

such as we generally see. In
tearful keeping dogs, and the
old folk sit silent at times
over a great longing to see
the home to which one year ago
they could never be kept more than one
winter. Every farmer knows that
the hogs are more thrifty than eth-
ical men, and that they are more
economical in their living than
those who are less fortunate.

Am. Farmer.—It should never be lost
of sight that the rich are equally
as the poor, that they have not forgotten
themselves, and on the poor, that they
may not forget, what is due to them by
others; that, as all wealth owes its
source to labor, and its continuance
to human labor, with that
about there would be neither dis-
sidence nor conflict, nor society itself.
Men would be better than savages,
and we can only hope, which the
presence or personalization of genius,
virtue or piety can insure. Would
that these walls could speak to witness
some portion of the collateral spirit with
which their former illustrious occupant
was so deeply imbued.

When Dr. Johnston came to London
he took up a residence in a Court which
still bears his name; but he soon removed
to the house I refer to in Bolt Court,
where he resided many years, and where
many of his accomplished friends
and literature were accomplished. This
Court has run over Fleet Street, and
is in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange;
and the building is still standing. The room
in which Dr. Johnston resided and wrote, upon the first
floor, is a projection from the main
building, about twelve feet long and eight
wide, with a flat roof, through which he
had a skylight constructed.—This room
remains as he left it, through the other
portions of the building have been slight-
ly modified.

I have been to Westminster Abbey,
its magnificent and sublime sepulchre
of Monarchs, Princes, Philosophers,
Philanthropists, Poets and Painters. All
that I had heard and read of the archi-
tectural and historical wonders of the
Abbey, into whose crypts, chapels, halls
and niches, the ashes of the industrious,
the wealthy and poor, that of deprecat-
ing industrial and laboring people,
are an inferior class of beings; which is
especially the case in England, which
keep servants who are too generally
permitted to form the character of
children. This evil has deeper effects
and more mischievous consequences
than may be supposed by those who
are not accustomed to trace effect-
ively to their causes with due atten-
tion in the progress of the mind from
infancy to youth. It is indeed impo-
sible that children in any situation
can be correctly trained unless they
surround them from infancy are
nearly well instructed; mothers
who nurse their own children, and
watch their minds' growth, are
evidently in the health and habit of
honor.

The new producing powers ob-
tained from mechanical improvements
and chemical discoveries, are so mis-
directed, as to be made the most pow-
erful engines yet known, to inflict
sorrows and distress on the largest
portion of mankind. I mean that por-
tion of it, which, by their labors,
insured such vast wealth, which is con-
sumed by those who create none for
themselves. This new scientific, me-
chanical, and chemical power, is ad-
vancing with the efficient force of an
army equal to many hundred millions
of men, well disciplined, equipped and
provided, to accomplish its purpose.
I believe I am much within the real
amount, when I state, that the in-
crease of this new power within the
last ten years, over European and
American has exceeded in its results,
each year, upon the average of that
period, the well directed industry of
twenty millions of laborers unaided
by machinery or other science, and
this is the power which will force
the nations who are now in fact ad-
vanced in arts and sciences to stand
still, and engage what is to be done
with the emotions here, day by day,
increasing, in direct competition with
all the producing classes, leaving a
continuous tendency to diminish under
the existing system of trade and
commerce, the value of their labor,
and to reduce them and their families
to poverty and slavery. Men do go
to arms know not what measures to
adopt, to give to us freedom and com-
munity increasing power right or
left. Yes! its governments and
nations, they will be spoilt over,
whichever way that war is opened,
which they have been all taught to
sacrifice their real happiness, and
which they now possess as the world
knows what is what is called gold
and silver and bank notes, which are
not, but represent real wealth.

[Robert Owen.]

