

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY J. B. HARRIS.

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TERMS.

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A Nod to the Ballick Books.

You are the institution for me— you are the place where the fellows says what's to be done, and how to do it. Spoin phadn't been bit? What then? Why we should ave had a tyrink a rulin of us, a hazin of us round with troups of soldiers! Why would he prevailed we should have had a inquisition, and tortures and sich "To rack the bones of freemen." (from another poet.) you are a great place for Irishmen to try Shillalays to, and drink whiskey, and a good munny men by their own talink, would ever heve been heard but for you. Yes, you are a good affair, and a fellor an vote as much as he's a mind, 'pecially you're a stranger in the place; then you can vote everywhere—you are a good place to make bets at, and you heve won more money at in your life than I can.

Life and Genius of Swift.

With the single exception of Pope, and excepting him only out of deference to his peculiar position as the poet or metrical artist of the day, the greatest name in the history of English literature during the early part of the century is that of Swift. In certain fine deep qualities Addison and Steele, and perhaps Farquhar, Goldsmith had a finer vein of genius than was to be found in Johnson. All his massiveness but in natural brawn strength, in original energy and force and powerfulness of brain, he excelled them all. He was about the year 1702, when he was already thirty-five years of age, that this strange specimen of an Irishman, or of an Englishman born in Ireland, first attracted attention in London literary circles. The scene of his appearance was Button's coffee-house; the names were Addison, Ambrose, Philips, and other wits, belonging to Addison's little coterie who used to assemble there. They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose aim it was to lay his hat on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace half an hour, without speaking to any more or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then said to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his eyes. After having observed this singular behavior for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he put among them was that of "the mad parson." This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Addison and the rest were observing him, he saw him cast his eyes several times on a stevedore in boots, who seemed to be just out of the country, and at last advanced towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb parson had to say, and immediately quit their seats to get near him. Swift went to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, said, "Pray sir do you remember any good author in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes sir, I thank God I remember a deal of good weather in my time." "That none," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but however, Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable, or taking the least notice of any one, he walked out of the coffee-house, leaving all who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more convinced in the opinion of his being mad.—*Dr. Sheridan's Life of Swift quoted in Scott's*

orders, and settled in a living; that again, disgusted with Ireland and his prospects in that country, he had come back to Moorpark, and resided there till 1699, when Sir William's death had obliged him finally to return to Ireland and accept first, a chaplaincy to Lord Justice Berkeley, and then his present living in the diocese of Meath. If curious about the personal habits of this restless Irish parson, they might have found that he had already won the reputation of an eccentric in his own parish and diocese, performing his parochial duties with scrupulous care, yet by his language and manners often shocking all ideas of clerical decorum, and begetting a doubt as to his sincerity in the religion he professed; boisterous, fierce, overbearing and insulting to all about him, yet often doing acts of real kindness; exact and economical in his management of money, to the verge of actual parsimony, yet, on occasion, spending his money freely and never without pensioners living on his bounty. They would have found that he was habitually irritable, and that he was subject to a recurring giddiness of the head, or vertigo, which he had brought on, as he thought himself by a surfeit of fruit, while staying with Sir William Temple, at Sheen. And what might have been the best bit of gossip of all, they would have found that, though unmarried, and entertaining a most unaccountable and violent aversion to the very idea of marriage, he had taken over to reside with him, or close to his neighborhood, in Ireland, a certain young and beautiful girl, named Hester Johnson, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Sir William Temple's house, where she had been brought up, and where, though she passed as a daughter of Sir William's steward, she was believed to be in reality a natural daughter of Sir William himself. They would have found that his relations to this girl, whom he had himself educated from her childhood at Sheen and Moorpark, were of a very singular and puzzling kind; that, on the other hand, she was devotedly attached to him, and, on the other hand, cherished a passionate affection for her, wrote and spoke of her as his "Stella," and liked always to have her near him; yet that a marriage between them seemed not to be thought of by either; and that in order to have her near him without giving rise to scandal, he had taken the precaution to bring over an elderly maiden lady, called Mrs. Dingley to reside with her as a companion, and was careful to be in her society only when Mrs. Dingley was present.

