

# THE PATRIOT

Not for himself, but for his country."

WEDNESDAY, July 30.

Having a harvest to cut, no paper was issued from this office last week.

We assure our readers that we are not disposed to degrade ourselves by descending to a level with every Captain Bobadilla, but as many of them have not an opportunity of seeing those papers in which we are kindly noticed, we give them a sample of it this week, omitting the epithets, scoundrel, villain, liar, rascal, &c. so profusely applied to us. It has not a great deal to do with the main question of the day; but we do not wish to be behind hand with the nobility of our town, in politeness. We will devote a column or two of our paper to retort, but never to attack. A defensive war is always more honorable than an offensive one.

After the manner of Capt. Bobadilla and Dr. Linnwood, his aid, duly appointed immediately after the battle of Chippewa—we dedicate to the best blood of the state the following paragraphs.

Linnwood & Bobadilla, it is said, have agreed to unite their talents—Law and Physic have kissed. The result of this alliance we have in the last Mifflin Eagle. It is stipulated in their treaty, that the one is to conceive and the other to deliver blackguardism. Linnwood has a diploma, (the only one in his possession) from Billingsgate seminary, and we can assure our readers that he is not unworthy of it. It is not a matter of surprize, then, that the terms, villain, blackguard, scoundrel, rascal, &c. are familiar to him—the reader will observe by the way, that those epithets and Linnwood are synonymous.

It comes well from Linnwood to call any person an "unprincipled villain." We intend exposing his character in all its nakedness; and then let the world judge which of us has the imprint of an "unprincipled villain."

Linnwood has given us a dish on beards. It is but theory—he can't speak from experience. In relation to his beard, we assert that he is a perfect aboriginal in that respect; and not having given us any evidence of his being a MAN, the presumption, at a distance would be that he is a "beardless boy."

Linnwood never lost a patient by his negligence in all his "long experience," as Capt. Bobadilla would say. How many sorrowful hearts and weeping eyes lament his unfounded libels, and groundless charges? Let those answer that weep for what he has said, as much as for the loss of their beloved children and friends.

"What's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh." Who can expect any thing like decency from a Dublin Grub Street Apothecary.

Linnwood says that we are "a Lady's MAN." We are sorry that we cannot return the compliment. Poor creature; he is neither "man, nor mouse, nor long tailed rat."

Devoid of character, and having neither talents, virtue or respectability, Linnwood and Bobadilla have attempted to destroy ours, in the columns of the Mifflin Eagle. We are charged with every species of crime, and crimes, too, committed by themselves and their relations. We are determined to rescue our character from the calumny of those unhallowed

wretches, whose thirst for power prompts them to make a ladder of religion to scale the walls of our political sanctuary; & without any provocation, possessed of hearts as black as the demon of darkness, enter the very grave to find food for their malice.

We will protect the ashes of HIM, who when living was "a terror to evil doers," and before whom these wretches trembled.

In the last Mifflin Eagle, a Federal paper published in Mifflin town, is contained four columns of the most vile, personal abuse of the editor of this paper and his brothers, which would fully justify us in exposing the characters of those whom we deem its authors, living in Bellefonte. Our materials for this purpose are most ample, perhaps more so than those gentlemen are aware. They think themselves perfectly secure, no doubt, veiled behind an anonymous signature, but their hypocritical, black hearted, white-livered malignity, fully exposes them. For the most part, their productions are made up of common place grub-street observations, uppermost at all times in weak and vulgar minds, and always ready for use, which none but a man of similar feelings would attack, but there is something so tangible in the latter part of the whole, that we cannot refrain from noticing it. These are the words to which we call the attention of our readers:

FROM THE MIFFLIN EAGLE.

When the editor of a public Journal holds himself up as a leader of a party, & makes claim to pure Patriotism and love country; it is of some consequence to ascertain HIS principles of morality, BY HIS ACTIONS and DECLARATIONS, for that man who disregards the laws of his country, the principles of pure morality, and OUTRAGES the RELIGIOUS institutions of a Society of Christians, is most certainly unworthy of personal or political confidence.

