"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT?"

VOLUME 29---NUMBER 1.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1854.

HOLD NEMBER 4508

Mem Inblications.

"Up the River." By F. W. Shelton, Author of "Rector of St. Bardolph's" and Salander and the Dragon! With illustrations from original designs. New York: Charles Scribner, Nassau St.

This is truly a charming production.-We took it up with the intention of merely giving it a hasty glance for the time being; but found upon reading the first page, that hurry or skipping was out of the question. Not even the potent spell of music in an adjoining room was sufficient to distract our attention. The fascination of the book was complete-and nolons rolens we were obliged to read on, word upon word, and "line upon line," until the last leaf was turned. This is not the first time that we have been beguiled in the same way by Mr. Shelton's writings. Our experience of the "Rector of St. Bardolph's" was of the same kind; although this may probably be esteemed his best work. The present volume contains three hundred and thirtyfive pages, and is got up with great taste and beauty by Mr. Scribner. It opens with a prefatory letter to Louis Gaylord Clark, which in feeling, sentiment, and a subtle mixture of the pathetic and humorous, bears the stamp of a master mind. Altogether the style of the whole work is fresh, vigorous," and sprightly.-The common things of nature, and the every day occurrences of life, are described in so novel and delightful a manner, that we forget their actual familiarity to our own knowledge, and see them again in some unthought of point of view. Mr. Shelton's ideas are original; his observations of the whole animal creation, acute and minute, and his descriptions, fairly overflowing with life and animation. The title of his book, " Up the River," is indicative of all the charm of scenery on the banks of our noble Hudson, which may well be styled the "river of rivers." Its monumental palisades have already Leen storied with the heroic deeds of the American Revolution-and now, its fertile banks are made classic by American genius. We take leave of this delightful volume, or diary of life for a year, with regret. It is not often that we have been · regaled with so lively a series of fresh and vivid pen-pictures, as are presented in these pages, and we heartily commend

The Home Journal for 1854 .- In the wide range of Weekly Newspapers, "The Home Journal" may be allowed without detriment to others, to stand alone in its own peculiar sphere. Racy, brilliant, and entirely unique in its plan, it looms up on the sea of periodical literature with ever recurring light. Its accomplished Editors understand the art of catching a floating idea before the sparkles evaporate, and transferring it instanter to the page. If you want a spicy, piquant, or graceful article, look in "The Home Journal" and you will be sure to find it. If you want wit, pathos, humor, anecdote, amusing gossip, sketches of character, the cream of foreign or American literature or news, look in The Home Journal" and there they are-Aladdin's lamp, could not answer your wish more readily. Morris & Willis have well carned the confidence of the public by their united efforts in this, their favorite enterprise. The most fastidious taste, or the strictest morality, could pick no flaw in their weekly sheet. It is every way unexceptionable, as well as every way desirable—a perfect bazaur of attractive productions, selections and contributions! The sparkling paragraphs and sweet poems of General Morris, the General of American Song, and the charming and original descriptive sketches of Mr. Willis, can be found nowhere else. The New Year opens a new volume of this popular FAMILY NEWSPAPER. Now is the time to subscribe. Only \$2 for one copy, or \$5 for three copies. Sendyour address to Morris & Willia 107 Fulton St. New York, and commence with the first number from the first of January 1854.

the work, with its beautiful and appro-

printe illustrations, which give it addi-

Health Trip to the Tropics. By N. P. Willis. New York : Charles Scrib-

Here is a traveller's book of the right kind. A book, telling us all about tropical hearts, and homes. Public and domestic characters, and scenes amuse ments and modes of travelling, or living at hotels negro population, and social position among the whites together with a thousand original observations on every thing in those regions, which ever came

well calculated for his originalities of ex pression, and flights of funcy and when we take into consideration that these Letters were written wile in pursuit of health, we are impossed with admiration of the active and genial mind, which could thus brow off the lassitude of illness, in the task of preparing these pleas pages. The volume is issued in andsome style by Mr. Scribner, and wil pay well for the reading.

Miscelloneous Selections. FLOWER-BELLS.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY. Sorr Midsummer air, cheery with sun shine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and the half open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it as the gardener himself. It had also a soit of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, paving been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet was invited by the Midsummer air to look after his garden.

The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his and. A bee had come into the roomreorge kent bees and had been hoverng about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle The lily was a legal document to this effect:

"Six—We are instructed hereby to give you no-tice of the death of Mr. Thomas. Queeks of Ed-mondton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, sir, Your (here the bee sat on the bbedient servants.)

