

# The Patriot.

eloquence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE FEBRUARY 1822.

## SELECTED.

On hearing the Rev. Mr. Summerfield.  
By W. B. TAPPAN.

I saw the Evangelist of God ascend  
The holy place. He stood in the beauty  
Of meekness—He spake, and on my heart  
Fell accents glowing with the prophet's fire.  
I heard thee, mighty one! and was afraid,  
Yea, trembling, listened; for methought no voice  
Of mortal mould could thrill my bosom thus.  
O, sweet as angel's music, were the tones  
Which breathed their Gilead on the wounded  
heart;

Strengthen'd the weary,—bade the broken come  
To Sion's fountain, and in faith be whole.

I wept o'er blighted hopes,—but thou didst  
draw,  
A willing captive, my admiring soul  
With thee, to brighter regions, where the  
dream  
Of full fruition lives, nor is unreal.

I feared death,—but thou didst deck the foe  
In lovely garb; with softest beauty clad,  
I saw him beckoning to the narrow house  
Of rest, where spicy odours balm the air,  
And resurrection's halo crowns the dead.

God speed thee, favour'd one! thy diadem,  
Thy wreath of gentleness, is thick bestrown  
With pearls of nature's forming—they are tears.  
Yea, tears of rapture, holy, and untold.

From the British Etouan.  
MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

'Beneath the chancel's hallow'd stone,  
Expos'd to every rustic tread,  
To few, save rustic mourners, known,  
My brother, is thy lowly bed.  
Few words, upon the rough stone graven,  
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—  
Thy innocence—thy hopes of Heaven—  
In simplest phrase recorded there,  
No scutcheons shine, no banners wave,  
In mockery o'er my Brother's Grave.

'No sound of human toil or strife  
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,  
Nor breaks the silence still and deep  
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,  
Art laid in that unstirred sleep  
The living eye hath never known.  
The lonely sexton's footstep falls  
In dismal echoes on the walls,  
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,  
He sweeps the unholy dust away,  
And cobwebs, which must not defile  
Those windows on the Sabbath-day;  
And passing through the central nave,  
Treads lightly on my Brother's Grave.

'But when the sweet-toned Sabbath-chime  
Pouring its music on the breeze,  
Proclaims the well-known holy time  
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;  
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,  
And lips and hearts to God are given,  
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet  
Of earthly ills, in thought of Heaven;  
What voice of calm and solemn tone  
Is heard above the burial stone?  
What form in priestly meek array  
Beside the altar kneels to pray?  
What holy hands are lifted up  
To bless the sacramental cup?  
Full well I know that reverend form,  
And if a voice could reach the dead,  
Those tones would reach thee, tho' the worm  
My brother, makes thy breast his bed;  
That sire, who thy existence gave,  
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.'

## Napoleon's Death Bed.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Yes; there behold him on a funeral bed;  
Sceptre nor banner, now is near him seen:  
Not warlike pomps, nor warrior whom he led;  
Alone he fronts Death's pale and awful mein!

That sunken eye, pale cheek, and fallen brow,  
Have then a death of quiet sickness found;  
How is that famous combatant laid low!  
Without a battle and without a wound!

Oh! what a conqueror's defeated here!  
How many sceptres fall from his chill hand!  
How many images throng round his bier  
Of combats, glory, and supreme command!  
P. LEBRUS.

## A Good Story

FROM GRAHAM'S DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF  
VERMONT.

