

Education, I consider as consisting in the formation of the character, in the preparation of man for usefulness and happiness. It involves the right development and cultivation and direction of all his powers, physical, intellectual and moral. It implies instruction in all the branches of knowledge which are necessary to useful and efficient action in the sphere of the individual. But it must also include the physical training which is to render the body capable of executing the purposes of the soul. The skill which is requisite in order to apply our knowledge and strength to the very best advantage; and above all, the moral discipline by which the character and direction of all our efforts are to be decided. Each of these branches includes an extension list of particulars; and the means of education comprise all those circumstances and influences by which the human character is formed and modified.

In this view, education does not begin with the school nor does it terminate with the university. It begins with the first moment of consciousness. Every being, every object, every event forms a part of it. The first lessons are given in the arms of the mother. The parent by her looks and movements, and the sun by its varying lights, are educating the eye. The food which is given him calls forth his appetite and forms him to habits of temperance and sensuality. The clothing which he wears begins to inspire the taste for simplicity or the lure of finery.

In the progress of childhood, the daily and hourly treatment he receives, the conduct he witnesses and the language he hears in the family circle, in the company of domestics, in the little society of his school fellows and play mates, all exert an influence upon him, no less decided, and often more powerful than the instructions of the school or the exhortations of the parent, or the worship of the church, and all therefore make an essential part of his education.

As he advances into youth and manhood, the number of educators who thus surround him, and the various influences to which he is exposed are greatly increased. Society at length begins to act upon him as he feels the force of public opinion. The church presents its weekly school of instruction and discipline, which may exert the most efficient and salutary influence; and the State employs its power in directing and restraining, and thus educating the man by means of laws and institutions whose operations terminate only in the grave.

Education, then, in its largest sense, is not limited to time; it is not confined to the narrow boundaries of existence which we can discern. We have said that its first lessons are given in the mother's arms. The family is its primary school; the series of public institutions is but the academy of this great cause.

Readers, let us look at the benefits of early knowledge.

It is peculiarly desirable to acquire as much knowledge as possible while young, because it is then acquired most easily. All the powers of the mind are then active and elastic—the feelings are fresh and vigorous—imagination is lively—the spirit exults in buoyant hope, which nerves it to severe efforts. Obstacles are soon surmounted, and the yielding mind is readily molded to patterns of exalted thought and greatness. As you advance from youth, the mind becomes less inclined and less able to expand, so that if you pass on to mature years with your mind narrowed by ignorance, it will probably always revolve in the same little circle.

Early knowledge is not only the easiest acquired but the longest retained. The memory becomes treacherous as age advances. With most persons it begins to fail by thirty-five or forty, and they then find by experience, that their early knowledge has the firmest hold of their minds. One thorough reading of history while young, is worth more for the purpose of impressing its facts upon the memory than half-a-dozen readings at the age of forty or fifty. Hence, the lessons of the nursery, the primary school, and the sabbath-school impart the knowledge which most faithfully attends us through our life.—Early knowledge is valuable capital, with which to set out in life. It gives one an advantageous start. If the possession of knowledge has a given value at fifty, it has a much greater at twenty-five, for there is the use of it for twenty-five of the most important years of his life, and it is worth more than a hundred per cent interest.—Indeed, who can estimate the interest of knowledge, its price is above rubies.

How often do we hear men advanced in life say: 'If I had possessed the knowledge when young that I now have, I might have become rich, learned and great, and influential. The essential elements of knowledge you may acquire while young. If favored with opportunities, therefore it is your own fault if you do not secure the needful knowledge.'

Early knowledge is important to enable one in season to feel his own strength—thousands mistake their calling for want of it. Men, who might have acted a brilliant part in the pursuits for which they were adopted, are often doomed through life to a prosaic and fruitless employment because they did not possess sufficient knowledge while young, to direct their energies into the right course. Most of all is early knowledge important, to dispose and enable you to escape the perils and temptations of sin—to invite your rising energies away from the solicitations of the youthful—to lay before you the vast motives to rise to the proper dignity of your intellectual and moral being; that you may secure the great end for which you were made.

In a very important sense, youths are saved by knowledge, and destroyed for their lack of it. 'My people are destroyed, said our Creator for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge, and

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Published in Clearfield, every Wednesday Morning by Daniel W. Moore & Clark Wilson.

