

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, in favor of all other liberties."—MILTON.

VOL. XL.—NO. 37.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1840.

WHOLE NO. 357.

Office of the Star & Banner
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. The Star & Republican Banner is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 53 numbers) payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hands,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are smiling bright before us,
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there she smiles upon our lips
For those who meet her foe,
For glory's star knows no eclipse
When smiled upon by woman;
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threats of danger,
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep
For every ocean danger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom,
Our prayers are for her gallant band
Who strike where honor leads them.
We love the taintless air we breathe,
"Ere freedom's endless dower,
We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's hostilities rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lairds—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters;
We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—
A FREEMAN FOR A LOVER!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POOR PRINTER,

On the fourth of July, 18—, Harriett Lee might have been seen sitting on the sofa in her neat little parlor, in a house situated in P. street, New York. The metropolis was alive with men, women, and children, of every color, class and creed—old men whose heads were whitened with the snow of age—young men in the moridian of manhood, unitedly and unanimously agreed to 'divulge dull care away,' and join the jubilee to celebrate the birth day of American Independence. Ever and anon the bursting thunder of artillery seemed to shake the island of Manhattan—the carved eagle sat perched upon a pole of liberty, and our star spangled banner became the plaything of the balmy wind.

While every American heart was brimful of joy and gratitude, there were two generous, noble minded individuals bowed down with sorrow so pungent, and disappointment so bitter, that the soul-stirring proceedings of the ever-to-be-remembered Fourth could not raise their drooping spirits. The persons alluded to are Harriett and her sister, Wm. Malcolm. When the intelligent, patriotic and high-minded William entered Harriett's apartment, he was disappointed and surprised to see the object of his love bathed in tears. "Why do you weep, my dear Harriett?" enquired William, in a voice rich as music, at the same time grasping affectionately her snowy tapering fingers, which were ornamented with three costly rings, the offerings which friendship and respect had laid upon the altar of her fair hand. Harriett gently and gracefully raised her head, while the warm tears of grief flowed free and fast from her dark hazel eyes, and fell upon her fair cheek like dew drops from a rose leaf. "What can I do," continued William, "to tear away the dark drapery which seems to mantle your tender feelings in gloomy sorrow on this high and happy day?" Harriett's feelings were too big for utterance; she could not vent her thoughts in words, so violent was the temper of excitement occasioned by one who had broken up the great deep of her heart. Soon after she was able to speak, she said she had just returned from a visit to her aunt R—, having paid her a visit for the purpose of inviting her to attend the anticipated wedding which would probably take place in a few days. She described the interview she had with her aunt; it was as follows:

When she had made known her grand her aunt observed—
"Is it possible that you, Harriett have assumed the responsibility of pledging heart

and hand to a man without soliciting my advice?"
Harriett replied—"When I first became acquainted with the man of my choice, I sought the advice of my mother who happened to be in the city at the time; upon inquiry she discovered that my friend was an honest and honorable man, and had no objection to my associating with him; our friendship has ripened into love—we are pledged to each other, and the wedding day is appointed."

"What is the gentleman's name, Harriett?"
"His name is William Malcolm."
"Is he a physician, or a lawyer, or a merchant, or a minister—what is he?"
"He is a journeyman printer," replied Harriett.

"A journeyman printer!" exclaimed her aunt with great emphasis. "Do you intend to disgrace your connections by marrying a man who picks up type for a living? You must be foolish, and your mother must be mad to sanction your folly. You must not imagine, Miss, that I shall condescend to mingle in the society of mechanics; you lack common sense, or you would not thus throw yourself away."

Harriett again replied:
"William is a respectable, industrious, and economical man, and loves me."

"It makes me think of casting pearls before swine," continued the old aristocrat. "You are a beautiful girl, your accomplishments are superior to the attainments of most girls of your age—how can you so lower yourself as to marry an illiterate mechanic?"

"My dear aunt do you know that a printing office is an Academy where lessons of useful knowledge are continually before the mind? William is not an illiterate man, but is a self-taught classical scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the estimation of all who know him."

"I will pay the expense of your wedding, and give you a splendid set of furniture, if you will try to forget him and take my advice; there is Squire —, who thinks a great deal of you;—would you not like to have him, or Doct. —, or Mr. —, the merchant? You can, I have no doubt, marry either of these gentlemen, and thus keep up the dignity of your family?"

