

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY J. B. HARRIS.

CLINTON, LA., MARCH 28, 1855.

VOL. 1—NO. 14.

AMERICAN PATRIOT:

WILL BE PUBLISHED REGULARLY EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Office at the southwest Corner of the Public Square

TERMS.
SUBSCRIPTION, Three Dollars, when paid in advance, or Five Dollars if not paid at the time of subscribing, or at the close of the year. Subscriptions will not be received for a less period than six months, which will be Two Dollars, invariably in advance. No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at One Dollar per square, of ten lines or less, and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion. Liberal deductions will be made to those who advertise by the year.
All communications of a personal nature, either of a defensive or offensive character, must be paid for according to the regular advertising rates in order to secure publication.

To Little Cordelia Howard, with a Basket of Flowers.

We find in the Philadelphia Ledger the following poetical gem from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens:

Sweet Strawberry Girl! like an innocent thought,
That has stolen away to grow perfect alone,
And roaming and singing, has carelessly caught
A beauty I scarce can imagine my own.

Thou comest a creature of genius and grace!
With a gleam of the angel, a shade of the earth,
Just fitting like starlight across thy sweet face,
As my thought had just found a more heavenly birth.

So I greet Thee, a creature half cherub, half child,
Thou spirit of sunshine, and music, and showers!
With those glances so thoughtful, so earnest and mild,
Oh! take with my thought this bright burden of flowers.

Our Principles.

1. We shall advocate a total repeal of the laws of naturalization, or if that cannot be accomplished, then such a modification of those laws, as will prevent future immigrants from becoming citizens, short of a residence of twenty-one years, after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and of abjuration of all other powers, potentates, and princes.

2. We shall advocate a passage of a stringent law by congress to prevent the immigration hither of foreigners, who are either paupers or criminals, and to send back to the countries from which they come, all such foreigners of these classes as may, in violation of such law, hereafter reach our ports; and to require the President of the United States to demand from any government, which may send hither such classes of its subjects, immediate and ample satisfaction for such outrage, and a proper indemnity against the repetition thereof.

3d. We shall oppose the election or appointment of any foreign-born citizen to any office of trust, honor or emolument under the Federal or State governments, or the employment or enlistment of such persons in the army or navy in time of war; maintaining, as we do the opinion, that the native-born citizens of the United States have the right to govern the land of their birth; and that all immigrants from abroad should be content with the enjoyment of life, liberty and property, under our institutions, without seeking to participate in the enactment, administration, or execution of our laws.

4th. We shall advocate and urge the adoption of such an amended form of an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and to be administered to all persons elected or appointed to any office of trust, honor, or emolument, under the Federal or State governments, as will effectually exclude from such offices all persons, who shall not directly and explicitly recognise the obligations and binding force of the Constitution of the United States as paramount to all obligations of adhesion or allegiance to any foreign prince, power, potentate, or authority, whatever, under any and all circumstances.

5th. We shall maintain the doctrine that no one of the States of this Union has the right to admit to the enjoyment of free suffrage any person of foreign birth, who has not been first made a citizen of the United States, according to the "uniform rule" of naturalization prescribed by Congress, under the provisions of the constitution.

6th. We shall oppose now and hereafter, any "union of Church and State," no matter what class of religionists shall seek to bring about such union.

7th. We shall vigorously maintain the vested rights of all persons, of native or foreign birth, and shall at all times oppose the slightest interference with such vested rights.

8th. We shall oppose and protest against all abridgement of religious liberty, holding it as a cardinal maxim, that religious faith is a question between each individual and his God, and over which no political government or human power, can rightfully exercise any supervision or control, at any time, in any place, or in any form.

9th. We shall oppose all "higher law" doctrines, by which the constitution is to be set at naught, violated or disregarded, whether by politicians, or religionists, or by the adherents or followers of either, or by any class of persons.

10th. We shall maintain and defend the constitution as it stands, the Union as it exists, and the rights of the States, without diminution as guaranteed thereby; opposing at all times, and to the extent of our ability and influence, all who may assail them, or either of them.

11th. We shall oppose no man, and sustain no man, on the ground of his opposition to, or his support of, Democratic measures, or Whig measures; but we shall oppose those who oppose our doctrines, and sustain those who sustain our doctrines.

12th. And lastly, we shall use our utmost exertions to build up an "American" party, whose maxim shall be;

AMERICANS SHALL RULE THEIR COUNTRY!

