

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

«The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties.»—MASON.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 46.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 616.

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 GARDEN:



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cul't' with care."

IDLE WORDS.

BY WILLIAM CUTLER.

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed,
With deep impassioned tone—
But not in humble prayer she named
The High and Holy One.

'Twas not in heavenly strains to raise
To the Great Source of Good,
Her daily offerings of praise,
Her song of gratitude.

But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
And in the festive hall,
'Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,
She named the Lord of All!

She called upon that awful name,
When laughter loudest rang—
Or when the flush of triumph came—
Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest thing that flattery knew,
The most unmeaning jest,
From those sweet lips profusely drew
Names of the Holy!

I thought how sweet that voice would be,
Breathing this prayer to Heaven—
"My God! I worship only Thee,
"Oh! be my sins forgiven!"

LOVE'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, mother dear, the sun shines bright,
But, oh, for me, its light is shrouded;
The moon with radiance fills the night,
From me her radiant face is shrouded.
Around me flowers thickly bloom,
Birds fill the air with notes of gladness,
But, ah! all—al! partake the gloom
Of my too sore prevailing sadness.

I sit me down, and try to rouse
Gay dream of pleasures fondly cherished—
The hawthorn tree, the whispered vows,
That with the evening zephyrs perished;
And hark come back, when hope and love
Made life one long and glorious vision,
When all was fair and calm above,
And all below was bliss Elysian.

A numbness and a sense of pain—
A drowsy unimpassioned feeling—
A fire that smoulders in the brain,
Through all the listless pulses stealing—
Preys on me through the live-long day,
Like a grim phantom haunts me nightly,
Takes feeling, thought, and power away,
'Till all looks ghastly—all unrightly!

Life is a leafless bighted bough—
'This stifling pang, how may I smother?
What can I love, or live for now!
Oh, comfort me, my own dear mother!
Say, say what mean those fancies drear,
'That on despair and frenzy border;
'Pshaw! take this dose of salts, my dear,
'Tis but your stomach's out of order!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
**GERTRUDE;
OR, BENEVOLENCE ILLUSTRATED.**

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY A LADY OF HAYLAND.

It was in the sweetest month of summer that I spent a week with my friend Mr. Vernon at his country house, near one of the largest of the commercial cities. The neighborhood in which he resided was populous, and the society polished and excellent. One evening, when a large party was assembled, the conversation turned upon sensibility, and the question arose in what degree its possession was calculated to confer happiness.

"In my opinion," said Edward Gray, (a young man somewhat distinguished for talent, but more for eccentricity,) "all mankind are born with an equal capability of feeling, but in some the feelings embrace so many objects that they are weakened and rendered incapable of causing any

great degree either of pain or pleasure; just as a large estate, divided among a great number of heirs, fails to enrich any of them. These are your universally benevolent people. There are others again, whose feelings, though not so widely diffused, yet embrace a large circle of friends and relatives; such people are kind and affectionate, but utterly incapable of a warm or exclusive attachment, or of any intense degree either of happiness or misery. Those only whose feelings are concentrated, are capable of loving deeply, or of enjoying or suffering exquisitely."

"But," said Mr. Vernon, "what do you mean by the feelings being concentrated? You surely do not speak of those whose feelings are all concentrated in self?"

"Not exactly; yet the character I would describe is one that would be called selfish. It is that of a person, who while he entertains a general sentiment of good will to all mankind, yet reserves all active feelings to be expended upon those immediately connected with him. Should I ever marry I should like my wife, though gentle and courteous to all, to have no feeling stronger than mere good will to any other human being than myself."

"Then her feelings towards her parents, brothers and sisters should not exceed the bounds of mere civility, I suppose?"

"I would select a wife who has no such near connections, in order that her affections, not being at all divided, may be exclusively my own, and may thus be enabled to withstand all the trials under which a more diluted affection (if I may use the expression,) would utterly fail."

"My dear Edward," said Mr. Vernon, "your theory is a very plausible one, yet I think that you would find that a female who had grown to womanhood without any attachment stronger than mere good will, was not capable of a very devoted affection, even for her husband. Believe me, the affections of the heart, like the faculties of the mind, are strengthened by cultivation."

