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BY J. B. HARRIS.

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Happiness Lost.

How dreary is life when his joys have departed;
How gloomy the night when the last stars have set;
There remains but one hope for the sad broken-hearted,
The grave, the sweet grave, will enshrine me yet.

Bright hopes once possessed, now rise to my vision
Like shadows of the beautiful images gone;
Time points them to me, and in mocking derision,
Asks, "where have thy dreams of sweet happiness flown?"

The frail eye is broken, the bright liquid wasted;
Nectar as sweet as the humming bird's sip,
Secure in my grasp, yet ere I had tasted,
In one fatal moment 'twas dashed from my lips.

Yet with ill I am, though my sad soul is aching,
And joyous I'll seem when I detect my moor;
I will smile when abroad, though my poor heart is
breaking,

And weep when alone o'er happiness lost.

Mr. Plunket's Love of a House.

"Hadh't you better give your landlord notice to-day that we will move at the end of the year, Mr. Plunket?"

"Move? For heaven's sake, Sarah, what do we want to move for?"

"Mr. Plunket!"

"Mrs. Plunket!"

"It's a very strange way for you to address me, Mr. Plunket. A very strange way."

"But for what on earth do you want to move, Sarah? Tell me that. I am sure we are comfortable enough off here."

"Here! I wouldn't live in this miserable house another twelve months, if you gave me the rent free."

"I don't see anything so terribly bad about the house. I am well satisfied."

"Are you, indeed? But I am not. Tell me for your comfort."

"What's the matter with the house?"

"Every thing. There isn't a comfortable or decent room in it, from the garret to the cellar. Not one. It's a horrid place to live in; and such a neighborhood to bring up children in!"

"You thought it a 'love of a house' a year ago."

"Me! Mr. Plunket, I never liked it; and it was all your fault that I ever took this miserable affair."

"My fault! Bless me, Sarah, what are you talking about? I didn't want to move from where we were. I never said to move."

"Oh, no, you'd live in a pig-stye forever, if you once got there, rather than take the trouble to get out of it."

"Mrs. Plunket!"

"Mrs. Plunket!"

A war of words was about commencing, but the furniture-cars drove up at the moment, when an amicable took place.

In due time, the family of the Plunkets were, bag and baggage, in their new house. A lover of quiet, the male head of the establishment tried to refrain from any remarks calculated to excite his helpmate, but this was next to impossible, there being so much in the new house that he could not, in conscience, approve. If Mrs. Plunket would have kept quiet, all might have gone on very smoothly; but Mrs. Plunket could not or would not keep quiet. She was extravagant in her praise of every thing, and incessant in her comparisons between the old and the new house. Mr. Plunket listened, and bit his lip to keep silent. At last the lady said to him, with a coaxing smile, for she was not going to rest until some words of approval were extorted from her lover—"Now, Mr. Plunket, don't you think this a 'love of a house'?"

"No!" was the gruff answer.

"Mr. Plunket! Why, what is your objection? I'm sure we can't be more uncomfortable than we have been for a year."

"Oh, yes, we can."

"How so?"

"There is such a thing as going from the frying-pan into the fire."

"Mr. Plunket!"

"Just what you'll find we have done, madam."

"How will you make that appear, pray?"

"In a few words. Just step this way. Do you see that building?"

"I do."

"Just to the south-west of us; from that quarter the cool breezes of summer come. We shall now have them fragrant with the delightful exhalations of a slaughter-house. Hum! Won't that be delightful? Then, again, the house is damp."

"Oh, no. The landlord assured me it was as dry as a bone."

"The landlord lied, then. I've been from garret to cellar half a dozen times, and it is just what I say. My eyes never deceive me. As to its being a better or more comfortable house, that is all in my eye. I wouldn't give as much for it, by fifty dollars, as for the one we have left."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Plunket's efforts to induce her husband to praise the house, she was not so well satisfied with it as she was at the first inspection of the premises.

"I'm sure," she replied, in rather a subdued manner, "that it is quite as good as the old house, and has many advantages over it."

"Name one," said her husband.

"It is not overran with vermin."

"Wait awhile and see."

"Oh, I know it isn't."

"How do you know?"

"I asked the landlord particularly."

"And he said no?"

