

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

POL. RT.—PO. 42.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1841.

WPAOLAH PO. 562.

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 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & 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 BEST AND CHEAPEST PERIODICAL EXISTENT.
A NEW SERIES OF THE
NEW-YORK MIRROR,
A Weekly Journal of the Belles Lettres and the Fine Arts.

Embellished Monthly, with Costly and Magnificent Quarto Steel Engravings, and with the most popular and beautiful Music of the day, arranged for the Piano-forte, Guitar and Harp; containing contributions from Authors of the highest distinction at home and abroad, and designed as an elegant Parlor Journal for all classes of society. Memoirs, Biography, Novels, Tales, Travels, Voyages, Poetry, Criticism, History, Arts, Sciences, Narratives, Incidents, Adventures, Scenery, Correspondence, Sketches of Society and Manners, Passing events of the Times, Anecdotes and Gossip, the Fashions in Dress, and every other subject within the range of Polite Literature, is embraced in its Plan. The whole forming, at the end of the year a large quarto volume of 416 important pages; being a beautiful ornament to the Piano-forte, an account of the Music; and an attractive and charming embellishment to the centre table, on account of the ENGRAVINGS.

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

It has been said, that the American people are fickle in their attachments; that they are fond of change and variety, and willingly part with an old friend for the novelty of a new acquaintance. As far as it relates to us, we can unequivocally deny the assertion. It is now more than seventeen years since we, a mere boy at the time, commenced the publication of the New-York Mirror; and under all its changes and improvements thousands of its early friends and subscribers have adhered to it with a constancy no less flattering to ourselves than it is complimentary to their permanent attachments. We now contemplate an important change, viz. a commencement of our nineteenth year, on the 1st of January next. In making this change, we are only following the example of many of our contemporaries, who, after publishing their papers for several years, were under the necessity of adopting this plan, that their subscribers might not thereafter be confused about the beginning and end of the publication year. But the more important part of our change is, our intention of giving an elegant steel plate engraving every month, many of which we have already selected, and engravers engaged on several of them. We have now a number of artists employed, and have made arrangements to have the plates printed three months in advance of their publication, so that they may be thoroughly dried; and sustain no injury whatever by mail carriage. No engravings of a more attractive or fascinating character, ever came from the burin of an artist, than those now in preparation for the New York Mirror. They have never been equalled in this country, and cannot be surpassed anywhere; at least, this is the opinion of numerous connoisseurs to whom we have shown the twelve that have been selected for the new volume; and, we have not the shadow of a doubt, but that they will create a sensation, when they are presented to our subscribers, who, we are confident, will be delighted with them. We also intend to give monthly, a wood cut representation and description of the latest fashions of Europe.—These additions will cost us, exclusive of our present expenses, several thousands of dollars per annum. The arrangement, while it will afford to the readers of the Mirror more than abundant equivalent for the trifling price at which it is published, (for the plates could not be purchased at our print stores separately for \$5, nor could the music be obtained for that amount) will, we trust, give us such an increase of subscribers as will enable us to proceed with renewed energy and unfading industry in the prosecution of time and money. When we began the publication of the Mirror, there was no work of a smaller character in the Union, of any literary merit, which combined such a number of attractions as we have presented in superior engravings, music, beautiful paper, and extreme neatness of typography. With a determination to render it a work worthy of the extensive support, which it has always received, we went on, year after year, employing talent of a high order, in beautifying and ornamenting the work with gems of the pencil and the pen. Few can con-

