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The Bible.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

This little book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
Than all their diadems.
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

How baleful to ambition's eye
His blood-wrongad spoils must gleam;
When deeth's uplifted hand is nigh,
His life a vanished dream!
Then hear him with his grasping breath
For one poor moment crave!
Fool! wouldst thou stay the arm of death?
Ask for the gold to save!

No, no! the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold can not purchase health;
But here a blessed balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe;
And ne that seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.

Here he who died on Calvary's tree,
Hath made that promise blest:
"Ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest,
A bruised reed I will not break,
A contrite heart despise;
My burden's light, and all who take
My yoke, shall win the skies."

Yes, yes, this little book is worth
All else to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys in Heaven?
This is the guide our Father gave
To lead to realms of day—
A star whose lustre gilds the grave—
"The light—the life—the way."

THE DOOR SCRAPER.

Or, the Influence of School on Home.

It is to be regretted that committees pay so little regard to manners, in the selection of teachers; and if their morals are good, and their acquaintance with the common branches of study respectable, employ them without much regard to the questions whether they were courteous—are refined and gentlemanly in their behavior, and industrious and upright. Now, what the teacher is, in this respect, the pupils will generally be; and, unless they see better patterns at home, the standard of the teacher will be theirs also. If they see the teacher addicted to any habit, they will think it manly to imitate him; if he spits upon the floor, or blows his nose with his fingers, and then, perhaps wipes them on his pantaloons, the child will do the same. If his boots are seldom cleaned, the child will be likely to boast that he brings more mud into the school than the master.

We were into this train of remark by an incident that took place in a village of Massachusetts, where the teacher was accustomed to regard his personal appearance, and to require some attention to theirs from his pupils. When he took charge of the school, he noticed that the pupils, in muddy weather, were accustomed to enter the school room and stamp the mud upon the floor, or carry it to their seats and soil the floor for a large space around them. No sweeping could clean such a floor, and none had been attempted more than once a a week. Determined to make an attempt at reform the teacher obtained a piece of iron hoop, and nailing one end to the door, he fastened the other to a walnut stake that he drove into the ground. Every child was required to scrape his shoes before he entered the room, and the consequence was that the true floor became visible through the crust that covered it. The next step was to get a rug for the entry, and a neat farmer's wife readily gave him an old rug that she could spare. It did not take him long to induce the habit of scraping and wiping the shoes, and a lad or miss who did not do this, was soon noticed by the rest, and made to feel that he or she had not done all that was required. Soon after the rug was introduced, the teacher ventured to have the whole floor of the room washed, not scoured, for he had to do it himself one Saturday afternoon, and washing was all that he was competent to do. When the scholars came on Monday morning, it was evident that they were taken by surprise. They had never seen the like before, the very knots in the boards were visible, and they gave several extra rubs and scrapes before they ventured to set foot on the beauties so strangely exposed. This is always the case; we have known a man who exercised the muscles of his under-jaw by chewing tobacco, and who spit the saliva without compunction upon the floor of the school room like a crazy man, to find a place of deposit for his filth. So sure it is that neatness begets neatness, and a nice school room is better treated by the slovenly than a neglected one. The teacher thus introduced one thing after another, taking care not to get on too fast, and although he had no penalty for a breach of the rules of neatness, he introduced a public sentiment which restrained the pupils more effectually than the rod; and as his own example was always made to second his rules, the children found no great hardship or injustice in them.

Among the scholars was one little fellow about eight years old, named Freddy Garrish, whose parents were poor and cared little for appearances, if the children had bread enough to eat from day to day. Freddy was the oldest of five children, and when not at school he was generally minding his little brothers and sisters, as the Irish term what we call tending or taking care of them.

