

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Mas-
ser's Store.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 2, 1845.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.
Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-
thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Mas-
ser's Store.

**SHUGERT'S PATENT
WASHING MACHINE.**
THIS Machine has now been tested by more
than thirty families in this neighborhood, and
has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its
construction, that it cannot get out of order. It
contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers
to get out of repair. It will do twice as much wash-
ing, with less than half the wear and tear of any of
the inventions, and what is of greater impor-
tance, it costs but little over half as much as other
washing machines.

The subscriber has the exclusive right for Nor-
thumberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luz-
erne and Clinton counties. Price of single ma-
chine \$6. H. B. MASSER.
The following certificate is from a few of those
who have used this machine in use.

Sunday, Aug. 24, 1844.
We, the subscribers, certify that we have now
in use, in our families, "Shugert's Patent Wash-
ing Machine," and do not hesitate saying that it is
a most excellent invention. That, in washing,
it will save more than one half the usual labor,
that it does not require more than one third the
usual quantity of soap and water; and that there
is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wear-
ing or tearing. That it knocks off all buttons, and
that the finest clothes, such as collars, necks, tucks,
frills, &c., may be washed in a very short time
without the least injury, and in fact without any
apparent wear and tear whatever. We therefore
heartily recommend it to our friends and to the
public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.
CHARLES W. HEGGINS,
A. JORDAN,
CHS. WEAVER,
CHS. PLEASANTS,
GIDEON MARKLE,
HON. GEO. C. WELKER,
BENJ. HENDRICKS,
GIDEON LEISBRING,
HENRY'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No.
214, 1844.)

I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine
in my house upwards of eight months, and do not
hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most use-
ful and valuable labor-saving machines ever inven-
ted. I formerly kept two women constantly en-
gaged in washing, who now do as much in two
days as they then did in one week. There is no
wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more
than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have
had a number of other machines in my family, but
this is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and
so far the best of all, that I would not do without
it, and do not think it should cost ten times the
price they are sold for. DANIEL HERR.

**UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS,
CHEAP FOR CASH.**
J. W. SWAIN'S
Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory.
No. 37 North Third Street, two doors below the
CITY HOTEL,
Philadelphia.
ALWAYS on hand, a large stock of UM-
BRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the
latest styles of Pinked Edged Parasols of the
best workmanship and materials, at prices that will
make it an object to Country Merchants and other
retail and examine has stock before purchasing
elsewhere. Fe. 22, 1845—1y

**SPANISH HIDES
AND
TANNERS' OIL.**
5000 Dry L. Plata Hides—first quality.
2500 Dry L. Guira, do
1000 Dry Sated L. Guira, do
2000 Dry Sated L. Plata Hides, do
35 Bales Green Sated Plata Kips.
20 Bales Dry Plata Kips.
120 Bales "Tanned" Oil.
"Tanner's" and "Carriage" Tools.
For sale to Country Tanners at the lowest prices
and upon the best terms.
N. B. The highest market prices paid for all
kinds of leather.
D. KIRKPATRICK & SONS,
No. 21, South Third St., Philadelphia.
September 14, 1844.—1y.

**DR. GEORGE W. ALLEN'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
FOR THE CURE OF
DYSPEPSIA.**
THIS Medicine is offered to the public gener-
ally from a full conviction that it is superior
to any other medicine now in use, for the cure of
Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility or
Bilious Weakness, &c.
Its effects have been tested in a private practice
of near eight years, and it is now more extensively
circulated, at the solicitude of many who have re-
ceived the most signal benefit from the use of it.
The following is one among a number of certifi-
cates received in relation to the success of this me-
dicine:
LANCASTER Co., March 18.
Dear Sir—It is with great pleasure that I in-
form you of the success attending your Dyspeptic
Medicine, while employed in my practice. From
past experience, I firmly believe that in eight cases
out of ten, the Dyspeptic, by the use of your medi-
cine, may entirely rid himself of this thorn in
the pathway of life; not only in dyspeptic cases, but
in all cases of constipation, and diseases depending
on a debilitated state of the nervous system, to-
gether with a torpid state of the bowels, will your E-
lixir be found of inestimable value. Numerous in-
stances wherein the usefulness of the medicine has
been realized, may be forwarded, if required. I
wish you great success, and recommend the medi-
cine to the suffering part of mankind.
Yours, with great respect,
ROBERT AGNEW, M. D.
For sale at the store of H. B. Masser, agent
for the proprietor, Sunbury, Pa.
October 26th, 1844.—1y



BALLAD.