There was mystery and romance enough, therefore, about the wild, black-browed Irish parson, who attracted the regards of the wits at Button's coffee-house. Who had brought him there? That was partly a mystery, too; but the mystery would have been partly solved if it had been known that uncounted clerical lod in his house, he was an author like the rest of them, having just written a political pamphlet which was making, or was to make a good deal of noise in the world, and having at that moment in his pocket at least one other piece which he was about to publish. The political pamphlet was an "Essay on the Civil Discourses in Athens and Rome," having an obscure bearing on certain dissensions then threatening to break up the whig party in Great Britain. It was received as a vigorous piece of writing on the ministerial side, and was ascribed by some to Lord Somers, and by others to Burnet. Swift had come over to claim it, and to see what it and his former connection with Temple could do for him among the leading Whigs. For the truth was, an ambition to rise to the ranks of power was at the heart of this furious and gifted man whom a perverse fate had flung away into an obscure vicarage on the wrong side of the channel. His books, his garden, his canal with willows at Laracor; his dearly beloved Roger Cox, and the other perplexed and admiring parishioners of Laracor whom he domineered; his clerical colleagues in the neighborhood, and even the society of Stella, the wittiest and best of her sex, whom he loved better than any other creature on earth—all these were insufficient to occupy the craving void in his mind. He hated Ireland, and regarded his lot there as one of banishment; he longed to be in London, and struggling in the centre of whatever was going on. About the date of his appointment to the living of Laracor he had lost the rich deanery of Derry, which Lord Berkeley had meant to give him, in consequence of a notion on the part of the bishop of the diocese that he was a restless, ingenious young man, who, instead of residing, would be "eternally flying backwards and forwards to London." The bishop's perception of his character was just. At or about the very time that the wits at Button's saw him strolling up and down in the coffee-house, the priest of Laracor was introducing himself to Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, and others, and stating the terms on which he would support the whigs with his pen.

The assistance of so energetic a man, as the parson of Laracor was doubtless welcome to the Whigs. His former connection with the lately old revolution Whig, Sir William Temple, may have prepared the way for him, as it had already been the means of making him known in some aristocratic families. But there was evidence in his personal bearing and his writings that he was not a man to be neglected. And if there had been any doubt on the subject on his first presentation to himself to ministers the publication of his "Battle of the Books," and his "Tale of a Tub," in 1703 and 1704, would have set it overwhelmingly at rest. The author of these works (and though they were anonymous, they were at once referred to Swift) could not be acknowledged as the first prose satirist, and one of the most formidable writers of the age. On his subsequent visits to Button's, therefore, and Derry were frequent enough; for, as the bishop of Derry had foreseen, he was often an absentee from his parish—the mad Irish parson was no longer a stranger to the company. Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and the other Whig wits came to know him well and to feel his weight among them in their daily convivial meetings. "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age," was the inscription written by Addison on a copy of his Travels presented to Swift; and it shows what opinion Addison and those about him had formed of the author of the "Tale of a Tub."

RULES FOR PUNCTUATION.

A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what was his rule of punctuation: "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, and then put in a comma; when I take a surfeit, I insert a semicolon, and when I take a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

AN ICELAND LEGEND.—As early as 988, Erick Rande, an Icelandic Chieftain, fitted out an expedition of twenty-five galleys at Sucefall, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and they saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and but a few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the seventeenth day was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galleys of Erick Rande was not there. The crew of a galley which was driven further down than the rest reported that, as the morning broke, the large fields of ice, that had covered the ocean, were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Erick Rande, borne by the resistless force, with the speed of the wind, before a tremendous field of ice—her crew had lost all control over her—they were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a moment had elapsed before it was walled in by a hundred ice hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon before the horizon. That the galley of the narators escaped was wonderful—it remained, however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Erick Rande was never more seen.

Half a century after that Danish colony was established upon the western coasts of Greenland. The crew of the vessel which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw not far from the shore a figure in an ice vessel, with glittering icicles, instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, when they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were icy things, one figure alone stood erect, and with folded arms, leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid and deathly, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and that figure the form of Erick Rande. Benumbed with cold, in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the fogs had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, while the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had no time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling. They knew not but the scene might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for the night was approaching.

EXTRAORDINARY ENDURANCE.—A correspondent of the Portland State of Maine, writing from Gorham, N. H., gives the following account of a perilous adventure of a deer-hunter, who got lost in the region of the White Mountains, during the late intensely cold weather. The writer says the truth of the story can be vouched for by many persons of respectability in the vicinity of Gorham.