"He did."

"Hum! We shall see."

And they did see. Fired out with a day's moving and fixing, the whole family, felling hungry, out of humor, and uncomfortable, descended to the kitchen, after it had become dark, to overhaul the

"Oh it is such a love of a house, ma!"

"I'm sure it must be."

"A very different kind of an affair from this you may be certain."

When Mr. Plunket came home that evening, his wife said to him, quite amiably—"Oh, you don't know what a love of a house I saw to-day up in Seventh street; larger, better, and more convenient than this in every way, and the rent is just the same."

"But I am sure, Sarah, we are very comfortable here."

"Comfortable! Good gracious, Mr. Plunket, I should like to know what you call comfort. How can any one be comfortable in such a miserable old rattletrap of a place as this?"

"You thought it a 'love of a house,' you remember before we came into it."

"Me! Mr. Plunket? Why, I never liked it; and it was all your fault that I ever moved here."

"My fault?"

"Yes, indeed, it was all your fault. I wanted the house in Walnut street, but you were afraid of a little more rent. Oh, no, Mr. Plunket, you mustn't blame me for moving into this barracks of a place; you have only yourself to thank for that; and now I want to get out of it the first good opportunity."

Poor Mr. Plunket was silenced. The very boldness of the position taken by his wife completely knocked him *hors de combat*. His fault, indeed, he would have lived on, year after year, in a log cabin, rather than encounter the horrors of moving; and yet he was in the habit of moving about once a year. What could he do now? He had yielded so long to his wife, who had grown bolder at each concession, that opposition was now hopeless. Had she stood alone, there might have been some chance for him; but backed up as she was, by her puissant mother, victory was sure to perch on her banner; and well did Mr. Plunket know this.

"It will cost at least a hundred and fifty, or two hundred dollars to move," he ventured to suggest.

"Indeed and it will cost no such thing. I'll guarantee the whole removal for ten dollars."

"It cost over a hundred last year."

"Nonsense! It didn't cost a fifth of it."

But Mr. Plunket knew—he had the best right to know, for he had paid the bills.

From the first Mr. Plunket felt that opposition was useless. A natural repugnance to change, and a horror of the disorder and discomfort of moving caused him to make a feeble resistance; but the opposing current swept strongly against him, and he had to yield.

The house in Seventh street was taken, and in due time the breaking up and change came. Carpets were lifted, boxes, barrels, and trunks packed, and all the disorderly elements of a regular moving operation called into activity. Every preparation had been made on the day previous to the contemplated flight; the cars were to be at the door by eight o'clock on the next morning. In anticipation of this early movement, the children had been dragged out of bed an hour before their usual time for rising. They were, in consequence, cross and unreasonable; but not more so than their mother, grandmother, and nurse; all of whom either boxed them, scolded them, or jerked them about in a most violent manner. Breakfast was served early, but such a breakfast, the least said about that the better. It was well there were no appetites to turn away with disappointment.

"Strange that the cars are not here," said Mr. Plunket who had put himself in going order. "It's nearly half an hour past the time now. Oh, dear! confound all this morning, say I."

"That's a strange way for you to talk before children, Mr. Plunket," retorted his wife.

"And this is a much stanger way for you to act, madam; forever dragging your husband and children about from post to pillar. For my part, I feel like Noah's dove, without a place to rest, the sole of my foot."

"Mr. Plunket!"

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provision baskets, and get a cold out of some kind. But, alas! to their dismay, it was found that another family, and that a numerous one, already had possession. Floor, dresses, and walls were alive with a starving colony of enormous cockroaches, and the baskets into which bread, meats, &c., had been packed, were literally swarming with them. In horror, man, woman, and child beat a hasty retreat, and left the premises.

It would hardly be fair to record all the sayings and doings of that eventful evening. Overwearied in body and mind, the family retired to rest, but some of them, alas! not to sleep. From wash-bowls and every other part of the chamber in which a creature existed, crept out certain little animals not always to be mentioned to ears polite, and more bold than the denizens of the kitchen, made immediate demonstrations on the persons of master, mistress, child, and maid.

It took less than a week to prove satisfactory to Mrs. Plunket, though she did not admit the fact, that the new house was not to be compared with the old one in any respect. It had not a single advantage over the other, while the disadvantages were felt by every member of the family.

