

Baftzman's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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TO —

There was a time I thought to make
A holy love my guiding star;
When my unclouded spirit beamed
With hopes as bright as morning's ear.

THE DISGUISED LOVER.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas—whatever he touches turns to dirt.

ber the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you.
Now, it so happened that of all the good advice I had given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it.

JUDGE WILMOT'S LETTER.

TOWANDA, April 22d, 1856.
GENTLEMEN: On my return home, after an absence of two weeks, I found your communication informing me of my nomination—as a candidate for the office of Governor, by a Convention of the Freemen of Pennsylvania.

sue of this conflict is involved the democratic character of our institutions of government, and the independence, dignity and rights of the free white laboring man and his posterity.
Philadelphia. In geographical position it is a Northern Territory. It was dedicated by a solemn compact in 1820 to Freedom forever.

AGRICULTURAL.

GET IN ROOT CROPS.—We write under the settled conviction that the profits of the general farmer will be more rapidly increased under a judicious cultivation of the various roots than in any other way; that more than double the value per acre may be obtained from them than from hay crops, and more even than from the small grains or Indian corn.
We are gratified to notice that the cultivation of the sugar beet is beginning to enlist the attention of farmers. Those who have made a trial of it speak of it in terms of approbation.