

May's Landing Record

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT
MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J.
By WILLIAM G. TAYLOR.
Post-Office Box 88.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application.

OUR LODGES.

UNITED LODGE NO. 21, A. F. & M. S.
MAY'S LANDING, N. J., MEETS EVERY TUESDAY, AT 7 P. M.
L. O. O. F.
ATLANTIC LODGE NO. 10, MEETS EVERY MONDAY, AT 7 O'CLOCK.
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OUR CHURCHES.

M. E. CHURCH,
Rev. G. S. SYKES, Pastor.
Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.
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Responded to by Mr. Benjamin Peck, at present a student at Pennington Seminary.
Music—"Grandfather's Clock."
A few fitting remarks were then offered by Noble Grand, Joseph L. Veal, after which the closing ode was sung, and the company dispersed to their homes with a glow of good feeling for the Order and the pleasant public entertainment afforded.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. N. S. Albertson, formerly of this county, now first book-keeper at Chadwick's Commission House, 88 Harrison St., New York, was in town on Monday, looking unusually well, and "chock full" of his wondrous good humor.
George Peck, Esq., of Camden, spent Sunday last with his wife at Judge Lewis's, Mr. P. is one of those social individuals whom it is a pleasure to meet.

LOCAL ITEMS.

These are great days among the strikers in Elizabeth, England, and a number of women and children are beginning to starve.
Hon. Thomas Y. Simmons, a leading member of the Charleston, S. C., bar, and one of the most prominent Democrats of the South, died April 23d.
The subcommittee of the House Committee on Education and Labor has agreed on a bill imposing a tax of \$1000 upon Chinese immigrants.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Newell district, New York, is doing very well.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AGRICULTURE.
THE following poem, which appeared in a number of the N. Y. Independent, is so unexceptionably good, the poetry of poetry, the cream of the cream of literature, that we have pleasure in transcribing it for the growing number who will be likely to appreciate its merits.

Dear Ladies, Chester's favorable days,
My large unfeeling Loves, many yet one—
A grave good-morrow to your Grasses, all,
Fair lush and fruitful seasons!

En, how still
The midnoon smiles you of man; save me,
Speak to your lover, maddens! None can
hear.

I lie as you placid Brandywine,
Holding the hills and heavens in my heart
For contemplation.

The perfect hour:
From fountains of dawn the finest autumn day
Has rippled as a brook right pleasantly
Half-way to noon; but now with widening turn
Masses press, in lucid meditation locked,
And round into a silver pool of morn,
Bottom'd with clover-fields, my heart just
hears

Eight lingering strokes of some far village-
bell,
That speaks the hour so inward-voiced, in-
seems
Time's conscience has but whispered him
aught lights

Of revolution, Begins that mild process
That suits the middle of each rural morn—
When nimble noons that with sunrise ran;
About the farms again have sunk to rest;
When Tom no more across the horse-rod calls
To sleepy Dick nor Dick to sleepy Tom,
The every back runs for stamping on the soil
With sulphurous oath and kick in flank, what
time

The cart-chain clinks across the shunting shaft,
The wheelbarrow rattles, the plow plumps
house down the hill, where quivering ducks
quack loud,
And Susan Cook is singing.

Up the sky
The heaving moon slow trembles on,
Paint as a death-washed soul but newly up,
From out a fresh-sown grave. Far round, below,
A hundred plows in hundred furrows
Moan rattlingly run, as smooth as rivers
Flow toward a rain of clover-blows; as lakes
Pour gentle sounds of placement up to meet
Descending drupe of showers. Small winds
are seen.

How down the blooms, then wander, where I
lie
Mild soul and body with the clover-tuffs
Licht on my spirit give from wing and thigh
Rich, pious and sweet, as sweet as honey,
To every nerve, and freshly make report
Of Nature's sunset rest autumn-tongued,
On some soul of sense within my frame
That owns such cognizance of the outlying

And sees, hears, tastes, smells, touches, all in
one,
And now, dear Clover (since my soul is thine,
Since I am fair give study all the day,
To make by ways my ways, thy service mine,
And die out on thy road, to live in thee—
Now, Cousin Clover, tell me in mine ear,
Go! that thou to market with my pink and green?
Of what avail, this color and this grace?
Thou that art so sweet, so sweet and gentle-brown
Hill careless herbs would feed. A poet, thou,
What worth, what worth, the whole of all things
art?