ceive the immense amount we have paid for literary and pictorial contributions.—We have been the pioneer in almost every thing that has lifted the periodical press of this country from its former to its present position, until, by common consent, the New York Mirror has been considered as inferior to no literary publication of a similar character in the world. We some years since, in consequence of our constantly increasing expenses, raised the price to five dollars, and our friends have paid it cheerfully, from a conviction that it is now, and always has been, honestly worth the money. Within the last few years a change has come over every thing, particularly the republic of letters. Periodicals have increased in vast numbers, and the adoption of the cash system, and its certain and prompt results, have induced some few publishers to reduce the price of subscriptions, and to be contented with limited profits in consideration of the facilities afforded them by prompt payment. The subscribers of the New York Mirror, are entitled to the full benefit of this change, and we have therefore resolved to begin a new series of the work on the first of January next; but as our motto is not "reduction of price and gradual decrease of excellence," but a desire to follow up our seventeen years, advance in all respects, and now make the Mirror the most elegant periodical in the world, we shall make the expensive additions before mentioned, and continue the charge of only five dollars per annum,—payable, in all cases, in advance. In thus issuing it at a price which would appear to all acquainted with the subject, scarcely sufficient to defray its current expenses of print and paper, we do not contemplate the least diminution in the interest and value of the publication, editorially considered. On the contrary, it will contain literary articles of intense interest, and every exertion will be made to furnish the most fashionable, choice and popular music; and no pains or expense will be spared to sustain its present high literary character, and to keep it at least in the foremost rank with the most popular periodicals in this country or Europe. We even expect in this respect to surpass our former efforts, as the editor, by a recent arrangement, will be released from all the cares connected with its business department, which has for years rested upon him, depriving him of much of the time he wished to spend in catering for the public.

We ask, in return, from the friends of American literature, the cordial and hearty support of this new and expensive series; and have no doubt but we shall liberally receive it. In country towns and villages, where the population is small in number, those who wish to receive the Mirror, would find it their interest to obtain at least seven subscribers for the work in order that they may receive the plate impressions without being folded. A smaller package cannot be conveniently forwarded by mail in this manner. To those who obtain seven subscribers the usual commission will be allowed.

SUMMARY OF CONDITIONS.
The Mirror is printed and published by DANIEL FANSHAW, every Saturday, at his Book-Store, No. 145 Nassau street, in the extra super-royal quarto-form. It is embellished, once every month, with a splendid super-royal engraving, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the piano-forte, harp, guitar, &c.—the terms are FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in all cases in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of New York.

This postage must be paid on all communications. Such as relate to the editorial department must be directed to GEORGE P. MORRIS; and all others to D. FANSHAW.

No subscriptions received for less period than one year. Post Masters generally, are requested to act as Agents for the work. As all persons may not be aware of the regulations of the Post Office department, we take occasion to state, that Post Masters are authorized by law to remit money to the publishers of papers free of charge. All therefore, that a person has to do, who wishes to subscribe to this periodical, is to write a letter to that effect, enclosing the price of subscription, and the Post Masters will frank it cheerfully.

Jan. 5, 1841. 3t-41
A MALAPROP.—A fashionable lady being asked how she liked the dinner given at a distinguished poet's, her reply was—"The dinner was excellent, but my seat was so promote from the neck-necks, that I could not satisfy my appetite, and the pickled cherries had such defect on my head that I had a motion to leave the table; but Mr. — gave me some harshness resolved in water, which bereaved me."

REWARD OF INGENUITY.—Mr. Burden, of Troy Iron Works, invented last fall, an ingenious and valuable piece of machinery for compressing and giving form to the ball iron, as it comes glowing from the furnace. It is intended as a substitute for trip hammers, and does its work instantly. It possesses immense value, both as a labor saving machine, and because it accomplishes its work with neatness and rapidity. As yet only one of these machines has been ordered in this country. Contracts are now making by Mr. Burden, to supply other iron establishments. But the best of it is, last week the inventor sold the patent right for Scotland alone, for \$25,000! That's doing the thing handsomely.—Troy Mail.

THE GARLAND.



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

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would wish to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time, through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The Gray-beard of his pinions
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the night,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

A WORD TO THE SLUGGISH.—By GEORGE.
Lose this day loitering—'t will be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting over days.
Are you in earnest seize this very minute—
What you can do, or think you can, begin it:
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mine grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Wheeling Gazette.

