

# Bellefonte Patriot.

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## CONDITIONS.

The price of this paper is TWO DOLLARS per annum—but if paid in advance, ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS only will be charged.

Advertisements, making no more in length than breadth, will be inserted three times for one dollar; and for every subsequent continuance twenty-five cents.—Those of greater length in proportion.—Rule or figure work double those rates.

No subscription will be received for less than one year; nor any paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

If the subscriber does not request a discontinuance of his paper, at the end of the year, it will be considered as a new engagement; and the paper forwarded accordingly.

Subscribers who have their papers carried by the mail, must be liable for the postage.

Letters addressed to the editor must be post paid.

From the London Kalendar.

## THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

While Sir MICHAEL SEYMOUR was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant vessel drove past. Her deck was just above water; her lower masts alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board; but there was a caboose on deck, which had the appearance of being recently patched with old canvas and tarpawling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale; but Sir Michael listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow man might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifted mass; and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close along side, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object like in appearance to a bundle of clothes was observed to roll out of the caboose apparently against the lee shrouds of the mast.

With the end of a boat hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man bent head and knees together, and so wasted as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in the state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of 14 years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship.—When placed on deck it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all signs of remaining life; it tried to move, and the next moment uttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, "there is another man" the instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck.

The sea having now become somewhat smoother they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and looking into the caboose, they found two other human bodies wased like the one they saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk up posture, a hand of one resting upon a tin pot in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other, reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef, of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its nerveless grasp.

Unfortunate men! they had starved on their scanty store, till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The crew having completed their last melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ships company engrossed by their efforts to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have just life to breathe their remembrance that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved.

Captain Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were a fellow creature, whom the most unparalleled famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own

hand, every five or ten minutes; and at the end of three weeks more the "skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the amethyst; and to the surprise of all who recollect that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

## "THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN"

In the year 1736, two smugglers, of the names of Wilson and Robertson, robbed the collector of customs at Kirkcaldy of a considerable sum of money, which was the property of government. They were both taken, brought to trial and condemned to death. The fate of these men was universally pitied; but Wilson, by an act of extraordinary resolution, generosity and fidelity, excited the general sympathy to ardent admiration, and fixed it solely to himself. The two criminals under sentence of death were according to custom, carried on a Sunday after their condemnation, to join in the weekly public services of religion. Four soldiers of the town guard of Edinburgh were their conductors; and they entered the church before the congregation had fully assembled, and before the commencement of the service. The prisoners were entrusted without fetters to the custody of their guard. In these circumstances the church door being open, and the persons who were present not unfavorably disposed towards the criminals, Wilson, by a sudden effort of astonishing strength, grasped with each of his hands one of the attending soldiers, seized a third with his teeth, held them inextricably fast, and called to his comrade Robertson to run for life.—Robertson did run and made his escape. Wilson, overjoyed in having delivered his friend, remained patiently behind to suffer for his crimes.

Such is the historical fact of which the "Mysterious Unknown" has made such admirable use in his romance of "The heart of Mid-Lothian."

Westchester, June 27.

## Attempt to Murder.

Two or three weeks ago a negro fellow was committed to the prison of this county, for having attempted to burn the barn of Mr. Joseph Carter of West Bradford. Last week, actuated by a desperate malignity, he attempted to set fire to the jail, on which he was ironed and put in the dungeon. On Monday last, about noon, it was found that he had broken the lock of his door, and Sheriff Babb, accompanied by Messrs. Sweney and Jeffers, attempted to enter for the purpose of making him more secure.

Undoubtedly prepared for the murderous attempt, the villain stepped up & blew out the candle which the Sheriff held in his hand, and instantly made a stab at his breast, with a penknife repeating his blows on the neck, groin, shoulder and belly. In the whole the Sheriff received ten wounds, some of them very bad. Mr. Sweney also received two wounds. The fellow has been simply secured.

The wounds of the Sheriff have been dressed. He has passed a pretty good night, and his physician considers him out of danger.

## WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

Among the peculiar circumstances attending the dreadful wreck of the Medusa, on the coast of Africa, the following is not among the least worthy of being recorded. After passing thirteen days on a raft, subject to every privation and exposed to a parching heat, which produced madness in all its hideous forms, they at length were relieved from this perilous situation, having lost one hundred and thirty-five out of one hundred and fifty men. On shore they were crowded into an hospital, where medicines, and even the common necessaries of life, were wanting. An English merchant went to see them. One of the poor unhappy wretches made the signal of a freemason in distress; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, "my brother you must come to my house and make it your home." The Frenchman nobly replied, "my brother I thank you, but I cannot leave my companions in misfortune." "Bring them with you" was the answer and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune. M. Correard, bookseller of Paris was one of

the objects of this gentleman's noble hospitality.

The following singular circumstance occurred on the evening the king of England was at Drury-lane Theatre: A gentleman of Clerkenwell who was in the crowd, missing his watch seized a man who he supposed had robbed him, and challenged him with the offence. The fellow immediately took from his pocket a watch and seals, which he gave up and was offered to depart. On returning home, the gentleman to his utter astonishment, found that he had left his own watch hanging up in his bedroom! the watch and seals given to him are worth 50 guineas.

## HAUNTED BED CHAMBER.

Professor Gassendi, in one of his letters, says that he was consulted by his friend and patron, the count D'Alais, governor of Provence, on a phenomenon that haunted his bed-chamber, while he was at Marseilles. For several successive nights, as soon as the candle was taken away, he and his countess saw a luminous spectre, sometimes of an oval and sometimes of a triangular form; that it always immediately disappeared when a light was brought into the room: that he often struck at it, but could discover nothing solid. Gassendi, as a natural philosopher, endeavored to account for it: sometimes attributing it to some defect of vision, or to some dampness of the apartment; insinuating that perhaps it might be sent from heaven to him, to give him warning in due time of something that would happen. The spectre still continued its visits all the time he stayed at Marseilles. Some years afterwards on their return to Aix, the countess confessed to her husband that she played him this trick, by means of one of her women placed under the bed with a phial of phosphorus, with an intention to frighten him away from Marseilles, a place in which she disliked to live.

## THE BEWITCHED LIEUTENANT.

In 1817, a very corpulent gentleman, a lieutenant in the British navy, applied to the lord mayor of London, under the following circumstances.—He stated that the lady of the house where he lived, her daughter and several of the lodgers, had conspired to deprive him of his existence by means of "electricity and the attractive power;" that they had utterly deprived him of his ankle bones, the knobs of his wrists, and had superinduced a consumption. His lordship remarked, that his appearance by no means warranted that conclusion; but he assured his lordship, that his rotundity was occasioned by their contrivances, and that it consisted entirely of inflammable matter; and that they had cut three setons in his neck, bled him four times on the arm with lancets, and seven times on the forehead with leeches, and the young lady had applied the attractive power with so much violence, as to extract two of his teeth! which teeth he produced in court in corroboration of the fact; at the same time he handed up a voluminous written statement of his grievances, and concluded by claiming the protection of his lordship.

The lord Mayor remarked, that he did not see how he could interfere with the attractive powers of a young lady, though she had used them with such powerful effect.

The lieutenant said, that it was not against this particular family only that he had to complain, but that multitudes were in the habit of tormenting him with a tube and a spring, and it was lamentable and scandalous to see a great nation conspiring against an individual who had served his country in so many battles.

From the Washington City Gazette.

## A DISH OF DAINTIES!

It is well known, that a book was written by the late Spanish ambassador the Chevalier de Onis, and printed soon after his return from the United States. He was laudably zealous in the diplomatic business entrusted to him; so managing it as to protract the negotiations to an unusual length, and finally to make an advantageous treaty. What sort of means he adopted for other purposes we need not now enquire: He was hostile of course, to South America. Diligent, strenuous, indefatigable, and even importunate in

the discussion about the bounds of Louisiana, the subject seems to have made a deep impression on his mind. The popular voice was against him; and he felt some irritation. From some quotations, it appears that his feelings have been infused into his book. It seems to be a high seasoned *guisado*, of which the public will be very curious to have a taste. It is said he views members of congress and others very differently from the manner in which they commonly view themselves.

We allude to the introductory part of the work, entitled "A Memoir upon the Negotiation between Spain and the United States of America, which led to the treaty of 1819," by Don Luis de Onis minister plenipotentiary. A Translation of this, we are gratified to hear, is about to be put to press by Mr. DE KRAFFT, of this city.

From the Boston Centinel.

