

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY GREEN & DUNN.

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THE AMERICAN PATRIOT

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BY W. H. GREEN & C. T. DUNN.
Office over G. A. Neafus' store.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION. Three Dollars, when paid in advance, or Five Dollars if not paid at the time of subscribing, or at the close of the year. Subscriptions will not be received for a less period than six months, which will be Two Dollars, invariably in advance. No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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To The Public.

The Proprietors of "THE PATRIOT" would respectfully inform the public at large they are fully prepared to execute with neatness and despatch, all descriptions of PLAIN

JOB AND FANCY PRINTING.

SUCH AS—
HAND BILLS, POSTERS, CIRCULARS, AND AS THE MATERIALS OF OUR OFFICE ARE ENTIRELY NEW, AND HAVING BEEN SELECTED AND ARRANGED WITH GREAT CARE, WE FLATTER OURSELVES ON BEING ABLE TO PLEASE ALL WHO MAY FAVOR US WITH THEIR PATRONAGE.

PLATFORM

OF THE
AMERICAN PARTY,
OF LOUISIANA.

1. We advocate an amendment of the Naturalization Laws, with proper safeguards to preserve the purity of the elective franchise.
2. We advocate the passage of such laws as will prevent the immigration of paupers and criminals to this country.
3. We oppose any interference in the vested rights of all persons, whether they be of native or foreign birth.
4. We are in favor of non-interference with slavery by the Federal Government, except for the protection of our constitutional rights.
5. We advocate a high National Policy, such as will afford stern and unwavering protection to the American name abroad, and will follow and guard the American citizen wherever he moves.
6. We believe that America should be governed by Americans, effecting the same through the ballot-box alone, the only legitimate instrument of reform in this country.
7. We believe that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office, and shall oppose the distribution of office among office seekers, or as a reward for partisan services.
8. We will maintain and defend the Constitution of the United States and the rights of the States without diminution, insisting upon a faithful performance on the part of the Federal Government of all the duties enjoined upon it by the Constitution.
9. While we approve of the platform adopted by the late National Council of the American Party at Philadelphia, we reject the application of the principles of the eighth article to American Catholics, as unjust, unfounded, and entirely unworthy of our country. We shall forever continue to protest against any abridgement of religious liberty, holding it as a cardinal maxim that religious faith is a question between each individual and his God. We utterly condemn any attempt to make religious belief a test for political office, and can never affiliate with any party which holds sentiments not in accordance with these.
10. We war with no party as such, but shall oppose all who oppose us in the advocacy of these great American principles.

STATE POLICY.

- Reform of abuses, and retrenchment in our State expenditures.
- Education of the youth of the country in schools established by the State.
- A constitutional organization of the Swamp Land Commissioners.
- A more efficient administration of the Internal Improvement Department, with a view of improving our inland navigation.

Fellmann Institute.

A Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Misses.
MRS. M. J. CLIFFORD, Principal
THIS Institution is now open. Parents and guardians are respectfully requested not to delay the return of their children, as the long vacation makes a speedy return to study highly important. For terms, apply at the Institution.

Hon. E. T. Merrick, C. J. F. R. Harvey, M. D. Henry Marston, Esq. W. Robins, Esq. G. C. Comstock, Esq. Clinton, La., Oct. 13, 1855.

Drugs, Medicines, etc.

- 6 doz bottles superior Snuff;
- 10 lbs White Pepper, superior quality;
- 2 doz pure Cod Liver Oil;
- 2 doz bottles superior Writing Ink, and size;
- 2 doz Essence Tar, a safe and certain cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all other bowel affections;
- 100 copies Aikin's Christian Minstrel;
- 6 doz bottles Essence Jamaica Ginger;
- 20 reams superior note, letter and cap Paper;
- 6 doz bottles Ayres' Cherry Pectoral, and 6 doz boxes Ayres' Pills;
- 4 doz boxes Thomas' Extract;
- 200 lbs Sulphur;
- 15 lbs Blistering Plaster, superior quality;
- 12 doz pure Olive Oil, for sale by
N. LEMON.

PROFESSIONAL.

