STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

VOL. XII.—NO. 10. GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1841. WHOLE NO. 530.

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 GARLAND.

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

FORGET ME NOT.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

The following little poem, written by the late President in his earlier days, has a singular force at the present juncture, especially the simile introduced in the two last lines.—*Staten Islander.*

The star that shines so pure and bright,
Like a far-off place of bliss,
And tells the broken-hearted
There are brighter worlds than this;
The moon that courses through the sky,
Like man's uncertain doom,
Now shining bright with borrowed light,
Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom,—
Or when eclipsed, a dreary blank,
A fearful emblem given
Of the heart shut out by a sinful world
From the blessed light of heaven;—
The flower that freely casts its wealth
Of perfume on the gale;
The breeze that mourns the summer's close
With melancholy wail;
The stream that cleaves the mountain side
Or gurgles from the grot—
All speak in their Creator's name,
And say *"Forget me not!"*

"Forget me not," the thunder roars,
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;
'Tis murmur'd by the distant hills,
In echoes long and loud;
'Tis written by the Almighty's hand
In characters of flame,
When the lightnings gleam with vivid flash,
And his wrath and power proclaim.
'Tis murmur'd when the white wave falls
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,
As a hoary warrior bows his crest
When his day of work is o'er.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE UNFINISHED MONUMENT.

An American Tale of the Old Dominion.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

About four years ago, it was my fortune to spend a summer at one of the gold mines which abound in Stafford county, Virginia, and which, however dazzling its promises of wealth, proved any thing but an Eldorado in possession. Like some clever people, whose minds are rich in the sterling ore of genius, the spot presented an exceedingly unprepossessing exterior. Imagine a landscape of broken ridges and ravines, composed of reddish sand and rocks, almost as destitute of verdure as the sand hills of Sahara, interspersed with yawning pits from sixty to two hundred feet in depth, with the stagnant water standing deep and black at the bottom and you will have some ideas of the far-famed Rappahannock Gold Mines. The principal shaft, or opening; and the only one in operation, is situated in one of the deepest of the little valleys, where a large building was erected, and a mighty engine puffed and panted like a thing of life, in the laborious employment of draining the mines and *stamping* the solid rock to powder, for a few shining particles. My ears were soon wearied with its unceasing din, and the monotonous "Yo! heave ho!" of the negroes at the windlass; and my eyes with gazing on the vast heaps or rocks raised from the depths of the earth, and piled on every side, their dark surfaces relieved by a plentiful sprinkling of mica, which would have seemed to inexperienced eyes the real Simon Pure, but proving too truly that "all's not gold that glitters." At first I endeavoured to relieve the ennui of my existence by calling into active operation all my sympathies in behalf of the poor slaves, thirty of whom were employed at the mine. I rallied to my aid a host of Northern feelings and prejudices, and by dwelling on the degraded and forlorn condition of these human beings, contrived to make myself superlatively and delightfully miserable. But when I found that after all the toils and hardships of the day, their nights were invariable more than half spent in singing, dancing, and the wildest merriment, produced by excess of animal spirits, and the remaining half stretched upon the bare floor and benches of their cabin, enjoying a rest more peaceful and profound than many whose heads repose on pillows of down, I concluded not to permit my fine feelings to "run to waste" on those who neither needed or appreciated them. Deprived of this source of interest, I commenced a serious of pedestrian excursions, which led me into many a sylvan retreat, where rare and beautiful wild flowers bloomed thick and fresh; into forests of tall trees, whose stately stems were wreathed with the magnificent trumpet creeper, its large crimson blossoms gleaming from among the dark geen leaves like tropic birds at rest; and into many a tangled brake, where the luscious blackberry afforded a feast for the gathering which an epicure might have coveted. But at last every woodland path was explored; I had crossed the romantic Rappahannock, rowed by a grey headed negro, till it ceased to amuse me. I therefore accompanied my husband on more distant tours.

