

# THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY J. B. HARRIS.

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## AMERICAN PATRIOT:

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We have seen nothing out in ten years equal to the following touching poetical tribute to the memory of Robert A. Whyte. Who is Julia Pleasant? We should like to see her, know her, shake hands with her, and be privileged to call her a friend. The Louisville Journal has spoken our sentiments in saying of her lovely and appropriate monody: "One might almost wish to die, if he knew that so beautiful a tribute would be written to his memory." We ask those of our readers who admire passages to read these verses with care.—*Edgewood Advertiser.*

### ROBERT A. WHYTE.

(LATE EDITOR OF THE GEORGIA HOME GAZETTE.)

On the bosom of a river  
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,  
Or the starlight streamed forever,  
Sailed a vessel light and free;  
Morning dew-drops hung, like manna,  
On the bright folds of her banner,  
While the zephyr rose to fan her  
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow, a pilot beaming,  
In the flush of youth, stood dreaming,  
And he was in glorious seeming  
Like an angel from above.  
Through his hair the breezes sported,  
And as on the wave he floated  
Off that pilot angel-throated,  
Wartled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so brightly flowing,  
Faint of laurel-bloom were blowing,  
And his hands alone were throwing  
Music from a lyre of gold.  
Swiftly down the stream he glided,  
And the purple waves divided,  
And a rainbow arch abided  
On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts with fond devotion,  
Watched him sailing to the ocean,  
Fraying that no wild commotion,  
Midst the elements might rise;  
And he seemed some young Apollo,  
Charming summer winds to follow,  
While the water-flags corolla  
Trembled to his music signs.

But those purple waves enchanted  
Rolled beside a light haunted  
By an awful spell that daunted  
Every corner to her shore.  
Night shadows round her encumbered,  
And the pale marble statues numbered  
Where the lotus-eaters slumbered  
And awake to life no more.

Then there rushed with lightning quickness,  
O'er his face a mortal sickness,  
And the dew in fearful thickness  
Gathered o'er his temples fair.  
And there swept a dying murmur  
Through the lovely Southern summer,  
As the heauteous pilot corner  
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,  
And the sun unbinds his quiver,  
Or the starlight streams forever  
On its bosom as before.  
But that vessel's rainbow banner  
Gleets no more thy gay savanna,  
And that pilot lute drops manna  
On the purple waves no more.

### THE EXPECTED GREAT COMET.

The eminent astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, gives some very interesting details relative to the return of that great comet whose periodical course is computed by the most celebrated observer at three hundred years. Our cyclical records show that it was observed in the years 104, 392, 682, 975—again in 1264, and the next time in 1556—always described as shining with the most extraordinary brilliancy. Most of the European astronomers had agreed in announcing the return of this comet in 1848; but it has hitherto failed to appear. In fact it is not so easy or simple a matter to compute those vast cyclical periods as some superficial persons—who do not look beyond the day of the year in which they live—may imagine.

We are, however, assured by M. Babinet, that up to this moment, this beautiful star "is living on its brilliant reputation," so that Sir John Herschel himself was wrong when he despaired of its re-appearance, and put craps on his telescope! We are informed that a celebrated and accurate computer—M. Bomme, of Middleburg—with a patience and devotedness truly German, has gone over all previous calculations, and made a new estimate of the separate and combined action of all the planets upon this comet, of 300 years; and he has discovered that it is not lost to us, but only retarded in its motion. The result of this re-labor gives the arrival of this rare and renowned visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years, more or less, so that, between 1856 and 1860, those who are then living may hope to see the great luminary which, in 1556, caused Charles V. to abdicate.

—*Advocate and Journal.*

### Pontius Pilate at Vienne.

[An abridged translation from "Courier des Etats Unis" for the Louisville Journal.]