"Pa is a mechanic, and I am not too proud to marry a mechanic," replied Harriett. "Your father is my youngest brother; he is an extensive land holder; how can you call him a mechanic?"

"I have frequently heard him say," replied Harriett, "that he earned his farm by diligently using the saw, the broad axe and the jack plane; furthermore I have heard him say that you in your younger days used to pound putty and prime sashes when uncle R— could not afford to hire help; you have not forgotten that my dear uncle is a sash-maker; it is but a few years since he relinquished that business."

"Impudent creature, how dare you thus insult me in my own house! your uncle is President of —, and one of the richest men in this wealthy metropolis."

"Aunt, I don't intend to insult you nor injure the feelings of my uncle; you know better than I do, that he shaved wood before he commenced shaving noses—yonder stands the old frame building which was once his humble residence."

"Harriett, you must quit my house immediately, and never dare to darken my door again."

Poor Harriett's feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; when her proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespectfully of William, she introduced the sarcastic remarks which mortified the old woman's pride. Until that morning she always respected her aunt, but her tyranny completely changed her feelings.

On the ninth day of July, Mr. R—, Harriett's uncle, whilst perusing one of the daily papers, discovered the following, and read it aloud to his wife.

"Married in this city on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. Wm. Malcolm to Miss Harriett Lee, both of this city."

On the opposite page he saw a long editorial article respecting the wedding, from which the following is an extract:

"Last evening, in conformity with a polite invitation, we attended a wedding party; every thing went off with great éclat—the cake, coffee and wine were excellent. The bride looked more like an angel than a human being—her hair was smooth and dark as a raven's wings;—her mouth like blooming tulips. The groom we are well acquainted with; he is a clever fellow—the wealth of intellect shone on his superb forehead, and a great soul looked through his calm blue eyes; he is the talented author of several splendid articles which have appeared in our most popular periodicals. We understand he is about to resume the management of a periodical in this city. My the sunlight of success beam upon his exertions."

Patience reader allow the author to digress a few moments in order to lay before you a brief history of the two professional men and the merchant who was selected by Harriett's aunt as a suitable companion for a young lady occupying such a conspicuous stand in society as she did. The physician was an inferior looking man, rather ill-formed and dwarfish. He was round-shouldered, had small twinkling grey eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and mouth indicative of elegance. Notwithstanding his personal appearance, he was esteemed and respected by a large acquaintance—he was a natural dwarf, but an intellectual giant—he was an ordinary looking man, but his attainments were rich and rare, and his brilliant talents

won for him an imperishable name on the page of immortality; by marriage he connected himself with a poor but honest family—he has obtained a princely fortune since the sacred band was riveted; and still lives to enjoy it with his amiable companion and beautiful children.

The lawyer was a tall graceful man—he had an eye like an eagle, was straight as a pine—and strong as Hercules; a large pair of brown whiskers fringed his expressive countenance; no artist ever beheld a better looking mouth than his—a heavy mass of rich brown hair hung in clustering curls over his fine forehead. He rose to eminence in his profession, the syren song of flattery was perpetually sung in his ear—one praised because of his eloquence, and another alluded to his benevolence. At the age of twenty-five he married the daughter of a rich merchant.

Let us leap over a period of ten years. In yonder white frame house in Centre street, New York, may be seen the wreck of a ruined man, his eyes are bloodshot, his teeth yellow, his hand trembles, his face is red as the rising sun—he is the victim of intemperance. If, reader, you choose to look into this dwelling house, you will find it neatly furnished, and clean as a new pin; a pale female plying that little polished lance the needle, attracts your attention—she has seen better days—but now she earns a subsistence for herself, her unfortunate husband, and three little ones. She is the wife of the talented and liberal lawyer who spoke of a few seconds since; the bewitching voice of flattery spoiled him—he mingled much in society, was a public pet.—His friends deemed it an honor to drink a social glass with him; thus he engendered an artificial appetite which like a serpent imprisoned him in its folds; his business was neglected, his time misimproved, his property worse than wasted, his intellect blunted and his health destroyed.

The merchant was a hungry speculator, greedy after dollars and cents, wealth rolled in its golden tide around him—the more music there was in his purse the more friends he won—he was too stung to get married; determined to get rich in a hurry, he leaped into the dark—he committed forgery;—in Auburn prison may be seen the man who was selected for Harriett by her aunt; fortunately he has no wife nor children to inourn his fate.

