

The Patriot.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.

BELLEFONTE, MARCH 1822,

SELECTED.

From Poulson's Daily Advertiser.

TO ALBERTO THE AUTHOR

OF

"FILL ME THE WINE CUP—NO."

O pledge to me the bowl,
No! poison lurks below;
It tears, it wrings the soul;
It fosters every woe.

'Tis true the bowl can heal
The heart oppress'd with care,
But ah! the wounds we feel
The bowl can ne'er repair.

O pledge to me the bowl,
NO! never will I sip;
Where tides of anguish roll,
And burn the parched lip.

The lightning's flash—its rays
Serves but to blind our eyes;
Serves but to lead astray
From virtue's sacred prize.

O! pledge—no more—the bowl,
Its waves I dare not seek,
For tears of anguish, stroll
In silence down my cheeks.

The bowl may grant repose,
To some—but not to me;
Ah no! its numerous woes
Swell through—ETERNITY!

ORVILLE.

From the Herald

SPRING.

The winter at length has gone past,
The spring with a welcome's returning—
How many's sustained the blast—
How many is left cloth'd in mourning?

O, come thou sweet muse to my desk,
Assist in these strains of reflection—
My pen is too weak for the task—
My song will be left in dejection.

Shall we pass round the bumper with glee,
Because the spring month's now commences?
Because the red robins we see,
Sit thick on the trees and the fences?

Ah! no let us bury the bowl—
And dress us in suits of deep mourning,
For some of our friends in death's cold
Who rest to eternity's morning!

Come quick, pleasant May, come with speed;
The robes of thy beauty put on,
We'll walk forth to view the flocks feed
Or carelessly stray o'er the lawn.

If the wintry frowns of the Lord,
His saints, (through misconduct) do bring;
How pleasant the joy it affords,
To receive His mild countenance of spring?

F.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman put his leg out of bed. A person seeing him in this situation, gently fixed a spur on Sawney's heel, who drawing his leg into bed, so disturbed his companion, that he exclaimed, "Arrah, my dear honey, have care, for my shoul you have fractured the skull-boon of my shin with those nails of yours I believe." The Scotchman being sound asleep, but restless in his dreams, till scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney; who not a little surprised at finding a spur on his heel loudly exclaimed, "the hostler has ta'en off my boots last night, and left on the spur."

A duel between two gentlemen of colour, Cesar and Pompey, lately took place. At the first fire the bullet grazed Pompey's chin, and lodged in his pudding (within an inch of his

cambric handkerchiefs, and a stocking, completely broke the force of the ball. At the second fire, Cesar was struck in the shin, which cut the ball in two, without other injury to the gentlemen of honor. The gentlemen seconds, Quomba and Cuffee then interfered, and led them back in triumph to Dinah, who had been the unhappy cause of the battle.

A little girl, the daughter of the proprietor of a coal mine, after attentively listening to an account given her of hell by her father, who said it was a place where the devil perpetually roasted sinners at an immense fire, exclaimed, "O papa, have you interest enough with the devil to get him to take his coals of you?"

Two English, noblemen, on their travels arriving in Paris, put up at a house in which a German Count had lately died and then laid a corpse. In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to sleep, and growing weary of his bed, arose in order to amuse himself in the kitchen, where he heard some people talking. He had diverted himself for some time, when, being willing to return from whence he came, he again went up stairs; but instead of entering his own chamber, went into that of the deceased Count, over whose head had been thrown a cloth. The Englishman, after having put out his candle, laid down boldly by the defunct;—when creeping as close to him as possible, in order to warm himself, and finding his bed fellow colder than he, began to mutter—What the d—l is the matter, my friend? said he, you are cold as ice. I'll bet any thing, numb as you are, you would have been warm enough, if you had but seen the pretty girls below stairs. Come, come, you may take my word for it, added he, and pulling him by the arm—come, zounds, stir, I'll engage you shall have her for a guinea. While he was holding this fine conversation with the dead, who (detached from the things of this world) did not give himself the trouble of making a reply; his chamber door was opened, which made him raise his head from the pillow to see what was coming in: Judge what must be his surprise, when he saw a servant lighting in a joiner who carried a coffin on his shoulder! He thought at first he had been in a dream; but looking about and seeing the visage of one who had not spoken a word, a visage overspread with a mortal paleness, he made but one jump from the bed into the middle of the chamber. The joiner and maid, immediately persuaded that it was the corpse who, being unwilling to be shut up in the coffin, was now playing its gambols, their legs were unable to move with swiftness proportionable to their fear, and the joiner, maid coffin and candlestick, rolled over each other, from the top of the stairs down into the kitchen. Zounds, what are you all about? cried the landlord:—Is the devil flying away with the dead man? Mercy on us! cried the maid, quite chopfallen, it is rather the dead man flying away with us. I'll be hanged said the joiner, if that dead fellow there has any more occasion for a coffin than I have; why he has got up in the middle of the room, and has just struck up a hornpipe. He has? cried the landlord, taking a light—faith, we'll see that.