[The writer then goes on to say that we are without either character or reputation, a scoundrel, rascal, unprincipled villain, &c. qualities handed down to us by our father, "which have descended to us as a patrimony." He then makes the following enquiry and assertion.]

I take the liberty of enquiring of this patriot, if ever he heard of a young man, who was so abandoned as to boast of having carried a deck of cards into a respectable church and amusing himself by playing a game of cards with a companion during divine service; thus insulting the majesty of his creator, and outraging the religious feelings of a christian people. I would ask, is such a creature calculated to be a leader in a free country, to direct the votes of democrats and to instil and impress his ideas on the people, &c.

One of the PEOPLE.

This is an attempt to fix an offence upon us calculated indeed to destroy our character, and render us in every respect what they allege, but if we do not make it recoil upon their own heads it will be because truth is unable to do it. We are peculiarly happy to have it in our power to completely exculpate ourselves, and not that only but to "place the saddle on the right Horse." We have heard of young men who played cards in a respectable Church, and that one of them was none other than MATHEW GREGG son of ANDREW GREGG, the federal Candidate for Governor. We can prove by two young men who sat in the pew with them, one of whom had a candle, that he was one of the persons who defiled the sanctuary of the living God, and insulted the Majesty of Heaven by playing cards in the house dedicated to its service. Of this vile, base and infamous conduct, the editor of this paper never was, and if he retains the right use of reason never will be guilty, and he defies the malice of the worthy authors of these communications in the Mifflin Eagle, to prove that he has been guilty of that or any other act unworthy a man of honour and the strictest integrity, which they will probably have an ample opportunity of doing. If the editor of this paper ever had conducted himself as these very worthy correspondents of the Mifflin Eagle, or been guilty of as many base, mean and contemptible acts as the sons of our would be nobility then indeed ought he to be branded with infamy.

Our readers will pardon any thing that borders upon personality in our endeavours to exculpate ourselves against so wicked and villainous a charge. We are confident they would bear with us if they saw the communication, part of which we are answering. These men don't confine their attacks to ourselves, but they rake up the very ashes of the dead! It were certainly enough that WILLIAM PETRIKIN received the

abuse and stemmed the torrent of federal persecution in his lifetime, they might permit his bones to rest in peace. One would suppose that it was enough that Andrew Gregg and his Son-in-law C. Curtin should have exulted at his death, and expressed their joy in the most indecent language. But it would seem, that to men whose hearts rankle with malice, the very grave affords a feeble barrier. However much those men may say that William Petrikin "was a villain," and "that this is the only patrimony that his sons inherit," we leave that to the people of this county who knew him well to judge. For ourselves, we answer, that we are conscious of having been guilty of no act that would in the least degree tarnish an honest reputation; and we unhesitatingly say that whatever the editor of this paper may be, he has hitherto disdained, and does disdain to degrade himself so far as to keep the company of Matthew Gregg, or any other of the sons, or sons-in-law of Andrew Gregg, living in this county, excepting Andrew, or Roland Curtin.

So far from being in the least degree implicated in the wicked, villainous and unprincipled conduct of those that did play at cards, in the church, as stated in the Eagle, we CAN AND WE WILL PROVE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE, THAT WE WERE NOT IN THE CHURCH THAT EVENING. This is what Mr. Potter would call in legal lingo, an Alibi, and takes away every presumption of guilt. We can also prove that the unallowable boast "of having played cards in the church," or to use his own words "I was singing to the 32nd Psalm last night in the church," was made by Matthew Gregg.

After the manner of the Mifflin Eagle.

Who are you Sir? asked a British Officer, vauntingly, when he was required to surrender instantly to the valiant Volunteer Aid to General Brown. Who are you Sir? The sword-arm of the unfortunate man paid the forfeit of his curiosity; for in that self same instant his assailant proudly raised himself in his stirrups, and flourishing his faithful Ferrara, the limb was severed from the body.

