

THE PATRIOT

Not for himself, but for his country.

WEDNESDAY, August 7.

The long talked-of war between Russia and Turkey appears to have ended. The emperor of Russia is marching his troops homewards.

COMMUNICATED.

Mr. Editor,

Permit me to return my sincere thanks to my fellow citizen of Clearfield, for his confidence bestowed in me, in his commendatory notice as a candidate for Assembly. I shall make known my political principles by the next August court, either in person or by publication in the Bellefonte Patriot. I shall then briefly state, what qualifications I think, a man ought to possess, and what course of duty he ought to pursue, to discharge faithfully, the power delegated to him, with advantage to his constituents.— And also the evidences of a man's being a good patriot and democrat. If my views meet the approbation of the citizens of Centre and Clearfield counties, I shall be thankful to them for their support.

PETER A. KARTHAUS

CANTON—The ship Addison, arrived yesterday, in 126 days from Canton, reports that the British shipping had returned to that port, and that the trade had been resumed as before the late disturbances took place. By mutual agreement, all their differences were to be referred to the two governments for settlement.

Mr. Printer.

I have observed that a gentleman, who signs himself "A Clearfielder," in your last paper recommends Mr. P. A. Karthaus to the citizens of Centre and Clearfield counties, as a fit person to represent them in our state legislature. It is not for me to contradict a syllable of all that has been said, as to the competency and qualifications of Mr. Karthaus; nor what has been said to recommend him to the special favor of the people. Indeed I am glad to hear that Mr. Karthaus was a friend to his country "in the hour of her peril," and felicitate myself that he is a "democrat," and resides in our district. I hesitate not to say that if Mr. Karthaus is the candidate of the democratic party, to which he is said to belong, nominated by the delegates, who will no doubt assemble for the purpose, I will vote for him, and use every honorable exertion to promote his election; but my reverence for this method of nomination which tends to unite the party whose principles I honor, will not permit me to do any thing else than support the regular ticket.

As it is understood that Mr. Smyth, our former member declines another nomination I would advise Mr. Karthaus or his friends to submit his claims to the democratic delegates; and I doubt not but his chance of nomination will be as good as any others. It ought to be the wish of every democrat to have unexceptionable characters for their candidates, and I presume the delegates will most fully consider this before they fix upon any one, and with a full reliance upon their good sense and devotion to democratic men and measures, I promise for my own part unqualified submission to their determination.

A DEMOCRAT.

Mr. Editor,

I observe that Mr. Karthaus is brought into view as a candidate for the Assembly. I am acquainted with Mr. Karthaus, and know him to be a man of honor, honesty and integrity.— But, since he has become a candidate for office, it is rumored that he was one of those concerned in the BALTIMORE MOB. I would like to have some information on this subject. I am aware that it is only when a man becomes a candidate for office that his faults are fished for; and from this cause I am far from giving credit to every idle tale, told of those who are brought before the public for public favor. I wish you to give this publicity, in order that Mr. Karthaus may have a chance to rebut the charge.

THE SPIRIT OF LINGAN

From a late British Publication.

Washington's Ancestors—In the complicated and marvellous machinery

of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place in the march of those that preceded them. If a private gentleman in Cheshire, about the year 1730, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America at this time would have been a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, esq. who was thrown in to the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, emigrated to America with him, and in the year 1732, in Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington the great.

From the Baltimore Morning Chron.

Lieutenant Perry.

