

THE PATRIOT.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE, JUNE, 1823.

SELECTED.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER, ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANTS.

By John Quincy Adams, Esq.

Sure to the mansions of the blest,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

On wings of ecstasy they rise
Beyond where worlds material roll;
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

There at th' Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

Chain'd for a dreary length of tears
Down to these elements below,
Some stain the sky-born spirit bears,
Extracted from this world of wo.

That unextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a most dim discolour'd gleam,
The more it lingers on this earth.

Clos'd in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns;
Not unobscur'd the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath:
Lays his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb.

No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quench'd the radiance of the flame:
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts unclouded as it came.

Oh Mary! be that solace thine,
Let hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe with melodies divine
The anguish of a mother's heart.

Oh! think the darlings of thy love,
Divested of this earthly clod,
Amid unnumber'd saints above
Bask in the bosom of their God.

Of their short pilgrimage on earth
Still tender images remain;
Still, still they bless thee for their birth,
Still filial gratitude retain.

The days of pain, the nights of care,
The bosom's agonizing strife,
The pangs which thou for them didst bear,
No! they forget them not with life.

Scarce could their germinating thought conceive,
While in this vale of tears they dwelt,
Scarce their fond sympathy relieve
The suffrance thou for them hast felt.

But there the soul's perennial flower
Expands in never fading bloom;
Spurns at the grave's poor transient hour,
And shouts immortal from the tomb.

No weak unform'd idea there
Toils, the mere promise of a mind;
The tide of intellect flows clear,
Strong, full, unchanging and refin'd.

Each anxious care, each rending sigh,
That wrung for them the parent's breast,
Dwells on remembrance in the sky,
Amid the raptures of the blest.

O'er thee with looks of love they bend,
For thee the Lord of life implore;
And oft from sainted bliss descend,
Thy wounded quiet to restore.

Oft in the stillness of the night,
They smooth the pillow for thy bed;
Oft till the morn's returning light
Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark! in such strains as saints employ
They whisper to thy bosom, Peace;
Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
And bid the streaming sorrow cease.

Then dry henceforth the bitter tear;
Their part and thine inverted see!
Thou wert their guardian angel here,
They guardian angels now to thee.

THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED.

One Richard Middleton, a soldier, attended divine service with the rest of the regiment in a church in Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible to find the parson's text, spread a pack of cards before him. This behaviour was observed by the clergyman and serjeant of the company to which he belonged. The latter ordered him to put up the cards, and on his refusal conducted him after service, before the mayor, and preferred a formal complaint of

Richard's indecent behaviour;—Well, soldier, said the mayor, what excuse have you to offer? If you can make an apology it is well, if not you shall be severely punished.—Since your honor is so good, replied Richard, as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days on the march with the bare allowance of six-pence per day, consequently could not have a bible or other good book—on saying this, Richard drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the aces to the mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows:—When I see an ace, may it please your honor, it reminds me that there is only one God; and when I look upon a two or three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, and the latter of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; a four, of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; a five, the five wise virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps (there were ten indeed, but five your worship may remember were wise and five were foolish; a six, that in six days God created heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; an eight, of the eight righteous persons who were saved from the deluge, to wit: Noah and his wife and three sons and three daughters; a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our saviour (there were ten, but one only offered his tribute of thanks;) a ten, of the ten commandments:

Richard then took the knave, placed it beside him, and passed on to the queen, on which he observed as follows: This queen reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, as her companion the king does of the great king of heaven, and of king George the second.

