

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY J. B. HARRIS.

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THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

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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 arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.
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THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW.

THE oldest and certainly the best family paper for Odd Fellows in the country. Its design has ever been to present the principles of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows prominently before the public, and also such intelligence as to the progress of the Institution as shall be of a general interest. The department devoted to matters pertaining to the Order, though comprehensive and complete, occupies comparatively a small portion of the paper.
Various other journals of the Order having been added to it during the past few years, and recently the journals of New York State, namely, the Banner of the Union, the Golden Rule, and the Mirror of the Times.

Having had for years a large and extended patronage, we now appear before our brethren of the Order with a greatly enlarged circulation, and shall do our best to merit the confidence and esteem of the thousands of readers added by our new arrangements.

For some years past, as there have existed various journals of the Order in different parts of the country, it has been considered necessary that the Brother or the Lodge who would be informed of the progress of our principles should take more than one newspaper devoted to the interests of the Order; but this necessity of taking more than one weekly journal is entirely obviated by the arrangements now made, as we have at great expense secured not only the lists of subscribers and the good will of all these weekly newspaper establishments, but the large and excellent corps of correspondents attached to them, and it will be our endeavor to give not only the latest intelligence from every part of the country, but to publish original articles of information which can be of interest to any member of the Order throughout the United States.

We have a disposition, an ardent desire, to furnish the Brothers of our wide-spread Order the best journal of the kind ever published, and with their efforts, we will do it. We ask their assistance in sending us communications for the paper.

We have long been aware that it was not for the interests of the Order to have too many weekly papers. The journal of this kind we have always supposed would receive adequate support, while the same amount of patronage divided among several, would afford to each a meagre support indeed. We have, therefore, after great exertion and expense, concentrated the entire weekly press of the Order in one journal, The American Odd Fellow and Golden Rule, and it shall be our constant aim and effort to make it the zealous exponent of the principles of our beloved Order.

The price of single subscription is \$2 per annum, in advance; three copies for \$5; five copies for \$8; ten copies for \$15; twenty copies for \$25; thirty copies for \$35.

The late subscribers of the Golden Rule will be furnished with the American Odd Fellow at the above rates. Advance payments are required from all subscribers.
JOHN B. HALL, Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

ARTIST'S UNION OF CINCINNATI.

AN INSTITUTION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS IN THE WEST.

THE "ARTIST'S UNION OF CINCINNATI," established for the promotion of the tastes for the Fine Arts, and the encouragement of the great body of artists residing in the Western States. To accomplish an object uniting great public good with private gratification at a mere nominal expense, in a manner best suited to the wants, habits, and tastes of the people, the managers have adopted the following plan, which they think will meet the approbation of all those who take an interest in the progress of the Fine Arts.

The annual subscription of membership is three dollars, which entitles a member to one share in the distribution of works of Art, and to one of the engravings—five dollars entitling the member to two certificates and two engravings. The money obtained from such subscriptions (after paying necessary expenses) is appropriated as follows:

To the production of two magnificent engravings, in the highest style of art, of which every member receives one copy, for every certificate held, which will be delivered in the order of subscription.

To the purchase of American works of art, which will be publicly distributed among all the members, on the first of January of each year, in such manner as a majority of them may determine. The Paintings to be distributed will be framed at the expense of the Institution.

Members who subscribe for more than one share in the distribution, are for every share subscribed presented with an additional engraving, worth nearly that amount. Each member will also be entitled from the date of his subscription, to the numbers of the "Western Artists' Journal," a monthly publication devoted to literature and the Fine Arts.

A full equivalent is guaranteed to subscribers for their money, and a chance to win a fine painting besides, while at the same time, they have the satisfaction to know that they are encouraging a noble enterprise.

The managers of the Artists' Union, in submitting the plan of their Institution to the people of the United States, are convinced that the Fine Arts in this country can never obtain an elevation commensurate with the advancement in all other departments of civilization, until a liberal encouragement is bestowed upon the high efforts of the pencil and chisel. They consider this object as not less important to the morals than the tastes of the community, and that an attachment to the Fine Arts is equally as distinctive of national refinement and civilization, and if encouraged will result in great good, not only to the Artists, who are most directly interested in the spread of a knowledge of the Arts, but to the community at large.

