

# The Patriot.

Experience to soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE Dec'r 1822,

SELECTED.

## INFANCY AND MATURE AGE.

AN APALOGUE.

(Men are but Children of larger growth.)

'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire  
My ruddy little boy was seated,  
And with the title of a Sire  
My ears expected to be greeted.  
But vain the thought! By sleep oppress'd  
No Father there the child descri'd;  
His head reclin'd upon his breast,  
Or nodding roll'd from side to side.

'Let this young Rogue be sent to bed!—  
More I had not time to say  
When the poor urchin raised his head  
To beg that he might longer stay.  
Refused; towards rest his steps he bent  
With tearful eye and aching heart;  
But claim'd his playthings, ere he went,  
And took upstairs his horse and cart.

For new delay, though oft deny'd,  
He pleaded;—willy crav'd the boon;  
Tho' past his usual hour, he cried  
At being sent away so soon.  
If stern to him, his grief I shar'd  
(Unmov'd who hears his offspring weep!)  
Oh soothing him I half despair'd;  
When all his cares are lost in sleep.

'Alas! poor Infant! I exclaimed,  
'Thy Father blushes now to scan,  
In all which he so lately blam'd,  
The follies and the fears of man;  
The vain regret, the anguish brief,  
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,  
Portrays of Man the idle grief,  
When doom'd to slumber with the dead?

Add more I thought, when up the stairs  
With 'longing ling'ring looks' he crept;  
To mark of Man, the childish cares,  
His playthings carefully he kept.  
Thus morals on life's later stage,  
When nature claims their forfeit breath,  
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,  
And cling to golden toys in death.

'Tis morn! and see my smiling Boy  
Awakes to hail returning light;  
To fearless laughter! boundless joy!  
Forget the tears of yester night!  
Thus shall not Man forget his we?  
Survive of age and death the gloom?  
Smile at the cares he knew below?  
And renovated burst the tomb?

O, my Creator! when thy will  
Shall stretch this frame on earth's cold bed,  
Let that blest hope sustain me still,  
'Till thought, sense, mem'ry—all are fled;  
And grateful for what thou may'st give,  
No tear shall dim my fading eye;  
That 'twas thy pleasure I should live—  
That tis thy mandate bids me die.

From the Literary Gazette.

## LOVERS' WHEN!

When should lovers breathe their vows?  
When should ladies hear them?  
When the dew is on the boughs,  
When none else are near them;  
When the moon shines cold and pale,  
When the birds are sleeping;  
When no voice is on the gale,  
When the roses weeping;  
When the stars are bright on high,  
Like hope in young Lov's dreaming,  
And glancing round the light clouds fly,  
Like soft tears to shade their beaming.  
The fairest smiles are those that live  
On the brow by starlight wreathing;  
And their lips the richest incense give  
When the sighs are at midnight breathing,  
Oh, softest is the cheek's love-ray  
When seen by moonlight's hours:  
Other roses seek the day  
But blushes are night flowers.  
Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,  
When the dew-drops glisten,  
Then their vows should lovers plight,  
Then should Ladies listen.

From the American Star.

## The village Cemetery.

The sun was just setting in the west, on a still autumnal evening; the feathered tribe were seeking their nests; the labourer, merrily whistling, trudging along to his home; and Will Spokes, the waggoner, and Sally Mayflower the dairy maid, might be seen behind the hedge, awaiting an interview—when a stranger, whose demeanor and looks, were those of a gentleman and the man of education, entered the village cemetery to inquire of the sexton, (whom he saw there busily engaged in digging a grave) the residence of some person; he had approached pretty near him for that purpose, when the

