

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. XXI.—NO. 35.

GERTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1841.

WHOLE NO. 605.

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 for sale 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 cul'd with care."

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

The bards of New England may sing in their glory,
Of dumplings, and puddings, and rich "pumpkin pie."
And those of the South may join to the story,
Of baked beans and melons that with them can vie;
The sons of the West have but little to boast of,
Save their mountains and cataraets, valleys and lakes;
But such as they have they can well make the most of,
A slice of fry'd bacon, and hot buckwheat cakes!

Oh hot buckwheat cakes! in a cold frosty morning,
When smother and light from the griddle they come,
With fresh melting butter their surface adorning,
Would strike all the praise of an epicure dumb!
And behold, too, at eve, by the fire-side bright
boasting,
Where beauty prepares what industry partakes,
In honey and cream so deliciously swimming,
A full plate of light, smoking hot buckwheat cakes!

How sweet thus to feast on the fruits of one's
labour,
The off-ings of peace and the viands of health!
To share the rich treat with a friend or a neighbor,
And to feel and to know that contentment is
wealth!

Like the bees who prepar'd while the blossoms
were blowing,
Our sons still enjoy while the summer forsakes;
On the cheeks of our daughters the rose is still
glowing,
At least when preparing our hot buckwheat
cakes!

Then, ye pale race of Gotham! on hot rolls and
spice-cake
By Humbert, and Whitlock, and Somerton-
dike fed,
Since *that* is your umpire, for once good advice
take,

And draw round the board so invitingly spread,
And, ye cold critics, say not my strain is a
wrong one,
But unite in good cheer with the laids of the
lakes,
Who'll envy no great man, or bend to no strong
one,
While they eat their own bacon and hot buck-
wheat cakes!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY SKETCHER.

"Father, shan't I be a carpenter when I
get old enough?"

"Why, my son!" asked Mr. Field.
"O, because I should like to be one.—
Ned Cameron is going to be, and I want to."

"A carpenter!" exclaimed Mrs. Field, in
astonishment; "why, Douglass, you must
be crazy. No you shall not!"

"Why not, mother?"
"Because it is vulgar, like all other
trades; and only fit for poor people's sons."

"But, mother, Ned Cameron's parents
are not poor, and they are willing for him
to be one."

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron's fathers
were mechanics, and that accounts for their
vulgarity of taste."

"Well, mother, I have often heard father
say that your grand father was a mechanic,
and—"

"Silence child. Once for all, I tell you
that you shall not be a mechanic. You
must either be a doctor or lawyer, or something
else that is genteel."

"Yes, my son," joined in Mr. Field
"wouldn't you sooner be a doctor, and ride
about in your carriage, or a lawyer, and
become a distinguished orator, than to be
always attending to the shaping out of
wood, or the raising of houses?"

"Well, I don't know, father. I should
like very much to be a carpenter, but if
you think I could not be a gentleman at the
same time, why I shall give up the idea."
Mr. and Mrs. Field, between whom, and

their only child, the above conversation
took place, were people of moderate fortune,
residing in a comfortable mansion in the city
of Philadelphia. Like too many others,
they had imbibed the senseless opinion—
if we may be allowed so to express our-
selves—that of all things, a mechanical
trade was the most vulgar, and that if they
wished their son to be a gentleman, he must
earn his livelihood, not by his hands, or by
his hands and brains, but by his brains
alone. It is a curious notion this, that pa-
rents have, and yet what is still more curi-
ous, when they come to this conclusion, they
never concern themselves to know whether
or not he possesses enough of the latter
article to support him in life. And ninety
times out of a hundred, the child has not,
though it was not so in the present case, for
Douglass Field, who was now fourteen
years of age, gave indications of possessing
a quick and powerful intellect. Yes! we
say it is a curious notion parents have, that
a mechanic cannot be a gentleman. Why
the most perfect gentleman that ever lived
on earth, was he who came to die that we
might live, and he was a mechanic. Yes!
he who died on Calvary, deemed it not be-
neath his dignity to earn his bread by the
sweat of his brow, and he is declared in
holy writ, was gentleness itself. In his life
on earth, he set to man a true example of
the character of a gentleman, and he who
does his best to imitate it, be he rich or
poor, is owner of the title. Why then, do
parents withhold their sons from trades?

