



# The Patriot.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense

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SELECTED.

From the Charleston Courier.

## THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither thou beautiful rover,  
Thou wanderer of earth and of air;  
Who bearest the signs of the lover,  
And bringest him news of his fair:  
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,  
And show me the gloss of thy neck;  
O! perch on my hand dearest minion,  
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,  
And there is a sip of red wine;  
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,  
'Twill be fleetest when nerv'd by the vine:

I have written on rose scented paper,  
With thy wing quill, a soft billet doux,  
I have melted the wax in love's taper,  
'Tis the colour of true hearts, sky blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,  
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;  
So go from me beautiful minion  
While the pure ether shows not a speck;  
Like a cloud in the dim distance floating,  
Like an arrow he hurries away:  
And farther and farther retreating,  
He is lost in the clear blue of day. P.

## THE WANDERERS OF CONNAUGHT.

Oh! Norah, when wandering afar from the shade  
Of the woods, where in childhood so happy we  
stray'd,  
From eyes that are strangers, and breasts that  
are cold,  
My heart often turns to the pleasures of old.

On! Norah, my sister, how lovely and bright,  
The green vales of Connaught appear to my  
sight;  
How starts the wild fear, when in thought I sur-  
vey  
The cabin so neat with its children at play!

What though I am doom'd with my sorrows  
to roam  
From Erin, my land, and the glen of my home,  
From the spot, where the bones of my father  
repose,  
And the stream, where the brier and the wild  
lilly grows!

Yet often, when midnight hangs dreary around,  
And the breeze flaps the tent with a desolate  
sound,  
On my pallet I dream of our dear sheiling fire,  
And the faces that encircle my mother and sire.

I see the sweet groups, and I hear these lips  
pray  
Success to the Wanderer who roams far away—  
My dear sister, Norah! again shall it be  
My late the green pastures of Connaught to  
see!

Again to stray forth with the flocks of the field,  
From grief the white hairs of my parent to  
shield;  
And he laid my dear Norah, when being shall  
cease,  
With my sires who have gone to the mansions  
of peace!

It was only last week that an attorney relat-  
ed to us an anecdote which came within his  
own practice. A man in a certain part of this  
state had hired a swarm of his own bees, but  
from some dislike to the hive, the bees left it  
and were traced by various witnesses to a neigh-  
bors lot, where they gathered upon the limb of  
a tree. Information was given to the owner,  
but in the mean time another man discovered  
and proceeded to secure them. He had not,  
however, succeeded in his object before the  
owner arrived, and forbade his touching the  
bees, at the same time alleging they were  
his property. The man notwithstanding, took  
the bees, (though not on his own land,) and  
converted them to his own use. The owner  
accordingly brought an action before one of  
our modern justices for recovery of the value  
of the bees. The proof on the part of the plain-  
tiff was, that the bees were his, and that the de-  
fendant converted them to his own use.—The  
justice, however, for reasons which we shall  
not here name, decided in favor of the defend-  
ant, giving him costs, &c.; whereupon the  
Attorney for the plaintiff filed a bill of excep-  
tions, stating the points proved, which the jus-  
tice admitted, and requested his worship to  
sign it. The justice signed it, but afterwards  
inquired between his name and the words of  
the bill—“N B No proof that the bees belong  
to the plaintiff.” Why? said the Attorney,  
you admitted that to have been proved—Be-  
cause, said the justice, they have no earmark;  
you can't hold them according to law. This is  
matter of fact and happened in this enlighten-  
ed era of the state of Connecticut. *Journal.*

From the Connecticut Mirror.

We publish with some hesitation, as to the correctness of its views, the following note from one of our subscribers.