One day on his way home from school he found an iron hoop, and before night he had a scraper before the only door of the house. It so happened that, when his father came home, his boots were covered with bog mud, and almost for the first time in his life, he looked around for something to clean them. The scraper that Freddy had placed there was just the thing, and the little fellow was praised for his ingenuity. Soon after a sheep was killed by a dog in the field near Mr. Gerrish's house, and as no one cared for it, Freddy offered to bury it if he might have the skin, which had but little wool on it. He borrowed a jack knife of a larger boy, and soon stripped off the skin from the body, and then cutting as large a square out of it as he could, he went home and proposed to his mother to nail it down in the entry. This was done to please Freddy, and the baby was allowed to sit on it until father came home. The effect of Freddy's attempt at reform was soon felt, and his mother was no longer heard to say, as she often had done, "It's no use to sweep." "Wife," said Mr. Gerrish one evening, "your floor is whiter than the wall; I must get some lime and whitewash a little, for Freddy's scraper seems to have a tail to it." The room was shining white before another day was passed, and the cooking utensils began to look ill, standing around the stone. Mr. Gerrish, who was a good farmer, changed work with a carpenter, and had a neat set of shelves made with a cupboard under them. One day after she had scoured the floor, Mrs. Gerrish said to herself, "I wonder if I can not paint this floor well enough for poor people, for though a white floor looks well, it is easier to clean a painted one." Freddy was dispatched to the coachmaker's to ask what some suitable paint would cost. "How big is your room?" said the man, who had noticed that Freddy was never among the boys that were doing mischief. "Four times as long as I can reach one way, and five times the other," said Freddy. The man applied the rule to his arms, and said, "It will cost you half a dollar? Who is to do the work?" said the man. "Mother, sir, is going to try, because she can't afford to pay for the paint and the painting too, and she wants to do it before father comes home." "You love her, don't you?" said the coach-maker. "I guess I do," said Freddy, "and she loves me, too, because I made a scraper at her door like Master Hall's at the school. She says if it had not been for the scraper, she never should have thought of the paint, and we are going to stay in the bedroom or out of doors till the paint is dry." "I see through it," said the man. "Go home and tell your mother I will come presently and paint the floor for nothing." The boy was starting off, when the coachmaker recollected that half the charm was to consist in the wife's doing the work, and surprising her husband with a floor painted by her own hand, and called the boy back and asked if his mother had any money. "A little," said he, "she bought some yarn and knit three pairs of stockings while the baby was asleep, and sold them." "Here is the paint," said the man, "I give it to you, my little fellow, because you love your mother." The little fellow's eyes glared in astonishment at the idea of possessing so much paint, and of being paid for so easy a task as loving his mother, and as the big tears began to roll down his cheeks, he said, "Mother'll be able to buy the Bible now." "What Bible?" said the man, who had become interested in the boy. "The Bible for me to read every night and morning, as the master does." "I have some Bibles to give away," said the man, "and if you will not spill the paint, you may take one under your arm." "I declare," said Freddy, "I don't know what mother will say to all this. How will she pay you, sir?" "Would you like to do a little work for me, my little fellow?" "I guess I should," said Freddy, "if I was big enough I'd work for you ever so long." "I want just such a scraper at my door as you made your father, and if you will make me one, I will take it full pay for the paint and the Bible." "I can't make one good enough for you," said Freddy bashfully. "That is my look out," said the man, "so carry home the paint, and come when you can and make the scraper." Freddy went home; and when his mother saw him with a book under one arm, and both hands holding on to the paint dot, she exclaimed, "Why, Freddy, what have you done?" I only told you to ask the price of the paint." "I know it," said Freddy, "but the man made a trade with me, and he is to give me all these if I will make him a scraper at his door, and I am going to do it."

