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BY J. B. HARRIS.

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THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

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The Reward.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his mispent time;
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who hears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?
Who would not cast
Half of his future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion from the wrong and sin
Of the sealed Past?

Alas! the evil which we vain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall,
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,
Are we always.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in the hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or hue, hath bent.

He hath not lived in vain, and while he lives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.

An Episode in the Peninsular War.

THE SOLDIER'S SON.

It was a fierce and critical period of the war in the Peninsula, that Morillo, then commanding the Fifth Division of the Spanish army, about 4000 strong, in conjunction with Pénne Pillemur, passed down the Portuguese frontier in the Lower Guadiana, intending to fall on Seville as soon as South should advance to the succor of Badajoz. In the beginning of April, while the French were disheartened by the sudden news of the fall of that city, Pénne Pillemur and Morillo, issuing out of Portugal, crossed the Lower Guadiana and seized San Lucar de Bayor. This place was ten miles from Seville, and was only garrisoned by a Spanish Swiss battalion in Joseph's service, aided by caçopetores, and by sick and convalescent men. The Spaniards soon occupied the heights in front of the Triana bridge, and attacked the French entrenchments, hoping to raise a popular commotion. Ballasteros, on the other side, had advanced with 11,000 men, intending to fall on Seville from the left of the Guadalquivir.

But the hopes entertained by the Spaniards of being speedily in possession of Seville, were cut off by a piece of deceit. False information adroitly given by a Spaniard in the French interest, led Ballasteros to believe South was close at hand, whereupon he immediately returned to the Ronda; while Pénne Pillemur, also warned that the French would soon return retired to Gibraltar.

This disappointment and failure in the execution of a favorite project, cherished for many months, irritated beyond control the naturally severe temper of Morillo. It was evening, and the division of the army under him were encamped some hours march on their retreat. Preparations might have been seen for a military execution, and a couple of prisoners, captured in the last skirmish, were, according to the cruel practice of many chiefs in those times, to be put to death. The captives were guarded by a file of soldiers, and the executioners, waiting the word of command to draw up, were leaning on their weapons and talking of the events of the last two days.

Just then, one of the inferior officers returning to his tent, after giving some order to the men, was interrupted by a boy apparently ten years of age, who, seizing his hand, and speaking in an accent slightly foreign, besought him, with piteous entreaties, to procure him admittance to the General. The officer found on inquiry, that he was the son of one of the prisoners, a soldier distinguished for his eminent personal bravery, who had not been taken, even when overwhelmed by numbers, without giving and receiving many severe wounds.

This soldier, wearied and wounded, but invincible in courage and spirit, for he scorned to ask clemency of his conqueror, was now to suffer death with his companion in misfortune. The terrible order had been given, for Morillo would not be impeded in his march by prisoners; and he so hated his country's enemies, that the bravest and most generous among them could have found no mercy at his hands. The prisoner's little boy, refusing to be separated from his father, had been suffered by the Spaniards to remain with him.

"You shall see the General, boy, since you wish it," said the other, in reply to the boy's passionate entreaties, "but he will not grant your father's life. San Lucas! but these French dogs have given us too much trouble already."

They entered the General's tent. Morillo, by the light of a lamp burning on the table, was reading a dispatch he had just received. Two of his officers stood near him; there was no one else in the tent. The brow of the chief was contracted, and his eyes flashed as if what he read displeased him; and he looked up with an impatient exclamation as the officer entered with the boy.

The child, as soon as Morillo was pointed out to him, rushed forward and knelt at his feet.

"What does this mean?" demanded the General.

"Spare him! spare my father!" sobbed the youthful applicant.

The officer explained his relationship to one of the prisoners about to be executed.

"Ah, that reminds me," said the chief, looking at his watch; "Pero, nine is the hour. Let them be punctual, and have the business soon over."

Again, with moving entreaties, the child besought his father's life.

"Did thy father send thee hither?" asked the General, sternly.

