

THE PATRIOT.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE, JULY 1821.

[SELECTED]

From the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine.

On opening a Grave and laying hold of a Scull.

This peacher, silent, yet severe, Proclaims mortality to man: Thou like this emblem shalt appear, When time has measured out thy span.

Here hang the lips that once could smile, And here was fix'd the orbs of light

Enguish'd now, corrupt and vile, Suffused in everlasting night.

Gay friend here hung the list'ning ear, That fed the soul with sense by sound;

Here the loquacious tongue, and here The nose on this distorted wound.

These all had converse with the soul: Myst'rious work of Heav'nly skill

Clay join'd to spirit, form'd an' whole, And quicken'd dust obey'd the will

Call'd the life he gave away; The dust returned from whence it came;

Spirit left the stiff'ning clay, And death dissolves the wondrous name.

Body mortal; bold and free, Thy knowledge centres here:

Like this, thy scalp shall be worth the sordid Sexton's care

Upon a crown these temples bound, Before it subject nations bow'd;

Now undistinguished in the ground The beggar tramples on the proud

All must pass this dreary road, To dust and silence, cold and gloom

And rest in one obscure abode, The dwelling of the world—the tomb.

O thou, whose gift 'tis to bestow Much more in virtue and in truth;

O, lead me through this vale of woe, Thou staff of age and guide of youth.

Sustain me in this mortal hour, Because 'tis thou alone can save;

And let me triumph in thy pow'r, A joyful victor o'er the grave.

THE SHE DANDY, AND THE HE ONE.

From the London Courier.

From the epilogue to the new tragedy of Brutus, by John Howard Paine.

But bless me! what two non-descripts together!

That she—a pile of ribbons, straw, and feather!

Her back a pillow, all a bone, and on it

A church-bell? cradle? tower?—No faith, a bonnet!

Aye, and an actual woman in it, able

Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel!

Now for the he, the fellow non-descript—

Whence has that mockery of man been shipt?

Have Ross or Buchan brought him to console

The quidnuncs for the passage to the pole?

While on her ic'berg howls some Greenland squaw,

Robb'd of her pretty monster till next thaw!

No, Paris has the honor. "Ah! qu'on!"

"Vola!"—the air, grace, shrug, smell of Paris!

France gave his step its trip, his tongue its phrase,

His head its peruke, and his waist its stays.

The thing is contraband. Let's crush

the trade; Ladies, insist on't—all is best home-made—

All British, from your shoe-tye to your fan,

Down to that tantalizing wretch call'd man!

Now for the compound creature—first the wig,

With every frizzle struggling to look big;

On the roug'd cheek the fresh dy'd whisker spread,

The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head!

The neckcloth next, where s'arch and whale-bone vie.

To make the slave a walking pillory! The bolster'd bosom—Ah! ye envying fair,

How little dream you of the stuff that's there!

What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs compress,

To make the dandy "beautifully less!"

Thus fools, their final stake of folly cast

By instinct, to strait waistcoats come at last;

Misjudging Shakespear! this escap'd thine eye,

For though the brains are out, the things won't die!

And now, farewell! But one word for the Bard,

The smile of beauty is his best reward:

Then smile upon him, you, and you, and you,

I see the poet's cause is won—Adieu!

* "The time has been, that when the brains were out, the man would die."

From Hogg's Jacobite relics of Scotland.

"In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels

hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house and demanded refreshment. Her son a lad of sixteen

pressed them up lang kate and butter, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock.

One of the party enquired with seeming kindness how she lived.

"Indeed!" quoth she, "the cow and the kyle yard, wi' God's blessing, a' my mailen!"

He arose and with his sabre killed the cow and destroyed all the kate.

The poor woman was thrown upon the world and died of a broken heart;

the disconsolate youth her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion.

In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory,

the soldiers were making merriment with wine and recounting their exploits.

A dragoon roared out, "I once taw'd a Scotch w'ch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her geese; but, add he, 'she could live for all that on her God as she said!'"

"And don't you rue it?" cried a soldier, starting up, "do't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said he, "rue aught like that!"

"Then by my God," cried the youth unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw!"

They fought. The youth passed his sword twice thro' the dragoon's body, and while he turned him over on the throes of death,

exclaimed—"had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!"

WRENS LEARNING TO SING

A wren built her nest in a box, so situated that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother bird

instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species.