On January 31st, Nathaniel Copp, son of Hayes D. Copp, of Pinkham's Grant, near the Glen House, White Mountains, commenced hunting deer, and was out four successive days. On the fifth day, he left again, for a deer killed the day previously about eight miles from home. He dragged the deer (weighing 230 pounds) home through the snow, and at one o'clock P. M., started for another one discovered near the place where the former was killed, which he followed until he lost the track, about dark. He then found that he had lost his own way, and should, all probably, be obliged to spend the night in the woods, the thermometer at the time ranging from 32 to 35 deg. below zero.

Despair being no part of his composition, with perfect self-possession and presence of mind, he commenced walking, having no provisions, matches, or even a hatchet, knowing that to remain quiet was certain death. He soon after heard a deer, and pursuing him by moonlight overtook him, leaped upon his back and cut his throat. He then dressed him, and taking out the heart placed it in his pocket for a trophy. He continued walking twenty-one hours, and the next day at about 10 o'clock A. M., he came out at or near Wild River, in Gilead, Me., having walked on snow-shoes the unparalleled distance of forty miles without rest, a part of the time through an intricate growth of underbrush.

His friends at home, becoming alarmed at his prolonged absence, and the intensity of the cold, three of them started in pursuit of him, viz: Mr. Hayes, D. Copp, his father, John Goulding, and Thomas Culhane. They followed his track, until it was lost in the darkness, and by the aid of their dog, found the deer which young Copp had killed and dressed. They then built a fire and waited five or six hours for the moon to rise, to enable them to continue their search. They again started, with but the faintest hopes of ever finding the lost one alive, pursued his track, and after being out twenty six hours in the intense cold, found the young man whom they were in search.

Goulding froze both his feet so badly that it is feared he will have to suffer amputation. Mr. Copp and Mr. Culhane froze their ears badly. No words can reward the heroic self denial and fortitude with which these men continued an almost hopeless search, when every moment expected to find the stiffened corpse of their friend.

Young Copp seems not to have realized the great danger he passed through, and although his medical advisers say he cannot entirely recover the use of his limbs for from three to six months, talks with perfect coolness of taking part in hunts which he had planned for next week.

A few days since, a lady on Jamaica (L. I.) Pond, who is very expert on skates, offered the privilege of a kiss to any one who could catch her. The offer was made rather louder than she intended, for, when she started off, dozens started in pursuit, and she was captured by a negro, who did not insist upon the forfeit.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Wednesday, at 4 o'clock P. M., Mr. William Wheeler, the celebrated Western Walker, commenced the task of walking one hundred and one consecutive hours; and inasmuch as it was alleged that a similar feat was not fairly accomplished, particular pains were taken by those interested that there might be no humbug in the present instance. The first night was passed very comfortably; and during the next night and day he evinced no signs of fatigue. On Friday he appeared to feel the effects of a lack of rest, and his limbs commenced swelling. He was watched closely that night, and at times his mind wandered, and he was unconscious of any thing going on near him. The next day (Saturday) he received his wanted vigor, and with the encouragement of his friends, near by, seemed quite fresh. His limbs, too, which bore evidence of his endurance, improved in appearance, and the approach of last night was met with much composure by himself and others. He continued to walk, but with difficulty. His constitution required all the stimulus that consistently with his safety could be given. He became delirious, and had to be guarded to prevent him leaving the plank, and if possible, the room. On Sunday morning the swelling commenced again, and the day passed tediously. Large crowds visited him, which did much to cheer him on. In the evening the audience became literally packed, and at one time it was seriously proposed clearing the room for the purpose of the pedestrian air. At 9 o'clock and 9 minutes, it was announced by Dr. Rowell, his physician, that his time was up. He left the plank, and walked through the crowd with perfect composure. Three cheers were given for him, which were duly acknowledged. This proved that he was perfectly sensible, and which, under the circumstances, was looked upon as a strange occurrence. A carriage being in waiting, he entered it, and immediately fell into a sound slumber. On arriving at the destination of the vehicle, he awoke, and with a firm tread, went into the house, and after partaking of such nourishment as was provided for him, retired to bed. The only food or drink allowed him during the time of this extraordinary performance was beef tea, (very strong,) raw eggs, brandy and wine. This is the greatest feat of the kind on record. —*California paper.*

ONE OF THE DARK SPOTS OF LONDON.—The Daily News, in alluding to the low parts of St. Clement's Lane as a "London fever hole," thus draws the abode of men and women of "merry England."

