

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

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WHOLE NO. 537.

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 twice for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched
From various gardens culled with care."

TO THE SLEEPING CHILD.

Happy dreamer! sleep hath lightly
O'er thee flung her soothing spell,
And the orb which shone so brightly
Neath thy curtains slumber well.
But perchance thy Fancy roves
Where thy footsteps love to stray,
With the little friend thou lovest,
Mid the butterflies at play.

Half a smile of beaming pleasure
Hath you caught the fairy thing?
Dear one, gently clasp thy treasure,
Lest thou harm his silken wing.
See, he struggles; soft words, straying,
Wee him with their balmy flow,
Where his joyous mates are playing—
Pray thee let the captain go!

Still thou smil'st in thy dreaming;
Have thy footsteps sought the vale,
Where the sportive brook is gleaming,
Babbling wild its frolic tale?
Lest its lingering waves invite thee
Simple child, they will not stay;
Thou shalt Life's gay hopes delight thee,
Bright, and false, and fleet as they.

Now thy laugh is wild resounding;
Reckless of the streamlet's glide,
O'er the velvet turf thou'rt bounding,
Seeking where the violets hide.
Frothy roamer! with thy blossom
Hie thee homeward o'er the plain;
For thy mother's anxious bosom
Yearns to clasp her child again!

Fare thee well! May God direct thee
Where'er thy feet may stray;
Ever may His love protect thee
All along Life's devious way;
And when thou in death shalt slumber,
All Earth's cares and sorrows o'er,
May thy ransomed spirit wonder
Joyous, on a happier shore!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Chronicle.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The last New York Journal of the Times, has an admirable story called "The Big Bear of Arkansas." We take a fragment showing that small mosquitoes would be "no use in Arkansas," and setting forth the merits of a certain dog.

"Where did all that happen?" asked a cynical looking hoosier.

"Happen happened in Arkansas; where else could it have happened, but in the creation State—the finished up country; a state where the side runs down to the centre of the earth, and government gives you a title to every inch in it. Then its airs just breathe them, and they will make you snort like a horse. It's a State without a fault, so it is."

"Excepting the mosquitoes," cried the hoosier.

"Well, stranger, except them, for it is a fact that they are rather enormous, and do push themselves in somewhat troublesome. But, stranger, they never stick twice in the same place, and give them a fair chance for a few months, and you will get as much above them as an alligator. They can't hurt my feelings, for they lay under the skin; and I never knew but one case of injury resulting from them, and that was a yankee; and they take worse to foreigners than they do to the natives. But the way they used that fellow first they punched him until he swelled up and burst, then he sup-per-a-ated, as the doctor called it, until he was as raw as beef; then he took the ager, owing to the warm weather, and finally took a steamboat and left the country. He was the only man that ever took the mosquitoes to heart, that I know of. But mosquitoes is nature, and I never find fault with her; if they are large, her rivers are large, and a small mosquito would be of no more use in Arkansas, than the preaching in a cane break."

This knock down argument in favor of big mosquitoes used the hoosier up, and the logician started on a new track, to explain how numerous bears were, in his "diggings," were represented them to be "about

as plenty a blackberries, and a little plentifuler."

"What season of the year does your hunts take place?" enquired a gentlemanly foreigner, who from some peculiarities of his baggage, I suspected to be an Englishman, on some hunting expedition probably, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