The maiden sat at the busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee.
Her song was in mockery of love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."
I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor love
Should conquer a heart so light;
But she thought not of future days of woe
While she carroll'd in tones so gay,
"The gathered rose and stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."
A year passed by and again I stood
By the humble cottage door,
The maid sat at the busy wheel,
But her look was bly the no more;
The big tear stood in the downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."
Oh! well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
And made her cheek so pale;
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale,
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup
It had wasted her life away;
And the stolen heart, like the gather'd rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

From the N. Y. Mirror.
WILLIS' LETTERS FROM EUROPE.
NUMBER ONE.

What the writer has seen of this world for
twenty-four days—The passengers of the
Britannia—The difference between an Ameri-
can and English Custom house officers—
The working class—Female dress—Bustles
—Writing against the doctor's orders, &c.

My Dear Morris—All I have seen of Eng-
land, for the last twelve days, has been the four
walls of a bed room, and, as all I saw of the
world for the twelve days previous, was the in-
terior of a packer's state room, I may fairly
claim, like the razor grinder, to have "no story
to tell." You shall have, however, what col-
ors I picked from the corners.

If the Britannia had burnt on the passage,
and a phœnix had arisen from its ashes, the
phœnix would have been a well compounded
composite, for—did you ever see such a vari-
ety of nation in one ship's company?
From England, 16; Scotland, 6; Ireland, 3;
Wales, 1; Canada, 2; United States, 12;
France, 4; Spain, 1; Mexico, 1; West Indies,
1; East Indies, 3; British Guiana, 1; Guate-
mala, 2; Denmark, 1; Poland, 1; Germany, 9.
Of the Germans, 2 were from Hanover, 2
from Hamburg, 1 from Baden, 1 from Lubeck,
2 from Bremen, and 1 from Heilmuth. Mr. Ro-
bert Owen was one of the Scotchmen, and he
was the only one on board, I fancy, for whom
fame had made any great outlay of trumpeting.
Six clergymen (!) served as our protection
against the tobaccoes. I doubt whether the At-
lantic had, ever before, such a broadwale of di-
vinity drawn across it. Probably, the true
faith was in some of their keepings.

I wish to ask a personal favor of all the
friends of the Mirror who are in the offices of
American Custom Houses, viz: that they would
retell upon Englishmen in the most
vexatious manner possible, the silly and useless
impediments thrown in the way of passengers
landing at Liverpool. We dropped anchor with
a Custom House steambot alongside, and our
baggage lay on deck two hours, (time enough
to be examined twice over,) before it was
transferred to the government vessel. We
and our baggage were then taken ashore, and
landed at a Custom House. But not to be ex-
amined there! Oh, no! It must be put into
carts, and carried a mile and a half to another
Custom House, and there it would be delivered
to us, if there to see it examined! We
landed at ten o'clock in the morning, and with
my utmost exertions, I did not get my baggage
till three. The cost to me, of portage, fees,
&c., was three dollars and a half, besides the
theft of two or three small articles belonging
to my child. I was too ill to laugh, and I there-
fore passed the matter over to my resentments.
I trust my particular share will be remembered
in the coming wars of Oregon.

During the four or five hours that I was play-
ing the bang-on to a vulgar and saucy custom-
house officer at Liverpool, one or two contrasts
crept in at my dull eyes—contrasts between
what I had left, and what was before me. The
most striking was the utter want of hope in the
countenances of the working classes—the look
of dogged submission and animal endurance of

their condition of life. They act like horses
and cows. A showy equipage goes by, and
they have not the curiosity to look up. Their
gait is that of tired donkeys, saving as much
trouble at leg lifting as possible. Their mouths
and eyes are wholly sensual, expressing no en-
gularity of a want above food. Their dress is
with out a thought of more than warmth and cov-
ering, drab covered with dirt. Their voices
are a half note above grunt. Indeed, compar-
ing their condition with the horse, I would pre-
fer being an English horse to being an English
working man. And you will easily see the ve-
ry strong contrast there is, between this pic-
ture, and that of the ambitious and lively work-
ing men of our country.