In a few months, however Mr. Plunket began to feel at home, and to settle down in to contentment, but as he grew better and better satisfied, his wife grew more and more desirous of change, and is now, as the year begins to draw to a close, looking about for bills on houses, and examining, every day, the "to let" department of the newspaper with a lively degree of interest. Mr. Plunket will, probably, resist stoutly when his lady proposes some new "love of a house," but it will be no use; he will have to pull up stakes and try it again. It is his destiny, he has got a moving wife, and there is no help for him.

EARN BEFORE YOU SPEND.—On this trite, but never too often repeated axiom, the Philadelphia Ledger makes the following most excellent comments. There are few, at the present time, who will not feel their force:

"Hoswell, in his Life of Johnson, tells a story of a Mr. Langton, an acquaintance of the great lexicographer, who maintained a household in a style of elegance and even luxury, apparently far beyond his means, simply because he never purchased any thing until he had the money to give for it. The celebrated John Randolph is well known to have said, that there was one maxim worth more than all others, for the conduct of life, and that it was 'pay as you go.' As the experience of every man who has lived to the age of forty, coincides with this opinion, it seems, at first astonishing, that so many people fall into pecuniary difficulties, in consequence of spending before they have earned. But, in the flush of youth, present enjoyment is nearly all that is thought of, the future is dismissed with a shrug; every effort is made to forget the cold counsels of wisdom. It requires, therefore, that the great truth, which we have placed at the head of this article, should be constantly obtruded on the public mind, and should be enforced again and again. Not only individuals, indeed, but states, nations, and communities of every size, suffer by neglecting this golden maxim."

Why is so much specie now going to Europe? Because the country at large has been spending money for French silks, French wines, and other foreign luxuries, before it had earned the solid cash to pay for them. If we had waited until we had sold enough grain, cotton, and provisions, in other words, if we had kept our importations within our probable exports, we should not now be compelled to send such enormous quantities of gold abroad. Why are so many persons complaining that money is tight? Because they have either been spending what they have not earned, or have debtors, who having done so, and are unable to 'pay up.' In short, all our existing evils can be traced back, directly or indirectly, to the violation of this golden maxim. There is no touchstone to prevent extravagance like that of paying cash for everything. If a housekeeper divides her income into weekly sums, and spends daily no more than that day's proportion, she is sure never to get behind. If the merchant, mechanic, operative, or retired gentleman, estimates what he can afford to spend annually, and rigidly pays cash, there is no danger of his becoming bankrupt through excessive expenditure. What the safety-valve is to the steam engine, that is the maxim; 'earn before you spend,' to commerce life. If you 'pay as you go,' you will always be independent, always your own master, because never in debt."

DON'T STAY LONG.—"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly, in any presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told all the whole vast depth of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he were in sight, and finding that he was not, thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "not yet—not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and again I thought I could see the young wife, rocking herself nervously in the arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives that say—"Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy, that a quiet home blessed with such a woman's presence will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say—"for here in your own sweet home, is a loving heart—whose music is hushed when you are absent—whose is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

Think of it, men, when your wives say to you, "Don't stay long,"—and O, don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for though they may be to you, the disappointment or the fulfillment of their simple, loving wish, brings grief or joy to them. If you have an hour to spare bestow it upon them, and the pure love, gushing from their gentle, grateful hearts, will be a sweet reward.

A Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvania says: Senator Houston has not yet arrived. It is understood here that a challenge awaits him from Com. Moore. The illustrious Sam has been too recently and too deeply immersed in the waters of the Rio Grande, to render his friends any way apprehensive in regard to pistol and coffin arrangements.

A Hearer.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON OF NATURE.