"The season for bar hunting, stranger," said the man of Arkansas, "is generally all the year round, and the hunts take place about as regular. I read in history that varmints have their fat season, and their lean season. That is not the case in Arkansas, feeding as they do upon the spontaneous productions of the site, they have one continued fat season the year round—though in winter things is a little more greasy than in summer, I must admit. For that reason bar run with us in warm weather, but in winter they only waddle. Fat, fat! Its an enemy to speed—it tames every thing that has plenty of it. I have seen wild turkeys, from its influence, as gentle as chickens. Run a bar in this fat condition, and the way it improves the critter is amazing; it sorter mixes the ile up with the meat until you can't tell 'tother from which. I've done this often. I recollect one party mornin in particular, of puttin an old fellow on the stretch, and considering the weight he carried, he run well. But the dogs soon tired him out, and when I came up with him wasn't he in a beautiful sweat—I might say fever; and then to see his tongue sticking out of his mouth a feet, and his sides sink in and open like a bellows, and his cheeks so fat he could'n't look cross. In this fix I blazed at him, and pitch me naked into a briar bush if the steam didn't come out of the bullet hole in foot in a straight line. The fellow, I reckon, was made on the high pressure system, and the lead a sort of burst his boiler."

"That column of steam was rather curious, or else the bear must have been warm," said the foreigner with a laugh.

"Stranger, as you observe he was warm and the blown off of the steam showed it, and also how hard the vermint had been run. I have no doubt if he had kept on two miles further his insides would have been stewed; and I expect to meet with a vermint yet of extra bottom, who will run himself into a skin full of bar's grease; it is possible, much onklier things have happened."

"Whereabouts are these bears so abundant?" enquired the foreigner with increasing interest.

"Why stranger, they inhabit the neighborhood of my settlement, one of the prettiest places on old Mississippi—a perfect location, and no mistake; a place that had some defect until the river made the "cut off," at "Shirt-tail-bend," and that remedied the evil, as it brought my cabin on the edge of the river—a great advantage in wet weather, I assure you, as you can roll a barrel of whiskey into my yard in high water; from a boat, as easy as falling off a log; it's a great improvement, as toting it by land in a jug, as I used to do, evaporated it too fast, and it becomes expensive. Just stop with me, stranger, a month or two, or a year if you like, and you will appreciate my place. I can give you plenty to eat, for beside hog and hominy, you can have bar ham, and bar sausage, and a mattress of bar skins to sleep on, and a wild cat skin, pulled off hull, stuffed with corn-shucks for a pillow. That bed would put you to sleep if you had the rheumatics in every joint in your body. I call that a bed a quietus. Then look at my land, the government arn't got another such a piece to dispose of. Such timbers, and such bottom land, why you can't preserve any thing natural you plant in it, unless you pick it young, things that will grow out of shape so quick. I once planted in those diggins potatoes and beets, they took a fine start, and after that an ox team could'n't have kept them from growing. About that time I went off to Old Kentucky on business, and did not hear from them things in three months, when I accidentally stumbled on a fellow who had stopped at my place with an idea of buying me out. "How did you like things," said I, "Pretty well," said he; the cabin is convenient and the timber land is good, but the bottom land ain't worth the first red cent." "Why?" said I.

"Cause said he, "Cause what?" said I.

"Cause its full of cedar stumps and Indian mounds," said he, "and it can't be cleared."

"Law," said I, "them ar' cedar stumps" is beets, and them ar' Indian mounds are later hills,"—as I expected the crop was overgrown and useless; the site is too rich, and planting in Arkansas is dangerous. I had a good sized sow killed in that same bottom land; the old thief stole an ear of corn, and took it down where she slept all night to eat; well she left a grain or two on the ground, and lay on them, before morning the corn shot up, and the percussion killed her dead. I don't plant any more; natur intended Arkansas for a hunting ground and I go according to natur."

SUGAR IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Newburyport Herald says, the quantity of Sugar made in Louisiana in 1839 was 249,937 hds. of 1000 lbs. each, in New York 10,094 hds; in Tennessee 6930 hds; in New Hampshire, 1097 hds; in Massachusetts 579 hds; in Maine 239 hds; in Pennsylvania 1556 hds; in Virginia 1530 hds; in Vermont 4221; in Illinois 3720.

Why do dealers in iron and beggars in rags resemble each other? Because both exhibit specimens of HARD WEAR.