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawyers meant by their uncertain phraseologv. It did not mean be concluded that Messrs, F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeks, of Edmondton: but it did mean bat he must turn out of the bouse grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generations past.) until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dend a twelvemonth last been well while his dame was with him. sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The death, or of all past losses again to be from them before he had finished his resultered freshly and together—which so speciful inquiry. clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was

not a portion of the writing. An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old creature who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself in the style of cottage cookery his own fat bacon and

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly, said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sonshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "then

go and see the lawvers." They lived in the City; George lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swavne's old-fashloned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's case, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomics, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanou. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fushioned time; for curred in the middle of the reign of George house upon his back, Harry could; he is the Third. George, then—I mean George so wonderfully broad-chested. He's just Swayne, not Georgius Rex-started off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court | shall be gone a longer before he comes | rently, handsomer than ever. He was very in the City. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It to you next year. He is always full of he had substituted for the widow's flower. smelt like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scare-crows for all the gardens in

Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey. George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Fl int could only repeat, he said, the instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," he said, "these holdings, that have been let hithrto for thirty pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight line we have named to you. What would you have more rea-

"Sir, I muke no complaint," George an swered, " only I want to abide by the

let you retain possession of your land, for you comfortable for the whole winter. -shall we say i two years, at the rent of fifty pounds: and, at the expiration of

"I will accept that offer, sir." A home-Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thou for itself—to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother sucked him was gain enough for George. So he turned homeward and went

cheerfully upon his way by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignouette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who bad kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flower-pots on one window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green field due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque sliells; and one house that receded from its neighbors had a small garden in front, that was sown over with shells instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of wall-flowers. The summer house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shudow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden tho't George; for it never waved nor rustled, and did not, by one change of feature except that it grew daily dirtier--show itself conscious of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons. It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which, brought home by some among the sailors, strugpoor, but very neat and clean, he saw not upon a table to catch the rays of the unless he would pay a large fine for the lit had a reddish stalk, small, pointed renewal of his lease. He was but a leaves; and from every cluster of leaves summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. voung fellow of five and twenty; who, hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and when he stopped to look in mother had been dend a twelvemonth last at it, he felt some such emotion as might Midsummer day; and his futher, who had stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawn-broker's showwindow. He knocked at the green door. and a pale girl opened it, holding a piece cottage and the garden were more pre- of unfinished needlework. Her paleness cions to George as a home than as a place left her for for a minute, when she saw of business. There were thoughts of that it was a stranger who had knocked. parting—like thoughts of another loss by Her blue eyes made George glance away spectful inquiry. 'I beg your pardon,'

> Will you walk in, if you please, sir, said the girl; mother will tell you all

he said but may I ask the name of the

flower in the window, and where it came

from ?

she knows about it.' With two steps the young gardener strode into the small front room, where a The room was clean and little furnished. There was only said upon the floor; and on the table, with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologized for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that had attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies. nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage, that he might give water enough to the flower a tender-hearted boy, my Harry."

"He is young then?" Well he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the so wonderfully broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm afeard I back: and he said when he went, "take his fun, sir, is my Harry." "Then Ma'am." George stammered,

stitching, ceased from work, and looked three became fast friends and began to quarup wonderingly at the stranger, who had rel. While they were quarreling, there was nothing to say and yet remained with a bouncing knock at the door. Mother and them. At last, the young man, with the daughter hurried to the door; but Susan color of the flower on his checks, said, stood aside that Harry might go first into 'I'm a poor man, Ma'sm, and not much his mother's arms.

How glad Harry will be !

your health and comfort ? pleaded Hary's sister.

A long debate was carried on in low ones, while George Swavne endeavored to look as though he were a hundred -a stout and true hearted young fellow she could do with. My opinion is that of twenty five—to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the constructions and it was the conscious in the instructors and it was the conscious her instructors and it was the conscious her instructors and it was the conscious of the instructors and it was the conscious her instructors and it was the conscious of the instructors and it was the the young woman was susan. When the old lady at last contented with a sight eral to each other; how Harry amused to George's offer, he placed ten guiness on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade good-bye and took the flower-pot away, spent summer and autumn evenings in the promising again earnestly that he would little parlor: how Susan Swayne became bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne then having the lawvers almost put out of his /head, carfied he plant home and duly busied himself, ation of the whole purchase money which in his green-house over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, du- or two later little Harry Swayne damaged ring which the young gordener worked the borders, and was abetted by grandhard and are sparingly. He had left to mother Ellis in so doing; how a year or himself but five pounds for the general two after that, Susan Swayne, the lesser, maintenance of his garden; more was dug with a small wooden spade side by needed, and that he had to pinch as far side with giant Uncle Harry; who was as he dared, out of his humble food and a man-to find the centre of the earth unother necessaries of existence. He had, der Swayne's garden when he came however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells throve, and the seas, with roots and seeds, his home bethought of Susan was better to him than ing Swayne's nursery : and, finally, how roust beef. Ho did not again visit the widows house. He had no right to go there until he went to redeem his prom