Volume 5.

Clearfield, Pa., April 5, 1854.

Number 8.

also reject thee.' Therefore let every young person to whom the acquiring of knowledge is yet possible, be admonished to seek it rather than fine gold; to prize it above rubies, assured that all the things to be desired are not to be compared with it.

Knowledge is generous and communicative, and jealousy at its progress is a sure symptom of its want—but the day has come when it cannot be successfully resisted. 'Superstition may condemn Gallileo' for his improved astronomy, but the earth continues to turn around with all its stupid inhabitants revolving into light.—Some are born in darkness and have all their native land; for it they fight, and it is the only sense in which they are patriotic.

Again, the more objections are thrown before the flooding tide of knowledge, the more destructive energies will be developed. The force of cannon may quell mobs but education will prevent them.

Moral power creates the strongest munitions of safety, while arbitrary compulsion degrades both the tyrant and his victim. We may expect a few will cry out against increased illumination, as that which they deprecate. Education cures superstition and destroys all tyranny over body and soul, and the fire cross of wisdom is shining from hill-top to hill-top, and is rapidly bounding from land to land. And we hope she has settled and spread her encircling pinions over our native State. The Keystone is the beautiful motto which our great State has chosen. Let her wisely fulfill that noble idea, by striving through the means of an enlarged and thorough education of the people to rise higher and higher in the endless scale of good.

Clearfield, Feb. 28, '54. T. J. M.

FIELDS INTENDED FOR CORN.—If the ground you intend to put in corn next spring is a clover-land, manure and plough it up deeply: leave it until just before you are going to plant your corn, then harrow it until you get it into fine tilth. This done, sow on each acre of it two bushels of salt, harrow it in, roll, and plant your corn; and you will experience but little annoyance from grub and other worms, as the salt will give them their quietus just as notably as though you had done it with a bodkin. Thus instead of being depredated upon and injured by these troublesome serpents, your soil will be enriched by the decomposition of their bodies, and they made to encourage the growth of your corn. This salt, however, will do more than this: it will to a considerable extent, act as a fixer to the ammonia in the soil as it may be formed, attract moisture from the atmosphere, preserve corn plants from a firing, and furnish no inconsiderable quantity of soda and chloride for their appropriation.

GOD BLESS THE HONEST LABORER.—In no country of the earth is the honest labor so blessed as in these United States. No where else is he so intelligent and ingenious. The American laborer is renowned, the world over, for his skill, industry and enterprise, and we hope and trust he always will be.

Young man! and you young woman! never say or think evil of the laborer.—When tempted to despise employment, remember Him who said "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and do not forget that when you repose in the silent tomb, there will yet remain good and true hearts of both sexes, who will pray sincerely, in the words of the poet:

"God Bless the Honest Laborer."

CROSS EXAMINATION.—Mr. Witness, you stated that my client manifested great astonishment when you told him the facts you stated. Now, how did he manifest astonishment?

He looked astonished.

But what were the indications of astonishment, sir? You seem to be a very smart witness, and you ought to be able to tell me this.

Oh, I merely judged of his feelings by his general appearance.

That won't answer, sir. If you can't describe the appearance of my client when astonished, in order to give the jury an idea of it, suppose you look astonished once yourself?

Well, now, my sharp fellow, what would astonish such an astonishing witness as yourself, hey?

Why, if you wish to paralyze me with astonishment, just show me an honest laborer.

The—the—wi—wi—witness can take his seat.

The lady who treats the husbandman with scorn, because he is a farmer, contributes something towards increasing the number of candidates for the States prison and the gallows.

All the true honor and happiness there is in this world follows labor. Were it not for working-men, there could be no progress in either science or art. Working men are earth's true nobility. Those who live without work are all paupers.

The very soul and essence of trade, says a distinguished author, are regular payments—we would add, particularly in printing. Delinquents will please take notice.

THE TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOR.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Adams were near neighbors. If this had been in the city, they might have lived thus for many years without making each other's acquaintance. As, however, the village in which they lived was but a small one, visiting naturally led to familiar acquaintance, and this to an interchange of neighborly courtesies. It will not do to cultivate exclusiveness in a country village—to 'keep one's self to one's self,' as the saying is. Every one makes it a point to know all about every body else, and feels aggrieved if any impediments are thrown in the way. This, however, is something of a digression.