AARON BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred; Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary, and her Charles Stewart; Ireland her Fitzgerald; France her Man with the Iron Mask and Maria Antoinette; Poland her Thaduee, and Russia her Siberian Exiles.

But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the singularly touching story of Aaron Burr and his highly accomplished, his beautiful and devoted daughter Theodosia. The rise and fall of Aaron Burr in the affections of his countrymen, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor to such giddy heights that the Presidency itself seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new republic. He became Vice President of the United States. How rapid his rise! and then his fall, how sudden, how complete!—In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice—is indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey—flies to the south—lives for a few months in obscurity, until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and again takes the chair as President of the Senate. After his term expires, he goes to the West, becomes the leading spirit in a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico—(very few will now believe that he sought a dismemberment of the Union)—is brought back a prisoner of state to Richmond, charged with high treason—is tried and acquitted—is forced to leave his native land and go to Europe. In England he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lives in reduced circumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals. After an absence of several years he finds means to return home—he lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all.

Burr had heard no tidings of his daughter since his departure from home; he was anxious to hear from her, her husband, and her boy, an only child, in whom his whole soul seemed bound up. The first news he heard was that his grandchild died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy. Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina. She was married young, and while her father was near the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father as the clouds of adversity gathered around him, and he was deserted by the friends whom he formerly cherished. The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here, was to acquaint Mrs. Allston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a few weeks in New York. This letter was couched in the most affectionate terms, and is another evidence of the purity and power of woman's love.

In expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grandchild, friends and all were gone; his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life, and to welcome him back from his exile. Days passed on—then weeks—and weeks were lengthened into months, yet naught was heard of Mrs. Allston.

Burr grew impatient, and began to think that she too had left him, so apt is misfortune to doubt the sincerity of friendship. At length he received a letter from Mr. Allston inquiring if his wife had arrived safe, and stating that she had sailed from Charleston some two weeks previous in a vessel chartered by him on purpose to convey her to New York. Not receiving any tidings of her arrival, he was anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

What had occurred to delay the vessel? why had it not arrived?—these were questions which Burr could ask himself but no one could answer.

The sequel is soon told. The vessel never arrived. It undoubtedly foundered at sea, and all on board perished. No tidings have ever been heard respecting the vessel, the crew, or the daughter of Aaron Burr—all were lost. This last sad bereavement was only required to fill Burr's cup of sorrow. "The last link was broken" which bound him to life. The uncertainty of her fate but added to the poignancy of his grief. Hope the last refuge of the afflicted, became extinct when years had rolled on, and yet no tidings of the loved and lost one were gleaned.

Burr lived in New York until the year 1836 (we believe) when he died. The last years of his life were passed in comparative obscurity. Some few old friends who had never wholly deserted him, were his companions; they closed his eyes in death and followed his body to the grave, where it will rest till the trump of the Almighty shall call it into judgment.

Such is a brief sketch of the latter part of the strange and eventful history of Aaron Burr. None of the family now live—it has become extinct—and his name but lives in the history of his country and in the remembrance of those who knew him.

Jonathan, do you know your catechism? Yes'm, I guess I do, some of it. "Well, what's the chief end of man?" (Scratching his head.) "Well, I don't 'zactly know but guess as how it must be the latter end."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A Yankee

pedlar, one of that great tribe who have learned the art of skinning a flint and of drawing blood out of a stone, entered the store of a Yankee merchant, and wanted to sell him some razor strops. The merchant declining to have any thing to do with him ordered him out. A Yankee pedlar is not to go off so easily. There is no getting rid of him while there is a chance of his swerving your patience, until you make a purchase. He's like the immortal "Jim Bagg." He knows the value of peace, and quiet and won't leave off his noise unless he is well paid for it.

"Come Mister, now I s'ow I must trade with you."

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

"Look here now—I'll take any goods you have got here in payment."

"No you won't!"