On one of these occasions, passing through Falmouth, a small dirty village on the Rappahannock, celebrated only for its herring fisheries, and crossing the river on a high wooden bridge that seemed "tottering to its fall," we ascended the opposite bank and pursued our way through a beautiful and picturesque country, clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of June. About a mile from Fredericksburg, our attention was arrested by a pedestal of white marble, evidently intended to support a column, which stood in a field at a short distance from the road. It had apparently remained in its present unfinished state for a length of time, as the broken fragments and blocks which strewed the ground were discoloured by the weather, and no recent marks betrayed the chisel of the workman. No tree or shrub intercepted the rays of the sun which beat upon it fiercely enough to have warmed the very recesses of the grave; no kind hand had planted the sacred spot with flowers, the touching memorials of affection from the living to the dead; all seemed lonely and deserted.

"Is it possible," thought I, "that the memory of the departed faded away before the completion of the perishing monument which ostentation would have reared?"—Alas! I little dreamed that the dust below had rested forgotten, unhonoured, till the generation who knew her had passed away from the earth. A train of melancholy reflections were awakened, and in silence we reached Fredericksburg.

The hotel afforded but few attractions either in situation or accommodations, and while dinner was preparing, I formed a social acquaintance with a lively, intelligent French lady, whose husband was pursuing scientific researches in the neighborhood. I soon found that she was *au fait* to all the little histories of the place, and the subject of the unfinished monument being uppermost in my mind, it occurred that she could perhaps satisfy my curiosity. It was with intense interest, therefore, that I listened to the following story given with a sprightliness and humour to which my pen must fail to do justice.

Constantia Benton was the only child of a gentleman of great wealth, who resided in a splendid mansion a little below Falmouth. An heiress, and beautiful, she was flattered and indulged from her birth; no wish was ever thwarted, no gratification withheld, while the troop of servants, whose sole business was to wait upon her, was taught to yield implicit obedience to her slightest commands. It is no wonder that she grew up vain, selfish, and so effeminate that her mother once gravely assured me, Constantia had caught a severe cold by imprudently sleeping without her gloves! At the age of sixteen she was moreover a finished coquette, and the most capricious of human beings. The fame of her wealth and beauty drew around her a train of admirers, over whom she tyranized most unmercifully, and could she have revived the days of chivalry, no one would have been permitted to appear in her presence who had not proved himself her champion by breaking a lance in her cause. As it was she exerted her power by requiring the most ridiculous and whimsical services of her devoted knights, who completely dazzled by her surpassing fascinations, to say nothing of more *substantial* considerations, obeyed her behests, though frequently at the expense of their own dignity. Constantia Benton was in truth a creature of rare loveliness and grace. Her figure was slight, but of the most exquisite proportion; her dark hazel eyes flashed with queenly lustre from beneath the pencilled arches of a bow that would have graced a coronet; and there was a spell in the tones of her voice like the rich musical ringing of fine gold, that charmed every ear. Yet what availed it all? Constantia Benton had no heart—at least it lay in an undiscovered region, so encrusted with the polar ice of vanity and self-love, that the humble devotion of the noblest and best among the high-born sons of the Old Dominion had failed to warm it into life. A wandering gale from the South may at last soften the iceberg which has for ages resisted the full rays of the sun, and the haughty coldness of the spoiled beauty yielded insensibly to the influence of a love of which she was altogether unworthy.

A gay party was strolling among the winding paths of the pleasure ground which extended from the mansion of Mr. Benton to the river's brink, their forms now hidden by the thick clusters of flowering shrubs, now emerging into the open plats, where their feet roved among flowers of every form and hue, while bursts of merry laughter echoed far and wide. Gayest of the gay was Constantia Benton, as well as loveliest of the group surrounding her, although many there might have vied with queens and princesses in their regal beauty. Never before had her voice sounded so thrilling in its cadences, or her eyes seemed so deeply brilliant, or her step so light and graceful for she felt that the eyes of the elegant and gifted Charles Lorelle were bent upon her in unequivocal admiration, and she knew that he waited but an opportunity to utter the feelings that quivered on his lips. As they drew near the river they were accidentally separated from their company. A tall althea concealed them from observation; a few hurried, impassioned words such as fall from man's lips but once, and the love, the hopes, the wishes of Charles Lorelle were laid open before her.

"Constantia," he concluded, "do not trifle with me. Will you grant my request?"

