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"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE." - JEFFERSON. VOL. 1. MONTROSE, PA. APRIL 15, 1847. NO. 44.

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Poetry

We are growing Old.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise When a glance is backward cast On some long remembered spot that lies On the slope of the past:

Miscellany

From the Democratic Review.

A VOICE FROM THE PENITENTIARY.

The incidents I am about to relate, took place some years since. They probably occasioned some sensation at the time, but in the multiplicity of events which so rapidly succeed each other in a large city, they have doubtless long since faded from the public mind.

continued health and safety; but it was received with a degree of transport which only those can appreciate, who have thus been forcibly separated from all they hold dear. But a blow was impending, "the one drop too much," which filled his cup to overflow. It may not be generally known to my readers, that a ten years sentence of imprisonment dissolved the marriage relation, leaving the innocent party at liberty to form new ties; though it is to be hoped, for the honor of human nature, that it is not often taken advantage of. But one such mournful case must be recorded. Mrs. Finley, it would appear, was a vain and heartless woman, wholly given over to a love of admiration and display, and hearing nothing but reproaches heaped upon her unfortunate husband—for her friends were much embittered against him—she came at length to consider her separation from him as a final one; and being addressed by a young Englishman, she gave him her hand, and bade adieu to her native country.

boundless trust—my faith in her affection. Oh! how art cruel as the grave; when once it takes possession of the heart, farewell to every noble, every generous emotion. But it will soon be over. Within these prison walls I shall end my pilgrimage; for to whom ought it left but a blighted name and forsaken hearth, there is but one refuge—the grave!

the cattle are measurably exempt from contracting the disease called Acacia. The quantity of hay which may be grown on an acre is greater, while the quality is better. Clover Fields.—All clover fields which may not have been treated to already, should have, as soon as possible, a bushel of plaster sown on each acre. Such work is best performed in a moist, cloudy day.

take care to have sufficient force to protect himself. However improbable at the time the assertion was made, he is now in a position to make it good. He will probably soon have occasion to visit the city of Mexico, either in a diplomatic capacity, or at the head of his regiment, and it will be highly amusing to witness when he pays his respects (which he would not fail of doing) to his old friend, the Alcázar.

Renovation of the Potato. A potato that will not produce more than one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, is not worth the farmer's attention, much less if it be in a diseased state; and, in my opinion, the old potato is not worth redemption from disease, even if it could be effected. The world, I conceive, is in immediate want of new varieties; new, in their origin from the seed; new, in quality and productiveness. Such potatoes have been produced, and are in advance of the old crop in every important particular. They are cultivated by several persons in Europe, as well as in this country. A gentleman in Germany, near Hamburg, says that he has practiced raising potatoes from the seed for fifteen years, and has obtained splendid varieties, which are not attacked by the disease. I have practiced the same method for seven years, and know, by my own experiments and observations, that it is the true course to pursue.