"O get out. I tell you what I'll do Mister I'll sell these strops, at the lowest wholesale price, and take any of your goods at your retail figure. That's fair."

"Well, as you're so pressing I'll take twelve dozen at \$6 per dozen, that will be \$72, which you shall take in any goods I choose, that I have in the store."

"Well I guess you ain't got nothing here that I can't dispose of somehow."

"Make out your bill and receipt it."

The pedlar did so, and called on the merchant to select the goods he chose to pay him in, whereupon the merchant handed him six dozen back and said, "I retail these at one dollar each—we are now square—I bought them at your wholesale price, and I sell them again to you at my retail price."

The pedlar looked at daggers, but he had to put up with the mortification of being over-reached which was his greatest trouble, and made him right down savage.—Sun. Atlas.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF L. E. L.—

In the Life & Literary Remains "L. E. L.," whose sweet poetry has often calmed the perturbed heart, and charmed the pure and susceptible spirit, is the following description of the personal appearance of this celebrated authoress, Mrs. McClean, better known as Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whose melancholy and premature death has been so recently deplored:—"Her hair was darkly brown, very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure slight, but well formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears, also, were observedly little, her face, though not regular in every feature, became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and color of feeling, lightened over it when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full, the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear, and intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character, and besides the glorious faculty of uttering pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to put forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not excepting even her bon mots and aphorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it."

"YANKEE MODE OF TESTING COURAGE."

It is well known that in the time of the old French war much jealousy existed between the British and Provincial officers.—A British Major deemed himself insulted by General (then Capt.) Putnam, sent a challenge. Putnam instead of giving him a direct answer, requested the pleasure of a personal interview with the Major. He came to Putnam's tent, and found him seated on a small keg, quietly smoking his pipe, and demanded what communication, if any, Putnam had to make. "What you know," said Putnam, "I'm but a poor miserable Yankee, that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must perceive that if I fired with pistols you have a due advantage of me. Here are two powder kegs; I have bored a hole, and inserted a slow match in each; if you will be so good as to seat yourself there, I will light the matches, and he who dares to sit the longest without quivering, shall be called the bravest fellow." The tent was full of officers and men, who were heartily tickled with the strange device of the "old wall," and compelled the Major by their laughter to sign. The signal was given, and the matches lighted; Putnam continued smoking, quite indifferently, without watching at all the progressive diminution of the matches—but the British officer, though a brave fellow, could not help casting longing and lingering looks downwards, and his terror increased as the length of the matches diminished. The spectators withdrew, one by one, to get out of the way of the expected explosion. At length the fire was within an inch of the keg, the Major, unable to endure longer, jumped up, and drawing out his match, cried out, "Putnam this is willful murder; draw out your match; I yield."

"My dear fellow," cried Putnam, "don't be in such a hurry, they're nothing but kegs of outions!"

HARD PARE.—The Washington (Arkansas) Telegraph urges a permanent location of the county seat of La Fayette Co. in that State, and gives cogent reasons, as follows:

"We learn that during the special term of the circuit court which was held for the trial of Benj. Fuller, the people had no fare at all, the lawyers had to sit, eat (when they had any thing to eat) and sleep on cotton bales and drink Red river water."

DEFAUDING NEWSPAPER EDITORS.—

By the following extract from a Washington letter published in the Darby Republican, it will be seen how the Washington Clerks defraud the editors of papers, sent to members of Congress, out of their dues. We are the more willing to give credit to this statement because we have ourselves seen something which gives coloring to it.—H. Chronicle.