old man stopped from his employment, and resting on his spade, exclaimed, "Well why should I take on thus, who have dug all the graves for this forty years past in this village; why should I be thus moved!"—a tear might be seen trembling in his eye, and he, as if ashamed of his feelings, set himself busily to work, repeating, "Oh! it was cruel, very cruel," and in spite of himself the tears rolled from off his furrowed cheeks. "What is so cruel, my friend can I relieve you?" said the stranger, approaching nearer, and discovering himself to the sexton. "I'll tell you what is cruel," said the old man, who appeared above sixty years old—he was certainly sixty, he might be sixty five, letting fall his spade, and elevating himself at the same time quite animated—"I'll tell you what is cruel, and see if you do not say with me, if there is one crime deserves more punishment than another, it is this, listen; two old people had a daughter, in whom their life and happiness were centered; by her industry they were supported—Oh! she was a lovely creature—my old dame is dead, sir, and she sweet creature, when I was taken ill in the winter, comforted, consoled, and administered unto me—but she will be rewarded THERE, said the old man, reverently pointing to Heaven, she will be rewarded THERE? but mark me, sir; A young fellow came to this place, he saw her and marked her for his prey; she saw him and also loved him, while he took advantage of her misplaced affection, and ruined her; but heaven's wrath and the curse of two broken hearted old parents will follow him wherever he goes." "It will, it will, exclaimed the stranger, convulsively, "Aye will it," continued the sexton; he was a seducer; what was the end on't? why the end of it was the sweet creature died of a broken heart—but she's gone, she's gone, I trust," proceeded the old man, quite affected, "where sin and sorrow never enter, and this is her grave, pointing to an opening; yes, soon will the corpse of her, who when in life was so lovely, be interred in the receptacle for the dead; yes she who was once all joy and honor, the comfort and support of her parents, the rich and the aged's consolation" "Her name, her name," cried the stranger, convulsively, and seizing hold of the old man's arm—"Her name was Emily Leslie?" "What," exclaimed the stranger, with a ghastly death-like hue, his frame violently agitated, and his eyes nearly starting from their sockets—"Emily Leslie!" "But you look unwell," said the sexton. In fact so he did; he was seized with an universal trembling, his features were distorted, the blood forsook his face, his teeth chattered, a cold sweat starting from his forehead, his livid countenance expressing the disorder of his mind, and before the old man could offer his assistance, a hoarse unnatural scream escaped from his breast, and with hysterical laugh he fell prostrate on the ground. The sexton hastened to raise him, and on attentively beholding his countenance, he saw before him the SEDUCER of Emily Leslie. His first impulse was to rush from him; but the sexton was a christian; the man he most despised was now before him, but he recollected he was a fellow being and in distress. He had him conveyed to his friends, where he was seized with a burning fever, he endeavored to shake it off, but it would not do. The image of Emily Leslie, the pride of the village, was still before him; he turned and turned in his bed, but it would still appear before him. His fever became more violent, and in a few hours he became delirious; but he was suffered to live. After two weeks of severe suffering the disease yielded to the remedies employed, and in a few weeks he was restored to health. During his illness the tender-hearted sexton pined, drooped, and died unable to bear the loss of her whom he had ever considered and loved as his daughter. The seducer yet lives, a living monument of misery, his life a burthen to him; the lovely form of that flower, whom his pestiferous breath has blasted, is always before him, and he ardently calls on death to terminate his existence, which, for wise purposes, is yet spared him.

Numerous are such seducers in the world; let them learn an admonitory lesson from the

recital of the above, which is founded on a fact that occurred not long since.

A late number of the Edinburg Review contains an article on the natural history of insects, from which the following curious extract is taken:—

"The account of the ant of Barbadoes, the Formica Saccharivera, is almost terrific; and we refer to it, because we know the authority to be good. The ant in question appeared about 70 years ago in such infinite hosts on the island of Grenada as to put a stop to the cultivation of sugar cane. A reward of 20,000*l.* was offered to any one who should discover an effectual mode of destroying them. Their numbers were incredible; they descended from the hills like torrents, and the plantations, as well as every path and road, for miles were filled with them. Rais, mice, reptiles, birds, and even some of the domestic quadrupeds, were killed by them! Streams of water opposed only a temporary obstacle to their progress; the foremost rushing blindly on to certain death, and fresh armies continually following, till a bank was formed of the carcasses of those that were drowned, sufficient to dam up waters, and allow the main body to pass over in safety below. They even rushed into the fires that were lighted to stop them. This pest was at length exterminated by a hurricane.

The Mahomedans say there are five things which a wise man will ground no hopes on—the color of a cloud, because imaginary; the friendship of the covetous, because mercenary; beauty, because frail; praise because airy; and the praise of this world because deceitful.

A writer says, tobacco exhausts those juices so essentially necessary to further digestion; it creates thirst and nausea; it destroys appetite; the complexion becomes cadaverous; finally the chewer and smoker becomes a poor miserable, emaciated atrophic, walking skeleton, smoking away his few remaining ideas, and spitting up his lungs, until death releases him from all his sufferings. The truth, we believe, is, that to many constitutions tobacco is hurtful—to others innocent; and that the true course is for those who find it injurious, to abstain from its use. That it is pernicious to young people generally, is past doubt, and therefore its use by them ought to be forbidden or discouraged.

## Female Missionaries.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by the Rev. T. Gallaudet, at Hartford, Connecticut.

