

ture? If your Harrie should become a Priest, think of the pure and blameless life he would lead, away from the vain delusive world, in the secluded retreat of the pious devotee. Oh! it will be so noble in him to give his years to God's service. Were it not for you I would thank the Virgin for her sacred promptings, but I fear you would be so sad and lonely."

"Yes, my dear girl, in the fulness of the term alone. There is little attractive to an ardent active mind like mine, in the secluded home of my maiden aunt, whose roof-tree is my only earthly refuge. Yet duty bids me go and cheer, and attend her declining years. There will be many hours when my desponding soul will almost sink; when the gloom will be more apparent contrasted with the light already experienced. Would that in those hours I might have your sympathy to rivet the chain that binds me to life! I am convinced that Harrie will never yield his promptings of duty to the voice of love; with him it is a vestal fire, so pure and hallowed it will never be extinguished; fidelity and religion will keep its lustre undimmed on its holy altars; but since God demands the sacrifice, it will be given. It is a noble disinterestedness that my influence should not impede, even were it equal to the demand."

But you little know the sacrifice I make. May you never, my gentle Berta, know the agony of a breaking heart."

It is an earnest, God-like attribute to love; but Oh! the desolation of blighted hopes is almost too much for us to bear."

But come; your curls are almost as heavy with the night as my eyes with tears, and my heart with sadness. We will wander on the shores of dream-land—perchance the ideal world will be more enchanting than the real. Oh! that to-morrow would be long in dawning, for with it we must part."

"Strength is born in the deep silence of long suffering hearts Not amid joy."

Far away among the rocky cliffs of a distant land, rearing its princely head against the unpillared dome of heaven, stood a lone mansion; its walls, from long exposure, had become much dilapidated, but it formed an appearance at once grand and imposing itself; reared upon a massive rock, embowered alone by the jutting crags, it appeared an edifice of nature's planting. At a depth below was the ever murmuring sea—now on its calm bosom might be seen the gentle wavelets lulled to slumber, and anon aroused to anger by the voice of the storm spirit, would lash its foam-capped surges and be flung back from the caverned battlements, until it would cause the beholder to feel that the pillars of the universe were shaken, and stood awed and abashed before the majesty of excited nature. A beholder could not fail to be silenced by the grandeur of the surrounding scenery; for there are the lofty and the beautiful mingled in wild sublimity.

It is a melancholy, visionary place, filled with relics of the past and realities of the present. Within that dwelling are many of earth's sons loitered, in the performance of solemn vows. Among that number is Harrie Melden.

Long weary months had rolled away in the silent discharge of the holy duties he had assumed, and yet many more must pass ere the allotted probation for the first vows would be ended, for five years were required for their accomplishment; and then, if convinced, he was in the place assigned him by his Creator, he would become inseparably connected with monastic life.

His decision had been rendered as conscience dictated. The allurements of fortune, high and influential position, lofty talents, and bright promises of future greatness—all were relinquished.

A widowed mother, whose loneliness seemed to claim his protection, and Etta, the inspiration of every ennobling thought, upon the shrine of whose loveliness he had laid the fondest worship of his heart, could not detain him; he dared not compromise what he believed the sole end and being of his life. "Yet could the thoughts of his private hours have been read, there would have been seen contending emotions struggling at his heart, both equally intense, and that, perchance, the fulfillment of his vow was not its only impulse."

There were times when he doubted if he had acted right in sacrificing the world, and the one bright being, whose existence lent to it enchantment. There were times when, could he have gazed upon those features instinct with life, agitated upon his soul—could he have listened to the tones of that voice, whose melody still lingered on the heart's chords like echoes of rich music gone, he would have renounced his vows, and returned to his half-canceled allegiance. But no! He had never known the deep devotedness of the fond, trusting heart of Etta, for she bade him cherish his convictions of right, regardless of love's overmastering power. She had acknowledged the precedent claims of duty, and refused any intercourse that might influence his decision. Occasionally they had corresponded, but her replies breathed only sisterly regard, and he might not fathom the burning emotions, concealed beneath the *idle form of words*.

