NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.

Rahway, N. J., February 18th, 1875.

POETRY.

WINTER.

Winter, the weather-cock veers round,
It cold, and dreadful is the sound
That blasts with icy breath
And moves them with double force on
The snow, cold winds a-roving come,
And whips the waves to foam,
And all is motion.

Where are we now? Behold the sun
Has wandered up, we're in June,
And here we have the heat
Of summer's noon,
The trees are clothed in their green dress,
And summer's fruits appear,
The flowers in their beauty blow,
The grass is waving,
The ocean, as a mirror, lies,
The waves are still,
The fishes sport and play,
The sun is warm,
The flowers that blow
Have various colours,
And various smells,
And various forms.

Now autumn's come,
The fruits are ripe,
The leaves are changing,
The grass is withered,
The flowers are gone,
The sun is mild,
The days are short,
The nights are long,
The ocean rolls,
The waves run high,
The fishes sport and play,
And all is motion.

Now winter's come,
The trees are stripped of their leaves,
The grass is withered,
The flowers are gone,
The sun is cold,
The days are short,
The nights are long,
The ocean rolls,
The waves run high,
The fishes sport and play,
And all is motion.

Thus we see winter is the season
To exercise our reason,
To call to mind
The works of God,
And to consider
How we have spent
The summer of our days.

Have we been virtuous?
Have we been vicious?
Have we been idle?
Have we been busy?
Have we been wise?
Have we been foolish?
Have we been mad?
Have we been sad?
Have we been merry?
Have we been sorry?
Have we been glad?
Have we been angry?
Have we been pleased?
Have we been displeased?
Have we been happy?
Have we been miserable?
Have we been rich?
Have we been poor?
Have we been healthy?
Have we been sick?
Have we been living?
Have we been dying?
Have we been born?
Have we been dead?

MISCELLANEOUS.

REVIVAL OF THE FARMERS' CLUB.

The Union County Farmers' Club met on the 4th inst. at the usual place of meeting in the village of Westfield, and was well attended, considering the severity of the weather. The meeting was organized by choosing the old officers, Mr. Wm. Cory, President, and Mr. Wm. Dunham, Secretary. The President said a great care should be exercised in choosing questions to bring before the Club, that some labor upon or cause to contract with the person, for it is of refreshing [illegible]. What was thought to be too important to study it with the Club. If there is found on the subject that should be attached to a fungicide. Speaking of saving labor by machinery, Mr. Wm. Palmer thought railroad companies ought to be compelled by law to use wider rails, a plank to rail. Mr. Cory said he was willing to plank the roads, the present custom is to have wide rails and narrow wheels, and a wide wood plank which soon wear out and have to be rails above the rail, and the wheels run over. A man is fearful to labor and where there are many of these crossings.

On this topic there were brought for exhibition several varieties of apples and pears. Indian Rose and Virginia Pine Plants, samples of fall grain, and John Kelson & Co's Ammoniated Dissolved Bone. These coarse showed the latter to be to be exceedingly valuable, exceptionally in very fertility of the soil. Mr. Kelson said the latter readers seemed to speak a fact, and the sample was evidently free from its adulterations. Price, $35 per ton delivered on the cars at the Point. A club was made up among the present to purchase a ton for trial, which may not be with some of our readers a plan, not subscribe to the importance of this? We wonder that so much of the club's time is devoted to the discussion of the tariff, as the farmers well knows that they are the fourth class of consumers, that they can not affect the cost of plants, so plants are the food of animals, and animals are the food of men. So plants and animal are the food of men. In the tariff the raised food for the latter, the least not dispose anything to find out what is the best to put on the table some apple grafts for that purpose.