Mrs. Adams had but lately become a resident of the village, where my story is located, and her acquaintance with Mrs. Brown was, therefore, of but recent date. 'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams to the Irish maid-of-all-work, entering this lady's precinct one morning, 'how much sugar is there in the bucket?'

'Shure ma'am and there is'n't more than enough to last to-day.'

'Is it possible?' said Mrs. Adams in surprise, 'and it was only got last week.—What makes it go so fast?'

'I'm thinkin' ma'am, it's because Mrs. Brown has sent to borrow it three times.'

'And hasn't she thought of returning it?'

'Well, first and last, she's borrowed about ten pounds, and a few days ago she sent two pounds of dirty brown sugar, full of sand and sticks, that wasn't fit for any Christian at all to eat.'

'Has she borrowed any thing else lately?'

'I should like to know what she hasn't borrowed. Yesterday she borrowed a bar of soap and a quart of milk, half a dozen pounds of flour, and a pint of molasses.—Every day she sends in her Jane to borrow something or other.'

'And doesn't she return other things better than she has done in the case of the sugar?'

'Faith ma'am, and its lucky you may think yourself if she returns anything at all.'

'If that's the case, Bridget, matters must be looked into a little. When Jane comes to borrow anything more, just let me know of it before you let her go.'

'I can't understand,' thought Mrs. Adams, as she walked away, 'what a woman can be thinking of, to depend so constantly on her neighbors. To my mind it's just as bad to borrow an article without intending to return it, as it is to pick a person's pocket.'

Mrs. Adams had hardly seated herself to work when Bridget popped her head in at the door, and said:

'Please, ma'am, Jane is here, and she says, Mrs. Brown sends her compliments and would be much obliged for the loan of a castor.'

'Hasn't she got one of her own?'

'Yes ma'am, but it has got rusty, and she's going to have company for dinner.'

'Very well, we can do without ours for one day; but you must tell Jane to return it before the dinner hour to-morrow.'

'Yes ma'am.'

Bridget disappeared, but returned in the space of a minute.

'Jane forgot to ask for the loan of a table cloth and a dozen knives and forks.'

'What can that woman mean?' said Mrs. Adams in astonishment at the new demand.

'Well, you may give them to her, but tell her strictly that they must be returned to-morrow.'

'It seems to me,' she continued, when Bridget had left the room, 'that Mrs. B. must be strangely destitute of household conveniences, or she would not be obliged to borrow by wholesale, as she has done lately.'

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams the next evening, 'has Mrs. Brown returned the articles she borrowed yesterday?'

we can't find it, so if you haven't no objections, we'd like to borrow yours, as we're going to broil some steak to-morrow morning.'

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams, in a tone of despair, 'get the gridiron for Jane, and if,' she continued, turning to the latter, 'you could make it convenient to return it in a fortnight, I should be glad.'

'Oh, yes, said Jane, simply, not noticing the sarcastic tone in which she spoke. 'I don't think we shall want it above a week.'

'I don't see the castor,' remarked Mr. Adams, the next day to his wife at the dinner table. 'Bridget ought to remember to place it on the table.'

'So she would, but Mrs. Brown, our next door neighbor, has borrowed it.'

'Borrowed the castor? what a strange request, I think. But why didn't Bridget cook the steak I sent home?'

'Because Mrs. Brown had borrowed the gridiron.'

'Mrs. Brown again! You ought not to lend so freely. By the way, where are all the umbrellas? It rained this morning, but I could find none in their place.'

'I don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps Bridget does.'

'Bridget,' said she, when that young lady had answered the summons of the bell, 'do you know what has become of all the umbrellas?'

'Sure ma'am, Mrs. Brown has got two of 'em. She borrowed them a week ago.'

'And hasn't she returned them yet?'

'No ma'am, and I don't believe that's the worst of it.'

Just then the bell rang, and Bridget obeyed the summons.

'Mrs. Brown sends her compliments,' said she re-appearing, 'and would like to borrow your largest wash tub.'