And now removed from every object he had ever cherished, in the deep recesses of his student's cell, he realized the overwhelming influence which—lingering through years—was still bright and beautiful as when first it dawned upon his boyhood dreams. He yearned for the sympathetic voice whose gushing music thrilled upon his ear when she besought him not to permit human love, the mightiest, purest element of the immortal soul, to win him from the path of holiness and good. What if she was a Heretic! if she could not endorse the ancient faith which the patron Saint had proclaimed, when he said "On this rock I build my church," she would yet be convinced of its purity, and disavow the foul apostasy of the new? Her unselfish devotion to truth, even in opposition to her faith, confirmed this conviction. Thus would he sometimes reason, while a gleam of light would beam on the future, irradiating the chaotic gloom with heavenly lustre—then he would pause to wonder if it was that far distant future to which Etta had so mournfully alluded, when she said: "separation could only be for a few brief years—that earthly distinction would be forgotten, for there could be no cold barriers in heaven."

"O, 'tis the heart that magnifies this life Making a truth and beauty of its own."

Who that has ever lingered in the sunny "South" drunk in rapture from the golden robes of the rice fields—listened to the low music of the rustling cane—heard the wild caroling of the mocking

bird, and received the generous sympathy for which the people of the south are so truly proverbial, but will experience happy emotions as they near the port which association has made almost consecrated ground? Thus soliloquized Etta, as the noble steamer wound its way to the wharf of the Crescent City—"that clype of the western waters, rising with its tapers of masts, proclaiming its pre-eminence position."

Years have passed and brought fearful changes. As she leans tremblingly upon the guards, her impatient eye wanders over the gathering multitude, vainly endeavoring to recognize a familiar face. A pang of disappointment fills her heart as she exclaims—"Berta is not here! and I must go alone. At that moment a voice greeted her ear. It was the one she sought; but Oh! how altered. Berta had become the matured, stately woman. The curls she had worn when they parted were arranged in rich braids over her fair brow. She had a sad, dignified manner, that comported well, with the dark dress, which told she was a mourner. Yes, she had lately seen a "mother to the land of spirits go;" and her grief was still increased as she observed the wasted form of the friend and preceptor of her early youth. To behold her "eye bright even yet with something of a starry light," and her fair cheek bearing a fatal touch, a rose whose root was death, was more than she had anticipated. Yet still she hoped that the soft breezes from the Italian land, whither they were hastening, would bring back the faded bloom, and revive the rose-tint of health on the cheek of the invalid. Happy were the weeks that followed, as they journeyed on in the uninterrupted intercourse of long tried friendship, which absence and time had only served to strengthen. Oh! they were deceivers who would tell us there is no such thing as woman's friendship. Mark the tender sympathy of congenial spirits, from whence one touch can awake the sweet vibrations that shall go on forever; note the untrammelled intercourse, the willing sacrifice, and then say it is an idle theme; and you blot from the book of life one of its fairest, most imperishable types of truth and beauty."

Day after day Berta watched beside the fragile, patient sufferer, bathed her burning temples, and listened to the sad story of her life. Of Harrie she spoke frequently and confidently. She had known naught of him since he entered the Convent walls, but no doubt of his affection had ever entered her mind, she scarcely breathed a hope that they would ever meet again, and never murmured at his choice. The memory of him she believed was calm and serene, and she dwelt upon it as a treasured relic; but Berta saw how intensely this love was twined with her being, and felt that without it she would die. The weary days of voyage wore at length ended, and they stood on the shores of Italy. Fearless Italy! whose very name has a magic spell, the nurse of genius, poetry and art, I pause before thy matchless beauty for ever, from earliest girlhood has thy bright image mingled in my dreams and formed a goal for all my hopes. In imagination have I lingered beneath thy soft azure skies—gazed upon triumphant nature, where she mingles in wild luxuriance her richest trophies—viewed thy ivy mantled ruins, and worshipped at thy sacred fountains; yes, I have envied every wave that kissed thy shore, and must I still dream on, making a spirit love of thy resplendent charms?"

It was night in Rome; the broad aisles of St. Peter's were brilliantly illuminated, a numerous throng of waxen tapers burned on its high altars and before the sacred shrines, while from the massive silver censers was exhaled the richest incense which floated like a cloud upon the air—proclaiming preparations for an unusual ceremony. The vast aisles, the nave, the choir were thronged with anxious witnesses, while crowding the chancel, appeared the officiating Priests and high dignitaries of the church of Rome.

