THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY J. B. HARRIS. CLINTON, LA., JANUARY 31, 1855. VOL. 1—NO. 6.

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT:

WILL BE PUBLISHED REGULARLY EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Office at the southwest Corner of the Public Square

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION, Three Dollars, *when paid in advance, or* Five Dollars *if not paid at the time of subscribing, or at the close of the year. Subscriptions will not be received for a less period than six months, which will be* Two Dollars, *invariably in advance. No paper will be discontinued until arrearges are paid, except at the option of the publisher.*

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Hot Corn.

[WRITTEN FOR THE PATRIOT.]

Poor Katy's dead! alas how soon
Fate dooms to death the sweetest bloom—
The bud, first opened to the mid-day air,
Ere night came on, has withered in despair.

Poor Katy's dead! no more we'll hear
That cry "Hot Corn." No more the tear
Will scald that cheek, lest mother scold,
For all poor Katy's corn is sold.

Although the world passed coldly by,
One ear at last has heard her cry—
To all her woes relief is given,
And Katy's happy now in Heaven.

No chilling dew, no pelting storm
Now wantons with that gentle form.
No suppliant tear, no plaintive cry
Implores the heedless passer-by.

Poor Katy's tale of wo is told,
Her cares are o'er—her corn is sold—
Her little form's beneath the sod,
That gentle voice is praising God.

Poor Kat's gone—but not the last—
Mercy cold and biting blast
That numbs the night—some tender form
Is crying still "Hot Corn!"—"Hot Corn!"

A Touching Relic of Pompeii.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some of the ancient life, some witnesses of the imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archæology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums.

But there are some exceptions. Here for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited quest, upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser cowering on his heap; another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor, in the midst of the painted chamber, baths, halls, columns fountains. Among the splendid evidences of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster, as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle.

Such to our mind is the latest discovery of the excavators in the melancholly field: it is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had a bag of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track, and vain their wealth, their flight—the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond, and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of his mistress, dying at her feet.

Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors loom upon the senses! Does not the imagination picture the little group in their evening fountain, lagguidly chattering over the day's events and unusual heat. Does it not hear with them, the troubled swell of the waters in the bay? see as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while cornice sand and molten rock came pouring down? What movements, what emotion, what surprise? The scene grows darker every instant; the hollow monotony of the bay is lifted into yells, shrieks, the air grows thick and hot with flames and at the mountain's feet is heard the roll of the liquid lava.

Jewels, household gods, gold and silver coins are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets—choaked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets! Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness, and despair unchained; here penury, clutching gold it cannot keep—their gluttony feeding on its final meal, and phrenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all fancy hears the young girl's screams; the fire is on her jeweled hand. No time for thought—no pause—the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age and youth, with all the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth and greatness—all the once affluent life, are gone forever.

When unearthed after many years, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may "serve to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.—The Boston Times relates the following anecdote of Daniel Webster:

A very short time previous to his last public reception in Boston, Mr. Webster was traveling from New York to this city, by the overland route. When the cars reached Springfield, Mr. Waite, the well known conductor, stepped into the forward car, and as usual announced—"Springfield station—twenty minutes allowed passengers to dine." Mr. Webster who was sitting near him, arose, and pleasantly tapping him on the shoulder, remarked—"Young man, that is one of the most interesting speeches I ever heard."

"Yes, sir," replied the conductor, "all speeches are good in which the speaker and the audience heartily sympathize."

"Very true," replied Mr. Webster, "and I have always noticed that those speeches are always considered the best which are finished in good season for dinner."

TOO HONEST.—"Mr. Slocum, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir—James Slocum."

"Some six months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars—I have now called to liquidate the demand."

"Owe me five dollars. Why, really, I have no remembrance of the fact."

"Be that as it may, the debt is honest and must be paid."

Here the middle-aged gentleman in pepper-and-salt cassimers took out a well-filled pocket book and handed Slocum a twenty dollar bill. Slocum balanced the account, and handed to the gentleman in seasoned wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the balance on the boots.

The middle-aged gentleman left, while Slocum went off in a revery.

"Well, the world is not so bad after all; here is one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again."

Scene 2d. An Exchange Office—Enter Slocum:

"Bullion, my boy, just discount this lot of money, and give me current."

"Certainly, sir."

Bullion runs over the pictured blotting paper, and throws out a twenty dollar bill.

"What do you throw that out for?"

"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeits that come out yesterday."

Slocum once more goes off into a revery.

"Curse the scoundrel. That's the very bill that the honest man paid me yesterday for them boots. What a vile world! I don't believe there is one upright man on earth!"