"No, señor, he did not."

"And how dardest thou, then—"

"My father has done nothing to deserve death," answered the lad. "He is a prisoner of war."

"Ha! who taught thee to question my justice?" answered me.

"No one, señor; but brave Generals do not always kill their prisoners."

"I kill whom I choose!" thundered Morillo; "and I have said it—begone!"

The officer made a silent sign to the petitioner, to intimate there was no hope, and that he must begone. But the boy's countenance suddenly changed. He walked up to the General, who had turned away, and placed himself directly before him with a look of calm resolution worthy of a martyr.

"Hear me, señor," said he; "my father is gray-haired; he is wounded; his strength is failing even now, though he stands up to receive the fire of your men. I am young, and strong, and well. Let them shoot me in his place, and let my father go free."

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of this offer, for the face of the devoted child was kindled with a holy enthusiasm. A dark flush rushed to the brow of Morillo, and for a moment he looked on the boy in silence.

"Thou art willing to die," at length he said, "for thy father. Then to suffer pain for him will be nothing. Wilt thou lose one of thy ears to save him?"

"I will," was the firm reply.

"Lend me thy sword, Pablo," and in an instant, at one blow, the General struck off the boy's ear.

The victim wept, but resisted not, nor raised his hand to wipe away the blood.

"So far, good. Wilt thou lose the other ear?"

"I will, to save my father," answered the boy, convulsively.

Morillo's eyes flashed. The heroism of the child compelled his admiration; but unmoved from his cruel purpose, he smote off the other ear with his still reeking sword.

There was a dead silence.

"And now, señor," said the boy, breathing quickly, and looking up into the General's face.

"And now," answered Morillo, "depart. The father of such a child is dangerous to Spain."

"He must pay the forfeit of his life!"

The maimed child went from the presence of this inhuman foe. Presently the report of firearms announced that he had witnessed the execution of his father.

Must we blame the cruelty of individuals for such enemies? or not rather the relentless spirit of war, that builds up the glory of its heroes on a scaffolding of death, and sacrifices daily to the projects of ambition the prompting of humanity.

CORNING.—A country gentleman lately arrived in Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city.

The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of staying in the city but a day or two.

The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street.

Finally the visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after a lapse of eleven days, found, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable.

Accordingly he went to the man who kept the livery stable, and told him that when the gentleman had his horse he would pay his bill.

"Very good," replied the stable-keeper, "I understand you."

In a short time the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready.

The bill, of course, was presented.

"Oh!" said the gentleman, "Mr. —, my relative, will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable-keeper, "please to get an order from Mr. —, it will be the same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you," said the merchant, "well, good bye, sir."

"Well, about the horse—the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that's all right, sir."

"Yes—well—but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not!"

The late Judge Dooley, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit; at one place where he attended court, he was not well pleased with his entertainment at the tavern.

On the first day of the court, a hog, under the name of a pig, had been cooked whole and laid upon the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next day, and treated with the same respect; and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned.

As the boarders finished their dinner, Judge Dooley rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the Clerk.

"Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss the hog upon his recognizances until the first day of next court. He has attended so faithfully during the past term, that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

A Know Nothing.—Among the multitude of prisoners before the Police Court was a "german ob color," the honor of whose arrest none of the officers could or would claim.

"Who arrested you?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"What was you doing, when arrested?"

"I don't know."

"Wasn't you drunk?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what do you know?" asked the city attorney, somewhat impatiently.

"Me?" said the colored gentleman, with an air of importance, "me? why, I know nothing!"

Under these circumstances, the court dismissed the prisoner.

The Light at Home.