COUSIN TILLY'S BET.
As soon as the Harrisburg Convention nominated the old Hero of Tippecanoe as a suitable person to preside over our beloved country, Frank Smith looked around among his female friends to select a suitable individual to preside over his affections. Frank was a whole souled Whig, and reposed the utmost confidence in the success of the nominee of the convention. He was engaged in business, and declined taking a wife only on account of the uncertainty of the times. He kept an old bachelor's hall, which was genteelly furnished with every thing requisite for house keeping. All that was wanting to complete his happiness was a beautiful companion with a heart like his own. Frank was as fine a young fellow as ever rallied round the Tippecanoe flag, and might have cut quite a conspicuous figure in the world if he had been gifted with less diffidence.

Frank soon came to a decision. He silently nominated to the highest office in the gift of his affections, a young lady who was in every particular, worthy of his noble heart. She was a distant family connection—a charming, cherry checked, cheerful, capricious creature of a cousin—about as old as himself, and endowed with a proper share of that good common sense for which our fair country women are so eminently distinguished all over the world.

Frank Smith embarked enthusiastically in the double care of love and politics. He carried both with him, hand in hand; but it might have been observed that he conducted one cause with eloquent looks. He often told his fair cousin Tilly that General Harrison was his choice for the highest office in the gift of the people, but never once did he tell her that she was his only choice for the highest post in his own gift. But why should he have told her so? She knew it as well as he did. His eyes had many a time told her the story too plainly to be misunderstood.

Frank had made at least a dozen attempts to disclose his feelings to his cousin, but his lips invariably refused to obey the promptings of his heart.

One evening, just before the Presidential election, the two were together engaged as every body else was, in talking over political matters—for Tilly, like all other pretty girls, was a thorough-going Harrisonian.

"Cousin Tilly," said Frank, "it is now certain that Old Tip will be our next President. The People will then once more be prosperous—business will revive, and those young men who have all along hesitated about well looking out for helpmates. What say you to that?"

"I certainly think," said she, "that our sex should now, that this long contest is about to close, receive a share of their attentions."

"Yes, cousin Tilly, Harrison is good for the next four years—that's certain! You must have noticed, cousin Tilly, that I am heartily tired of this confounded bachelor life; and from the attentions I have paid to you, the object of my affection—that is—the—oh! listen to the glorious Tippecanoe song in the streets!

"For all the world seems turning round, For Tippecanoe and Tyler too!"

Frank's incoherent love-speeches were cut short, fortunately for him, by a crowd in the street singing lustily the famous song of Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

"Really cousin Frank," said Tilly "you are not fit for any thing but to talk politics."

"I am afraid there is too much truth in what you say," replied Frank, "but still, I must insist that I tried my best to tell you my thoughts upon a different subject."

"And why did you not finish telling them?" said his cousin archely.

"Because I was too much of a blockhead, or a coward."

"A bold Tippecanoe soldier you are truly! You need not fear me, cousin Frank; I am only a woman."

"So you are cousin; but I must confess that I am the greatest coward on earth when I attempt to open my heart to you."

"Most astonishing," said Tilly.

"All very true, my cousin. You know full well—I know you do—that I have long entertained a deep—what was I going to say?—I don't believe Van will get more than six states at the outside."

"Cousin Frank, I shall have to put you in charge of old Tip's keepers. You are going crazy."

"I believe so myself. I am in a bad box, I assure you, Cousin Tilly; Tell me how to get out of this confounded quandary. You know what I want to tell you. How shall I say it?"

"Don't know," said Tilly.

"Cousin?" said Frank, imploringly.

"Well."

"Do tell me."

"I'll bet you that Harrison will be elected," said Tilly.

"Old but I would bet that way myself," replied Frank.

"You wished me to help you out of your quandary, cousin Frank. You must therefore take the bet."

"What do you want to bet required Frank."

"Myself."

"Against what?"

"Yourself."