The last we saw of Slocum, he was putting off for a "perlice" to enter a complaint.

A DWARF RACE OF MEN.—The Newport (R. I.) Mercury gives the following:

There is a singular race of dwarfs in upper Peru, (Bolivia,) known as "Chiquitos," or "little men," that are as worthy of attention as the Aztecs. Everything connected with them seems to indicate that they are indigenous, though their general aspect gives the impression of people reduced in statue by poverty and hardship. The tallest are not more than four feet and a half in height, while many will not measure more than three and a half. Their legs, apparently, are devoid of muscles, their eyes black and elongated, nose aquiline, cheeks drawn in, with high cheek bones, forehead low and retreating, hair black and wiry, and mouth tending to muzzle. They travel south on foot, and are often from home two or three years, returning with small hoards of silver gained intraffic; traveling five or six miles a day. From long habit they can do without food an extraordinary length of time, upporting nature by sucking coco-leaf, gathered from a shrub analogous to the betel nut of the East Indies. It is equivalent to tobacco, laudanum, or a strong infusion of tea; and it is only when their animals die of disease that they have a plentiful supply of food. Their covering is a coarse kind of cloth which they prepare themselves. Their abodes are rude huts, and when traveling they sleep on the ground, huddled together to keep warm on the dry, cold desert where they are principally found.

THE DELUGE.—Clark Mills, who became famous by his equestrain, self-poised statue of Gen. Jackson, has broached the following new theory of the formation of the continent and the consequent deluge which destroyed all mankind save Noah and his family. We quote the conclusion of his article:

The rising of the American or Western Continent was, as before stated, the effect of internal fires. The fountains here of the great deep being broken up, the waters must have retired in great agitation to the east and west, from the sides of the rising continent. The length of America being nearly from north to south, from the eastern side the waters would be rolled to Europe and Africa and from the western side they would be driven to Asia. South America, extending further to the east than North America would give the current which was to overspread the entire continent, a direction to the north east. This current bore with violence the shells and fishes of the ocean to the plains and mountains of Europe, and the vegetables of Europe and Africa to the eastern parts of Asia. There the current was met by that which flowed to the west from the western coast of America. Here each current was stopped in its destructive career by opposing each other, and thus immense deposites were made. This rush of water, with the flaming ocean beneath, generated an immense evaporation. The winds, which before this moved from east to west round the Globe, were suddenly obstructed by the towering burning mountains. They rolled back as if astonished at the new phenomenon laden with the vapors of a boiling ocean. The clouds, in their sublime evolutions, moved in the direction of the waters to the east and west from America, met in awful array over *Old World. There they discharged their burdens*—the vapor condensed; and no language could be more expressive of the dreadful torrents that then descended than that which was dictated by Moses, that "the windows of heaven were opened." Forty days were these vapors descending; and the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and the high hills that were under the high heavens were covered. And the rain ceased. But one hundred and fifty times did the earth revolve in her cumbrous mantle before the waters retired to the caverns from hence our continent arose. "And God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged."

MUSIC IN WESTMINISTER ABBEY.—The sound of casual footsteps had ceased. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening services, and the faint response of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that gradually prevailed around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place. * * * * *

Suddenly the notes of the deep, laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redouble intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building. With what pomp do they swell through their vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher, their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What longdrawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping cords! It grows more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floating upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

Washington Irving.

A Horse Race in the Sandwhich Islands.

The women and girls are decidedly the best riders. With them, not as with the ladies in the Atlantic cities, side saddles are out of the question. In their loose, flying drapery, hair streaming in the wind, their beautifully erect position, and their horses carreering along like the march of a whirlwind, they look majestically dangerous, and yet they are never thrown from the saddle. There is many a lady in civilized nations who would envy the equestrian skill of those Hawaiian women. There is many a finished artist that would be glad to have one of them as a subject for his pencil. It may be owing to this mode of exercise that they, in part, acquires such an exquisite development of form. I wish I could fully portray these Saturday afternoon sports. Yonder, on the plain, some forty or fifty women are speeding almost with the rapidity of life toward some well-selected goal. Every nerve and muscle of both horse and riders is stretched to the utmost tension—the former from sheer instinct to gain the victory; the latter from a spirit of almost matchless daring, mirthfulness and excitement. Now comes along a party of men and boys, many of them clinging, with their naked limbs, to the flanks of their foaming steeds, while their restless hands and arms are describing all sorts of circles in the air, as if under pain of dismemberment, but, in reality, to cheer along their animals to swifter speed. Clouds of choking dust follow their wake. Here and there may be seen a mounted foreigner, quietly looking on, or sharing in the mirth and sports. But yonder is a scence that defies all attempts at description. A few horses and donkeys not under immediate use, but which a few minutes since were quietly feeding on the ever-living pasture, have caught the spirit of that fiery locomotive by which their compeers are impelled over the plain. Unable any longer to control nature, away they speed in the utmost confusion, as though their powers of a life endurance were all concentrated in this single moment. Now they have mingled with the mounted animals, sharing their foam, and madly plunging through the clouds of dust and endangering the life and limbs of any pedestrain who fails not to get out of the way in time. On they speed, like Arabians over their native sands, all and each one struggling for the mastery in the well-contested race for glory.