Another contrast strikes, probably, all Ameri-
cans on first landing—that of female dress.
The entire absence of the ornamental—of any-
thing, indeed, except decent covering—in all
classes below the wealthy, is particularly Eng-
lish and particularly un-American. I do not
believe you would find ten female servants in
New York without (pardon my naming it) a
"bustle." Yet I saw as many as two hundred
women in the streets of Liverpool, and not one
with a bustle! I saw some ladies get out of
carriages who wore them, so that it is not be-
cause it is not the fashion, but simply because
the pride (of those whose backs form but one
line) does not outweigh the price of the bran.
They wore thick shoes, such as scarcely a man
would wear with us, no gloves of course, and
their whole appearance was that of females in
whose minds never entered the thought of or-
nament on week days. The trifling exponent of
the condition of woman in England, has a large
field of speculation within and around it, and
the result of philosophizing on it would be vast-
ly in favor of our side of the water.

As this letter is written on my first day of sit-
ting up, and directly against the doctor's orders,
you will give my invalid brain the credit of
coming cheerfully into harness.

Yours, faithfully,
N. P. WILLIS.

Was it Providence?

Take, for example, a young girl, bred deli-
cately in town, shut up in a nursery in her child-
hood—in a boarding school through her youth,
never accustomed either to air or exercise, two
things that the law of God makes essential to
health. She marries; her strength is inade-
quate to the demands upon it. Her beauty
fades early. She languishes through the hard
offices of her giving birth to children, suckling
and watching over them, and dies early.
"What a strange Providence, that a mother
should be taken, in the midst of life, from her
children!" Was it Providence! No! Pro-
vidence had assigned her three score years and
ten; a term long enough to rear her children,
and to see her children's children; but she did
not obey the laws on which life depends, and of
course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his
days. He is useful and distinguished citi-
zen, and eminent in his profession. A general
buzz rises, on every side of, "what a striking
Providence." This man has been in the habit
of studying half the night, of passing his days
in his office and in courts, of eating luxurious
dinners, and drinking various wines. He has
every day violated the laws on which health de-
pends. Did Providence cut him off! The evil
rarely ends here.

The diseases of the fathers are often trans-
mitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves be-
hind her vigorous children.
It has been customary in some of our cities,
for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and deli-
cate stockings in a midwinter. A healthy,
blooming young girl, thus dressed, in violation
of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked
circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad
Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it
Providence, or her own folly!

A beautiful bride goes, night after night,
to parties made in honor of her marriage. She
has a slightly sore throat, perhaps the weather
inclement; but she must wear her neck and
arms bare; for whoever saw a bride in a close
evening dress! She is consequently seized
with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave
receives her before her bridal days are over.
"What a Providence!" exclaims the world.
"Cut off in the midst of hope!" Alas! did she
not cut the thread of life herself!

Look, my young friends, at the mass of dis-
eases that are incurred by intemperance of eat-
ing and drinking, or in study, or in business;
also being caused often by neglect of exercise,
cleanliness, pure air, by indiscreet dressing,
tight lacing, &c., and unlike, quietly imputed
to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as
ignorance in this! Were the physical laws
strictly observed from generation to generation,
there would be an end to the frightful diseases
that makes life a torment or a trial. It is the
opinion of those who best understand the phys-
ical system that this wonderful machine, the
body, this goodly temple, would gradually de-
cay, and men would die as falling asleep.—
Miss Sedwick.

Capital Punishment.

We find, in a recent number of the New
York Saturday Emporium, an able essay on the
Death Punishment, published by the Rev. F.
W. Holland, of Rochester. Our exchanges, al-
most daily, exhibit the interest which is now gen-
erally taken in this subject, not only in this
country but also Great Britain. Nearly all the
argument we see is upon our side. One thing
appears evident, that the gallows must fall and
that speedily. We present the concluding por-
tion of Mr. Holland's essay.