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and reen-houses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the atmost perfection of blossom to be carried in redemption of the promway, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swavne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen once: but he was a young fellow, and he tho't about ber, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then shoot out

in unaccountable directions. A desired event happened one morn ng. The best customer of Swavne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lody Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighborhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George, with much perturbation,, ushered her into his green-house, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them-that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new flowers were unique, she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each, and took them home in triumph. Of course the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was, the carriages of the great people of the neighborhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery, day after day, that there was no getting by them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continthat," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to uance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That, in due

time, he took to Harry's mother. The ten guiness added to the produce of Susan's labor she had not slackened, i a jot-had maintained the cickly woman through the winter; and, when there came that he took home for his mother. He is to her a letter one morning in July, in Harry's dear scrawl, posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to bealth. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came : but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower bells back; and, appamuch abashed and stammered something; care of the plant, mother, it'll have bun- and, when he came in, he could find nothing dreds of bells to ring when I come back to say. The handsome china yase, which pot said something, however, for him. The widow and daughter greeted him with hearty it's a plant you wouldn't like to part smiles and thanks; but he had something

else to do than to return them-squething The poor woman looked angry for a of which he seemed to be exceedinly ashainmoment; and then, after a pause, an- ed. At last he did it. I mean no offence, swered gently, No, sir, not until my he said: but this is much more yours than mine. He laid upon the table twenty guincas. They refused the money with surprise; have gone away-still bent over the flow- Susan with eagerness. He told them his er. The plant was very beautiful, and story; how the plant had saved him from evidently stood the climate well, and it the chance of being turned out of his home; was of a kind to propagate by slips.— how Le was making money by the flower, George did not well know what to say or and how fairly he considered half the profits The girl who had been nimbly to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the

God bless you, Mr. Swayne, said Har- ten it. I saw how it was and received a ry, keep the money, if we are to be friends: of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of the poor old woman tremules universely that term, you may perhaps be able to ly: Harry told me to keep it for his let us all have something to eat. They eral idea that sno nad using that term, you may perhaps be able to ly: Harry told me to keep it for his let us all have something to eat. They eral idea that sno nad using the pay the fine and renew your lease. Sake, she whispered to her daughter, made a little festival that evening in the could not see where the wrong lay or willow's house, and George thought more how or why slice had done it. She had Does Harry love a flower better than than ever of the chiming of the bells as Susan laid her needlework aside to bustle play, or to love the birds and the flowers, congrete is, among the small farmers. By to and fro. Harry had tales to tell over his pipe and; I tell you what, Swayne, think these things were all right. Her aged almost universal. Increase thousand he, I'm glad you're the better for my love of rooting. If I wan't a sailor time to indulge in these innocents would not hesitate a moment about surmiles off listening to nothing. But the myself, I'd be a gurdener. I've a small inclinations. On this point she had releving accents of the girl debating with cargo of roots and seeds in my box, that ceived little or no instruction. No won-her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne I brought home for mother to try what der she could not tell why she had been a stout and true hearted young fellow she could do with. My opinion is that "so naughty." The fault was partly with

> much rosier than Susan Ellis had been; how Flint and Grinston conveyed the nursery-ground to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs for ever, in consider-Swayne had accumulated; how a year or home ever and anon from beyond the happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew to bethese are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the eraliest cultivation in England of the flower now known as the Fuschia. Household

ed through the hall to my study. They so often in Scottish song and story. When were addressed by Betsey, the liouse- you enter you have the cold clay floor maid, to a sprightly but not very thought- under your feet, and the smoked thatched was sending with a message to a farm you first enter. The furniture consists of ters by voting against their own convichouse, some quarter of a mile distant. a few shelves of dishes, a table, a dasher Mary set out at once, and, taking a seat a moment after, near a window which overlooked the road, my eye caught the form of a child, bounding away on an er-