For a moment she was softened, for she really loved him; she knew that he at least had not sought her hand from mercenary motives, and believed that he alone of all who had bowed at her shrine could make her happy. She hesitated, and her evil genius triumphed. Vanity prompted her to make one last glorious display of the power of her charms, before she yielded the empire forever. With a light laugh she stepped out into full view of the party, and replied, "When you have restored my ring!" And taking a diamond of value from her finger, threw it far out into the deepest part of the stream.

A small skiff was fastened to the bank—without a moment's hesitation, Charles Lorelle sprang into it and pushed out into the rapid current, rowing vigorously, till he saw the diamond glittering like a star, among the pebbles many feet below the surface. Dropping his oar, he plunged into the water, and the skiff drifted swiftly away. The whole had been so sudden that the party on the bank stood paralysed with astonishment; but when they saw the noble young man, who was a general favorite, struggling fearfully with the powerful stream, which threatened to carry him beyond the reach of assistance, all was confusion and terror. The young ladies screamed, "Save him! save him!" while the gentleman ran wildly up and down the bank, in search of some means of succour.

One alone stood as if rooted to the spot. With a face blanched to the hue of marble, Constantia Benton uttered no cry; every faculty seemed to have deserted her, and not till Charles Lorello, bewildered and nearly exhausted, had gained the bank, did she betray a consciousness of what was passing by clasping her hands closely over her face.

Putting aside the agitated group that pressed round him, he advanced to Constantia and holding out the ring, said in a low, but strangely altered voice, "I restore the bauble, for which you unfeeling risked the life I would most gladly have devoted to your happiness—but I claim not the reward. Farewell, Constantia!"

He left the spot, and Constantia Benton was conveyed to the house insensible.

After many weeks of suffering and delirium, she rose from her bed with a heart and disposition unchanged by the severe chastisement she had received, and looking upon the past only as an unmerited disappointment and mortification, determined thenceforth to play the coquette for revenge.—She emerged from her temporary seclusion more touchingly beautiful than ever, and was soon again surrounded by heartless flatterers. But the charm was gone which drew around her the truly noble and refined. She possessed too much penetration to be deceived in the motives which actuated the class of admirers who now sued for her favour; she knew they were fortune hunters, and despising their pretensions, would yet listen to their flatteries with an air of pleased attention, calculated to lead the unsuspicious dupe to utter all manner of extravagances, and then turn upon him with all the scorn of her proud nature flashing from her eyes, and send him abashed and quailing from her presence.

About this time a star of more than ordinary attraction, made its appearance in the shape of Mr. Edward Harly. He was, of course, soon introduced to the heiress and reigning beauty of Stafford county; and if the wisest head has been turned by the power of beauty, it is not surprising that the head of Mr. Edward Harley, which was none of the wisest, should be thrown into a complete whirl by the bewitching smiles of the fair Constantia. His fine person, prepossessing manners, and the reputation of being the most flourishing and enterprising merchant on 'Change, in the great commercial city, rendered him a "shining mark" for the display of Constantia Benton's ruling passion. Although he had not "told his love," his attentions were so pointed and constant, that others stood aloof, and her dear five hundred friends, with whom her marriage was a "consummation devoutly to be wished," predicted that this would certainly be a match.

"Not without a trial," thought the person most interested; "and I will enjoin him a task that shall equal those imposed by the fair dames of old on their devoted knights."

A few days afterwards she was riding with Mr. Harley, and with a tact peculiarly her own, managed that his susceptible feelings should arrive at a crisis just as they were passing that lonely grave which attracted your attention. The result was, that as a proof of the undying love which he professed, Edward Harley was to immortalize his mistress by erecting a handsome marble monument over the neglected and almost forgotten resting place of ——

"Of whom?" I exclaimed eagerly; "surely it is but a common grave."

"But not filled with common dust," returned the amiable narrator. "Is it possible that you know not the illustrious occupant of that tomb? But pardon me if I do not inform you until I have finished my story; it would spoil the denoument."