Mr. and Mrs. Adams looked at each other in astonishment.

'Well,' said the former, at length, 'for sublime audacity the palm must certainly be awarded to Mrs. Brown. It is said that three removes are as bad as a fire, but I would like to know how many removes she has as a borrowing neighbor?'

'Am I to tell Jane that sir?' asked Bridget a little mischievously.

'No, no,' said Mrs. Adams, laughing. 'You may give her the tub, and you needn't say anything about returning it—it won't do any good.'

'Seriously,' she continued, 'something must be done, or the house will soon be empty. You don't know half the extent to which Mrs. Brown carries her borrowing propensity. Within the past week she has borrowed tea, coffee, milk, sugar, flour, eggs, frying pans, table-napkins, a castor, gridiron, shovel and tongs, and other articles, as the auctioneers say, too numerous to mention. This is bad enough, but Mrs. Brown in addition to this, seems to regard the act of borrowing as investing her with the right of permanent possession, at least I judged so from the fact that she seldom or never returns the articles she borrows.'

'Is it possible,' said Mr. A., in amazement; 'some end must be put to this wholesale robbery. Suppose you begin to borrow of her. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways, and perhaps if you make her feel a little of the annoyance to which she has subjected you, it may be productive of benefit.'

'A good idea,' said the wife laughing; 'and it is better to try this course than to refuse directly lending any further—that would only produce bad feelings between us.'

'And yet,' said Mr. A., 'we must come to that finally unless the present course succeeds.'

And next morning Bridget was sent to Mrs. B.'s to borrow half a dozen tumblers, a nutmeg grater, and a couple of sheets.

Mrs. Brown was surprised. She had never before received such an application from Mrs. Adams, and she could not help wondering, besides, at the miscellaneous nature of the loans requested. Her surprise was increased on the following day, when Bridget brought her mistress's compliments, and would like to borrow her cloth horse.

'Yes, you may take it, but we shall want it early next week. But haven't you brought back the tumblers?'

'No ma'am,' said Bridget; 'mistress expects considerable company in a day or two, and it will save the trouble of borrowing again if she don't return them till after wards.'

in the house over the way. The result was the return of the articles mentioned by Mrs. A.

Mrs. B.'s eyes began to open to the true state of things, but she was not yet cured, however, for the next day Jane made her appearance, requesting the loan of the gridiron.

'Tell your mistress,' said Mrs. A., 'that it is out of my power to do so, as she borrowed it a month ago, and has not yet returned it.'

Mrs. Brown's eyes were opened wider still.

The next day Mrs. A. was requested by a message, to send a list of the articles which had been borrowed by Mrs. Brown, and the latter would return them.

With Bridget's help, Mrs. A. made out a list of thirty-seven articles, which she sent without comment.

Mrs. Brown was puffed with astonishment. She was really very sorry for the trouble and inconvenience which she had occasioned her neighbor. She sent a message to that effect, when, after two days' diligent search, she contrived to get together all the articles mentioned in Mrs. Adams' list.

She was now thoroughly cured of borrowing.

[Reader, have you borrowed the paper from which you read the above, or are you a regular subscriber?]

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK.—A minister in one of our Orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country; called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was travelling.

The old lady had just been making sausages and she felt proud of them—they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to his family.—He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along. This objection was soon overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious great coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pockets of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies at the grave being complete, the minister and congregation repaired to the church where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who desired to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch, to get his attention.—The divine thinking it a dog having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps!

You will excuse me, brethren and sisters, said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, 'for I could not avoid it—I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came on the premises.'

Your readers may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral. Tears of sorrow were suddenly exchanged for smiles of merriment.

Snooks wonders where all the pillow cases go to. He says he never asked a girl what she was making, while engaged in white sewing, without being told that it was a pillow case.

This is an evidence that the girls know how to answer a fool according to his folly. Snooks is a good-for-nothing, impudent fellow to ask such impertinent questions, and the girls were right in making a shift, and not answering him correctly.

A man famous for hunting up enigmas philosophized thus:—What strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of the girls—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at a chance of working a lifetime for their victuals and clothes.

NATHANIEL SHELLEY, Esq.—He was complaining some one had insulted him, by sending him a letter addressed to "Nat. Shelley."