"A track through the heart of the Black forest, or a pass through the bowels of a mountain in Arabia Petraea could not be more close and dreary. You might walk here in a good stiff hurricane and hardly know it; a summer shower might pass and leave you dry. You are in the region of perpetual shadow, and the women and children who sit and sprawl upon the door-steps are scarcely less in-doors than when languishing in their dark and fetid room; and no wonder for according to actual measurement, the courts vary in breadth from six to twelve feet. Here are the holes in which our human fellow-creatures swarm like vermin. According to a report published in the Daily News of May 1st, no less than 50 inmates were found to reside in one of the houses in Middle, Serle's place, (formerly Shire-lane) and in Shipyard many of the houses are built back to back, entirely preventing through ventilation. The examination states that the water butts are kept in underground cellars, the walls and flooring of which are continually damp to the touch, and where water, imbibing the filthy exhalation of the place, acquires a dreadful odor, that the ceilings of some of these cellars are actually below the level of the roadway, so that the inhabitants are obliged to burn candles through the whole day with the exception of a few hours, and that terrier dogs are kept in many of the houses as a protection against the rats. Yet out of these hideous tenements considerable sums of money are drawn, every year, by letting and sub-letting. Hideous women, foul and slatternly, loat out of windows, or lean against door posts overcome with terrible lassitude and indolence, which they are surrounded; not impudent and brazen, but oppressed with the hopeless burden of their lives. The children, sullen, dirty, and fierce—young tigers, without their health—play or fight in the roadways in the midst of the cabbage-stalks, potatoe peeling, oyster shells, and tanning puddles. Men are very seldom seen. And over the whole young and old tower the melancholy house fronts, shutting out the sky and the breeze, and black and saturated with the pestilential vapors which are arising unseen around them—'Hang their position in the sick air.'"

THE BELLE AND THE STUDENT.—At a certain splendid evening party, a laughing young beauty turned to a student who stood near her, and said: "Cousin John I understand your eccentric friend L— is here; I have a great curiosity to see him. Do bring him here and introduce him to me." The student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on the sofa. "Come L—," said he, "my beautiful cousin Catherine wishes to be introduced to you." "Well trot her out, John," drawled L—, with an affected yawn. John returned to his cousin, and advised her to defer the introduction to a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip; but the next moment said: "Well never fear, I shall insist on being introduced." After some delay, L— was led up and the ceremony of introduction was performed. Agreeably surprised by the beauty and comely manding appearance of Catherine, L— made a profound bow; but, instead of returning it, she stepped back, and, raising her eye glass surveyed him deliberately from head to foot; then waving the back of her hand toward him drawled out: "Trot him off, John! trot him off that is enough!"

THE TICKLERIB DEBATING SOCIETY AT GREEN POINT, is now discussing the following question: "Which is the pleasantest to a homely woman, to become good looking, or to see her dear, beautiful friend, Maria Jane, catch the small-pox and grow ugly like herself?" When we left the gentleman on the negative was vibrating his knuckles under the President's nose, while the leader of the affirmative was battering the Secretary's crupper-bone with a copper candlestick and a junk-bottle. The decision will be announced in an extra, provided the police don't anticipate it by an intrusive visit.

WASHINGTON IN A RAGE.—Griswold, in his "Republican Court," relates the following anecdote of Washington: Edmund Randolph had been an object of Washington's kindly interest from his youth; his powerful influence had caused him to be elected Governor of Virginia; he had appointed him successfully Attorney General and Secretary of State, and had treated him in every way with unlimited confidence and almost parental fondness. The vulgar and violent abuse with which he was assailed in the disgraced minister's "Indication," therefore, incensed him to an extraordinary degree; the occasion was one of those in which his feelings for a moment obtained a mastery over his habitual self-control. We have from unquestionable authority an anecdote illustrating this, which has not been hitherto published. Upon the settlement of the boundary between Pennsylvania and Virginia, some of Washington's lands fell within the former State, and the late Mr. James Ross, of Pittsburg was his agent for the sale of them. He came to Philadelphia to settle his account, and sending word to the President that he would wait on him at his pleasure, was invited to breakfast next morning.

On arriving, he found all the ladies—the Custises, Lewises, Mrs. Washington and others—in the parlor, obviously in great alarm. Mr. Ross described them as gathered together in the middle of the room, like a flock of partridges in a field, when a hawk is in the neighborhood. Very soon the President entered, and shook hands with Mr. Ross, but looked dark and lowering. They went in to breakfast, and after a little while, the Secretary of War came in and said to Washington, "Have you seen Mr. Randolph's pamphlet?" "I have," said Washington, "and by the eternal God, he is the damndest liar on the face of the earth!" and as he spoke, he brought his fist down on the table with all his strength, and with a violence that made the cups and plates start from their places. Ross said he felt infinitely relieved, for he had feared that something in his own conduct had occasioned the blackness in the President's countenance. Ross himself, and he mentioned it at the house of the late John B. Wallace, of Philadelphia, as showing that Washington was a man of extraordinary passions and sensibilities.