Vienne in Dauphiny, a province of France, the ancient capital of transalpine Gaul under the Romans, is situated on the river Rhone. There on the left bank of that beautiful stream is seen a tomb of ancient architecture, which according to tradition is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. *Pasus est sub Pontio Pilato.* It was in Vienne also that the Wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, the spot that contained the ashes of the judge of the Righteous, was to be trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript found in a monastery near Vienne. It was under the reign of Caligula, when G. Marcus was praetor at Vienne; that an old man bent with age, yet of a tall stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written in red letters, the name of P. Albinus. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate's. After mutual salutations Albinus observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of misfortune and affliction. Accused by the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea! My name is ominous; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprinted an indelible mark of infamy on the fair front of Imperial Rome when the Romans passed under the *Caedina Evocata* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Arminius. And I—miserable me!

"You miserable!" asked Albinus; "what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienne, but for what crime. I have examined your affair at the *Tribunalium*. You are denounced by Vitellus, prefect of Syria, your enemy, for having chastised the rebellious Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samaritans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves on mount Garizim. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred to the Jews."

"No!" replied Pilate, "No! by all the gods, Albinus; it is not the injustice of Caesar that afflicts me."

"What, then is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinus. "Long have I known you, sensible, just, humane. I see it—you are the victim of Vitellus."

"Say not so, Albinus. Say not that I am the victim of Vitellus. No; I am the victim of a Higher Power! The Romans regard me as an object of Caesar's disgrace; the Jews, as the severe proconsul; the Christians as the executioner of their God!"

"Of their God did you say Pilate! Impious wretches! Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross!"

"Beware, Albinus beware!" continued Pilate. "If the Christ had been born under the purple he would have been adored. Listen. To your friendship I will submit the events of my life; you will afterwards judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality."

On my arrival at Jerusalem I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judea, with the high Priest, and his officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterwards the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His department was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the Gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept his excuse; the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

At that time Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities the most difficult to govern. So turbulent was the people that I lived in momentary dread of insurrection. To repress it, I had but a single centurion and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarce troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire—to extend our conquests beyond the means of defending them!

Among the various rumors which came to my ears, there was one which attracted my attention. A young man it is said, had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a noble unction, a new law in the name of God who had sent him. At first, I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

One day in passing the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed, in the midst of the group, a young man leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told that it was Jesus. This I could have easily suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never had I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions! Unwilling to interrupt him by his presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group and listen.

My Secretary's name was Manlius. He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators who encamped in Etrussia, waiting for Catiline. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and was worthy of my confidence.

On returning to the Pretorium I found Manlius, who related to me the words that Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I heard in the Portico, or read in the works of the philosophers, anything that can be compared to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not, Jesus replied: *Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.*

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that Justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious. I ex-

tended to him my protection, unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any pretorian mandate.

Should it ever happen—may the Gods avert the omen!—should it ever happen, I say, that the region of our forefathers should be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies—whilst I, miserable wretch shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call Providence, and we—Destiny.

But this unlimited freedom granted to Jesus revolted the Jews—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe in the latter; and this was political reason, in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. "Scribes and Pharisees!" he would say to them, "you are a race of vipers!—you resemble painted sepulchres!" At other times he would sneer at the proud alms of the Publican telling him that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

New complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was ever informed that some misfortune would befall him; that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets; and that if the Pretorium refused justice an appeal would be made to Caesar.

This I had prevented, by informing Caesar of all that happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish tranquility in the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview with him at the Pretorium. He came.

Oh, Albinus! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down under the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble; but then I was young; in my veins ran the Spanish mixed with the Roman blood as incapable of fear as it was of puerile emotions.

When the Nazarene made his appearance I was walking in my basilick, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron nail to the marble pavement. He was calm, the Nazarene, as an innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and, by a simple gesture seemed to say to me: here I am.

For some time I contemplated, with admiration and awe, this extraordinary type of a man; a type unknown to our numerous sculptors, who have given form and figure to all the gods and all our heroes.

"Jesus," said I to him at last, and my tongue faltered; "Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you for the last three years ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato; but this I know, that there is in your discourse that majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it, and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you the liberty of which you are so worthy. However I must not conceal from you that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubtly increased against you, on account of your sayings; against me on account of the liberty extended towards you. They even accuse me indirectly of being leagued with you, for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil-power which Rome had left them. My request—I do not say my orders—is that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of justice."