Mr. Printer: I understand that most all the folks of your calling in town are going to print bigger papers—now I want you to consider that I'm a short arm'd man, and Deacon Calvin Beebe's arms are shorter than mine, and so is his wife's—my wife's most blind—and the deacon is very short sighted, and when you come to

open the paper, in the middle, where the con-  
gress news and the piracies and the marriages  
and the horrid murders and the editor's re-  
marks and the house a fire's all are—there's the  
deacon he tries to read em and I have to take  
hold of one end and my wife hold of t'other and  
we can't make nothing out on't—and then Dr.  
Gnothon, he's the deacon's wife's son—he says  
that it injures the brachial muscles of the arm;  
and that the os humeri is detached from the  
scapula and that the deacon has hurt his pec-  
toral powers so bad by reading them wide  
newspapers that he cant sing any psalm but  
Bangor and that seems to come kind o' natural  
—and so I thought I'd write about it to you—  
the doctor spelt all his hard words for me and  
said he guess'd I'd better have it published—  
and if you han't room send it down to New  
Haven, where young Sam Reading says they've  
the thunderest big printing press in the State.  
Your humble servant,  
JEDUTHAN JONES.

The late princess Charlotte was once so im-  
petuous in her temper that it was with difficulty  
she could apply to her relief the mild injunc-  
tions of her reverend preceptor, who at length  
presented her with an essay on the government  
of the passion of anger. A short time after she  
fell into a violent rage with one of her attend-  
ants; and on being surprised in the midst of it  
by the entrance of the prelate, with the exclam-  
ation “I fear you have not read the book I  
gave you madam, the other day!” she instantly  
replied in a repressed tone of voice, “Yes in-  
deed, sir I have, and had I not, I am sure I should  
have knocked her down.” It is only doing jus-  
tice to her reverend Preceptor, and to the mem-  
ory of his illustrious pupil, to say that by his  
careful admonitions, and her watchful obedi-  
ence, a complete triumph over a naturally  
warm temper was effectually ensured, consid-  
erably previous to the period of her union with  
the man she loved.

## Melancholy,

A farmer in Indiana having pulled up a re-  
markable fine beet neglected to fill up the hole  
from whence it was taken, when his son an in-  
teresting and promising youth of sixteen years  
of age, unfortunately fell into it, and in conse-  
quence of the ground caving in was buried alive.  
It is hoped that Congress will take measures  
to check the growth of such unwarrantable  
beets.—[Beat that.]

## Treatment of debtors in Cey- lon.

The mode of treating debtors in this island is  
particularly singular and severe.—The first  
step taken is to strip the debtor of his clothes,  
and a guard is set to watch him. If after a lit-  
tle time he does not pay, a large stone is put up-  
on his back, and he must carry it about until  
his creditors are satisfied. Sometimes they put  
several heavy stones upon his back, and he is  
compelled to carry them about until the debt is  
extinct. Another severity often practised by  
the creditor is putting thorns between the naked  
legs of his debtor, and obliging him to walk  
about with them. Frequently the creditor will  
go to the person indebted to him, and says he  
will poison himself unless he pays him directly.  
Instances have occurred of such threats being  
put into execution, and the debtor, who is con-  
sidered as the cause of his creditor's death also  
forfeits his life.

## The Grave.

Ave, to the grave of buried love, and medi-  
tate! There settle the account with thy con-  
science for every past benefit unrequited—every  
past endearment unregarded, of that departed  
being, who can never—never return to be sooth-  
ed by thy contrition!  
If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sor-  
row to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow  
of an affectionate parent—If thou art a husband  
and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ven-  
ured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt  
one moment of thy truth—If thou art a friend,  
and hast ever wronged, in thought word or  
deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee  
—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one  
unremitted pang, to that true heart which now  
lies cold and still beneath your feet; then be  
sure that every unkind look, every ungracious  
word, every ungentle action, will come throng-  
ing back upon thy memory; thou wilt lie down

sorrowing and repentant on the grave and pour  
the unavailing tear—more bitter, because un-  
heard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew  
the beauties of nature about the grave; console  
thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these ten-  
der yet futile tributes of regret;—but take  
warning by thy bitterness of this thy contrite af-  
fection over the dead, and henceforth be more  
faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy  
duties to the living.

