

The Patriot.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE August, 1822,

SELECTED.

STANZAS—BY MOORE.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years,
Effac'd by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalation reach the skies.
Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years,
Effac'd by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew,
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they passed, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves,
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure lov'd too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they passed, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

Indignant sentiments on National Prejudices,
Hatred, and on Slavery.

BY COWPER.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a sin
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r
To enforce the wrong for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops been mingled into one,
Thus man devotes and destroys;
And worse than all, and must be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when he sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No; dear as freedom, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

SACRED MELODY.

There is a thought can lift the soul
Above the dull cold sphere that bounds it;
A star that sheds its mild controul
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it,
And pours a soft, pervading ray,
Life's ills may never chase away!

When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope is cherish'd,
Of moral bliss—too like the rest—
Beneath whose withering touch hath perished,
With fadeless lustre streams that light,
A halo on the brow of night!

And bitter were our sojourn here,
In this wild wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,
The herald of a brighter morn'g;
A glorious beacon from on high,
To guide us to eternity.

THE STORM OF NIGHT.

The sun had gone down—the day had departed,
But storms added gloom to the horrors of night,
From dark clouds on high the lightning's flash
darted—
Extensive its rays—and horrific its light.

The wild winds blew fierce on the waters afar;
The mad waves were tumbling alone on the
shore;
And nature convulsed—wind and waves fierce
at war,
Seemed rending the spheres with the tempest's
loud roar.

And such are our lives—continued commotion;
Wild winds and rude storms forever are blow-
ing;
Like barks on the waves mid whirlwinds of
ocean;
We're driven by fortune—our fate never know-
ing.

But gone is the storm, and over the mountain
The solar beam shines to the west far away—
And silent the winds that ended the fountain
And fair is the blush that has dawned on the
day.

The sorrows and woes the world has imparted
Will glow into rapture extatic sublime.

RILLA.

To the Editor of the Family Visitor.
VALLEY OF MISERY. March 1822

Dear Sir,—I have been a traveller for up-
wards of forty years on a very important jour-
ney. And as you are young and consequently
inexperienced in travelling, I will give you
some particulars as it relates to the road it was
my misfortune to travel; hoping by a careful
perusal and judicious reflection it may be ser-
viceable to you. I was about your age when I
left home. Two roads were immediately pre-
sented to my view; their relative situation was
similar to the letter V, so that you will observe
the farther they extended, the farther they sep-
erated from each other; the right hand road was
narrow, appeared solitary, and had but few trav-
elling, the other was broad, and crowded with
travellers; and they of a character that pleased
me much, being much congenial to my own; so
that I had no difficulty in deciding on the choice
of roads. I now considered myself as fairly
started on this important journey; the road was
plain, no difficulty as to finding the way, was
apparent; yet I had a pilot, who made a volun-
tary offer of his services. And a most indus-
trious one he was; he was continually telling
me of the delightful prospects and the solid
measures which were in store for me. Indeed
he made me believe the day was not far distant
when I should have every thing just as I want-
ed it. I was to feast on the richest luxuries
and to drink of the inexhaustible cup of joy; in
short, my whole life was to be one continued
round of the highest pleasures, unmixed with
alloy.

