, are in this Club, gentlemen, is evidence of the existence of a correct sentiment in this community. Before its conception and before its organization, you did not feel its importance, and perhaps did not think much of its practical utility. But, how is it now! Now that you know its advantages and are sensible of its beneficial results? You will admit I trust, that had you known its value, its organization had not been left to this late day. The appetite, it is said, grows by what it feeds on. So wants increase, in proportion as their existence become known through the dissemination of that knowledge, the tendency of which is to enlarge the sphere of the mind and its proportional desires.

As civilization advances wants increase. As the arts and sciences tend more and more to perfection, our wants are being constantly modified and ever tending to the refined. And that progress only is real, the result of which is a never-failing improvement. In physics there cannot be perfection, but genius will ever find means to ascend its heights, to unravel its mysteries, to discover and make manifest its hidden truths. Our wants will be moulded and given to its suggestions the stamp of utility. And this sphere, for the development of true genius, will enlarge and exhibit practical results equally, as the wants of men call into profitable action. The path of the farmer is a plain one; his duty imperative, his course only progressive. Improvement, necessary, not failing must be his aim. Every bribe in the wrong, every obstacle, every obstacle to success speedily surmounted. As you now wonder that the farmers of a past age knew so little, not less perhaps will be the wonder of future generations, that those of the present knew no more. Development, improvement, genuine progress only, should satisfy the enterprising agriculturist's lords. Such is the nature of your wants, that they must increase with every removal of their supply. The ever present question for discussion, the grand problem for solution will always be, how can it best be accomplished. And as the farmer differs not from all other men, one method only perfectly feasible presents itself. The farmer must be trained, mentally as well as physically. He must learn his profession, and he must be sure that he should go to school, theoretically and practically learn the elements, as well as the grand principles of the great business of his life. To make up his fences, to plough up his potatoe, to sow his fields, to tend his corn, and his cow, and his sheep, and his pig, in the proper time, to store and market his crops, every farmer believes a duty, and in so doing acts wisely. But this simple routine work gone through with ever so nicely and timely is not all, more is required. Year after year to raise the same number of bushels of grain may answer to keep a never increasing number of swine and sheep, and cattle and horses, and his seat and body in a comfortable state for either repose or labor; and this much instructs the insect and the brute. Should, can man be satisfied with so higher aim? The ant, by the wisest of men, was only held up as a model to the sluggard. And for the slothful, the instinct of the ant and the behavior may suffice; no such simple, annual routine should be the more noble aspirations of the immortal spirit.

The farmer is a student in the noblest school. His sphere of observation and study embraces fields and forests,—the rugged mountain and cultivated plain,—the little rivulet, the majestic river and the vast ocean. The earth, and all created things are his—his nature, in all her beauty and grandeur and sublimity, meets his gaze at every turn, and ministers to every want. The lesson learned from its study, will be instructive, proportionally, to the capacity to understand, to appropriate and to apply. To do this effectually, it follows as a necessity, that the farmer must be an educated man. The nature of the soil, its properties, its adaptation for particular crops, and the best methods for drawing out and developing earth's bounteous treasures, is his business familiarly to know. Agriculture, reduced as it is to a science, he must so learn. If you would know a language