To a Minister of the Gospel.

BY MISS.....

A great and blessed work is thine,
Thou minister of God;
Thine thine to lighten many a soul
That once in darkness trod;
Thine thine to bring the heavenly light
To play upon their path;
To show the wretched one his doom,
Show God's impending wrath.

The soul who'd lay its burden down,
Would flee, but knows not where;
Thine thine to point him to the cross,
And bid him lay it there.
To take his Savior's easy yoke,
His meek and lowly mind;
For he who follows his command,
Rest for his soul shall find.

The soul that thirsts for righteousness,
Thine thine to place before
Those free and living waters, where
He'll drink and thirst no more.
For Jesus calls, "Ho, every one
That thirsts come draw ye nigh;
Come without money, without price,
Those living waters buy."

The troubled soul which Satan tries
With doubts to destroy;
Thou'll take the oil of gladness there,
And make it sing for joy.
For has not Jesus said to such,
"Oh, faithless, trust in me,
Resist the mighty enemy,
And he shall from the flee."

'Tis thine to smooth the dying bed,
To whisper in the ear
Those sweet, and those consoling words,
That God himself is near.
For he has said, "Be not afraid,
Though passing through death's vale,
My rod and staff shall comfort thee,
No evil shall assail."

And though thy toil on earth is great,
Yet when thy work is o'er,
And thou hast gained that heavenly land
To weep o'er sin no more;
Oh, is it not a precious thought,
Far more than world's renown,
That those who bright redeemed shall shine,
As jewels in thy crown.

THE NEW FLYING MACHINE.—We find the following in the *Patriot*.

The Academy of Sciences is a good deal interested by the invention of a flying machine by Don Diego de Salamanca. With this machine Don Diego's daughter, Rosaura, rose in the air some time ago, at Madrid, to the great astonishment of the Spaniards, who are but little accustomed to this sort of miracle. Don Diego de Salamanca and his daughter are about to arrive at Paris to show the effects of his marvelous invention. The machine is very simple: It consists in a case two feet long and one foot wide, adapted to a band of leather round the waist buckled behind. The two iron rods fastened to the case support a small piece of wood on which the feet repose. The case contains a simple and ingenious mechanism, similar to that employed to set an automaton in motion. The mechanism is worked by means of a handle. It sets in work two large wings ten feet long, made of very thin caoutchouc, covered with feathers; and the wings are so worked as to produce vertical, perpendicular, or horizontal flying. The number of turns given to the handle determines the height to which it is desired to go. The handle has to be turned every quarter of a league to regulate the distance; the operation of turning lasts a minute. Horizontal flying is the most difficult; the wings beat the air like the oars of a boat, or rather as the feet of a swan when it is swimming.

By means of this curious machine, a man can go almost as rapidly as a carrier pigeon from the Hotel de Ville to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, in eight minutes, and in a half an hour to Versailles. The experiments, which will be made in Paris, will be on a small scale, and the flights of Don Diego will not extend beyond the departments of the Seine; but at a later period he proposes to go to Lyons, to Bordeaux, Toulouse, Marseilles, and Tours, to take the lines of railway. He pretends that he can travel quicker by rail. The price of each machine will not exceed 1,200fr. for men, and 1,000fr. for women. If the experiment succeeds, Don Diego will take out a patent, and will make the sale of the machine a branch of commerce. Although greatly astonished at this new invention, several members of the academy have pointed out the inconvenience of bringing it into general use. In point of fact, there will be no security for any one, if by the aid of such a machine all our usages and customs be overthrown, and if malefactors can fly on the roofs of houses, afterwards get into apartments and commit all sorts of depredations. It will be very curious to see policemen in France or England pursuing thieves in the air, in order to lock them up on earth. It appears that 1856 promises us all sorts of marvels.

TOP-BOOTS FOR LADIES.—A gossiping lady correspondent of the Home Journal, furnishes the following item of intelligence in the last issue of that paper.