"But do you not think that persons whose affections are limited to few objects, regard those few with a more intense devotion, than those whose affections take a wider range?"

"Indeed I do not, and I could adduce many instances in support of my opinion. The most remarkable example I have ever known of perfect, devoted, enduring affection, of a love which neither time nor circumstances could chill or change, was exhibited by two persons who were entirely free from the selfishness which you consider characteristic of those who are capable of feeling deeply, or loving devotedly."

My interest was excited by the earnest manner of my friend, and I begged to be informed of the particulars of the circumstances to which he had alluded. The company joined in my request, and Mr. Vernon, yielding to our entreaties, commenced the following recital:

"It was in the year 18—, that Charles Gordon came to reside in Baltimore. He was a Virginian, young and talented, and possessing a heart that overflowed with generous feelings and noble impulses. He engaged in mercantile pursuits, in the course of which he became intimately acquainted with the family of Mr. Seaton, who was then at the head of one of the first commercial houses in Baltimore. This gentleman was a widower, and his family consisted of one unmarried son, and an orphan niece. He had other children, but they were married, and settled at a distance. Gertrude Rivers had lost both her parents in infancy, and since then she had been an inmate of her uncle's family. She was the darling of the old man's heart, and well did she merit his affection, and richly did she repay him for the tender care with which he supplied the place of her deceased parents. Beautiful as she was, her personal charms were her least attraction. It was the gentleness of her manners, the benevolence of her disposition, above all the entire absence of selfishness in her character, which rendered her dear to all with whom she was connected, or who had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her virtues. She was in the earliest bloom of youth when she first became known to Gordon, and the heart of the young and ardent Virginian was soon captivated by her attractions. She was not insensible to his regard and a few months after their acquaintance commenced, an engagement was entered into, with the consent of Mr. Seaton, who fully appreciated the character of Gordon and rejected that his beloved niece was about to bestow her hand on one who was every way worthy so inestimable a treasure. At this time, owing to one of those vicissitudes in which mercantile pursuits are liable, the house in which Gordon was a partner became unable to meet its engagements. The other partners, satisfied that they could not resist the pressure of circumstances, gave up the property, availed themselves of the insolvent law, and commenced the world anew. But this course of proceeding did not comport with the lofty spirit of Charles Gordon. He could not endure to feel that those who had confided in him should sustain the slightest loss, though that loss was not caused by any imprudence on his part, but was occasioned by circumstances which he could neither have foreseen nor prevented. He therefore postponed his marriage, and having no difficulty in obtaining employment, devoted the next two or three years to laborious efforts to liquidate every claim against the firm to which he be-

longed. Gertrude entered warmly into his feelings, and her smiles cheered him in his arduous undertaking. At length he succeeded; every debt was paid, and he was once more established in a prosperous business. In the mean time, Mr. Seaton's son had married, and become the father of a family, and Gertrude was left the sole companion of her uncle. Nevertheless the good old gentleman rejoiced when the success of Gordon's efforts enabled her to name a second day for their marriage, and in anticipating the happiness of his niece, he almost forgot, the loneliness to which he would be condemned when she left him. Long before the appointed period arrived, he was stricken down the victim of paralysis. When this melancholy event first occurred, Gertrude thought not of herself. To soothe the sufferings of her uncle, to minister to his wants, to endeavor by every means to prolong his life,—all this fully occupied her mind, and left no room for any other considerations. But when days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, her thoughts naturally reverted to her own situation. The time fixed for her marriage had nearly arrived; but how could she leave the aged relative whose situation rendered him so utterly dependent on her kindness? His son, it is true, was kind and affectionate, but the ill health of his wife, and her inability to take charge of her household, or of a large family of children, imposed duties on him which occupied every moment that could be spared from his professional pursuits. As Gertrude watched day after day by the bedside of her uncle, as she marked the brightening of his dull eye as it met hers, as she felt the feeble grasp with which he endeavored to detain her hand in his, and remembered that he had been a father to her in the days of her helpless childhood, she could not resolve to leave him. She knew the generous heart of her lover, and she believed that he would cheerfully make any sacrifice for the sake of one to whom she was bound alike by duty and affection. She judged rightly. Gordon was of too kindly a nature to wish to deprive an almost dying man of his sole earthly comfort, for the gratification of his own feelings.—The marriage of the lovers was again postponed.