'Why,' said a friend, 'I don't see anything insulting in that. Nat is an abbreviation for Nathaniel.'

'I know it,' said the little man, 'but blast his impudence! He spelled it with a G-Gnat!'

In a late Abolition speech in New York, Miss Lucy Stone said:

'But I know so well there is cotton in the ears of men, let us look for hope in the bosoms of women.'

Won't you find cotton there too, Miss Lucy?

Mrs. Partington says when the marriage knot is first tied it is a "beau" knot, but it soon gets to be a hard knot.

Folks talk about taking the shine out of their neighbors: that may be, but they retain none of it themselves.

AN ANCIENT LOVE-LETTER.—An antiquarian friend has shown us a very brown old letter on the paper and in the cramped chirography of the period of a hundred years ago—the body of which letter we here copy literally, for our readers.—Whether it is the original letter, or a copy from it, or a copy from some published work, we are unable to say. But the paper and letter before us are certainly a century old. "Tho' I never had the Happiness to see you, no, not so much as in a picture, and consequently can no more tell what Complexion you are of, than he that lives in the remotest parts of China; yet Madam, I'm fallen passionately in love with you; and this affection has taken So deep Root in me, that my Conscience I will die a Martyr for you, with as much Alacrity as Thousands have done for their Religion, tho' they know as little of the truth for which they have died, as I do of your Ladyship. This may surprise you, Madam; but you'll cease to wonder, when I shall inform you what it was that not only gave birth to my Passion, but has so effectually Confirmed it. Last week riding into the Country about my lawful affairs, it was my fortune to see a most Magnificent Seat upon the Road: this Excited my curiosity to enquire after the owner of so Beautiful a Pile; and being informed it belonged to your Ladyship, I began that very Moment to have a strange Inclination for you; but I was further informed that, two Thousand acres of the best land in England belong'd to this Noble Fabric, together with a fine Park, variety of Fish Ponds, and such like conveniences. I fell then up to the Ears in love, and then submitted to a power which I could not Resist. Thought I to myself, the owner of so many agreeable things must needs be the most Charming Lady in the Universe: what tho' she be old, her trees are green. What tho' she has lost all the Roses in her Cheeks, She has enough in her gardens.—With these thoughts I lighted from my horse, and on a sudden fell so enamoured with your ladyship, that I told my Passion to every tree in your park; which by the way are the Tallest, Straightest, loveliest, finest shap'd trees I ever Saw; and I have since wore out above a Dozen Penknives in engraving your Name upon 'em. I will appeal to your Ladyship, whether any lover went upon more Solid Motives than myself. Those that chuse a Mistress wholly for her Beauty, will infallibly find their passions to Decay with that: those that pretend to admire a Woman for the qualities of her mind, are guilty of a piece of Pagan superstition, long since worn threadbare by Plato and his Disciples; for he that loves not a fair lady for her form as well as her Spirit, is only fit in my opinion to make his Court to a Sceptre; whereas, Madam, you need not question the sincerity of my Passion, which is built on the same foundation with your house; grows with your trees, and will daily increase with your Estate. For all I know to the contrary, your Ladyship may be the handsomest woman in the world; but whether you are or no, signifies not a farthing, while you have money enough to set you off; tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the Present Red nose Countess of — and ten times older than the famous Countess of Desmond. I am a soldier by my Profession; and I Fought for pay, so with Heaven's blessings, I Deign to love pay. All your other suitors would speak the same language to you, were they as honest as myself; this I will tell you for your Comfort, Madam, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first Widow upon Record, from the creation of the world to this present hour, that ever Chose a man for telling her the truth. I am your most passionate, etc.—Bizarre.