perfectly, you begin with its elementary forms—you study and make yourself familiar with its first principles—its history, its philosophy, its radical construction. For this, the school house, the academy and college are considered indispensable. Literature is thus taught—Weeks, months, years, a whole life time, is not considered too long for its pursuit. So should it be with the great science of agriculture. It is a grand, noble, and useful science, and should be understood, in its elements, historically, philosophically, and in its great principles. There must, then, be either agricultural schools, or the means of agriculture must form a part of the regular course of instruction in all our schools. And so far as a new theory is required, this might suffice. But the wants of the farmer cannot be fully supplied, even then. To discover, he requires more extended privileges. The proper application of theoretical rules only, can make them practically useful. Taught and applied, this only will satisfy the farmer's wants. Lands for experiment and the practice of the art of farming in all its phases, with abundant apparatus, and buildings constructed for every way adapted for farm purposes, should be considered indispensable in every State—endowed or fully supported by its means and fostered as its especial favorite. As our public schools are the peoples schools, so should these agricultural appliances. Many of our States, (it should be the case in all,) in addition to their public schools, have their normal schools, where the young men, who are to be an achievement that will tell brightly in their future; and that such is the prospect, should rejoice every Jerseyman's heart. Good and qualified teachers do much towards making good schools; so good and qualified farmers will vastly contribute to the success of the normal schools. But conduct is not more natural to bad boys, than weeds and wild earth to badly cultivated soil. Both require good culture and great care to eradicate them. Farmers need agricultural normal schools. The science of farming, if properly learned, must be taught. It must have teachers fitted expressly for the business; and the young men, must be well understood. The theory and practice should be known familiarly as household words, book-keeping is no longer to be despised; farmers need much a literature of their own, a literature they can safely rely on, and safely follow as their guide. Speculation, seldom as a rule, may occasionally answer as an exception; and there is too much of this speculation, in the minds of our farmers, that all such of the works prepared expressly for the farmer's use. A sound practical knowledge, books made up of experience, correct observation and properly attested—these are what the farmer needs. Aided then by good common sense, an article, which the farmer is generally blessed with as much of as any other class, his course is pleasant, his occupation never-failing delight. How is it, said one, that the farmer is so ignorant of what many more bushels to the acre than used to be? He had just been reviewing what had been but recently, land, considered worthless, but then burdened with a heavy crop, for which he could not account—produced too rich for the management of a young man who had been but a short time engaged in the business. The cultivation of the earth, when the result, replied, "I suppose you get all from books." This soil is book farming, underrating, subsiding, with the judicious application of the appropriate fertilizers, as he learned from the experience of others, thankful detailed in books, caused this great success. Another. A book-farmer, but a practical agricultural chemist of the city of Baltimore, this experience of a firm near the city, had been engaged in the business for some years, after a year, for a sum not very large, but so small that it could not, every day pay, become a little less, until at last, it got so astonishingly small, for the size of the farm, I concluded I would try the experiment of a personal superintendence of hiring the labor all done, and managing the farm as my theoretical knowledge taught me to be best. My last year's result, which I related to you, I will tell, accompanied with the way we began an experiment, that the next year it would not be even that much. I went to work, analyzed the soil, ascertained its properties, and where it was deficient, applied the manures I concluded suited to the soil, and in such quantities as I judged proper, kept a strict record, and the result was, that the crop, when, in place of the last year's yield, it came and my next promised nothing, I pocketed the first year the snug little sum of seven hundred dollars as clear profit." Such are the triumphs of book farming; and in both cases, the operators not practical farmers, and with the theoretical disadvantages of not living directly with the work, are blessed with abundance, and as the bounteous earth rewards their toil, by yielding up the annual recompense of her rich stores. The question then might well be reversed, to what rights have those, who are not of their number? The common sense and theologian, might both safely turn, and ponder well the question. To the non-assertion of the farmers power, all other things being equal, the farmer is the best man they now hold. All rights, civil political and religious, it is in their power to hold and control, and to wield at will. From the President of the United States, down to the most insignificant office-holder in the land, the farmers of the United States may say at any time, who it shall be. And the wonder is, that among all the rest, some one had not long ago got up a farmers' party, and long since, placed our great country, as it should be, under the farmers control, literally, as it is really. It is not the balance of power merely you hold, and therefore necessarily unstable, it is all. Your will and say are paramount to all other wills combined. Where is the ballot box in which the farmer's vote does not make the best show? The farmer, resolved, acting as one man, what office, according to the majority rule, exists, which they cannot fill and control? Where the Legislature, in which they might not have a three-fifths vote? What the enactment they might not modify, amend or repeal? Such then, being the truth, there may be some thing in this great world that is possible, practicable or attainable, that the farmers cannot have, if they so will? Like an honest miller, the weights and scales and the grain all being his, he can have every thing his own way, whether he makes his hundreds long or short. So the farmers of New-Jersey can have everything their own way, and it is their own fault if they do not.