"Boots with turn over tops, are resolved on for the street wear by the ladies—the turn overs to be yellow kid, scolloped or fringed, the boots patent leather, so I hear. Your broaching the inflammable subjects of ladies' expenses has probably brought this about; for the sidewalk sweeping is our most expensive amusement, and short dresses would reduce Stewart's marble palace two stories at least. As our heels are to be made visible, I shall send you a photograph of mine, at the very first unveiling, for I suppose there will be so much curiosity to know what they look like that the daguerreotypes will now take both ends of us. We were talking of it yesterday when Dr. — was in, and he said that nothing showed blood like thin heel sloping under, as it is proved that your race had not carried burthens. The negro foot had a self behind, and the heel was clubbed, from being crushed out with a weight for ages. Heel-ogony is going to be interesting, I foresee."

THE WITCH WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When a boy, I occasionally met at the house of a relation in an adjoining town, a stout, red faced old farmer in the neighborhood. A fine tableau he made of a winter's evening, in the ruddy light of a birch log fire, as he sat for hours watching its progress, with a sleepy half shut eye, changing his position only to reach the elder mug on the shelf near him. Although he seldom opened his lips save to assent to some remark of his host, or to answer a direct question, yet at times, when the cider mug got the better of his taciturnity, he would amuse us with interesting details of his early experience in the "Ohio Country."

There was however, one chapter in these experiences which he usually held in reserve, and with which "the stranger intermeddled not." He was not willing to run the risk of hearing that which was a frightful reality turned into ridicule by scoffers and unbelievers. The substance of it, as I received it from one of his old acquaintances form as clever a tale of witchcraft as modern times have produced.

It seems that when quite a young man he left the homestead, and strolled westward, worked his way from place to place till he found himself in one of the French settlements on the Ohio river. Here he procured employment on the farm of a widow; and being a smart, active fellow, and proving highly servicable in his department, he rapidly gained favor in the eyes of his employer. Ere long, contrary to the advice of his neighbors, and despite of somewhat discouraging hints regarding certain matrimonial infelicities experienced by the late husband, he resolutely stepped into the dead man's shoes; the mistress became the wife and the servant was legally promoted to the head of the household.

For a time matters went on easily and comfortable enough. He was now lord of the soil; and he laid in his crops of corn and potatoes, salted down his pork, and piled up his wood for winter's use; he naturally enough congratulated himself upon his good fortune, and laughed at the sinister foreboding of his neighbors. But with the long winter months came a change over his "love's young dream." An evil and mysterious influence seemed to be at work in his affairs. Whatever he did after consulting his wife, or at her suggestion, resulted favorably enough; but all his schemes and projects were marred and defeated. If he bought a horse it was sure to be spavined or wind-broken. His cows either refused to give down their milk, or getting it, perversely kicked it over. A fine sowing which he bargained for, repaid partially by devouring, like Saturn, her own children. By degrees, a gloomy, dark a thought forced its way into his mind. Comparing his repeated mischances with the antipathical warnings of his neighbors, he at last came to the melancholy conclusion that his wife was a witch. The victim in Motherwell's ballad of the Arabian tale, who discovered he had married a ghoul in the guise of a young and beautiful princess, was scarcely in a more sorrowful predicament. He grew nervous and fretful. Old, dismal nursery stories and all the witch lore of his boyhood came back to his memory; and he crept to his bed like a criminal to the gallows, half afraid to fall asleep lest his mysterious companion should take a fancy to turn him into a horse, get him shod at a smithy, and ride him to a witch meeting. And as if to make the matter worse, his wife's affections seemed to increase just in proportion as his troubles thickened upon him. She aggravated him with all manner of caresses and endearments. This was the drop too much. The poor husband recoiled as from a waking nightmare. His thoughts turned to New England; he longed once more to see the old homestead, with its tall well-sweeps and butter-nut trees by the road-side; and he sighed amidst the rich bottom land for his father's rocky pastures, with its crop of stunted mullens. So one cold November day, finding himself out of sight and hearing of his wife, he summoned courage to attempt an escape, and resolutely turning his back to the west, plunged into the wilderness towards the sunrise. After a hard and long journey he reached his birth-place, and was kindly welcomed by his old friends. Keeping a close mouth with regard to his unlucky adventure in Ohio, he soon after married one of his schoolmates, and in a few years found himself in possession of a comfortable home.

But this evil star still lingered above the horizon. One summer evening, on returning from the hayfield, who should meet him but his witch wife from Ohio! She came riding up the street on her old white horse, with a pillion behind the saddle. Accosting him in a kindly tone, yet not without something of gentle reproach for his unhandsome desertion of her, she informed him that she had come all the way from Ohio to take him back again.