The gallant tars of the *Macedonian* already keep parts of the town alive with their *Jollification*. We learn that \$80,000 are due to them for wages; and that they will all be paid off in due time for their characteristic celebration of *Independence*. The occasion will doubtless be embraced by them to get rid of the *root of evil*, and be ready a short time after "to go to sea again."

When Judge Pope enquired of the Winchago Indians who had been convicted of murder, if they had any thing to say, why sentence should not be pronounced against them; one replied "what can we say—we know that we killed the men. When we saw our young man, who was with us lay his hand upon the book, we hoped that you would have pity on us. We deserve to die. Have you any more questions to ask?" The Judge then sentenced them to be hung July 14, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 6 P. M.

Is it not idle form or mockery to ask a man who has been legally tried and convicted what he has to say why sentence should not be passed upon him; Is it not also idle in any case, to enquire of the prisoner what he desires or by whom he will be tried, when the law has prescribed and the court are determined upon a certain course of proceeding, be the desires of the prisoners what they may? *D. Press.*

## "ON NOSES."

"And liberty plucks justice by the nose." *Shakespeare.*

"As a friend to Noses of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse, to which they are so often subjected, by converting them into dust holes and soot bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff, an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in the articles of his impeachment. When some "Sir Plume of amber snuff box justly vain," after gently tapping its top with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the big-dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his Nose, we may smile at the custom as a harmless and not disgraceful foppery; but when a filthy, clammy compost perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snout it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The Nose is the emunctory of the brain, and when its functions are impeded, the whole system of the head become deranged.

Every professed, inveterate, and incurable-snuff-taker, (says Lord Stanhope) at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the Nose and other incidental circumstances, continue a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff taking day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it." Taken medicinally, or as a simple sternutatory, it may be excused; but the moment your snuff is not to be sneezed at, you are the slave

of a habit which literally makes you grovel in the dust; your snuff-box has seized you as St. Dunstan did the devil; and if the red-hot pinchers with which he performed the feat, could occasionally start up from an Omskirk snuff-box, it might have a salutary effect in checking this nasty propensity among our real and pseudo-fashionables.

It was my intention to have written a dissertation upon the probable form of the nose mentioned in Solomon's Song, which we are informed was "the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus." But I apprehend that your readers will begin to think that I have led them by the nose long enough, and lest you Mr. Editor should suspect that I am making a *handle* of the subject, merely that you may pay through the nose for my communication, I shall conclude at once with

## Sonnet to my own nose.

O Nose! thou rudder in my face's centre,  
Since I must follow thee until I die;  
Since we are bound together by indenture,  
The master thou, and the apprentice I  
O be to your Telemachus a Mentor  
Tho' oft invisible, forever nigh,  
Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,  
From hostile tweak, or love's blinding mastery;  
So shalt thou quit the city's steam and smoke,  
For hawthorn lanes, and copses young oak,  
Scenting the gates of Heaven that have not yet  
Lost their fresh fragrance since the morning broke,  
And breath of flowers "with rosy May-dews wet,  
The primrose—cowslip—blue-bell, violet."

## A DANGEROUS QUESTION.

A simple ostler one day at confession to his priest, was asked by the father, if he had never greased the teeth of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating the allowance of hay and oats? "Never," replied the ostler.—In a subsequent confession the ostler acknowledged the frequent commission of that fraud. "How" said the priest, you said you had never done so? "No more I had then," answered the ostler; "for till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating; but since you first put it in my mind I have been tempted to practice that fraud."

Paradise, (Lancaster Co.) June 30, Remarkable instance of Divine Power.

During the thunder storm, on Wednesday of last week, while Mr. Benjamin Herr, (son of Tobias Herr of Strasburg township) was closing the doors of his fathers barn, the lightning struck the timber nearly above his head, passed in an oblique direction to the earth where he was standing, struck one of his feet and tore the shoe to pieces, without injuring him in the least, except slightly blistering his foot.—The barn doors were considerably shattered, *Hornet.*

A Dutchman walking to the gallops, very deliberately smoked his pipe till he arrived at the spot.—Whilst ascending the scaffold he ran his pipe in the ribband of his hat, and was swung off; but unfortunately the rope broke and let him to the ground; when looking thoughtfully at his pipe, he exclaimed, "dere now, you have broke mine pipe mit your tevlisch nonsense."

The population of Georgia is 344,778. In 1810, 252,431. Increase 92,347