

THE PATRIOT.

Sequence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE, MARCH, 1822.

SELECTED.

MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

The hum of care, the blaze of day,
Have fled, or sunk in shade, away;
The anxious mind, the plodding brow,
Released, are lost in slumber now:
Even happiness is hushed in sleep,
And grief intense forgets to weep;
Creation owns the soothing power,
'Tis Midnight's lone, majestic hour.

Now, while yon sapphires speck the gloom,
And the rich Cynosure illumines;
While the pale lamp, wanes dimly apace,
My soul in wakeful mood shall trace,
Not scenes of old—but future years,
The Future! dread recess of fears!
Of future hope, of keen desire,
O! shall I seek an angel's lyre,
Or ask the prophet's holy eye,
To scan thy depths, Futurity!

Say! shall the disembodied soul,
Wander where liquid planets roll?
Or in some higher heaven, enjoy,
The bliss, that deathless ne'er can cloy?
Or shall the Essence, frequent here,
The haunts, once known, perhaps now dear!
With kindly errand, hover nigh,
Wipe every tear—dispel the sigh,
Attend frail mortals to the hour,
Of final peace—with holy power,
Support them in the arms of death,
And take the calmly yielding breath?
Shall it—but anxious thought, forbear!
Enough, that with protecting care,
A Father! Comforter, is near,
Thy Surety—thy All is here!
The secrets of the vaulted skies,
The bright emporium, FAITH describes,
With chastened dread, let hope, then soar,
And humbly, warmly, still adore.

CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

The author had long corresponded with a lady of literary taste, who sent her letters from "The Little Corner of the World," while he as fancifully, dated his from the "Castle in the Air." She suddenly and mysteriously suspended this epistolary intercourse, and our poet heard nothing from his fair correspondent, until some years after, he met her in Paris, married to an English nobleman, of distinction and wealth.—The interview gave birth to this beautiful effusion:

FROM THE 'CASTLE IN THE AIR'

To the 'Little corner of the World.'

In the region of clouds where the whirlwinds arise,
My "Castle of Fancy" was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And my windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow, sometimes, in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around;
And the picture, that Fancy, in clouds can create,
Supplied me with garden and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange tree groves;
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves;
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen, and roll'd,
While wrapt in a slumber I lay;
And when I looked out in the morning, behold!
My castle was carried away!

It pass'd over rivers, and vallies and groves,
The World! it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, and their loves,
And often, full often of you.

Length it came over a beautiful scene,
That nature and silence had made;
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gaz'd, and I envied with painful good will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air;
When all on a sudden, my castle stood still,
As if some attraction were there.

Like a lark from the sky, it came fluttering down,
And plac'd me exactly in view;
When, who should I meet, in this charming retreat,
In this corner of calmness, but you.

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain;
And the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my castle again.

Mr. Printer,

By publishing the following, from the Port Folio, you will much oblige an

OLD MAID.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

SOBER REFLECTIONS.—By a Village Beau.

The following reflections are evidently not from one of those who would exclaim, with Cinna, the Poet, "wisely I am a bachelor." The churlish chidings of a December blast have inspired my correspondent with other thoughts, and he has uttered a fervent exhortation to matrimony, for which peradventure, he may be rewarded by a nosegay of bachelor's buttons from some of the sisterhood.

In this inclement season when Nature, like a lovely nun, has veiled herself in snowy vestments, and no longer spreads her roses, and her lillies, & her thousand soft enchantments to the delighted eye of man, it may not be unprofitable to indulge those meditations which the passing hour inspires. "The father of the tempest" has come forth in all his majesty, and the little creatures of this world fly before him, or sink benumbed at his approach. The songster has left the grove, the beast retired to his cover, and even the poet finds the current of his genius frozen. To the poor this is the season of supreme poverty, and the wretched feel that the hand of God is upon them. But of all the animated world the solitary Bachelor has most reason to dread the approach of winter—cold and comfortless is his habitation—the raging blast whistles mournfully to his ears, for, like Park in the wilderness, he has "no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." He was idle in the harvest, and has gathered no grain; he strolled in the vineyard until the grapes grew sour. Like the foolish virgins in the parable, he has neglected until too late, to procure that which is essential to his happiness—and lo! the winter cometh, and he has no wife! "Such a man do I profess myself." The benevolent reader will therefore exercise a charitable patience, if he find my speculations as dull as I myself am solitary, nor marvel that the meditations of an isolated being, who shivers over a lonely hearth, without a partner to comfort, or a friend to enliven, should evaporate in sober reflections.