"But let me see," said Frank, who was somewhat puzzled to understand the operation of the wager, "if I should lose, as I surely will, how will it then be?"

"If you lose," said she, "I will win YOU; and if I lose, you will win ME. Either way will suit you, I suppose."

"I see through it," exclaimed Frank, in an ecstasy of joy. "Done, done, done—Give me your hand.—Hurrah for Tip, Ty and Tilly! Cousin, you have done the business gloriously; I am happy."

The election came, and Harrison won the day. Of course, cousin Tilly won the bet, and cheerfully was it paid, and gracefully was it accepted.

They celebrated Old Tip's election a few evenings ago, by a merry wedding.—Joy be with them.

RORY.

ONE WHO HAS DIED WITHOUT LIVING.
M. Paul Legrand died a few weeks ago at Dijon, in Burgundy, at the age of 71, leaving the following memoir, whereby he proves that he had not lived:

All that is suffering, sorrow, ennuï, despair, desire, regret, should be deducted from life, because we should ourselves have deducted it had heaven permitted. When three years old I was weaned, at six I could speak but badly—at seven I split my skull; at nine I was cured. I must, therefore, extract nine years from my existence; for surely to drink a nurse's sour milk, not to speak, or speak badly, and to split one's skull, is not living. At the age of nine I began my studies. Owing to my cranked skull, my head was a hard one, and I proved stubborn to tuition. I required two year's labor to spell the alphabet. I was indebted to letter Z alone for about four-score hundred lashes; the other twenty-three letters made a complete martyr of me. At the age of twelve I could read, but my body was mangled with the alphabet scars. An attempt was made to teach me Latin, and I lost my French in the experiment. At fifteen I knew nothing at all, and a forced diet of bread and water had reduced me to the condition of a skeleton. Six years more are therefore to be deducted. At sixteen my father made me a notary's clerk. I commenced a new species of martyrdom. I got up at six, swept the office, lighted the stove, was drubbed by the taller clerks, and my father, overwhelmed with complaints about me, deprived me of my dinner. This sort of life I led for five years, and from my life I will positively deduct them. At twenty my father, quite disgusted with his son, put me on board a ship at Chorborg. I washed the deck, crept up the topmast, mended the sails, and received thirty lashes a day upon my back. This was endured four years.

At twenty-four my father made me a haberdasher. I married Mademoiselle Ursule Desvosins, a turner's daughter; her portion consisted of 30,000 livres mortgaged upon a sugar estate at St. Domingo. The day after the wedding I found out that my wife had a wooden leg, made by my father-in-law, the turner. The poor woman made a thousand apologies for her infirmity, and I pardoned her out of regard to her marriage portion. The St. Domingo blacks rose against the whites, burnt the marriage portion, and the wooden leg was all that was left to me. At thirty I lost my wife, in consequence of a scrofula disease in her real leg. I spent six years of marriage, repenting every minute. What folly I committed in taking that leg! I therefore deduct those six years from my life. Having, as every body else, slept a third part of my life, I deduct 24 years of sleep, and I am left the right reckoning, for I was a great sleeper. A year lost, adding minute to minute, in searching for the keys of my

desk, which I was continually mislaying. Does one live when one looks for a key? Three years lost in having myself shaved, powdered, &c. Five years lost in suffering the tooth-ache, two inflammations of the chest, with relapses and convalescence. Three years lost in saying "What's o'clock?" "We have had bad weather to-day." "How do you do?" "How is your lady?" "I have had a bad cold." "Marlbrough's en va-t-en guerreo—what mud in the streets—what a winter this year!" Six months lost in having the mud brushed off one, and six in brushing one's hat. One year of endurance of the entr'actes at the theatre. One year lost in listening to the modern dramas, the chefs d'œuvre of genius not understood. One year lost in complaining of salt and tasteless soups, of cutlets too much or underdone, of indigestion or hard eggs. Total 71 years. I beg leave to declare that in giving up the ghost I do not give up any thing worth keeping.