Why do they sneer at the appellation of
mechanic? Is it one to be ashamed of,
when he who is greater than all on earth
was not? Besides, such parents look up
on the history of this, the most enlightened
country in the world, and mark upon its
pages its greatest men. What were they?
The greater majority of them were mechan-
ics, and almost all of them have labored
for their support with their hands. Nay, look
at the great men of other nations—the truly
great—trace their histories back, and you
will find the same result. But to our story.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron's conduct was
different from the Fields. When their son
expressed a wish to become a mechanic,
they did not oppose him in that wish, and
endeavored to force him into a profession
for which he had no inclination. They were
as well to do in the world as the Fields,
and could with as much ease, have supported
their child through the course of studies
requisite for a lawyer, or physician—but
they deemed neither more respectable than
a trade. Besides, they knew that what-
ever the young mind is bent upon, that it
will pursue with avidity, and raise its owner
to at least maintain him in life.

Three years rolled by since the conver-
sation recorded above between the Field
family, during which time Douglass Field
was preparing for college—for he had de-
termined upon becoming a lawyer—and
Edward Cameron was receiving an edu-
cation suitable for making him a learned
and distinguished mechanic. At the expira-
tion of that time, the former took his de-
parture for one of the learned institutions
of our country, and the latter became ap-
prenticed to one of the best carpenters of Phi-
ladelphia.

Six years have passed since the period at
which our story commenced.

In the parlor of a plain, though comfort-
ably furnished house, in a pleasant part
of the city, sat two beings, both young and
handsome, a gentleman and lady. The for-
mer possessed a high and lofty brow that
told of intellect and intelligence; a fine con-
tour of features, and a somewhat slight, yet
manly form. We have said he was young,
yet in his countenance there seemed to
dwell a slight shade of care and melancholy.
Whilst conversing with the lady his
dark hazel eyes beamed with a sparkling
brightness, but soon again it would fade,
and a troubled, anxious expression take its
place.

The lady was a being of loveliness and
beauty. Light and airy was her form—
exquisite the outline of her features—and
soft and mild, her eyes of Heaven's blue.
The hues of the rose and lily were blended
upon her cheeks, and the raven's plume
wore no darker shade than the curls that
clustered around her snowy forehead.—
Her voice was clear and thrilling as the
wildwood bird, and when she spoke to him
it seemed to wear a still more witching tone.
For some moments they sat in silence,
his arm encircling her waist, and his eyes bent
affectionately upon her. At length he
spoke as if continuing a conversation.

"Yes, Marinn, I long for the day when
I may call you my own—my own dear wife;
but I fear it must be long hence."

"Why, Douglass why do you talk thus?
My mother would not withhold her consent,
for she loves you as a mother does her son."

"I know it—I know it." "Is not that,
Marinn, I am too poor!"

"Poor! then I will share your poverty."
"No, no; talk not of it," said he with em-
otion; "I could not dare subject you to it.
Besides, I swore, when first I started in
life, that never would I call a woman wife
until I could give her a worthy home. I
love you, Marinn, and I would not see you
live in poverty—perhaps in want. But I
must to my office," he added "some lucky
God-send may come to me yet."

He imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and
then putting on his gloves and hat, he de-
parted.

He walked slowly along after quitting
the house, for it was a beautiful moonlight
evening in Spring, meditating upon his
darksome prospects. A deep sigh ever and

anon arose from his bosom, and his hand
was raised at intervals as if to dash away
a tear. He heeded not the gay throngs that
passed him by, but strode moodily onward,
wrapped in his gloomy reflections.

"Yes! I am poor—a poor gentleman—a
poor lawyer!" he muttered bitterly.—
"Would to God I were but a poor mechan-
ic, then could I work, and earn my daily
bread at least. But I am a gentleman law-
yer! My parents—peace to their ashes—
—scored to make me an honest workman
and made me choose one of the professions,
all of which are already overstocked. I
went through college triumphantly, through
all my studies—I was admitted to practice,
but I have had little practice—very little!
The little money my parents left me at
their death, has now wasted away, and I
am almost penniless. Good God! what
shall I do? I cannot work—I know not
how. The playmates of my youth are
fast rising around me. Edmund Cameron,
who my mother taught me to shun, because
he was a mechanic, has long ago taken
a bride to a comfortable house, but me—I
have none for myself."