To make a long story short, the scraper at the school door was the making of Mr. Gerrish and his family. The entire change of habits introduced into their humble dwelling, not only led to neatness and order, but to thrift and comfort. The scraper was made for the coachmaker, who continued to do a hundred other friendly acts for the family. Freddy obtained in excellent education, and has since become an intelligent and wealthy farmer; and when he built his new house, he carefully placed the old scraper by the side of the door, as if it were a talisman. Master Hall taught from district to district, and being of a slender constitution, his health early failed, and he was quietly laid in the churchyard of a retired village, unconscious that the seed he had sown had had ever produced any fruit like that we have described. Freddy could never discover his resting place, but erected a neat cenotaph to his memory near the school house, which he also rebuilt, and once a year he collects the children of the village around it and tells them the story of the scraper at the old school door.—*Common School Journal.*

The Crushed Lily.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

There is but one thing in that beautiful house, with its lavish adornments, its stately halls, gorgeously fitted apartments, its broad [illegible] costly, rich oaked furniture, that gave a sadness to my heart when I chanced to gaze upon it, sending a thrill of aching anguish to my innermost being; and that object was a child.

It may seem strange, but the first time I beheld this lovely creature, (and never before saw I aught so beautiful,) I shuddered with an undefinable feeling of terror. A something vague, indistinct, mystical, enthralled me, and while I gazed upon the little creature like one fascinated, I felt it could not be a being of earth, I knew it was not a being of heaven.

She was very slight and fairy like, and her hair absolutely hung about her delicate little form, shrouding it like a glittering gossamer mantle, in a shower of golden gleaming curls. Her deep set yet large and spiritual eyes were, chameleon like, constantly changing in expression, sometimes appearing a deep brown, sometimes a soft dark blue, sometimes intensely black. She was dressed with exquisite taste, and her little robes were lavishly adorned with various shades of silken embroidery. Her complexion was colorless, but dazzling; her expression—ah! there was the mystery—at once spiritual, heavenly, and yet wanting in earthly intelligence. She was an only child, and heiress to an immense fortune.

Perceiving my bewildered and half-averted glance, the father, a man of great beauty of countenance, and a most commanding figure, drew the little girl towards him; and while a shadow veiled his brow, he said in a subdued voice, "this is our Lily, madam, our dear little crushed Lily;" and he folded her to his heart, and gazed down yearningly upon her.

"She was one of the most frolicksome children," he continued, "bounding from room to room, flinging her thrilling bird notes through the corridors, and laughing in infant joyousness, only a year ago."

"It was but a year ago, my Lily," he murmured plaintively, drawing her closer to his manly bosom.

"One day there was a wild storm; a terrific tempest; and we all sat hushed and breathless, listening to the rolling crash of the reverberating thunder, whose hollow echoes yet ring in my ear.

We sat together; I supported my shrinking wife; little Lily had flung herself upon the floor and buried her face in my lap. Suddenly the atmosphere became dark and heavy; even my heart, stern as I am, grew sick with fear. The castle rocked, the wind seemed to pour in sheeted gusts, against the windows.

A great flash of red light filled the apartment; a quick shriek succeeded; and my beauteous child rolled over from my lap upon the floor, with distorted features, and extended eye-balls. O! my God! can I ever forget that moment, freighted with so much wo to me?"

Large drops stood in his eyes, and for myself, I was weeping.

"My poor delicate wife, who adored the child, filled the house with her lamentations; medical aid was at hand. I would have died for my Lily; I besought the Almighty; I—" he bowed his head—"I dared him to summon my idol; I was wild: I was mad—mad.

"Consciousness was restored; but the mind was stricken; it had folded its wings when the fire bolt scathed their brightness, and it has never soared since."

"But we love her even more dearly," and he impressed burning kisses upon the child's waxen brow, "we love her with a more intense devotion; it would be death to part with her now, God spare me to strengthen the drooping plant; my poor crushed Lily!"

I stole one glance more at the child—she was asleep. The noble father bore her in his arms, and laid her upon a rich velvet couch; then, as the threads of gold fell in shining bands over the rich fabric, and mingled with the glittering bullion that fringed the dark drapery, he sighed heavily, and turning, left the apartment with hurried tread.

"Truly a crushed Lily," whispered I, as I bent over and touched my lips to the crimson petals of her sweet mouth.

Dear little angel, she is in heaven now, and the broad domains of her father have fallen into the possession of distant kindred.

The Judiciary.