It was in vain that he pleaded his latter engagements; it was in vain that his new wife raised her shrillest remonstrances, not unmingled with expressions of vehement indignation at the revelation of her husband's real position; the witch wife was inexorable; go he must; and that speedily. Fully impressed with a belief in her supernatural power of compelling obedience, and perhaps dreading more than witchcraft itself the effects of the unlucky disclosure upon the temper of his New England helpmate, he made a virtue of the necessity of the case, bade a hurried farewell to the latter, amidst a perfect hurricane of reproaches, and got upon the white horse with his old wife on the pillion behind him. Of that ride Burger might have written a counterpart to this ballad:

"Tramp, tramp, along the shore they ride,
Splash, splash, along the sea."
Two or three years had passed away, bringing no tidings of the unfortunate husband, when he once more made his appearance in his native village. He was not disposed to be very communicative; but for one thing, at least, he seemed to express his gratitude. His Ohio wife, having had a spell of intermittent fever, had paid the debt of nature and left him free, in view of which his surviving wife, after manifesting a due degree of resentment, consented to take him back to her bed and board, and I could never learn that she had cause to regret her clemency.

A KNOTTY POINT SETTLED.—A cavalier in our vicinity the other day tried to put down his opponent with this question:

"If Noah did send out a dove that never returned, where did it go to?"

"Why, retorted his antagonist, 'I suppose somebody shot it!'"

HUMOROUS CLIPPINGS.

SPEECH OF ZACHARIAH SPIECER.—On the question "Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?" Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution, I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of a bachelor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor shillless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared with his after-self than a milldam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say it, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet,

"Confusion was a monarch of all he surveyed."

Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots, there a play-bill, and here a dirty pile of clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

I felt in my pocket-book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it. I haven't got the pester. I wish for your sake I had."

"There," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," says I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold have I none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" says she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't repented it. No more antics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor ragged devil, without a coat to your back, or a shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable, generally, as a 'heg-hog' rolled up the wrong way, I advise you to stay a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, [overpowering applause] and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amid long continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five son-in-laws.

Isn't it strange how circumstances alter cases? When the price of flour falls, the merchants don't hear of it for a week or ten days afterwards; but when it rises, somehow or other, the news spread in half an hour.

God pity the man who has nothing to do. Idleness is the mother of more misery and crime than all other causes ever thought or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker, or the wisest theorist.

A PATRIARCH LOCATED.—A clergyman, preaching a sermon on some particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and back to the west, plunging into the wilderness towards the sunrise. After a hard and long journey he reached his birth-place, and was kindly welcomed by his old friends. Keeping a close mouth with regard to his unlucky adventure in Ohio, he soon after married one of his schoolmates, and in a few years found himself in possession of a comfortable home.

But this evil star still lingered above the horizon. One summer evening, on returning from the hayfield, who should meet him but his witch wife from Ohio! She came riding up the street on her old white horse, with a pillion behind the saddle. Accosting him in a kindly tone, yet not without something of gentle reproach for his unhandsome desertion of her, she informed him that she had come all the way from Ohio to take him back again.

It was in vain that he pleaded his latter engagements; it was in vain that his new wife raised her shrillest remonstrances, not unmingled with expressions of vehement indignation at the revelation of her husband's real position; the witch wife was inexorable; go he must; and that speedily. Fully impressed with a belief in her supernatural power of compelling obedience, and perhaps dreading more than witchcraft itself the effects of the unlucky disclosure upon the temper of his New England helpmate, he made a virtue of the necessity of the case, bade a hurried farewell to the latter, amidst a perfect hurricane of reproaches, and got upon the white horse with his old wife on the pillion behind him. Of that ride Burger might have written a counterpart to this ballad:

"Tramp, tramp, along the shore they ride,
Splash, splash, along the sea."
Two or three years had passed away, bringing no tidings of the unfortunate husband, when he once more made his appearance in his native village. He was not disposed to be very communicative; but for one thing, at least, he seemed to express his gratitude. His Ohio wife, having had a spell of intermittent fever, had paid the debt of nature and left him free, in view of which his surviving wife, after manifesting a due degree of resentment, consented to take him back to her bed and board, and I could never learn that she had cause to regret her clemency.

A KNOTTY POINT SETTLED.—A cavalier in our vicinity the other day tried to put down his opponent with this question:

"If Noah did send out a dove that never returned, where did it go to?"

