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BY J. B. HARRIS.

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[In 1840, Mr. Morgan, the Secretary of State of New York, occupied a seat in Congress next to that of Mr. Adams. Several young ladies in Mr. Ogle's district had requested Mr. Adams' autograph. In complying with that request, Mr. Adams added the following poem, a copy of which Mr. Morgan obtained. Mr. Adams, he it remembered, when this spitted poem was written, had attained his 74th year.]

The Wants of Man.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,
Nor wants it with me exactly so—
But 'tis so in the song.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,
Nor wants it with me exactly so—
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine:
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire—
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And eschere shawls and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
A massive marble pile:
With halls for banquets and for balls
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres (bless the mark!)
With walls encompassed round,
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambskins play—
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
For comfort and for ease—
But here, as space is somewhat scant,
And acres rather rare,
My house in town I love to want,
To occupy a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
A coachman, footman, groom,
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms—
Correggios, Magdalen, and Night,
The Matron of the Chair—
Guido's feet-courses in their flight,
And Claudes, at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing press, for private use,
Of fifty thousand ems.
And plants, and minerals, and shells—
Worms, insects, fishes, birds,
And every beast on earth that dwells
In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate,
Of silver and of gold—
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
With sculpture's richest mould—
Plates with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes, all the same,
And porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sevres, Angouleme.

And maps of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber-doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors;
My walls with tapestry bedecked
Must never be outdone,
And diamond curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought,
And sandal-wood and bamboo-cane
For chairs and tables bought,
On all the mantelpieces, clocks
Of three-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want—who does not want?—a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share—
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind—
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessantly runs,
And Fortune fills my store;

I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score;
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal-harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine:
A piano, exquisitely wrought
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetic for the skin require,
And artificial blooms:
The civit, fragrance shall dispense
And treasured sweets return—
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when at night, my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed
For nature's soft repose:
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattress and bed of down,
And comfortable for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who'er to flatter will descend
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My lamost soul to see,
And that my friendship proves as strong
For him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart
For others' wants to feel,
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom armed with steel—
To bear divine chastisement's rod,
And mingling, in my plan,
Submission to the will of God
With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye—
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear:
A tongue to speak at virtue's need,
In Heaven's sublimest strain,
And lips the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career;
And streams of never-falling wealth
To soothe my ear and cheer,
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow—
Supply the helpless orphan's need
And sooth the widow's woe.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land:
Nor crown, nor sceptre, would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind—
That after-ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man:
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscarred,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy want may be prepared
To meet the Judgment-day!

Only a Country Girl.

"You are mistaken. I would sooner die than wed a mere country beauty."
"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry—tender-hearted, graceful, unspotted by adulation—a guileless, simple, loving creature—"

"Aye!" said Fred, laughing, "a choice cluster of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always sweet, and guileless, and simple, so are the country cows. No! I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense of the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churning and knitting needles, I wouldn't marry her for a fortune."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Helen Irving! but it was a very pianissimo laugh, away down the corner of her musical little heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet only of the egotist.

Another moment, the young man came within sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered in visible trepidation, "do you think she heard?" "No," rejoined the other, half audibly—"she shows no resentment; she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe, she could not have heard you—but what an angel she is!"

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the eponium. She sat half reclining, in a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid her book aside, and began to twine a half-finished wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarling oak trunk a back ground, flowers strewn about her peeping from her bright locks, and scattered over her white dress—she sat quite at her ease, apparently unaware that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where a Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up. "Mr. Irving, the only Mr. Irving in the village is my father," she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery—that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once—that's a sort of select school isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity turning to Fred.

He replied by another graceful bow. "Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow. Will he remember me—Frederick Lane at your service."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell him word for word," replied Helen, tucking her sleeve round her pretty arm, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then catching up her book and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried towards home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "as true as you and I live, that Mr. Lane, who you all talk about so much, is in the village. He will call here to-morrow—the first proper specimen of a city beau: (as of course he will be) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids, and spotless in dicky—important and as self-assured as one of that ilk can possibly be.

"Promise me, all of you, that you'll not lip a word about music, reading or writing in my presence—because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, only give him a newspaper—Aunt Minnie never talks—I mean to copy—mother will be too glad to see me churn butter and mend stockings. Sis, your rattle of a tongue is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet and ask me no questions, I will give you that work-box that you have coveted so long."

"Ella, you are not quite respectful," said her father gravely. "Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were folded about his neck. "I always mean well, but I am so thoughtless! There, all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple. "Come, sis, what say you?"

"Why, on that condition, I'll be still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"

"Ah! that's my own," sang Helen, dancing out of the room.

"You knit admirably," and Fred looked on with an unconscious smile of admiration. Helen sat at an open window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both sweet shade and fragrance. The canary, over-head, burst every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on a long, blue stocking nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

"You knit admirably; are you fond of it?" "Yes, quite. I like it better than—than anything else—that is—I mean—I can churn quite well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glances had traveled from the corners of his eyes, over every table, shelf, and corner, in search of some book or paper. But not a page, not a leaf, yellow or serene, repaid his search.

