

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

POL. XII.—NO. 16.

CHICAGO, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1864.

PHOLE NO. 333.

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 Vol. 12 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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THE GARLAND.



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

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.
The Mothers of our Forest Land!
Stout hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The Mothers of our Forest Land!
On old Ken-tuc-kee's soil,
How shamed they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and Life's toil!
They shrank not from the foe-man—
They quailed not in the fight—
But cheer'd their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The Mothers of our Forest Land!
Their bosoms pillowed men!
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen.
To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it should he fall:

The Mothers of our Forest Land!
Such wore their daily deeds.
Their monuments—where does it stand!
Their epitaph—who reads it?
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome—
Yet who laude or honors them,
E'en in their own green home!

The Mothers of our Forest Land!
They sleep in unknown graves:
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected!
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of the rising spray,
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's ray—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!
Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest
In parity, o'er the sleeper's breast;
Where heard the voice of the silken dove,
Where no column proud in the sun may glow;
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where wandering Peril love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Extract from the Journal of an Odd Fellow.

I do abominate laughing. There is nothing that jars upon my feelings so much as one of your genuine horse-ploughs. It is like the rasping of a saw, or a sleigh running over bare ground. Yet people have got a most villainous habit of laughing when I speak, why, I know not, unless it is that I never laugh myself. I find I am getting the character of a wit. If the name is fairly fixed upon me, I should be most sadly tempted to shoot myself. I fear I have said some amazingly silly things. I will be more circumspect for the future. My conversation is too light—I shall take care to put more lead in it hereafter. Heigh ho!—heaven knows one's words may be light when one's heart is heavy. Made an experiment the other night to ascertain whether people laugh at me, or what I might happen to say. Jack Wood was-wit perpetrated a pun some time since—not a smile—company grim as death—Jack looked black.

"I'll wager a bottle of champagne, Jack, that I'll rehearse that still-born effusion of yours to-morrow night at Madame's party with unbounded applause!"
"Done!" said Jack.
And it was done—raised a tremendous laugh—was stamped as a genuine coin of current wit—had the good fortune "virum volitare per ora," got into the newspapers, and the last I saw of it was travelling about the country, every body, by the way, claiming it for their own.
"What say you to that, Jack?"
"True, true, but then you've got such a comical way with you."
Here then is the fault—it must be mended—I shall look to it.

There is one thing which I hold in special abhorrence, and that is being dragged into an argument on any subject, or on any occasion. I look upon that man who lays down some litigated opinion and calls upon me either to confute or to assent to it, as I would upon a person who should knock me down in the street to ascertain whether I had strength enough to redress myself; and I have thought that it was a great pity the police could not be called upon in the one case as well as in the other. It may well be conceived that my sorrows upon this point constitutes one of the chief miseries of my life. The world is full of these wretched martialists. One can scarcely meet a man who does not carry a whole park of logical artillery in his pocket, all double-shotted with solid syllogisms, enthymemes, propositions, conditional and disjunctive, and ready to let drive at any one "shows fight." There is your lawyer, with his everlasting *sequitur* and *non sequitur*; the theologian who raps one's pate across with a knotty volume of the fathers; the politician who will do the same with his cane if you refuse to agree with him; the colonizationist and anti-colonizationist; the temperance man and the anti-temperance man; "hold, hold, for mercy sake, do have compassion on my ears, and I will submit to any thing—anything except hearing you called a wise man, or myself a wit."

There is another thing which I never could brook, a needless interruption in the solemn business of eating. I am a reasonable man, and think that Archimedes was a fool to lose life, rather than leave a geometrical problem unfinished. But had he been discussing a dinner, breakfast, luncheon, or any such matter, instead of a point in mathematics, there I confess I could have sympathized with him. And surely the Greek must have been a most scandalous barbarian, who had broken in as ruthlessly upon the grave tenor and quiet philosophy of such an operation.
"It is my candid belief," said Mr. Shirtcollar, starting up from the table where I had just sat down, "that there is no material difference between a monkey and a negro. Don't you think so, Mr. Graves?"

Now this fashionable gentleman of whiskers and mustaches was very fond of paradoxes, which he supported as well as a man might with an empty head and a clattering tongue. It was not the first offence which he has committed against my peace, and I determined to give him a lesson.
I dropped my knife and fork and answered him very deliberately. "Negroes are always black,"—he nodded—"but monkeys," and I eyed him very significantly from head to foot, "I should be inclined to think, are not invariably so." I resumed my meal.