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oct. 55y ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.

JAR. G. FUGEA.....J. G. KILBOURN,
Fuqua & Kilbourn,
Attorneys at Law,
CLINTON, LA.,

Will practice in the Courts of East and West Feliciana, East Baton Rouge, and St. Helena Parishes.

Bowman & Deice,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
CLINTON, LA.

All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to.
References: Messrs. Oakley & Hawkins, and Byrne, Vance & Co., New Orleans. d27

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CLINTON, LA.

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D. B. Samford,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
CLINTON, LA.

Will attend to any professional business entrusted to him, in the Parishes of East and West Feliciana, East Baton Rouge and St. Helena. je9

W. Ferguson Kernan,
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Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him in the parishes of East Feliciana, West Feliciana, and St. Helena. febr. 1855. 1y

Nickerson & Walker,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, SHELBYVILLE,
Eastern Texas.

Col. D. J. Fluker, East Feliciana.
Gen. A. G. Carter, East Feliciana.
Maj. A. M. Dunn, Baton Rouge.
Benj. Collins, Esq., Point Coupee. ja1 1855.

James Welch,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
je16 CLINTON, LA.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned having entered into partnership in the practice of their profession, will attend to all business entrusted to them in the parish of East Feliciana.
And to any business entrusted to either, in the adjacent parishes, they will attend separately. Office in Clinton, La. JAMES H. MUSE, D. C. HARDEE.

Pond & Dunn,
Attorneys at Law,
CLINTON, LA.

Office, over the store of G. A. Neafus. d27

Dr. F. R. Harvey
RESPECTFULLY tenders his services to the citizens of Clinton and vicinity. d27

Dr. O. P. Langworthy
RESPECTFULLY tenders his services in his profession in Clinton and vicinity.
Office, at his Drug Store, east side public square. Residence, at the house formerly occupied by A. J. Ramalson. d27

Dr. Taylor & Wortham,
ASSOCIATED FOR THE PRACTICE OF
MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Will give exclusive attention to their profession. Office in the room lately occupied as the Post Office. mar 10 1855.

Medical Notice.

DR. EDWARD DELONY continues to devote his entire attention to his Professional duties, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage which has been extended to him. His hours may rely upon his prompt services at all times, when called upon, if not absent on professional business.
Office, adjoining the Telegraph office, where applications will be made, and orders left, or at his residence. Clinton, La., Feb. 10, 1855. 1y

Dr. J. Welch Jones,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHER,
HAS permanently located in Port Hudson, Louisiana, and will give his entire attention to the practice of his profession.

Office, one door North of Dr. Kennedy's Drug Store, where he may always be found when not professionally engaged. He solicits a share of patronage. Port Hudson, May, 1852.

A. SKARZYNSKI,
GENERAL AGENT AND COLLECTOR,
WILL attend to posting of Books, drawing off of Accounts, and posting the same, and all other business connected therewith.
Refer to Mills, Cleveland & Co. Clinton, La; W. Chapman & Co; do; M. Harris, New Orleans. nov3

JAMES WELSH,
Notary Public and Auctioneer,
CLINTON, LA.,

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. OFFICE, Northeast corner Public Square.

E. L. HAYGOOD,
AUCTIONEER.

The undersigned having been duly commissioned as an Auctioneer for the parish of East Feliciana, he respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to attend to any business that may be entrusted to him. mar21 1y

Henry Hawford,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office North side of Public Square, Clinton, La. jan1, 1855

W. W. Chapman & Co.,
Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, &c., &c., CLINTON, LA.

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Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
122 Gravier street, New Orleans.

—REFERENCES—
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J. W. NORWOOD, Senr., J. WARREN TAYLOR, feb24 W. W. CHAPMAN, East Feliciana.

GEO. W. SHAW,
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Cash advances made on consignments of Cotton, by R. H. DRAUGHON & CO., Agents.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c., CLINTON, LA. d27

George A. Pike,
BOOK BINDER AND STATIONER,
CORNER OF CHURCH AND LAFAYETTE STS.
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The Husband's Ruse.

BY LALLA LINWOOD.