DICTIONARY FOR THE PEOPLE.—The following are extracts from a popular new work now publishing under this title:—

- Accomplishments**—(in a lady)—To be able to thump a piano, yawn over a novel, and turn up their nose at any thing approaching to usefulness. (In a gent.) to be able to whiff a segar, use an eye-glass, and say "demmit!" with a grace.
- Apology**—An amusing ceremony, which consists in repeating certain offensive expressions in different languages.
- Blush**—The mind's telegraph.
- Cabbage**—Tailors' provender.
- Cash**—The true magician's wand.
- College**—A place for licensing fools.
- Compliment**—A palpable lie.
- Death**—The Bailiff General.
- Decay**—An unknown work in an old maid's vocabulary.
- Economy**—Buying a camel hair brush to paint a house.
- Epitaph**—A recital of imaginary virtues.
- Finis**—The only interesting word in a dull book.
- Gentleman**—A title of courtesy—meaning doubtful.
- Glory**—Wholesale mutilation and murder.
- Grave**—The physician's secretary.
- Hysterics**—A woman's conclusive argument.
- Interesting Creature**—A condemned murderer.
- Late**—An uncertain and eccentric machine, that not infrequently destroys him who sets it in motion.
- Lawyer**—Synonymous with witty liar, and sometimes so written.
- Libel**—A disagreeable truth.
- Merit**—A disadvantage to a man in search of political preferment.
- Misc**—One who lives upon nothing and lays by the half of it.
- Nonsense**—Any thing you can't understand.
- Oracle**—One who knows less than his neighbors, but has more impudence.
- Perjury**—An indispensable requisite in a witness on an electioneering petition.
- Satisfaction**—Standing to be shot at.
- Shortsightedness**—An inventive for cutting duns and poor relatives.
- Snuffer**—A walking dust hole.
- Tears**—A woman's arguments.
- War**—Murder on a grand scale.

SKETCH OF A PRINTING OFFICE.—Not a sound is heard save at times the slipshod step of a compositor moving across the floor to the foreman's desk for more copy, or the continued click clicking of the types as they fall in the composing stick. The compositors are stationed at their cases, noiseless and busy as ants. Mark the diversity of figure and expression, and, believe me, there is a great diversity of talent among them. That thin stonping figure, with sharp face, high nose, and dull eyes, has a genius for setting advertisements. That gentlemanly looking fellow with an oval border of whiskers, round face, and form, is the orator, wit, and gay Lothario of the establishment, has a genius which the proprietor himself does not disdain to call to his aid. That greasy looking individual, with a bald head, if you keep whiskey from him, and him from whiskey, (no easy task by the by.) will set a whole column of close types without one typographical error. Marry, sirs, of a Monday morning, his types are ranged in vagaries. You thoughtful gentleman, with his eye stuck in his composing stick, has a head for scheme work, which technical phrase designates what the vulgar call tables, &c. The paper is up—only by one the compositors have desisted for want of copy.

CITY OF DAMASCUS.—There is no city, with the exception of Jerusalem, so interesting as this. It is now an object of notice in the Christian world, on account of Jewish persecutions. It is the oldest city upon the earth, and stands a solitary stately monument, in the midst of decay. Babylon and Thebes were its contemporaries, but the former has passed away without leaving a trace of its magnificence, and the latter is represented only by its standing ruins. Still Damascus remains, and is now, with the exception of Constantinople, the largest city of the East.

Here are the "Abama and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," again calling up the thrilling story of the Syrian Leper, and the Holy Prophet. Hither Saul, with his relentless persecutions, followed the early Christians; and near its walls, "the voice from Heaven" and the "light above the brightness of the sun," arrested his footsteps.

The identity of the spot has been preserved to this day—the Christians of the city using it as a burial place.