"O yes," Helen replied, with a self-satisfied glance. "What books? permit me to ask." "I read the Bible a good deal," she answered, gravely. "Is that all?"

"All of course not; and yet, what do we not find in that holy volume? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos—Blushing and recollecting herself, she added in a manner as childish as it had been dignified.

"As for other books—let me see. I've got in my library—first, there's the primer (counting on her fingers), second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, nursery tales, fairy stories, two or three elements of something, history of something, biography of some person or other, Mother's Magazine, King Richard the Third—there? Isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled. "Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have been to school more," she added, as if disappointed at his mute rejoinder; "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I'm not to be outdone."

The young man left her more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction which he vainly attributed to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manners and gentleness of disposition, quite won the city bred and aristocratic Fred. Lane. There was a freshness and reinvestment about everything she said and did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often, as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop, like a pearl from her lips not more remarkable for originality than for brilliancy.

"If I should fall in the snare," thought he "I can educate her. It would be worth the trying." It was useless to combat with passion, so at last he fell at Helen's feet (figuratively speaking) and confessed his love.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine;" was his invariable answer, to her exclamations of unworthiness; how she would appear in fashionable society, &c.

They were married—had returned from their wedding tour, and at the expiration of the honeymoon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked most beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from her usual simplicity, and indeed, without jewels or lace, with only that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and armaments of fair moss roses, she was the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her. "Shall I love him as dearly," said she to herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me? I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions, then have I a husband worthy to be honored—then shall he be proud of his wife."

The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful slightly formed creature, with laughing features, and ill-concealed scorn lurked in her brilliant eyes whenever she glanced toward Helen. Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing who he had married she fancied her hour of triumph had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" said a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled—her fair brow flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone—speaking at a little distance with a friend. Presently Marion Summers turned towards her. "Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked; there was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheek burning. "And sing?" "A little," was the calm reply. "Then do favor us," she exclaimed, looking askance at her companions; "come! I myself will lead you to the instrument."

"Hark!" whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half spoken word arrested—the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Sure melody! Such correct intonation! such breadth, depth, and vigor of touch—"who is it?" She plays like an angel!

And again hark! A voice rolls out; a flood of melody, clear, powerful, passing sweet—astonishment paints many a cheek a deeper scarlet. There is silence—unbroken silence, as the silvery tones float up.

Aye! care I not for cold neglect,
Though tears unbidden start;
And scorn is but a bitter word,
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true—
If one be true—
The world may care less be,
Since I may only keep thy love,
And tell my grief to thee.

"Glorious voice," said Fred to his friend, who with the rest had paused to listen, "who can it be?" The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She had turned from the piano, and the unknown was his own wife.

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side; but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek as he walked slowly towards her.

If he was speechless from amazement, so was not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheeks—triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before—they flashed like diamonds. A crowd had gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgment, she blended wit and humor. "How well she talks!"—"who would have thought it!"—"Fred's little wife—she has found a treasure," were whispered around the room.

Meanwhile, Frederick Lane, Esq., stood like one enchanted, while his poor little rustic wife quoted books and authors with perfect abandon—admired the one, commended that. A sedate looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation—Helen smilingly finished it and received a look eloquent with thanks. Ban notes, repartees, language rich in fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if she had just received a touch from some fairy wand.

Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream—pressed his hands over his bewildered sight to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending, a breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp—her full arm leaning on its golden strings—heard again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," he said, when once alone with her, "what does this mean, who are you? I feel like one waking from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Helen, gravely, then falling into her husband's arms she exclaimed,—"Forgive me I am that very little rustic that you would die rather than wed. Are you sorry you married me?"

"Sorry, my glorious wife! but Elly you could not surely deceive me. Did I not understand that you had never?"

"Been to an academy," she broke in; "never took a music lesson—never was taught how to sing—all true. And yet I am all you see me tonight—myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I trust I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be."

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now, and hear the story; she laughing between whiles, her pretty face all dimples, as she tells him how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust—while the little country girl, without any deep-laid scheme, succeeded in convincing a well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting needles, than the piano or the harp.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.—Gen. Winfield Scott is now in Washington, in pursuance of a summons of the committee on military affairs of the House of Representatives. He spent two hours on Wednesday before the committee, in explanation of the wants of the military service, and is decided in his opinion as to the necessity of a proper organization of the army. The National Intelligencer says:

In the senate, the bill for the reorganization of the army was recommitted, with the understanding that the two committees of Congress would have the benefit of the veteran's advice on the subject. Gen. Jessep and other distinguished officers of the army will also be summoned before the committee. There appears to be a general impression that the schemes for which Mr. Shields is laboring in the senate and Mr. Faulkner in the House will meet with favor. That portion of the bill which provides for an increase of the army secures almost universal concurrence. The increase of pay and the retired list may produce some difference of opinion, but they seem so dependent propositions.

her gown; grave Judges burying their heads in horse-hair wigs, till they looked like papies solemnly caricatured soldiers with bear-skin caps big enough to hold their provisions for a fortnight; and a thousand other ridiculous varieties of costume, travestying the human animal, and making it look like a cross between a monkey and a parrot, or, at least, like anything but what it was.