"My, oh my!" soliloquized Charles Seaton, "it is too bad, I never come home but I find my wife sick and complaining; she won't talk or make any exertion for my happiness or comfort; I am obliged to seek pleasure and enjoyment anywhere but at my own fireside; and this is only the second year of our marriage. If it continues thus I wonder where it will end? But let me see—ha, ha! I have it now, and I think it will cure her. However there is no harm in the experiment; she is forever lying on the sofa, or sick in bed—yet she looks remarkably well for one who eats nothing. I usually take my meals alone, as she is too ill to come to the table, and I see she is not coming down to tea; so when I am done I will not go to her room this time to enquire after her health."

After Mr. Seaton had taken his tea, he took a cigar and walked through the hall puffing, with all his might, volumes of smoke to keep his courage to the sticking point, and went out in search of company to spend the evening with; but feeling rather uncomfortable, as it was the first time he had shown his wife so little attention, and being one who was a great advocate for domestic happiness, he concluded to return home again and not go to the club room. He re-entered the house silently, and seating himself in the back parlor where he distinctly heard his wife's voice in the dining room. Mrs. Seaton had come down, as she heard her husband leave the house so unceremoniously, and entering the dining room wrapped in a large shawl, she seated herself at the table in an indolent, careless manner, murmuring in a half audible tone to the maid of all work—"Betty, has Mr. Seaton gone out, and without coming to see how I was?"

"Faith, indeed, ma'am, I don't know, but I should not wonder if he had."

"Oh, my poor head aches wretchedly, and I feel so miserable; I don't know what to do with myself," continued Mrs. Seaton, pressing both hands to her temples.

"A little tea and toast will help you ma'am," said the servant maid, while she dished out a cup.

"Well, I think I will try a little;" drawled out Mrs. Seaton.

A slice of toast was quickly prepared for her, and Betty, seeing that she relished it very much, thought she might as well tempt her appetite a little more by despatching upon the delicacies that were set before her.

"Have a bit of chicken," said Betty, "it is very nice, and not a bit too rich for you, and it will give you strength."

"I believe I shall take a small piece," said the invalid; "and you may give me a slice of tongue, some cranberry sauce and a warm biscuit, for they look very tempting indeed, and my appetite seems to have increased very rapidly. Some chicken salad, and another cup of tea, Betty, and some grated cheese and a soda cracker."

The servant girl began to look aghast as she feared the table would soon be cleared and nothing left for herself.

"Well, ma'am, have any thing else?" gravely inquired Betty.

"Yes, I think I will try a preserved orange, with a slice of jelly cake."

"Dear me," she exclaimed, as she heard the door close, "I feel very ill, and I shall have to lie down."

She rose from the table and tottered into the back parlor and sank, as if exhausted, upon the sofa, as she observed her husband who had just entered.

"Well, heven," said Mr. Seaton, "are you better this evening?"

"Oh, no, Charles," faintly she answered.—Pray come and fix this pillow under my head and spread the shawl over me—I don't know what has come over me—the least exertion almost kills me; I fear I shall never be well again!"

"Indolence and a disposition to effect the invalid," thought Mr. Seaton, as he walked to the table in search of a book to wile away the hours. While turning over the leaves to find something to interest him, his wife's cousin entered to spend the evening.

"I am so much obliged to you dear Kate," said Mr. Seaton, as he greeted the fair girl, for coming; I hardly know what to do with myself, Helen is always so ill."

"But how is my fair cousin, this evening?" inquired Kate, while bending over the invalid.

"I continue to grow much worse," she answered, with her eyes closed.

"Her appetite has failed," replied Mr. Seaton, with a mock seriousness, and medical skill seems to avail nothing. I fear she will not recover.

A shriek, as if in pain, announced that the bait took well. As Mrs. Seaton was anxious to impress her husband with the idea, that she was of frail, delicate health, and was exceedingly fond of being considered an invalid.

"Kate," said Mrs. Seaton, "favor us with some music; you are such an excellent performer, and it has been so long since I heard good music; Helen never plays now, and I often wonder how she can give it up, for she played a great deal and always tried to please and fascinate me before we were married, and I wish she would do so now!"