"We can easily imagine a more awful pen-
alty than the gallows—a murderer's prison—
separate from all other prisons, beyond the pow-
er of pardon, except in case of the utter dem-
onstration of innocence, its convict's earnings ap-
plied to the support of their families, when they
had any, and their intercourse with the world
terminated for ever—the terrible words of the
Italian poet inscribed over the gate, 'Who en-
ter here leave hope behind.' This doom would
be unespeakably more severe, yet less cruel than
the gallows; its sight would not brutalize the
community, but would, year after year, contin-
ue to man forth its dismal warnings. No jury
would palter with their oaths, because of the nat-
ural horror at taking life in cold blood; the
question having already arisen in some States
whether to punish at all and a substitute
for the scaffold; the criminal himself would be-
come (what all churches are coveting as their
high mission) prepared to die; the intemperate
man would be released from the fascination of
his darling sin; the ambitious would relinquish
every thought of distinction; the covetous
would forget his schemes of wealth. Lettunch
to himself, with simple food, constant labor and
suitable moral teaching, every thing would favor
the return of the poor prodigal to his Pa-
ther's house; his own conscience would resume
her reign; his heart would open with new sen-
timents, sympathies and aspirations; his life
prepared to change, in God's time, from a heal-
ing solitude to a blessed society, from one con-
tinued privation to one endless joy!

Will not humanity gain strength, under the
impulse of these facts, to repeat the words which
moved the Emperor Augustus to mercy, and saved
his tribunal from the pollution of passion,
'Hangman, begone!'

A Rich Poet.

Poets are proverbially poor, as well as print-
ers. Yet a remarkable exception is found in
Mr. Samuel Rogers, the author of "Italy" and
"Pleasures of Memory." Mr. R. is a banker,
and possessed of great wealth—as the following
extract from a sketch of a visit to him furnished
to the Boston Atlas will testify:

"But there were two objects in the room,
which more than any others, engrossed my at-
tention; the one represented the enormous
wealth of its possessor, and the other indicated
his keen appreciation of the value of the mind.
These articles were simply two small pieces of
paper, in gold frames. One of them was a bank
of England note for one million pounds sterling,
and the original receipt of John Milton, for five
pounds, (the sum he received for the copy right
of Paradise Lost, from Sammonds, the booksel-
ler.) The bank note was one of the only four
which were ever struck from a plate, which was
afterwards destroyed. The Rothschilds have
one impression; the late Mr. Curtis had an-
other; the bank of England the third; and, as I
have said, Mr. Rogers decorates his parlor with
the remaining one. There it hangs within an-
ny one's reach—a fortune to many but valueless
to all excepting its owner. No one would think
of stealing it, for it would be only so much
waste paper. It never could be negotiated
without detection, and, were it destroyed by
fire, from its peculiar character, no loss would
ensue to Mr. Rogers. At his word, however,
it might be transformed into a golden shower.
He alone is the magician who can render it all
powerful for good or evil.

Only think of a poet, who can afford to keep
as an idle ornament, five millions of dollars!

REMEDY AGAINST HYDROPHOBIA.—The Glas-
gow Argus mentions a remedy for the bite of ra-
bid animals, applied by Dr. David Barnes, in
the case of two ladies of that city.

"They were in a parlor of a hotel, when a
large dog entered, bit them both severely, and
ran off. Dr. Barnes was in the hotel, having
been on a tour in the Highlands with Lord and
Lady Hamre. Dr. Barnes, on learning the
nature of the accident, instantly counterized, cup-
ped, and excised the wound; and had also re-
course to the singular method of making the pa-
tients suck their wounds. This course the
Doctor recommended ten years ago in the Lan-
cet; and he says that no danger whatever is to
be feared from it, if the mouth and lips are free
from sores or chaps."

GREEN, THE REFORMED GAMBLER, is lectur-
ing at Cleveland. In a speech at a temperance
meeting, he gave the following answer to
one who asked him where he received his edu-
cation: "Born a Buckeye, raised a Bossier,
took a lesson in Cincinnati jail, studied and prac-
tised gambling for twelve years on the Missis-
sippi, and graduated in Texas!"

THE NEW YORK MERCHANT.

OR,
An Incident of the Fire.