A curious work has been published at Man-  
heim, Germany, entitled, “Historical Writings  
of the count de Wackerbath.” According to  
him, the world has been in existence 175,000  
years. The antiquity of the German nation  
goes back to 20,000 years before Jesus Christ.  
It was then a population of giants, who hurled  
rocks at their enemies, and even had thunder at  
their command. The valiant Tent, one of the  
first chiefs of the nation, was the author of 36-  
525 works, of which several are still extant in  
the University of Oxford and in India. The  
Teutonians civilized the Egyptians. Ninus,  
king of the Assyrians was a German Bacchus.  
Orpheus and Prometheus had also the honor  
of belonging to the Germanic nation. In short  
(adds the journal) the persons who are desirous  
of knowing more of the Count's Teutonic ances-  
tors, would do well to consult his work, the  
conceptions of which, are even more gigantic  
than these portly ancestry feasts which the  
Count details.

A parson in France who had been too inti-  
mate with a young girl in his parish, learning  
that the singing master had also been familiar  
with her proclaimed the bans of marriage be-  
tween the lady and the vocalist, who were pre-  
sent in the church. The female colored and  
the master turned pale; but taken as they were  
by surprise, and knowing that this hint could  
come only from one acquainted with all the cir-  
cumstances of their intimacy, they made no de-  
nial, and were heaped into matrimony without  
any previous consent or intention.

A town much noted for an annual fair for the  
sale of asses, had deputed the mayor to har-  
borage their prince who was preparing to an-  
swer it. A courtier in the prince's suit, per-  
ceiving his highness rather tired with the un-  
polished oration, thought to divert him at the  
expense of the orator, “Pray,” said he, “how did  
asses sell last fair?” The mayor, contemptu-  
ously eyeing him from top to toe, replied,  
“Those of your size and shape fetched about  
ten crowns.” He then went on with his  
speech.

Judge Burnet, when he was only plain Tom  
Burnet, took it in his head to write a pamphlet,  
which did some execution against the ministry.  
The great men complained to the bishop, who  
sending for Tom—“What,” says he, “could  
induce you to do such a thing? I make you a  
handsome allowance; you could not write it  
for bread.” “No sir,” said Tom—“What did  
you write it for then sirrah?”—“For drink, sir,”  
said Tom.

In the age next preceding Queen Elizabeth,  
there were few chimneys, even in capital towns;  
the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke is-  
sued at the roof, or door or window. The hou-  
ses were wattled and plastered over with clay,  
and all the furniture and utensils were of wood.  
The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of  
wood for a pillow.

An affecting anecdote is related in the French  
papers:—A young man took a dog into a boat,  
rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the  
animal over, with intent to drown him. The  
poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the  
boat, but his master as often pushed him back,  
till overbalancing himself he fell overboard—  
As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in  
the stream, he left the boat and held him above  
water till help arrived from the shore, and his  
life was saved!

## Bonaparte.

Accident introduced me at Ferns to the Rev

Mr. Rhedmond, priest of the place, who related  
a curious little anecdote. When pursuing his  
studies and finishing his course of education in  
France he had spent a summer in Bas Poictou,  
where General Bonaparte, then a thin, slight  
young boy, was. He slept in the same room  
with him for six weeks, and perceived nothing  
shining or engaging in him. He was generally  
employed in making machinery, which he plac-  
ed on a small water-course. As the party were  
one day shooting, Bonaparte who was not very  
active fell into a brook five feet deep, which he  
endeavored to leap across. He was nearly  
drowned, when Mr Redmond immediately dis-  
charged his piece, and presented the end to  
him by which he saved his life.

Thus in the hands of a poor Irish priest, hung  
for a moment much of the future destinies of  
Europe.

FROM THE EMPORIUM.