A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN.—It happened once, on a bright summer's day, that I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head downwards, then raised it again, spread its wings, and soared away, singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough and there, in the stone work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there came a bee, humming and sucking; and it choose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no nectary. What then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight, but as it came out it spied the stamens full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like yellow hose, as the bee-keepers say; and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then I said—'Thou camest seeking honey; and finding none, hast been satisfied with wax, and hath stored it for thy house that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou likewise, shall be to me a lesson of contentment."

The night is far spent—the dark night of trouble—that sometimes threatened to close around us, but the day is at hand; even in the night there were stars—I have looked on them, and been comforted; for as one set I could see another rise, and each was a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

PROPER REBUKE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Columbian tells the following story:

"At Lafayette a well-dressed man, accompanied by an interesting-looking lady, evidently his wife, and two sweet little children, entered the cars. He was short of statue, with a short, turned-up nose, a short, thick lip, small eyes, and imperceptible eye-brows. The lady had a pleasing expression in her pale countenance, that bore the impress of suffering patience. Her younger child appeared sick, and tossed fretfully on her wearied knees. The other soon grew tired of the irksomeness of the car, and became fretful and impatient. The man, for I can not call him gentleman, lay layzily reading a paper, lounging on a whole seat he monoplized to himself, though other passengers were standing. At length the lady, perfectly unable to attend to the two little ones, in a tone of gentleness that had something of fear in it, besought him to attend to the wants of the elder. She was answered in a loud and abrupt tone that attracted every body's attention; 'Don't bother me!' Her eyes dropped; a look of mingled sorrow and shame came over her face, but she said not a word. A few moments afterward the Conductor, Mr. Paul, came along, and the man enquired of him the distance to Michigan City. With a tone modeled to the life after that previously used by his interrogator, Paul hissed out 'Don,t bother me!' The man's eyes glared fury, as he demanded the reason of such an insult, and threatened to resent it unless a proper apology was offered."

"I shall offer no apology for my language," said the noble-hearted conductor, 'neither will you resent it; for a man who deems himself injured, by having applied to him the same language he has disgraced himself by applying to a lady, is too little of a gentleman to be apoligised to, and too much of a coward to dare to resent it!"

There are some things you can learn from fools. Among the number is the value of holding your tongue! Fact. In other words, the age is so corrupt that you must not speak the truth at all times, under the penalty of a knock on the sconce from your next neighbor. Charitable, ain't it? Where's all the thousond-and-one pulpit orations of past ages about "Love thy neighbor as thyself?" Air—empty air, as Falstaff says about honor. O, truth thou art still a better pill to swallow, notwithstanding the many long prayers said about thee!—Though yet a nonentity, 'tis better, perhaps, to keep up the staff though the regiment be disbanded: There's wisdom in that.

What is an old bachelor like? "A knife without a fork—a battle without a cork," as the old song says. Franklin hits it better—"the odd half of a pair of shears." Ye gods! what a comparison! And adds, "fit only to scrape a trencher!" Worser and worser! In England they tax bachelors. Very proper. Wise government.

HAPPY HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.—The homes of a people are the landmarks of civilization. They are a standard by which we may measure their moral and social greatness. What is a nation but a large family, possessing rights and privileges? The influence of each member of that family for good or evil is reciprocal. As the shock of electricity vibrates and expands, so the influence of human action is diffused from the centre to the circumference of human society. The moral power of a people is just in proportion to the combined virtuous influences which exist in the homes of that people. Hence it may be truly said, that our homes are the nurseries of the nation's greatness. Home!—how cold that heart must be which does not beat more quickly at the bare mention of the word! What delightful associations and recollections are connected with that sacred spot! A happy home gives the mind a fortaste of the immortal state. It is here that the virtues and charities, the blessings and relatives of human life, are enjoyed. Here the sympathies of the heart and the affections of the mind are nourished and developed and all that is good and great in our nature is brought to maturity. But what constitutes a happy home? The pleasure of literature are essential to the happiness of both master, servants and children. No table should be without periodicals suitable for children as well as adults. A good and substantial library is equally assertial, if, indeed, it be not more so. How gratifying it is to see a neat book-case in a poor man's house, containing the works of the world's greatest thinkers. There are many homes in this country which do not contain this; but their happiness would be much more complete if they did. An assortment of truly valuable books contains more sterling wealth than the gold mines of California. Then let it be the ambition of all who are solicitous to have happy homes, to possess a good library and a collection of useful periodicals. The "feast of reason and the flow of soul" may then be enjoyed after the toil and bustle of the day is over.