The steamer Flying Cloud, Captain Phillips, which arrived at our port a day or two since from New Orleans, landed in our city a party of Mexicans, who had in their charge one of the most wonderful specimens of nature that we have ever heard of, or read by tale or history. It was nothing else than a woman, twenty-four years of age, the upper half of whose body resembled that of a bear. She has human hands and feet, but her arms, neck, back, face and head, were covered with thick, shaggy hair, the eyebrows hanging over the eyes so that they were almost concealed. Her nose and mouth protruding beyond the other features, gave her something the appearance of a monkey as she was coming out. She spoke Spanish very fluently, and was not without many evidences of the common intelligence of man. An exhibition of her was made on the passage up in the ladies' cabin; otherwise she was kept exceedingly close from the curious eyes of the passengers and crew of the boat. Arriving in our city, she and those with her, took passage immediately on one of the Illinois boats for La Salle, from whence she goes directly to New York, and then sails for Europe, where she will be exhibited to the public.

From the officers of the Flying Cloud, who conversed a great deal with the Spanish interpreter of the party, on the passage up, we learn the following particulars relating to the Mexican.

About thirty years ago, in the province of Durango, Mexico, a party of three women, belonging to one of the small towns lying at the base of the Durango mountains, were rambling one day along the side of a deep ravine in the neighborhood of the town, when they were attacked by a huge bear. Two of the terrified females escaped from the terrible monster, leaving the third to be devoured, as they supposed, by the furious beast. When they reached the village, the alarm was given, and the inhabitants turned out in large numbers to pursue the bear and kill him, and, if possible, recover the remains of their unfortunate sister. The ravine was thoroughly scoured, and the mountains, for miles around, searched with great care, but no traces of the lost one could be found.

The villagers returned to their home to condescend with the family of the missing woman, and to wonder and talk, as they sat at their door-sides and drank their favorite pulque, about the terrible ravages of the monster.

Time passed on, and as days and months were added to the history of the Mexican village, the terrible incident faded from the memories of the inhabitants, and the lost woman was only remembered by her own family.

About six years had flown, when one day a party of huntsmen from the town, in passing up the sides of the mountain several miles distant from the ravine in which the woman was seized by the bear, came upon the mouth of a large cave, into which—fearing to explore it one of them fired his musket. The report of the gun was instantly answered by a low moan appearing to come from the innermost parts of the cave. It was repeated several times, and at length several of the huntsmen imagining that the sounds were those of the human voice, grew emboldened, and began explorations. Arriving at the furthest extremity of the den, they came to a little recess piled around with bones of various animals; and in which they discovered the living form of a woman.

She was so reduced in flesh, was so altered, and had so much the appearance of a wild animal, that the daring hunters trembled to approach her. Finally she spoke to them, and by a mixture of signs and words, begged them to leave the cave instantly, for the bear that inhabited the den with her, was most powerful and ferocious, and would return in a very short time and devour them. The hunters astonished almost beyond their wit at the spectacle of a human being in such a situation, and recognizing in her the woman that years before had been seized near the village; and as they supposed, devoured, delayed their departure and endeavored by every kind of entreaty and persuasion to induce her to leave the cave and return to her old home and family.

Finally the party agreed to leave her for the night in the cave, and in the morning to return with a strong force to kill the monster and rescue the woman.

After they had got some distance from the den, they came suddenly upon the bear, who was on his way to his retreat. A terrible fight ensued. In his paw the animal held what seemed to be a female cub, but it bore such a resemblance to a young babe, that the hunters for fear of injuring it did not use their guns; but continued the conflict with their spears and knives alone.

Eventually, they succeeded in the efforts of the party, and the cub was taken from the arms of its mother, the bear. The huntsmen then immediately returned to the cave and delivered the cub or child to its mother, and telling her that brain was slain, persuaded her to leave her mountain home and return once more to her family and friends.

This cub or child was considered a great curiosity by the villagers and as it grew up, began to develop the ordinary faculties of mind, retaining only the hair and animal face of its wild progenitor.

It has now reached the age of twenty-four years and under the management of several wealthy Mexican gentlemen, is proceeding to Europe for exhibition, and is the same which came up to our city on the Flying Cloud, and passed on for New York. The mother of this wonderful specimen still remains in the province of Durango, in the northern part of Mexico.

This narrative, imparted to the officers of the Flying Cloud by the Spanish interpreter, is most remarkable. It sounds much like fable, and rivals in wonderful romance, even the renowned story of "Beauty and the Beast."

We have no opinion to pass upon the probability or truth of the story as delivered by the interpreter, but yet, such a phenomenon as a woman, half bear and half human actually passed through our city on its way northward.—St. Louis Democrat.