The magnificent decorations, so grand and imposing, were disregarded in the deep solemnities that attended the peculiar ceremony of assuming those awful vows which sever the subject "from earth and all its cares, and joys, and hopes, and woes, forever."

The candidates for confirmation were numerous, and the ceremony proceeded in breathless silence, as if that multitude were engaged in voiceless prayer. There was an unexpected pause. One had arisen, when the hand of the Holy Father was raised to bless him, and before that vast assembly pronounced the vow. He would not be a Priest. In the deep shadow of an arch, leaning on the arm of Berta, stood the pale, fragile figure of Etta Nevil. The voice startled her, and trembling with emotions it had excited, she sank powerless to a seat. Again he spoke, avowing his unchangeable adherence to his faith—his firm belief in the efficacy of confession—the intervention of Saints and Martyrs, and the blessed mission of the Mother of God. He spoke of the fearful struggle he had endured to achieve the right, and affirmed that the *not moment* had convinced him; that long lashes assumed Holy Vows. Duty pointed him to the world, lying in darkness. He would be a Christian citizen, and aid in its evangelization. He paused; for another consideration influenced his decision; love, stronger for the created than the Creator, Etta could hear no more. A confused memory of the College of Notre Dame years before, rushed upon her clouded mind. She was not deceived; it was the voice of Harrie Melden. They were beneath the same roof in Rome! Yes; at St. Peter's, was she the object of the devotion his remark implied? Would he be the one who had loved her madly so binding? All this rose before her. But O, she had not thought her destiny was sealed; and when summer scattered her faded roses, her home would be with the dead.

"O Love and Death! Ye have sad meetings on this changeable earth, Many and sad! but airs of heavenly breath Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth Is far apart."

Autumn, ever sad and beautiful, came in unusual loveliness, bringing on its fatal breath to Etta—a summons to the spirit land.

Her couch had, by her own request, been drawn to the open window, that she might gaze once more upon the landscape scene, and drink in its beauties. Harrie Melden was beside her, earnestly gazing on the pale, wasted form, on which he had bestowed a hopeless, passionate idolatry. Her fair cheek was flushed with the rosy hectic, which makes every day beautiful, and a gentle smile played on her sweet face as she spoke—"Harrie, a few hours, and I shall be at rest; but I shall die so happy, now assured of your unchanging love. Noble, generous, true man! Let not my memory cast a blight upon your path in life. Live to accomplish the vow you have uttered. My prayer is answered, that I might once more listen to your voice, and I depart in peace. We shall meet again in that world where changes come not, for the difference of our faith will be no barrier there."

I go to that pure world which is filled by God's presence, and He is the essence of love. Oh! there have been hours, when crushed by dark despair, overwhelmed with the deep agony of a suffering heart, I would have welcomed death, but for this hope, I could not die alone. Harrie could stifle his emotions no longer; passionately he implored the life dear as his own. He reiterated the vows of his fidelity, spoke of the deep pleadings of his own heart during those long years of solitude, and besought her yet to live for happiness and him. He rose to catch the faint reply, but the quivering lip refused its office, the long lashes drooped languidly over the orbs of light, and Harrie Melden remained alone—in his deep agony—with the dead.

Time heals the deepest wounds, though the scars may remain, and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more. From one of the proud mansions which dot the Mississippi coast, we bid adieu to Berta and Harrie Melden. They had sorrowed together—it was meet they should share each others' joys.

## THE AMERICAN PATRIOT

DUNN & GREEN,  
Editors and Proprietors.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA:

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

Native American State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
CHARLES DERBIGNY,  
Of Jefferson.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,  
LOUIS TEXADA,  
Of Rapides.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,  
ROBERT J. BEALE,  
Of East Baton Rouge.

FOR AUDITOR,  
WALLER ROSSMAN,  
Of Claiborne.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
RANDALL HUNT,  
Of Orleans.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC EDUCATION,  
O. D. STILLMAN,  
Of Ouachita.

We publish to-day the conclusion of "The Student's Vow." Our romance loving readers will hail it as a rich treat. Many inquiries have been made of us for the first part of the story—our stock of that issue is quite expended. We hope to hear from "ALLA" as often as she can make it convenient to favor us with a contribution. May our fair authoress know none of the ills "Etta" fell a victim to—may she experience a fortune like unto that of "Berta."