FACTS FROM HISTORY.—William the conqueror or originated the Curfew Bell, which was rung at eight o'clock in the evening, to warn the people to put out their fires and candles; a law made with the good intention of preventing the terrible conflagrations that often happened in the towns when so much wood was used in building.

During the reign of William the Conqueror, the absurd mode of trial by ordeal, which had been in general use among the Saxons, was discontinued, and the Norman fashion of settling legal differences by single combat, was brought into England.

In the reign of William Rufus was introduced the fashion of wearing shoes with long points turned up before and fastened to the knee with a chain. The clergy endeavored by their preaching to abolish this ridiculous custom; but the people still persisted in wearing long points in their shoes, in spite of all opposition.

Before the conquest, surnames were not used in England; but the Normans adopted a second name by way of distinction, and it usually expressed either some personal quality, as Rufus the Red, or indicated some post at court, or was the name of the family estate, in which last case "de" was prefixed.

In the reign of Henry the First, when the rents were due, the King made what was then called "his progress" through his estates, accompanied by a train of nobles, knights, squires, and domestics of all sorts, as cooks, confectioners, tailors, barbers, and others, who traveled on horseback, or in very clumsy vehicles. The "progress" was made for this reason, that as the tenants could pay but very little of their taxes in money, the rest had to be taken in "kind" that is, cattle, corn, poultry, pigs, or anything else they had; therefore, as the King could not take away all these things, he and his followers remained at each place, feasting until they had consumed provisions equivalent to the taxes.

In the reign of Henry the Second, carpets were not in use, and it was considered the height of grandeur to have the floors strewn with clear straw or rushes every morning.

Coats of arms were brought into fashion in the time of Richard the First and were adopted by the knights who were encased in armor might be known by the devices on their shields.

In the reign of Henry the Third, a character was granted to the inhabitants of Newcastle, authorizing them to dig for coal, which had before been much used for fuel; but it was a long time before it came into general estimation; the only people who purchased it for fuel were brewers, dyers and others, who required large fires. Subsequently the use of coal was forbidden on account of its smoke.

In the reign of Edward the First, there were only two clocks in England; the one was placed in an older tower of Westminster Hall, the other in Canterbury Cathedral; but they were both of foreign workmanship, and it was not until the time of Edward the Third, that clocks were made in this country.

When Queen Elizabeth died, three thousand gowns were found in her wardrobe!

A HARD STORY.—The Louisville Courier tells some tough yarns. It says that a fishing party in Kentucky got out of "bait," and no worms were to be found. At last a young lady suggested the following: "That a physician who was present should dispatch a messenger to his office to procure a vial of vermifuge, which should be administered to a certain yellow-faced young man who had been affecting some attentions to her during the morning, and if the worms were not forthcoming she would pay the expense of the medicine!"

MOST HORRIBLE.—A grocer's wife having, in a passion thrown an inkstand at her husband and splattered him all over with the black liquid, some atrocious wretch declared that she had been engaged in the battle of Ink-har-man. Oh dear what will the world come to!

A VETERAN SOLDIER.—Mr. Jonathan Records died on the 16th ult., in Buckfield, Maine, aged 105 years. He was a revolutionary soldier and pensioner. He was, when he died, the oldest person, but one in the State of Maine.

AMERICAN STEAMBOATS.—If the first and most constant need of an Englishman is to exalt his country—of a Frenchman to boast of his person, of an Italian to boast of his singing, of a German to boast of his philosophy, of a Spaniard to be jealous of a Russian to swear—the first and most constant need of an American is to act, or better, to transport himself from one extremity to the other of his vast country.

The life aboard the steamboats, although not so varied, has none the less of real charms. Who has not heard of those magnificent boats navigating Lake Erie, the Ohio, the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence? Boats which cost sometimes a million francs, and which earn, in a season of six months at high as two hundred and fifty thousand francs of profit for their owners. The Eclipse which plies between Louisville and New Orleans, is nearly three hundred feet long. The interior is of magnificent and elegant proportions; the saloon, also that of the gentlemen, surpasses in richness and elegance the most splendid boats of England.—The Eclipse contains about 300 chambers, and 500 beds. On the panels of the door of each chamber is painted with care, and sometimes with art—a view taken on the borders of the Ohio or Missouri. The decorations, sculpture, and tapestry, have mingled their marvels of beauty with painting. Around the steamboat, which resembles a floating palace, there is an exterior gallery, from which the traveler may admire the plantations that border the river.