Three-leaves, instruct me! I am sick of
price,
Framed in the arching of two clover-stems,
Where-through I gaze from off my hill, afar,
The spacious fields from me to Heaven take on
Tremors of change and new significance
To th' eye, as to the ear a simple tale,
The precise witness, o'er all bounds of blue
Where horizontal land bend, and spread
Under a curious-hilled and curious-valley'd East,
Endless beyond, behind, around; which seems
To incalculable up-and-down of Time
Made plain before mine eyes. The clover-
stems

Will cover all the space; but now they bear,
For clover-blows, fair, stately heads of men
Sweet voices of all the souls of time,
Whose loving service to the world has been
In the artist's way expressed and bodied.

Oh!
In arm's reach, here be Dante, Keats, Chopin,
Raphael, Lucretia, Omar, Angelo,
Beethoven, Chaucer, Schubert, Shakespeare,
Back,
And Buddha (sweetest masters! let me say)
These arms this once, this humble one, about
Your revered necks—the most containing
clasp.

For in all, this world (as I saw) I, and there,
For further on, bright things unnameable
Of workers workshippable, nobilities
In the Court of Gentle Service, silent men,
Dwellers in woods, brooders on helpful art,
Add all the press of them, the fair, the large,
That wrought with beauty.

Let what bulk is here,
Now comes the Course-of-things, shaped like
an Oz,
Slow browsing, o'er my hillside, ponderously—
The huge-browed, tame, and workful Course-of-
things,
That hath his grass, if earth be round or flat,
And hath his grass, if empire plough in pain
Or faiths flash out. This cool, unasking Oz
Comes browsing o'er my hills and vales of
time.

And thrusts me out his tongue, and curls it,
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And sickles, about my poet's head,
And twines them in, all—Dante, Keats, Chopin,
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With stanchly-durating jaws, and swallows
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Then slowly plants a mighty foot-fore out on
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And makes, advance to futurward, one inch,
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And to this end?
This God? This, this troublous-breeding Earth?
This Sun?
Of hot, quick pains? To this?—no end that
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These Masters wrought, and wept, and sweated
blood,
And burned, and loved, and ached, with public
And found no friends to breathe their love to
me,
Woods and wet pillows? This was all? This
Oz?

"Nay," quoth a sun of voices in mine ear,
"God's love, we, and feed His Course-of-
things;

The pasture is God's pasture; systems strange
Of food and ferment He hath, whereby,
To qualify produce for plans of His
The general brown is built. Kinsman, learn
this:

The artist's market is the heart of man.
The artist's price is little good of man.
These not by vision with vain search for ends,
The End of Means is art that works by love.
The End of Ends is that God's begin-
nings lead.

Quare? Four Purposes—This is
simple, easily made and delicious. Any
kind of bottled or fresh fruit may be
used. Butter a deep dish and lay in
thin slices of butter, dipped in
milk, and then a layer of rhubarb or
any fruit, sweetened and spiced with
a little nutmeg or cinnamon; then an-
other layer of bread and butter, then
fruit again, and so on. All the bread is
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Pour gentle sounds of placement up to meet
Descending drupe of showers. Small winds
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How down the blooms, then wander, where I
lie
Mild soul and body with the clover-tuffs
Licht on my spirit give from wing and thigh
Rich, pious and sweet, as sweet as honey,
To every nerve, and freshly make report
Of Nature's sunset rest autumn-tongued,
On some soul of sense within my frame
That owns such cognizance of the outlying