Members for 1854 will have the privilege of choosing from any of the engravings issued by the Artists' Union, viz: "Education of Moses," a beautiful steel engraving, and the "Burial of De Soto" (after Powell's celebrated work), "In a Quagmire," (from a painting by Bingham), and "Education of Nature," (from a Washington, (from Stuart's celebrated portrait), and "Catching Rabbits," by Mount.

Subscriptions received by honorary Secretaries in all the principal towns and cities throughout the United States, where appointments have been made, places where there are none, subscriptions with the money can be remitted by mail to Chas. H. Ewins, Treasurer, Cincinnati, (at his risk), on the receipt of which, a certificate of membership will be sent.

CLINTON LODGE, No. 27—1. O. O. F.
MEETS regularly every WEDNESDAY EVENING, at early candle-light over the Drug Store, Dr. S. P. Townsend.

[From the Know-Nothing and Crusader.]

The Bible.
Roman, spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eyes of unbelief.
'Twas my forefather's stay
In the hour of agony;
Roman, go thy way,
And let that Old Book be.
That good old Book of Life
For centuries has stood
Unharm'd amid the strife
When earth was drunk with blood;
And would'st thou harm it now,
And have its truth forgot;
Roman, forbear the blow,
— Thy hand shall harm it not.

Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When in my grandeur's hall
I heard its tales of truth.
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er the volume as he read;
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.
My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy,
I've seen her eyes of blue
Weep o'er it tears of joy.
Their traces linger still,
And dear are they to me,
Roman, forego thy will—
Go—let that old Book be.

[From the Court Journal.]

The Life of a Coquette.

The beautiful Baronne B— was a coquette and a widow, and was too proud of the precious freedom of widowhood to wish to mark it a second time in the silken bonds of wedlock. So, strengthening her weak woman's heart with the shield of universal coquetry, she bade defiance to the sighs and vows with which she was attacked. She laughed at the credulity of her victims, and despised them that they could sue so long and so vainly; but in their triumphs she lost the better attributes of the woman's gifts—her beauty, her youth and her wit—she trampled them under foot as worthy offerings to her own pride and soul. The only recollection our widow kept of matrimony was, that it had furnished her with a tyrant and a fortune. Her husband had been cold, stern and inflexible, but the fates decreed that she should soon be released from him, and she was blooming and beautiful; the cynosure of every gaze—among the men, he it understood. Perhaps it was not so wholly her own fault that she was such a despot. Her bright eye gave laws to her crowd of followers. She rewarded with a smile, she could punish with a single word, exterminate with an epigram, exile with a look. She felt her power and used it. Men feared her wit, while they were led captive by her beauty. Women hated her, but could not detect a flaw in the snow of her character worse than that of a cold-hearted coquette. There was however, one among the train of adorners who had vowed to himself to win this lady, and he threw himself, heart and soul, at the coquette's feet, sure that the reality of his feelings must conquer the frivolous caprice of her character. He was all heart and feeling. "Love's greatest miracle is to lay coquetry," said her unfortunate lover when he left the salons where his mistress reigned supreme. But to Madame B— a secret voice murmured in the tones of rejoicing—"What happiness to love no one, and to see one's self beloved by all!"

But what mystery to the lover to see his worshipped smiling upon all the same beaming smile! Hide the jealousy from the scornful eyes of this coquette! sighed the beating heart. Of all ills which love brings, jealousy is the one for which women have the least sympathy. And so the Count Stephano hid his misery in flight. Absence is the tomb of slight passions; but it fans the sparks of a real affection into a flame. He, therefore, as it was but natural that he should, as quickly returned, and laid his affections once more at her feet. Count Stephano was not now to be denied; she had listened too long—she had had gone too far to recede—she should hear him. He continued his persevering address till one morning she sent him this letter:

"Your love annoys me, dear friend—for so, in spite of all, I must call you—and your jealousy frightens me. I have, therefore, taken refuge in flight, and by the time you receive this, shall be far on my way to a land whither you dare not follow me. My uncle commands an Austrian garrison in Italy, and I mean to join him at Milan. I hope, one of these days, to meet you again in France, when you shall have learned to sink the lover in the friend; and when I hope to find you a reasonable and modest gentleman, instead of a wilful, passionate, Italian lover, who cares not to understand the caprice of a woman's heart."

"She shall not escape me thus," he said; "the coquette shall learn what it is to deal with men's hearts. I shall follow her."