When the family were trembling and getting up to follow the master of the house, the Englishman, who had again found his chamber, slipped into bed quite out of breath; and his friend having asked him where he had been, he had just been lying with a dead body—'Sblood! a dead body! it had perhaps the plague cried he, jumping in his turn out of bed, and running to the door to call for a light: The landlord, landlady, and servants, who were passing through the gallery, no sooner saw him than they imagined that he was the dead who appeared again, and down they came much faster than they went up, heels over head from top to bottom, with the candlesticks rolling after them; at this confusion, joined with their shrieks and clamors, the Englishman terrified at the hideous noise soon made for his room, and slipped into bed with his companion, without the least fear of

honest country priest, who lodged in the inn, got up and appeared, armed with the holy water and a long broom instead of a little brush. He made his aspersions and the conjurations prescribed by the Romish church, and conducted by way of procession, the terrified, trembling people into the chamber of the defunct, who, thinking no harm, lay quietly in bed. The priest was instantly regarded as a saint; and they all cried up the miracle of the holy water, which had bound the corpse to its good behaviour, and prevented its being refractory.

In a new raised corpse, a soldier lately observed to his comrade, who was an Irishman, that a corporal was to be dismissed from the regiment. 'Faith and indeed,' replied the Irishman, 'I hope it is the corporal who is so troublesome in our company!' 'What is his name?' replied the other, 'Why arrah, dear honey it is corporal punishment—to be sure.'

As a pretty large number of culprits were one day going to take their last degree at Tyburn, the wife of one of them passed through the crowd and told the sheriff, she had come to see her poor husband executed, and begged that he might be hanged first in the morning as she had a great way to go home.

A recent Dialogue between a N. York Beau and an Irish Laborer.

Beau—Here you boy, hold my horse,
Irishman—Arrah, then, is he hard to hold, Sir?

Beau—No! Not very hard.

Irishman—Does he take two to hold him?

Beau—No.

Irishman—Then if he takes but one, you must hold him yourself.

Benefit of a long Nose.

"Has O'Blarney come yet?" said one scholar to another, as he entered the academy. No replied the lad, "but I expect him soon, for I just saw his nose coming round the corner."

AGRICULTURAL.

From Notices for a farmer—By Judge Peters

Plough and harrow soddy fields in the fall, and add Lime, harrowed in that season, if it be within your power. In addition to other advantages of this operation you will thereby escape either wholly, or for the most part, the annoyances of the Corn Grubs. In what mode the destruction of the grubs, or the eggs of their parent (be it a Beetle or what it may, for on this subject there are varieties of opinion;) is by these operations accomplished, or their ravages prevented, is subject of laudible curiosity, but the fact of the purpose being achieved is all important; and in numerous instances, incontestably proved. That spring ploughing is generally inefficient, is too frequently and fatally known. Instances of failure to produce the effect mentioned, by fall ploughing, we have seen adduced. On examination into the facts of some, it is found that the operation has not been performed either well or in due time, and only partially; and in other cases either uncommon grub years, or other peculiar circumstances, have occurred. The great balance of facts is, most assuredly, favorable to this practice and warrants its adoption.