Well, returned the mayor you have given me a good description of all the cards except the knave. If your honor will not be angry with me, returned Richard, I can give you the same satisfaction on that as any in the pack. No, said the mayor. Well, returned the soldier, the greatest knave I know, is the serjeant who brought me before you; I don't know, replied the mayor, whether he be the greatest knave or not, but I am sure he is the greatest fool. The soldier then continued as follows: When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are 365, so many days in the year. The cards in a pack are 52, so many weeks there are in a year; when I reckon how many tricks there are in a pack, I find there are 12, so many months there are in a year. So that this pack of cards is both bible, almanac and prayer-book to me. The mayor called his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier well, gave him a piece of money, and said he was the cleverest fellow he ever heard in his life.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

The resurrection men have adopted a new plan to prevent detection by dressing the bodies that they steal, so that if seen they appear asleep. A few days ago two of them coming from the country, stopped at a public house about four miles from town, with the body of a man, whom, after violating the grave, they dressed in the uniform of a soldier.—While in the house taking refreshment, a soldier who was billeted there, went to the door to smoke his pipe, and curiosity having induced him to look into the cart, he perceived a soldier, as he supposed, asleep, whom in the first instance he conceived to be a deserter, and hailed him. "Halloo comrade, where to?" Not receiving an answer, he attempted to awake the corpse, exclaiming "come my boy let us have a drink." No answer being made, he went to the hostler, and they examined the body, when the latter expressed his suspicion that the fellows who were in the house, were "body snatchers," and he and the soldier held a council of war as to what steps they should pursue, when it was agreed to convey the dead man into the stable and that the soldier should take his place in the cart, while the hostler would follow on horse-

back to assist him in case of need. This was accordingly done, and Snatchers having refreshed drove off with the cart; but they had not proceeded a hundred yards before they found the supposed dead man tumbling about, and stopped to remedy the inconvenience.

On taking hold of him, one of the fellows observed, "Ise be curst if this here subject is 'nt warm." "Dam em, but he's hot;"—"and so would you too," said the soldier, "if you had come from where I have been." This was enough; the snatchers were petrified, and almost terrified to death; but as soon as they recovered they set off, leaving the cart and horse in possession of the soldier and hostler, neither of which has since been owned. The body of the dead man was in two days after restored to his friends by whom it was missed from the grave.

WHIMSICAL CIRCUMSTANCE.

Love, it is said, laughs at lock smiths—a fact which is exemplified even in the history of rustic lovers, who where they dare not lift the latch for fear of awakening the good old man, not unfrequently contrive to pop their pullet heads and drag their brawney shoulders through wonderfully small holes and winnows. But while the vertical mode of visiting the lasses is by no means uncommon in country houses, the perpendicular is rather new. Nevertheless, a deed of even this description was attempted at Whithorn on Tuesday last; the hero being a sea-faring youth of the name of Palmer, and the heroine servant to a respectable innkeeper. The former, it appears had been making rather free with a can of grog, and despairing, perhaps of finding any other mode of ingress, he mounted to the top of a two story house, and there endeavored to pounce upon his sweetheart, by throwing himself, sweep-like, down the chimney. This it must be confessed, was rather a hazardous experiment, and so our hero felt; for when about midships as a sailor would say, he fairly stranded amidst stones, lime, smoke, and soot—nor could all his efforts ever again disentangle his carcase. For more than 2 hours he tugged and pulled, scratched and scrambled, being of course averse to expose himself to the ridicule of the whole town; at length, however, the love of life faintly triumphed over the sense of shame, and roaring out as loud as dust and smoke would let him, he craved the forgiveness and besought the good offices of the inmates below. At first his words sounded like a voice from the grave and terrified every one within the range of its wailings. In a few minutes the family were all astart; some feared it was a thief and others fancied it was a ghost: one cried, "Jamie, load the gun," and another whispered, "O Jenny bring the bible." At last colley dog set as dead at the man in the "jam," as ever pointer did at a partridge; and after this discovery, the family sallied forth and alarmed the neighbors. A council of war was next held on the subject, at which some talked of lighting a strong fire to force the intruder upwards, like other climbing boys, but the majority agreed on the more humane expedient of mounting to the top of the house, and pulling the man out with ropes.—This they found no easy task, but at last the culprit was uncased, with legs as black and blue as the element he had passed through. When interrogated as to how he had got into such a scrape, he coolly replied,—"he had taken the wrong part;" an answer which was deemed so unsatisfactory, that our hero was committed for one day to the jail of Whithorn. This in course, was no great punishment; for, after the horrible duration from which he had been released, even the black hole at Calcutta must have appeared a perfect palace. *Dumfries Courier.*

IS NOT THIS A HOAX?