A FINANCIERING TRICK.—The N. Y. Post is responsible for the following anecdote of a late Wall Street Cashier. We doubt the truth of the story:

We have heard of bank story which is said to relate to a time somewhat distant, and to a bank within one hundred miles of Wall street, and which we report just as we heard it, omitting names. The cashier of the bank found himself short in his accounts about two hundred thousand dollars, at a time when he foresaw an inevitable disclosure from an examination of accounts, which was ordered to take place within a short time. Not seeing any escape, he consulted a friend of his who was an attorney, asking for his advice. The attorney, on ascertaining that the cashier had no property that was available to convert into cash to cover the deficiency, recommended him to take $200,000 more, and then, when the discovery took place, he would have something to negotitate with, so as to induce the directors to refrain from making a public exposure. The cashier took his advice; abstructed the additional sum, and when the discovery took place, confessed his error, and told the directors that he would get his friends to make some amends provided they would not punish him. After some negotiation, he compromised with them for $100,000; and he retired from his situation with a fortune of $100,000. The cashier in question was consequently respected, and he died, we believe, within the current year. The directors never made known their loss, and neither the stockholders of the bank nor the public knew anything about it.

BUWLER IN PARLIAMENT.—The Liverpool Journal gives an interesting account of the great debate in Parliament on the question of enlisting foreigners in the English service. Speaking of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer the Journal says:

He succeeded, for the first time, in his parliamentary history. This was principally owing to his being de-individualized and put in a party position, to move a party amendment; that gives weight and significance to a man's thoughts, and to his words. Then the speech itself was thoroughly good—statesmanlike and logical, while full of point to please an assembly which makes up its mind how to vote before debating begins, and which merely goes through statesmanship and logic as formalities. Yet the manner was bad as ever! I think Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is the most ridiculous looking man, with his horse nose, and his blue saucer eyes, in her majesty's dominions; and his bow wow-y voice drives one into hysterics of fidgetiness; and his gestures; oh, his gestures; conceive Cassandra being dogmatic in a state of delirium tremens? The impression for the first five minutes of his oratory is awful; you see members dusting their faces with their handkerchiefs, screwing their persons to their benches, and keeping their eyes off the door that looks so tempting an escape from the tremendous baronet. But genius asserts itself; and one forgets the tremendous baronet in the man whose very gotesqueness but proves his grand originality; and forgetting the manner in the matter—when it is good as on Tuesday—the house cheers. Sir Edward sat down, on that night, with a parliamentary success; having achieved that, he is celebrated for his pertinacity, which he has been twenty years striving for; and as I watched him passing along the lobby to dinner, amid unreserved congratulations, I come to the conclusion that that was the happiest moment of a career, which though leafy with laurels, has perhaps been a very melancholy life.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF RED HAIR.—In ancient times, says an exchange paper, the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skillful in fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the some preference, though that color is now in disrepute by their descendants, who like black hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair, while the modern Persians have a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their hair a red tinge by the aid of vermillion. The women of Scinde and Deccan are fond of dyeing their hair red and yellow, as the Roman did, in imitation of German hair. There is among Europeans generally a strong dislike to red hair; but in Spain red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in firey locks, being idolized and caressed in consequence by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect Adonis.

MEMS. BY A DENTIST.—Some philosophers judge men to be virtuous or the contrary by the cast of their countenance; I make my estimates by the casts which I take of their mouths.

A bad thought and corrupt molar are alike in this respect—the sooner both are out of your head the better.