There is something peculiarly affecting in the premature death of rising worth—the bloom on the cheek, and the lustre in the eye, indicate long life, and in proportion as early and exalted traits of character are disclosed, does fancy fill up the imaginary sphere allotted to old age, with splendor and glory. We behold, in imagination this energy of character, expanding, enlarging, and brightening with every revolving year. In the midst of this glittering track, while the eye is reveling on the spectacle, a sable shadow falls, and biots the shining surface forever: it then resembles a strong and progressive blaze of light suddenly passing into a cloud. Such were the thoughts that occupied our mind, when we read the recent premature and lamented death of James A. Perry, of the United States' ship of war Franklin, son of the late Christopher Raymond Perry, Esq. of Rhode Island, and brother to the commodore. At the early age of ten years, did this gallant boy enter the naval service of his country, in the character of a midshipman. Despising the follies, the fascinations, the allurements and the temptations of youth, he saw in his country's glory something more fascinating and attractive, and consented to enroll his name among the candidates for fame. On the 13th of September, 1813, he had completed his twelfth year, and we now behold this boy in the character of a midshipman, engaged with his brother Oliver H. Perry, in the memorable battle of Lake Erie. He served in that engagement on board the Lawrence; she resembled a slaughter house more than a ship of war; every gun was dismounted—while in the midst of this agitating spectacle, was to be seen this young warrior, performing all his duties with a calmness, foritude and intrepidity worthy of riper years. It is unnecessary to dwell on the result of that battle—it has now become a brilliant period in American history and at the name of Erie, the heart swells with the proudest and the fondest recollections. At the commencement of the year 1815, this ardent youth embarked in the squadron, under the command of the lamented Decatur, destined for Algiers. On the return of part of that squadron, he continued in the Mediterranean, for nearly the space of five years. At the age of seventeen, he had manifested so much skill, fortitude and intrepidity, and such devotion to the naval service of his country, that he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the navy. When the Franklin was fitted for service, he solicited and obtained orders to join that ship. As his sphere of duty enlarged, he sought every opportunity to qualify himself for its performance, and he seems to have regarded every moment unspent on his favourite element, as so much time thrown away; the naval service was a pleasure no less than a duty, as an honorable testimony of the absorbing interest that he felt in his profession, we record the fact that from the age of eleven years until the time of his death, he was never out of active employment. We behold youthful zeal and enterprise, chastened, disciplined, invigorated and enlarged by active employment, and we behold the magnanimous adventurer at the age of twenty-one, in all the energy of youth, and in full possession of all those noble feelings that inspire to high and heroic action. We contemplate this spectacle, and in a moment it vanishes from the eye. The shadows of death gather around the brilliant light, and we see nothing but a desolate shore—the rolling surf and a lifeless corpse under the billow.

It may be mentioned as a thing perhaps unexampled, at least in American history, that young Perry was presented by Congress with a sword at the age of twelve years. He bore this honorable testimonial of his country's gratitude, for his gallant conduct at the battle of Erie.

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Europe, dated, NAPLES, Feb. 19, 1822. "The journey from Rome to Naples is of the highest interest. I left the eternal city last Friday, the (the 15th)

and reached this place last evening.— The first day carried us over the plains round Rome, by the hill and lake of Albano to Velletri. The scenery, all the way, is magnificent, and the ruins of Ancient edifices numerous. To a scholar, who loves Virgil, nothing can be more interesting than this tract of country: 'Tis the scene of the last books of the *Æneid* which the traveler has constantly within view. Velletri lies among the last hills of the chain, which comes from the West, and commands a magnificent prospect of the Pontine marshes and the mountains which set a bound to them.— Those dismal and unwholesome marshes we crossed on the second day of our journey. They are twenty-four miles long; and the road, built over them at great expense, runs in as straight a line as a surveyor can draw. No one can remain in safety in the vicinity of the marshes: the whole is desolate and uninhabited, and left to a few herds of cattle and troops of horses. 'Tis a sad sight enough, for there were once cities here. A single hut, here and there, serves as an inn: the one at which we stopped still bears the name of the *Three Taverns*, and near it the ruins of Forum of Appii have been discovered. Horace speaks of having slept there, on his journey to Brundisium; and this circumstance gives the spot an interest. A much greater interest is inspired by remembering the company of early Christians who came to this spot from Rome, when they heard that Paul was coming.— When the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage.' In crossing the Pontine marshes you may be sure to have crossed the path of the apostle: whereas in Rome all the traditions respecting him are dubious—they show his prison and his hired house, but neither the one nor the other can be satisfactorily fixed."

Ireland.

The distresses of this hapless kingdom have been partially mitigated, but by no means relieved. A letter at Farmhill, June 1, states, that they have at present upwards of 2000 souls who have scarcely a potato to eat. The English, says the author, are behaving nobly, and if it was not for them hundreds and hundreds would die of hunger; it has already produced a good deal of disease, and will, I fear, be the cause of much more. We have still three months before the next crop will be of much use, and a terrible time we shall have of it."