The Nazarene calmly replied.

"Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the mountain because it will uproot the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whether flows the waters of the torrent. Verily, I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the blood of the just will be spilt."

"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation on account of your wisdom, than all these turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Caesar, and construe our bounty into feat. Insolent wretches! They are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself in the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Pretorium is open to you as a place of refuge; it is a sacred asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head and said with a graceful and divine smile:

"When the day shall have come, there will be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither on earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the just is there, (pointing to the heavens.) That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," answered I, mildly, "you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province, which has been confided to my care, requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my orders; you know them. May happiness attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace, love and charity. I was born on the same day on which Caesar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeds not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Restrain, therefore, your worldly prudence. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying, he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilick.

Herod, the Tetrarch, who then reigned in Judea, and who died devoured by vermine, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene. Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his regal dignity, yet he was afraid

of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Caesar.

Herod called on me one day at the Pretorium, and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those great Philosophers that great nations sometimes produce; and that his doctrine was by no means dangerous; and that the intention of Rome was, to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching; and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exaltation, which always manifests itself at the solemnities of the pass-over. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted.

I wrote to the prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city, too weak to suppress disorder, and having no other choice left than to tolerate it.

They had seized upon Jesus; and the seditions raged, although they knew they had nothing to fear from the Pretorium, believing, in the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their action, continued vociferating, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

Three powerful parties at the time had combined together against Jesus. First, the Herodians and Sadducees, whose seditious conduct appeared to have proceeded from a double motive; they hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor; and although, in this instance, I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrifice did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also marked in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the Temple in erecting edifices of the public utility. My proposal was scouted by the Pharisees. They cared not for the Governor; but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had, during three years, been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and too egotistical to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiaphas, performed a worthy act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came within Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither. The wily Tetrarch professed humility, and protecting his defence to the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to his hands.

Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditions. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth, the towns of Galilee, and plains of Esdreloth. All Judea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who prided herself at my feet, "Beware, said she to me, 'beware, and touch not the man, for he is holy. Last night, I saw him in vision. He was walking on the water—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempest, to the palm trees, to the fishes of the lake, and they were obedient to him. Behold the torrent of Mount Cedron flows with blood the statues of Caesar are sold with the filth of the gemonie; the columns of the Pretorium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb! O, Pilate! evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the word of thy wife, drag the curses of a Roman Senate dread the frowns of Caesar!"

By this time my marble stairs groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me. I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a severe tone, what they demanded. The death of the Nazarene, was their reply. For what crime? "He has blasphemed," he had prophesied the ruin of the Messiah, the King of the Jews! Roman justice, said I, punisheth not such offences with death. "Crucify him, crucify him!" shouted forth the relentless rabble.

The vociferations of the infuriate multitudes shook the palace to its foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like unto the Statue of Innocence placed in the temples of the Emninaides. It was the Nazarene.

After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, had the baseness to adopt a measure which, at the moment, appeared to me to be the only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged, then, calling for water, I washed my hands in presence of the clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

But in vain. It was his life that these wretches thirsted after. Often, in our evil commotions, have I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude; but nothing could ever be compared to what I beheld in the present instance. It might have been truly said that, on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk; they were borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along like living waves, from the portal of the pretorium even unto Mount Zion, with howling screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia or in the tumults of the Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was likewise towards the idea of March. I, the contemned Governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilick, contemplating athwart the dreary gloom, this Theory of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Naza-

rone. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gates that lead to the Gemonie. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the Centurion, to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than to that of man. Loud clamors were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which borne on the winds appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple, and their large ruptures settled over the city and covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested, both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Arocapagite, is reported to have exclaimed: "Either the Author of Nature is suffering, or the Universe is falling apart."