If the Legislature does not grant what you ask for, then the next year you deal out your own treasure until your wants have obtained a princely supply. Make the agricultural interest to be felt and your power regarded.—Legislature for New Jersey,—her citizens, her wants; and if there must be a monopoly in her borders, let it be the monopoly of manure. In the monopoly of asserted rights, and a whole State's privilege. Scatter the hands of West Jersey, until those who will not, shall sensibly feel their guilty nature, and be made

to understand it to be but a meager specimen of the grit, a few more specimens of which, there are still some remaining. For this, there is absolute need. The resources of West Jersey are comparatively unknown and undeveloped, while her sands, apparently so worthless, seem a blemish, an object of scorn and derision. The stigma is unmerited. It should no longer exist. Give the sandy soil of West Jersey good market facilities, and the other section of the State dare enter the list as competitors for more profitable crops. Good Railroad facilities would, and speedily, make acre upon acre of land, now unprofitable, an oasis, from which rich stores might be gathered to gladden the hearts of thousands, that now, and will continue to famish, because so neglected. Nor would it take a long time for the proof. Already your best melons, and vegetables and fruits, are grown upon what are termed the lighter soils. Your grain is purer and better, and if not in quantity, equal to the heavier lands, in quality it knows not to retrograde. Subsoiled and underdrained, it fails not to yield timely, richly, and as certainly. In abundant silage, surely, it will ever be about as well as the best. This, your privilege, and if you so determine so it will be. As the judges said of Passmore Williams, you hold the key in your own hands that will open the portals to freedom whenever you so will. From your own association, let us draw an illustration, before we proceed more at length to maintain our assumed position.

B. A member of your club, reports at one of your meetings that he has read in one of his agricultural journals, (gentlemen do each of you, weekly or monthly peruse such a journal?) a satisfactory account of a full series of experiments in the application of a new fertilizer—fully endorsed by the editor, and corroborated by the testimony of a competent and practical man. This, you would be satisfied, if you had all confidence in the source, a confidence, which we affirm, is attainable. We have, however, to do with the present. How can you act safely and wisely. It is not necessary that every member of your Club—that each one of you should be a trial of the article, and each one lose, if the article proved like Hodges razor, only made to sell, fully intended for a humbug—like the last sea serpent of Silver Lake notoriety, got up for the occasion. A better method at once suggests itself. You authorize a responsible committee to investigate, to procure enough fully to test its fertilizing properties, holding your treasury responsible for all losses, always being especially careful that your treasury be not simply large for all the gains, and when fully satisfied, report a basis for future operations. Thus, profit and loss would be equalized, and you would be made fully sensible of the value of your Association. Still better, and more reasonable would it be, that such experiments were made by county societies. But best of all, the most reasonable, that all such things should be done at the expense and under the immediate guidance and agency of the State Society. This brings us at once to the question of the Farmer's Rights. Farmer's Rights! did you say! Why what special rights have Farmers? As a certain Commodore asks, in his reply to the criticisms made by a lay Divine, on his kingly report upon Railroads, &c., most graciously vouchsafed to the world, and which he has so graciously paraphrased, "what do you Divines mean by the proper construction and management of railroads and politics?" "Our calling, sir," says the reply, "does not deprive us of natural feelings, or our civil rights. No sir! nor of the right to review any public document or measure." Farmer's rights! Why we always supposed their legitimate calling was to pay particular attention to the other and the rest of mankind to comment on and start at, for one or two three days. Farmers rights! Why we always supposed farmers to be the most happy—their calling the most delightful, and as a class, the most independent people in the world. And it is truth, every word of it. But are farmers sufficiently aware of their independent position, and knowing, dare take the proper course to maintain it? Who are our farmers' and what's a bold yeomanry—our country's pride? So poetry has it. Prose writers turn then the bone and sinew—the joints and marrow—a republic's boast, a tyrant's strength, and the world's reliance. And poetry or prose, it's all true. Farmers compose the reliable material and contribute the lion's share towards the support and maintenance of every government in the world. Of its thousand millions of inhabitants four-fifths are, more or less, directly engaged in the cultivation of the earth for a livelihood; while upon their success, all are dependent for their daily bread. Commerce, manufactures, all mercantile pursuits prosper or become depressed, only as the farmers are blessed with abundance, and as the bounteous earth rewards their toil, by yielding up the annual recompense of her rich stores. The question then might well be reversed, to what rights have those, who are not of their number? The common sense and theologian, might both safely turn, and ponder well the question. To the non-assertion of the farmers power, all other things being equal, the farmer is the best man they now hold. All rights, civil political and religious, it is in their power to hold and control, and to wield at will. From the President of the United States, down to the most insignificant office-holder in the land, the farmers of the United States may say at any time, who it shall be. And the wonder is, that among all the rest, some one had not long ago got up a farmers' party, and long since, placed our great country, as it should be, under the farmers control, literally, as it is really. It is not the balance of power merely you hold, and therefore necessarily unstable, it is all. Your will and say are paramount to all other wills combined. Where is the ballot box in which the farmer's vote does not make the best show? The farmer, resolved, acting as one man, what office, according to the majority rule, exists, which they cannot fill and control? Where the Legislature, in which they might not have a three-fifths vote? What the enactment they might not modify, amend or repeal? Such then, being the truth, there may be some thing in this great world that is possible, practicable or attainable, that the farmers cannot have, if they so will? Like an honest miller, the weights and scales and the grain all being his, he can have every thing his own way, whether he makes his hundreds long or short. So the farmers of New-Jersey can have everything their own way, and it is their own fault if they do not.