"Charles, Charles!" cried Mrs. Seaton, you know I have been too ill!

"I beg your pardon, Helen; you are ill so often that I sometimes forget it!"

"Kate fearing a scene, immediately seated herself at the Piano, and touching the keys with exquisite grace, her sweet voice warbled song, after song, while Mr. Seaton bent over her, seemingly so delighted that he quite forgot the presence of his invalid wife.—When Kate rose from the instrument, he whispered,

"Kate, you must accede to whatever I say, as I am about to try an effectual cure for my wife's illness."

Kate bowed her head with a mischievous smile, and her beautiful eyes, danced with delight at the idea of some rich sport—for Kate was a fun-loving girl—all life and animation, with a heart that delighted in the happiness of others. She had an intuitive perception of the cause of Mr. Seaton's unhappiness.

"My cousin sleeps," said Kate as she seated herself.

"Well we will let her rest, as sleep is the only remedy for one so ill," replied Mr. Seaton, drawing his chair near Kate, and taking her hand, he exclaimed, "what a diminutive and delicately formed hand you have, Kate, it is even more beautiful than Helen's;" and gazing upon her as if enraptured with her loveliness, he continued, "Kate, you are the most bewitching beauty I ever saw. Why did I not meet you before I married Helen?"

"Cease, Charles," exclaimed Kate, as if angry.

"As I live, Kate, it is true—and won't you remain single for my sake, dear girl? as you know Helen can't live much longer in her present state, and you will be such a kind, loving wife, and use every exertion to ensure my happiness. Will you wait for me, dear Kate?"

"Shame, shame," Charles responded Kate, how can you talk so before Helen is dead; but I suppose I may as well promise, as I have no doubt you are a *beau ideal* of perfection," continued Kate, with a smile or mornment.

"Dear noble, beautiful girl!" exclaimed Mr. Seaton. In a few moments—

"Ungrateful, inconsistent creature; dare you insult your wife thus?" wildly exclaimed Helen, as she flew between them like a young tigress; "and can it be possible?" she continued bursting into a passion of tears, "that I have outlived your affection, and you have already begun to lay out plans for one to supplant me? But I will see that you do not get rid of me so easily. No I will live in spite of you, and frustrate your unreasonable plans. And remember, sir, I am not always asleep when my eyes are closed!"

"Nor ill when you complain," answered her husband, with a mischievous smile.

"Cruel, heartless man, to care so little for my illness," returned Mrs. Seaton; and turning to Kate, she exclaimed, with a frowning brow and eyes flooded with tears, "foolish misguided girl what have you done? But you shall pay for this!"

"Cease, Helen, cried Mr. Seaton, 'do not get into such a passion—you will kill yourself immediately: pray be calm, you are so weak from continual illness that you will injure yourself."

"Weak, indeed, she continued, 'I am not at all ill; your heartless conduct has quite restored me."

Kate was about to explain the whole affair, when Charles Seaton turned on her a beseeching look to desist. Mrs. Seaton called a servant boy to wait upon Kate home, as she would not permit her husband to go.—poor Kate! she began to think she had to pay rather dear for a joke; however she concluded to let it rest until Charles saw fit to explain it to explain it to Helen.

The cure took amazingly. Mrs. Seaton was well enough to come down to breakfast with an improved appetite. She pouted a little, yet that was far more agreeable to Charles than her continual complaints; and when he returned home in the evening, she was practising her music, and a work-table sat in the centre of the room, upon which stood a lighted lamp and all the *elaborates* of a lady industry, together with the papers.

Mr. Seaton explained the farce, and whenever her disposition to complain returned, he would whisper lovingly in her ear.

"Helen, dear, shall I go and bring Kate to spend the evening with us?"

"No, No," she answered, "I will be equally as agreeable as Kate. Dear, good Kate, she spent yesterday with me, and I owe her much for the valuable lesson she taught me, and you dear Charles; if I had not changed you would have been compelled to seek company elsewhere."

Charles made no reply, for his risible faculties were in full play, while he thought how successful he had been in the Husband's Ruse.