Thus he walked on for several squares,
when suddenly he was startled by hearing
his name pronounced. He looked up.—
A gentlemanly looking young man with a
fine open countenance, stood before him.
He immediately recognized him, and
strode forth his hand.

"Ah, Douglass, how are you this evening?"
said the other, grasping it; "I have
not seen you for several weeks. Why
don't you come to see us often? Come,
go home with me now, and spend the evening
with me—will you?"

"I'd rather not, Ned," said Douglass,
hesitatingly.

"Yes, but you must. Come!" and he put
his arm through that of his friend, and
they walked on.

"How is your business, Ned?" said
Douglass, as they proceeded.

"It is very brisk at present. I have con-
tracted to put up twenty houses this sum-
mer, and I expect to realize a handsome
profit. How is it with you?"

"Bad enough in all conscience. I was
just contemplating my prospects when you
met me, and came very near cursing my
parents for making me what I am, instead
of a good mechanic, like yourself. What
I shall do I know not."

"I feel for you, indeed," said Cameron,
warmly; but you should not despair—still
hope on."

"Aye, I have hoped, till I have grown
sick upon it. Day after day passes, and
still no clients. God knows what I shall
do."

They walked on in silence, for Cameron
felt too much sorrow to speak comfort.

In a short time they arrived before a
neat, three story brick dwelling, and
entered. It was the house of Ed-
mund Cameron. They proceeded along a
neat furnished entry, to a comfortable draw-
ing-room, where sat a female engaged with
her needle. It was Cameron's wife. She
was a fine looking woman, with a pair of
bright blue eyes, and a countenance full
of sweetness and mildness. She arose as
they entered, and the manner in which
she greeted them, showed that her breed-
ing had been good. She welcomed Doug-
lass with a winning smile, and sincere
warmth. Laying aside her sewing when
they were seated, she sat down and joined
them in conversation, for she was as intel-
ligent as she was gentle.

The evening was well advanced when
Douglass started for his boarding house.
Cameron put on his hat, and walked with
him to the corner of the square in which he
resided. As they were about to part he
said—

"Now, Douglass, if there is any way in
which I can help you, do not fail to call on
me. If you are in want of money at any
time, come to me, and I will lend you
what I can. Do not think this impertinent
in me; I take the privilege of an old friend,
and I speak to you as if you were my brother.
Do not let any feelings of false pride
hinder you from applying to me in your
need, but come as you would to one of your
nearest kin."

"You are kind, Ned—you are a true
friend, indeed. But—"

"Your pride will not allow you to accept
kindness at my hands. There—those are
not perhaps the very words you were going
to use, but it is what you meant to say. I
tell you throw such feelings aside, and come
to me without reserve."

"Perhaps so. Many thanks to you.—
Good night."

"Good night."

It was a cold, stormy, blustering night,
some three years subsequent to the date
last spoken of. The wind howled in shrill
gusts through the almost deserted streets
of Philadelphia. The rain and sleet fell fast
and thick. No stars were to be seen in
the firmament, but one thick impenetrable
pall of gloom shut its beauties from the
sight. It was a dismal night—such an
one as makes the poor feel the pain of pov-
erty, and the rich the worth of wealth.

It was on such a night, that a wretched
being was thrust rudely forth from one of
the many low rum shops that infest the lower
part of the city. He lay for some mo-
ments afterwards upon the pavement, and
then slowly raised himself upon his feet.
The rays of a street lamp near by, that fell
upon him, showed a wan, emaciated
figure, half clothed, and that in filthy rag-
gedness, disgusting to behold. An old
bald head was slouched over his face, and

the remaining portions of what had once
been boots scarce hung to his feet. After
raising himself up, he muttered some deep
and fearful curses upon the inmates of the
house, and then staggered off.

Through the ravings of the pitiless
storm, he proceeded on for many squares,
at a brisk rate; but as he approached the
heart of the city, his gate became more
and more feeble, until from cold and intox-
ication he sank upon the stoop of a large
new house in a state of insensibility. For
the space of half an hour, or more, he lay
there, exposed to the inclemency of the win-
try blast. At first, a groan would ever and
anon arise from his bosom, but gradually it
grew weaker and weaker, until eventually
it ceased, and he became as noiseless as
the marble whereon his body rested.