The heart that answers not gushingly to the following description of an Eden-Home, must be depraved indeed:

Where congenial creations meet here in a true and holy relation, the children thus born are the flowerings of Eden; as John Neal has said, "the cryptogams of the skies." Lovingly the heavens brood over the roof-tree. Earliest in the morning Hesperus beams in golden light through the lattice, and aslant his rays, glide down the fingers of angels, each sliding with lute-like melody to bless the morning dream. More gladsome and more powerful angels use the sharp, warm rays of the sun, courser-like, and they enter in and move here and there with a great joy, making glad every thing within the precincts, magnetizing all within into happiness, so that the discords and turmoil of the world without are forgotten or unknown.

All day they come and go—they move in what men call sunshine athwart the carpet, they dance like a golden ball through a crevice in the cornice, and down the garden-walk they march in bright battalions. They stir at the curtain, they press the bud and it blooms, they kiss the fountain and it comes, then the pendants of the chandelier click, and the birds give out melody, and the baby smiles in its cradle, all because of the loving angels who come to the household, just as they go to any heaven where love is.

Ah! the garments wax not old there—the moth and rust of discontent mar no line of beauty there—birds and blossoms cluster there—white doves coo from the cave-tops, and the trees lean away from the roof lest their great branches shut out the sunshine and the blue sky, and the loving stars that brood over it. Fair children creep to the threshold; creeping children look out wonder: yet gladsome as if they looked first out into the great world from the heaven of home—they shrink inward again, but at length they bound over the door-sill away, leaving the sun-light upon the door, and stealing inward to where lies the Bible upon the table, and a mother's pure brow lifted in prayer.

Onward, onward, casting but few and transient glances backward, they go; but at length sickness comes, and they long for the dear old home; sorrow comes, and they see the sunshine streaming as of old through the open door, and falling upon the Sacred Word. But the mother is an angel now, and they long to return to the dear old home. Then passion, and change, and tumult, shake the man mightily, and he rests not day nor night till he, too, sets up the altar of home, and calls the angels to enter the tabernacle he has built. Woman, thou art the angel of home. Go, look not into thy gilded glass, but look down into the clear fountain which gave back thy face in childhood. Art thou an angel of light, causing sunshine over the sill? or of darkness, brooding like a raven wing over the family altar?

In contrast to the above, the following "Dark at Home" is set—for hatred has its home also.—Here it is:

The morning-star sends down his angels into the abode, but it is already filled. Discord is knotting the cruel nerve, and making deep the harsh wrinkle. Wiry, mischief-loving spirits prompt the blow-loving hand, and whisper and gibber malicious, envious and jealous dreams into the sleeping ear. The sun glides jubilant into the window; but he is repelled by damp, noisome images lurking within. Snake-like creatures creep ward and watch. Moles, and bats, and moths, and reptiles silently destroy. Black vines darken the lattice. The raven and the night-owl have usurped the roof. Obscure rappings and mysterious movements fill the space more with terror than with awe. The child in the cradle cries sharply, for his holy guardian contends with a black spirit which would force him away. Children creep to the threshold, and look out into the great unknown world, but it looks less terrible than home, and they creep forth, willing to encounter the worst. They look backward, but there is no sunshine on the sill, no brooding love-angel there. Sickness comes, and the cold charity of the stranger is welcome. Sorrow comes, and the "silver cord," which binds together the great human family, draws him into the circle, and owns him brother. Passion and crime pluck at the fragile man, and there are no memories of holy wisdom to say "remember;" no prayer rising like a cool incense between the scorched heart and heaven, and he battles the world alone, weak and unaided, for home was no home for the spirit—Woman, look to it. This is thy work—this blood is upon thy skirts.

NEW YORK ELECTION SCENE.—The New York correspondent of the Raleigh Register, says:

When the writer of this went quietly to the polls, the other day, an uncouth German, with a Jesuitical cast of countenance, started up, and with a strong Dutch accent, said, "I challenge that gentleman's vote," when I was thrust aside as a suspicious and dishonorable character. Waiting until all the losers in the room had voted, I was then arraigned by an Irish inspector, and called upon to answer a number of interrogatories: "Shure, and are ye natif born in this country?"