In October the people of Pennsylvania will be called upon, for the first time in the history of the Commonwealth, to make their own selection of the persons who are to expound and administer the laws, for the next ten years, in our courts of justice. The amended Constitution imposes a grave responsibility npon the citizens of the State, to meet which properly will require the intelligent exercise of more than ordinary prudence and circumspection. It is well known that this radical change in the organic law was occasioned, principally, by the unwise course of the Executive branch of the government, in many instances of late years, in placing incompetent or unworthy judges on the bench; and it depends entirely upon the manner in which the people discharge the momentous duty thus devolved npon them, whether the change shall prove a blessing or a curse. If the latter, it would be one of the heaviest calamities that could befall the body politic.

Political preferences will doubtless exert an influence to a greater or less extent. But the essential merits of this whole subject rise so far above all mere partizan interests, and are so intimately connected with the well being of the entire community, in all the relations of life, and are we think so thoroughly appreciated by the great body of the people, that we are persuaded they will give a true and safe response to this new appeal to their sagacity and honesty of purpose. And any party or body of men which should underrate the one, or attempt to impose upon the other will find they can not do so with impunity. Disaster to themselves, and the signal discomfiture of their candidates will be the inevitable result.

Neither party politics nor local feuds should be suffered to have the control in the election of Judges; especially if they should tend to the exclusion, or prejudice, of the high and paramount objects which should be kept constantly in view by every voter in making up his mind, and depositing his ballot. Nor are amiability of character, and mere personal popularity, the only qualifications for these posts of honor and responsibility. It is indispensible that, in addition to these, the incumbents should possess decision and energy of character, habits of industry and close study, fullness of legal learning and readiness in applying it, and capacity for the prompt and accurate dispatch of business; as well as integrity and a sound judgment. And if our Governors, either through mistaken kindness, or as a tardy reward for political services, have erred in any of these important particulars, it is no reason why the people should, or will, follow their ill advised example, and in so doing, prove themselves insensible to the high value of the prerogative so fully transferred to their keeping.

It is not our intention to enter here upon a lengthy discussion of this subject; but it is proper that attention should be directed to it at an early day, and the objects and design of this amendment of the Constitution, and the condition of things in the respective districts, be kept distinctly before the public; and after deliberate reflection, be acted on by every voter with caution and independence. It is well to admonish State Conventions, and aspirants to the Supreme Bench, and the President Judgeships, that intrigue and factious combinations will be rebuked at the ballot box; and to remind candidates that upon this occasion, above all others, the people and the press will subject their pretensions, and capacity, to the most searching and fearless scrutiny, before the final verdict is rendered at the polls.—*Union Times.*

Boys after Nightfall.

[Parents will please read the following, and profit by it.]

I have been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful, gleesome. I am not willing that they be cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth—indeed I can hardly understand how a high toned, useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rights and customs which entrench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents who are not fore-thoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation upon this subject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the streets after nightfall. It is ruinous to their morals in all instances. They acquire under the cover of night, an unhealthful state of mind; bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed it is in the streets after nightfall that the boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should in this particular have a rigid and inflexible rule, that never will permit a son, under any circumstances whatever, to go in the streets after nightfall, with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports, or meet other boys for social or chance occupation. A rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire of such dangerous practices. Boys should be taught to have pleasures around the family centre-table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Respectable gentlemen's sons, are seen in the streets after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers, keep your boys home at night, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and, above all, with a view of their security from future destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame, as to openly violate the Sabbath day, in street passtimes, during its day or evening hours.

A True Friend of the Boys.

The Upright Man of Business.

There is no being in the world for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business. No, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr, than a man of that lofty moral uprightness. And let me say yet more distinctly, that it is not for the generous man that I feel this kind of respect. Generosity seems to me a low qualify, a mere impulse, compared with the lofty virtues I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes charities—who bestows magnificent donations. That may all do very well. I speak not to disparage it. I wish there was more of it; and yet it may all exist with a want of the true, lofty, unbending uprightness. That is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands amidst all the interest and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, calm, disinterested and upright. It is the man who can see another man's distress as well as his own. It is the man whose mind his own advantage does not blind for an instant—who could sit a judge upon a question between himself and his neighbor, just as safely as the purest magistrate upon the bench of justice.