At length, through the darkness and
gloom that in spite of the street lamps pre-
vailed, two men carrying lanterns, approach-
ed the spot where the wretched being lay.
The badges they wore upon their hats, and
the slow pace at which they walked, showed
them to be city watchmen, who were going
their hourly rounds. They were convers-
ing as they came along, but the noise of
the storm almost drowned what they
uttered.

"God take care of the poor this night!"
said one, as they arrived nearly opposite the
house.

"Yes, so say I," responded the other;
"faith, it's a hard evening."

They pulled their hats closer upon their
brows, and were passing on, when a ray of
light from one of their lanterns fell upon
the stoop, and discovered to them its occu-
pant.

"Good God!" exclaimed the one who had
spoken first; "here's a poor devil,
stiff enough. Come, wake up. Are you
asleep?" said he, as he shook the inanimate
form.

"He's been lying there long in this
cold, he'll not be easily wakened," remark-
ed the other.

"That's a fact, Peter. Poor fellow!
what'll we do with him? If he's not dead
now, he would be against we'd got him to
the watch-house."

"That he would. S'pose we ring up the
people of the house, and have him taken in,
so that we can see if there's any life in him
yet?"

"Yes, but it seems to be a mighty grand
house, and maybe they wouldn't be very
ready to trouble themselves for a poor fel-
low creature."

"Don't you believe that, Charley. Sure,
there's not a kinder hearted man in the
ward nor Mr. Cameron. He's a perfect
gentleman; and as for his wife, there's never
a more rare lady living. No 'spoor fellow
creature,' as ye say, is ever turned away
from their door."

"Rouse them, then, for the sooner we
got him in the better, if there's any life in
him yet, which I much doubt."

His companion ascended the steps and
rang the bell, besides which he gave several
lusty raps upon the door. In a few
moments a window was hoisted overhead,
and a voice inquired who was there, and
what was wanted.

"Here's a poor sowl, here, Mr. Cam-
eron," said he whom his comrade called Peter,
who's freezing to death on your steps,
and we want to know if you'd be kind
enough to let us bring him in to the fire-
stove."

"Certainly. Wait a moment, and I will
come down and open the door."

Soon after, the door was opened, and our
old friend, Edmund Cameron, now the
inhabitant and owner of the "grand house,"
as the watchman called it, appeared in a
morning gown and slippers.

"Bring him in, friends," said he to the
watchmen, who lifting the stiffened body
from the steps, bore it in.

"Follow me," said Cameron, when he
had shut the door; and he led the way into
the dining room, where a warm fire was
burning in the grate. Wheeling a sofa
near it, he bade them lay their burden down,
and each speed away for a physician.

At this moment, Mrs. Cameron and a
female servant entered, with restoratives—
cordials, &c. They removed some of his
ragged habiliments, pulled his boots from
his feet, and took his hat from his head.—
Having done so, they proceeded to use all
the means they knew of, to restore him.—
All their efforts, however, were in vain: no
signs of animation cheered their exertions.

At length, almost at the same instant, the
two doctors sent for, arrived. They pro-
ceeded immediately to operations; all their
fertile minds could suggest, they tried. All,
however, was useless, and they at last pro-
nounced him beyond the reach of their skill.

During the time they were engaged in
trying to restore him, Mr. Cameron had
been intently occupied in surveying the
features of their patient.

"Is it then so!" he exclaimed, as the
physicians gave their opinions, the tears
streaming down his manly cheeks.

"'Tis even so!" responded one of the
physicians. "But, Mr. Cameron, you weep
for him as if he were a friend."

"He once was, sir, and one whom I dear-
ly loved," answered he. "During your
operations, I have been scanning his well
known features, and they cannot be mis-
taken. Yes, he who lies before you, was not
always thus degraded. You may have
known him too, sir. His name was Dou-
glass Field."

"I did indeed know Douglass Field.—
We passed through college together. But
this cannot be him!"

"Would it were not true! But that face

was too deeply engraven on my memory
when we were schoolmates, to be forgot-
ten. It is a painful fact."

"But how came he to this condition?"
inquired the doctor. "He studied law, if
I recollect aright, and he was intelligent
and learned."