In China he would see mothers bandaging the feet of their female children, to make them little. In New Zealand he would observe men tattooing their faces. In the Orient he would discover ladies dyeing their nails black. He would see the Esquimaux with bits of bone stuffed through a hole in each cheek; the Flat Head Indian, with his forehead compressed till it looked like that of an idiot; and the African negro, with his bushy hair full of butter, and stick out on every side, so that it resembled a huge mop. He would find the ladies in Constantinople muffled up to the eyes, and in Paris wearing dresses "beginning too late," as Talleyrand wittily said, "and ending too early."

In one country he would learn that fitness was considered a female charm; and in another, an unnaturally pinched waist; here beauty would consist in fragility; there in the opposite; in one latitude dark hair would carry the day, and in another flaxen tresses. On the promenade of Madrid he would see the auklets coquettishly displayed; in Chestnut street they would be shut from sight by the amplitude of skirt that swept the muddily pavement. In Persia he would meet the magnificently dressed Mahomedan; in London he would see a thing in round hat and tight trousers, calling itself a man.

He would find the custom of various nations as diverse as their dress; and we may add as much opposed to the standard of nature and common sense. In the countries pretending to be the most cultivated, among the very classes enjoying the highest degree of education, he would discover the majority of the people going to bed at daybreak, rising at noon, taking what they call morning rides towards evening, and dining after sunset. He would learn that in the wealthiest society of New York weddings were celebrated by gas lights, on a bright, sunshiny morning. He would see some Americans making themselves temporarily crazy with a drink, the taste of which they professed to dislike; and others, quite as refined, chafing continually on dirty weed, which they would tell him, had made them sick the first time they used it. He would meet a lady, one evening, and be privileged to take her in his arms, and spin around with her, before a room full of people, till she fairly sank on his bosom; but if he attempted to press even her hand too warmly, the morning after, he would be struck from the list of her acquaintance, for having, as she would say, insulted her.

It is instructive, occasionally, to think of these anomalies. The absurdity of fashion, whether in dress or in social customs, is never so plain as when we thus contrast one vagary with another, and as such with common sense. We then realize what fools too many of us are. For we sacrifice peace, money, and health, it then convincingly appears for what is it of no more worth than a child's bauble.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHO ARE YOUR ANTI-SLAVERS?—Twenty years ago this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, and a fourth carried on distillery, another was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them, though it will not do to say out loud—For often you shall find these tolling worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed race, it is not hereditary, it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up, a score of years will bring them down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs and grows rich—his children strut and use the money.

Their children in turn inherit their pride, and go to shiftless poverty; next their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of the cold, come up again.

Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth; changes in its leaves and blossoms; spreads them abroad in great glory; sheds off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil; and at length re-appears in new dress and fresh garniture.

MASONS MUST NOT FIGHT.—According to the Masonic Register, the following resolution has passed the Grand Lodge of California:

Resolved, That the practice of dueling is repugnant to the principles of Freemasonry, and in all cases where the brethren resort to this mode of settling their disputes, it becomes the duty of the lodge or lodges of which they are members, or under whose jurisdiction they may be, forthwith to expel them from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, subject to the confirmation of the Grand Lodge; and no brother who may fall in a duel shall be buried with masonic honors. The following was also passed:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge that the use of masonic emblems upon sign boards, is unmasonic, and in open violation of the spirit of Freemasonry.

MARIANNE MARTINEZ.—Marianne Martinez was the daughter of a gardener of Vienna. One day the poet Metastasio met her in the street, when she was a very little child; she was singing some popular air. Her voice and her vivacity pleased the poet, and he offered her parents to educate her. They accepted his proposals, and he kept his promises. Nothing was neglected to make the young girl an artist. She had the good fortune to receive lessons in music, and on the harpsichord, from Haydn, whose genius was not yet famous; and Porpora taught her the art of singing; and the science of composition. Her progress was rapid; she played with neatness and grace; she sang beautifully, and her compositions showed a vigor of conception together with extensive learning. She reunited the qualities of many distinguished artists.

Dr. Burney, who knew her at Venice, in 1772, speaks of her with admiration. Metastasio bequeathed to her all his property. In 1796, she lived at Vienna in affluence, and gave weekly concerts at her house, where she received all the musical celebrities. Dr. Burney cites, with high eulogy, many of her sonatas, and her cantatas on words of Metastasio. She composed a miserere, with orchestral accompaniment. Gurbert had a mass and an oratorio written by her.

AMERICANS IN CANADA.—The Albany Journal says that all but one of the conductors on the express trains of the Great Western Railroad in Canada are graduates from the United States Railroads. The Know-Nothings are not, therefore, in power yet in Canada.