"Thus months and years rolled by. Mr. Seaton still lived, though perfectly helpless, and his beautiful niece spent the spring-time of her life in the confinement of his sick chamber, soothing his sufferings, ministering to his wants, and endeavoring by every means to cherish the feeble spark of life which still remained. Meanwhile, the affection of the lovers continued unchanged. Gordon spent much of his time with the invalid, and his love for Gertrude became more and more fervent as he noted the unvarying gentleness of her manner, and the unrepining spirit with which she sacrificed all the pleasures of youth to the duty of attending her suffering relative. And when at length death claimed his victim, when the aged pilgrim was permitted to lay down the burden of existence, her trials were not over. Scarcely were the remains of her uncle consigned to the tomb, when she was summoned to another scene of woe. The wife of her cousin was dying, and in her last moments she begged to see Gertrude, that she might consign her infant children to her protection. And in that solemn hour, with those weeping babes around her, did our heroine promise to be a mother to them, to watch over their helpless infancy, to guide their childish footsteps, and never to leave them while they needed her maternal care. And amply did she redeem her pledge. No mother ever bestowed more care and tenderness, or evinced a more self-sacrificing spirit than she displayed towards these children of her adoption. To train them in the way they should go, to instruct them in their duty to God and to each other, to fit them for the discharge of all their duties in this world, and for the enjoyment of eternal blessedness in that which is to come, was the object of her unceasing endeavor. In this labor of love Gordon anticipated. He was much attached to the children, and they warmly returned his affection. Their eyes brightened at his approach, and both they and their kind friend regarded his regular evening visit as an ample compensation for a day passed in the toil of receiving and imparting instruction. Nor was the benevolence of Gertrude limited to her own immediate circle. The poor and destitute were relieved and comforted, the sick and infirm visited, and all who suffered found in her ready sympathy and active kindness, an unfailing source of consolation. Her lover too was animated by the same unselfish spirit. Believing that the diffusion of knowledge would increase the amount of human happiness, he interested himself in the establishment and support of public schools, and the youth of both sexes will long bless the benevolent heart and active mind which prompted his exertions in their behalf.

"Years rolled by. The children who were committed to the charge of Gertrude, attained the years of maturity, and became all that the fondest parents could desire.—Amiable, virtuous, and pious, they bid fair to repay their adopted mother for all the sacrifices she had made, and to become bright jewels in the crown of glory which is reserved for such as her in a future state of existence. And now having faithfully discharged every duty, having devoted the morning of their lives to the service of their fellow creatures, having proved the changeless nature of their affection for

each other, our lovers were at length united. The bloom of youth is past, yet Gertrude is still lovely. The symmetry of her fine form is unimpaired, and the mild light of piety and benevolence illumines her countenance, and lends animation to her still beautiful features. The manly form of Gordon is yet unbenighted by age, though time has thinned his flowing locks, and tempered his somewhat impetuous character. They are very happy; happy in each other's love; happy in the esteem and respect of all who know them; most happy in the approbation of their own consciences, and in the assured hope of a blessed immortality. Long, very long may they live a bright example of disinterested benevolence, in this dark and selfish world, a blessing to all with whom they are connected, and to all who are privileged to call them friends."

As Mr. Vernon closed his recital, his little bright-eyed daughter approached me, and remarked:

"Why, Gertrude is mother's name."
"Well, my dear," I replied, "may not your mother have been the Gertrude of his story?"

A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

Incidents of life occurring from day to day, and we suspect, some not altogether divested of fiction, are not unrequently to be met with in the public prints, in which they are heralded as instances of the all-absorbing and ever-enduring affection which burns with eternal brightness in the bosoms of wives, mothers and sisters.—But who has ever before seen, in the columns of our public journals, a record exhibiting to the world the equally intense and not less abiding devotion of husbands, fathers, and brothers? Such records are rare indeed—not, as we believe, that the latter instances are less frequent than the former, but because there is in them less to express the amiable feelings of our nature, and excite that peculiar interest which surrounds every thing hallowed by female virtue or heroism.