"Why, retorted his antagonist, 'I suppose somebody shot it!'"

Popular Definitions.

What is Fashion?
Dinners at midnight, and headache in the morning.

What is wit?
That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

What is idleness?
Working yellow mountains on a pink subsoil—or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions.

What is Joy?
To count your money and find it over-run a hundred dollars.

What is Conscience?
Something that guilty men feel every time it thunders.

What is Knowledge?
To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas.

What is Contentment?
To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. In other words to be better off than our neighbors.

What is Justice?
The opinion of twelve drunken Jurymen.

What is Ambition?
A desire to become possessed of a yellow piee leg and a half-soled eyebrow.

THEOLOGICAL.—Two juvenile disputants discussed as follows in our hearing a day or two since:

"I tell you God is everywhere?"
"Aint—neither."

"I know better; my mother says so."
"Don't care if she does. He aint in that wire," (pointing to the telegraph) "cos that aint holler!"

This rather staggered his little reverence for a moment, but ere a minute had elapsed a triumphant smile lit up his face as he responded:

"Well I don't care he's all around it!"
How many a skeptic of larger growth might out of the mouth of that "sucking" learn wisdom.

We have heard a better one. A mother and her little boy were discussing this subject:

Mother—God is everywhere, my son, is he not?
Boy—I believe so.

Mother—Is he in this room?
Boy—Yes mother.

Mother—Is he in that table, and chair, and bookcase?
Boy—Yes mother.

Mother—Is he in your pocket?
Boy—No mother.

Mother—Why not?
Boy—I ain't got no pocket.

ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.—We find the following romantic paragraph in a San Francisco paper, received by the last arrival. Some years ago an American vessel was attacked by the natives of the islands mentioned below, who succeeded in killing the captain and severely wounding several of the crew with arrows and spears:

Mr. Benjamin Boyd, a Scotch gentleman of fortune who has for years roamed the ocean in a pleasure yacht, and who paid a visit to San Francisco, in 1850-'1, with his beautiful craft, the Wanderer, has been for three years supposed dead. In 1851, after leaving San Francisco, he purchased one or two of the Solomon Group of Islands in the Pacific, designing to establish a government there over the natives according to his own peculiar and eccentric notions. While lying at anchor in a bay of one of the islands he went ashore accompanied by a native boy to hunt. During his absence the Wanderer was surrounded by the natives who attempted to seize her, but were prevented by the intrepidity and determination of the first officer, an American. From information afterwards derived, as well as the long absence of Mr. Boyd, they concluded he must be murdered, and after searching for him several days, they found, as they supposed, full evidence of his having been murdered. The vessel then bore off for the coast of New Holland and was wrecked at Port Macquaire. On the 10th of August last a whale ship was at one of these islands, and the crew discovered the name Benjamin Boyd cut in nearly all the trees. They were also told at another island (St. Christopher's) that a white man was living on the very island that Capt. Boyd was supposed to have been murdered upon. The authorities at Sydney are taking every means to ascertain the truth of the matter, and release him from imprisonment as soon as possible.

ELOQUENT.—J. R. Lowell, at the close of a recent lecture on Milton, said:

The noise of those old warfares is hushed; the song of Cavalier and the fierce psalm of Puritan are silent now; the lands of his epical adversaries no longer hold pen or crozier; they and their works are dust; but he who loved truth more than life, who was faithful to the other world while he did his work in this; his seat is in that great cathedral whose far echoing aisles are the Ages, whispering with the blessed feet of the saints, martyrs, and confessors of every clime and every creed; whose bells sound only centural hours; about whose spire, crowned with the constellation of the cross, no meaner birds than missioned angels hover; whose organ music is the various stops of endless changes breathed through by endless good; whose choristers are the elect spirits of all time, that sing serene and shining as morning stars, the ever renewed mystery of Creative power.

THE EXPRESSION OF HANDS.—Lavater told Goethe that on a certain occasion when he held the velvet bag in church, as collector of the offerings, he tried to observe only the hands; and he satisfied himself that in every individual the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift in the bag, were distinctly different and individually characteristic. There are hands of various characters, the hand to catch, and the hand to hold; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that worked or could work, and the hand that has never done anything, but holds itself to be kissed, like that of Joanna of Arragon, in Raphael's picture.