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.—Parents and their children, of the different denominations of Clinton, and no doubt many other citizens, are to have a general turn out to-day, organizing at the Baptist Church at 10 o'clock, and will then proceed to the Methodist Church, where D. C. Morgan, Esq., will deliver an appropriate address at 11 o'clock; after which the reading of the Declaration of Independence, accompanied with national airs. They will then form in procession, and march to an arbor, built for the occasion, where they are to partake of such refreshments as may be prepared.

The Thespian Corps repeated on last Wednesday night in conformity to previous notice the play of "Eudora or the Hall of Statues." Owing to several circumstances the attendance was rather small. The cast of the play was the same as on the preceding performance, and the actors sustained their parts with more than usual eclat.

The Thespians are becoming quite popular in the country round about. An invitation has been tendered to them to play to the good people of Baton Rouge, which they will, in all probability, accept.

The returns, so far as heard from leave but little room to doubt of Judge Merrick's election. He is more than a thousand votes ahead and only two Parishes yet to hear from, both of which, it is expected will give him majorities. This has certainly been one of the most singular elections that ever has been held in our State.

In our last week's paper we had well nigh given it up, and our cotemporary over the way, set about blowing the old foggy horn right lustily. Wonder how he feels on the subject now? His lacrymose effusions over the fallen Sam will long live in his files to remind him of one important fact—"never to crow till he gets out of the woods."

Judge Merrick may be truly styled the great pioneer of the cause of Native Americanism in our State. Put forward as the candidate in the judicial election of the 7th District, his abilities as a lawyer sustained him nobly. Now that he has been elevated to the highest judicial position in the State, there is cause for mutual congratulations between himself and his party. The "Natives" knew well the breadth, the height and the depth of their candidate's qualifications and the Judge himself has planted his feet on a rock that will never fail when the true interests of our country are at stake.

"The Feliciana Democrat" of last week contains a squib of an article half comic, half lugubrious, purporting to give the revelations of a "Whig Know Nothing" who is reported to have said "that the Whigs could always succeed in lumbugging, about once in eight years a sufficient number of Democrats to succeed in their elections." Did we consider this in the light of serious earnestness, there is, at least, room to doubt both the patriotism and intelligence of the "Whig Know-Nothing" who thus self-constitutes himself the oracle of the Native American party. To hunt up argument, as the special committee man is doing, from such unreliable, unsatisfactory sources as the expression of individual opinion, by a unit, perhaps a naught of the party is very small business indeed. It discovers that the fountain heads of reason and argumentation to the special committee man are dried up.

When better food is wanting one must be content with what he can get. But we are neither disposed to impeach the veracity of the "Special Committee man" nor the intelligence of the "Whig Know Nothing." We shrewdly suspect that the latter was making merry over the dilapidated condition of the old foggy party and the former had the misfortune to mistake the point of the joke. The grave manner in which this is told makes it really ludicrous, and if it were not for laughing we could weep over the *innocent simplicity* of our cotemporary. This last ruse can be likened to nothing else but that old saying about drowning men catching at straws.

Judge Perkins, in his speech here a few days since, state done significant fact, which all those so much opposed to our party would do well to consider. He said that almost all of the common sailors in our navy were foreigners, while the officers were chiefly of native production. The reason of which was, (continued the speaker) that Native Americans were so enterprising and energetic—they were so restless and ambitious of distinction that they were not content to remain mere drudges in the service, but struggled up to stations of command; while the plodding foreigner, possessed of no incentive to action but his pay, sought no distinction, and deserved nothing more than to be commanded.

Thus it was that nearly all the officers in our naval service were natives, while the almost entire corps of common sailors was made up of foreigners. What a forcible commentary on the superiority of American character? The Judge also stated that this state of things was found to be evil on account of there being too many foreigners in the naval service. Additional inducements had been held out by the Government to prevail upon natives to enlist, and a law had been passed by Congress requiring that one-third of the common sailors in the service of the United States should be citizens of native origin. The same state of things exists in the army, and a like remedy has been applied to cure the evil.

