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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 the immigration law by Congress to prevent the ingress 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 recognize 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!

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence—I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens—the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. It is one of the most baneful foes of a Republican government."

Geo. Washington.

Some Things Americans Would Do.

[From the Know Nothing and Crusader.]

BY AN AMERICAN.

Americans on guard we'd put,
All others would we spare:
The door of office would we shut
To every foreigner.

Americans are qualified
America to rule;
And foreigners (it's not denied),
Are mostly Romish tools.

Most gladly would we close the polls
To the promiscuous throng,
That come with every surge that rolls,
With us to live among—

And change the laws that naturalize
So soon the foreigner;
That he may wait for the franchise,
Full one and twenty years.

We want no foreigners in arms
To guard the public weal;
Its cause to us of some alarm—
Unbanded safer feel.

We want our schools forever free,
That educate our youth,
Untrammelled by the Papal See,
To read the Book of Truth.

We wish the Papal power to check,
Both in the church and State;
And stand upon the monster's neck,
So worthy of our hate.

We want Americans to band,
In our great brotherhood,
And on our platform firmly,
Our principles are good.

Ware House Point, Conn., April 5, 1855.

The following article has been sent us for insertion in our paper. Certainly. Any man whose object is truth and right, can afford to publish both sides of a question:

We do not indorse what this gentleman is pleased to say of "soulless democracy." We believe the native born democrat is just as patriotic, and has just as much soul, as his Whig or Know Nothing neighbor.

If what this "learned Irishman" says of Protestant ministers, be intended to apply to those of Kentucky, we have to say, he is mistaken. We do not relish this sneer at "the sentinels on the watch towers of Zion." Protestant ministers are not merely sentinels about Zion, but the heralds of liberty to the world—liberty, religious and political. These were never found disjoined and never will be. The article is well written and well worthy of the consideration of those to whom it is addressed:

A VOICE FROM IRELAND.

An Irishman's Views upon the American Question.

An intelligent and learned Irishman, and a citizen of this country, has sent us the following appeal to his countrymen upon the great question of the day. We commend his sound, conservative, patriotic production to the perusal of our adopted citizens of Irish birth:

To the Editors of the Commonwealth:

Sir: It has been remarked by some philosopher of times past, that the man who causes one blade of grass to grow where none grew before, is a benefactor to the human race. Should I then, by submitting the following considerations to the cool reflection of my esteemed countrymen, induce even one of them to pause, for an instant, amid the political turmoil which surrounds him, and deliberately ask himself to how much of it he is individually accessory, I would not consider my suggestions ill-timed or uncalled for. I address myself particularly to the Irish portion of the foreign population—the *meri Hibernici*—the pure Milesian Irish; for with the sworn life-guards of royalty—the mongrel Orangemen—I shall have nothing to do.

It is well known to every Irishman, that in the many vain attempts which have been periodically made through the space of three hundred years, to shake off the incubus of British ascendancy, our only and constant rallying cry was, *Ireland for the Irish*. This cannot be denied. We were even satisfied to remain an appendage to the privilege of being governed by native-born officers. How then can we consistently complain of the party now organizing in this country, named the American party—a party whose only object is to preserve intact and inviolate the dearly bought heirlooms of that crusade for freedom, the most glorious the sun of Heaven has ever looked upon since that morning of creation, when the stars of Heaven sung together for joy? A party which will forever remain the only breakwater on earth between liberty and oppression, perpetuating the blessings of existence to remotest time, and ultimately saving us from our worst enemy—ourselves. If we are to suffer any injustice, it is merely of a negative character. They do not propose to deprive us of any positive rights. They do not propose to deprive us of any thing, except so far as the deprivation is founded on the universal law of our nature—namely, self-protection. They do not propose to deprive you of your honest toil; they do not aim to send forth those clerical locusts to drag you out of the tenth of your substance. Generously

and hospitably they invite you to partake of the fertility of their land, but they contend for non-interference on our part in the management of their domestic policy. It is with the body politic as with the body physical, extremes are hurtful. We cannot escape from the burning heats of the torrid zone, and plunge immediately into the frozen streams of the north; we cannot, without danger, spring in the desert and revel in the first spring we meet; neither can we with safety emerge from the dark and debasing thralldom of a hereditary bondage, into the noontide blaze of freedom, without a long, and healthy training. Gratitude has been at all times characteristic of our race. The ingratitude of an Irishman is like Juvenal's bird "*rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cygno*."