"The smiles of home are exceedingly pleasant; but there are many people who go good homes, who prefer 'smiling' a friend outside."

THE LION'S STRENGTH.—The strength of the lion is very great. We are informed by Dr. Sparrman, that "this animal was seen to take a heifer in his mouth, and the legs of the latter dragged on the ground, yet seemed to carry her off with the same ease as a cat does a rat. It likewise leaped over a broad dike with her, without the least difficulty. A buffalo perhaps would be too cumbersome for this beast of prey, notwithstanding his strength, to seize and carry off with him in this manner. Two yeomen, upon whose veracity I can place some confidence, gave me the following account.

Being a hunting near Bothiesman river, with several Hottentots, they perceived a lion dragging a buffalo from the plain to a neighboring woody hill. They, however, soon forced it to quit its prey, in order to make a prize of it themselves, and found that this wild beast had had the sagacity to take out the buffalo's large and unwieldy entrails, to be able the easier to make off with the fleshy and more eatable part of the carcass. The lion's strength, is said not to be sufficient alone to get the better of so large and strong an animal as the buffalo, but, to make it his prey, this fierce creature is obliged to have recourse both to agility and stratagem; inasmuch that, stealing on the buffalo, it fastens with both its paws upon the nostrils and mouth of the beast, and keeps squeezing them close together, till at length the creature is strangled, wearied out and dies. Buffaloes which had escaped from the clutches of lions, bore the marks of the claws of these animals about their mouth and noses. The lion itself, however, risks its life in such attempts, especially if any other buffaloes were at hand to rescue that which was attacked. A traveler once had an opportunity of seeing a female buffalo with her calf, defended by a river at her back, keep for a long time at bay five lions which had partly surrounded her, but did not dare to attack her. I have been informed, from good authority, that on a plain to the east of Kromme river, a lion had been gored and trampled to death by a herd of cattle, having, urged probably by hunger, ventured to attack them in broad daylight." This reader will not so much wonder at, when he is informed, that in the day time, and upon an open plain, twelve or sixteen dogs will easily get the better of a large lion.

NO HOPE.—His voice falters: his lip quivers. Never has he spoken these words before, and they seem absolutely terrible. He is a young physician, and this is the first case in which he has been unsuccessful. He felt from the beginning that the beautiful babe would die, but yet there might be room for hope. The blue eyes of the mother brightened as he entered, and her whole manner seemed to say, "he can save my child." There was a strange earnestness in the deep tones of the father as he wrung his hand, murmuring, "my fortune if you give him relief!"

Oh! it was hard to see the golden hair flung wildly from side to side, until its slender threads embroidered the delicate lace as with shreds of gold. It was hard to hear the sad soft moans; to watch the restless wandering of the eye, and the spasm of the little lips and fingers. But there was still some hope, and heartfully he labored, until from his watchful tenderness, he had learned to love the heaven estray; and hope grew almost wild with struggle to live on.

And now he had said it—"there is no hope." He had seen the young mother borne fainting from the room; he could hear the smothered groans of a manly voice, and hear the muffled footsteps as one paced the floor in agony, ever and anon crying out, "no hope—no hope."

Through a thousand other scenes of horror and death, even when the doctor with stoical calmness utter the words, "no hope," he bears the memory of the first trial. The babe has mouldered many a year; its little grave is forgotten, but the sensations that hovered its dying bed, never.

Yet he is saved, but not by mortal care. Through all these years he has been safe,--from snarls, from sins and temptations; and though the doctor watched his exit with anguished heart and brain, angels rejoiced when his pallid lips uttered the words, "there is no hope."

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE OF LONGEVITY OF FEMALES.—We learn from a source entitled to full confidence, that there are now living in Baltimore, and all near neighbors, five old ladies, (sisters) all widows, whose united ages number three hundred and sixty-five years. The oldest is over eighty, and the youngest between sixty-four and sixty-five years. We are pleased also in being able to record the fact that they enjoy good health and happiness, each of them being in comfortable circumstances, and surrounded by families of prosperous, highly respectable children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

It is altogether doubtful if such another remarkable coincidence of human life could be found in the world's history. All sisters—all widows—all enjoying good health—all happy—all comfortable—the oldest over eighty years and the youngest over sixty-four years of age, making an united average of 365 years! They and their families are well known to our citizens, and we believe all are natives of Baltimore. Some of them passed through the revolution, and others verge upon those stirring times.