MAJ. HERBON.—This gentleman in his speech here last Tuesday week, made a statement which we think incorrect, and which we designed noticing in our last issue, but it escaped our memory until the paper had gone to press. He said that the abolitionists had the majority in the Philadelphia convention—that they were violently opposed to the doctrine incorporated in the platform on the slavery question, and that when the vote was taken on this portion of the platform they withdrew in a body, fifty odd in number, from the convention. This statement is evidently incorrect. It bears its refutation on its own face.

It is clearly evident that the abolitionists had not the majority in the convention, for if they had, they certainly would not have withdrawn as they did. They would have remained in their seats, and voted down those views to which they were so much opposed. On the contrary, it looks reasonable that they knowing themselves to be in the minority and that opposition was useless, they withdrew from the convention as the best means of covering their inglorious defeat.

The circumstance of the withdrawal of the abolition delegates, many of whom returned afterwards to their seats after the passage of the slavery clauses, "is confirmation strong as proof from holy writ" of the decided and unswerving stand taken by the national members on this subject. "The Native American" is the only truly national party in our country—all honor to those noble northern statesmen who have shown most clearly that they have thrown aside all sectional jealousies and have built their positions on the impregnable rock of the constitution.

This misstatement of the Major's was evidently not made deliberately, but was one of those errors which frequently result from the hurry and excitement of speaking.

The Democratic Convention which lately assembled at Baton Rouge, must have been the most perfect body, from the presiding officer downwards, which ever assembled together. Otherwise how could such perfection result from their "deliberations."

Read the following, from the Courier: "It would have been difficult for the Convention to form a better ticket than the one which it has presented to the people of Louisiana. It is perfect in all its parts. It is without a blemish or a defect. Perfect in all its parts—it is necessarily perfect as a whole."

The Courier's ideas of "perfection," and some of those whom it designates as so "perfect" may differ very much. For instance, one has exhorted us to lay aside every sin that besets, and go on to "perfection." It is presumable the same "exhortation" was not withheld from his "brethren" in the private "class," which, it is understood, was formed after the nomination.

Again, that "perfection" of which the Courier speaks, may be the consequence of that long *preparatory process* for which our friend "Luke" so readily and willingly affords the "wherewithal," but not "without money nor without price."

Or, this "perfection" may have grown out of a union with some "social circle" or other. Is there one at Baton Rouge? If not, they may have made a pilgrimage to Jackson, where some one of them might have been regarded as having left the "hundred and gone astray," and over whose return there was no doubt great "rejoicing." Or, the Courier may argue "perfection" because he of the *education bureau*, was not able to get to Jackson with the rest, was left behind, and, was lost. One shot slayed him—"burnt brandy wouldn't save him." It required this sacrifice to make the ticket "perfect." "Perfect" it was not before—"perfect" it now is; and "perfect" it will continue to be, and the people of Louisiana in "General Assembly convened," will erect a monument to the "convention" and the "Courier" for making such a great discovery of "perfection."

ODESSA.—According to the German newspapers, the Russians have placed Odessa in a most formidable defence. It is as strong if not stronger than Sevastopol; it is said to be able to support a siege, whether made by sea or land; to be most strongly garrisoned, and to be defended beside by a detached corps of 50,000 men.

PRICES IN KANSAS.—Printers' wages are \$10 per week, or 30 cents per thousand ems; carpenters \$2 per day; masons \$2; lower class of laborers \$1 25 to \$1 50. Board, \$5 to \$8 per week.

## The American Party.

Messrs. Editors—The dye is cast. The edict has gone forth that Americans shall govern America. If this is one of the great political principles upon which the American party is to stand or fall, one upon which they have planted themselves for weal or wo, we think it is time they were arousing themselves to an energy of action, for the purpose of securing these great principles. Let them act and operate as one body, actuated by the same sentiments, having the same great objects in view, and that object the good of the country. What, shall the American people stand idly by and see the great and glorious principles for which they are contending trampled to the dust by a whining, pandering, treacherous foe, that has long since bartered all their principles of honor to a foreign auxiliary for his votes and the spoils of office? Will they allow themselves to be hushed into an indifference by the oily flatteries and sweet persuasions of a party that cherishes in its bosom the most deadly hatred and envy against the very principles for which they are struggling?