If the Legislature does not grant what you ask for, then the next year you deal out your own treasure until your wants have obtained a princely supply. Make the agricultural interest to be felt and your power regarded.—Legislature for New Jersey,—her citizens, her wants; and if there must be a monopoly in her borders, let it be the monopoly of manure. In the monopoly of asserted rights, and a whole State's privilege. Scatter the hands of West Jersey, until those who will not, shall sensibly feel their guilty nature, and be made

to understand it to be but a meager specimen of the grit, a few more specimens of which, there are still some remaining. For this, there is absolute need. The resources of West Jersey are comparatively unknown and undeveloped, while her sands, apparently so worthless, seem a blemish, an object of scorn and derision. The stigma is unmerited. It should no longer exist. Give the sandy soil of West Jersey good market facilities, and the other section of the State dare enter the list as competitors for more profitable crops. Good Railroad facilities would, and speedily, make acre upon acre of land, now unprofitable, an oasis, from which rich stores might be gathered to gladden the hearts of thousands, that now, and will continue to famish, because so neglected. Nor would it take a long time for the proof. Already your best melons, and vegetables and fruits, are grown upon what are termed the lighter soils. Your grain is purer and better, and if not in quantity, equal to the heavier lands, in quality it knows not to retrograde. Subsoiled and underdrained, it fails not to yield timely, richly, and as certainly. In abundant silage, surely, it will ever be about as well as the best. This, your privilege, and if you so determine so it will be. As the judges said of Passmore Williams, you hold the key in your own hands that will open the portals to freedom whenever you so will. From your own association, let us draw an illustration, before we proceed more at length to maintain our assumed position.