Towards the first hour of the night, I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city towards the gate of Golgotha. The sacrifice had been consumed. The crowd were returning home; still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, sad, taciturn and desperate. What they had witnessed had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman cohort pass by mournfully, the standard bearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief, and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not comprehend. Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the gods. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt; then, looking back towards Mount Calvary, would remain motionless, in the expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium, sad and pensive. On ascending the stair, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him, several women in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep. "Father," said I to him mildly, "who are you, and what is your request?" "I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, and I am come to beg of you, on my knees, the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth." "Your prayer is granted," said I to him; and, at the same time, ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned. A few days afterwards the sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of Jesus published all over the country that he had risen from the dead, as he had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to perform, it was to communicate to Caesar the details of this deplorable event. I did it the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when the day began to dawn.

At that moment, the sound of clarion playing the air of Diana, struck my ear. Casting my eye towards the Caesarian gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance, other triumphs sounding Caesar's march. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen men, who, to hasten their arrival had marched all night. "It has then been decreed by the Fates," cried I wringing my hands, "that the great iniquity should be accomplished—that, for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive today! Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! Alas! it was but too true, what the Nazarene exclaimed when writing on the cross: *All is consummated!*"

### Omnigenous Paragraphs.

The Toledo (Ohio) Blade, says that a few evenings since a widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be very greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh! thou knowest what is the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A man—a man!" responded a brother in a broad accent.

PRUDENCE—Guard well thy lips—none, none can know What evils from the tongue may flow; What trifles, what galls may be incurred By one incautious hasty word.

"Does your arm pain you, sir?" asked a lady of a gentleman, who seated himself near her, in a mixed assembly, and threw his arm across the back of a chair and touched her neck.

"No, Miss, it don't; but why do you ask?" "I noticed it was out of place, sir, that's all." The arm was removed.

QUAINT CONCERT.—Many a quaint and odd conceit enters the brains of the little folks that can but provoke a smile. A coz of ours, who has seen one less than half a dozen summers, the other night,

"When insects swarmed provokingly,"

insipidly asked: "Ma, what makes the morning-glories shut themselves up at night?" Receiving no satisfactory answer, she seemed puzzled for a moment, and then, a flash of intelligence illuminated her countenance, exclaimed: "Now, I know, ma; it is to keep the mosquitoes from bitin' 'em!"

Swedenborg says that though the virgins he saw in heaven were very beautiful, the wives were incomparably more so, and went on increasing in beauty evermore.

THE PRESS—Oh! ever in thy banner bright, Let truth and virtue blend; Be ever—ever—in the right—Be ever labor's friend:

His strong and honest arm shall be Thy bulwark in distress; God bless the land of liberty—God save our country's press!

An elderly spinster writes to a friend: "A widower with ten children has proposed, and I have accepted. This is about the number I should have been entitled, if I had been married at the proper time."

When you hear a woman saying "it's a pity Sally Brown is so homely," it's a sign she thinks her own daughter is a very pretty girl.

At a debating society in Schenectady, the other day, the subject was, was it the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry? After continuing the argument for two nights, the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old members going for the strawberries, and the young ones for the girls.

Diogenes says: "A correspondent whose letter bears the postmark of Hanwell, (Lunatic Asylum,) has asked us a question which runs thus: 'If Rogers cannot take Gerrastoppel, may we ask can Robert?'"

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD BE ALPHABETICALLY.—A woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, x-emplary, yielding, and zealous.

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD NOT BE.—Artful, bold, cross, deceitful, envious, fretful, groveling, hollow-hearted, idle, jaded, knavish, lazy, morose, nonsensical, officious, prudish, quarrelsome, ranting, snappish, talkative, unreasonable, vain, wrangling, x-leagant, or yawning.

It is pretty evident that when a man buys a hundred dollar handkerchief for a 'duck of a wife,' that he is a 'goose of a husband.'

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—A late poem by Alice Carey, contains the following beautiful stanzas which must touch any heart that has lost sight of treasured flowers which are blooming on the "other side"

Even for the dead I will not bind  
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;  
For it is not as if the rose that climbed  
My garden wall had bloomed the other side!