The following anecdote of an honest farmer  
(one of the first settlers) which happened at  
Westminster, will serve to show the fanatical  
spirit which then prevailed—so contrary to that  
liberal toleration, now prevalent over America  
and which so happily unites every denomina-  
tion of Christians in the bonds of charity and  
love.—But to my story:—

The farmer in question was a plain pious  
man, regular in the discharge of his duty both  
to God and his neighbors; but unluckily he

not inclined to cultivate either civil or friendly  
terms: this troublesome personage was no other  
than a monstrous overgrown he-bear, that  
descended from the mountains, trod down and  
destroyed the corn fields, and carried off what-  
ever he laid his paws upon. The plundered  
sufferer watched him in vain, the ferocious and  
cunning animal ever finding methods to elude  
his utmost vigilance; and at last had learned its  
cue so thoroughly, as only to commit its depredations on the Lord's day, when it knew from  
experience the coast was clear. Wearied out  
with these oft repeated trespasses, the good  
man resolved on the next Sunday to stay in the  
fields, where with his gun he concealed him-  
self. The bear came according to custom—he  
fired, and shot it dead.—The explosion threw  
the whole congregation (for it was about the  
hour of people's assembling to worship) into  
consternation. The cause was inquired into;  
and as soon as the pastor, deacon and elders be-  
came acquainted with it, they called a special  
meeting of the church, and cited their offending  
brother before them, to shew the cause, if any  
he had, why he should not be excommunicated  
out of Christ's church, for this daring and unex-  
ampled impiety. In vain did he urge, from the  
scriptures themselves, that it was lawful to do  
good on the Sabbath day; he pleaded before  
judges determined to condemn him; and the  
righteous parson, elders and church men voice,  
agreed to drive him out from amongst them,  
as polluted and accursed. Accordingly he was  
enjoined (as is customary on such occasions)  
on the next Sunday to attend his excommuni-  
cation in the church. He did attend—but, not  
entirely satisfied with the justice of the sentence  
and too much of a soldier to be scandalized in  
so public a manner for an action which he con-  
sidered to be his duty, he resolved to have re-  
course to stratagem; he therefore went to the  
appointment with his gun, loaded with a brace  
of balls, his sword and cartridge box by his side,  
and his knapsack on his back with six days  
provision in it. Service was about half over  
when he entered the sanctuary in this martial  
array. He marched leisurely into a corner,  
and took his position. As soon as the benedic-  
tion was ended, the holy parson began his ex-  
communication; but scarce had he pronounced  
the words "Offending brother," when the hon-  
est veteran cocked and levelled his weapon of  
destruction, at the same time crying out with a  
loud voice, "proceed if you dare—proceed and  
you are a dead man!"—At this unexpected at-  
tack, the astonished clergyman shrunk behind  
his desk, and his opponent with great delibera-  
tion recovered his arms. Some moments elapsed  
before the parson had courage to peep from  
his ecclesiastical battery; when finding the old  
hero had come to a rest, he tremblingly reach-  
ed the order to the eldest deacon desiring him  
to read it. The deacon with stammering ac-  
cents, and eyes staring wild affright, began as  
he was commanded; but no sooner had he done  
so, than the devoted victim again levelled his  
piece, and more vehemently than before ex-  
claimed, "desist, and march—I will not live  
with shame—desist and march; I say, or you  
are all dead men!" Little need had he to re-  
peat his threats; the man of God leaped from  
his desk, and escaped; the deacon, elders and  
congregation, followed in equal trepidation; the  
greatest confusion prevailed; the women with  
shrieks and cries sought their homes; and the  
victor was left undisturbed master of the field  
and of the church too, the doors of which he  
calmly locked, put the keys in his pocket, and  
sent them with his respects to the pastor. He  
then marched home with all the honors of war,  
lived thirteen years afterwards, and died a brother  
in full communion, declaring to the last (a-  
mongst his intimates) that he never tasted so  
great a dainty before.