The Lowell Journal relates a case in point, which, through succeeding years, had failed to interest the pen of the chronicler. In a grave yard, situated in a wild rural place, about a mile from a little village in that vicinity, stands a very neat granite monument. It is the only monument in the yard, and stands by itself, over a solitary grave, apart from all other graves. The history of that monument is interesting and melancholy in the extreme. It marks the spot where lies buried the young wife of one of the young men of the village. He was married a few years since to one who seemed in every way calculated to render him happy. At that time the prospects of the young couple bid fair for a long life of happiness and usefulness. In a year or two after their marriage, the small pox broke out and raged in the neighborhood. The young wife was attacked with this dreadful disease, and became its victim.

The fears of the community prevented her friends from attending her during her sickness. Her husband, the physician, and one or two attendants were the only persons who were present to smooth down her dying pillow. The same fears took away the accustomed forms of a christian burial. A spot for her grave was appointed out in the grave-yard, remote from other graves, by the proper authorities, and at the dark hour of night, with none present but the husband, the physician, and one or two fearless friends, the burial took place. There was no long train of kindred to witness the ceremony; the afflicted husband was the only relative, who, at the burial, ventured to shed the last tear over the grave of the loved and the departed.

Months rolled on, and black melancholy still brooded over the young man, but soon loosened its hold, somewhat. Sorrow still remained, but it was soon mingled with resignation. He resumed his accustomed occupation, and seemed to forget the past. The past was not forgotten, however, nor the object which the past had endeared to him. The grave of his wife was solitary and alone. Over that grave he resolved to erect a monument to her memory. That monument, although a blacksmith by trade, he chose to plan and work with his own hands. He procured the rough blocks of granite and commenced his pleasing task. Every leisure hour he could find was spent on his favorite work. No other hand planned, and no other hand, than his own executed. Month after month, alone and unaided, with no knowledge of the art except what nature had taught him, sometimes at noonday, and sometimes at night, when others had left their tasks, he toiled on, until his work was completed. That monument, which, as a specimen of art is exceedingly fine, and would be an ornament even in Mount Auburn, now marks out the grave of his wife. While it serves to call to mind the memory of the dead, it speaks also of the constancy and purity of affections which death and time could not destroy.

ATTEMPT TO BREAK A BANK.—An attempt was made on Monday night last to enter the Monongahela Bank of Brownsville, by displacing bricks immediately over the side of one of the outer doors; but finding the operation rather difficult of accomplishment, the rogues gave it up as a bad job.

IDLENESS has been aptly described as "the cushion upon which the devil reposes."

The editor of the Savannah Georgian has embodied in the following short paragraph a large mass of statistical information concerning industry, as exhibited in the Russian empire. He says:

The Russians are the largest landholders in the world. Their country covers one fifth of the surface of the globe. Their forests spread over nearly five hundred millions of acres, and their plains, or steppe areas, are almost unbounded in extent. The Russians, however, have turned much of their attention of late to manufactures.—They have now nearly 7,000 workshops, or manufactories, employing 412,931 masters and workmen; of these establishments, 608 are for woolen goods, 227 for silks, 448 for weaving, 1,918 for leather dressing, 444 for candle making, 436 for metallic hardware, and the rest for saltpetre, sugar, potash, chemical, color, tobacco and paper works. The internal trade circulates through the means of such busy and crowded fairs as are held at Novogorod, whether goods are often brought to the value of nearly \$8,000,000, of which, at least one tenth comes from China. The five other fairs of Corennaja, Irbit, Rostov, Kretchensk, and Romny, in the governments respectively of Carsk, Perm, Paltawa, and Jakutzk presented wares, taken altogether, in 1838, to the estimated amount of \$2,500,000. The total of Russian imports from foreign countries, for 1838, came to something under \$44,000,000, of which one-twelfth came by land; one fourth consisted of consumables; one half was for the use of manufactures, and one-fourth was manufactured goods. The gross exports for the year 1838, came to nearly \$14,000,000, of which a fifth passed through Riga, a tenth through Odessa, a twentieth through Archangel and Taganrog.