"BOSTON" MARRIED.—J. Judson Ames, formerly of the San Diego Herald, and more familiarly known as "Boston," was recently married in the State of Vermont, to Miss Eliza Sexton. "Boston" is understood to be on a visit to the Atlantic States for the purpose of editing a work of the life and writings of "John Phoenix," otherwise known as Lieut. Derby, of the United States Navy.—Calif. Paper.

The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch says there has been discovered on the farm of Mr. Jas. Pease about six miles from Staunton, an apparently inexhaustible supply of nitrate of lime. Some specimens on examination proved to contain large portions of pure saltpetre, and in all, the nitrate is strongly evident.

The Household Sacrifice.

This story of the constable and the cow is told by that inimitable old maid, Salina, in Mrs. Stephens' last novel, "The Old Homestead."

"Well, as I was sayin'," when I was a gal, my father and mother moved from old Connecticut into the Lackawanna valley in Pennsylvania, with ten little children, all younger than I was. They had lost every thing, and went out into that dark, piny region to begin life agin.

"Well, they got a patch of wild land, partly on credit built a log house, and went to work. Before the year was out my father died, and we found it hard draggin' to git along without crops, and deep in debt. We give up every thing to pay store debts, and should have felt as rich as Kings, if we could only have raised what the law allowed us. But we had no barrel of beef and pork, which ever the law leaves to a poor family, but we lived on rye and injun with a little molasses when we couldn't get milk.

"The law allowed us two pigs and a cow, with her calf. Our cow was a grand good critter, capital for milk, and gentle as a lamb, you don't know how the children took to her, and well they might—she more than half supported them.

"Marm did her best for the children, and I worked as hard as she did, spinning and carding wool, which she wove into cloth on a hand-loom.

"Well, in a year or two, the calf grew into a fine heifer, and we calculated on having milk from her after a little. So we began to fatten up the old cow, though I hain't no idea that we should ever have made up our minds to kill her.

"There was some debt, still, but we had given up every thing once, and neither marm nor I thought of anybody's coming on us agin. So we were proud enough of our two cows, and as long as the children had plenty of milk, never thought of wanting beef and the old cow might have lived to this time for what I know if we'd been left to ourselves."

Here Salina's voice became disturbed, and the girls settled themselves in an attitude of profound attention.

"Well, as I was sayin', things began to brighten with us, when one day, in came the town constable, with a printed writ in his hand.

"He'd found out that we had one more cow than the law allowed, and came after it.

"I thought poor marm would a-gone crazy, she felt so bad; and no wonder! with all them children and she a widder! It came hard, I can tell you.

"But the constable was determined, and what could she do but give up. There stood the little children huddled together on the hearth, crying as if their hearts were broke, at the bare thought of having the cow drove off, and there was poor marm, with her apron up to her face, a-sobbin' so pitiful!

"I couldn't stand it; my heart rose like a yeasting of bread; I determined that them children and that hard-workin' woman should have enough to eat, constable or no constable.

"Wait," says I to the constable, 'til I go and drive up the cow; she's hard to find."

"He sat down. Marm and the children began to sob and cry agin. I tell you, gals, it was cruel as the grave.

"I went to the wood-pile and took the axe from between two logs. Across the clearing, and just in the edge of the woods I saw the old cow and heifer browsing on the undergrowth. The old cow had a bell on and every tinkle as she moved her head went to my heart. I had to think of marm and the children before I could get courage to go on, and with that to encourage me, I shook and trembled like a murderer, all the way across the clearing.

"The old cow and the heifer were close by each other, browsing on the sweet birch undergrowth that grew thick there. When I came up they both stopped and stood looking at me with their great earnest eyes, so wishfully, as if they wondered I which I was after.

Here Salina dashed her hand across her eyes and the color rushed into her face, as if she were opposing a pressure of tears with great bravery.

"It was enough to break any one's heart to see that old cow, with the birch twigs in her mouth, coming toward me so innocent. She thought—poor old critter—that I'd come to milk her; but instead of the milk pail, I had that axe in my hand. She couldn't a-known what it meant, and yet, as true as I live, it seemed as if she did.