A lady residing in the county of Mayo presents her correspondent with the following picture of human misery:

"Powerful necessity forces me to write to you, to lay before you the awful circumstances in which a justly incensed God has seen fit to plunge this miserable country; and to implore you, by every motive of pity for perishing thousands, by every feeling which would make you desire to avert the commission of the atrocities to which the desperation of famine will lead, and by your affection for me, placed in circumstances of the utmost danger, from the pestilential diseases, which living on the half putrid carcasses and cows and horses must inevitably produce in the famishing wretches around me, to be thence communicated to the healthy and comparatively rich; by all these considerations, and more than all, by the dictates of your own generous bosom, I conjure you to try to interest your friends and the religious public on behalf of the perishing Irish. Matters have at last come to a crisis: indeed hundreds who never wanted before are now starving."

Some idea of the extreme distress to which the peasantry are reduced may be formed from the facts, that in the town of Galway, a number of women are daily employed in drawing down turf from the bogs in the neighborhood of the town on their backs. For as great a load as they are capable of carrying, they obtain but one penny half-penny; and in order to obtain this scanty pittance to sustain life, they perform a journey of six miles barefooted, under a burning sun.

MURDER.—An affray took place in Armstrong county, Pennsylvania, on the eighth instant, between John Macanish jr. and William Russell, who were brothers-in-law, in which Russell was killed. They were reaping together in the same grainfield, with other persons. Russell abused the wife of Macanish, calling her by several odious names, and persisting in that sort of language, notwithstanding the repeated warnings of the insulted husband to him not to do so. At length Macanish was provoked to strike him; a scuffle ensued, in which Russell received several blows, which terminated his existence. It would seem from a statement made by John H. Mock, that Russell went into the

field with a premeditated determination to quarrel with Macanish, and that the latter patiently suffered the scurrilous language of the other concerning his wife for some time. We presume that these circumstances, if correctly represented, will go far, in the estimation of a jury, towards extenuating the crime which has been committed. The perpetrator had not been found or imprisoned at the latest date from the village of Kittaning.

WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS

In the complicated and marvelous machinery of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place, in the march of those that preceded them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is that in another apartment, not many yards distance from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues, from a loom rivalling in its hues the tints of the rainbow; there are myriads of events in our lives the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel, and the ribbon, but where the connexion had been much more close. If a private country gentleman in Cheshire about the year seventeen hundred and thirty had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year seventeen hundred and thirty two, became the envied mother to George Washington the great.

THE INTREPID HAIRDRESSER

From a late Irish Paper. A hair dresser, who lives in Water street Newry, after having made a libation to Bacchus, imagined that he was to be hanged, and that the officers of justice were entering his house to carry him to execution. Under this strange impression, he contrived to get on the roof of his habitation, along which he darted with the velocity of a hunted squirrel. From his own roof he was seen to be running over several other roofs, now and then pausing when he came to a chimney, and either peeping into a funnel, like a magpie into a marrow bone, or listening to his imaginary pursuers, like a hare when she catches the tones of the distant bugles. Meanwhile several of his neighbors collected together, anxious to secure the man, and prevent his expected fall. He saw them, mistook them for bailiffs, and having run rapidly along the roof of Mr. Wallace's stores, and proceeded to that of Mr. John Quinn's stores, till he came to the gable, from which he jumped, with dauntless intrepidity, upon an adjacent dwelling house, a descent of about eight feet, imagining no doubt that it was neck or nothing with him. From thence he proceeded to Mr. Smith's roof, where he stripped a portion of the chimney of bricks, and squeezed himself into one of the funnels, pelted the people who wished to secure him, with these missiles, as long as his supply lasted. In this situation he was seized, secured with ropes, and lowered down to an immense multitude of the market people, who were gazing with astonishment at the gambols of the hairdresser.

STATE AFFAIRS.

A cordial union of all sound democrats, in determined opposition to the administration by which Pennsylvania is now disgraced, cannot but be esteemed "a consummation most devoutly to be wished." No man of any sensibility and patriotism can perceive the extent to which our state is despoiled and degraded by its present federal rulers, without cheerfully sacrificing his personal views or feelings, to the solemn effort to redeem and re-instate her.

