

THE PATRIOT.

Elquence the soul, song charms the sense.

BELLEFONTE, JULY, 1823.

SELECTED.

From the American Republican.

After the company training of the "Republican Artillerists of Chester County," on Thursday the 22d instant, the members partook of a collation at the house of Major Pearce; where they passed a couple of hours in high glee and good humor. Among the Songs called forth, on the occasion, was the following new one; which was produced, and sung, by a Member of the Corps:—the whole Company joining in the Chorus with the most lively zeal, and hearty good will.

John Andrew Shulze.

A NEW SONG FOR 1823.

TUNE, "Auld lang syne."

REPUBLICANS! from right to left,
Heads up! and dress in line!
We'll show the world we're staunch and true,
As in days o' lang syne.

CHORUS.

For John Andrew Shulze, d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
We'll give an undivided vote
For John Andrew Shulze.

The People's Voice, throughout the state,
For SHULZE, did fairly join;
And we'll support the Peoples choice,
As in days o' lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze; d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
In solid column we will vote,
For John Andrew Shulze.

The WHIGS OF CHESTER, they are true,
You'll know it by this sign,
You'll see them marching to the Polls,
As in days o' lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
You'll see them pouring in their votes,
For John Andrew Shulze.

For surely you'll give your voice,
And surely I'll give mine,
And every man will do his part,
As in days o' lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze, d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
We'll to the Polls, in ancient style,
For John Andrew Shulze.

Our Youthful Whigs, too, they'll pursue
The straight, unerring line,
Their honor'd Fathers mark'd for them,
In days o' lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze, d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
You'll see the generous lads parade,
For John Andrew Shulze.

Und jeder Deutsche Bruder, auch,
Mit Herz getreu, und ren;
Bei naechster Wahl vortreten will,
Wie'n Tage von lang syne.

Fuer John Andrew Shulze mein Herr,
Fuer John Andrew Shulze—
Die ganze Deutsche Stimme geht,
Fuer John Andrew Shulze.

The Feds may chance to warp a few,
Some six, or eight, or nine,
But all the rest they'll find as true
As in days o' lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
They'll find us all united firm
For John Andrew Shulze.

Our old opponents; if they choose,
May rant, defame, and whine:
'Twas aye their trade to slander Whigs,
In days o' lang syne.

But John Andrew Shulze, d'ye hear?
But John Andrew Shulze—
Their slanders pass like idle wind,
By John Andrew Shulze.

Let Feds, and Quids, and Renegades,
Their "Fragments" all combine;
We'll meet, and beat them, as we did,
In days o' lang syne.

To John Andrew Shulze d'ye hear?
To John Andrew Shulze—
The motly crew must all submit,
To John Andrew Shulze.

"REPUBLICAN ARTILLERISTS!"
Attend the Countersign,
And emulate the Sentries true,
Of auld lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze, d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
The Countersign, for next campaign,
Is John Andrew Shulze.

And when the Victory is won,
We'll form a jovial line;
We'll hail the bright, returning days,
Of auld lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze, d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
We'll make the welkin joyous ring,
For John Andrew Shulze.

Attention, Waiter! no delay—
Bring in your choicest Wine,
We'll drink a Bumper to the Men,
And days o' lang syne.

For John Andrew Shulze, d'ye hear?
For John Andrew Shulze—
Those good old times will be renew'd
By John Andrew Shulze.

GINEVRA,

OR THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

Constant reports strengthened by three centuries and a half, put an end to the doubts which some had entertained, as to the truth and accuracy of the facts which took place in the person of Ginevra Degil Ameri, and of Antonio Rondinelli her lover. Antonio Rondinelli became enamored of the above named damsel, about the year of our Lord 1396; he continued to persevere in his courtship for 4 years, with great opposition from her father, who on no condition, would agree to give her in marriage to Rondinelli. Nay, he was pleased to choose a youth of the family of Agolanti, named Francesco, as being perhaps a little richer than the other, although the inclination of the girl little concurred in it.—When the father of Ginevra had concluded this alliance with Francesco Agolanti, who gave her the ring, the passion of love increased in Antonio Rondinelli, a young man in the flower of youth, in proportion as the hope of possessing her failed him, and having not been able to obtain his beloved he swore never to marry any other, for the rest, never losing sight of this one at festivals, at the churches, and in assemblies.