It is so beneficial in other respects, that it ought to be followed, even without regard to its effect on the grub. Some acute diseases defy common remedies, as damps and mounds, resist common floods; yet yield to extraordinary inundations. Nevertheless medicine, and medical skill, and preventives overflows, should not be set at nought. Nor should any beneficial operation in husbandry be disregarded, because it does not in every instance succeed.

Fall ploughing enables you to plant corn early; and it is better thus to risk spring frosts; which do less injury to your plants, than to the corn fully grown.

It is alleged by several highly respectable farmers, that in holes made near the hills with a pointed stick inconceivable numbers of grubs

the information of one who actually experienced the fact, it appears, that by a ditch dug for the purpose, across a field, the passage of cut-worms from a field which had been destroyed to one uninjured, was obstructed; and 6 bushels of grubs were collected. This would seem indubitably to prove that they are migratory; and to shew the consequences of leaving a part of a field unploughed in the autumn, which affords harbour for grubs, which may from thence wander over the fall ploughed portion. Several Farmers have escaped the grub, by steeping seed corn in spirits of turpentine; and rolling it in plaster.

Soddy ground should be rolled and well harrowed in the direction of the furrows; after being broken up so deeply, as to place beyond vegetation the sod; and by thus excluding air, and by clean shallow and frequent stirring, so as not to disturb it, to promote its decay without a capacity to grow. The dead fibres (nature's restorative) are thus retained in the soil for appropriate manure. Lime, plaster marle, &c. to co-operate with. The sod left on edge, either dries uselessly, or vegetates, with all its pests.

The roller is too little used; and mistakenly supposed to consolidate too much; whereas it crushes and separates clods, and loosens the soil. On clay, and heavy ground, the Spiky Roller is best; as it is on all hide bound surfaces—of meadow and mowing grounds particularly; but like all other operations, rolling must be performed judiciously and adopted to soils and circumstances. Few indeed, are the soils, on which it is not highly beneficial.

NEW INVENTION.

Archimedes Redheifer Fitzgigg has the honor to announce to the public, that he has invented a machine of more astonishing powers than any heretofore heard read or thought of. From the many experiments made to ascertain its powers, he selected the following. Having put a living ram into the hopper, he put the machine into operation, and in a few minutes, there were ground out from it, a hat, surtout coat, waistcoat, a pair of pantaloons, pair of boots, two powder horns, four quarters of mutton, dressed in various ways, head and pluck, sausages, 10 pounds candles, a leather apron and other articles. The machine is propelled by perpetual motion.

An Irishman, recommending an excellent milch cow, declared that she would give milk year after year without having calves, because it ran in the breed, as she came of a cow, that never had a calf.

A tar during the embargo, being forced from salt water, went into the country and hired himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing with a yoke of oxen and an old mare called Jin. The sailor being wholly unacquainted with the management of the racks; sheets and bowlines of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about, missed stays, and by turning the yoke, threw Jin and the oxen all down in a heap together.—Jack, frightened with the confusion bawled out for help. The farmer asked, "What is the matter?" Matter matter enough my conscience," replied the sailor, "the larboard ox has got on the starboard side—old Jin has got foul of the rigging and they are all going to the devil stern foremost."

A Clerical Anecdote.—It is related of an incumbent in the county of York, that he had precisely twelve written sermons, for edification and comfort of his parishioners, which were pretty generally delivered in orderly rotation, in the course of the year. On being remonstrated with by some of his hearers, with all due submission, for having preached the same sermon to them, and from the same text, on the preceding Sunday, he vindicated himself, with his wonted simplicity, by declaring that he was sure that he had laid them right, but supposed his wife must have shuffled them.

Sir Charles Weger, was seized with a fever while upon a cruise. He was blooded and blistered. The doctor then recommended a few bolusses and pills. "No, no, avast there," says the old seaman, batter my bulk, if you please, but by Jove you shan't board me."

A FOP.

An illiterate coxcomb going one day to the Taylor's after a pair of breeches remonstrated him for not putting a Fop into them. "A FOP!"