Orders were despatched for the necessary materials, and the work commenced.—Immense blocks of marble were transported to the spot at a great expense; but that was of minor importance, as Mr. Harley wisely considered that the amount would never be missed from the coffers of his bride elect. That spot covered with the short brown moss of nearly a century, upon which the sun had shone in quiet splendor, till the memory of the dead had well nigh passed into oblivion, was trodden by rude feet, and its silence broken by the sharp chipping of the workman's chisel. Mr. Harley seemed aware of the importance of expedition, and in a very short time the monument had reached its present state. Unluckily he was summoned away, and several vexatious delays occurring in his business, two months passed before he was at liberty to return.

At length all was arranged, and he was intending to set out in a few days, when his eye fell on a newspaper paragraph which blasted all his hopes and left him deep in the Slough of Despond, burthened with a debt which it would be quite inconvenient to pay out of his own purse.

"Married, at F——, Ferdinand Featherwell, Esq., of Wisconsin Territory, to Miss Constantia Benton, of the former place. The happy couple immediately set out for the residence of the bridegoom, in the 'far West.'"

Mr. Edward Harley threw down the paper in a fit of disgust, and wrote to his agent to stop preceedings.

If any thing could have mitigated the bitterness of heart with which the new bride departed from the scene of former triumphs, or consoled her for the loss of future conquests, it was the feeling of gratified vanity with which her last look rested on the Unfinished Monument.

As it now is, it has remained for years, the monument of man's folly and a Nation's shame."

"And, now pray tell me," said I, "who sleeps below?"

"Can you believe"—and her voice took a tone of solemnity that chilled me—"can you believe that there repose the ashes of the Mother of Washington!"

"It cannot be," I exclaimed, with that agony of insulted feeling which every American must experience when he feels that a ray of his country's glory is stricken from her starry banner. "Does she not slumber with her honoured descendents amid the hallowed shades of Mount Vernon? Does the Mother of the Mighty—she who instilled into the youthful bosom of our own Washington those high and holy principles which rendered him the God-like—does she occupy a nameless corner of the soil won by the blood of her son?"

"It is even so," returned my friend.—"Nor do I wonder at your enthusiasm. I own that I blush for my adopted country, when I behold the sums squandered on the worthless seekers of self aggrandizement; and see lofty columns rising to the very clouds in memory of some hero of a day, or event not worth remembering, while she who gave birth to the Father of his Country, owes her only memorial to the caprice of a coquette."

Remember, indulgent reader, that I do not avouch the foregoing tale to be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I do but "tell the tale as 'twas told to me;" but it is no fiction that the Mother of Washington lies alone in a field near Fredericksburg, and that, until within a few years, "no stone or pillar" marked the place of her repose.

I have often passed the spot, but never without a sigh, and a blush of shame, that the grave of one more illustrious than the matrons of Rome, should be disgraced by an Unfinished Monument.

INFLUENCE AND DUTIES OF MECHANICS.

BY CHARLES HOLDEN.

Owing to the unnatural distinctions that have become fashionable in society, that numerous, and as all acknowledged, very useful class of men—mechanics—laborers with their tools and their hands: need to qualify themselves well, mentally as well as bodily, for their duties in life, or they labor to great disadvantage. I say "unnatural distinction," and it is truly so. God did not institute it. It has obtained amid the other frolics of society. He has set the seal of honor to labor. He has so constituted man, that he only who is actively employed can be truly happy. The idler is miserable. No bread so sweet as that earned by the "sweat of the brow;" and who of us has not verified the proverb, "the sleep of the laboring man is sweet whether he eat little or much." Our Creator has never approved a libel so degrading to the laborer, as that *his avocation lowers his standing in society!* Not at all. But to the ears of how many thousands, in this enlightened country, is the name Mechanic a word of reproach, and deemed a sufficient barrier in their minds to exclude him who bears it from what they call "good society"—unless he happens to be rich in this world's goods;—this obliterates from the memory of these exclusives the disgrace of having learned a trade! True, the ample mantle of charity should be cast over weakness so great; indicative, as it often is, of the smallest minds: But is not always so—and the notions are often entertained within a thousand miles of our city. They are prevalent all about us. Mechanics here get tinged sometimes with the idea that it is not quite genteel enough for a darling child, to be put to a trade—and that it would be a little more reputable for him to tend a store! Now no one will contend that all boys should be apprenticed to a trade, any more than that they should be merchants, physicians or lawyers. But few will doubt, that many lads are crowded into what are called the learned professions, who are as unqualified by nature for those professions, as some of the members of those professions are incompetent to make good mechanics. It is not any dullard that will make a mechanic—as it is too often thought. If there is a bright boy in the family, he must be classically educated—if there is a very stupid one, "why (say the fond parents) we must apprentice him to some hard working mechanic, and he will probably be able to plod through the world!" With all proper deference to parents so mistaken as these, we, as mechanics, must say that a stupid boy will make as competent a professional man as mechanic. It requires good parts, and a ready, active mind, to master the principles of a mechanical business. We can easily account for the unworkmanlike manner in which mechanism is often executed, when we reflect how general the operation has been—"the dullard for the trade, if we cannot do any thing else with him." It is a disgrace to us as mechanics, to have it obtain that a mechanic can be formed of any "crooked stick of a boy." We should show a proper pride, by rejecting those boys whose only recommendation is stupidity—and whose parents think they are good for nothing but mechanics! We should return the compliment they pay our pursuits, by saying to them, your sons are too poor stock for mechanics!"