The Family Opposed to Newspapers.

The man that don't take a newspaper has been in town lately, as we learn from a contemporary. He brought the whole family in a two-horse wagon. He still believed that General Taylor was President and wanted to know if the "Kansasschians" had taken Cuba, and if so, where they had taken it. He had sold his own for twenty-five cents, the price being thirty-one—but upon going to deposit the money, they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three-cent pieces, and those some sharper had "run on him" for half-dimes. His old lady smoked a "cob pipe," and would not believe that anything else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be mended for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market-house for a church. After laughing his hat on a meal-book, he piously took a seat in a butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer whom he took to be the preacher. He left before "meetin' was out" and had no great opinion of the "sermon."

One of the girls took a lot of seed onions to the post-office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby which she carried in a "sugar trough," stopping at times to rock it on the side-walk. When it cried, she stuffed its mouth with an old stocking and sung "Barbara Allen." The oldest boy had sold two "coon-skins" and was on a "bust." When last seen he had called for a glass of "soda and water," and stood soaking ginger-bread and making wry faces. The shop-keeper mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of salt-soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But he'd learn tall of soda and water, and was bound to give it a fair trial, puke or no puke. Some "town fellow" came in and called for lemonade with a "fily in it," whereupon our "soaped" friend turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink.

We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to "internal improvements," and he thought "arrain" was a wicked invention, and utterance nothin' but vanity and vexation. None of his family ever learned to read but one boy, and he "tached school awhile and then went a studying divinity."

Coup d'Etat.

A demonstration on a small domestic scale, took place at a house on Catharine street, the other night in which the gray mare for once did not prove the better horse. It seems that Mr. W., a Benedict, with a penchant for what he considers domestic felicity, which, as understood by himself, means cozy fire-side happiness with his *caro oppia*, unannoyed by the intrusion of outsiders, has happened, so far as this taste is concerned, to differ from his other half, who; being fond of society, invited night after night crowds of revelers, to the annoyance and disgust of her lord and master, who vain sighed for a modicum of that quiet which the poet has said is so peculiar a feature at the present time of "Tan's Falls." On the evening above designated, when an unusually "gay and festive scene" was anticipated, the husband wandered forth in a desperate mood, and meeting with a couple of friends, after two or three drinks, he felt alarmingly like going upon a "bust."

Accordingly, a tour was made to the most prominent drinking-houses in town, in which of such recruits were picked up until like a rolling snow-ball, the party became so enlarged that they resembled an undress military company who had been on a frolic. At a late hour it was deemed necessary to neutralize the deep liquid potatoes with some solids, and accordingly the command of "Forward march!" was given in the direction of the William Tell. Arrived there, however, they found the doors closed; and then our hero, in a spirit of hospitality, invited the crowd to his house, where he promised them a blow-out to their satisfaction. After certain circumlocutions manœuvres, they succeeded in negotiating to No. 5—Catharine street, just as the piano fiddle was executing in double quick time. "In my cottage near a wood," to a shuffling accompaniment of foot. A thundering knock at the street door, and a lusty shout of "Go it, W.," hushed as if by magic the noise within. The servant who came, recognizing in spite of its thickness, the voice of the master, undid the fastening, and to the horror of the lady, who was fond of company, in blundered her lord at the head of an uproarious crowd, as ever appeared before his honor Judge Spooner, for disorderly conduct.

"My dear," recognized he, taking his now dimid better half by the hand, and leading her, or rather dragging her forward, "these are my friends," emphasizing the "my"—"I've brought 'em home to supper, and I want you to make 'em welcome; and, as there isn't room for your party and mine, I'm just going to turn out that damned crowd of no-account dandies right off," pointing to the horrified assemblage of his wife's guests, who were clustered together in one corner of the room.

It is needless to say that the individuals alluded to didn't wait for much exhortation on his part, but were taken with a voluntary leaving, since which night, thanks to pot-valor, W. has had a peculiarly quiet time of it; for he has not only been free from the annoyance of company, but his pretty wife has continued to maintain an indignant and pouring silence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ocular Demonstration.