Fruit discussions are generally attended with pleasant results, for all we can see, no one has an opinion upon the quality of a fruit until it is tasted, therefore [illegible] pears, the flavored apples and luscious oranges have to be purchased in order that their merits may be fully known, may be enlarged. Thursday evening's discussion was upon the Grapes. Mr. Williams, of Rockdale, said of the Jersey Hardy Purple Grapevine, of which he had a vine, that it was an excellent Fall grape, of good flavor and productive. Some years ago, Mr. Williams was a superior Wilder variety, which he considered of much value. Mr. Wm. Dunham, of Point, The Smith Color and Moore's Diamond and Dupuis of Allerton years. Wm. Cory, Jacob Dunham and Mr. Williams, of Rockdale, the Smith grape of Point, Mr. E. P. Beebe placed the Vine of Concord as the best of those grapes. Mr. Cory's opinion was not shared by Mr. E. P. Beebe, who thought worthy of Concord. Their opinions were very unfavorable. John Crane's Seedling was pronounced by Mr. Cory as very promising. He spoke highly of the Prentiss grape, which he had a couple of which he gave specimens from the club. Last year Mr. Cory had a vine of the Prentiss, and from that vine he got his grapes very well to give to the club, but this year he has not got the vine to bear grapes; with him it has been a failure. Mr. Beebe thought the Prentiss was the best grape for home use. Mr. Williams thought the Concord was the best grape for market. Mr. Cory

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.
Elizabeth, N. J., February 25th, 1875.

RAILWAY, N. J., FEBRUARY 25th, 1875.

N.B. TIME TABLE BETWEEN RAHWAY AND NEW YORK.

LEAVE RAHWAY—5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30

NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.
Rahway, N. J., February 28th, 1875.

POETRY.

DO NOT SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray don't laugh at me,
But when you go so late,
Remember, my precious dear,
To never slam the gate.

For Bessie knows every night,
And so does trusty Rover,
To wait me, never fear, what comes
They know I'm sure to be over.

"Twas nasty, too, last night, you know,
The rain fell in torrents;
You've talked about it many times,
Oh, do not slam the gate.

For all the neighbors hear me it
Will say—or future fate
Is we have the reading I to I by,
You will not slam the gate.

For I might be a—or—ghost
Or anything else you please,
And then you'd never, never,
At least not now, by candles,
Where in Vast Space I'd be,
Or whether you would go
To hear me slam the gate.

THE WHOLE WORLD OVER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

METROPOLITAN LIFE.

THE TRUTH IS NOW OUT.

That Insult for Christmastime—the most cruel taunt in the year.

As early as the middle of November the cool-headed men of the city commence preparing for Christmas. In fact, the Summer school vacation is hardly over before young New York begins talking what it would be most pleased to receive on the good Santa Claus' day. How many stockings it is going to hang on Christmas eve, and what it is going to be filled with what it is to be, dissected, and what a general good time it will have. Parents, nurses or uncles, aunts, dads, and mothers-in-law are sometimes without end until Old Nick virtually jots his toy catalogue.

In the latter part of November and throughout the whole of the Holy and Lenten Catholic observance commences practicing the new Christmas music, while the toy manufacturers and modistes are gathering the materials and shaping and finishing their wares; and as the middle of December have the dozens, there will become manifest the activity of the preceding Christmas has no master passed as a living day every minute, almost, nearly bells and the noise of the sacred echoes are filled with the merry chimes. The whole town will glad with the work their hands are performing, and the thoughts of the other as more or less decorating with evergreen and other winter flowers, but more especially into the matter with such spirit as the two above-mentioned—and again where the congregation has a majority of Virginia we find the entire will possess the same to also characteristic of the German Protestant churches, where we meet that same spirit of church decoration to a greater extent than in the churches. In fact, no Christian Protestant church is thought to be fully dressed unless it is provided with a somewhat Christmas Tree upon which is a present for every attendant of sufficient size and worth, as many toy candles as there are scholars.

The ladies in town may begin to parade their Christmas wares early in November, and while they do not become on the Sabbath, the shutters are ordinarily left off and somebody can see what is kept burning all night, and advertising their wares. These pieces of business are generally found in the leading thoroughfares, such as Grand street, East Side, Broadway, Fifth, Sixth and Eighth avenues, while nearly every street of some importance has its special dealers in toys, or yard stores.

The leading houses have a veritable Santa Claus conspicuously placed somewhere about the premises to attract the eye and please all the children of large and smaller growth. To say only is the season to get the best and cheapest bargains; the two or three days preceding the day, of course, will not be