He was proscribed, his estates confiscated, and a price set upon his head. He, therefore, hazarded much in entering Italy again. The Count Stephano had taken an active part in some revolutionary proceedings in his native land, and having rendered himself obnoxious to the Austrian Government, escaped with his life and a moderate fortune to France.

The Baronne had been some short time in Milan, when one day General V—'s chasseur announced a French traveler, who desired to see Madame B— at once.

"His name?" said the lady.
"He will not give it."
"Then we will not admit him," said the General.

"Oh, let us see him," said the Baronne. "Perhaps it is some friend of mine who is in distress."
"As you will," said the General.
And Count Stephano entered the chamber.

If Madame B— had uttered the name which trembled on her lips, the Count's fate would have been soon decided; but for once the coquette's ready wit served her in a good cause.

"Ah! my dear cousin," cried she, "how glad I am to see you. No doubt you have taken me to my word, and you are come to escort me home again. I shall be ready in a few days. Allow me to introduce to you my uncle. Dear uncle this is one of my husband's family, whom you have never met before."

in a perilous situation; and the lady suffered all the horrors of intense anxiety, now but imperfectly veiled beneath her usual gay and careless air.— For the first time in her life, our coquette felt, that she had to reply before God and man for the life which her levity had placed in jeopardy. She passed the night in pacing her chamber, in weeping bitter tears, in prayers which rose from the heart and not the lips. At early dawn next day the General entered her chamber. She was already dressed; she had not lain down during the night; her face was pale, her eyes were full of tears. Her uncle stood for a moment, and looked upon her sternly and sadly. "Camilla," said he, at length, "I have bad news for you. This cousin of yours is no Frenchman. He is an Italian noble, condemned by the justice of my master, the Emperor, to death, if he ever sets foot in Italy. He is in love with you, you have wantonly trifled with him, and he has been mad enough to follow you here. But you need not dread his annoying you any more; you will never see him again."

"Never see him again?" gasped the Baronne, clasping her hands; "then am I indeed punished by a just Heaven!"

"The police have tracked him to my house; I have received information from them, and have myself examined him, and heard the whole history of your wrongs toward him. My duty forces me to be stern and unflinching. I am bound to violate the sanctity of my own roof and arrest him even here. At this moment he ought to be dead."

A gun boomed in the distance, and the unhappy Camilla fainted. When she recovered her consciousness, she saw the Count kneeling by her side and chafing her hands.

"Ay, weep," said he in a tender voice; "for your cruelty has almost had its victim. But I forgive you, Camilla; we always forgive those we love."

"Up, up, my children!" cried the Austrian General; "enough of looks, signs and tears. Make love as far away from Milan as possible. I have risked my head, sir, to save yours; you shall thank me for it when you are safe back again in France. Be off at once, and Heaven prosper you!"

"And my dear Camilla?" said the Count.
"I must regret that I received it too late—I can do no more."

"And to you, my child," said the General, as he pressed the repentant coquette in his arms, "to you I would say, that the woman who is a coquette deserves neither peace in this world nor joy hereafter. She has separated herself from all human sympathies; but a time must come when those who flatter now will leave her for a younger idol, and then she finishes her worthless life as she began it; she will die as she lived—alone!"

But, as Camilla had no wish for such a solitary fate, she did penance for her faults and follies by taking upon herself the vows of obedience, and shining henceforward as a dutiful and loving wife.

A Lunatic's Cunning.

A very laughable incident occurred at the lunatic asylum at Lancaster about ten days ago. A parish officer from the neighborhood of Middleton took a lunatic to the asylum, pursuant to an order signed by two magistrates. As the man was respectfully connected, a gig was hired for the purpose, and he was persuaded that it was merely an excursion of pleasure on which he was going. In the course of his journey, however, something occurred to arouse the suspicions of the lunatic with respect to his real destination; but he said nothing on the subject, made no resistance, and seemed to enjoy his jaunt. When they arrived at Lancaster it was too late in the evening to proceed to the asylum, and they took up their quarters for the night at an inn. Very early in the morning the lunatic got up and searched the pockets of the officer, where he found the magistrate's order for his own detention; which, of course, completely let him into the secret. With that cunning which madmen not unfrequently display, he made the best use of his way to the asylum, saw one of the keepers, and told him that he had got a sad mad fellow, down at Lancaster, whom he would bring up in the course of the day, adding: "He's a very queer fellow, and he has got very odd ways. For instance, I should not wonder if he was to say I was the mad man, and that he was bringing me; but you must take good care of him, and not believe a word that he says."