The traveller can still walk through the "street called Straight," and is shown by the credulous monk, the very house occupied by Judas, where Saul passed his hours of blindness, and where, at the command of Ananias, the scales dropped from his eyes. So rich is this country in fruits and flowers, that it has been called in all ages, the "garden of the world." It is related of Mohammed, that when, after crossing the desert, he saw this luxuriant valley, he exclaimed that he desired but one paradise, and therefore would not enter here for fear of forfeiting his interest in the paradise he anticipated after death, but turned aside without a close inspection of this tempting scene.

Damascus has a peculiar importance, in connection with the progress of Christianity in these parts. It has always been visited by the Agents of the Bible and Missionary Society. Being the great mart where eastern and western merchandize is exchanged; the general rendezvous of Islam caravans from the north and east in their progress to Mecca; and rendered comparatively a safe residence by the efficiency of Mehemet Ali, it opens one of the most important and extensive missionary labor.

Another Paul may yet preach Christ in Damascus, and the moral aspect of this delightful country may present as cheering an appearance, as the rich display of its natural scenery.

PRINTERS' GRATUITIES.—No class of mechanics, perhaps, suffer more from the predatory and beggaring habits of individuals than printers. They work so hard, invest so much, and furnish their papers so low, that people really seem to think they actually are worth nothing but to be given away, or taken without leave. Accordingly, nothing is more common than for people, who have the curiosity to read something that happens to be particularly interesting, or who wish to send a paper to a friend as a token of remembrance, to run into a printing office, and ask for, or take, a paper just out from the press; and if the printer should think of taxing him anything for it, the customer would think himself quite insulted by the niggardliness of the stingy printer!

With what other mechanics or business-men would people think of taking the same liberties? Go into a grocery and ask the retailer to give you a four-pence-halfpenny's worth of tea, coffee, or sugar, and unless you were really an object of charity, he would probably think himself the one imposed upon. Or visit a book-store and make off with half a dozen sheets of writing paper, and most likely the proprietor will pursue his customer with a writ for petty larceny. Go into a joiner's shop and ask him to give you six cents worth of his wares, and you would feel as if you were engaged in a cheap business. And yet people will enter a printing office, and take six cents worth of a printer's labor and really think it one of that sort of things which should be given away—because the paper is printed. A clean white sheet he would think too valuable to abstract without pay, and yet it costs a printer twenty-five dollars every week to set up the types that are impressed upon the sheet that make it worthless. No—no—this is not the way to do business. If you want a paper and will not subscribe for it—as all honorable men do—just step into the office and lying down a silver bit say—"Sir, if you please, let me have one of your papers and take that in pay for it." You will be readily accommodated, and then, be seated, (not looking over the shoulders of the compositor to read his manuscript,) or retire and read your own paper like a man of good conscience and honorable principles.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR.—A writer in a western paper, who was a staff officer in a volunteer corps, called out by the patriotic proclamation of General Smith, gives an account of divers causes, other than the love of country, the love of glory, or the love of fight, which induced men to leave their homes and their friends for the field of battle and the chances of war. One of these heroes discoursed to the following effect:

"If Hannah had not been so snappish, and made me do all the milking and churning, I should never have been here. She told me she guessed I'd be sorry I'd listed; but she druv me to distraction. I'd be rather stand the bullets than her eternal clatter of tongue, knives and forks and tin things. If she is a widdier it's all her own fault. Tell her I dew dream about her and the baby sometimes—I kalkulate all things are fore-ordained in all eternity, and if I die in fighting, I shant have the expense to pay off a long spell of sickness; good by, Ephraim; you han't got no more tobacco than will dew you hum, have ye?"

WASTE OF HEAT.—A writer in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that black or dark junks absorb heat, instead of reflecting it. The use of iron backs to fireplaces in which wood is burned, has the effect to increase the consumption of fuel without any advantage. When the iron becomes hot, it will burn up the wood, and when the fire is extinguished the heat once loses its heat. Brickbacks are preferable to every thing else for fire places; they do not heat to such a degree as to burn the fuel, and when once heated retain the heat longer than any other substance except wood. Black back logs are preferable to wood, on the score of both economy and comfort.