There is hardly anything in this cold world, like the feeling with which a father regards a bright, affectionate daughter. doubt whether the much and justly euogized love of a mother, strong as it is, is just such a feeling. Prompted by the recollection of what I had just heard, or ov the dim remembrance of some of my childish experiences, or perhaps by both combined, I determined to watch the movements of the little messenger. For to give energy to the child's purpose, and door of a neighbor, something attracted her attention. She paused then ran into the yard, and it was some moments before she re-appeared. Again on her covery of the far-famed butterfly, which so many children have chased. At all events, it was soon pretty clear that Mary had quite forgotten the impressive injunction of the house-keeper. "Ah, child!" thought I, as I turned from the window, thou art a type of myself, thou art a true representative of the kind!"

"Weak and irresolute is man; The purpose of to day, Woven with pairs into his plan, To morrow rends away.".

It might have been an hour or more la ter, when the door of my room was some what suddenly opened, and Botsey appeared, leading the little culprit. "Mary her basket besides." So saving she drew the reluctant child into the room, and, went away. This introduction to me, then, was one of the afore-threatened consequences of disobedience.

"Mary," said I, "what does this mean?" Mary raised her arms timidly to mine, but said nothing. Her counteshame, grief and perplexity. "Come here, my child," I continued, "and tell me why you have been so naughty?" "I don't know," she said after considerable hesitation, "but Betsey is so cross to me," and she burst into a passion of tears. This was evading the point, and I was about to say, with some severity. But child you do know, and you must

Mary perceived clearly enough the gen- try; this system is rapidly atrene never been taught that it was wrong to support of titled idlers . The steat

Ireland.

correspondent of the Harrisburg Keystone, writing from Newry, Ireland, une 28th, gives the following views of

The small farmers in that part of Tre-and through which I have journeyed, have indeed a light lot. The improvenents upon their farms are of a character which would never satisfy the indepen-dent farmer in the United States. Let me briefly describe the dwelling house of a farmer who is well to do. I now speak of them in general; for there are, of course, some exceptions to this desoription-some better, some worse. The house is but one story high, built mostly of stone, sometimes of clay and gravel, and coated outside with lime and sand. This low habitation extends for perhaps Be Gentle with the Children.

"Now be quick, Mary, and come right back; you know what will come if you don't!" These words spoken in no vory pleasant tone, fell upon my ear, as I passroof over your head. This is the kitchen churp, and several rudely, made chairs, and are quite comfortable. The chimney has two flues for the escape of smoke, There burns the turf fire, and over it is always hanging an iron kettle with boil-

nation of a demand for 'punch.' around them. This is the room in which printe in this connection new arrested her steps. It might be the erally some small picture, a head of the olic bretbren in this country should get Queen, or something national, decorates out of their heads as fast as possible and the walls. In many of the houses this that is their religious system may not be room is ceiled over head, sometimes plas-tered; and often the roof is visible, with so. They can whack away at Professionthe intervals between the fastenings of ism as much as they please without hin the thatch filled with sand lime. The cow drance. Their bishops, editors and lecturers do so continually, which is right. office buildings, are generally in close proximity to the house, and built much in the same style. A barn for the reception of hay or grain is nowhere met with. The 'haggarth,' or stack-yard, receives all the crops of the farm, except the potatoes, which are housed. This is humble living for independent farmers; but unacquainted with a better lot, serene and placid, contentments per-

peared, leading the little culprit. "Mary lot, serene and placid contentments per-is a very bad girl," she said, in an excited vades these humble, dwellings. If their the wonderful properties of which bat tone. "I sent her to Mrs. K's, to get lot is contrasted with that of farmers in the attracted to its vicinity numbers of the some things for her sick mother, and she has been gone these two hours, and lost response that they should be thankful they proprietors of the spring are of course. are so much better off than many around rapping a rich harvest out of the benight them, and it is usually closed with God ed creatures whom they manage to draw be thankit, we have what serves our turn. to the spot. Latterly they have extentions and advertise the many around them. I need only state that properties of the spring to cure all disease. I saw many men working in their fields whose daily pay is from eight pence to ten pence, or from sixteen to twenty lock of hair, or the band-writing of the nance wore an expression of mingled cents, and as they say here, find themselves in ment. Poor creatures, however seldom see the luxury of 'meat' in their

quantity of land which they have varies warded, as per request, a lock of his considerably. The large number have hair to the address of the advertisers, from four to thirty acres; there are some and received back a full description of his tell me," when the thought occurred to who have more. For this they pay a nown diseases. He was suffering, so said me that there was more truth in her an head sent to the lord of the soil varying the oracle of the spring, under a deme that there was more truth in her answer than I was willing to give her credit from five to thirty shillings. Their poor it for.

