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BY J. B. HARRIS.

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TERMS.

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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.

2d. We shall advocate a passage of a stringent law by Congress to prevent the immigration 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 by 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!

The Ostend Conference.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bow had been stronger,
My song would be longer.

MEDICAL SYSTEM.

HOMEOPATHIC DRACHM.

Take a little Rum—
The less you take the better—
Mix it with the Lakes
Of Wenner and Wetter.

Dip a spoonful out—
Mind you don't get groggy—
Pour it in the Lake
Winnepieogee.

Stir the mixture well,
Lest it prove inferior;
Then put half a drop
Into Lake Superior.

Every other day
Take a drop in water;
You'll be better soon,
Or at least you oughter.

ALLOPATHY.

Take some Calomel—
The more you take the better—
Mix it with a drop
Or two of cistern water.

Feed some to your dog;
It will make him vomit,
And, may be, see stars,
Or, perhaps a Comet,

Once in each half hour
Take a rousing potion;
Say a tumbler full—
If that suits your notion

If you chance to die—
As you're almost sure to;
You may safely swear
That it don't cure you.

HYDROPATHY.

Take a linen sheet,
The larger 'tis the better—
Wrap yourself up well,
And plunge into the water.

Any water 'll do—
Croton, sea, or cistern—
Each should make his choice
As may best suit his turn.

When you're fairly soaked,
If you don't feel better,
Take a generous shower-bath,
And get a little wetter.

Touch no wine or gin,
Drink gallons of cold water;
You'll be better soon—
If you ain't you oughter.

SENSE-OPATHY.

Take the open air,
The more you take the better—
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay.
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and the whisky.

Freely exercise—
Keep your spirit cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Ever make you fearful.

Eat the simple food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well—
Or at least you oughter.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, on whom to keep a watch and exercise my habits of observation, I, in vain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and, during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visitors we have, during this early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring, and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering forecast of soft weather. He sang early in the dawn, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard, was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long dubious voyage, the field-birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the house-

hold; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

I have consulted my books of ornithology in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcome of flowers, breathing the sweet promises of the early year.

Another of our feathered visitors, who follows close upon the steps of winter, is the Pewit, or Peewee, or Phoebe-bird, for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a social little being, and seeks the habitation of men. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there; for two years past, their nest never being disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and snowdrop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. The "Phoebe-birds have come!" is heard on all sides. They are welcomed back like members of the family, and speculations are made upon where they have been during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is announced by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the Blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the Boblink, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this begins the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval nature is in all her freshness and fragrance. "The rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet briar and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich twinkling notes, crowding one upon another like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tumultuously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstacy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour, always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody, and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feelings throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up during the livid day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room, it seemed if the varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happy lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school, nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I then been more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make on joyful wing,
Our annual visits round the globe,
Companions of the Spring!

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my school boy readers who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic

would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits; doffs his poetical suit of black, and assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand;" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the seeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblink no more—he is the *Reed-bird* now, the much sought for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform? Alas, not he! Incorrigible epicure! Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them, almost bursting he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career; behold him spitted with dozens of his companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the Boblink; of the meadows, musical, admired, the joy of the spirit, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency of that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken bird to an untimely end.

A Love Cure—A Sketch from Life.

BY OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

I had already had some skill and notoriety in my treatment of pulmonary complaints, and traveling North one summer for health and rest. I stopped for a few weeks at a beautiful little village near the St. Lawrence, where I was somewhat known. I had only been in the village two days when I was called to see the young daughter of a wealthy farmer by the name of Summer.

Ida Summer had been the belle of the county, and, though only seventeen, her marvelous beauty had already kindled a quenchless fire in the heart of many a suitor for her favor. Frank, confident and at once playful and modest, arch, yet innocent, full of wild spirits, yet utterly devoid of coquetry; to see her was to love her.

I found the peerless girl, whom I had remembered from the summer before as buoyant and rosy with health, pale and wan as a summer cloud, and apparently in the last and closing stages of a deep decline. A careful investigation into the state of her lungs convinced me that her's was a mental rather than a physical consumption. I studied her case carefully, watched the various expressions of her speaking face, and at last came to the conclusion that her malady was one of the heart.

Of unrequited affection? I could not think that; beautiful and good as she was. The case was a difficult one. Tenderly and gently I probed every sounding, but could arrive at no conclusion. Thus much I discovered: that she possessed no particular regard for any one of the youths far or near, whose name I could get hold of. And, notwithstanding all my efforts, she seemed rapidly declining.

I made minute inquiry into her past life; but cautiously, as not to let my motives be apparent. I learned that she had spent a few weeks of the winter preceding with an intimate friend in an adjoining town, and from that time had begun to fade. To that town I repaired; but by closest inquiry could ascertain nothing. To all alike she had been friendly, but nothing more.