The following anecdote reminds us of the late Rowland Hill; it is told of a celebrated dissenting minister at Cambridge—the Rev. Mr. Robinson:

Upon one occasion when he was preaching, he dropped the immediate subject of his discourse, and made this observation:

"It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term *ocular demonstration*; I will explain it to you. I look in the table-pew, and see a young man in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat, fast asleep."

On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added in a lower tone, "O! that I had *ocular demonstration*!"

He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner.

Upright Men.

We love upright men. Pull them this way and the other, and they only bend, but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet again. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they will be out and bright. You cannot keep them down—you cannot destroy them. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities, white the ocean with our sails, and lighten the heavens with the smoke of the cars. Look to them, young men, and catch the spark of their energy.

Bayard Taylor, the traveler says that he prefers Mexico for the beauty of its scenery, Germany for its society, California for its climate, and the United States for its government.

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Coup d'Etat.

A demonstration on a small domestic scale, took place at a house on Catharine street, the other night in which the gray mare for once did not prove the better horse. It seems that Mr. W., a Benedict, with a penchant for what he considers domestic felicity, which, as understood by himself, means cozy fire-side happiness with his *caro oppia*, unannoyed by the intrusion of outsiders, has happened, so far as this taste is concerned, to differ from his other half, who; being fond of society, invited night after night crowds of revelers, to the annoyance and disgust of her lord and master, who vain sighed for a modicum of that quiet which the poet has said is so peculiar a feature at the present time of "Tan's Falls." On the evening above designated, when an unusually "gay and festive scene" was anticipated, the husband wandered forth in a desperate mood, and meeting with a couple of friends, after two or three drinks, he felt alarmingly like going upon a "bust."

Accordingly, a tour was made to the most prominent drinking-houses in town, in which of such recruits were picked up until like a rolling snow-ball, the party became so enlarged that they resembled an undress military company who had been on a frolic. At a late hour it was deemed necessary to neutralize the deep liquid potatoes with some solids, and accordingly the command of "Forward march!" was given in the direction of the William Tell. Arrived there, however, they found the doors closed; and then our hero, in a spirit of hospitality, invited the crowd to his house, where he promised them a blow-out to their satisfaction. After certain circumlocutions manœuvres, they succeeded in negotiating to No. 5—Catharine street, just as the piano fiddle was executing in double quick time. "In my cottage near a wood," to a shuffling accompaniment of foot. A thundering knock at the street door, and a lusty shout of "Go it, W.," hushed as if by magic the noise within. The servant who came, recognizing in spite of its thickness, the voice of the master, undid the fastening, and to the horror of the lady, who was fond of company, in blundered her lord at the head of an uproarious crowd, as ever appeared before his honor Judge Spooner, for disorderly conduct.

"My dear," recognized he, taking his now dimid better half by the hand, and leading her, or rather dragging her forward, "these are my friends," emphasizing the "my"—"I've brought 'em home to supper, and I want you to make 'em welcome; and, as there isn't room for your party and mine, I'm just going to turn out that damned crowd of no-account dandies right off," pointing to the horrified assemblage of his wife's guests, who were clustered together in one corner of the room.

It is needless to say that the individuals alluded to didn't wait for much exhortation on his part, but were taken with a voluntary leaving, since which night, thanks to pot-valor, W. has had a peculiarly quiet time of it; for he has not only been free from the annoyance of company, but his pretty wife has continued to maintain an indignant and pouring silence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ocular Demonstration.

The following anecdote reminds us of the late Rowland Hill; it is told of a celebrated dissenting minister at Cambridge—the Rev. Mr. Robinson:

Upon one occasion when he was preaching, he dropped the immediate subject of his discourse, and made this observation:

"It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term *ocular demonstration*; I will explain it to you. I look in the table-pew, and see a young man in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat, fast asleep."

On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added in a lower tone, "O! that I had *ocular demonstration*!"

He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner.

Upright Men.

We love upright men. Pull them this way and the other, and they only bend, but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet again. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they will be out and bright. You cannot keep them down—you cannot destroy them. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities, white the ocean with our sails, and lighten the heavens with the smoke of the cars. Look to them, young men, and catch the spark of their energy.

Bayard Taylor, the traveler says that he prefers Mexico for the beauty of its scenery, Germany for its society, California for its climate, and the United States for its government.