There was a titter among the ladies, but Mr. S. did not "take," and my shaft fell hurtless.
"Look, sir," said he, in a louder tone, "have the negroes ever done any thing great—was there ever a great black man—tell me that?"

Interrupted again! my blood boiled, and I resolved that I would do my best to "extinguish" the animal at once.
"Mr. Shirtcollar," said I, with great gravity, "you will certainly grant that the Guinea is the noblest epic that was ever produced, always excepting Newton's Principia, and Crabbe's Synonymes."

This was somewhat out of the gentleman's depth, and he looked rather black; but the company began to laugh, and I looked very solemn, and hesitation was death.

"Oh, yes, I presume there is no question about that," said he, very unsuspectingly.
"And yet you must be aware that it was written by a negro!" This was a poser.

"Well, well—yes—I'll allow, but"—and the whole table burst into a roar.

"Oh, demme, you're a quizzing!" cried the discomfited controversialist, and made off with himself, leaving me to finish my meal without further molestation. But I found my dinner was spoiled. Heard a conversation in the adjoining room, which did not tend to improve my appetite.

"He—he—hel what a funny man!" said a female voice.

"Yes—yes—a great wit—a great wit! ha, ha!" was the reply.

Left my dinner and slunk off to my room, wishing that I had let Shirtcollar alone.

Went to a party with a solemn determination to establish a new character—made out a long list of serious subjects—death—the grave—parson's last sermon, &c., for conversation; and resolved that if people would exercise their risibles, it should not be on my account.

Remarked to Miss—very gravely, and with a sigh, as was becoming, "Alas, we must all die!" thought she would have died a laughing. Deuced strange that! had an idea of getting mad about it; but if people feel inclined they will laugh, so I stared and

said nothing, but resolved to hold my tongue for the remainder of the evening.

Looked at Harry Blunt; the fellow burst into a laugh.

"What the d—l are you laughing at?" said I, fiercely.

Worse yet; feared he would go into hysterics.
"He—he—he!" said he at length, "you look just as if you were meditating something funny."

Saw a tittering young lady pointing me out to another, and heard her whisper, "a great wit." Couldn't stand it any longer. Sneaked off. Swore in my wrath to cut all my acquaintance. Used no reason in laughing, but made it a point to laugh at every thing I said, whether it had any point in it or not. "There is no chance here," thought I, "to get a new character. They are all predetermined to consider me a wit." I made a resolution to change my boarding place, and cut every soul of them.

Went in search of a new boarding-house. Found one that suited me exactly. Fine rooms, pleasantly situated, landlady looked as though she wouldn't laugh at trifles, and every thing had a laughter-rebuking air. Delighted with my good fortune, I was about to accept her terms, when a little urchin rushed into the house, crying and bawling—
"Mal' my nose, my nose, Johnny hit it a blow; boo; Johnny's a bad boy," said I.
"That's true, my little fellow," said I.
"Tell Johnny to blow his own nose, he had no right to blow yours."

I had scarcely uttered these half-unconscious words, when I heard a titter from a young lady on the opposite side of the room. Immediately I recollected to my dismay, that I had said something which might be twisted into a pun.
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared a gentleman behind me, as if the joke had dawned very gradually upon his mind. "Pretty good! pretty good!"

"The gentleman is quite a wit!" came ringing upon my ear.

"D—!" I muttered between my teeth, and rushed into the streets like a madman. "What a cursed slip!" thought I, as I hurried along, dashing against the passengers, until at length I came in contact with an old woman with a basket of chips upon her head, and away she went into the gutter.
"Is she drunk, eh?" asked a gentleman who was passing.

"Merely a little top-heavy," said I.
"He, he, he! you seem to be a wit!" was the reply.

I am not an irascible man. Nay, I flatter myself I have even an unusual share of the milk of human kindness—of that charity which teaches us to bear and forbear—of mercy which "descends like the gentle dew of heaven," and "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."
But oh, how I did want to knock that man down! Went home—packed up my moveables, and started for the country.

MENTAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

The difference of mental power between the sexes is probably just sufficient to make them divide the duties of life beneficially. It may be good reason for not exacting of women the same mental exertions as from men, but a very bad one for not cultivating the powers they have. There has been a good deal of fanciful theory upon this subject. Sometimes it was pretended, that the whole difference between the minds of the two sexes was the consequence of education; at other times it has been contended that though there was a natural difference, it was only dissimilarity; the males being just as deficient in some respects as the females are in others; but that she ought not on that account to be held inferior. Rousseau maintained that the mind of man was distinguished by the sole possession of genius, of which the mind of woman was absolutely destitute in every degree. Johnson thought there was a natural want of precision in woman's ideas. An eminent man, lately dead, tried the capacities of his daughters to ascertain the fact; and came to the conclusion that the minds of both sexes were equal, except in respect to patience. Many other fanciful views might be enumerated were it worth the trouble. The simple truth seems to be, that every faculty in the minds of the two sexes is the same, except that there is less general vigor in those of woman. There is no mental exercise in which men have excelled, that women have not also succeeded in, extremely well, up to a certain point. But whenever the greatest efforts are required, whether of judgment, imagination, attention, perseverance, or any other power, the superior vigor of the masculine mind becomes evident. Hence as the greater part of human life does not require the utmost exertion of even ordinary ability, it is only in the more arduous pursuits that the constitutional superiority of the masculine mind appears invariably. In low stages of civilization it occasionally happens that the advantage is observed to be on the side of the woman; for any circumstance in their habits that imposes upon them the necessity of greater exercise and observation and judgment, turns the balance in their favor. But in the complicated and laborious offices of civilized societies, no education would give general superiority or even equality to the female sex; the demand for laborious investigation and the highest power of combination and invention is too constant both in professions and science.—*Woman's Rights and Duties.*

A rogue, in picking a dandy's pocket, the other day, obtained a half burnt cigar, and a roll of pomatum.

THE OPIUM SMOKER IN HIS HEAVEN.

One of the objects I had the curiosity to visit, (at Chusan) was the opium smoker in heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute, and wallowing in filth. The idiot smile and death-like stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the other. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded, dull, saggard look of the while disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication. One of the streets in the centre of the town (Singapore) is wholly devoted to shops for the sale of opium; and here may be seen, in the evening, after the labors of the day are over, crowds of Chinese who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites. The rooms in which they sit and smoke are surrounded by wood couches, with places for the head, to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from one pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India.

On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and probably lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face, and in a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug after a long habit, no language can explain, and it is only when to a certain degree under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen, at 9 o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with the different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenance, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss, the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.—*Six Months with the Chinese Expedition.*

DELIGHTS OF A MARRIED MAN'S LIFE.—Behold him! all the while he is busied about his daily occupation, his thoughts are wandering towards the time for going home in the evening, after the toils and fatigues of the day. He knows that, on his return, he shall find an affectionate face to welcome him—a warm snug room—a bright fire—a clean hearth—the tea things laid—the sofa wheeled round on the rug—and, in a few minutes after his entrance, his wife sitting by his side, consoling him in his vexations, aiding him in his plans for the future, or participating in his joys, and smiling upon him for the good news he may have brought home, his children climbing on the cushion at his feet, leaving over his knees to see his face with joyous eagerness, that they may coaxingly win him. This is the acme of happiness.

Miseries of a Bachelor's Life.—Poor fellow! he returns to his lodgings; there may be every thing he can desire, provided for him by the official zeal of his house-keeper; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy; the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied—and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hand meets his—no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment as he enters. He sits to a book—alone; there is no one by his side to enjoy with him the favourite passage—the apt remark—the just criticism; no eyes in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no recourse but himself—no one to look up to but himself; all his enjoyments, all his happiness, must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; buries his face in his hands, and sighs aloud, *Of me miserum!*

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—It is stated in a foreign periodical that the first printed newspaper, of which any trace can be found, was printed in 1455, and gave intelligence of the peace of Karaman with the King of Cyprus, and the conquest of Serbia by the Turks in 1454. This statement is made by E. Grochet, of Brussels, from a marginal note in the handwriting of Adrian de But, a Dutch monkish writer of the fifteenth century.