"There she stood, looking in my face, wondering, I hain't no doubt, why I didn't sit down on a log as usual, and fix my pail—and there I stood, trembling before the poor dumb animal, ready to fall down on my knees and ask pardon for my cruel thoughts, and gals, was the heifer looking on us both—oh, gals, gals, I hope none of you will ever have to go through a thing like that.

The girls thus addressed were very still, and a sob or two was just heard while the tears leaped like half-stones down Salina's cheeks.

"My heart misgave me—I would'n't done it. Those great innocent eyes seemed as if they were human; I grew so weak that the axe almost fell. I turned to go back ready to starve or anything rather than look that animal in the face agin with the axe in my hand. Yes, I turned away, but there half across the clearing was the constable with the writ flyin' out in his hand. My blood rose—I thought of

the children with nothing to eat—I don't know what I didn't think of. He was walking fast, I turned—the cow was right before me. Oh, girls, there she stood so quiet, chewing the green birch leaves, I was like a baby, the axe would'n't rise from the ground, I could not do it.

"He called out, I heard his step in the under brush. Then my strength flew back. I was wild—strong as a lion, but my eyes seemed hot with sparks of fire. I shut them, the axe swung back—a crash, a deep wild bellow and she fell like a log. I had struck in the white star on her forehead. When I opened my eyes she was looking at me, and so her eyes stiffened in their film. I had to hold myself up by the axe-helve with both hands. It seemed to me as if I was dying too.

"What have you been about, where is the cow?" said the constable, in a passion as he came up.

"There," said I, pointing to the poor murdered critter with my finger, 'the law, you say, won't allow us two cows, but it does give us a barrel of beef. This is our beef—touch it if you dare!'

"He skulked away and I fell down on my knees by the poor critter my own hands had killed. It seemed as if my heart would break! There she lay with the fresh leaves in her mouth, so still, and there stood the heifer looking at me steadily as if she wanted to speak, and I could'n't make her understand why it had to be done. Oh, gals, gals, it was tough!"

For The Girls.

Men who are worth having, want women for their wives. A bundle of gawgaws, bound with a string of hats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine snacer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls on vegetables, bread and meat.

The piano and lace frame are good in their places; and so are ribbons, frills and tines; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter. And, awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary in domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration—remembering the tressels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, or catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worth of catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or managing brothers to help you find a market.

DON'T KNOW HIS OWN LANGUAGE.—A correspondent of the Binghamton Republican, writing from New York, relates the following amusing incident:

"Among the many lecturers to whom the Gothamites are respectfully invited to listen, is a Turk by the name of Oscanony. He keeps a coffee house on Broadway, where gentlemen of leisure often retire to smoke from a Turkish pipe and sip excellent Mocha. Great trouble is experienced by visitors to make the waiters understand their wants, for as they, the waiters are dressed in Turkish costume, the gentlemen visitors, very naturally of course, must suppose they speak the language of the Turks, and no other. Bayard Taylor happened in there the other day, and anxious to give his Arabic an airing, he asked the waiter in that language for a cup of coffee. All he received however was a look of blank, stupid astonishment—Supposing that he might be mistaken in the name of the article, he made a careless remark upon the weather, in a way that no Moslem would misunderstand. The blank stare became intensified. Understood that he could not make himself understood in a language in which he took so much pride, he ventured to ask in English: "What is your name?"

"Patrick Mulrooney, yer oner," replied the waiter, as his eye brightened. After that Mr. Taylor took his coffee in quiet."

A SERIOUS JOKE.—Hans the Havana correspondent of the Picayune, relates the following: I have heard a serious joke respecting two citizens of the United States. They quarreled on Christmas day, a challenge to mortal combat, ensued, and was accepted. The second of the party who sent the challenge was the bearer, wishing to prevent the "duel," gave information about it to the police. This ill advised but well intentioned act, caused both the parties to be arrested. The sender of the challenge, is now a prisoner in the Hotel de Tacon; the acceptor of it has been banished the Island.

The second who gave information