We will now resume the narration of the poor printer's history. 'Twas on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May, that one of the splendid steamers which ply between New York and Albany was crowded with beauty and fashion; the passengers were amusing themselves by gazing on the romantic scenery of the Hudson. At noon the bell rung to inform the passengers that dinner was ready; a rush was made to the table which was loaded with the richest luxuries the market afforded; at the head of the table sat a man somewhat advanced in life; the hand of time had scattered a few grey hairs upon his head; the next seat to him was occupied by his wife, who with an air of affected dignity looked towards the captain, who politely requested the gentleman and lady at the head of the table to give up their seats to the Hon. Wm. Malcolm and his lady! If a voice from heaven, in tones of thunder had spoken, they could not have been more surprised than was Harriett's uncle and aunt when they, in the presence of more than one hundred persons, were obliged to make room for the plebeians they had refused to associate with ten years previous to that event. To this proud pair of aristocrats, the scene was extremely humiliating—after all, it was an honor to sit by the side of this self made man;—after the cloth was removed, a great many apologies were made by the old couple.

"They invited the Hon. Wm. M. and his lady to call and see them. They did so, and the old hypocrites strained every nerve to please the once poor printer and his beautiful wife."

William assumed the management of the periodical spoken of in the commencement of this article, and his labors were crowned with success; at the close of the year he removed to the south, and the same success attended his footsteps; he rose in spite of the obstacles in the way to the honorable eminence he now occupies.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man can furnish little or much for his family, if there is a leakage in his kitchen or in the parlor, it runs away he knows not how, and that demon waste cries more, like the horse-leach's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring to the house and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself—to establish a precedent, nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children.

This should be her sole aim, and the theater of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the work shop or the counting room. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend; and if the friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife *not* for herself only, but she is the agent of the many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good and not for her own gratification. Her husband's life is the end to which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious—the first adds vanity to extravagance—the second fastens a Doctor's bill to a long Butcher's account—and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.—*Sunbury Amer.*

The art of Printing is a noble art. Its discovery an event of transcendent importance. The press is the property of the world. Its influences innumerable and estimable, at once the triumph and glory of universal mind. There is something peculiarly grand, solemn, and sublime, in the voice of acclamation. It echoes and re-echoes over the tombs of passing generations and the cenotaphs of national existence.—What stupendous changes to all individuals now living before the year of its invention, 500! Infancy, childhood, youth, manhood and old age, all swept into one common grave! What changes among the nations! With the present invention and operative genius of the earth, what physical changes! Mountains penetrated or evolved by things as of life—oceans traversed in derision of storm and tempest—the eternal granite moulded into temples and dwelling places as easily as the potter fashions his clay—and the whole physical population of the earth perhaps doubled!

Who can predict the form, mechanism, and operation of the press of 1840? Who the comparative standing and intelligence of its editors? Is it too much to imagine wheels of burnished steel, supported by pillars of gold, and centres of motion sustained by massy diamonds? Presidents, Governors, Princes, Kings and Emperors for the fountain of light! We are at a loss for language—we dismiss the august subject in silence—we leave that silence to be broken by the voice of future generations.

ATMOSPHERIC EFFECT.—We are all aware, if the weather be damp and foggy, that a listless and languid state is produced; whilst, during dry weather, however cold it may be, there is a feeling of lightheartedness and cheerfulness pervading the whole system. In the first instance, the atmosphere is robbing us of our electricity, which it greedily absorbs; in the latter case, the dryness of the air in such, that it loses us in the possession of the electricity which seems to belong to us; hence the buoyancy of spirits on the cold and frosty days of December and January, and the suicidal despondency of November, and hence the elasticity, the life, and animation of the Frenchman, the sluggish, heavy movement of the Dutchman, the variable feelings of the Englishman, one day full of hope and cheerfulness, the next day at war with himself and the rest of mankind. To every one in damp, moist conditions of the atmosphere, flannel is a great comfort, but silk is the most useful covering of the body. It is by far the best friend and comforter that can be applied. We know that if a silk handkerchief be perfectly dry, lightning the most accumulated could not pass through it, so decided a non conductor is it; hence, if worn next to the skin, the air cannot absorb the electricity of the human body. Silk waistcoats, drawers, and stockings of the same material, are of the greatest service during the humid state of the winter months of this country. The hypochondriac, the nervous, will derive from them more benefit than from the most active tonic, and they will prove a more invigorating cordial than any spirituous dram; nor are the effects transient, for a buoyancy of spirits and an agreeable warmth are thus diffused over the whole frame. Patients, too, during mercurial influence, are much better wrapped in silk than even when confined in bed.—*Dr. Sigmond.*