Punch seems to have got possession in some way of the private letters of Menschikoff, captured with his carriage at the battle of Alma. Among others is one from a young lady of Sevastopol, thanking the Prince for his invitation to be present, and witness the fun he is going to have with the 'barbarians' at Alma. The reader will remember that there were several ladies present at the fight, and were pleasantly seated on a scaffold, so as to get a good view. The soldiers 'captured' some of their jewels and shawls, which they left behind in their flight. Here is the young lady's letter:

'MY DEAREST PRINCE.—How amiable of you to propose to me and Marie so charming a pleasure as that your delightful *billet* expresses. How truly good of you to reserve for us two front places upon the scaffold raised to enable the ladies of Sevastopol to behold you defeat these wretched French and English. Accept, my dear Prince? Decidedly I accept, with smiles of happiness, for my cousin and myself, and we promise to do your invitation credit by our good looks and toilettes. We have already hastened to Madame Crampoline (who assures us that though her husband's name is French, her heart is Russian and your own—there, Prince, and she is only 36,) and have secured—but no. You shall see the effect, and not hear of it. We only hope that the horrid 'barbarians' will not disappoint us, as you seem to think posible, and that they *will* come up to the attack, Savages as they are, if they knew how many ladies depended on their boldness for a day's pleasure, they would certainly venture down to the Alma. However, we know you will do your best for us, and we are deeply thankful. Our carriage shall be on the field by half-past ten, or a quater to eleven at latest. If you cannot come to put us into our places, perhaps you will send an *aide de camp* perhaps *ce cher petit* Paul Haircnoff. But we leave all to you.

Toute a toie, ELOISE."

He says it has been remarked for some time that Irish character was undergoing a change, and thinks that even their humorous stories are losing their fun. In confirmation he quotes from the commercial statement of a Belfast paper. 'Yarns continue as dull as possible.'

ENGLISH IGNORANCE ALD PREJUDICE.—The New York Journal of Commerce says:

We were much amused lately by observing a grave statement in a London paper, that in the late closely contested election for Governor of the United State, Myron H. Clark was elected, but the votes had to be counted, in order to ascertain who was the real Executive of the country. Whatever other advantages we may possess over our English neighbors, they certainly bear away the palm for ignorance of everything beyond their own island and its dependencies. We are not speaking now of those who regard us as cannibals, nor of the wonderment often expressed on discovering that we are not a nation of negroes; but of the profound want of knowledge of the feelings and sentiment of Americans among statesmen, literary men, editors, and those whose duty it is to be well informed on such subjects.

The Providence Journal copies the above, and pertinently remarks:

And yet we take from these same English papers the greater part of our information touching those countries with which the English have less intercourse than with the United States, and less means of correct intelligence. We laugh at the blunders which the organs of English opinion make whenever they speak of this country, with which they have greater communications than with any other, and yet we take, with implicit faith, their reports from those countries with which they have hardly any intercourse. The ignorance of the English press in all that relates to the United States is the subject of frequent comment, but we are slow to draw the inference that the same ignorance, the same prejudices that are manifested towards the United States doubtless exist towards other countries. Take, for example, the English views of Russia before the war, of Russian opinion, of Russian disposition towards the government, of the nature and strength of the Russian fortifications and of the Russan army. Nothing could possibly be more incorrect. We have no reason to suspose that the English information is greater or the English prejudice less upon other countries.

THE STRENGTH OF GUNPOWDER.—Some idea of the power of this extraordinary agent, prepared from nitre, sulphur and charcoal, may be inferred from a statement made within a day or two, of the blowing opperations on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, three miles north of Germantown, where a mass of rock, estimated to weigh twenty tons, was thrown one hundred yards distant, making a hole in the earth, where it first struck large enough to bury a horse, and then bounded on further. Another stone, about the same size, was thrown out at the same time.

ANECDOTE OF THE CZAR.—Nicholas, it seems, in spite of the anxiety incident to his present position, maintains his old habit of walking the streets of St. Petersburg unattended. He was lately informed that a tradesman in a large way of business had insulted a Frenchman without provocation, and he immediately sent for him. When asked why he insulted the man, he replied:

"Because I hate his nation."

"Is that your only motive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you shall have an opportunity to gratify your hatred. I shall send you to join the army in the Crimea."

An advocate having lately gained a suit for a young lady, she remarked, "I have nothing to pay you with but my heart." "Hand it over to the clerk, if you please, I wish no fee for mysolf," replied he.

A pedler is now doing a good business "out west" by selling clocks to the farmers for $35 a piece on two years credit. The clocks cost $28 a dozen in New York. This is a clever "sell," but it's the credit that does the business. For the sake of credit they'll agree to pay ten times the worth of an article. All this arises from their not taking the papers.

Frenchmen are always dramatic. Before a gentleman of Paris severs his jugular, he so arranges his boots, table and coal-scuttle, that they may form "a picture," the moment the police dash his bedroom door open.

A young man of good standing recently proposed honorable marriage to a young lady of the West, when he received for an answer: "Get out you feller! Do you think I would sleep with a man? I'll tell your mother!"