## Be up and doing.

It is an old maxim, that “they who wait for  
dead men's shoes, generally go barefoot;” and  
one which every body repeats, and scarcely any  
one believes, if we take people's practice as  
the test of their faith. Hence it is, that we  
see the children of wealthy parents so often  
make a sorry figure in life, and drag out a  
useless existence, year after year, in abject de-  
pendence, if not abject want, worthless mem-  
bers of society and burthensome to themselves.  
Richard III. petulently asked why laws  
were made, if men were rogues by nature; and  
and it may be asked, with equal point, why  
the author of our being made labour necessary,  
as the means of sustaining life, if we were na-  
turally indolent. In sober truth, gentle reader,  
and without any philosophical chicanery about it,  
you are naturally less fond of ease than myself;  
and if you are more industrious than your neigh-  
bours, give the credit to those who superintend  
your education, rather than to your dispositions.  
But to you I have nothing to say—Idle! hark  
ye—be up and doing. For you is the lesson—  
Read, read!

I never see a young man living upon expec-  
tation, but my eye instinctively wanders, first to  
his elbows, then to his shoes; and if they be  
whole, I am led to doubt his honesty, and  
would, if I was not afraid of giving offence, ad-  
vise him to be up and doing something before  
the bailiff comes a'log, and want overtake him.  
The fortune, which hope whispers he shall per-  
take some day may not come time enough to  
afford him a decent burying. None among the  
whole host of fortune seekers, are more in need  
of patience, and more in danger of waiting pa-  
tiently in vain, than those who depend on Death  
for deed or luncheon—that haughty tyrant is  
apt to strike first where nobody wishes he should,  
so contrary is his disposition, so careless is he  
of human wants and wishes.

An honest trade is a great blessing, and  
this parents owe to their children—nothing  
more. With an honest trade, any industrious  
man can live and save money, if he is saving in-  
to the bargain. Then if it should happen that,  
in the course of even s, a fortune luckily comes  
to him, who all his life has been up and doing,  
it will assuredly not come amiss; and he has  
been beforehand with business, and is already  
rich, my word for it, it will be easier far, to keep  
two estates, than it would be to keep one, after  
feeding the fancy on it for years, and perhaps  
the mouth upon the prospect of it, for at least as  
long a time.

If any, therefore, would be wise, let them be  
up and doing, whatsoever their prospects may  
be. To a young man who expects money, I  
would say. It is very certain that rich's some-  
times take wings and fly away, instead of com-  
ing to us;—to those who do not, I would say:  
It grows not where it was sown, and charity is  
cold as winter. To one, to both, to all, I say  
Be up and doing while yet it is day; for the la-  
bourer will receive his reward—Mother Earth  
is kind; and if her sons want, it is their own  
fault.

I will tell you a story, gentle reader, before  
we part.—Two youths (it was many centuries  
ago) embarked in their little skiffs upon a large  
river, bound to a port many miles above.  
This stream, (said Neptune to their patron)  
flows more and more rapidly, the more you go  
down it; while, the higher you ascend, the  
more calm and tranquil its waters become: your  
oars are small, but they will enable you gradu-  
ally to ascend—go make use of them, and short-  
ly I will furnish you with others infinitely better.  
They both put into the middle of the stream;  
and Theseus, who was the elder, obeyed the  
injunctions of his patron, by immediately apply-  
ing himself to the means he had of stemming  
the current, and soon began to make considera-  
ble progress.—Isis, on the contrary, threw him-  
self down on the bottom of the boat to sleep, re-  
solved to make no exertions until the promised  
oars were put into his hands; and down he  
went, four times as fast as his brother went up.  
After a while, Neptune went out to seek his  
young friends, and took the oars he had prom-  
ised on his shoulder. He found Theseus al-  
ready more than half way to his journey's end,  
and gave him the present, for which he thank-  
ed him, and easily reached the place of his des-  
tination; but Isis was found far, far below,  
amid the rapids; and the oars and all his exer-  
tions were then in vain: he could not gain an  
inch against the current, which soon carried  
him to destruction.

I have done. a word to the wise is suffi-  
cient.

OAKWOOD.

## LIFE

Itself is neither good nor evil, but only a place  
for good and evil. It is a kind of tragic-comedy.  
There is no being good or evil, but virtue or  
vice. What is knowledge good for, which does  
not direct and govern our lives.