The keeper of course promised compliance, and the lunatic walked back to the inn, where he found the officer still fast asleep. He awoke him and they sat down to breakfast together.

"You're a lazy fellow to be sleeping all day; I have had a long walk this morning," said the lunatic.

"Indeed," said the officer, "I should like to have a walk myself after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me?"

The lunatic assented, and after breakfast they sat out, the officer leading the way toward the asylum, intending to deliver his charge; but it never occurred to him to examine whether his order was safe.

When they got within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed: "What a fine house that is!"

"Yes," said the officer "I should like to see the inside of it."

"So should I," observed the lunatic.
"Well, I dare say they will let us through; I will ask," was the response.

They went to the door; the officer rang the bell and the keeper whom the lunatic had previously seen made his appearance with two or three assistants. The officer then began to fumble in his pockets for the order, when the lunatic produced it, and gave it to the keeper, saying: "This is the man I spoke to you about. You will take care of him; shave his head and put a straight waistcoat on him."

The men immediately laid hands on the poor officer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the mad man and he the officer; but as this only confirmed the story previously told by the lunatic, it did not at all tend his liberation. He was then taken away, and became so indignantly furious that the straight waistcoat was speedily put upon him, and his head was shaved *secundum artem*.

Meanwhile, the lunatic walked deliberately back to the inn, paid the reckoning, and set out on his journey homeward. The good people of the country were, of course, surprised on seeing the wrong man return; they were afraid that the lunatic in a fit of frenzy had murdered the officer, and they asked him with much trepidation, what he had done with Mr. Stevenson.

"Done with him," said the mad man, "why, I left him at the Lancaster Asylum, as mad as hell!" which, indeed, was not far from the truth; for the wits of the officer were well nigh upset by his unexpected detention and subsequent treatment. Further inquiry was forthwith made by his neighbors, and it was ascertained that the man was actually in the asylum. A magistrate's order was produced for his liberation; and he returned home with a handkerchief tied round his head in lieu of the covering which nature had bestowed upon it.—English paper.

A Ducal Palace in New York.

The magnificent structure now approaching completion, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, for Dr. S. P. Townsend, is a superb memorial, excites almost as much of admiration and curiosity as did ever its shore predecessor, the Crystal Palace. Though having a very imposing exterior of handsome wrought brown stone, an observer would scarcely suspect it of surpassing in costly elegance any private mansion in the New World, and vying with the most renowned mansions and halls of the Old. A brief description will convey some idea of this new claimant to the attention of wonder-seekers and letters. The building is 90 by 56 feet, and occupies five lots of ground, in an elevated position, which cost \$42,000. Its general appearance is of a class houses, though internally the arrangements have the claim of originality. It has been remarked, however, by those who have visited the European Continent, that the house has some resemblance to the residence of the late Duke of Parma. Upon entering, the visitor finds himself at the threshold of a grand hall, flanked on either side by tiers of galleries and columns, which extend upward to the roof, where they terminate under a gorgeous dome. The galleries, walls and columns are all decorated in the richest manner, with fresco-painting, gilding and elaborate moldings. The prevailing color employed in decorating the ceilings being blue, relieved with gold, these are presented most prominently to the eye, but the effect of the whole, when first beheld, is to bewilder with a sense of magnificence. The columns supporting the galleries through the several stories, are sixty in number, of the Corinthian style, which are sustained at the base, on the first story, by pilasters of scagliola. Passing to rear, in one corner of the edifice is a grand spiral staircase, having a diameter of about twenty feet, and terminating in the highest story, beneath a rich dome. Niches at the side are to be filled with appropriate pieces of statuary and decorations in plaster. Fresco, gold and carved wood are introduced at the discretion of the artist. The cost of this stairway will not be far from \$3,000. The chambers and other apartments above are all finished in the same superb style. The fresco painting upon the walls generally represent scenes in Italy, though there are many figures, scrolls, &c., purely fanciful; other portions, such as are designed for the picture-gallery and library, are classic; the bathing-rooms are furnished with nymphs and juvenile angels, &c. One of the "curiosities" is a chapel for religious worship, which occupies a portion of the third and fourth stories. The apartment is 33 by 16 feet, furnished in the Gothic style, and is to be provided with a superb altar piece to represent the baptism of the Redeemer. The requisite amount of "dim religious light" properly colored, enters through a single circular window of stained glass. There is also a gymnasium, with suitable apparatus for physical exercise, and a bowling saloon. The upper floors being too lofty to receive water from the public works, a tank is provided, into which water for the baths, &c., will be forced by a pump. The picture gallery is 28 by 22 feet, and it is said that twenty pictures for it are in course of preparation in Italy, by the best living masters, at an average cost of \$1,000 each. Some of the apartments are provided with very costly fire-places. We noticed one of beautiful Italian marble which cost \$400. The entire cost of the building and ground is estimated at \$200,000; the contract for stone is about \$50,000; fresco painting, \$6,000; plastering, from \$8,000 to \$10,000, and the carpenters' contract is about \$50,000. Such, in brief, as the last and greatest of the great "up-town" houses.