Americans, will you allow yourselves to be deceived by those who denounce you as midnight assassins and conspirators against the liberties and constitution of your country? Who, as soon as the "dark shades of night has settled down to hide the base actions of vile men" may be seen skulking in the suburbs of our towns and villages, entering the low vile dens (which are the peculiar curses of those localities) grasping the occupant by the hand with more than brotherly affection. He seats himself with the utmost composure, with cigar in mouth, (which he is always certain to purchase from "mine agreeable host,") commences detailing to him the very great oppression he may expect to meet with from the hands of the American people if they are elevated to power; and ere he leaves there he has him pledged by all the sacred vows of which he is capable, to vote for none except those that he shall tell him. Then talk of oath-bound dark-lantern party. Alas! consistency, thou art indeed a jewel. Think not that this is an exaggeration. Watch for yourselves; we have seen it, and we know it. Their very looks betray them. Meet them and look at them steadfastly in the face. Note their long, pale, thin, care-worn visages, the fruits of watching late at night, and breathing the impure and unwholesome atmosphere which is ever found to pervade those dens which they convert into watchtowers and sentry houses. There is no channel left untried by the political intrigues of the old foggy party which can in any manner wield an influence over foreign votes. Trade, that powerful lever by which it is well known that a large portion of foreigners of this country can be moved to any point on the political compass, has been used by them as an instrument to buy up their votes.

Then Americans, I appeal to you to know if you will allow yourselves to be thus deluded by those political tricksters into the vain hope that they will draw no party lines in voting for local and subordinate officers. Alas! their actions tell a tale exactly to the contrary. Then let us take warning from their teachings, and trust them no longer.

But let us rise up in the power of our strength and preserve those inestimable heritages bequeathed to us by those that fought and framed for their posterity the greatest government known to man. Let us heed the teachings of those whose every word is treasured up in the American heart as a rich legacy when they warn us to guard against the wiles of foreign influence. Let the great American party arouse themselves from their political lethargy and gird on their whole armor, and go forth to battle and to conquer! Let us draw down the lines of distinction, until the world can see who are the Americans and who are our enemies. Let us come out from among them, and let both our actions and our words tell who we are. Let us be drawn up in battle array, and along our whole line, from Constant to the Chief Executive of the Union, let the watch-word be none but Americans for office. Let it be even so here in

## CLINTON.

MR. EDITOR.—The 4th of July seldom passes without an appropriate celebration. As every patriotic citizen ought to be on such occasions, I was alive and wide awake, particularly when that humane and benevolent portion of the ceremonies came on, to-wit, the eating. There is something heavenly in that idea, and the masticating and digesting apparatus must certainly have been invented by a genius, whoever he was. Eating is a great institution, and by reason of its universality, it ought to be classed among American institutions, and be celebrated on the fourth of July. Well, sir, in pursuance of the foregoing theory, I was present at a well loaded table on the said 4th of July. The following humorous bill of fare, will show you that our host was not only a jovial one, but that his table was patriotically provided for:

BILL OF FARE.  
Meats. Vegetables.  
Roasted Mutton, Corn and Beans,  
Baked Chickens, Cabbage,  
Mutton Pies, Squash,  
Mutton Steak, Onions,  
Pickled Pork.  
DESSERT.  
Green Apple Pies, Ginger Bread,  
Watermelons.  
WINES.  
Molasses and Water, Buttermilk,  
Potato Beer.  
Hours for dinner, 1 to 3 P. M. "Children not permitted to first table."  
BILLY, and GENISA, BOSS.

A demonstration was made the other day against the American Hotel in Kansas city and the landlord's wife appeared and offered to fight the whole crowd.

## The Chief Justice.

Messrs. Editors: About 10 o'clock on the evening of the 3rd inst., a large portion of the "good and lawful" citizens of our town formed a procession and marched up to the residence of the Hon. E. T. Merrick for the purpose of making a public demonstration of the hearty joy and great pride they felt in seeing their townsman and fellow citizen elevated by the suffrages of the American citizens to the highest judicial position in the State.

"Mike and John," with their band were in attendance on the occasion, and discoursed in their finest style, some of our popular national airs, among which, was "Hail Columbia" and "Hail to the Chief," the latter of which was peculiarly appropriate for the occasion. And here we would suggest to our friends that whenever they want music for balls, parties or celebrations of any kind that is filled with patriotism, employ the above named band, they are equalled by none in this section of the country for just such music.