"THEY."—A great many excellent people have had their worldly prospects entirely destroyed and hundreds, nay thousands have had their hearts wrung in anguish in consequence of slanders of the family of "They." If a man repeats a slander in the street, and he is asked who told him so, his answer is, "They" said so. "They" ought to be hooted out of society, "They" have done more mischief in the domestic and social circles than any other family under heaven. An example by way of illustration. A friend meets another in the street, and asks if he had seen Mr. Q. that morning. His answer is no, that he had been gambling all night. The response is—It is impossible, for he drank tea with me last evening, and did not leave until 10 o'clock, who told you so? "They" told me so, is the answer, and as he desired a favor of me to-day, I shall not grant it until I know the truth of the business, for I don't intend to assist gamblers. So poor Mr. Q. who had always borne a good character—who drank tea with his neighbor, and who on his return to his residence, retired to rest—and, withal never saw a gaming table in my life, is branded with the title of gambler, because, "They" said so.

A slander is like dust; it finds its own way into the most remote recesses, and spreads like the clouds over the heavens.—We close this little essay by advising our readers to place very little or no confidence in any story whose propagator is "They." "They" should never be believed in religion, morals, politics, or in any matter pertaining to social life.—*South Argus.*

A SKIM-MILKED CHEESE WITH A VENGANCE.—Up at the west end of the city, there is a good-natured, fun-making negro, named "Parsis," who hovers round the grocery stores in that neighborhood rather more than is desirable. Like many other gentlemen of color he prides himself upon the thickness of his skull, and he is always to be met upon his butting powers; and well he may be, for his head is hard enough for a battering ram. The other day he made a bet in a store that he could butt in the head of a flour barrel, and he succeeded.—He then took up a bet to drive it through a very large cheese, which was to be covered with a crash cloth, to keep his wool clear of cheese crumbs. The cheese, thus enveloped, was placed in a proper position, and Parsis, starting off like a locomotive, buried his head up to the ears in the inviting target. Parsis now began to feel himself irresistible, and talked up "purty considerable." A plan, however was soon contrived to take the conceit out of him. There being some grindstones in the store for sale, one of them was privately taken up, and wrapped up in the same manner as the cheese had been, and looked precisely as if it were a second cheese, and Parsis readily took another bet for a nipiece, that he would butt his head through it as easy as he sent it through the first. The interest of the spectators in the operation became intense.—Every thing was carefully adjusted, and upon the word being given, Parsis darted off like an arrow at the ambushed grindstone; he struck it fair in the centre, and the next instant lay sprawling in the middle of the floor, upon which he recoiled. For some minutes he laid speechless, and then he raised himself slowly upon his knees, and scratching his head, said with a squirming face—"Dam hard cheese, dat, massa. Dey skinn de milk too much altogether before dey make him; dat's a fac."—*Picayune.*

FAMILY NAMES.—It is something to be noticed as unusual, that there is but one member of the name of Smith in each house of Congress. Senator Oliver H. Smith of Indiana, and Freeman Smith, representative from Connecticut, John Smith was a candidate in Vermont but was not elected. The Browns and the Williams are the most numerous families in the present Congress. There are five of each in the House of Representatives, and one William more in the Senate, making six of that name in Congress. There are three of the name of Campbell, three of the name of Butler, and three of the name of White, in the House of Representatives, and another White in the Senate. Tennessee presents the curious coincidence of sending three pairs of names, viz: two Campbells, two Williams, and two Browns. Of other names their are numerous duplicates in Congress—two Hastings, two Youngs, two McClellans, two Masous, two Dawsons, two Floyds, two Jones, two Goodes, two Andrews.—*Mobile Jour.*

A QUEER STORY.—The Rochester Democrat states the authority of passengers from Buffalo by the canal, that as the picket boat passed Field's tavern, about midway on the Tonawanda Creek, a large collection of people was observed, who had come from all directions to listen to a singular phenomenon at that place. Every day, between the hours of 4 and 7 P. M. is distinctly heard in the canal, (or creek, which is here used for the canal,) groans, as of a person in deep distress. A physician of Lockport was one of a party who had chartered a boat and paid a visit to the spot. He assured the Democrat's informant that the sounds were there, and that the cause remained a mystery. Some trick, of course.

Lend, never ask to be repaid; make presents, give treats, bear and forbear; do every body a good turn; hold your peace, suffer yourself to be cheated, and let every body tread on your toes, and you will be universally beloved.

DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.—In the course of a recent speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Duncombe, alluding to the distress that existed in certain parts of England, cited the parish of Mary-le-bone, not far distant from the centre of fashion, wealth and splendor. He said that the number of houses visited by the committee charged with the subject, was 315; number of families inhabiting them, 915; number of families in which there were children, 578; number of children, 1,575. Out of the 578 families with children, 308 have but one room; 140 families have but two, and there are 798 children who sleep in the same room as their parents. In Calmet buildings, Marylebone, are 26 houses; average number of rooms in each house is, nearly 9; number of inhabitants, 852—consisting of 163 married couples, with 345 children; 65 widowers or widows, with 94 children; 21 single males; 30 single females; in all 280 families (in 26 houses); the average size of rooms, 11 feet 8 by 10 feet 6. In 158 of these families the parents sleep in the same room with the children, and in 122 families the youths and children of both sexes and all ages, sleep together in one room.

These, he added, were not solitary instances. Of such wretches as these, he continued, there are millions at home, and it is impossible to excite feelings favourable to them in Parliament.

THE GROWTH OF CITIES.—Philadelphia, in 1830, had a population of 162,749, in 1840, had a population of 258,832, and in 1850 will have a population of 362,364.—The increase of population on 362,065, according to the rate of the last ten years, will be 103,553, which will add to Philadelphia more than the whole present population of the splendid city of Baltimore.—What will be the length and breadth of Philadelphia when we shall have erected houses sufficient, in addition to our present buildings to contain the present population of Baltimore? And yet such an increase will take place between this year and 1850.—The present population of Baltimore is 101,378. The increase on the present population of Philadelphia, at 40 per cent, will amount to 103,553 in 1850. We have made this comparison with our sister city of Baltimore, that the mind may be able to comprehend the more readily the rapid advance of cities. Baltimore herself is advancing with a giant's stride. In 1850 that city will have a population of 160,000 souls!—*Sentinel.*

SECRET IN MONTE VIDEO.—The New York Tribune publishes an extract of a letter from a gentleman resident at Monte Video, in which after mentioning the escape of Gen. Rosas from death by an infernal machine, he says: "It would make your blood freeze to hear of enormities that have been committed in this city within the last 22 months. Hundreds have had their throats cut; houses have been entered in open day, the crockery destroyed, the furniture broken and thrown into the streets, the female inmates barbarously whipped, &c. &c. Numbers have been taken from their houses and shot by the soldiers, without the least form of trial. In the interior provinces these things are even now going on. Yet we are Republicans! Are we not free? Have we not Governors, Presidents, Senators, Representatives, and all that? Scarcely a month passes that there is not a revolution, so called, in one of these misguided provinces. When will the end be?"

A RELIC.—There was left at our office on Monday, a curious and interesting relic of the Revolutionary war. It is a large Powder Horn, found last week, two or three feet under ground, in excavating a grave in the burying ground attached to the new Lutheran Church, of this place. The horn is of large size, and has engraved upon it, very neatly, a number of interesting historical devices, in a singular state of preservation. For instance, we find the following:—Ebenezer Gray, his Horn, made at Cambridge, 1775. Then, immediately under, within a separate border, there is this:—Made by William Hovey, of Mansfield. Beside, there is a map comprising Boston, Charlestown, Bunker-Hill, Roxbury, &c., including the British shipping in the harbor, the several forts on Bunker-Hill and neighborhood of Boston, numbered and designated, &c. The whole forming a curious and striking relic of one of the most exciting and important periods in American history. We have no doubt but that the horn was either lost at the Battle of Germantown, or was buried with its patriotic owner, who perished in that sanguinary struggle.—*Germantown Tele.*

ROMANTIC.—It was a warm but delightful day. The beautiful Helen was seated at an open window. The impassioned sun shone full upon her face, while the amorous zephyrus waltzingly played on her clustering ringlets. Charles Augustus, her devoted lover, gallantly offered to close the blinds. "No, no, dear Charles," she languishingly responded, "I had rather have a little sun than no air at all."—there!

MUCH LAW BUT LITTLE JUSTICE.—The Supreme Court of Ohio, sitting at Cincinnati, recently decided that where a tenant of a house stipulates in his lease, though without seal, to pay rent, for the term of his lease, he will be compelled to pay, notwithstanding the house is destroyed by fire unless a clause is inserted in the lease exempting him in such case.