## The Generous Mask.

A TALE.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A beautiful lady of Bourdeaux mourned  
with the sincerest grief for her husband, who  
as she had heard by report, had perished, by  
shipwreck. A numerous croud of suitors at-

the confirmation of this rumour to solicit her  
hand. She behaved towards them with the ut-  
most decency and propriety; yet, as she wish-  
ed to make return for the politeness they shew-  
ed her, she made a splendid entertainment for  
them, on one of the concluding days of the car-  
nival. While the company were engaged in  
play, a stranger, masked, and habited as a gen-  
tleman, entered, and set down to play with the la-  
dy. He lost, demanded his revenge, and lost  
again. This adverse fortune attended him ten  
or twelve times successively, because he adroit-  
ly managed the dice in such a manner, that  
the chance was continually against him. Oth-  
er players then wished to try their luck with  
him, but the experiment did not turn to their ad-  
vantage.—The lady again resumed her place,  
and won an immense sum, which the mask los-  
t with a good humor and gaiety that absolutely as-  
tonished the spectators. Some person observed  
loud enough to be heard, that this was not  
playing but lavishly throwing away one's money;  
on which the mask, raising his voice, said "that  
he was the Daemon of Riches, which he valued  
not, except so far as it was in his power to be-  
stow them on that lady;" and immediately, to  
prove the truth of his words, he produced sev-  
eral bags full of gold, and others filled with di-  
amonds and different kinds of precious stones;  
offering to stake them on one single throw  
against any thing of the most trivial value she  
might please to propose. The lady startled  
and, embarrassed by this declaration, now re-  
fused to play any more; and the whole com-  
pany knew not what to think of this extraordi-  
ary occurrence, when an old lady present, ob-  
served to the person next her, that the mask  
must certainly be the devil; and that his riches,  
his appearance, his discourse and his dexterity  
at play, all sufficiently shewed what he was.  
The stranger, overhearing this profited by the  
hint. He assumed the air and style of a magi-  
cian, mentioned several things which could be  
known only to the lady, spoke several foreign  
languages, performed many ingenious tricks,  
and concluded by declaring, that he was come  
to demand a certain person in the company,  
who had given herself to him, and also, he pro-  
tested, belonged to him; asserting, at the same  
time that he would take her to himself, and ne-  
ver leave her more, in defiance of every obsta-  
cle. All eyes were now turned on the lady,  
who knew not what to think of this adventure,  
the women trembled, the men smiled, and the  
genius still continued to excite the perplexity  
and admiration of the company. This extraor-  
dinary scene lasted so long, that some grave  
personages, at last, arrived, and were on the  
point of exercising him.  
The mask, however, turned every thing into  
ridicule with so much wit, that he had the  
laughs on his side. At length, when he found  
that it was no longer time for raillery, he took  
off his mask, which immediately brought on the  
denouement of this extraordinary entertainment,  
by exciting an exclamation of joy from the  
mistress of the house. In the generous stran-  
ger she immediately recognized her husband,  
who having been in Spain, had gone from thence  
to Peru, where he had made an immense for-  
tune, and returned laden with riches. He had  
learned on his arrival, that his lady was to give  
an entertainment and a masqued ball to some  
particular friends. An opportunity so favorable  
to disguise, inspired with a wish to introduce  
himself without being known, and he had chosen  
the most extravagant dress he could meet with.  
The whole company, which, in a great measure,  
consisted of his relations and friends, congratu-  
lated him on his return, and willingly resign-  
ed to him his amiable lady, whom he had very  
justly claimed as his own.

A Sergeant (probably an Irishman) being on  
a march at the head of a company, a dog ran  
up to him with open mouth to make a snap.  
The sergeant having a fixed bayonet, ran it  
down the dog's throat, and killed him. The  
owner coming up made a great out cry at his  
dog being killed, and demanded of the sons of  
Mars why he could not as well have struck him  
with the butt end of his musket?—So I would  
(answered the sergeant) if he had ran at me with

## SWIFT.

The enemies of Swift privately accused him  
to the throne of impiety and deism; by which  
means, it is said, they succeeded in preventing  
his being made a bishop. Amongst the various  
writings of the dean which were adduced to  
substantiate the charge, was the following: "I  
believe in king George, the greatest captain  
and wisest monarch between heaven and earth;  
and in sir Robert Walpole, his only minister,  
our lord; who was begotten of Barrett, the at-  
torney, born of M. s. W., of Houghton, ac-  
cused of corruption, convicted, expelled, and  
imprisoned. He went down into Norfolk: the  
third year he came up again. He ascended in-  
to the administration, and sitteth at the head of  
the treasury, from whence he shall pay all those  
who vote as they are commanded."

