

The Patriot.

Little Jack.

Verse on Love

Or the substance of a story related by the Rev. S. at a meeting of a Bible society in Baltimore.

I should not, said Mr. S. have mentioned the fact I am going to relate, had it not been brought to my recollection by a remark in the report of the Young Ladies Branch Society, (which he quoted, and which purported that the value of one soul, would more than compensate for the trouble and expense of all the Bible societies in the world.) For the truth of the fact, as far as relates to the communication, I vouch, said Mr. S. for I was present and heard it myself.

At a meeting of the Bath (England) Bible Association, the weather proving to be uncommonly inclement, the speakers who were expected, living at some distance did not attend.

The president of the meeting fearing a disappointment might have an unfavorable effect upon the assembly, gave an invitation to any person who would relate any thing connected with the interests of Bible Societies, to come forward. A well dressed, decent looking man advanced to the platform, and with much apparent modesty and simple manner began to relate the following fact:

In the county of Devon there lived a man desperately and notoriously wicked, and of so cruel and ferocious a disposition, as in some instance to extinguish his natural affection for his own offspring. One day taking his little son by the hand who was big enough to walk he strolled towards the cliffs, which in those parts overhang the sea, and laid him self down on the grass; his little playful son in the meanwhile amused himself with picking up pebbles and throwing them down at the feet of his father who in a churlish mood, having two or three times bidden him to desist, without being obeyed, gave vent to his rage, and with a kick, which prostrated the child upon the ground, left the poor creature screaming with anguish, and walked away. The unhappy little suffer having so far recovered as to gain his feet, went so near the cliff as to fall over, and was precipitated into the sea, but the air in his petticoat, for he still wore that infantile garment broke the force of his fall, and prevented him from immediately sinking. It happened that a man of war, which was lying in the offing, was just then returning from a watering place and seeing an object floating upon the water rowed up to it, took him in and carried him on board the ship. The sailors made a pet of him and called him Little Jack; and when he became old enough for the service, made him a powder monkey (a title given to those who carry cartridges to the gunners.) This ship, with some others of inferior size, having had a severe engagement with the enemy, and many being wounded, Little Jack, the powder monkey, was employed to wait upon the surgeon. Among the wounded who were brought from the other vessels for surgical aid, was a man, both of whose legs were shot away by a chain shot, and he bone so shattered as to prevent any cure from amputation.—Death had indeed already begun to play about his heart; while he lay in these mortal agonies, he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon Little Jack, and having yet power to speak, asked the boy who he was, and whence he came? He told him what he had heard the sailors relate, and which was all he knew of himself. The wounded man, who had recognized the features of his son in the boy, was now convinced it must be him. I am, said he that ungodly and brutal father, who left you upon the cliff, (relating the particulars) from whence you must have fallen into the sea. Beginning to grow uneasy, I returned to the place where I had left you; but you had disappeared—all my researches proved in vain; I could gain no tidings of you. Supposing that you had perished thro' my cruelty, I became frantic with grief, and was on the point of putting an end to my existence; but, finally, in hopes of finding some relief from my misery, I entered on board a ship of war. Having returned from a cruise, while lying in port, a gentleman (a member of a Bible Society) came on board and asked permission of the captain to distribute some Bibles among the ship's company.

It fell to my lot to receive one, which became the means of my conversion to God; and now I have redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ, even the forgiveness of all my sins.— I have but a few moments to live, the hands of death are upon me; I have no will to make, not having any thing to leave you save this Bible, taking it from his bosom and presenting it to him in the language of David to Solomon, And thou, Solomon, my son know thou the God of thy fathers; if thou seek him, he will be found of thee, and if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever.' As he ended the ended the quotation his voice faltered and he sunk into death. The speaker, said Mr. S— admitted that so strange a story might seem incredible, but the tears starting from his eyes, he put his hand into his bosom, drew out a book, and said, this is the Bible and I am Little Jack.

Wesleyan Repository.

The missing Snuff-Box.

Marshal Wade had a great passion for gaming and frequented places of all kinds where play was going forward, without being very nice as to the company he met. At one of these places, one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceedingly valuable gold-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round, keeping the dice box four or five mains before he threw out, then recollecting something of the circumstance and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently, no man should stir till it was produced, and that a general search should be made. On his right sat a person dressed as an officer though shabby; who now and then, with great humility begged the honor of going a shilling with him, and had by that means picked four or five. On him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first. The gentleman desired to be heard, declared, "I know the marshal well, yet, neither he nor all powers upon earth shall subject me to a search while I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honor of a soldier, that I know nothing of the snuff-box, and I hope that will be sufficient; let the man who doubts, follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honor or perish." The eyes of all were turned upon the marshal for answer, when clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, he felt the snuff box in a secret side pocket of his breeches, into which he had inadvertently put it after it passed round. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, as he left the room immediately, 'sir, I here with great reason ask your pardon, and hope to find it granted, by your breakfasting with me to-morrow, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends.

It may be easily supposed that the invitation was complied with. After some conversation the marshal requested him to say what could be the true reason of his refusing to be searched? "Why marshal," returned the officer, "being upon half pay and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny; I had that day very little appetite, and as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, was then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket, the thought of which being found there, appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round. 'Enough, my dear boy,' said the marshal, you have said enough; your name; let us dine at Sweet's to-morrow; we must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma.'—They met next day. The marshal presented him with a captain's commission and a purse of guineas to enable him to join his regiment.

SORROW.

It is the constant business of sorrow to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence! Sorrow is an enemy to virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind by which it is cherished.

for with that language shall we address that Being, whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny. It is the enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits, and of happiness it is the reverse.

LAUGHABLE.