"Yes," "Did ye come in this ward for the sake of voting?" "No," (corrected ad sidera.) After a few more questions of like import, Pat became fully satisfied, and had the kindness to administer the oath. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The most un-American and foreign-looking Locofoco editor would have felt the blood tingle in every vein. We have had too much of this, and henceforth should have no more.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.—Gov. Manning, of South Carolina, in his late message to the Legislature, has laid down the following policy which should govern our public counsels in regard to foreign affairs:

As a constituent part of the American Confederated Republic, the existing aspect of our foreign relations is a matter of deep interest, and requires from you watchfulness and solicitude. The laws of comity which regulate the intercourse of nations, a discreet and sound policy towards ourselves, and the good faith to be observed in maintaining the terms of treaties, should make this nation carefully avoid both the reality and appearance of attempting, directly or indirectly, to grasp any portion of foreign dominion. Whatever can be effected that is desirable for the country to achieve, by open treaty, with a distinct and separate Power, is a question of policy alone, to which there can be no objection; but beyond this, Government has no right to go, whether through the agency of unlawful enterprises at home, or indirect and anomalous ministerial interference abroad.

THE RED SEA.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, D. Buist read the following paper:

The Red Sea is the most remarkable estuary on the surface of the globe; it is 1980 miles in length, with a maximum breadth of nearly 300 miles, a circuit of 4020 miles, and an area of 108,154 miles; its cubic contents are probably about 800,000 miles; its greatest depth is 400 fathoms. The main depth of its axis is about 150 fathoms for about ten miles along mid-channel. The deep tides at Aden, Ras, Mohammed and Suez, are about five feet; the spring is about seven feet; and the rise in the upper end of the sea, by a continued south wind, is about four feet. The temperature and saltness of the Red Sea are almost the same as that of the ocean. The evaporation over its surface amounts to about eighty feet annually, which seems to be provided for by a strong inward current from the Italian Ocean, a lower current of the water thus concentrated flowing out again through the Gulf of Aden, sweeping around, by Scinde, and so southward, till diluted by deluges of rain from the western shores of India. Crossing again to Africa, it flows northward, and returns to the place whence it came, giving off fresh supplies of vapor to the rainless districts around.

The Red Sea is walled in by vast chains of mountains, which, from the 11th to the 16th parallel, and from Aden to 200 miles into Abyssinia, are volcanic, affording a volcanic field of about 10,000 square miles in area, probably the third largest in the world, a portion of which is still active. Gibeltee has been smoking constantly for the past century, and a violent eruption occurred in the Zebas Islands in 1846. From lat. 16 deg. to lat. 30 deg., the rocks seem mostly to belong to the vast nummulitic formation, which has been traced from Burremah to the Bay of Biscay in one continuous sheet, around nearly one-third of the globe. All around the shores of the Red Sea are evidences of the submergence and re-emergence of the land, at probably a recent geological period. The volcano of Aden contains an old sea beach in its crater.

The Isthmus of Suez consists of gravel and shells, the latter being identical with those now found in the seas adjoining; and there is reason to suppose that this part of the shore has risen from sea to ten feet within the last thousand years. Mr. Robert Stephenson has proved by survey, that the level of the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is the same, and to all appearance the bitter lakes on the Isthmus have at one time formed a portion of the sea, though the surface of the waters is now fifty feet below the level.

The Gulf of Akaba differs remarkably in its characteristics from that of Suez, from which it is separated by the Isthmus of Senar. The Wadi-Araba, or the valley stretching from the Gulf of Akaba towards the Dead Sea, appears in part to be an old sea beach, deeply grooved by torrents; but however interesting to the geographer, very little is known of it. The summit level has been placed, in the transactions of this society for 1848, at 455 feet, but from the paper by Capt. William Allen, of the Royal Navy, in the twenty-third volume, it is evident that nothing certain is known either about the position or altitude of its divide. From Akaba to the Dead Sea is a distance of about 105 miles, the surface of the latter being 1350 feet below that of the Mediterranean; and we are altogether ignorant of the extent of the boundaries of this extraordinary depression.