On the breaking out of the great mortality in the year 1400, which was in many cities of Italy, and principally in Florence, Ginevra also fell sick, and whether it was the plague or some other disease, hysterical affections assailed her to such a degree, that medicines having no effect, and the good care of the physicians, and the assiduities employed by her husband and mother-in-law being of no avail, she became entirely devoid of pulse, and senseless, so as to be believed by all the bystanders absolutely dead; the disease of hysterics being then unknown, which in succeeding times, has occasioned great mistakes, and among them, other living women to be buried as dead, who afterwards have been forced of necessity to die in their graves.

The tears of her husband were great, as well as the sorrows of those who knew her, on account of the excellent disposition she possessed, among her other endowments. The funeral was settled for the same day, the law perhaps not there obtaining, but since established that the dead should be kept as at present, twenty-four hours above ground. Antonio Rondinelli heard the event, and grew ill through grief, it not appearing to him possible that envious death should so soon have snatched her from life. At the twenty-second hour she was taken to be buried, in the tomb of her family, accompanied by the priests of the cathedral, to the churchyard of the same, and it is certain that this sepulchre is pointed out even to this day.

There was great talk through Florence of the death of this young woman in the flower of youth, and not many months married. When some hours of the night had passed, which was in the month of October in the time of full moon, Ginevra revived, or was somewhat relieved from the trance or lethargy, and having opened her eyes as awakening from a deep sleep, and recovered her strength, came to herself, although much weakened by the disease and by hunger. The moon being up, she knew by a fissure near her in the stone of the sepulchre, that she was in a burying place, and bound and shackled like a corpse, so that with that little strength which had returned to her, she tore part of the white vestments she had on, and taking courage, and recommending herself to God and the Saints, she raised herself first a little so as to sit, then crawling and supporting herself, she ascended from the tomb by the steps which led to the little stone, and

by trying and trying again, she succeeded in overturning part of that from above which was not built, and then by creeping got out. The fear of dying in earnest, and her great terror, joined with the coldness, produced by the season, and badly clothed, furnished no better expedient than to take that way, which now, from this event, is called the way of death; and she went in a very languid state, to the house of her husband, Agolanti, which stood in the line of the Adimarni, now the way of the Cabzajoh, but she went by the back way, and by that lane which still exists. When she rapped at the door, her husband, who stood melancholy at the fire, looked out and seeing that figure so unexpected, and hearing her hoarse and languishing voice he trembled with fear, and terrified, made the sign of the cross, so that believing that it was her spirit, he drove her away, promising that the following morning he would assist her with masses and prayers.

Ginevra wept, and lamenting and sobbing, she endeavored before she fainted in the street, to betake herself to the house of her father, Bernardo Amieri, who was not at home. Her mother answered from the window, and to the sound of lamentation, interrupted too by reason of the cold, which seized on her trembling limbs, being frightened, said nothing else than *go in peace blessed spirit*; with the intention of laying her. Ginevra, still more languid, her voice almost extinguished and quite weary, not knowing what else to do, took the road, resting herself by the way, towards the house of an uncle of her's near by; and this too was in vain, for she had no other reception than a *go in peace*, and the door shut hastily in her face. She was obliged to stop and lie down upon the ground, under the little terrace of St. Bartholomew, thinking that she should there have to die.

At which time, she bethought herself of her first lover, to whom she should have been married, contrasted with the present repulses and abhorrence which she so keenly felt; and although it appeared to her a long way to the habitation of Rondinelli, yet crawling along she got to the end of it, and rapped at the house of Antonio. Certainly Randinelli was the most courageous and intrepid, at the sight of her, of those whom she had gone to; for asking who she was that was covered in that way, he was not terrified in beholding her though breathless, and with a weak low voice; but having recognized her by degrees, had her carried quickly into the house and rapped in warm clothes, and laid in a bed temperately warm. He did not flatter himself, however, that she would live, but used every means to put off that crisis which he saw impending. In this state of things it cannot be known which was greater, his joy after having wept her as dead, or his grief to see her expiring.—He sat motionless beside her, keeping the people of the house occupied in attending her; the warm but penetrating temperature of the bed, by degrees brought her to herself, so that, timid and bashful, she was able to recommend her honor and future fame to her former lover, if, indeed, there was any hope of her surviving. She related to him, in the best way she could, and mostly by signs, what had happened. Meantime, the best cordials were not wanting, so that she had to protest, weeping, that in the person of Antonio, were combined the love, the compassion, the courage, which on that night, had forsaken her mother, her husband and her uncle.