I soon found myself in a populous and bril-
liant city. My acquaintance soon became gen-
eral, and in a very little time I was introduced
into the theatre of fashionable life; when the
curtain arose, almost at one view there was ex-
hibited all that could please the eye, delight
the ear and interest the heart. It consisted of
sumptuous dinners, evening parties, balls, con-
certs, shows, plays, &c. added to this, there
were chess, dice, cards and billiards, together
with a profusion of the choicest liquors. I con-
gratulated myself that the happy moment had
arrived, and that I was freed from the shackles
and troubles of parental advice; my imagina-
tion painted every thing in the richest colours,
which imparted a most powerful stimulus to
the heat of my youthful blood. I pressed on
with all the impetuosity of unrestrained passions.
I soon became an adept in the whole routine of
what the world calls delightful amusements. In
a very little time I was reduced to practice one
of the first principles of fashionable life; turning
night into day, and day into night. In this city
I remained, following with industry the rou-
tine above described; notwithstanding I almost
every day drank deep of the bitter cup of dis-
appointment, accompanied with the keenest
sorrow, mortification, and remorse of conscience.
I still retained the hope that I should soon
reach and partake of those pleasures described
by my pilot: but such was the fact, I never did,
and such will be the fate of every other unfor-
tunate traveller that comes this road. That dis-
play of beauty and brilliance, so pleasing to the
eye, and the cause of that ardent desire to part-
take of the fruit, are all deception—the tree
that produces this fruit, grows out of the very
hot bed of Satan's richest nursery, and every
one that lives in the circle of its baneful influ-
ence and partakes of the fruit, will have just
cause to weep and lament in the most bitter
anguish of his soul.

I recollect when about to start on this jour-
ney, I was told that if I took this road, how-
ever pleasant part of it might be to travel, the
end would be dreadful: the end at certain times
appears as if it might be near and begins to
unfold a most awful appearance; its effects up-
on my feelings are beyond description, and to
aggravate my sufferings, I have a wife and sever-
al children traveling on in this dreadful road,
who look upon me as being the sole cause of
their being in this deplorable situation. I never

the end, but now the great difficulty is present-
ed, I can see no way of getting into the other
road. I can see no path, no light, no direction;
I am sure I cannot find the way without a pi-
lot, and know of none to get. My pilot will
not go; he says he don't know the way. Some-
times he says there is no way; indeed, was it
not for the endless torments that await every
traveller of this road, I should feel no desire to
be in the other: for I am unaccustomed to the
manners of its travellers; what is agreeable to
them would be disagreeable to me, what they
supremely love, I sincerely hate; and what to
do I don't know; to risk travelling on in this
road, will not do; for I may come to the end of
it in the night, or at an unexpected moment—
then all arrangement, all effort and hope are
over; it is then irrecoverably too late. I some-
times fancy myself at this point looking into
the gulf of dark despair—seeing the travellers
launching in in rapid succession—seeing them
sink into the blackness of darkness—descending
under the weight of their numerous and aggra-
vated sins, together with the wrath of divine jus-
tice pressing them down into that pit, the depth
of which I have no conception; for we are told
from the highest authority it is bottomless. I
then turn and wish I had never been born; but
this does me no good, my heart sickens and my
spirit faints; at the same moment I am filled
with horror and keen despair. I believe, sir,
it is all over with me, the day of recovery is
past; I feel the chains of unpardoned sin, death
and interminable woe, entwined around me; held
together by that strong lock, the wrath of di-
vine displeasure, and the key given to my pilot;
whose real name I have lately discovered is
Satan.

From the Goshen Patriot.

Force of Habit.

On a late cold night, my family and I were
enjoying the comforts of a good fire, with a few
friends, when during a social conversation on the
subject of habit, an old lady related the follow-
ing circumstance:—

Shortly after the old French war, my father,
who had recently been married, purchased a
considerable tract of wild, uncultivated land, in
the county of duchess, not far from where the
village of Poughkeepsie now lies. He knocked
up a log hut, and went to felling trees and
clearing the land. He was a very sober man;
but he toiled excessively hard, and began to
think a little spirits would do him no harm
when he was chopping. He therefore got him
a bottle full, but used it very sparingly and only
when he was at work in the woods. In pro-
cess of time however, he would take a little bit-
ters in the morning now and then. Afterwards
he must have his bitters every morning. At
length the first thing he thought of in the morn-
ing was his bitters; he could rest in bed till day
light, but must get up earlier and earlier for
his bitters. Finding the habit was growing so
fast upon him, he began to reflect seriously on
the consequences, and at last mustered up all
his resolution to overcome it. One morning he
got up very early went to his closet took out his
bottle, gave it a parting look and dashed it to
pieces against a stone, liquor and all. My
mother exclaimed, "Why, what in the world is
the matter? Why do you throw your bottle
away?" His reply deserves to be recorded in
letters of gold: "I am resolved that liquor
shall never get master of me." He lived to a
good old age; the lord was his strength and
his portion; the Bible was his constant compan-
ion, and he died the death of the righteous.—
His numerous posterity are now in the posses-
sion of this same paternal inheritance, which
their ancestors preserved by throwing away the
bottle.