Wintry, indeed is the heart,—bleak and cold are the prospects of an Old Bachelor. He stands alone like the tree in the desert waste, when the wind whistles among its leafless branches. As the waters freeze and cease to flow, when the warmth of the sun is withdrawn, so does his blood congeal when the smiles of beauty cease to play about his heart. If he look out upon the trees, and behold their spreading tops loaded with snowy clusters, they remind him of the hoary locks that will soon adorn his own temples. To others age is honorable, but to him it brings no pleasure. The wise son of Sirach has said that "a faithful friend is the medicine of life"—but a bachelor has no friend. In this world the only "friend who sticketh closer than a brother," is a virtuous wife.

Such are the cool reflections of him who lives and dies in "single blessedness;" and there is scarcely an hour of the day, or an event in life, which does not produce something to awaken them. When the spring of youth has passed away, and his manhood has mellowed into the "sear and yellow leaf," he looks round among his early companions for a friend—but some have removed to a distant country, some are married, and some are dead. He seems to have stood still while others pressed forward in the race of life: and there is none left whose feelings are congenial with his own. Some have left the stage of existence, while others have assumed its important characters; but he remains a single gentleman, neither richer, wiser, nor by his own account, older, than when he began the world; and he now exclaims with Hamlet, "how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable appear to me the uses of this life."

But although the old bachelor may be willing to call himself a young man, he soon discovers that the ladies are far from agreeing with him in opinion. He that was once thought an agreeable partner in a country dance, a brilliant wit, and even a tolerable poet, now finds his jokes neglected, and his verses without a listener.—The ladies use their beaux as they do their

nosegays—they wear them with pride while they are blooming, but cast them off when they wither, and gather those that are more fresh. The bachelor, who is thus repelled, can only solace himself by exclaiming in the bitterness of his heart:

"Strange that a breast so formed to move,
In all the elegance of love,
Should harbour danger and deceit,
And spurn the form it sought to greet!
Strange that an eye so soft, so bright,
With all the grace of eastern light,
Should gaze a while, then turn away,
And after fresher objects stray!"

But he still loves to bask in the sunbeam of beauty: An old wagon-horse loves the crack of the whip—and a superannuated beau delights in the caprices of his fair tyrants. Like the worn out charger, turned out to graze, he will bow his neck and point his ears, at the sound of the trumpet. Indeed, I am of the opinion that a bachelor should never despair, for 'while there is life there is hope'—and "There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late, May find some honest gander for a mate." Moses, the Jewish lawgiver, was forty years old when he went to the land of Midian; but having been brought up by Pharaoh's daughter, he had figured in the best circles, and was doubtless an accomplished man. When he saw Jethro's daughters watering their flocks at the well, he showed himself to be much of a gentleman: for he politely stepped forward and drew water for them. This gallantry of Moses was no unrewarded, for he became the husband of one of the fair shepherdesses whose labours he had lightened. Gentlemen of forty should remember the example of Moses, and not become "weary of well doing." Let them loiter by the fountains, where nymphs resort, and practise civility, and haply they may be rewarded with smiles as sweet and as sincere as those that beamed on the delighted Israelite.

The good Book has said, "be in peace with many, nevertheless, have but one counsellor;" and I will add let that counsellor be a female, and have her lawfully sworn in, according to the good old Presbyterian form, to "love honor, and obey"—then shall she be like the wine described in the Scripture, "when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure."

We are told to defer not till to-morrow that which may be done to-day. The bachelor who neglects to enjoy, "the last best gift of Heaven" until a more convenient season, may share the fate of the maiden, who went out into the field to gather flowers. While her companions culled the choicest buds, she was listening to the melody of the birds, and chasing the yellow winged butterflies. When she saw all the res adorned with garlands, she bethought herself of gathering also a wreath. As she had delayed her choice so long, she was now resolved to outshine her fair companions—but she could find no flowers to please her fastidious taste.—At last she was roused by the voices of her friends—the merry troop were about to return home—she could not bare to be left or to go unadorned, and grasping hastily the nearest bud she placed it in her breast, and found, too late, it was a thistle! Beware, then how ye loiter by the way—listen not to the song of the syren, nor chase the butterflies of pleasure—but gather the flowers while they bloom, nor wait until it be too late, lest ye grasp a weed.