QUARRELS.—One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the World is to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, the Church quarrels, and the States quarrel; nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after he has had before one; it degrades him in his own eyes and in the eyes of others; and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better; the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if

he be abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

JOHN.—We thought that this ancient name would be handed down to the latest generation, and we now doubt not that the last inhabitant of this world, when his business is brought to a close, will be a "John," and in the world to come, the last on the list of debtors to grace will be "John."—We infer this from the rapid increase of "Johns," and we fear that the name of "John" will be given to every body. Step into the street, and the first name you hear is "John;" go into the crowd, and "John" has done it; a wedding on hand, and "John" is a party; a defalcation, and "John" is off to Texas; a row in the street, and "John" is its author; a slander going the rounds, "John" is its retailer; a loafer brought before the Police court, "why, is that you 'John'?" is witness wanted, call "John;" a funeral invitation, "ah, poor 'John' is dead;" a mob raised, "John" is the very man, and no other name will answer. Heaven be praised that our name is not "John." Oh, "John," "John," what a black list will appear against thee at the great day of reckoning.

IMITATION OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—We are informed by the Final Brussels paper, that Mr. Glantz, one of the first mechanicians of Vienna, has been at work for several years in forming an instrument, which his ingenious mechanism has at length succeeded in making imitate the sounds of the human voice. The instrument, it is said, is now completed, and that it acts in a manner altogether unexpected. It is stated to be the chef d'œuvre of mechanism. By pressing a spring, it executes different melodies in a tenor voice, a bary tone or deep base. This instrument, it is further more added, excites, as it might naturally be supposed to do, if the account of it be correct, the most lively sensations in the saloons of Vienna. Mr. Glantz intends to make an automaton, in the head of which he will introduce his voice instrument, the mechanism of which occupies very little room.

FINING FAULT WITH MASTERS.—Apprentices are very prone to complain about their masters—to exaggerate the amount of their labor, and lessen the kindness of their employers. They say those things to their associates which nothing would tempt them to mention in their presence;—and being friendly to the apprentices, they advise them to pursue certain steps, which are in direct disobedience to their masters' wishes. The best course to pursue is this: whenever any fault is to be found with a master, let it be made known immediately to him, and the difficulty settled between the two. For, when wrong feelings begin to exist in an apprentice, he will not be careful to please, nor hesitate to do his work unfaithfully—which will soon be noticed, and give place for severe reprimand. Thus will the boy's situation be made unpleasant, and the cause will be imputed to his master, when in fact it belongs to himself. And what comes next? Opportunities are sought to leave the employment—the advice of interested companions are solicited and given—and then follows a step which will be regretted perhaps through life.

HONOR AND PROFIT OF INDUSTRY.—The greatest of men have been trained up to "work with their hands."

If there is an encouraging sentence in the English language, it is the above. God ordained that man should live by the sweat of his face, and intelligence can breathe and live only in a being of an active life.—Aikenside, the author of *The Pleasures of Imagination*, was a butcher until twenty-one, and first took to study from being confined in his room, by the fall of a cleaver; Marshal Ney was the son of a cooper; Roger Sherman, Allen Cunningham Gifford, were shoe makers; Sir William Herschel was a fiddler; Franklin a printer's devil; Ferguson a shepherd; Ben Johnson was a bricklayer; James Monroe the son of a bricklayer; Gen. Knox was the son of a bookbinder; General Green a Blacksmith; Gen. Morgan a wagoner; Burns a plough boy; Bloomfield was a farmer; Frazer, a stone cutter; Crabbe, and Keates apothecaries; Sir Wm. Blackstone was the son of a silk mercer, and a posthumous child.—*Agriculturist.*

NUMBER OF INHABITANTS TO THE SQUARE MILE.—The United States furnishes a population of 14 to every square mile for the inhabited portions of the country, and 7 to a square mile for the whole territory embraced within the limits of the federal jurisdiction. Contrast the present occupation of the soil with the population of the most thickly peopled portions of Europe, and it will be seen that there is ample room for us to increase our numerical strength, and not be crowded either. Belgium has 323 inhabitants to the square mile; Holland 254, and Great Britain and Ireland 206. Russia has but 28 to the square mile, and Sweden and Norway only 13. France has 158; Italy 172; Germany 147; Austria 137, and Switzerland 133.