A gentleman of this city, learning early on
Saturday that his store in New York was in
danger from the fire, hastened to the scene of
destruction. On arriving at his store he found
that the fire had already made considerable
progress in his building. He hesitated but for
a moment, and was about to spring up the
burning stairway when he was seized by two or
three bystanders, and asked if he was a man-
man thus to meet certain death so rashly. 'Hold
me not back, gentlemen,' he said, 'I'm not
mad; but I must and will save my iron chest,
though I perish in the attempt.' Then with a
sudden effort he released himself from those,
who, in kindness, would have held him back,
and in a moment more he had passed the burn-
ing staircase, and was next seen running from
room to room despite the blaze and smoke of
the burning building. The key of the safe, it
appears, was not to be found in the usual place,
and disappointed in not being able to obtain the
contents, he made an effort to remove the safe
itself; failing in this, he left the building, and
wildly entreated some of the bystanders to aid
him. All refused, for destruction seemed cer-
tain. Again did he plunge amidst the destruc-
tive element; he had scarcely reached the spot
where stood the safe, when two men, who had
witnessed his previous efforts, stood beside him
and vowed they would stick by him to the last.
The crowd thinking the men had followed for
the purpose of rescuing the desperate man from
his dangerous purpose, shouted: "Knock him
down"—"drag him out!"—"he'll be killed."

With the assistance of the two men, the safe
was dragged close to the hatchway, and the
fall was about to be made fast so as to lower
it down, when at the moment the rear of the
store fell inward. A high mass of smoke and
flame ascended on high, and the hoisting ap-
paratus fell, some part of the wood-work having
been burned away. A cry of horror broke from
the witnesses of the scene as the three men
were enveloped in smoke and fire and hid from
their view. Presently the two strangers e-
merged from the building, and were greeted
with cheers by the crowd. The merchant, it
was thought, was irretrievably lost; but not so
He had fallen down in a stupor; but quickly
recovering, however, he was seen—when the
smoke consequent upon the falling in of the
rear wall, had cleared somewhat away—by the
chest, striving with all his might to tumble it
down the hatchway. The people collected a-
round, were amazed, and thought him crazy
and invulnerable. The fire was above, below,
and all around him, and how the merchant
stood there alive, and seemingly unharmed, was
a mystery no one could explain. On witnessing
his exertions at the chest, every one held his
breath—and save the crackling of the timbers
and the distant shouts of the firemen, not a
sound or a whisper could be heard. See! the
chest moves and now comes tumbling down the
hatchway, amid the applause of the crowd. It
rolled out of the door and fell into the entrance
of the basement. The merchant was last sight
of for a moment, but soon he stood on the side
walk, blackened and burnt with smoke and
flame, and again asked for aid to remove his
chest from its then position. The answer was—
"Come from beneath—the whole front is fall-
ing—you will perish." He exclaimed—"when
shall I cover me, for the safe I will rescue, or
be buried with it," and then again rushed into
the burning pile. The feelings of those who
beheld him cannot be described.

He proceeded to a place in his office, where
he knew was placed a small hatchet, took it,
climbed to the third story with astonishing agi-
lity and severed the rope from the burning dra-
gum to which it had been secured, but was not yet
burnt off, and down he sprang again. At times
he was hid from the eyes of those assembled
outside, and again he would be seen flitting a-
bout as though he was proof against destruc-
tion, and a cheer would ascend. Soon he was
seen standing on the side walk with the severed
rope over his shoulder, but in an instant one
side of the store fell in and he was again hidden
by a volume of fire and smoke. That cleared
away and he was seen hard at work on the safe
endeavoring to thrust the hook at the end of
the rope through its handle. He succeeded,
and then carrying the other end of the rope in
his hand, came as far as it would permit to-
ward the crowd and was received with the most
vociferous acclamation. It is needless to say
there were plenty had hold of the rope. The
chest was dragged out amid hurrahs, and placed
in safety.