She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box directly before her young, and began by singing over her

whole song very distinctly. One of the young ones then attempted to imitate her.

After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune.

The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly

through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt,

commencing where it ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able, and when the note was again

lost, the mother began anew where it stopped and completed it.

Then the young one resumed the

tune and finished it. This done, the

mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision;

and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as

with the first; and so with the third and fourth. It sometimes happened

that the young one would lose the tune three, four or more times in the

same attempt; in which case the mother uniformly began where they

ceased, and sang the remaining notes; and when each had completed the trial

she repeated the whole strain. Sometimes two of the young commenced

together. The mother observed the same conduct towards them, as when

one sang alone. This was repeated day after day, and several times in a

day.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A few weeks since, two young ladies were left by their parents in the care

of a country house, a few miles from Abingdon, England, together with two

maid-servants and a footboy. They were roused in the night by the boy's

telling them the house was on fire; they instantly rose, called the maids

and got buckets. The fire being inaccessible to the water, one of the

sisters fell to work with a pick axe to batter down the wall of the drawing

room to put it out; the other threw a pelisse over her night clothes, went

into the stable, saddled a cart-horse, took the footboy behind her, and, provided

with a dinner bell, rode off ringing and screaming for assistance at

the public-house and parsonage, till she roused all the neighbors, who

came with buckets, and extinguished the fire, which had been prevented

from extending the exertions of her sister. The insurance office were so

pleas'd with the astonishing conduct of these young ladies, that they replaced

every thing in the handsomest manner, even to the pelisse. They are

delicate and accomplished girls of 18 and 20.

The town of Zurich in Switzerland was thrown into the greatest distress

on the 7th of May last by a deplorable event. A company consisting of 16

married and single ladies, embarked on the Liamath, to proceed to Dictation, a neighboring village, for the

purpose of administering comfort, and contributing their mite to the subscription

for the benefit of the sufferers in the late destructive fire, which consumed

nearly the whole village. An imprudent young man, who joined the

company, amused himself by making the boat roll from side to side, and terrified

some of the ladies so much as to make them quit their positions, and lay

hold of one another. The consequence was that the boat upset, and the

whole company were immersed in the water, and only one of the whole

was saved. This lamentable event has covered the town with mourning.

From the New York American.

DISCOVERY.—Mr. Leinberger of Nuremberger, has resolved the

problem of giving a horizontal direction to balloons, and offers to make a

journey from Nuremberg in that conveyance, as soon as the royal society

of London shall have guaranteed the payment of £20,000 offered as a premium

for the discovery.

BALLSTON, July 4.

The Washington Fountain, in this village, noticed last week, continues to

foam with a surcharge of fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, emitting it in far

greater quantities than ever before and attracting the notice it so eminent

merits. The tube through which it rises from the bowels of the earth, is

33 feet in length, and the emission of this gas is so copious that it will dis-

place the water in an inverted half

pint tumbler, and fill it with gas in 20 seconds.

J. SWARTZ.

This famous German painter, having engaged to execute a roof piece

in a public town hall, and to paint by the day, grew exceedingly negligent,

so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to

hunt him out of the tavern. Seeing he could no dink in quiet, he next

morning stuff'd a pair of stockings and shoes, corresponding with those

that he wore, hung them down betwix the staging, where he sat to

work, removed them a little once or twice a day, and took them down a

noon and night! and by means of this deception drank a whole fortnight to

gather, the inn-keeper being privy to the plot. The officers came in twice

a day to look at him and seeing a pair of legs hanging down suspected nothing,

but greatly extolled convert Swartz as the most laborious and conscientious painter in the world.

Swartz had once finished an admirable painting of our Saviour's Passion, on a large scale, and in oil colours. Cardinal

B——was so pleased with it that he resolved to bring the Pope to see it.

Swartz knew the day and determined to put a trick on the Pope and Cardinal;

painted over the oil in fine water colours, the twelve disciples at supper;

but altogether by the ears, like Lapithes & Centaurs. At the time appointed

the Pope and Cardinal came to see the picture. Swartz conducted

them to the room where it hung; they stood amazed and thought the

painter mad. At length says the Cardinal, "Idiot, dost thou call this a pas-

sion?" "Certainly I do," said Swartz. "But," replied the cardinal, "show me

the picture I saw when last here." "This is it," says Swartz, "for I have

no other finished in the house." The Cardinal angrily denied it was the

same; Swartz unwilling to carry the joke any farther, requested that they

would retire a few moments out of his room. They did so; and were no

sooner gone than Swartz: with a sponge and warm water, immediately

obliterated the whole history in water colours!—Then introducing the Pope

and Cardinal, he presented a most beautiful picture of our Saviour's Passion.