Another Bear Story.

A short time since we published the statements of a St. Louis paper in reference to the remarkable history of the woman and the bear of Durango, in Mexico, and now we copy the following story of the exploits of Bruin and a boatman on the Niagara River. The story is related in this wise:

A boatman was crossing the river a short distance above the rapids in a skiff, which he pulled with a pair of sculls. When about a quarter of a mile from the American side he espied a large bear in the water a few rods below him, swimming lustily for the spot where he expected to land, just below Schlosser. Bruin had evidently started from the lower end of Grand Island from the main land. The boatman forgot his dangerous proximity to the rapids in his eagerness to secure the bear, and immediately turning the bow of the skiff down stream, with a few vigorous strokes he came near enough the animal to strike him with an oar. Bruin turned to bay, and as his assailant aimed a second blow at his head, he knocked the oar out of the man's hand. Here was a dilemma of the most perplexing description. The boat was unmanageable in the swift current with a single oar; it was fast driving towards the upper rapids, and the man was in danger. The bear, too, became sensible of his danger, and seizing hold of the bow of the boat, he climbed on board; but, apparently overcome with terror as he approached the rushing water, seated himself quietly, without offering to molest the boatman. The poor fellow looked at the bear with horror, and then at the rapids with increasing alarm. Bruin behaved himself with perfect propriety, however. To be sure he did not proffer his aid in propelling the boat towards shore; but he regarded his fellow navigator and his operations with increased interest and an uncommonly benign countenance. It was evident that he considered himself a mere passenger, and while he wished his companion well, he felt bound in honor not to interfere with the management of the craft. Meantime the boat had reached the Schlosser Rapids, and bear and man must soon be beyond all human aid. Being an expert swimmer, the man leaped overboard, hoping to reach the land at a point below known as the French Landing. The bear followed him immediately, the twin struck with the vigor imparted by desperation, the bear keeping as near the man as possible, but without making any hostile demonstration. They finally touched the shore nearly at the same time, both exhausted by the efforts they had made. On reviving the boatman fled with all the speed he could make, and he was as much surprised as delighted to see the bear running still more rapidly in the contrary direction.

The story is a pretty tough one; but there is no fact in natural history better attested than that the most ferocious animals become subdued, peaceable and harmless in the presence of an overmastering danger.

ROSEBUDS IN WINTER.—The wife of Mr. Solomon Rose, of Cincinnati, made her husband a Christmas present of three blooming boys. The Cincinnati Sun thinks this a pretty fair specimen of budding for this time in winter.

What a Great City Has.

The last number of the London Quarterly Review, in a curious article on the commissariat of the British Metropolis, gave us some idea how much beef, mutton, pork, fish, oysters, game, and bread, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter and cheese, is consumed annually in that city. The enormous appetites of a town of two millions of inhabitants can be realized only by bringing together statistics like those furnished by the article in question.

Take, for instance, the amount of butchers' meat eaten in London in a year. Five hundred thousand head of cattle, two million sheep, one hundred and thirty thousand calves, and one hundred and sixty thousand pigs are slaughtered annually for the British Metropolis. Some of this meat is prepared for market as far off as Aberdeen, in Scotland. It is a curious fact that but little more mutton appears to be eaten in London now than there was twenty years ago, when the population was half a million less.