"In the name of Heaven," asked several,
"why risk your life thus for the sake of what
wealth the chest may contain! Between dol-
lars and life, who, but you, would hesitate!"
"Hold," said the merchant. "Of my own
property I have lost about—thousand dol-
lars by the fire—for that I care not. But the
chest contains a large sum of money entrusted
to my care yesterday afternoon, too late to be
deposited in the bank, by an Eastern house, to

PIECES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square 1 insertion, . . . \$0.50
1 do 2 do 0.75
1 do 3 do 1.00
Every subsequent insertion, . . . 0.25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half
column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9;
one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18;
half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares,
\$5; one square, \$3.50.
Advertisements left without directions as to the
length of time they are to be published, will be
continued until ordered out, and charged accord-
ingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.

meet drafts made payable at sight. I care not
for the loss of wealth, but had that money been
destroyed, I should have lost my credit—for
who would have known it was placed there?
And though left poor, trusting in Providence, I
was determined to place my character beyond
suspicion or perish in the attempt." A thun-
dering shout rent the air at these words, and
before it had subsided, the walls fell in and the
store was a heap of red hot ruins.

The clothes of the merchant were burnt from
his body and he was literally naked. He was
conveyed to a neighboring house, where his
burns were dressed and every possible atten-
tion paid him, and we are happy to say that he
walked to his home in this city, a few hours
after the occurrence.—Brooklyn Advertiser.

The above is a good story, although it seems
a little apocryphal.

THE CONDITION OF THE POOR IN LONDON.—
Mr. Bryant, of the New York Post, at Present
in England, writes home the following account
of the poor in London.

"Beggaring is repressed by the new police
regulations, and want skulks in the holes and
corners, and prefers its positions where it can-
not be overheard by men armed with the au-
thority of the law. There is a great deal of fam-
ine in London, said a friend to me the other day,
but the police regulations drive it out of sight.
As I was going through Oxford street lately, I
saw an elderly man of small stature, poorly
dressed, with a mahogany complexion, walking
slowly before me. As I passed him, he said in
a low voice, with a hollow wail, 'I am starving to
death with hunger,' and these words and that
hollow voice sounded in my ear all day.

"Walking in Hampstead Heath, a day or two
since with an English friend, we were accosted
by two laborers, who were sitting on a bank,
and who said that they had come to that neigh-
borhood in search of employment in hay making,
but had not been able to get either work or
food. My friend appeared to distrust their story.
But in the evening as we were walking home,
we passed a company of some four or five
laborers in frocks, with bludgeons in their
hands, who asked us for something to eat. 'You
see how it is gentlemen,' said one of them, 'we
are strong; we have come for work, and nobody
will hire us; we have had nothing to eat
all day.' Their tone was dispirited, almost
mencing; and the Englishman who was with
me referred to it several times afterwards, with
an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"I hear often repeated here, that the differ-
ence of condition between the poorer and the
richer classes becomes greater every day, and
what the end may be the wisest pretend not to
force."

THE REALLY RICH.—There is no greater
fallacy than the supposition that opulence con-
sists in the enjoyments of a large income. The
man whose expenditure equals his income is in
reality a poor man, whatever position he may
occupy in the eye of the world, while a person
moving in a far lower sphere may in truth be
wealthy, if his income be more than propor-
tionate to his pretensions. There is no spec-
ies of poverty more urgent or distressing, than
that which seeks its concealment in the display
of opulence, nor is there any which throws so
many temptations in the way of honesty. The
riches rejected by the virtuous poverty of the
ancient Greeks and Romans would have bought
half the golden straps of the East, and it will
generally be among the number of the truly opulent
if we live contentedly within them. The
perpetual ambition to be thought greater than
we are, is a source of contempt to those above
us, of derision to those below, and of continual
discomfort to ourselves. Nor can the mesh
thrown over circumstances by the artificers of
vanity long deceive one—except, perhaps, a few
strangers, who are hardly worth deceiving.
Our means, as well as our characters, will
sooner or later become known, in spite of any
disguise with which we may attempt to invest
them, and the detection in the use of the in-
strument of deception, only shows that what-
ever other gifts we may have, we at least are
deficient in honesty. The really rich, then, are
not persons merely of large means relatively
with the positions they hold in society. A poor
duke would be a rich artisan, simply because
in the latter case the is not the same demand
for a large expenditure. The same relation
holds through all classes of society, so that a
man to become rich has only to desist from
the pedestal on which his pride has exalted him,
and conform to the usages of less ambitious
men. Of all things in this wide world, pride
is the most expensive and extravagant habit
required, just subtracts a proportional quan-
tity of wealth, and impoverishes the person who
yields to it. Every man has the secret of be-
coming rich who resolves to live within his
means; and independence is one of the most ef-
fectual safeguards of honesty.