The clergyman of the church which she had attended was a young man, but one given to study and seclusion. She had consequently seen nothing of him except in the pulpit. I had made a pretext to call on him, and found him a man altogether made after the model of what might be the highest aspirations of woman's heart. In fact, all the unengaged young ladies of his parish were well-nigh crazy about him. But to all he accorded nothing but a friendly greeting; and leaving them all, sought the privacy of his own study. He was eminently handsome, and, added to his tall, manly form and beautifully chiseled features, he possessed a benignity of expression that was nearly divine.

I had much conversation with him, and, among other things, I casually mentioned Ida Summer and her evidently dying state, enlarging somewhat on her beauty and goodness. His color deepened somewhat as he assented to my remarks, and expressed his own regrets at her untimely fate; but otherwise he manifested no emotion. I remarked, before I left him, that it was time for him to give his pretty personage a mistress.

"I may, many years from now," replied he, with a sudden and deepening sadness; "but I early learned to distrust the disinterested and abiding affection of our modern young women. If I marry, I shall probably marry late in life."

"A fallacy, take my word for it, Mr. Stuart. Our modern women, some of them, are as fond and true as any of the dames of old. The thing is to find the right one." And thus saying, I bade him good-morning.

On my return I found my patient rather lower than I left her. I told her I had been to the village of ——. Suddenly and tumultuously the warm blood rushed up to her bosom and her face, and she looked at me with her soft, inquiring eyes. I told her of her friends, and casually mentioned the name of the young clergyman, Robert Stuart. To her clear, blue-veined temples the same truest blood sped with fearful force.

I had seen enough. I knew her disease, and most probably its remedy. I instantly wrote a note to Mr. Stuart, merely saying: "If you would save a life, lose not a moment in hastening to ——" (the name of the town.) I will await you at my lodgings." I signed my name, and dispatched it by a private messenger.

Sooner than I expected, the young clergyman was at my hotel. I had prepared Ida for a conversation with a clergyman, specifying, however, no one in particular. I led him to her chamber, saw her blush and start of joy and modesty.

What then and there transpired, no one but the great searcher of hearts and the two of his choicest handiwork thus brought together—a dying girl and a minister of Heaven—can answer. I left them alone as long as I thought her weak state might bear, and when I opened the door I found him sitting beside her bed, her slender hand fast locked in his, and his soul-beaming eyes pouring life and love upon her.

My eyes filled with tears as I caught a sight of her radiant face, so full of peace and serene bliss and life, but the tears I shed were the tears of joy.

My patient, with almost one bound, regained her health and strength, and the glorious representative of God's minister upon earth, changing his mind upon the subject of matrimony in favor of the "right one," is now one of the few truly happy men on earth; happy in a life-marriage with one every way congenial with him, and every way worthy of him.

FATE OF THE MAMELUKES.

As you ascend to the citadel of Cairo, situated in the rear of the city, upon a spur of the mountains of Mokattam, you are startled by the appearance of a cluster of edifices rising from the midst of the desert, about two miles distant from the spot where you stand—it is "the city of tombs," the tombs of the Mamelukes, and the citadel you are approaching is the fatal spot where the last of them were slaughtered by Mohammed Ali.

But who were the Mamelukes, and what did they do to deserve such a fate? Let us get answers to these questions, and then we shall be prepared to contemplate their tragical end. In the lapse of about twenty centuries, with the eighth of the christian era, Egypt had been overrun and conquered by the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Saracens, successively, and, in their turn, the latter were compelled to change places with their own slaves, the Mamelukes, who, in the beginning of the 13th century, became masters of the country.

The most reliable account of their origin is that they were introduced into the country the century previous, by Saladin the Great, from Circassia, because, as a foreigner and a usurper, he was afraid to trust the natives of the country about his person. And, for the same reason, they themselves, in their exaltation, transported slaves from the same country, and these, too, at the end of a hundred and twenty years, took their turn and became masters of the country. While the throne became theirs, however, the Mamelukes still continued substantially to govern the country as beys of districts, in which capacity they had things pretty much their own way. And even after the country had been overrun and conquered by the Turks in the 16th century, and had become a vice-royalty of the Ottoman Empire, down to the time of the final catastrophe which overwhelmed them in the citadel of Cairo, within the memory of many, embracing a period of more than six hundred years from the time of their first accession to power, they continued to exert uncontrolled dominion in their respective districts, being accountable to the viceroy only for a certain amount of revenue.