Then let us prove to the American people that their countless favors are not forgotten—that we have determined to separate from the political parvenues who have meanly speculated on our impetuous feelings, and religious fears, and now when the crisis has come, and the true American spirit is culminating heavenward, they are quitting us weakened as a party and despised as a people. There was a time when the word *American* sounded like the music of Heaven in our lacerated hearts, when the generous American sympathy flowed warm and deep towards the perishing and oppressed children of green Erin. When her strong men were sinking by thousands into their coffin graves, the arm of America was stretched across the wave and nobly rescued the remnant from a lingering annihilation, and how have we repaid her? We have actually helped to carry out, by our conduct at the ballot-box, that socialism in free governments, that the minority shall govern. We have aided to ostracize from power and place the wisest and bravest men of this country, and substitute in their places a nondescript species of animals, who are now the laughing stock of the gartered fools of the European cabinets. Even he, the patriot of humanity, the sage of Ashland, whose wisdom more than once checked the wily cabinet of our hereditary foe; whose brilliant emanations awoke the slumbering embers of expiring liberty in the wild pampas of South America, whose undying eloquence recited around the camp-fires of Greece and Poland, nerved the heart of Sulistote and Sarmatian to do or die—he, ever glorious even in defeat, was pulled down from his high and well merited aspirations, through the instrumentality of street politicians and barbaque patriots. Why not then abandon this suicidal course, which will ultimately end in our discomfiture? Can we wish for a nobler, a holier termination, than was that of the founders of this heaven-favored republic?

What comforts in life were theirs? A life of privation and toil. A grave in the battle-field—but with the proud consciousness that they were leaving to their successors, "A hope, a name, They too would rather die than shame." But you may reply, our religion is threatened by this American party. I was always of opinion that a man's religion was perfectly independent of external contingencies—an invisible compact between the Creator and creature, ratified by approving conscience; and if founded on the immutable promises of Heaven, it cannot be subverted by human agency. If it has survived the shocks of persecutions for eighteen centuries, no earthly power can now assail it. Besides, the great majority of the American people are perfectly indifferent to the propagation of any particular creed.

If it be not connected with the State they care not whether you reverence the Grand Lama of Thibet, the Patriarch of Constantinople or the Roman Pontiff—while the teachers of the other denominations (the sentinels on the watch-towers of Zion) are too busy in swearing at each other or trying to secure a place in Congress.

Ere it is too late then, pause in your present injudicious career. Amalgamate, unite, heart and soul, with the great national party before which all other parties must of necessity succumb. All the elements of durability, extension and success, are united in it. Its members are numerous, national and intelligent. A reading population has power among them; a writing population has power; a power certain in its effect and irresistible in its control, carrying with it either the principle of fertility or the cause of devastation, like the lightnings of Heaven—adapted either to purify or destroy. Think not these sentiments are intended to wound your feelings as Irishmen. I have been, at the first epoch of my American existence, swept along by the loud and unmeaning cry of soulless Democracy, and though I may dissent from the political creed of the majority of my countrymen, I cannot forget that I have drawn my first sustenance from the bosom of Green Erin, and would, if her foes would permit, like the dying Argive, draw my last sigh by the rush of her waters at *dulces moriens reminiscuntur argos*.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—"Have you Blasted Hopes?" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the tooth-ache. "No, ma'am," replied the youth, "but I've got a blasted tooth-ache."