As the conversation, hitherto difficult, and in an under voice, became by degrees somewhat more easy to her, she begged Antonio, that for every reason, he would go and close the tomb; and principally, that it might not be the means of making others, less fortunate than herself, fall or stumble. Already eggs, drink and nourishing broth, were prepared for her, and when he went to the church-yard, he provided other, though somewhat late restoratives. He made his mother lie down beside her for that night, and kept a maid servant to watch and attend her.

Four days had not passed when she announced that she was cured. And as it behoved her

seriously to think of her future state, she at length resolved, and resolving, determined never to return to her husband; and if the worst should happen to become a nun, rather than cohabit with him, it being of no use to him to appeal to the tribunals, for this reason, that it appeared that death dissolves the band of matrimony; and, in fact, who would have ever put it out of the head of her relations, who all rejected her, that she had really died? and it appeared to herself a miraculous thing, that she again lived. In this state of things, her former husband, Agolanti, sold her clothes and ornaments as no longer useful, all which Rondinelli bought to clothe her with. Meanwhile, having entered into a new marriage with him, under the hand of a notary, and her nearest relations, who were engaged in obtaining masses to be said for her soul, as it appeared to them she required, not knowing or not guessing the least of it, she went out on Sunday morning together with her new mother-in-law and a maid servant, Antonia following at a distance behind them, and all going to mass, she was recollected by some persons. She was also met by her mother, and all making a circle around her and interrogating her; her final answer was, that she being by the physicians, the ecclesiastics, and by all the bystanders, judged dead, and as such placed in the tomb; that she had after several hours, found herself alive, although treated and abhorred as dead; and that, having wonderfully made her way to the houses of her husband, her father, her uncle, she was received by none except Antonio, from whom the power of love took away all fear; and by receiving her, and succouring her with restoratives, had a great hand in her present resurrection. And certainly if it had not been for Antonia, that which had not really happened on the morning before, must have succeeded in that woeful night, when there was no less cause of dying than on the former. Finally, when she had returned from church and had dined, she was cited by the Vicar, by a messenger from the Bishop's palace. Francesco was there present, who could say nothing in contradiction of her recital; wherefore in the presence of her, of Francesco, and of Rondinelli, the sentences was not only, that she should remain the wife of Rondinelli, but that Agolanti should also restore to her her portion, which was done—for so it was that thro' the ignorance of hysterical affections, then existing in the faculty, Ginevra was believed really dead, and miraculously resuscitated.

CRUELTY OF A MOTHER.

At the London sessions, May 1, Johanna Hennesy was tried upon an indictment for deserting her child. According to the evidence, this unfeeling mother had laid her child upon the pavement in the night and left it; its cries were heard, and it was taken up and nursed by a lady living in the neighbourhood. The recorder was so much affected in his address to the guilty woman, that he burst into tears, and was unable to proceed. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. The prisoner in her defence alleged that poverty had compelled her to the course she pursued.

A clergyman, who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken winded horse for a sound one. The Parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with.—The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled observed—"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way."—"Well replied the parson, if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."—"Where was that," inquired the jockey.—"In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

Boston Eve. Gaz.

An Irishman in America, once wrote to his father in Ireland thus:

"Dear Father—I wish you would come and settle in this place, for your business is much better here than it is where you are; besides, I dare say you would soon get to be a colonel, a justice of the peace, or a consable; for in this country they have mighty mean men to fill those offices."

THE HESSIAN FLY.

The progress of this curse of the wheat Country, has been extensive and alarming almost beyond example, in nearly the whole of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio and Pennsylvania.