Am. Farmer.—There is nothing more to be
desired than this. When a person
whose principles are good, so happily finds
into this situation, fitted to a purpose
and comfort. The reflexion quenches every
mal, and drives from the eyelids sleep-
ing sleep. It corrodes and cankers every
cheerful mind, and like a stern Corbusier,
gives each avenue to the heart, so that
pleasure does not approach. Happy
things happy! are these words. Dosed
with an independent competence, and
can bear the wear with all the bounds
of life, competition, and the world.

To such a low breed of life is it
abhorrent. Sweet in the morn-
ing, who are deeply involved in debt,
expended on each all the resources of
the power to be had for the lot of the weak-
est of mortals.

LETTERS FROM MR. WEED.

Reported by the New-York Tribune, April 21.
—*Am. Farmer.*—Are you not
foolish? Then let me explain. We dined
at Dr. Samuel Johnston Tavern, at
Stake and Chep House, in Bolt Court,

the first floor of the new and
most interesting building, visitors of
length like myself, are admitted
admission, and the bill of fare
described.

At the time of our visit, the
patronage of religion and learning
was very great, and many excellent
men and women over me which the
presence or personalization of genius,
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[Robert Owen.]

The following is an extract from the
inscription upon the monument erected to
the memory of the young Princess who
were murdered by the order of Edward
the Third:—“Here lies the realm of Edward
King of England, and his son Edward
Duke of York, who were slain in
the Tower, and there stoned with
stones, were privately and meanly
murdered by order of their prelates, and
laid in the Tower. Their bones long
and anxiously inquire after, having had
110 years in the vault of the Tower
were, on the 17th July, 1674, by
unbiased proofs, discovered.”

The monument of the Duke and the
Duchess of Newcastle is one of the most
elegant in the Abbey. They lie, in bronze
engraving, under a stately canopy. The
inscription, after the usual formula, states that
their Duke was a man of noble birth,
and all the sisters virtuous. This
duke was a wife, witty and learned,
which her many books do well
testify, &c.

There is an extensive and exasperating
apprehension to the memory of
Sir Isaac Newton, with an inscription
closing with this exclamation:—“How
much reason must have to pride them-
selves in the existence of such and so
great an ornament to the human race.”

The monument to the memory of Major
Andre, is a beautifully sculptured group.
The figure of Washington and Andre
are in their respective attitudes, when
Major Andre was shot. The figure of
Washington is in a more active attitude,
and his body mutilated, that he was
supposed to be dead. He lay still, however, to crawl
along the ground, and like the picture
of death, he was told to die, and he did.

Jock, what is the matter with you?
You seem very unwell. Unwell, said
Jock, “it’s him, he is not in my way.”
“I only went to Edinburgh to get my
son home,” said Jock, “but I’m not
a second son, who, with a mother
so kind, you go abroad in such a situation?”
You look as pale as death. I feel an
aching in my head, and Jock, and I began
to talk, and I wailed as if I was going along
the road. He was next asked a similar
question. He was indisposed. He felt
sick at his stomach, and to use his own
words, like a bone in his body was sue-
rt. He could scarcely go any farther.
In truth he dared not how to haul his
head. He lay still, however, to crawl
along the ground, and like the picture
of death, he was told to die, and he did.

“What have you told me?” said
Jock, “I’m but a man for long for-
ward. Of my head! Of my back! I
can’t stand. Oh do my godly man
take me up, your arm, and take me up
the house, I shall die by the side of the
house.”

Jock was accordingly put to bed, re-
ceived medical aid from those on whom
he repose the fullest confidence,
and was well on the ensuing day. It is
no news that far to gather that the patients
were so well pleased with their experi-

ence, that the new and
most interesting
visitors, of all
length likewise
admire the
recumbent
description.

These interesting
and successfully preserved
writing tubes project
bites, instead of being cut in the sides
for their passage way into the tubes.
The miller will not light on the end of the tube,
and unable to find an entrance.

SA COVENANT WITH GOD.

“I have made a

new covenant with

you, saith the Lord,