He that makes anything his chief good, wherein virtue, reason and humanity do not bear a part, can never do the duties of either friendship, justice or liberality.—*Cicero*.

"Joe Ridiuus!"—Current among the gossip of the Supreme Court Library and Lounging room, a few days since, was a little story told on a distinguished member of the bar, from one of the central counties of the State; and as it tickled all who heard it, from the Chief Justice down to the "latest admission," we apprehend that we cannot absolutely spoil it with our *currente calamo*:

Some months ago, the gentleman to whom special reference is made above, and who may be called Col. Dash, was retained to defend a most terrible "assault with intent to murder," in a county north of his own, which may be designated as the county of Blank. As it was a very bad case, Col. Dash advised his client, who had entered into bond with good security, in \$3000, that it was well enough to forfeit the recognizance by failing to appear, and to take the chance of quashing it because it because it was done on Sunday—as happened to have been the fact.

This course was taken, and at the proper time, Col. Dash, whose mouth is one of real oratorical extension, moved to quash the bond, because it appeared to the court here to have been entered into and signed on Sunday—*dies non juridicus*.

In the course of the argument which he made for the motion, and the phrases came out several times—*dies non juridicus*—so often indeed that even the unlearned and altogether untechnical came all to know by the context, that *dies non juridicus* meant Sunday, or that Sunday meant *dies non juridicus*, which was not very essentially different, and that the law did not recognise the social apothegm, "the better the day the better the deed."

"All?" did we say! Not exactly! There was one present, a country justice of the peace, who did not understand what *dies non juridicus* meant, or rather he got a peculiar view of its force and effect. He marked the phrase, however, and invested it in his own mind with a monstrous potency, as the sequel shows.

Some weeks after the motion to quash—which was entirely successful, thanks to *dies non juridicus*—Squire Hobbs' the justice aforesaid, had in his own beat, a case before him in which a citizen was charged with stealing a pig, or some other chattle under the value of \$20.

The examination, if it did not establish the guilt of the accused "beyond a reasonable doubt," raised some ugly presumptions; and his lawyer, aware of the fact, remarked to the "court"—Squire Hobbs aforesaid—that in view of the rigidity of the statutes regulating preliminary criminal trials, he would not interpose any defence at that time, but that his client was ready to make a bond, to appear at the next term of the circuit court, when he would satisfactorily establish his innocence.

"Bond!" exclaimed Squire Hobbs, "bond! Yes, I say bond; and, at the next term of the Circuit Court, have that big mouthed lawyer from S— to come that and holler Joe Ridiuus! Joe Ridiuus! two or three times, and away goes your bond! Constable! tie the defendant up to that tree, and see what Joe Ridiuus can do with that!"

And they say that the thing was so well done, that even "Joe" himself would never have had the face to plead *in terrore* to that recognizance.—*Montgomery Mail*.

A TOUGH STORM STORM.—The Peru (Illinois) Chronicle, of the 7th instant, learns from a farmer who resides on the south side of the Illinois river on the Bluffs, some particulars of the storm of the 20th ult:

His cattle, though they were inclosed in a circle of straw stacks and hay stacks, were so much affected by the driving blast that they refused to eat. The snow was driven between their hairs, and, coming in contact with the skin, was for a moment melted, then frozen, until the whole covering of the animal seemed one unbroken armor of ice, which did not disappear on many for four days after. The snow melting on their foreheads and running down, formed huge icicles that passed down over the face, and reached far below the nose, giving them the appearance of the beast with the ten horns—in many instances the broad sheet of ice falling over the eyes, blinded them effectually. Their nostrils were filled with frozen snow that had been driven into them by the violence of the wind. The quails that had gathered about his barn yard, as a last resort, were frozen to death. Prairie chickens were either frozen to death, or so benumbed, that he could take them with his hands as they sat on the fence, sleeping with stupor. His barn-yard chickens were many of them frozen, and, what is singular, in nearly every case they were found with their bills as wide apart as they could be sundered, and the mouth filled with solid ice. He has driven his cattle and teams over his fences, the snow being on a level with them, and so compact as to sustain a heavy load.