Ah! how much richer than ermine—how far nobler than a train of magisterial authority—how more awful than the guarded pomp of majesty, is that simple, magnanimous and majestic truth! Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbor and his God—true to his conscience, and who feels that the slightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him than the chance of acquiring an hundred estates.

Origin of the American Flag.

Mr. Tupper, the English poet, in his remarks at the Maryland Historical Society's anniversary, related an interesting fact, which in his mind suggested what should be to Americans a pleasing idea—possibly a discovery as to the origin of the National Flag. On making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, he was forcibly struck by the circumstance that the ancient family coat of arms of the illustrious Washington consisted of three stars in the upper portion of the shield, and three stripes below; the crest represented an eagle's head, and the motto was singularly appropriate to American history: "*Exctus acta probat.*"

Growlers.

There is a class of men in every community, who go about with vinegar faces, growling because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men, usually, have made a very grave mistake in the estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. In either case they are unfortunate. Wherever this fault finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always a want of self-respect. If people despise you, do not tell it over town. If you are smart, show it. Do something, and keep doing. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by your deeds. Then, if people feel above you, go straight off and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because your are a mechanic or farmer, or a shop boy, turn yours up a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and if this does not "fetch them," conclude very good-naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance to get into good society.

Society never estimates a man at what he imagines himself to be. He must show himself to be possessed of self-respect, independencee, energy to will and to do, and a good sound heart. These qualities and possessions will "put him through." Who blames a man for feeling above those who are mean enough to go around, like babies, telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency?

The Farmer.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Harrows and Harrowing.

Mr. Editor: For old lands which are already fine and mellow, square harrows are preferable to triangular ones. Crotch harrows are generally objectionable, as they bear in the wrong place [illegible] two wings, while the most important part is elevated from the ground, rendering the teeth in front, nearly if not quite unserviceable, while those in the central parts of the harrow, scarcely touch the soil. When intended for one horse, the harrow should have four beams, and each beam four teeth. They should be twelve inches long, at least, and about three-fourths of an inch square. For dressing off the surface of old soils, after it has been sufficiently worked, I find a light triangular harrow sometimes of service. I lengthen the traces, and by so doing bring the front part down to the surface. The teeth in this should be but three-fourths of an inch square, and somewhat nearer together than in the former, as this arrangement will cause a smoother, and more effectually cover fine seeds. In harrowing, I always pass the instrument lengthwise of the furrows first, then diagonally, or from corner to corner, and finish off with passing it alternately from side to side, and from end to end.

I think that most farmers miss the mark greatly in not working their soils more thoroughly. The finer the soil is made, the more productive will it be under any circumstances. After the plow has done its work, the application of the harrow should be continued till all the lumps are broken, and the entire surface, to the depth of six inches, rendered perfectly light and loose. Soil, well prepared, will feel to the *foot* in passing over it, like a *moss bed*—it will be soft, yet *elastic*, something like a bed of dry meal. C.

Northampton, Bucks Co., April 25, '51.

The Nettle.

By the farmers of this country, the nettle is proscribed as a noxious and worthless weed. Yet in Holland it is far from being regarded as valueless; the economical Dutchman using it as a pot herb, in its young state, and its roots for dying yellow. The seed is also economised, and possesses the reputation of imparting superior spirit and activity to horses, as well as a fine lustrous gloss to their hair. It is sometimes sown and cut as a green feed for cows—from four to six acres being appropriated to its production on a single farm, and affording from five to six cuttings a year. In the papers of the Bavarian Society it is said to possess many important properties of which the following are the most prominent:

"Eaten in sallad, it relieves consumption; it fattens horned cattle, whether eaten green or dried; it not only fattens calves, but improves greatly the quality of their flesh; it is an antidote to most maladies; sheep fed on it bring forth healthy and vigorous lambs; it promotes the laying of eggs in hens; it improves the fat of pigs; the seeds, mixed with oats, are excellent for horses; it grows all the year round, even in the coldest weather, and the fibres of the stem make an excellent hemp." "The Bavarian oracle might have added," observes a late writer, "that few plants force better or more rapidly, and that the tender shoots, so produced, make a delicate and highly flavored pot-herb, resembling, in many respects, the points of the pampion."—*Ib.* B.