There are said to be upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand Insalutes within the limits of the United States, as appears from the Synagogue rolls.

A weak-minded lady says if anything will make a woman swear, it is striking her foot against the rocker of a rocking chair, while hunting for her night-cap after the candle has been blown out.

A new description of oil, said to be equal to the best sperm, non-explosive, produced from rosin, and that can be offered at 50 cents a gallon, has recently been invented. It has been tested in New York, and the editors of that city think "nucleus" of it.

A TONGUE CHOKER.—Joseph was a bad boy. He had succeeded in blinding his mother for sometime as to the imbibing propensities. One night Joseph came in before the old lady had retired. He sat down, and with a look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began conversing about the goodness of the crops and other matters. He got along very well until he espied what he supposed to be a cigar on the mantel-piece, he caught it, and placed one end in his mouth, began very gravely to light it, at the candle. He drew and pulled until he was getting red in the face. The old ladies eyes were opened, and she addressed him—"If thee takes that tennepny nail for a cigar, it is time thee went to bed."

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES OF ANY COLOR.—Take white soap make a very thick lather with a soft brush such as gentlemen use in shaving, and put the glove upon the hand; cover it with the lather, rub it off quickly with a clean flannel until it is dry. Repeat the process, till the glove is clean, being careful that it is done so quickly as not to saturate the kid and "it will look as nice as new."

Mr. Wise, of Virginia, was lately married. Somebody, therefore says punningly to a bachelor friend, "there, go, and do like *Wise*." There was a laugh, of course, so a bystander conjectured the remark must be a good thing somehow. So he retails to another company as above, till he came to the point of the jest, for which he substituted the following: "there, go, and do so too." All were sober as deacons. "Why don't you laugh," said he, "every body did when I heard it told." It takes something better than a cracked vessel to carry a joke.

CLERICAL PESSIMISM.—At a meeting of clergymen not long since, a reverend gentleman by the name of Loss, of dimensions somewhat extended, both laterally and altitudinally, presented himself. Says one of the brethren to him, "When you left your people you were a great Loss." "Yes," said another, "but when he dies he will be no Loss." "Yes," said a third, "he will be a dead loss."

A MAINE LAW STATE.—A Hartford paper tells of a new style of eating oysters, practiced at the Irving House, New London. A man of rather suspicious appearance called for oysters, when the bar-keeper opened a very large one, and set both shells on the counter; whereupon the customer swallowed the oyster in one half of the shell, and, on pretence of taking the 'broth,' drank a liquid of rather singular appearance from the other half!

A SMART DOG.—A friend of ours has a dog which used to be very smart. He says: "There wasn't any think in all Kentuck," said he, "that could begin with him," cept one. One day we started a bar (beary) regular snorter. He put right straight off, and the dog after him, an' I brought up in the rear. They were soon out sight, but I followed on for a mile or so, and came out at last on a clearing, where was a log hut, and a feller setting down an' smoking his pipe as comfortable as possible.

"Did you see anything of a dorg an' a bar, goin' by here?" sez I to the feller.

"Yes, I did," says he.

"Wal, how was it?" says I.

"Wal, he was takin' his pipe out an' drawing his coat sleeve across his face, 't was about nip and tug, though I think the dorg had a little the advantage." How was that?"

"Wal, he was a trifle ahead."

A TAX ON EDITORS.—One of the city councilmen of Richmond Va., supposing that editors came under the head of luxuries proposes to put a tax upon them. The *Whig* says of the proposition:

One of the Common Councilmen of Richmond has, at a single leap, made himself immortal. His name we learn is Sneed. Sneed proposes to levy a tax of ten dollars each upon the editors of this city, to relieve the treasury of the corporation from its terrible embarrassments. Sneed's idea is a bold, original, brilliant, dashing, divine idea. "One rusty penny nail," and three cheers for Sneed. Verily, the euphonious name of Sneed is married to immortality. Won't the "craft" take supreme delight and pride in waiting the fame of Sneed to the utmost ends of the earth? Long live the patriot Sneed!