A little exercise of kindness and tact, on my part, drew from her the history of her little expedition. She had been sent they have to pay a shilling upon each the spirit world. The oracle of the pression of spirits, in consequence of the rates and taxes amount to about five partner of his life; but she sent him word through this medium not their rent to the agent of his lordship, to pine for her loss, as she was happy in they have to pay a shilling upon each the spirit world. The oracle of the spirit world. ber little expedition. She had been sont they have to pay a suning upon out. The spirit world. The orange also deaway feeling that it was quite a relief to be out of sight of her barsh mentor; with no explanation of the necessity of being quick." except a threat; and consequently no real respect for the authority which ing the continuance of his lease, he is ed in his communication. As our friend

dering all the ties, which bind these bere. The failure of the potato crop has so reduced the farmers, that when one dechildren, has more of truth and reason in they cannot even indulge in the luxury of it than many parents and teachers are eating bread from their own grain; that award of. Too often we deal, with the it must all be sold to meet the rent, taxes, child, just as if it knew as much and could thit hes, &c., and the cheaper and more child, just as if it knew as much and could thithes, &c., and the cheaper and more reason as well as ourselves.

Be just to the children. Be gentle with sorted to This is used in an inferior the children.—Mother's Journal and Familian of mush called stirabout for as kind of mush called strabouts for as yet they have made no progress in learning to cook Indian corn, This is the situation of great masses of the small farmers here. I talked with one but a few days ago who has eight acres of land; for which he pays £13 rent; all the taxes and charges, makes his own improvements; when his lease expires pays for them by an additional rent, and supports a family of twelve. He is considered by his neigh-

of twelve. He is considered by his neigh-bors as; well to do."
'There are some farmers who have favorable leases, and who live as comfortsbly and well as farmers in the Umted: States can do. These are, however, the exceptions, not the rule; and these are the very men who are the most venement in their denunciations of the system of landlordism, for the reason that being their sentiments. They flourish in spite, of the system, not because of its merits. But the poorer tenant must not only be be wondered at that so many purchase the poor privilege of toiling for their mase:

Spirit of the Press. The Journal of Commerce thinks it

a bad sign of the times that the Roman but a portion of it generally remains for Catholics should be so frequently figur-company to the inhabitants, rather than ing in street riots, growing out of oppositake either of these avenues for escape. Ition to street preaching: Within a very few months, riots have always hanging an iron kettle with boil-ing water, apparently in constant antici-pation of a demand for 'punch.' of attempts of Roman Catholics to forci-You are asked to walk up out of bly present freedom of discussion in religthis room to the better room of the house. Tous matters; and last Sunday our own The ascent, however, is only in fancy, for city was made the scene of a disgraceful the room is upon a level with the other; outrage of the same fanatical and unchrisand the same damp clay floor is there al- tian nature. The growing frequency of he first few moments, the memory of the so. Here the chairs are somewhat bet these occurrences is one of the signs of charge which she had received, seemed ter, having a flat seat of wood, but not the times. It is creditable to the American displaying either taste or skill in the me- can people that the religious rights of Roshe skipped along as if determined to chance. Here are the beds, the room be man Catholics have, as yer, in doone in boy to the letter. But, in passing the jug generally wide enough to admit of stance been assailed in this manner that wo. These always look neat and clean, we ever recollect by riotous mobs of the and the curtains, without which no bed is Protestant denomination. The following here met with, are tastefully draped from the New Haven Pallaciom is appro before she re-appeared. Again on her around them. This is the room in which printed in this connection way, it was not long before something tea is taken and punch drunk; and gen. There is one ideathat our Roman Cath

> The same privilege must be accorded to Gavazzi and all others who have anything to say on the other side. The doctrine of is the common law of this country, and it cannot be violated with impunity.

SPIRITUALISM.—There is a spiritualised magnetic spring in the neighborhood of Jamestown, in the county of Chaptages. es of mind and body as follows: Cases will be described by sending a

invalid: for which, with the prescription. two dollars will be charged. We know not whether to smile or sigh own homes who work for eight or ten at such an exhibition of gross superstition pence per day.

It is a figure of speech.

A gentleman in this vicinity. informs us that sometime since he for