"The table and the service are in unison with all this splendor. It is not rare to see the inhabitants of Kentucky, of Indiana, and Missouri, embark at Louisville, Cairo, or St. Louis, destined to New Orleans, where they stop some days, and afterwards remount to the point of departure, having thus remained three weeks on the rivers, solely for the pleasure of being sometime away from home, and to change constantly the perspective, without leaving their comfortable temporary home. The distractions which are encountered on board these steamboats, are all that Americans demand. To smoke, to drink, to talk, to gamble, that is the life of men; as for the women, they read, embroider, or play on the piano of their saloon, unpublished airs. No where but in France have I encountered woman who knew how to do nothing."—*From Madame Foutenay's Travels in America.*

HINTS TO CLERKS.—If any thing is missing from the store, mention that Jim spends a great deal of money, or that Tom must have rich relations. This will in all probability insure their discharge, and you will be promoted. The truth or falsehood of your assertions is not of the least consequence to you.

Diamonds are very fashionable. You must have a pin, or how can you hold up your head among your friends, who have them. No matter how or where they got their. Get one honestly if you can—by getting trusted for it—if not, get it any how, though every one knows your salary will scarcely afford you clean shirts or diceys. Envious people are always benevolent and will not accuse you of robbery—to your face.

Get a gold watch. They are good things to wear. One worth one hundred or seventy-five dollars. If you cannot get it on a credit, make arrangements to pay for it in trade. Pay out your employer's goods to your creditor—but don't mention it to the book-keeper, for fear of a warrant for grand larceny, which is very little like an invitation to a fancy dress party.—*Buff. Republic.*

Dr. Johnson, traveling in the north of Scotland, could not see a house or tree in riding a great many miles. Nothing but desolation and barrenness everywhere presented themselves to his view, till at last he cast his eyes on a crow, that was perched on the stump of an old tree, gnawing with great violence, and cawing for want of food, which the Doctor observing could not help crying out:

"Caw, caw, caw, and be d—d, if you will stay in such a country as this, when you have wings to fly away!"

"Federal relations!" said Mrs. Parlington, as she heard from her position in the gallery of the senate, a committee appointed upon federal relations, and she looked down pleasantly into the good natured face of the president and patted her snuff box tenderly; "federal relations! well that is queer enough; though I don't know as I blame him much, if his relations are federal for making a do to do about it; but what upon air has the general court to do with it?" She stopped here in her wonder, attracted by a motion of the handsome member from Bristol, while he reached over the front of the gallery and tapped upon the head of the old Hessian drum.

THEATRICAL WIT.—In "Black-Eyed Susan," Wood, of the Boston Theatre, gets off the following:—William is telling a sailor's yarn to the landman, and in course of it, is describing the capture of a shark which had been hanging round the fleet for some time. What do you think we found in him? says William. "Bar-num's Life," says Wood, as *Gnatwain*. "Why so?" "Because the public swallowed it, and I thought a shark might!" Well says William, "perhaps he might, but he didn't, guess again!" "Lots of ladies bonnets." "And why?" "Because I have not seen a bonnet on a lady's head for six months." The audience roared and the play went on.—*Post.*

THE BELGIANS IN THE TOMBS.—We learn, says the New York Courier and Enquirer, that a proposition has been made to the Mayor to send the Belgian paupers or convicts, now in the Tombs, out West. To this he does not assent, on the ground that if they are unfit to be among the people of New York, they should not be sent among the citizens of the West. He had, therefore, decided that the paupers or convicts, as the case may be, shall be returned by the Belgian Consul to their native country, at the expense of the Belgian Government.

Some weeks ago, a certain auctioneer put up for sale a copy of Sparks' Washington. At first no one seemed inclined to bid, but after a while, one of the spectators offered fifteen cents a volume! Looking round at the auctioneer with a frown most terrible, the auctioneer ejaculated: "My friend don't waste your money; you can't read, and what's the use of your buying books!" The bidder was silent. After a little, a box of cigars was put up, when the admirer of General Washington rapidly exclaimed: "Fifteen cents, darn you! I'm entitled to smoke, if not to Sparks!"