"I will tell you how it was," said Mr.
Cameron. "He did, as you say, study
law, and he was indeed intelligent, and a
learned and a finished scholar. Just before
he was admitted to the bar, his parents both
died of a fever then prevalent. His father
had been thought to have been in good cir-
cumstances, and I believe was until with-
in a short time of his death, when by the
failure of some speculation in which he was
engaged, he lost very nearly his all; so that
when he died, his legacy to his son was but
scanty. Well, Douglass, as I have said,
was admitted to practice. You know,
Doctor, the trials of a young professional
man—of a new beginner in any of them—
I dare say, by experience?"

"I do, indeed, sir," responded Dr. S.—
"How day after day, and night after
night, he sits in his office idle, praying and
hoping that the next hour, or the next day,
may bring some employment with it; how
that hour or that day passes, and still leaves
him as did those that preceded it; how his
heart sickens, and he grows almost mad
with disappointment, and his bosom fills
with despair—and poverty stares him in
the face. 'Well, so it was with him.—
The little he had from his father soon wast-
ed away, and he was left without a dollar.
I offered to loan him some if he were in
need, at any time, but his proud spirit
would not let him accept it. He loved a
lovely girl, and he would have made her
his wife, but he was too noble to let her
share his poverty. Strange a soul so noble
can thus become debased! He struggled
on for some time manfully, but at length
one day he was arrested, and thrown into
jail for debt which he had been compelled
to contract. I heard of it, and immedi-
ately obtained his release. He thanked me
warmly for my generosity, but from that
day he was lost. His proud spirit had
received a fatal stab. He forgot his love,
his former respectability, and all, and plung-
ed headlong into destruction. In gambling
and drinking, he sought to forget the past,
and, oh! Doctor, too surely he forgot the
future. For the last year I had heard
nothing of him. A few months ago, who
whom he dearly loved—but alas! whose
heart he broke—was laid in the grave; he
will lay beside her in a few days. Poor
fellow! what a wreck—a shattered wreck!"

"Reader! our tale is ended, and we have
but a little more to say. It is this: we hope
you will ponder well upon what we have
written. You may say it is an overdrawn
picture. We tell you it is not, for it is not
only taken from real life, but from real
facts. You may also say that professions
are as profitable as trades. We grant it.
To those few who are so fortunate as to
rise in them, they perhaps are more so; but
they are so overstocked, that two-thirds
of their members can scarce obtain a living;
whilst all who are masters of a mechanical
trade can, if they are sober and industrious,
always obtain a comfortable one and more
often than in professions, a wealthy inde-
pendence.

THE DYING HOUR.

If the experience of the dying hour could
be faithfully written, the thoughts that then
fill the brain, like the last inhabitants of a
crumbling temple, and the feelings that
then occupy the chilled heart, be revealed
to the eye of sense, what a view would be
displayed! The period of dissolution brings
with it emotions of a peculiar character.

There are at that time operations through
which the soul never before passed. Noth-
ing appears in its old aspect. Like a
splendid hall hung in new drapery, each
object wears a different dress. Opinions,
the strongest force of argument could
not repeal or withdraw from the mind, then
hastily depart; prejudices that rooted them-
selves more and more deeply at every at-
tack, then bend before the blast; cherished
feelings, that the bosom had ever clung
to, then are hated; and desires that had
ever found a home beside affection's altar,
then are banished. What fearful change
is this, that then befall the spirit? Are
the faculties then so weakened as to prevent
it from thinking and feeling aright?—
No, it now sees things as they are. False-
hood has ceased to obscure its vision.—
Truth, long deprived of her authority, long
forced to crouch like a slave, obtains her
rightful station, and shows that the pre-
tended nature of the world is very unlike its
real character. O what an hour is this!

When the soul is aroused to the true rela-
tions of objects—when mistakes are seen,
but alas, too late for correction—when eter-
nity's importance and awe enter into the
decisions, wishes, and feelings of the mind!

The hour of death! In this brief space
the past is reviewed. However treacher-
ous memory may have been on a thousand
occasions, she now acquits herself with fi-
delity. Omits she now to unroll the rec-
ord, which her hands had so often clasped?
Is she like the trumpet that bloweth an
"uncertain sound"? Life's history her
tongue now repeats—scenes, forgotten
scenes are recalled, and buried events are
brought up before the eye. Over the long
path which we have made, she leads us,
here she stops to meditate on some dark
deed; here she shows another way into
which passion hurried us. Have we injur-
ed friends? Have the true and fond bosoms
on which we rested been pierced by the