"Do you editors know how you are wronged by the loco foco clerks at this place? Why in one item of newspapers furnished to the members of the House of Representatives, the clerks withhold at least one half. For instance, at this called session, each member is entitled to three daily papers, or what is equivalent—the members make out their list amounting to thirty dollars, the price of three daily papers. The National Intelligencer is set down at ten dollars, the Pennsylvania Inquirer at eight dollars, and so on until the thirty dollars are eked out. All the papers are down at their full price for the year. Now the session lasts two or three months, and the papers are ordered during the session. The Intelligencer is paid for by the month—the others will not receive over the half year's subscription, and thus the clerk draws thirty dollars for each member for newspapers, and does not pay to the editors one half that sum. The newspapers furnished the members cost the Government \$9,000—the editors receive about \$4,000 of that sum. This is loco foco economy and honesty. And yet this reform administration permits such persons to remain in office. "Oh, shame, where is thy blush!"

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—

On Saturday last says the National Intelligencer, a man evidently disordered in his upper story, presented himself at the White House, and with much vehemence, both in manner and speech, put in his claim to hold the office of Chief Magistrate of the Union. The Steward of the White House, not perfectly satisfied with the validity of the claim thus unexpectedly and abruptly set forth, attempted, with some other persons, to eject the claimant; but the latter became so obstreperous and violent, that it was deemed prudent and necessary to send for a police officer, who conducted the lofty aspirant before Justice Morrell, who after due examination, committed the man to prison. The person referred to gave in his name to the magistrates as John Henry Haupt, of Virginia. He is a German, and maintains that he is the veritable President of the United States and will eject the present incumbent in a few days, with the aid of a numerous army. &c.—Pa. Inq.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE AT PITTSBURG.—

Harris' Intelligencer says—"Upwards of two thousand have joined the Washington Temperance Society of Pittsburg and Allegheny since Messrs. Small, Aikens and Williams, the missionaries from Baltimore, have been with us to tell their simple story, and the horrors of drunkenness; and the Catholic Temperance Society numbers upwards of 2000—making 4000, and the work seems only beginning."

A LOVE OF COMPANY AND SOCIAL PLEASURES IS

indeed quite natural, and is attended with some of the sweetest satisfaction of human life; but like every other love when it proceeds beyond the limits of moderation it ceases to produce its natural effects, and terminates in disgusting satiety. The foundation-stone and the pillar, on which we build the fabric of felicity, must be laid in our own hearts. Amusements, mirth, agreeable variety, and even improvement, may be sometimes sought in the gaiety of mixed company, and in the usual diversions of the world; but if we found our general happiness on these, we shall do little more than raise castles in the air, or build houses on the sand.

A GOOD TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE. In the Boston Mercantile Journal we find the following, which in its practical lesson, is worth a volume of sermons:

A few years ago a very worthy laboring man in Salem, who had been so unfortunate as to acquire the habit of drinking spirits, becoming convinced of its ruinous tendency, had strength of mind to form an effectual resolution of future abstinence. At that time he had a wooden box made, with a hole in the lid, and labelled "rum" into which he every day dropped as much money as he had been in the habit of spending for liquor. The box was never opened till very recently, when on counting the sum, it was found to amount to a sum sufficient to purchase him a house lot, and materially aid in putting upon it a neat and comfortable house.

MISSISSIPPI AND INDIANA.—

These States have both failed to pay the interest on their debts due on the 1st inst. The New York American says—"There is this difference, however, to be noted between them, that whereas Mississippi has not even made an effort to preserve her faith and good name, Indiana has only failed to do so through an unwary restriction imposed upon her fund commissioner, not to hypothecate the stock. The limits at which alone the stock could be sold, rendered it unsaleable in the market, and as it could not be pledged for a temporary loan, the money to pay her interest could not be had. But, we repeat, she has proved her regard to good faith by imposing taxes to meet the interest on her debt, and otherwise appropriating funds there."