B. A member of your club, reports at one of your meetings that he has read in one of his agricultural journals, (gentlemen do each of you, weekly or monthly peruse such a journal?) a satisfactory account of a full series of experiments in the application of a new fertilizer—fully endorsed by the editor, and corroborated by the testimony of a competent and practical man. This, you would be satisfied, if you had all confidence in the source, a confidence, which we affirm, is attainable. We have, however, to do with the present. How can you act safely and wisely. It is not necessary that every member of your Club—that each one of you should be a trial of the article, and each one lose, if the article proved like Hodges razor, only made to sell, fully intended for a humbug—like the last sea serpent of Silver Lake notoriety, got up for the occasion. A better method at once suggests itself. You authorize a responsible committee to investigate, to procure enough fully to test its fertilizing properties, holding your treasury responsible for all losses, always being especially careful that your treasury be not simply large for all the gains, and when fully satisfied, report a basis for future operations. Thus, profit and loss would be equalized, and you would be made fully sensible of the value of your Association. Still better, and more reasonable would it be, that such experiments were made by county societies. But best of all, the most reasonable, that all such things should be done at the expense and under the immediate guidance and agency of the State Society. This brings us at once to the question of the Farmer's Rights. Farmer's Rights! did you say! Why what special rights have Farmers? As a certain Commodore asks, in his reply to the criticisms made by a lay Divine, on his kingly report upon Railroads, &c., most graciously vouchsafed to the world, and which he has so graciously paraphrased, "what do you Divines mean by the proper construction and management of railroads and politics?" "Our calling, sir," says the reply, "does not deprive us of natural feelings, or our civil rights. No sir! nor of the right to review any public document or measure." Farmer's rights! Why we always supposed their legitimate calling was to pay particular attention to the other and the rest of mankind to comment on and start at, for one or two three days. Farmers rights! Why we always supposed farmers to be the most happy—their calling the most delightful, and as a class, the most independent people in the world. And it is truth, every word of it. But are farmers sufficiently aware of their independent position, and knowing, dare take the proper course to maintain it? Who are our farmers' and what's a bold yeomanry—our country's pride? So poetry has it. Prose writers turn then the bone and sinew—the joints and marrow—a republic's boast, a tyrant's strength, and the world's reliance. And poetry or prose, it's all true. Farmers compose the reliable material and contribute the lion's share towards the support and maintenance of every government in the world. Of its thousand millions of inhabitants four-fifths are, more or less, directly engaged in the cultivation of the earth for a livelihood; while upon their success, all are dependent for their daily bread. Commerce, manufactures, all mercantile pursuits prosper or become depressed, only as the farmers are blessed with abundance, and as the bounteous earth rewards their toil, by yielding up the annual recompense of her rich stores. The question then might well be reversed, to what rights have those, who are not of their number? The common sense and theologian, might both safely turn, and ponder well the question. To the non-assertion of the farmers power, all other things being equal, the farmer is the best man they now hold. All rights, civil political and religious, it is in their power to hold and control, and to wield at will. From the President of the United States, down to the most insignificant office-holder in the land, the farmers of the United States may say at any time, who it shall be. And the wonder is, that among all the rest, some one had not long ago got up a farmers' party, and long since, placed our great country, as it should be, under the farmers control, literally, as it is really. It is not the balance of power merely you hold, and therefore necessarily unstable, it is all. Your will and say are paramount to all other wills combined. Where is the ballot box in which the farmer's vote does not make the best show? The farmer, resolved, acting as one man, what office, according to the majority rule, exists, which they cannot fill and control? Where the Legislature, in which they might not have a three-fifths vote? What the enactment they might not modify, amend or repeal? Such then, being the truth, there may be some thing in this great world that is possible, practicable or attainable, that the farmers cannot have, if they so will? Like an honest miller, the weights and scales and the grain all being his, he can have every thing his own way, whether he makes his hundreds long or short. So the farmers of New-Jersey can have everything their own way, and it is their own fault if they do not.

talk's sake may amuse, it does not necessarily instruct. Nor will an interlocking of unacquired experience be a lasting good. To be so, it must be based on experiment sufficiently authenticated to warrant a similar repetition. Faith is an important element in every enterprise, and is as necessary comparatively to the farmer as to the theologian. The farmer sought to have satisfactory grounds for a full belief in the good market facilities, and the other section of the State dare enter the list as competitors for more profitable crops. Good Railroad facilities would, and speedily, make acre upon acre of land, now unprofitable, an oasis, from which rich stores might be gathered to gladden the hearts of thousands, that now, and will continue to famish, because so neglected. Nor would it take a long time for the proof. Already your best melons, and vegetables and fruits, are grown upon what are termed the lighter soils. Your grain is purer and better, and if not in quantity, equal to the heavier lands, in quality it knows not to retrograde. Subsoiled and underdrained, it fails not to yield timely, richly, and as certainly. In abundant silage, surely, it will ever be about as well as the best. This, your privilege, and if you so determine so it will be. As the judges said of Passmore Williams, you hold the key in your own hands that will open the portals to freedom whenever you so will. From your own association, let us draw an illustration, before we proceed more at length to maintain our assumed position.