And sees, hears, tastes, smells, touches, all in
one,
And now, dear Clover (since my soul is thine,
Since I am fair give study all the day,
To make by ways my ways, thy service mine,
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Now, Cousin Clover, tell me in mine ear,
Go! that thou to market with my pink and green?
Of what avail, this color and this grace?
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Three-leaves, instruct me! I am sick of
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Under a curious-hilled and curious-valley'd East,
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butter, also dipped in milk, and placed
with the buttered side down. Cover
with a plate and bake slowly two hours,
when with the plate removed, half an
hour,

HUMOROUS.
The following poem, which appeared in a number of the N. Y. Independent, is so unexceptionably good, the poetry of poetry, the cream of the cream of literature, that we have pleasure in transcribing it for the growing number who will be likely to appreciate its merits.

Dear Ladies, Chester's favorable days,
My large unfeeling Loves, many yet one—
A grave good-morrow to your Grasses, all,
Fair lush and fruitful seasons!

En, how still
The midnoon smiles you of man; save me,
Speak to your lover, maddens! None can
hear.

I lie as you placid Brandywine,
Holding the hills and heavens in my heart
For contemplation.

The perfect hour:
From fountains of dawn the finest autumn day
Has rippled as a brook right pleasantly
Half-way to noon; but now with widening turn
Masses press, in lucid meditation locked,
And round into a silver pool of morn,
Bottom'd with clover-fields, my heart just
hears

Eight lingering strokes of some far village-
bell,
That speaks the hour so inward-voiced, in-
seems
Time's conscience has but whispered him
aught lights

Of revolution, Begins that mild process
That suits the middle of each rural morn—
When nimble noons that with sunrise ran;
About the farms again have sunk to rest;
When Tom no more across the horse-rod calls
To sleepy Dick nor Dick to sleepy Tom,
The every back runs for stamping on the soil
With sulphurous oath and kick in flank, what
time

The cart-chain clinks across the shunting shaft,
The wheelbarrow rattles, the plow plumps
house down the hill, where quivering ducks
quack loud,
And Susan Cook is singing.

Up the sky
The heaving moon slow trembles on,
Paint as a death-washed soul but newly up,
From out a fresh-sown grave. Far round, below,
A hundred plows in hundred furrows
Moan rattlingly run, as smooth as rivers
Flow toward a rain of clover-blows; as lakes
Pour gentle sounds of placement up to meet
Descending drupe of showers. Small winds
are seen.

How down the blooms, then wander, where I
lie
Mild soul and body with the clover-tuffs
Licht on my spirit give from wing and thigh
Rich, pious and sweet, as sweet as honey,
To every nerve, and freshly make report
Of Nature's sunset rest autumn-tongued,
On some soul of sense within my frame
That owns such cognizance of the outlying

And sees, hears, tastes, smells, touches, all in
one,
And now, dear Clover (since my soul is thine,
Since I am fair give study all the day,
To make by ways my ways, thy service mine,
And die out on thy road, to live in thee—
Now, Cousin Clover, tell me in mine ear,
Go! that thou to market with my pink and green?
Of what avail, this color and this grace?
Thou that art so sweet, so sweet and gentle-brown
Hill careless herbs would feed. A poet, thou,
What worth, what worth, the whole of all things
art?

Three-leaves, instruct me! I am sick of
price,
Framed in the arching of two clover-stems,
Where-through I gaze from off my hill, afar,
The spacious fields from me to Heaven take on
Tremors of change and new significance
To th' eye, as to the ear a simple tale,
The precise witness, o'er all bounds of blue
Where horizontal land bend, and spread
Under a curious-hilled and curious-valley'd East,
Endless beyond, behind, around; which seems
To incalculable up-and-down of Time
Made plain before mine eyes. The clover-
stems

Will cover all the space; but now they bear,
For clover-blows, fair, stately heads of men
Sweet voices of all the souls of time,
Whose loving service to the world has been
In the artist's way expressed and bodied.

Oh!
In arm's reach, here be Dante, Keats, Chopin,
Raphael, Lucretia, Omar, Angelo,
Beethoven, Chaucer, Schubert, Shakespeare,
Back,
And Buddha (sweetest masters! let me say)