A talented writer exclaims, in an article I have lately read—"Ingenuity itself is thunder-struck at the countless methods adopted to retain *soft hands.*"

In an essay on the subject under consideration, not long since published, the writer asks—Does the successful merchant make his son a mechanic? Very seldom. Does the professional man make his son a mechanic? More seldom still. But does not the fortunate mechanic make his son the guardian of cloths and calicoes? Why is this? Is the yard stick more honorable than the jack plane? The goose quill more dignified than the mason's trowel? But unfortunately the absurdity runs further.—Look back twenty or fifty years, and behold the barefooted adventurer, at the present time rolling in wealth, or spending his annual income of 2 or $3000 per year in making *ladies* of his daughter. Does he teach them the useful rudiments of housewifery? Very rarely. Is it because the healthful exercise of domestic duties is degrading? No. False pride says, "it would be ungenteel for ladies to work"—as if it would tarnish the fair hand, that plays the piano, to dust the instrument! How supremely ridiculous is this pride! Thousands of daughters whose mothers were reared in the kitchen, and their fathers in the barn yard, would feel insulted when asked if they ever made a loaf of bread, or mended a coat! They would much prefer to talk about good society—the extent of papa's wealth, or the splendor of mamma's parties!

EMBARRASSING MODE OF DESCRIPTION.—It may be well to put young persons on their guard against adopting one form of expression, which more frequently perhaps than any other leads to hesitation and absurdity, and which arises from attempting comparisons before the object of comparison is decided upon. Instead of the convenient descriptions—very high, very low, extremely rapid, remarkably beautiful, &c. we hear, Oh! it was as high as——any thing. The moment the little word *as* is uttered on each side of an adjective the mischief begins. It was as dark as——dark! I was as warm as——could be.—These (in another form of speech) exaggerations are sometimes resorted to for relief: I ran like——lightning: he roared like——thunder; it rained——cats and dogs; I was tired——to death. Yet these absurdities are less embarrassing to the speaker than the comparisons first mentioned. If at once hardness and adamant be thought of; a minute flame and a glowworm; a welcome stranger and the rising sun; or, in more familiar matters, roughness and a file; smoothness and glass, &c.; comparisons may be very easily and sometimes very expressively made. But hurrying into *as as* is another affair. The exquisite declared that the soda water poured out for him was as flat as—as flat as——a board! A lady complimenting her hostess at tea-table, exclaiming that actually the coffee was *so* fine, it was as clear as——a bell! Thus a clearness of effect upon the ear was applied to a description of the eye. And a similar absurdity was committed by the lover eulogising to his mistress the brilliance of the moon, which made the evening as light as——really as light as——a cork!