B. A member of your club, reports at one of your meetings that he has read in one of his agricultural journals, (gentlemen do each of you, weekly or monthly peruse such a journal?) a satisfactory account of a full series of experiments in the application of a new fertilizer—fully endorsed by the editor, and corroborated by the testimony of a competent and practical man. This, you would be satisfied, if you had all confidence in the source, a confidence, which we affirm, is attainable. We have, however, to do with the present. How can you act safely and wisely. It is not necessary that every member of your Club—that each one of you should be a trial of the article, and each one lose, if the article proved like Hodges razor, only made to sell, fully intended for a humbug—like the last sea serpent of Silver Lake notoriety, got up for the occasion. A better method at once suggests itself. You authorize a responsible committee to investigate, to procure enough fully to test its fertilizing properties, holding your treasury responsible for all losses, always being especially careful that your treasury be not simply large for all the gains, and when fully satisfied, report a basis for future operations. Thus, profit and loss would be equalized, and you would be made fully sensible of the value of your Association. Still better, and more reasonable would it be, that such experiments were made by county societies. But best of all, the most reasonable, that all such things should be done at the expense and under the immediate guidance and agency of the State Society. This brings us at once to the question of the Farmer's Rights. Farmer's Rights! did you say! Why what special rights have Farmers? As a certain Commodore asks, in his reply to the criticisms made by a lay Divine, on his kingly report upon Railroads, &c., most graciously vouchsafed to the world, and which he has so graciously paraphrased, "what do you Divines mean by the proper construction and management of railroads and politics?" "Our calling, sir," says the reply, "does not deprive us of natural feelings, or our civil rights. No sir! nor of the right to review any public document or measure." Farmer's rights! Why we always supposed their legitimate calling was to pay particular attention to the other and the rest of mankind to comment on and start at, for one or two three days. Farmers rights! Why we always supposed farmers to be the most happy—their calling the most delightful, and as a class, the most independent people in the world. And it is truth, every word of it. But are farmers sufficiently aware of their independent position, and knowing, dare take the proper course to maintain it? Who are our farmers' and what's a bold yeomanry—our country's pride? So poetry has it. Prose writers turn then the bone and sinew—the joints and marrow—a republic's boast, a tyrant's strength, and the world's reliance. And poetry or prose, it's all true. Farmers compose the reliable material and contribute the lion's share towards the support and maintenance of every government in the world. Of its thousand millions of inhabitants four-fifths are, more or less, directly engaged in the cultivation of the earth for a livelihood; while upon their success, all are dependent for their daily bread. Commerce, manufactures, all mercantile pursuits prosper or become depressed, only as the farmers are blessed with abundance, and as the bounteous earth rewards their toil, by yielding up the annual recompense of her rich stores. The question then might well be reversed, to what rights have those, who are not of their number? The common sense and theologian, might both safely turn, and ponder well the question. To the non-assertion of the farmers power, all other things being equal, the farmer is the best man they now hold. All rights, civil political and religious, it is in their power to hold and control, and to wield at will. From the President of the United States, down to the most insignificant office-holder in the land, the farmers of the United States may say at any time, who it shall be. And the wonder is, that among all the rest, some one had not long ago got up a farmers' party, and long since, placed our great country, as it should be, under the farmers control, literally, as it is really. It is not the balance of power merely you hold, and therefore necessarily unstable, it is all. Your will and say are paramount to all other wills combined. Where is the ballot box in which the farmer's vote does not make the best show? The farmer, resolved, acting as one man, what office, according to the majority rule, exists, which they cannot fill and control? Where the Legislature, in which they might not have a three-fifths vote? What the enactment they might not modify, amend or repeal? Such then, being the truth, there may be some thing in this great world that is possible, practicable or attainable, that the farmers cannot have, if they so will? Like an honest miller, the weights and scales and the grain all being his, he can have every thing his own way, whether he makes his hundreds long or short. So the farmers of New-Jersey can have everything their own way, and it is their own fault if they do not.