"Ah! we sometimes hear the propriety of such adventures, as they are termed, called in question. For it is easy and pleasant for those of us who sit quietly by our own fire side, surrounded with comforts and luxury, to wonder at the rashness of those who embark in such hazardous enterprises; and while we shrink from self denial, and do so little for the cause of Christ, we hope in some measure to palliate our neglect by finding fault with those who do more. And, strange as it may seem, woman—sent by Heaven, as a help mate for man; designed to share and soothe his sorrows; to participate in, and lighten his cares; to excite by her gentler influence, and invigorate by her kind remonstrances his languishing effort in the path of duty;—Woman—who may have less active courage, but more unbending fortitude than man; whose instinctive good sense extricates from difficulties which his boasted sagacity cannot surmount—Woman—who, like the virgin of old, keeps bright the lamp of domestic piety in the quiet of her retirement, while man suffers its flame to be extinguished in the tumultuous bustle of the world;—Woman may be the admired heroine of a novel; or follow her husband through the fatigues of a military campaign, and attend him amid all the horrors of war; or traverse with him the mighty deep, and spend years in some sultry clime, while he is toiling to make his fortune—she may do all this and receive the loudest plaudits of approbation for her intrepidity and constancy; but let her become the partner of some humble missionary who goes to distant parts

of the cross, and to win an incorruptible crown, and to lay up treasure in Heaven, and she no longer has any claim to magnanimity and foritude of soul; she must consent to bear the reproach of weakness or rashness.

"Take up this reproach, ye daughters of Zion, and patiently endure it: followers of her, whose dust reposes in India, but whose spirit now rejoices in Heaven over her past sufferings in the cause of Christ; and may the same arm which shielded Rebekah, who, at the call of Providence left her kindred and home, even the Almighty arm of the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, ever sustain and protect you."

\*Harriet Newell.

From the Presbyterian Magazine.  
HENRY MARTYN.

Mr. Editor—The following extracts from Sir Robert K. Porter's travels in Georgia, Persia and Armenia, respecting Henry Martyn, suggested the stanzas which accompany them. As the extracts have never appeared in any religious publication in this country, they will doubtless be acceptable to your readers.

"At Shiraz," says Sir Robert, "Martyn dwelt nearly a year; and on leaving its walls, the apostle of Christianity found no cause for shaking off the dust of his feet against the Mahomedan city. The inhabitants had received, cherished and listened to him; and he departed thence amidst the blessings and tears of many a Persian friend. Through his means, the gospel had then found its way into Persia; and as it appears to have been sown in kindly hearts, the gradual effect hereafter may be like the harvest of the seeding."

"The attentions of my host were so unwearying that I never could forget I was in the house of the near kinsman of the two noble Persians, Jaffier Ali Khan, and Mirza Seid Ali, who had sworn the warmest personal friendship to our mat of God; for so they designated Henry Martyn! When the weather became too intense for his enfeebled frame to bear the extreme heat of the city, Jaffier Ali Khan pitched a tent for him in a most delightful garden beyond the walls, where he pursued his translation of the scriptures; or sometimes in the cool of the evening, he sat under the shade of an orange tree, by the side of a clear stream, holding that style of conversation with the two admirable brothers, which caused their pious guest to say, "That the bed of roses on which he reclined, and the notes of the nightingales which warbled above him were not so sweet as such discourse from Persian lips."

In orange groves on Shiraz's plains,  
A Christian pilgrim taught:  
Two Persian princes heard those strains,  
With sacred science fraught.  
With anxious eagerness they heard  
The heavenly truths he told,  
Recorded in that HOLY WORD  
Revealed to saints of old.  
Their rising doubts soon disappeared,  
Their difficulties ceased,  
And while he calmed each trembling fear,  
Their humble hopes increased.  
Then, as the dawn began to break  
Upon their mental night,  
Their tongues with holy rapture speak,  
And hail the rising light.  
Sweet were the banks of roses spread  
Around his cool retreat,  
And sweet the orange over his head,  
Which sheltered from the heat.  
O sweet the mellow plaintive song  
Of lonely nightingale:  
And sweet the perfume swept along  
By every spicy gale.  
Far sweeter to that pilgrim's ear,  
Than sensual pleasures all,  
Sweeter from Persian lips to hear  
Such heavenly accents fall.  
And wouldst thou know that pilgrim's name?  
Let Persia's clime declare;  
There 'tis embalmed—its highest fame  
In pious tears and prayer.  
Thy memory, MARTYN, long be dear  
To every Christian heart;  
Long may thy bright, but short career  
A love like thine impart,  
O might thy sacred mantle fall,  
And, with it, double grace  
On missionary heroes all,  
Who run thy Christian race!  
O, then, not Persia's sons alone  
Should know and feel the Word;  
But the wide world its truth should own,  
And bow before the Lord.

He who loses the sun in his spots—a beautiful face in a few freckles—and a grand character in a few harmless singularities—may choose of two appellations, one—wronghead or