A DOUBLE-HEADED CHICKEN.—The editor of the Norfolk Herald has been shown a strange phenomenon in the shape of a double headed chicken. It has, (says the Herald,) two distinct heads, the bills projecting nearly at right angles to each other. It had three eyes, one on each side of the head, and one in the centre between the two bills. The formation of the other parts of the body appeared to be perfect.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY.—At the time this Prince visited Dublin, an English Journal made the following remarks: "Dublin has now to boast the presence, not merely of the richest subject, but of the richest family, we may safely say, on the face of the earth!—that of the Prince Esterhazy, Ambassador of his majesty the Emperor of Austria, to the court of London. This great and affluent family enjoys a revenue exceeding £500,000 sterling per annum.—The very dress in which this Prince has visited the several courts of Europe, is valued at £1,000,000 sterling!—his coat alone £200,000,—the hilt of his sword, at £100,000. We have the authority of Sir Walter Scott, for saying that every time the Prince wears this costly dress, the loss in diamonds and pearls that fall from it, may safely be estimated at from 100 to 200 pounds. On the occasion of the Coronation, we have it from the same authority, that the Princess was literally *covered* with diamonds. She wore as many as if they had been Bristolstones. To describe the splendor of the equipages of Prince Esterhazy, his numerous retinue,—his grand establishment,—his amazing and unbounded wealth, would tax credulity.—The dignity and wealth of his powerful family, influenced a demeanor remarkable only for its elegance and suavity! He is we believe a Hungarian. His daily income is upwards of $6,000.

HON. JOHN BANKS.—We observe that a few of the Porter editors, for want of something else to say, are complaining that Judge Banks has not resigned the Judicial situation which he now occupies, with so much honor to himself and advantages to the public. In order to ease the minds of these gentlemen, we may as well inform them, that if the Judge consults the wishes of his friends on this subject he will *not* resign. No judge ever gave greater satisfaction to the people of the district, nor do *they* wish *to* dispense with his services, because the Harrison party of the State have nominated him as their candidate for Governor. It would doubtless be a very pleasant thing for the present Executive to fill the office at once, but although *J. Madison Porter* is a very clever fellow, a sharp politician, and writes a good lecture, still, we have no idea that the people of this county have any particular desire that he should be their judge.

The fact is, the Hon. John Banks, was nominated by a spontaneous movement of the people;—personally he has taken no part in the business, nor does it fall within his sphere of duty, or intention, to do so in future. As may be easily conceived, he finds sufficient employment in attending to the business of the Courts of one of the largest Judicial Districts in the State. *He* has no Mayor's Court, nor District Court, to lighten *his* duties, but attends to the civil and criminal business, great and small, of three populous counties; and his station is certainly no sinecure. Instead of those political labors, which some persons seem to think must necessarily occupy the time of a candidate for Governor, the visitor of Judge Banks will find him engaged with his law books, busy in writing out charges, and in short, assiduously discharging the responsible duties which devolve upon him. And this man we are told, should resign, and turn politician!

It has become the order of the day for *every* candidate, to be questioned on *every* subject, by *every* person who may take a fancy that way. Our present Governor, during the last gubernatorial campaign, made no reply to such interrogatories, leaving his political course; (such as it was) to speak for itself. Without however, referring to Porter, we may say in regard to Judge Banks, that the position which he now occupies, will effectually prevent him from entering the field, with that kind of canvassing for votes, which may be inferred from a general political correspondence.—His public life, is before the people,—on no occasion has he been afraid to open his mouth and let his sentiments be known.—The *people* in the East, the West, and middle portion of the State *know* him, *the people* have *nominated* him, and *the people* will *elect* him.—*Reading Journal.*

THELLUSON FAMILY.—The ancestor of the Thelluson family, died in England about 130 years ago—directing by his will, that his property should accumulate for 150 years; interest upon interest; and then, the existing *Young Thelluson* to come into possession of the whole. The period expires in 1849. The present Mr. Thelluson in 1828, was 40 years *old*; and poor; his son, the Heir, was 8 years old; so that in his 28th year he will be master of 12 *millions sterling*, or upwards of 53 *millions of dollars.* Parliament tried to set aside the will at the time, but could not, they however passed an act, that no such will should be legal from that time forward!

Interest on 53 *millions of dollars is*—$3,180,000 per annum—$265,000 per month—$8,832 per day—$368 per hour—$6 per minute.

P's AND Q's.—The origin of the phrase, "*Mind your P's and Q's,*" is not generally known. In Ale-houses, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of *Pints and Quarts* for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly tustic to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to his score, "*Giles, Giles, mind your P's and Q's!*"