AN IRISHMAN'S ILLUSTRATION.—The following capital illustration, by the son of the "Seagirt Isle," we find in a late number of the *Vicksburg Whig*:
"An honest son of Eric, whose talents

have been particularly exercised in keeping a livery stable, recently deserted Mr. Van Buren, and declared himself in favor of Gen. Harrison. A prominent loco loco called on him, and after expressing surprise at his change desired to know the reasons which induced it. "Why Major," said he, "I am not very good at giving of reasons, but I'll illustrate the matter to you. Suppose you were to bring me a horse—a fat horse, round as a butter ball, not a hair amiss, mane and tail smooth and nice—and were to say to me, I want you to keep my horse and return him to me in good order as ye find him and I'll pay ye well for it, and suppose yer honor was to come back in a month, or may be more, and were to find the same horse as poor that ye could count his ribs across the strate, and his eyes sore and dirty, and his hair rough, and his mane hanging both sides of his neck, and his tail chawed off by calves, wouldn't yer honor be after changing yer livery stable keeper? And ain't it so with the country? Wa'n't it fat and nice when Mr. Van Buren began to keep it, and, now can't you count its ribs? yer honor will not deny it. And so let's change the keeper and put in Cudd Tippacanoe."

MERCANTILE JOKE.—The following is a good one. Two merchants meeting in the street, one lamented to the other that Harrison could not go at once into office.—"Why," says he, "Van Buren has got four months to run yet." "Never mind," said his friend, "we'll get him discounted."—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

"A GRINDER"—There is, says the Ohio *Confederate*, in Jackson county, Ohio, a loco-loco by the name of Snooks, who resisted all the light and influence the friends of Harrison could use to induce him to vote against Van Buren. He persisted in his determination to go the whole for Martin, and at the election carefully took out a paper from his pocket book and handed it to the Judges with a flourish, saying aloud to the Whigs,—"there goes a grinder for you." When the votes were counted out, the number of tickets was just one less than the number of voters, and in the box was found a receipt in favor of Snooks, of nine dollars for three grind stones! The old fellow will never bear the last of his grinder for Van Buren.

A ROYAL NOSE.—At a table where the present Emperor of Austria, when only heir to the throne, was a guest, a question arose as to which was the strongest part of a human frame. One said that he thought the legs, because they carried the whole body; another spoke up for the arms, because of the labor they were capable of performing; the other said the head, because it directed the whole. When the prince was appealed to, he said that for his part, he gave his voice in favor of the nose. When the laugh which the odd idea of a prince (and every body laughs at the odd idea of a prince) had ceased, his highness was asked for an explanation, when he pitifully said: "Why, Prince Metternich has led my father by the nose for these last twenty years and it is still as good as nose as ever, and not a bit the worse for the exercise."

TO MAKE A BEAUTIFUL FIRE-SCREEN.—Draw a landscape on paper, with Indian ink, representing a winter scene, or mere outline; the foliage is to be painted with muriate of cobalt for the green, acetate of cobalt for the blue, and muriate of copper for yellow, which, when dry, will all be visible.—Put the screen to the fire, and the gentle warmth will occasion the trees, flowers, &c., to display themselves in their natural colours, and winter be changed to spring. When the paper cools, the colours disappear, but the effect can be produced at pleasure.

LARGE NOSES.—Men with large noses nor always honest and candid people, for their nose is distinctly visible to their own eyes, and they have nothing to do but to follow it, which makes them straightforward persons.

AN ILLUSTRATION BY WAY OF DEFINITION.—"Pray what is nonsense?" asked a wight who talked little else. "Nonsense!" replied his friend, "why, sir, it's nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

The United States contain 2,300,000 square miles. One half of this is settled, and contains about 18,000,000 of inhabitants. If the United States numbered as many inhabitants to the square mile as France, our population would be 363,000,000. The whole area of cultivated land in Great Britain and Ireland, is about forty-five millions of acres.

"If the devil should loose his tail, where would he get another?" D'ye give it up? "In a gin shop, be sure, because there they re-tail bad spirits."

Girls are always crying about something. The most delightful moments of their existence are spent in crying; whether it is for their sins or not, we cannot say, but they frequently express themselves very much refreshed after a 'good crying spell,' as they call it.—School girls cry ever a vein (fort to manufacture a 'composition'; they will cry when they meet friends, and when they leave them; they cry because they can't get married, and some cry because they are married! What melting creatures!—*Morning Tattler.*