They stood astonished, and thought Swartz a necromancer. At

last the painter explained the mystery; and then as the old Chronicles say,

they did not know which most to admire, his wit or his work."

NORFOLK, July 2.

ANOTHER SUSPICIOUS AFFAIR.

There appears to have been a providential interference in the circum-

stance of the arrival at this port of the brig Rose-in-Bloom, put in, in dis-

tress, from Philadelphia for New Orleans. On enquiring of captain Smith

of the particulars of her passage, &c. it came out that she is owned by Dan-

iel Scull and E. I. Hollingshead, of Philadelphia, the same persons who

were the owners and shippers of the sloop Norfolk. Captain Smith never

had any previous acquaintance with either of the persons, but states, that

they observed to him when he took charge, that he was to proceed to New

Orleans where they had sent fund, by the sloop Norfolk, and where their

agents would load the brig without detention, and give him his instructions.

Suffice it to say, that whatever object these shippers had in view, and

however extensive may have been the ramifications which they had planned

to carry on their villainous designs, they certainly are partially frustrated;

and it is not a little singular that the port of Norfolk should bring up by

accident their two vessels to bear, as if

were against against them.

From the Berks Journal.

Of all animals, Man is the most improved by being taught. The just inference

is, that most pains will be bestowed, where the best fruits will be

produced by it. We are delighted to see dogs or bears dance to hear

Parrots chatter, and how a pig can spell. We throng, cash in hand to

see Lions, Wildcats, and all strange sights. It would be very little honorable

to human nature, if there were any great town in our happy country,

where shows of the sort alluded to are painful; where rope dancing costs

thousands yearly; and not a single Free school is provided for the Children

of the poor. If our duty cost as much as our folly, there would be a

better excuse for our not discharging it. But the truth is, we are taxed 10

times more, by our love of wonder and of Vice, than would be sufficient

to hire wisdom and Virtue to keep school for our children.

Nothing is cheaper in proportion to its value than education: and yet it is

the charge that frightens us. The children if well taught, will make ample

retribution to the State for what their teaching has cost. It is scarcely

possible to calculate by what means or in how many ways, this will be done;

Men, well taught will learn more than ignorant men; Skill will be as gainful

as hard work. Such men, too, will be more enterprising. The mind expanded

by knowledge, will trust more to its own powers; though at first it cannot

creep, it will learn to fly; the higher it mounts the wider its prospects;

till, at last, the world and all its means of happiness, are brought

within its reach. Politically speaking the fallen state of man is ignorance.—

The world is yet to be gained by him. Of all the countries on earth, America

is in the best condition to regenerate man by education.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

I ask not beauty—'tis a gleam That tints the morning sky!

I ask not learning—'tis a stream That glides unheeded by!

I ask not wit—'tis a flash That oft blinds reason's eye;

I ask not gold—'tis glittering trash That causes man a sigh.

I ask good sense, a taste refined, Candour with prudence blended;

A feeling heart, a virtuous mind, With charity attended!

From Sir Samuel Moreland's Perpetual Almanac, Ready Reckoner and

Gardener, published in the reign of Queen Anne.

DIRECTIONS RELATING TO THE PURCHASING OF LAND.

"First see the land, which thou intend'st to buy

Within the seller's title clear to lie; And that no woman to it doth lay

claim By dowry, jonyture, or some other name

That may it cumber. Know if bound or free

The tenure stand, and that from each fee

It be released: That th' seller be so old,

That he may lawful sell, thou lawful hold:

Have special care that it not mortgag'd be,

Nor be enayled on posterity

Then if it stand in statute, bound or no,

Be well advis'd what quit-rent out must go,

What custom service hath been done of old,

By those who formerly the same did hold;

And if a wedded woman put to sale, Deal not with her, unless she bring

her male; Thy bargain being made and all this done,

Have special care to make thy charter run

For that beyond thy life securely binds. Those things foreknown and done you

may prevent Those things rash buyers often times repent.

And yet when you have done all that you can If you'll be sure, deal with an honest