It is singular, that although the Red Sea is traversed every week by scores of Englishmen, and though vessels of the Indian navy are constantly cruising about in it, or lying at Suez or at Aden, we know less of its physical geography than we do of that of Siberia, the Ural Mountains, or some portions of the Arctic regions, and while the wilds of South America are being carefully explored, a tract of vast importance, associated as it is with some of the most wonderful events in sacred history, remains neglected at our doors.

A HINT TO NEWLY-MARRIED PERSONS.—A bridegroom requested his wife to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed, "Pull the line!" She pulled at his request as far as she could. He cried, "Pull it over!" "I can't," she replied. "Pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with ease. "There," said he, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other, but how easy and pleasant it was when we both pulled together. If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us, therefore, always pull together."

THINGS WE CAN'T STAND.—We can't stand the first floor lodger coming home in a state of inebriation, and getting into our bed with his boots on. We can't stand a waiter always telling us he's coming, and never doing it. We can't stand a young lady with her hair done up in newspaper advertisements.

We can't stand an infatuated dramatist reading us manuscripts of his five-act tragedy.

We can't stand a baby dabbling his damp little hand about our face, while the mother stands by, and remarks that the little dear is beginning to "take notice."

We can't stand a doctor telling us, in a friendly way, that our family were always noted for weak chests.

There is a maiden lady in Connecticut so extremely nice in her notions of female modesty, that she turned off her woman because she put her clothes in the same tub with those of a young man! This is almost equal to the modesty of the lady who was ashamed to remove a table-cover for fear of showing its legs.

PHYSIC MADE EASY.—During the past week, says the Mobile Register of a recent date, the great supply of oranges made that delicious fruit a perfect drug—a drug in more ways than one—and pleasant ways at that:

Among the Habaneros all biliary complaints are agreeably and certainly cured by their staple fruit, for an orange eaten every morning at an early hour, while fasting, removes from them, and will from others, that most afflicting and fashionable evil, the dyspepsia. And the botches juicy plumpness have been selling all over the city at but a dollar a hundred! Try these Cuban pills—who are suffering from water-brash, sour stomachs, and exiled appetites. You will thank the free physician, depend upon it.

A coffee-house in Cincinnati has a sign of an inverted boot, as a delicate hint to its delinquent customers to "foot up."

Mr. Godard's Aerial Excursion.

In our last issue we made mention of this remarkable trip in a balloon, and in order to lay more fully before our readers the particulars of this truly wonderful excursion of those intrepid navigators, we have copied the following from the N. O. Bee, of the 4th inst:

The anxiety which our community had begun to feel for the safety of the intrepid aeronauts who, on Monday last, made so magnificent an ascension from the Place d'Armes, was yesterday morning completely dispelled by the return of Mr. Godard, and his companion, Mr. Lamulaniere, fountaineurs of the French side of the Bee, in full health and capital spirits. Their aerial voyage, as described to us, must have been not only one of the most extensive, but most exciting on record. It will be remembered that in consequence of the unforeseen difficulty in obtaining a sufficiently rapid supply of gas, the process of inflation was provokingly slow, and that the cords which bound the balloon to the earth were not finally detached until 5 o'clock, p. m. There was at the time rather a brisk wind blowing, and so soon as the aerial vessel commenced its upward flight which was accomplished in the most imposing and majestic manner, than it was impelled by a current of air in a north-westerly direction, gradually attaining a considerable elevation, and at the same time proceeding straight towards Lake Pontchartrain.

The breeze did not freshen much, but was strong enough to carry the balloon steadily and swiftly forward at the comfortable rate of about 75 miles an hour. The progress of the voyagers was perfectly easy and far more luxurious than the movement of a patent spring carriage rolling on a smooth-shaven lawn. On they sped through the blue ether, their car glided by the rays of the setting sun, and themselves enjoying the gorgeous spectacle of a view of our city from a height of a mile and a half.