If the Legislature does not grant what you ask for, then the next year you deal out your own treasure until your wants have obtained a princely supply. Make the agricultural interest to be felt and your power regarded.—Legislature for New Jersey,—her citizens, her wants; and if there must be a monopoly in her borders, let it be the monopoly of manure. In the monopoly of asserted rights, and a whole State's privilege. Scatter the hands of West Jersey, until those who will not, shall sensibly feel their guilty nature, and be made

to understand it to be but a meager specimen of the grit, a few more specimens of which, there are still some remaining. For this, there is absolute need. The resources of West Jersey are comparatively unknown and undeveloped, while her sands, apparently so worthless, seem a blemish, an object of scorn and derision. The stigma is unmerited. It should no longer exist. Give the sandy soil of West Jersey good market facilities, and the other section of the State dare enter the list as competitors for more profitable crops. Good Railroad facilities would, and speedily, make acre upon acre of land, now unprofitable, an oasis, from which rich stores might be gathered to gladden the hearts of thousands, that now, and will continue to famish, because so neglected. Nor would it take a long time for the proof. Already your best melons, and vegetables and fruits, are grown upon what are termed the lighter soils. Your grain is purer and better, and if not in quantity, equal to the heavier lands, in quality it knows not to retrograde. Subsoiled and underdrained, it fails not to yield timely, richly, and as certainly. In abundant silage, surely, it will ever be about as well as the best. This, your privilege, and if you so determine so it will be. As the judges said of Passmore Williams, you hold the key in your own hands that will open the portals to freedom whenever you so will. From your own association, let us draw an illustration, before we proceed more at length to maintain our assumed position.

B. A member of your club, reports at one of your meetings that he has read in one of his agricultural journals, (gentlemen do each of you, weekly or monthly peruse such a journal?) a satisfactory account of a full series of experiments in the application of a new fertilizer—fully endorsed by the editor, and corroborated by the testimony of a competent and practical man. This, you would be satisfied, if you had all confidence in the source, a confidence, which we affirm, is attainable. We have, however, to do with the present. How can you act safely and wisely. It is not necessary that every member of your Club—that each one of you should be a trial of the article, and each one lose, if the article proved like Hodges razor, only made to sell, fully intended for a humbug—like the last sea serpent of Silver Lake notoriety, got up for the occasion. A better method at once suggests itself. You authorize a responsible committee to investigate, to procure enough fully to test its fertilizing properties, holding your treasury responsible for all losses, always being especially careful that your treasury be not simply large for all the gains, and when fully satisfied, report a basis for future operations. Thus, profit and loss would be equalized, and you would be made fully sensible of the value of your Association. Still better, and more reasonable would it be, that such experiments were made by county societies. But best of all, the most reasonable, that all such things should be done at the expense and under the immediate guidance and agency of the State Society. This brings us at once to the question of the Farmer's Rights. Farmer's Rights! did you say! Why what special rights have Farmers? As a certain Commodore asks, in his reply to the criticisms made by a lay Divine, on his kingly report upon Railroads, &c., most graciously vouchsafed to the world, and which he has so graciously paraphrased, "what do you Divines mean by the proper construction and management of railroads and politics?" "Our calling, sir," says the reply, "does not deprive us of natural feelings, or our civil rights. No sir! nor of the right to review any public document or measure." Farmer's rights! Why we always supposed their legitimate calling was to pay particular attention to the other and the rest of mankind to comment on and start at, for one or two three days. Farmers rights! Why we always supposed farmers to be the most happy—their calling the most delightful, and as a class, the most independent people in the world. And it is truth, every word of it. But are farmers sufficiently aware of their independent position, and knowing, dare take the proper course to maintain it? Who are our farmers' and what's a bold yeomanry—our country's pride? So poetry has it. Prose writers turn then the bone and sinew—the joints and marrow—a republic's boast, a tyrant's strength, and the world's reliance. And poetry or prose, it's all true. Farmers compose the reliable material and contribute the lion's share towards the support and maintenance of every government in the world. Of its thousand millions of inhabitants four-fifths are, more or less, directly engaged in the cultivation of the earth for a livelihood; while upon their success, all are dependent for their daily bread. Commerce, manufactures, all mercantile pursuits prosper or become depressed, only as the farmers are blessed with abundance, and as the bounteous earth rewards their toil,