The quantity of fish, oysters, and game eaten, almost surpasses belief. Of oysters five hundred millions are consumed annually; of fresh herrings one hundred and seventy-five millions; of mackerel twenty-three millions; of red herrings fifty millions; of eels ten millions, and soles ninety-seven millions. The lobsters are one million and a quarter; the salmon four hundred thousand; crabs six hundred thousand; the live cod four hundred thousand; and other fish in proportion. Two millions of domestic fowls are annually sent to the London market, a million and a quarter of rabbits; two hundred thousand wild ducks; three hundred and fifty thousand tame ducks; a hundred thousand turkeys, and as many geese. Four hundred thousand pigeons, one hundred and fifty thousand plover, one hundred and twenty-five thousand partridges, one hundred thousand grouse, and a hundred thousand hares are devoured yearly by the epicures of that great capital. Not less than one hundred millions of eggs are eaten in London from New Year to New Year. Nearly five hundred million quarts of milk, some of it brought from a distance of eighty miles; is poured down the throats of the cockneys or devoured in the shape of puddings each year. Fruits and vegetables are consumed by millions. London uses annually sixty millions of oranges, fifteen millions of lemons, a million and a half pounds of grapes, five hundred thousand pineapples. The amount of home-grown vegetables eaten is astonishing. Not less than thirty-five thousand persons earn a livelihood merely by filling the vegetable and desert dishes of the British metropolis. A single railway carried to London last year forty-five thousand tons of potatoes. A million and a quarter bushels of cocoanuts are imported every year. More than eight hundred millions of pounds of porter and ale are drunk. So great is the demand for water that the London wells, for the last twenty-five years, have been diminishing in depth at the rate of a foot annually. At least one hundred thousand persons earn a subsistence directly and four hundred thousand indirectly by supplying London with tables and drinkables.

A Wild Man Caught in Maine.—A Mr. J. W. McHenry, who lives near Waldoboro, Maine, has recently captured a wild man. On first seeing him Mr. McH. says:

"The little fellow turned a most imploring look upon me, and then uttered a sharp shrill shriek, resembling the whistle of an engine. I took him to my house and tried to induce him to eat some meat, but failed in the attempt; I then offered him some water of which he drank a small quantity. I next gave him some dried beech nuts which he cracked and ate readily. He is of the male species, about eighteen inches in height, and his limbs are in perfect proportion. With the exception of his face, hands and feet, he is covered with hair of a jet black hue. Whoever may wish to see this strange specimen of human nature can gratify their curiosity by calling at my house, in the eastern part of Waldoboro, near the Tavern-bridges Tavern. I give these facts to the public to see if there is any one who can account for this wonderful phenomenon."

Nose and Lips.—A sharp nose and thin lips are considered by physiognomists certain signs of a shrewish disposition.

As a criminal was once on his way to the gallows, proclamation was made that, if any woman would marry him under the gallows, with the rope around his neck, he would receive pardon.

"I will," cried a cracked voice from amid the crowd.

The culprit desired the eager candidate for matrimony to approach the cart, which she did and he began to examine her countenance.

"Nose like a knife," said he, "lips like wafers! Drive on hangman!"

At a party a few evenings since an enthusiastic young gent was emphatically extolling the remarkable beauty of a certain lady, and among other remarks comparing her cheeks with a ripe, rosy peach, when he was interrupted by a dignified judge, who, with a long drawn sigh, ejaculated: "Ah! would I were eating upon that peach!" and thereupon joined his hands and walked away abstractedly. The air was rent with boisterous mirth, much to the discomfort of the young gallant.—Boston Post.

A Curious Physiological Fact.—A French officer, while making a reconnaissance near Sevastopol, was knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball, and the shock was so severe as to cause a paralysis of his tongue so that he could neither move it nor speak. Obtaining leave of absence he returned to Marseilles, and placed himself under electrical treatment. After a few shocks he could move his tongue with more facility, and at length, after an unusually powerful shock, his speech was restored, and he was fully recovered.

INSULT TO THE MEMORY OF FRANKLIN.—A letter from Manchester, N. H., written by Christopher Swenney, is as follows:

"On Sunday morning, November nineteenth, I asked Mr. McDonald (Catholic priest of this place) if he would baptise a child of mine; he said he would, and told me to have the child at the church after vesper. I was there at the appointed time, and he got ready to perform the service. He asked me what name I would call the child; I said, 'Franklin.' He asked me if I said 'Franklin' I would baptise the child with that name as that? I told him I liked the principles of Benjamin Franklin, and should be glad if my child should ever attain even a small portion of his wisdom or knowledge. He then said: 'That is no saint's name, and I won't baptise it; and you ought to know better than to ask me to do any such thing—an ignominy of a fellow like you—with your mustachios.'"

Thus do impertinent priests insult the memory of one whom every American holds most dear.