Dr. Church is now at Birmingham, preparing his new Printing Press. The compositor has only to set down at this curious piece of mechanism as he would at a piano forte, and as he strikes the keys, the types all fall from the case into their proper places with a velocity

that keeps pace with the most rapid speaker. The form having been worked off the type moves into the melting pot from which it is returned re-cast in its original state, without any diminution of material, and thence distributed into the case quite new. One of these presses, placed at the bar of the House of Commons, would always insure a correct report of the debate. Dr. Church the inventor, is a native of Boston in New England.

London Paper, March 2.

A dandy remarked one summer day, that the weather was so excessively hot, that when he put his head into a basin of water, it fairly boiled, received for reply, "Then, sir, you had calf's head soup, at very little expense."

An Irishman being about to sell a horse that had but one eye; on being told his defect, he contended he was the better of that, and he could prove it; on this they laid a wager, when Pat proved the propriety of his position by stating that if he had not one, he would have none.

Many have supposed dandyism to be a folly of modern date. By reference however to the works of the Simple Cobbler of Agawam, it will be found that the tribe existed in our sister city of Boston, more than a century ago. With some quaintness and evident indignation, the honest cobbler thus describes the candy of that day:—"I look at him as the very gizzard of a tribe, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kicked, (if he were of a kickable substance,) than either honored or humored."

During the late war, it will be remembered, that a bloody combat took place off the southern part of Nantucket, between the American privateer Nantucket, and the boats of the British frigate *Endymion*. The wounded of both parties were landed at this place. Among them were two messmates, one of whom had his under jaw dreadfully shattered by a musket ball, and the other was so wounded in the wrist, as to render necessary the amputation of his hand. Soon after the necessary surgical operations had been performed, they were invited to dine at a friend's house, where they were observed to stick to each other with a peculiar tenacity. The company fell to; but our maimed heroes were respectively disabled from performing those manual and maxillary exploits which were exhibiting around. After having conspicuously surveyed the scene without any offer of assistance from the busy guests whose diffidence perhaps outweighed their inclinations—he with one *finger*, thus sternly, though with much point and humour, addressed his broken jawed companion: I say, Jack, since you can't grind nor carve and the hand lubbers are all tucking the beet under their jackets, what say for splicing?—If you'll cut for me, I'll chew for you.

Nantucket Paper.

GENERAL NASH.

General Nash, in the Battle of Germantown, October 5th, 1777, was severely wounded in the thigh, the bone of which was shattered by a grape shot. While they were bearing him off the field, a friend coming up, began to console him on his situation, and asked him how he felt; "it is unmanly," said the dying hero "to complain, but it is more than human nature can bear."

At a time when DRUNKENNESS and the love of strong liquors is deplored by the wise and the good, we have thought we could not render a more acceptable service than by presenting a picture of the consequences of that sinful vice. It is indeed the prolific mother of a thousand crimes. It is a yawning and bottomless grave into which millions of the human race have fallen. War, Pestilence and Famine have not been so destructive to human life and human happiness as Drunkenness. The picture we present is ancient—but it is full of truth; the coloring is vivid and the likeness as strong as it was a century and a half ago. Would to God that those who are hastening down the precipitous mountain of vice, would read with attention this description of the road they are travelling, and the desolate country to which it conducts. If they will not listen to the voice of man; if they will be deaf to the cries of humanity and hear not the wailings of kindred, let them at least pause at the awful denunciations which have gone forth from the pens of inspired writers.

Democratic Press.

A Frenchman being afflicted with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism? "One very great difference," replied Monsieur, "suppose you take one vice, you put your finger in, you turn de screw till you bear him no longer—d it is de rheumatism—den, suppose you give him one turn more—dat is de gout."

Clerical Facetiousness.—The noted Daniel Burgess, the non-conformist minister, once preaching of Job's "robe of righteousness," said, "If any of you would have a suit for a twelve month, let him repair to Monmouth street; if for his life time, let him apply to the Court of Chancery; but if for all eternity, let him put on the robe of righteousness."