"Dear Sir," lisped a great lady, in watered silk, at the World's Fair, "have the goodness to inform me if there are noblemen in the United States? "Yes, ma'am," answered a full-fed Jonathan. "I am one of them."

Jesu De Mor.—"See here, Gripps, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it." "Well, yes—I know very well how to cure them; but the trouble with me just now is to find out a way to pro-cure them."

Ridin' in a Stage.

Road was very icy—
Leaders on the jump—
Woman rather epicly,
'Cos I gin her dog a thump.

I said it was an accident,
And 'really, I beg
You'll pardon—there, the little cur
Has bit me in the leg.

Gouty man a blowing
'Gin Sevastopol—
Got damaged in a cradle-hole,
And couldn't talk at all.

Woman hit him in the rib—
He was treading on the pup—
Oh what a brute! the yelping cur
Has waked the baby up.

Nervous man inquisitive
With judicial air—
If driver was a drivin'
With "ordinary care."

Driver says the horses want to,
So I always let 'em run—
'Cos they kinder like to go—
And I likes to see the fun.

Lady looking literary,
Had been to see her amt—
Was holding a Canary,
And a posy, and a plant.

Began to slab a side-hill—
The sleigh began to slue—
LADY.—"I shall have a fit,"
DRIVER.—"Wouldn't 'Y I was you."

Gentleman in drab
Looking very bright,
Had suthin' in a box—
Heard 'twas a Patent Right.

Youngster snapp and quick—
Full of wit and rally—
Guess they'll put him in the *Knick*—
Erbocker Gallery.

A TRIPLE JEWISH MARRIAGE.—Between the hours of twelve and one o'clock yesterday, a hilarious scene was witnessed by a large concourse of friends, in the Synagogue of the Jews on Lloyd street. Three happy couples were at the same ceremony, united in the bands of holy wedlock, by Rev. Dr. Hochheimer. The candidates for matrimonial honors, in pairs, having appeared within the altar, a long, white woollen robe was thrown entirely over each couple. The Rev. gentleman ascended the desk and delivered an address. Then descending, he approached the first couple and caused the gentleman to place upon the right forefinger of the lady a ring. This was followed by the male attendant tendering to the groom a glass of wine. The bride's maid followed this example, and groom and bride each partook of the wine. The minister then read; the robe was entirely removed, and the wine again handed and tasted as before. The ceremony in the other two cases was precisely similar. The brides were appropriately attired in white, with crapes shawls, embroidered; head dresses, light caps neatly trimmed with evergreen. Through the entire service there was deep silence and solemnity, and the ceremony, though the language was not understood by some, was evidently conducted with ability. At the close there were many congratulations and kind feelings expressed, whilst a few, one of them probably an aged mother, gave vent to their feelings in tears.—*Baltimore Sun*.

NOVEL INCIDENT IN CHURCH.—In one of the letters printed in the autobiography of the late Rev. W. Jay, just published, he tells a story of a bull entering the church where the reverend gentleman was preaching: "The congregation was large; and just as I was concluding the sermon there was a general consternation and outcry. All was confusion, the people treading on one another, etc. It was rather dark and the pulpit candles were only lighted. I saw something moving up the aisle towards the vestry. It was a bull, we presume driven by pick-pockets, or persons who wished to disturb us. We were talking upon the affairs of the nation and John Bull very sensibly came in. But imagine what followed:—the bull could not be made to go backwards, nor could he be turned round; five or six persons, therefore, held him by the horns; while the clerk, as if bewitched, gave out in order to appease the noise—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below, etc.

O, that the bull could have roared here in compliance with the exhortation! I looked down the pulpit, and seeing the gentleman who held him singing with their faces lifted up, as if returning thanks for this unexpected blessing; I was obliged to put my hand before my face while I dismissed the congregation."