ECONOMY IN CANDLES.—If you are without a rush light, and would burn a candle all night, unless you use the following precaution, it is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house. This may be avoided by placing as much salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the black of the wick of a partly burnt candle, when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slow, yielding sufficient light for a bed chamber. The salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the tallow being drawn through the salt, consumes the wick.

GLASS COFFIN.—James Fryer, one of the workmen employed at the new glass house, Mexborough, near Doncaster, has manufactured a glass coffin, which he has bequeathed to his cousin, who holds a situation in Guy's Hospital, London, for his own body to be enclosed in when he dies, so that his cousin will see if he rots any faster than if he was in a leaden coffin.—The coffin is made of clear glass, a quarter of an inch thick, 6 feet 2 inches long, 31 inches across the bosom, and 15 inches deep. He has ornamented it with blue glass, death's head and cross bones on the sides, also his name on the lid.

A CUTTING REPORT.—A gentleman walking near Oxford, was met by some students of the University, one of whom addressed him with,

"Good morning, father Abraham." "I am not father Abraham," said he. "Good morning, father Isaac," said a second. "I am not father Isaac," was the reply. "Good morning, father Jacob," said a third. "I am neither Abraham, Isaac or Jacob, but Saul, son of Kish, who went out to find his father's asses, and lo! I have found them."

I ain't going to be called printer's devil any longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed our Fibb the other day, in a terrible pucker. "Well, what shall we call you—hey!" "Why, call me typographical spirit of evil—if you please; that's all."

"Congee are, you willing to be damned, if it be the Lord's will?" inquired a pious friend "Oh, yes, mass, and more too; I willing to have you damned also, massa," replied Congee.

MUNIFICENT BEQUESTS.—We stated yesterday that the late Thomas Otis Esq. had left a verbal bequest of five thousand dollars to the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We learn this morning, that Mr. Otis, in his dying moments, bequeathed \$5,000 to the domestic Mission; \$5,000 to the Foreign Mission, and \$5,000 to the City Mission—all of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The entire sum, \$15,000, has been paid agreeably to the desire of the liberal donor.—N. Y. Adv.

THE SECRET OF DOMESTIC ENJOYMENT.—One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked; it lies in bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants. Wants will always be ahead of means, and there will be no end to the race, if you set the latter to chasing the former. Put the yoke of self-denial on desire, apply the spur of industry to energy, and if the latter does not overtake the former, it will at least keep in sight of it.

A miser in Philadelphia, a chimney sweeper by trade, lately died worth \$100,000. He was so mean and dirty, that his shadow would not follow him for more than a year before his death.

Who can solve this problem?—Fill a wine glass to the brim with water, or, if possible, raise it higher than the edge, by letting one drop fall at a time until the water presents the convex surface. When this is done drop into the glass as many common pins as will fill it, and the water will not overflow. This simple experiment may be easily tried, but I have never seen it explained. Water is not compressible in a wine glass and the pins are made of solid metal, yet the water in the glass remains as it was before pins were dropped in.—Ex. paper.

The money paid for advertising should never form the least difficulty to a man who has anything to gain. It should be to him as a mere drop from the ocean. A painter once asked a very wealthy merchant why he had not a letter sign. "Ah," said he, "I advertise. My neighbors have all splendid signs, but they never bring as many customers as mine. Any one in the whole country may see my sign board. It is the printer and not the painter, that has made my wealth."

USEFUL NOTICES.—When ivory handled knives turn yellow, rub them with rice sand paper, or emery; it will take off the spots and restore their whiteness.

When a carpet is faded, I have been told, that it may be restored in a great measure, (provided there be no greasiness on it,) by being dipped into strong salt and water. I never tried this, but I know that silk pocket handkerchiefs, and deep blue factory cotton, will not fade if dipped into salt and water while new.

Tortoise shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while.

Spots on furniture may usually be cleaned by rubbing them quick and hard with a flannel wet with the same thing which took out the color—if rum, wet the cloth with rum, &c. The very best restorative for doctored varnished furniture, is rotten stone pulverized, and rubbed on with linseed oil.

Sal volatile, or hartshorn, will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm. Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease spots out of woollen cloth—to take spots of paint, &c., from Mahogany furniture, and to cleanse white kid gloves.—Fragrant Household.

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