From the Pennsylvania Farm Journal.

Hints to Agricultural Writers.

In the establishment of an Agricultural Journal, you have entered upon a field where your labor may be turned to a most profitable account. We do not derogate from the character of the farmer, when we assert that they have much to learn of the business in which they are engaged. Agriculture as a Science, to understand it thoroughly, calls into requisition a most extended circle of knowledge, and demands an expanded degree of thought and study, which is incompatible with the every-day avocations of a farmer. His opportunities and mode of life, forbid the application of his time to such pursuits: he must deal with practical results attained by others, whose better opportunities have enabled them to prosecute the study of scientific knowledge, and reduce its elements to practical conclusions. This view of the subject seems to point out to you the plan upon which an Agricultural Journal should be conducted. To render it valuable it should treat of subjects, and be couched in such language as will be easily understood by that class of readers whom you hope to benefit by your labors. When we reflect that every operation on the farm is based upon some substantial reason; that every implement used is formed upon certain fixed mechanical principles, and how little either enters into the consideration of the operator, how delightful a task it is to treat of such subjects, and communicate to the farmer in a plain intelligible phraseology the reason for the work in which he is engaged, or the principles upon which his implements should be constructed. He knows from experience that certain causes produce certain results, but how few know why such results are produced, although the reason for each may be a plain simple truth, a result of scientific knowledge, easily communicated and as easily understood. We can not better illustrate our views than by referring to certain examples. The experience of every farmer has taught him [illegible] exceedingly injurious to it: but has the circumstance itself caused him to inquire why it is so? Is it too simple a truth to teach that the cultivated earth has a capacity to feed upon that nourishment with which it is constantly supplied by the natural elements: that light and heat are as essential to its capacity for production as they are to the vitality of the animal body: and that the effect of ploughing land when it is wet, is to shut up these mouths and lungs, and make it impervious to light, heat, and nourishment, and for the want of them it dies? This idea would give to many farmers a subject for thought, and induce them to carry their reflections into the whole subject of ploughing, and while actually engaged in the work, the naturally vigorous mind would expand into the inquiry how it may always be done well. Knowing then, that the object of ploughing is to put the ground in that loose, pliable condition, in which it will the more readily receive all these advantages which it naturally requires, he will take another step, and inquire into the character of the plough he uses. Does it make that miscalled *beautiful* work, where the ploughed ground is turned over as hard as a pressed brick, over which you may walk without making a foot print, or does it leave it in the condition we have before described, ready to receive the nourishment which so increases its capacity for production.

This is but one of the thousand plain suggestions which may be offered to the intelligent mind of the farmer, calculated to produce thought, excite an interest in the business in which he is engaged, and ultimately produce new and practical results.

Whilst we would not exclude entirely from the columns of your journal, the description of learned theories which pertain to agriculture as a Science, yet its editor should never be unmindful how comparatively few of his patrons will either read or understand that which is expressed in a phraseology as unintelligible as if it were Greek.

It will be your province, too, to instil into the minds of farmers a high toned feeling of self-respect; that their occupation may not fall below the rest of mankind, in taking rank in that laudably ambitious contest, which, in this age, seems to urge the world forward in the race of improvement. Their condition is an isolated one, and they have a corresponding diffidence, which restrains them in their intercourse with their fellow men, whilst there is in their occupation a subject of thought; an intermingling of the order and beauties of nature, and an indispensable importance in its object, results, which claim for it that high degree of respect which is always awarded to a well instructed mind.

Upon the character of your Journal will depend its usefulness, and its success will be measured by the impression it will make in this particular.

Carlisle, Pa. FREDERICK WATTS.