The following "cure for the gout," is taken from an old work:—First.—The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition. Second.—He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. Third.—He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous. Fourth.—He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient. Fifth.—He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. Sixth.—Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

HUMOROUS CLIPPINGS.

TIPPING LADIES.—A ludicrous but somewhat painful affair, took place a few evenings since, we understand says the New York Day Book, in a secret Female Academy up town compromising somewhat the mistress of the establishment. Several of the pupils' mothers had dropped in and remained to take a dish of tea, and being short of milk, an Irish girl was sent to a neighboring grocery to get some. The tea was handed round and some surprise was felt that the milk did not color it, but nothing was said.

The peculiar flavor, too, was remarked, but no one liked to speak; at length one lady ventured a hint, and the exclamations became general. The mistress of the academy colored very deeply, but, of course could not account for it, and summoned the girl.

"Bridget," said the lady, "what was that you obtained at the grocery?"

"Shure it was milk, ma'am," replied the girl.

"Milk!" exclaimed the lady, "why smell it;" handing her the jug at the same time.

"It's gin, it is, or my nose deserves me," said the girl; "but shure it's milk I asked for, and don't I go there for the same kind of milk for you, ma'am?"

It is needless to say that the indignant parents quitted the house after a very formal leave-taking and that several young ladies were hastily summoned home.

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctors the other day. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father, not liking the appearance of it forced it down the cat's throat, and when the doctor called again, and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied "no, we didn't give it to him."

"Good heavens," said the doctor, "is the child living?"

"Yes, but the old cat isn't; we gave it to her."

The doctor sipped.—*Ec.*

The Scotch parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make. When he prayed for the Council and the Parliament, that they might hang together in those trying times, a countryman standing by cried out:

"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people."

"But my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," the inveterate fellow sung out again, "so it's only a strong one."

I called at Doctor Phyc's office one day," writes a Philadelphia friend, "and found one of the most noted of our sexton-undertakers lying on a cotter, waiting for the return of the doctor. The familiarity of his position, and the perfect attonementness indicated, led me to say:

"Why, Mr. Plums, have you gone into partnership with the Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied, as he raised himself up; "we've been together some time. I always carry the Doctor's work home when it is done."

"I do declare, Polly, you look pretty enough to eat!"

"Solomon, ain't I eating as fast as I can," replied the damsel, with her mouth full.

Mr. Whiteside, the barrister, cross-examining a witness, in Dublin, somewhat rudely asked him if he had ever been before a public Court? "To be sure I was, and fined for an assault. A barrister annoyed me so much by his silly cross-questioning, as it is called, that I knocked him down. Lawyers think they have a right to insult a witness. I taught that fellow a different lesson." Barrister: "You may go down." Broad hint—wise lawyer!

GOOD SENSE.—The New York Times, in the course of "A Column of Talk for Young Men on Small Wages," has this orthodox paragraph on the subject of dress. We commend the sentiments to some "fast colts" of these parts; for they are sentiments always "in fashion" with sensible people everywhere—albeit they may appear more rusty than "old cloes," to gay hearts and light heads" in certain localities:

Then as to dress, it is great nonsense to say that all must dress fashionable or lose caste. What is the fashion? Who wears a fashionable coat, and how do you know it is the fashion? Tell us one substantial merchant, one thrifty mechanic, one successful lawyer or one gentleman who wears it, and we will name ten of each equally noted and successful, who do not, and ten fops whom you utterly despise that do. The fashion in New York for men just now, requires a clean, decent garment, and no patches on it—no more, no less. A lady might wear her grandmother's shawl in Broadway, and not be noticed. The timid ones, and those just in from other cities and villages, alone are worried about their looks when they wear a last winter's bonnet to the lecture or to church. Let the young imitate the substantial and common-sensible, rather than those who are keeping up appearances at a sacrifice. It will be a saving in this item.

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 is blown out.