AN ANCIENT LOVE-LETTER.—An antiquarian friend has shown us a very brown old letter on the paper and in the cramped chirography of the period of a hundred years ago—the body of which letter we here copy literally, for our readers.—Whether it is the original letter, or a copy from it, or a copy from some published work, we are unable to say. But the paper and letter before us are certainly a century old. "Tho' I never had the Happiness to see you, no, not so much as in a picture, and consequently can no more tell what Complexion you are of, than he that lives in the remotest parts of China; yet Madam, I'm fallen passionately in love with you; and this affection has taken So deep Root in me, that my Conscience I will die a Martyr for you, with as much Alacrity as Thousands have done for their Religion, tho' they know as little of the truth for which they have died, as I do of your Ladyship. This may surprise you, Madam; but you'll cease to wonder, when I shall inform you what it was that not only gave birth to my Passion, but has so effectually Confirmed it. Last week riding into the Country about my lawful affairs, it was my fortune to see a most Magnificent Seat upon the Road: this Excited my curiosity to enquire after the owner of so Beautiful a Pile; and being informed it belonged to your Ladyship, I began that very Moment to have a strange Inclination for you; but I was further informed that, two Thousand acres of the best land in England belong'd to this Noble Fabric, together with a fine Park, variety of Fish Ponds, and such like conveniences. I fell then up to the Ears in love, and then submitted to a power which I could not Resist. Thought I to myself, the owner of so many agreeable things must needs be the most Charming Lady in the Universe: what tho' she be old, her trees are green. What tho' she has lost all the Roses in her Cheeks, She has enough in her gardens.—With these thoughts I lighted from my horse, and on a sudden fell so enamoured with your ladyship, that I told my Passion to every tree in your park; which by the way are the Tallest, Straightest, loveliest, finest shap'd trees I ever Saw; and I have since wore out above a Dozen Penknives in engraving your Name upon 'em. I will appeal to your Ladyship, whether any lover went upon more Solid Motives than myself. Those that chuse a Mistress wholly for her Beauty, will infallibly find their passions to Decay with that: those that pretend to admire a Woman for the qualities of her mind, are guilty of a piece of Pagan superstition, long since worn threadbare by Plato and his Disciples; for he that loves not a fair lady for her form as well as her Spirit, is only fit in my opinion to make his Court to a Sceptre; whereas, Madam, you need not question the sincerity of my Passion, which is built on the same foundation with your house; grows with your trees, and will daily increase with your Estate. For all I know to the contrary, your Ladyship may be the handsomest woman in the world; but whether you are or no, signifies not a farthing, while you have money enough to set you off; tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the Present Red nose Countess of — and ten times older than the famous Countess of Desmond. I am a soldier by my Profession; and I Fought for pay, so with Heaven's blessings, I Deign to love pay. All your other suitors would speak the same language to you, were they as honest as myself; this I will tell you for your Comfort, Madam, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first Widow upon Record, from the creation of the world to this present hour, that ever Chose a man for telling her the truth. I am your most passionate, etc.—Bizarre.

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AUTHORSHIP OF THE BIBLE.—There are in all sixty-six books which comprise the volumes of Holy Writ, which are attributed to more than thirty different authors or writers of the whole. Half of the New Testament was composed by St. Paul, and the next largest writer is the gentle and beloved Saint John. With the single exception of Paul, neither tradition nor history has testified that these powerful thinkers and writers ever enjoyed the benefits of education, or that they were ever trained to scholarship and reasoning; yet how ably they have written, what eminent characters have been chronicled by them, what great events recorded, both for time and eternity. Jeremiah is sorrowful; Isaiah sublime; David poetical; Daniel sagacious; Habakkuk and Hagar terse and denunciatory; but they all seem to have exercised their natural gifts under the influence of Divine direction and inspiration. Moses, with his vast knowledge and proud intelligence—the legislator, the reformer, the deliverer—commenced the work; and John, with the depth of feeling and exquisite tenderness and simplicity, completed it. And what do we know of the lives of all these or even of the two last mentioned? Nothing that human vanity might exult in.—Moses was rescued from the rushes of the Nile; and John died in his old age a lonely exile on the small island of Patmos.

How TO WEED YOUR FRIENDS.—Any particular misfortune will weed them. For instance, if you give them a violent turn of Bankruptcy, or send a fictitious insolvency cutting through the whole field of them, you will have it soon weeded. In short, harrow them in the best way you can, and the weeds cannot fail being collected by the harrowing process. When you have got them in a heap, you had better scatter them to the winds.

Pickles is of the opinion that there is no way in which a young lady can show her ears so effectually as to wear one of the present half-stylish style of bonnets.—The impudent varlet!

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells a story of a pious old gentleman, who told his wayward sons, not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath; but if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

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