Within a few minutes from their departure, the aeronauts found themselves traversing Lake Pontchartrain. At that imposing elevation they beheld distinctly the bottom of the Lake, the water assuming an almost glass-like transparency. But they did not linger long above the green waters of the Lake; their balloon bore them swiftly forward, and in a short time they were once more sailing over land and forest, cultivated fields and gloomy pine barrens, passing by moonlight across the parish of St. Tammany, over St. Helena, and into East Feliciana. During this portion of their voyage they were greeted by the sublime spectacle of a pine forest in flames. Our informant tells us that from a height of three thousand feet nothing grander and more beautiful could be imagined.

Finally, after a jaunt of exactly two hours and three quarters, Mr. Godard and his friend determined to descend, and selected for this purpose an open field in the parish of East Feliciana, not far from the Amite river, and about 10 miles from the town of Clinton. Throwing out their grappling irons, they got safely down to terra firma. The difficulty, however, was to secure the balloon and discharge the gas—matters which could not be performed without assistance. After no small amount of trouble, some laborers were hunted up, their crude apprehensions at the sight of the monstrous mass of blown up silk calmed, and themselves induced by dint of infinite persuasion and some weightier argument to aid in letting out the gas.

What was finally done, and the next question was what was to become of the voyagers and balloon, and whether they were to proceed. This problem was likewise solved by similar substantial logic. Some of the men went into the neighboring woods, caught some oxen, attached them to a rough cart, and drove the fatigued and sleepy travelers to Clinton, where they arrived at 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning. From Clinton they proceeded by railway to Port Hudson, and in the very nick of time met a boat returning from Red River, got on board, and arrived safe and sound in our city at an early hour yesterday.

Their voyage was not only absolutely free from the slightest danger, but was perfectly delightful. The only fatigue and vexation encountered was after landing, and this arose from the ignorance and trepidation of the honest countrymen who were filled with dread at the sight of the balloon, and seemed to think it would certainly explode of its own accord.

Let us not forget here to state that Mr. Godard and his companion were cordially greeted by the President, Directors and employees of the Clinton and Port Hudson Railroad, who hastened, with characteristic generosity, to offer them the free use of the cars of the company, and promptly refused to receive any compensation. This act of kindness entitles the above gentlemen to the thanks of this community, showing as it does on their part a proper appreciation of the daring and intrepidity of the scientific travelers.

We understand that Mr. Godard contemplates making another ascension shortly, and will take care that it is not retarded by any such impediments as he had to contend with on this first occasion.

SELF-POSSESSOR.—Years ago an unknown correspondent to a city paper gave the following anecdote of the olden time:

"When the town of Woodstock, Connecticut, first began to be settled, there was a time when the few and scattered families were filled with the dreadful apprehension of being taken or perhaps killed or carried off by the Indians. No man retired at night without first having his gun well loaded and placed over his head where he could seize it instantly. With these and other precautions, one of these brave men and his no less courageous companion on a certain night retired to bed. In the dead of night they were simultaneously awakened by an unusual noise around the house. They listened; presently they heard it again: it sounded like a slight knocking against the window shutter at the opposite end of the house. The man seized his gun and boldly entered the apartment whence the noise proceeded, and in thunder tones demanded:

"Who's there?"

A gentle voice which he well knew, replied: "I am your neighbor, and have come to get some medicine for one of my children that is sick."

He lowered his gun and turned to go and replace it over his head, almost in vain struggling as he went to let his courage down and to calm his perturbed feelings, as he entered his bedroom, he discovered his wife deliberately changing her inner garment.

"Pray, what are you about," he exclaimed, "at such a time as this?"

"Why," she replied, "you see what I am about, don't you? I wasn't a-going off among the Indians without clean clothes on, I would have you to know."

At last accounts, Senator Clayton was still confined to his house by sickness.