A MAN FINED BY SUDDEN WEALTH.—

The Baltimore Sun gives an account of a young man named Benton Starks, from Athens, Ga., who had been remarkably industrious and had acquired a respectable property, but who's intellect was completely disordered by his suddenly coming in possession of \$7,000. Having collected his funds, he took the stage for Baltimore, through which he passed on to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and ultimately returned to Baltimore, having spent nearly all he had. A young gentleman from Virginia came on to induce him, if possible, to return home, but failing in this, requested the police at Baltimore to take him into custody. He had, when taken, two pistols valued at \$75, forty-seven pieces of gold coin, amounting to about \$345, \$91 in paper, and \$1 in silver, making in all \$402. Five fine gold watches were found upon his person—the chains running round his neck and buoy. Three valuable breast-pins of the largest size glittered in his bosom.

FOUR HUNDRED HOUSES BURNED.—

Our late foreign journals inform us, that at Crediton, a few miles from Exeter, forty houses were destroyed by fire. In the town of Warh, near Ratisbon, one hundred and forty one houses were burned down. On the night of May 23d, two hundred and twenty-four houses were consumed at Pargburg, in Germany.

A WARNING TO DUELISTS.—

The Alton Telegraph says—"At the late term of the Sangamon Circuit Court, bills of indictment were preferred by the Grand Jury against the Hon. F. W. Smith, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this State, John A. McClelland, Esq., Representative from Gallatin county, and Dr. B. H. Merriman, of Springfield; the first (or sending a challenge, the second for accepting said challenge, and the third for bearing the challenge. A capias has been issued in each of these cases, returnable on the fourth Monday of July next; at which time we trust the parties will be tried, and if guilty, convicted."

A SAVAGE PIRACY.—

The New Bedford Register has received a file of the Shipping Gazette, published at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, to April 20th. The only news of interest is a detail of the particulars of a treacherous attack made by the natives of Ho-Ho, a bay or harbor in Comatra, one of the Nicobar Islands, on the British whale ship Pilot. The natives took possession of the ship on the 23d of December last and murdered the captain (Wheeler). The first and second mates, six men and two boys, escaped in a boat, and where picked up at sea, on the 31st of December, by her Majesty's brig Cruiser, which vessel repaired to the Island and recaptured the ship, which had been plundered of almost every thing on board of her. The natives, on the appearance of the man-of-war, fled into the jungle, thereby escaping the villages, twelve in number, were burnt, after bringing away what was found belonging to the Pilot. In some of the houses, marine stores were found which did not belong to the Pilot, such as French glazed hats, &c., leaving no doubt this is not the first vessel that has been cut off in this manner.

FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.—

The Secretary of the Treasury acknowledges the receipt of one hundred dollars, enclosed in an anonymous letter post marked N. York, June 9. The writer states the same to be for "dues long due." The amount has been placed in the Treasury.

FIVE AND TEN CENT PIECES.—

It is fact not generally known in our city, that of the five and ten cent pieces, of the new coinage, that are in circulation, about one eighth are counterfeit. They are made of good quality of German silver, which costs very little in comparison with the genuine article, and can easily be detected by observing that the thirteen stars that should be on all American coins, are omitted. When new, they are precisely the color of the genuine pieces, but have more the appearance of bad after being worn a short time.—N. Y. Sun.

YANKEE INGENUITY.—

The State of Missouri passed a law, imposing very heavy penalties for selling Clocks within the limits of the state. But Brother Jonathan is not to be caught in that way. The Hannibal Journal says they have two specimens of the "Yankee Nation" among them, leaving their clocks for ninety nine years.

INMATES.—

By the census of 1840, the number of insane and idiots in the United States is 17,181; being one to 890 inhabitants. The whole number of hospitals for the insane in the United States can accommodate but 1800.

When the celebrated George Buchanan

was in France, the king took him to view his picture gallery. At length they stopped before a picture representing the crucifixion. George requested an explanation. "That sir," said the king, "is our Saviour; the one on the right is the Pope, and the one on the left is myself." "I am much obliged to your majesty," replied George, "for the information you have given me, for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, I never knew who they were before."

May 1 B 1 of the lovers of U, as the Min of 8 ten said 2 a 10 der 4 leg of mutton B 4 the 8a space of it.