"I believe in Horace's treaty, the sanctity of  
the bishops, the independency of the lords, the  
integrity of the common, restitution from the  
Spaniards, resurrection of credit, discharge of  
the public debts, and peace everlasting."

## BOLD COUP DE MAIN.

The great Conde speaking of the intrepidity  
of soldiers, says that lying before a place that  
had a palisado to be burnt, he promised fifty  
louis to any one who should carry it by a *coup  
de main*. The danger was so apparent, that the  
reward did not tempt any one. "Sir," said a  
soldier more courageous than the rest, "I will  
relinquish the fifty louis that you promise if  
your highness will make me sergeant of my  
company." The Prince pleased with the gener-  
osity of the soldier, who preferred honor to  
money, promised him both. Animated by the  
reward that awaited his return, he resolved to  
gain it, or die a glorious death. He took a  
lambeau, descended into the ditch, reached the  
palisado, and set it on fire, in the midst of a  
shower of musketry, by which he was slightly  
wounded. All the army witnesses of this ac-  
tion, seeing him return, cheered him and heap-  
ed on him loud praises, when he perceived he  
had lost one of his pistols. A soldier offered  
him others:—"No," said he, "I will never be  
reproached that these rascals got my pistol."  
He went to the ditch again, exposed himself  
to a hundred discharges of musketry, regained  
his pistol, and returned in safety.

Pope Sixtus V. while he was Cardinal feign-  
ed himself broken with age and infirmities, and  
stooped to excess; looking upon this as one  
probable means of his exaltation to the Papal  
chair. It being observed to him soon after his  
election, that he carried himself much more  
erect than he had lately done. "I was looking  
for the keys of St. Peter," said he, "but having  
found them, I have no longer any occasion to  
stoop."

A married woman of the Shawnee Indians  
made this beautiful reply to a man whom she  
met in the woods, and who implored her to love  
and look on him: "Oulaman, my husband,"  
said she, "who is forever before my eyes, hinder  
me from seeing you."

## WOMAN.

The affections of the female sex are far  
stronger and more ardent than our own; and  
had it till then been disputable, the countless in-  
stances of their heroic conduct during the  
French Revolution, recorded on most unques-  
tionable authority, have settled this fact for ever.  
No personal fatigue could overcome them; and  
no personable danger could for an instant deter  
them from seeking in the foulest dungeons the  
father or the child, the husband or the lover.  
Months after months were they known to se-  
crete from revolutionary vengeance some ob-  
ject of their affection, when the discovery of  
his concealment would have been his inevitable  
and immediate death. Were a friend arrested,  
their ingenuity never relaxed a moment in con-  
trivance for his escape: were he naked they  
clothed him: were he sick, they visited him:  
and when all efforts proved unavailing for his  
deliverance, often did they infuse into his sink-  
ing soul their own ability to meet death with for-  
titude, and even with cheerfulness. During in-  
fancy, they nourish us; during the periods of  
youth and manhood, they are the charm of our  
existence: in ill age, they cherish and console  
us; and on the bed of sickness, the exquisite  
delicacy of their attentions, the tiresome watch-  
ings which they will undergo without a mur-  
mur, the fretfulness which they will bear with  
complacency, and the good offices (however re-  
pulsive,) which they are at all times ready to  
perform, demand from us more than every re-  
turn of attachment, gratitude, kindness, and love,  
which it is in our power to make.

Who is feared by all the weak, despised by  
all the strong, and hated by all the good, may  
secretly say to himself—No matter, if there be  
no other rascal left on the earth, I am still one.

The bad man, who protects a other bad man,  
has either committed some