Among the preparations for the late Bartholomew Fair a ludicrous scene took place. As one of the itinerant showmen was passing thro' Long-lane to Smithfield the axle-tree of his caravan broke, and discharged its cargo into the street. Several monkeys were instantly seen running in different directions, one of which ran into a cook's shop to the no small discomfiture of the master cook and his hungry guests, who, without waiting to examine the bill of fare, placed himself by a dish of ready sliced plum pudding, and sans ceremonie, helped himself, and all remonstrance on the part of the cook could not persuade him to relinquish his delicious repast, until his master, by force of arms, dislodged him from the luxurious banquet.

English Jester.

BORROWING NEWSPAPERS.

A correspondent, who has noticed the grumbling and moaning among our subscribers, because they are obliged to lend their papers to their neighbors, informs us that he has contrived a scheme to relieve himself from the importunities of borrowers. His plan is this:—He procured a carpenter to make an instrument (which cost only fifty cents) to hold his papers together, and the moment a newspaper is received, he puts it upon the file and locks it up. When troublesome neighbor sends to borrow it, his reply is, "the paper is on the file and cannot be removed without danger of being torn or lost, and moreover, he has made a solemn vow not to take it from the file for any body." We recommend this plan to all who are troubled by these sworn enemies to printers, unless they can muster up confidence enough at once to say, "if you want to read the paper go and subscribe for it."

The following curious little piece of composition will perhaps, amuse, if not puzzle, some of our young readers.

A VERSE ON LOVE.

I see I she read see that me
Am may love are up may I'll have
In you but you and you have you'll
Love as one and down then you if,

WASP HATCHING.

The wasp, during its existence as a perfect insect, attaches itself to flowers; when it is ready to lay its eggs, it digs a cylindrical hole in clayey sand, and deposits an egg at the bottom; it then goes among some cabbages, and seizes upon a small green caterpillar, which it had never before made its prey; this caterpillar the wasp pricks with its sting, so as to weaken it, in order that it may not make any resistance against the worm which is about to issue from the egg and devour it; it then rolls it up into a circular form, and places it at the bottom of the hole; the wasp then proceeds to fetch similar caterpillars successively, which it treats in the same manner; it then closes up the hole and dies. The small worm is now hatched; it devours the twelve caterpillars in succession, and then metamorphoses itself into a wasp, which leaves its subterraneous apartment and flies among the flowers.

A sailor was passing one of the *petit* street-auctioneers, a short time since, and stopped a moment to hear what was going on. Going! exclaimed the knight of the hammer; Going! one and six pence—going! gone! It is yours, sir, handing the book to the sailor. Mine, sir, exclaimed Jack, with a tone of unaffected surprise. What is it?—*Pocahontas*, replied the auctioneer. No, d—n me, if you *poke it on to us*, replied the tar, and walked off.

The facetious Mr Sheridan, on hearing his father speak of the antiquity of his family' stating at the same time, that the original name was O'Sheridan, humerously observed, 'No doubt of that father; no one has a better right to the O, for we owe every body.'

APHORISM.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least, who is indifferent about all! The more there is of gradation in virtue, the more dramatic the energies of goodness and benevolence, the more sublime their charac-

Belief—e soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE Dec'r 1822,

SELECTED.

From the Columbia Telescope.

A DREAM.

A dream I had the other day;
'Twill make you smile my love to hear it;
So strangely wild was fancy's play,
No madman's vision e'er came near it.

I thought (how weak!) I might confide
With unsuspecting, full reliance,
Upon the friend I long had tried,
And bid the power of change defiance.

I dreamt that truth the world possess'd,
That honor was not quite a notion,
I thought the hand that warmly press'd
Was prompted by some kind emotion.

I thought the smile that lights the face
Had with the heart some slight connection,
I fancied that the fond embrace
Was still the offspring of affection.

I thought that woman's heart was made
The seat of chaste and generous passion,
And not by sordid motives sway'd,
The cheated fool of wealth and fashion.

I thought the glance in Emma's eye,
The smile o'er every feature stealing,
Her native blush, her artless sigh,
Betrayed a soul of gentlest feeling.

Thus friendship, honor, truth and love,
Conspired to form my blissful vision,
And long did wretched fancy rove
Esamour'd, through the dream Elysian.

But dreams, of texture all too slight,
By real life are quickly banished;
The happy phantoms took their flight:
I woke to truth, and all had vanished.

I look'd in lost despondence round
To seek the form my dream had painted;
A cold and heartless world I found,
By love unblest'd, by falsehood tainted;

To friendship and to feeling dead,
A waste of folly and confusion,
I sorrow'd o'er the vision fled,
And wish'd again my blissfulusion.

And shall it not return again?
Return to me and bless me? never!
Oh no! the wish is fond and vain,
Dreams, vanished once, are gone forever!

From the Italian of Metastasio.

If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pry share,
Who raise our envy now.

The fatal secret, when reveal'd,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while conceal'd
Their lot appears the best.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Is there a heart can gaze at night
With coldness upon Heaven?
And mark its stream of quivering light,
With pulse unmov'd, and even?
That heart can never taste of bliss
In any other world than this?

But is there one can fondly trace,
With feelings warmly flowing,
The traits of that resplendent place,
Where thousand worlds are glowing?
This heart is form'd for purer spheres,
And brighter than this vale of tears.

WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from Colocanda's mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds:
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

From the New York Statesman.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his
Mother."
Look where the king of glory died
From guilt's remorseless blow,
And see the life-stream down his side
In fast effusions flow.

Where was the hand to stanch that stream,
The eye to weep that deed?
Ah! hear the agonising scream
For help, that gains no heed!

A mother gave that piercing cry,
Delirious and wild;
And e'en the murderer breath'd a sigh
To mock her dying child.

Maternal anguish wrung the chord
In Mary's grief, worn breast;
One tear the rebel gave her Lord,
The mother wept the rest!