There has been much pompous declamation about the free and independent spirit of the Mamelukes, and about "liberty expiring with them in Egypt," an idea, however, which could only have been begotten in a mind schooled to the doctrine of the necessity of a hierarchy of some kind to trample down the people. The truth is, as I have become fully satisfied it was under the blighting influence of Mameluke rule that Egypt sank to its lowest depths of degradation, as "the basest of kingdoms." As beys they practised the most wanton oppressions upon the unresisting nations of the country, reducing them by their exactions to a state of wretchedness at which humanity revolts, at the same time caring but little for their accountability to the Pacha. They were held responsible to that functionary for the

collection annually of a certain amount of taxes apportioned to each of their districts respectively; and the required amount was promptly collected, and as promptly pocketed, and refused to be paid over.

Thus matters had gone from bad to worse, century after century, until under their rapacious rule, it verily seemed that the lowest depths to which a people could be reduced had been reached. Attempts had been made before Mohammed Ali came into power to abate the nuisance, but in vain. One of these attempts, made upon the principle that nothing short of their utter extermination would relieve the country, is deserving of notice. It was quite at the beginning of the present century, just at the time the British arms had triumphed over those of France in Egypt, and the beys had been won over to British interests, that Hassan Pacha had laid a plan for their destruction. He invited them to a sumptuous feast at Aboukir, (a little east of Alexandria, on the coast,) and, after the feast, he proposed an excursion to the bay of Aboukir, having provided pleasure boats for the purpose; to which they consented, and to quiet all apprehension, he embarked with them himself.

They had not proceeded far, however, before a small cutter was observed, evidently making an effort to overtake them, upon which the Pacha suggested that probably an envoy from the Sultan with dispatches was on board, and falling back until it came up, he transferred himself to the same, receiving and opening at the same time what seemed to be the dispatches he had anticipated. By this time the little fleet was far ahead, and while the Pacha was lingering as the beys supposed, to read his dispatches, they entered the bay of Aboukir, and before they were aware were in the midst of the Turkish fleet, from which destruction was poured upon them without mercy. A great portion of them were slain, and those who escaped were taken prisoners, and compelled to swear upon the Koran their allegiance to the Sultan, to the renunciation of all foreign influence.

This terrible blow, however, inflicted by Turkish treachery, did not cure the evil. Upon the accession of Mohammed Ali to power, in 1805, he found the country still suffering, to as great an extent as ever, from the grinding oppressions of Mameluke rule, and he saw clearly that there was neither hope for himself nor the country, while these petty tyrants retained their power. But, unhappily, semi-barbarian as he was, he had never been schooled to a recognition of the nicer principles of honor, truth and justice, and of course was little scrupulous as to the means he used for the accomplishment of his ends, whether selfish or patriotic.

The turbulent horsemen, knowing the hostility of Mohammed to their order, and dreading his revenge, had opposed his elevation to power; and, after his induction into power, they hovered about Cairo in a threatening attitude, as though they were meditating an attack. Nothing could have suited Mohammed better, and lest they should not carry out their purpose, he intrigued with the Shiaks friendly to him, to encourage the beys in their design of attacking him in Cairo, with a view to draw them into a snare. They caught at the bait, and as the dome-like gates were opened to let in some camels they rushed in, and dividing themselves into two bands, and striking up their martial music, advanced in the full expectation of an easy triumph, when, to their consternation, they were attacked from all quarters, both by the soldiers of Mohammed and the inhabitants, and cut to pieces without mercy, very few escaping, and those few were taken prisoners and slaughtered. Eighty-three heads, embalmed, were sent as trophies to Constantinople.

But it was in 1811 that the crowning scene was enacted—a scene which, for cold-blooded atrocity has few parallels in history, resulting in the extermination of Mameluke hierarchy in Egypt—a most philanthropic and accomplished by means at which humanity shudders.

The favorite son of the viceroy was to be invested with the honors of a Pacha of the second order conferred by the Sultan, and apparently as a mark of special friendship, he invited all the beys to be present and participate in the festivities of the occasion. They accordingly appeared in their most imposing uniform, offering their congratulations upon the joyful event, and were received with great apparent cordiality, the viceroy sitting with them around the festive board, conversing and making merriment with his friends.

After refreshments had been served, the procession was formed, with the troops of the Pacha at the head, with the purpose of making their exit from the citadel, and just as they were passing through a deep cut in a rock, the gates were closed behind, in which condition they were attacked by soldiers stationed for the purpose, and all slaughtered to a man. There lay, weltering in their own blood, no less than four hundred and seventy beys, besides their attendants, one only escaping, who had not come up in season to join the procession, by leaping his horse down a precipice, and fleeing across the desert. What few there were left in the country were hunted out in their hiding places, and slain without mercy; and thus ended forever the grinding oppressions of that brave and turbulent race in Egypt. Another cargo of embalmed heads were sent in triumph to Constantinople, and all Egypt was prostrate beneath the iron reign of Mohammed.—(See Detroit Advertiser.)