As the period of election approaches, the importance of our duties to the commonwealth, and to the republican party, becomes the more striking.— The wisdom and energy of the large majority in the legislature, during the last winter, achieved much good, and prevented more evil.

As the only resort left for the preservation of our prosperity and the security of our institutions we must labor again to procure a democratic preponderance in that body. The wealth of the people has been lavishly wasted: the fundamental principles of the constitution have been wantonly outraged: banks have been gifted with the product of taxes harshly and unnecessarily imposed: treacherous combinations of distinct departments of government have been artfully attempted: men who denied their country in its hour of danger have been elevated to stations whence they in

vious fellow citizens: the public offices have been converted into manufacturing for libels upon the intelligent, honest, and meritorious: the executive chair, instead of being the brightest ornament of our system, is the object of universal contempt and ridicule: persecution has been the uniform and immutable characteristic of a cabinet which, emerging from the fermentations of discordant factions, and apparently conscious of the shortness of its power, labours to accomplish the greatest possible degree of mischief in a given time: in a word, federalism of the most odious character, prolonging a reign of terror upon the principles, and with the advocates, of the Hartford convention, has, like a vampire, fastened itself upon our prostrated, though still all-powerful democracy.

If by the pledge and promises and perpetual protestations of Joseph Hester and his allies, some republicans were lulled into a fatal delusion, it has passed away, as his conduct incapacity and federalism have developed themselves. No democrat adheres to the error. The same spirit which led them to place too generous confidence in all that was told them, prompts them now that the mask is down, to vent their scorn and indignation. Had he been what they expected, they might have justified themselves: being confessedly the reverse, their own consistency and honor require that they should now oppose as zealously as they have heretofore supported.

Apostasy, always fruitful in expedients to distract those whom it has deserted, will, no doubt assume the name and employ the language of democracy. Eminently ridiculous as it must seem to the reflecting, some of the supporters, abettors and panegyrists of Joseph Hester affect a desire to be esteemed republicans. Against political hypocrisy; against those Janus-faced beings, who are what they cannot bear to be called, and style themselves what they confess they in reality are not, it is our duty to take every proper precaution. The language of democracy should be plain, unequivocal, unvarnished; its votaries without disguise or affectation; its career, direct and inflexible. The people's good constitutes our polar star. With an eye perseveringly bent on that, undiverted by the false lights of selfish men, we cannot fail to triumph.

F. Gaz.

From the Norfolk Beacon, July 23.

The United States brig Spark, captain Elton, from a cruise, and 6 days from Havana, anchored in Hampton Roads yesterday morning. From the same source we learn that the Spark has made no captures during her cruise, and is coming up here for supplies. The officers and crew of the Hornet were in good health when she sailed from Havana. The U. S. frigate Macedonian, captain Biddle, was expected to return to Havana, about 1st of August. She lost 4 of her crew before she left Havana.

From the New York American, July 29

GREECE.

The affairs of the Greeks are represented to be less prosperous than heretofore, although they have gained another victory at sea over the Turks, and burnt two ships of the line, two frigates, one corvette, three brigs and four gun boats. The Turks have sacked several villages; and the Greeks, complying with the wishes of their wives and daughters, have immolated them with their own hands, that they might not be violated by the barbarians. Ten thousand women and children were, it is said, lately sold as slaves at 10 and 15 piastres a head!

From the Buffalo Journal, July 16.

A company of English emigrants, consisting of about thirty souls, arrived here last week from Quebec, on their way to join the English colony planted by Mr. Birbeck, in Illinois.— They have with them young cattle, hogs, geese, &c. which they have brought with them from England.— The whole company is in good health and high spirits. These people came out as emigrants to the Canadas, and by landing at Quebec, have helped to swell the lists of emigrants to the provinces, that have been published, from time to time, in that city. Hundreds find their way across Lake Ontario to the United States, every year, in the same manner, while honest John Bull supposes them snugly quartered in his American dominions.

From the New York Gazette.

We regret to learn that Mr. D. S. Holmes, a promising young man belonging to the ship Alexander, was lost overboard on the 27th of May, while in the act of drawing a bucket of water. The ship was on her passage from this port to Liverpool. The boat was immediately lowered, and every exertion made to save him,