Thus we see how important it is to check
the growth of evil habits before they get the
mastery.

WOMAN:—OR POUR ET CONTRE.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung;
Not she denied him with unholo tongue,
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

Women, in all countries, are civil, obliging,
tender and humane; that they are ever inclined
to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest,
and that they do not hesitate like men to per-
form a generous action. Not haughty, not ar-
rogant, not supercilious, they are full of cour-
tesy, and fond of society; more liable, in gen-
eral to err than man; but, in general, more vir-
tuous and performing more good actions than
he.

The following fragment from the 17th MS.
volume of Moses Plain's, "Notions," found in
the till of his chest after his decease gives a
different account of the matter.

"A woman's heart," quoth the bachelor Mo-
ses, "is like a sturgeon's nose—soft, elastic
and always trembling. It is kept at rest only
by a bag of gold fastened to the nether end of
it: and the heavier the bag, the steadier its po-
sition. No matter in what manner the load
stone is applied—the attraction lies in the metal
not in the hand that fastens it. The latter may
be tremulous with age, infirmity or guilt; yet
if the bag is full the hand is unheeded—and
the more tremulous, the more acceptable: for
then the greater the prospect that it may soon
be got rid of, either by the hangman or the sex-
ton."

The Climax.

At the conclusion of the American Revolu-
tion, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador and
the French Minister, Vergennes, dining to-
gether at Versailles, a Toast from each was
called for and agreed to. The British minister
began with;

George 3. Who like the sun in his meri-
dian, spreads a lustre throughout and enlightens
the world.

The French Minister followed with,
The illustrious Louis 16. Who like the
moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on
and influences the globe!

Our American Franklin then gave,
George Washington, Commander of the
American army. Who like Joshua of old,
commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still and
they obeyed him.

The Ladies.

The tucks in the gown of a young lady, (for
all are young who wear them,) are sweet little
adders of love—for him to climb up and be
happy. The more numerous they are, the loft-
ier the aim, and more ambitious the pursuit.—
As the taut and neat shrouds of a vessel indicate
her readiness for sea, while a dismantled hull
marks the period of unusefulness and of repose;
so the tucks on a gown indicate the youth, gai-
ety and elasticity of the wearer, while she who
has no tucks in her gown, and has of course
worn them all out, may as well be laid up in or-
dinary.

Extract.

The parting of friends is death in miniature.
You have not it is true the glazed eye—the
closed lip—the damp flesh—the marble coun-
tenance—the ghastly form, and the horrible re-
pose of death; but you feel that which chiefly
embitters death, the agony of separation. Yet
we part with our friends daily, and there is
somewhat of cheerfulness mingled with the re-
luctance with which we take leave of each oth-
er. A slight glow on the cheek, a tremulous
grasp of the hand, and a few sighs soon dissip-
ated in the surrounding atmosphere, are the
fleeting memorials of the severance of the liv-
ing.

The hope that we may meet again, and the
belief that we will meet again—and the confi-
dence that Heaven will continue to us its merci-
ful protection—these are the consoling stamina
of happiness. How wretched then must be he
who, in death, hath not hope, because he hath
not faith. Religion would, therefore, be a bless-
ing even if its promises fail of reality. A belief
in the superintending goodness of the Deity is
a safe and delightful substitute when the wis-