darts of unkindness? Memory presents it.
Have we performed actions of generosity?
Have the desolation of the widow been
cheered and the loneliness of the orphan
been relieved by us? Has the path of one
individual lost a thorn by our instrument-
ality, or the wreath of love had one rose ad-
ded by our hands? Delighted with the oc-
currence, memory repeats it in strains of
exultation. Crowded into this narrow pe-
riod, the moments resemble the waves that
now dance in the sunlight to the music of
the breeze, and now flow on in solemn
silence beneath the shade of over hanging
boughs. But does the past alone employ
the fugitive hour? That hour, imagination
also makes her own. Whatever may have
hindered its operation is now removed.
Loftier and freer than ever soars its wing.
Over the highest summit it easily rises,
borrowing life from death itself.

The dying hour! It is then that time
and we are parted. Though he may have
led us over a diversified way, we then for-
sake him; he continues to travel on in his
own course but we are ushered into a new
condition. Cares cease to distress. The
last tear falls from the eye, the last sigh
escapes from the bosom. Darkness gath-
ers upon the earth, relieved only by that
pure light which, proceeding from Heaven,
casts power to gild the closing scene.—
Mortality, shrink not from this hour! Pur-
sue virtue—let religion be thy study. O
man, and whenever and wherever the event
occurs, it shall find thee happily prepared.
Whether death meet thee at the door when
midnight reigneth, or mid-day pours its
tide of glory on the world—whether it meet
thee amid the consolations of home, or the
privations of a stranger's country—whether it
meet thee on the uprising billow, or in
the fruitful plain, its stern brow shall bear
a soft and holy expression, and its angry
voice shall speak no tones but those of peace
and love.

THE EFFECT OF POVERTY ON THE MIND.

Dr. Channing thus sensibly describes the
narrowing and depressing effect of poverty
on the intellectual powers:

"The condition of the poor is unfriendly
to the action and unfolding of the intel-
lect, and a sore calamity to a rational being.—
In most men, indeed, the intellect is nar-
rowed by exclusive cares for the body. In
most, the consciousness of its excellence
is crushed by the low uses to which it is
perpetually doomed. But still in most, a
degree of activity is given to the mind, by
the variety and extent of their means for
wealth or substance. The bodily wants of
most carry them in a measure into the
future, engage them in enterprises requiring
invention, sagacity and skill.

It is the unhappiness of the poor that
they are absorbed in immediate wants in
providing for the passing day, in obtaining
the next meal, or throwing off a present
burden. Accordingly their faculties stive
and move, or rather pine and perish, in
the present moment. Hope and imagina-
tion, the wings of the soul, carrying it for-
ward and upward, languish in the poor; for
the future is uninviting. The darkness of
the present broods over coming years. The
great idea, which stirs up in other men a
world of thought, the idea of a better lot,
has almost faded from the poor man's mind.
He almost ceases to hope for his children
as well as himself.

Even parental love, to many the chief
quickener of the intellect, stagnates through
despair. This poverty starves the mind.—
And there is another way in which it pro-
duces this effect, particularly worthy the
notice of this assembly. The poor have no
society beyond their own class; that is, be-
yond those who are inclined to their own
narrow field of thought. We all know that
it is contact with the more active and soar-
ing, from which intellect receives its chief
impulse. Few of us could escape the paralyz-
ing influence of perpetual intercourse
with the uncultivated, sluggish, and nar-
row minded; and here we see what I wish
particularly to bring to view how very poor
is the boasted civilization of our times which
is built so much upon the idea of property.
In communities little advanced in opulence,
no impassable barrier separates different
classes as among ourselves. The least im-
proved are not thrown to a distance from
those who through natural endowment or
peculiar excitement, think more strongly
than the rest; and why should such division
exist any where? How cruel and unchristian
are the pride and prejudice which form
the enlightened into a caste, and leave the
ignorant and depressed to strengthen and
propagate prejudice and error without end."

A pailful of lye, with a piece of copper-
as half as big as a hen's egg, boiled in it,
will produce a fine nankeen color, which
will not wash out. This is very useful for
the linings of bedquills, comforters &c.—
W. Farmer.

MAKING FRUIT TREES.—When you wish
to procure young trees of a particular
kind of fruit for transplanting, dig around
the old tree until you come to a healthy,
growing root, which cut off, and turn the
end of the detached portion out of the
ground. It will produce