The Judge made his appearance on the gallery, when James O. Fuqua, Esq., was called out, who, in a brief and most elegant style, addressed him, stating the object of our visit, and the great pleasure it gave us to congratulate him upon his success. The Judge responded in a very appropriate manner, expressing his heartfelt thanks to his friends for the enthusiastic manner in which they had supported him in the recent election, and the kind and highly honorable manner in which they had seen proper to pay him a congratulatory visit.

All were soon ushered through the parlor into the dining room, where the rich cakes and choice wines were ably discussed by the whole party. "All went merry as a marriage bell. Toasts and sentiments went the rounds; some of which were very rich. We remember, however, only one at this time that was—"that the recent election is but a prelude of what will be in November next."

After the "refreshments" were over we bade the Chief Justice adieu, and his lady good night, and took up the line of march for the Public Square, around which we marched until we came opposite the Telegraph Office, where we came to a halt, and made the welcome with three cheers for Sam. R. J. Bowman Esq., then came forward at the unanimous call of his fellow citizens, and made a short but eloquent and telling address. This young gentleman would be of great service to his country's cause if he could be prevailed upon to make such addresses oftener than he does. S. E. Hunter, Esq., was then called upon, who responded by offering the following:—

Resolved: "That we have reasonable grounds for belief that the secret oath bound conspiracy of Know-Nothingism has insidiously invaded the sacred precincts of the judicial edifice."

The above resolution as offered by Mr. Hunter state that it has been decided by the Supreme Court to be justifiable plagiarism.

We then broke up and went home satisfied that the greatest personage in this community was

"SAM."

Our thanks are due to Thos. H. Barnard for city papers.

The officers of the steamer Laurel Hill keep us in receipt of the latest dates from New Orleans.

We direct attention to the advertisement of James A. Rhodes, of Providence, R. I. Read it and provide against disease by getting a bottle of Langworthy & Tildon.

A NEW LIFE BOAT.—Some experiments with a newly invented life boat were made in the East River, New York, on the 19th inst. The Courier and Enquirer says:

The principal point in its construction is its capacity to empty itself of water, by means of conductors from a deck midway up sides, running through the bottom. The boat will consequently depend for its buoyancy when loaded in a high sea upon air-tight chambers. The conductors may be closed at pleasure, and thus the boats rendered essentially similar in buoyancy to the ordinary life boats. The invention would be very useful applied to small boats. It originated in New Bedford.

THE CONNECTICUT LIQUOR LAW.—A despatch dated Middletown, Ct., June 23, says: "J. S. Parley, of the McDonough House, and Peter Rosecrantz, were tried to-day for violation of the liquor law. The former was found guilty on four indictments, and the latter on three. They were fined \$20 and costs from which they appealed and gave sureties. These cases were prosecuted to test the constitutionality of the liquor law."

SUPPLIES OF THE BRITISH ARMY BEFORE SEVASTOPOL.—A letter from the British camp before Sevastopol, dated May 21, says:

The scarcity of water becomes more formidable every day. I understand that the sanitary commissioners have enunciated an opinion, founded on scientific geological grounds, that there is no reason to apprehend any want of water. There is no deficiency in any article as far as I can learn, and no army was ever so amply and luxuriously provided. The amount of shot, shell, powder and destructive missiles of all kinds, stored at our military depot or actually in the batteries, is very great, and it is amply sufficient to enable us to bombard Sevastopol for a fortnight from guns of greater calibre, placed very much closer to the enemy than we have yet been able to open upon them.

THE CLAY MONUMENT.—Eight sections of the iron columns have been placed in their proper position. The cap of the column, and the iron statue of Mr. Clay, alone remain to be raised. On the coming 4th of July—less than a month from this—the monument will be fully completed, and will be inaugurated with very interesting ceremonies. It is a notable and creditable fact, that on the 4th of July, 1855, Potteryville will be the only place in the United States possessing a complete monument to the memory of the illustrious deceased—Potteryville Journal.

The Pittsburg Post says the prospects are encouraging for the largest supply of fruit that has been grown in that vicinity for many years.