I shall now conclude with a few practical remarks. "It is not good for man to be alone." He is a social creature, and must have company. Woman is the

"—nearest and loveliest thing
He can twine with himself; and make closely his own!"
and if he neglect to secure the happiness of her society, he must cling to something else which may turn out to be less congenial with his nature. While the bachelor is "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," the married man has many sociable, quiet duties to employ his time. "As a walled town is more honorable than a village," says Shakespeare, "so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor." Let him then, who would cheer the solitude of a winter's evening and avert the horrors of old age, get married. My friends must not expect me to set them the ex-

ample—my day has gone by—once I was young, but now I am old—and they must do as I say, not as I do; and the best wish that I can put up for them is—that they will avoid the fate and profit by the sober reflections, of

A VILLAGE BEAU.

YANKEE TRICK.

The Winchester (Va.) Republican gives us an amusing account of a Yankee trick played off in that neighborhood, by one of those good natured pedlers, who travel the world over for the public accommodation. It seems that the pedler desired accommodation for the night at a tavern near Winchester; but from the prejudice frequently existing against this class, our host for a long time refused. At last, he consented on condition that the pedler should play him a Yankee trick before he left him. The offer was accepted. On rising in the morning, Jonathan carefully secured the counterpane of the bed, which among other articles, he pressed the landlady to purchase. The low price of the counterpane operated at once upon the latter, who had insisted that her husband should buy it, adding that it would match her's exactly. Jonathan took his money, mounted his cart, and got fairly under way, when our host called to him, that he had forgotten the Yankee trick he was to play upon him.—"O never mind," says Jonathan, "you will find it out soon enough!"

During the examinations of surgeons for the army or navy, it is well known that the veterans of that respectable class, question very minutely those who wish to become qualified.—After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous inquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration, what he would prescribe? He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines in case the first failed, and had some hopes that he should pass with credit; but the unmerciful querist thus continued: "Pray, Sir, suppose none of these succeeded what step would you take next?" "Why, Sir, rejoined the enraged and harassed son of Esculapius, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that would not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

A NOBLE CHARACTER.

Tchekaualon, a celebrated Indian chief, who commanded the United Indians, at the defeat of general St. Clair, in 1793, was an uncommon man; for with the talents and fame of a great warrior, he was the uniform supporter of peace and good order, among five or six tribes, who put their trust in him; simple, wise, and temperate, but ardent in his pursuits; speaking different languages eloquently; attached to the principal chief of his nation, whom he supported, though he might have supplanted him; he preserved his dignity in every situation, by a correct reserve; to his friends, he was, as it were, unembodied, showing all the movements of his soul; gay, witty, pathetic, and playful by turns, as feelings were drawn forth; but, above all things, he was sincere.

COURAGE, MONSIEUR.

A benevolent Frenchman, ignorant of our language, accidentally went into a place of worship in the country, while the preacher was whining out his dolorous accents, in the "Praise-God-barebones" style; and, commiserating his apparent distress, and hoping that his circumstances were not quite so bad as he seemed to represent them, called out for the impulse of humanity, "courage monsieur."

A Yankee pedler, on his way to the west with a two horse load of notions, put up at the house of an honest dutchman between Harrisburg and Wheeling, and as it happened was detained there three or four days by a heavy rain which made the roads and streams impassible. At last the sky brightened up and he hitched too, but when the reckoning came to be paid which was \$10, Jonathan requested the host to score it until he returned from his voyage, promising very honestly to discharge it then. This did not suit the dutchman, however, who insisted on the cash, which was at last reluctantly paid him. It was then the custom, as it is now, to treat a traveller, upon payment of his bill, to a glass, and the tavern keeper was never backward in following the custom. But on handing out a mug of clear cider, Jonathan remarked shrewdly that it would make fine wine, and said he had a secret by which through a short process he could convert cider into the best of wine. This put Mynheer on the netles; possess it he must, so finally took the yankee up on his offer of putting the cider into the process of wine making, for \$10 down, and \$50 more when he returned, it it succeeded to the landlord's mind. Jonathan was accordingly conducted to the cellar, and having procured a half inch augur, bored a hole in one end of the hogshead of cider, and directed Mynheer to apply his thumb to it while he bored a like hole in the other end, and then ordered him to stretch his other arm so as to cover that also, having thus got the unsuspecting dutchman into business, he directed him to remain so until he cut two spigots for the holes, and walking out to his wagon jumped in and was off, leaving his credulous friend to make wine of his cider the best way he could, and to get back the \$10 when he caught him.