'Twas a bloody day. The beams of the great luminary of day, as it declined in the west was playing upon the limpid waters of the Chippewa, now purple with the gore of thousands. The murmurs of the stream mingled in delightful and benevolent sympathy, as it were, with the groans of the dying, killed and wounded. Altho' nature smiled, yet there were few hearts that witnessed the bloody rencontre that were not sad. Our Hero tho' was not of the number. Neither the havoc and desolation, nor the awful objects of human misery that surrounded the valiant Volunteer Aid-de-camp, could move his undaunted spirit. Such scenes might have produced despondency in those who had acquired no glory in the victory, but he was covered with immortal glory. He had every thing to buoy his spirits and flatter his hopes. The incense of a grateful country he could sniff as he returned to his anxious friends, who had heard the day before the battle that he intended to share its dangers and glory. His friends were 300 miles distant. 'Pon honor it's true.

He had been on his travels from Centre county in Foreign lands, and passing along the Niagara frontier, about forty miles from it he heard the awful thunder of Cannon and the peals of musquetry, the clash of swords and the dying groans of horses at Chippewa. 'Pon my honor it's true, what will you lay it's a Lie? His ardour for the bloody fray burned within and nearly consumed him, and on the wings of the wind he flew thither to participate in the dangers, and reap a moiety or scintilla, or nota of the glory of the day. 'Twas a bloody day after he arrived and deigned to be a Volunteer Aid to the General whose fame was only eclipsed by our Hero. Let us sing—

Tune—Washington's Death.

Where e'er he mov'd, the god of war  
More fiercely seem'd to glow,  
Destruction like a baleful star  
Rain'd terror on the Foe.

From soul to soul the pride of fame  
The love of country flies,  
And every heart receiv'd the flame  
That lighten'd in his eyes.

No longer rocks the battles sweep,  
On Chip'wa's stormy shore,  
But on its wild and ruffled deep  
Victorious pass'd he o'er.

And up to General Brown he goes,  
He doff'd his cap and bow'd,  
'I've kill'd and wounded half your  
foes,  
Enough to make one proud."

"Full many a widow mourns my  
arm,  
So powerful was its might,

And babies yet unborn shall learn  
My valor to recite."

High fill the bowl, and round it  
twine,  
The laurel wreath of fame,  
The wreath that blooms thro' latest  
time

To deck the Hero's name.  
In fact 'twas a bloody day—and sorely did that unfortunate British Officer ('twas the General himself) repent with the loss of his arm, as well as ninety-nine dragoons in cold blood, the hour they met met with Captain Bobadilla. 'Twas a bloody day, but the reward of our hero's valor was glory. The sun beams were wantoning on the now placid bosom of the Chippewa, when our Hero announced his name to the commanding General. "Ah!—from Centre county; and is it so? I'm happy to learn your name; hitherto I could only call you the "Mysterious Stranger."

"The courage you have displayed in cutting off the British General's sword arm, and killing ninety-nine dragoons entitles you to the country's warmest gratitude." "I will thank you to accept of a General's Commission immediately under me." To which our valiant Hero replied, with a vehemence of gesture too imposing and terrific to be described: "If you will resign your commission in my favor, I'll accept it and not otherwise, for I plainly see that the army stands in need of a man of long experience" at their head; I must, however, return to my anxious friends in the first place." Which he was permitted to do by General Brown. 'Pon honor it's true, what will you lay it's a LIE.

Before retiring he issued his General Orders to the army; an extract whereof we can now only insert:

General Head Quarters,  
Chippewa Plains.

FELLOW SOLDIERS,  
In the hour of peril I arrived amongst you—You were engaged with a sanguinary foe. I arrived in time to cut off the arm of the British General ('Pon honor I did) and kill ninety-nine British Dragoons, ('pon honor I did) The victory was gained—I must retire for a season—It may be that I will come amongst you again."

These were his last orders. Some say that he tarried on the news of the enemy's approach and assisted in defending Fort Erie, where he killed and wounded sixty men at once, and took 20 prisoners and surrounded the rest. He now reposes in the bed of GLORY at Bellefonte!!!

FOR THE PATRIOT.

Give the federalists enough of rope and they will hang themselves. A few days since one of them commenced an electioneering colloquium with an old Republican, who he flattered himself had forgotten all about party distinctions. In the sequel he found himself mistaken. The following is the substance of their conversation, which you may publish if you think proper:

Fed. Well Jacob, I am glad that you and I are together in politics this time. I am going to vote for the democratic candidate, Mr. Gregg.

Dem. Aye, but they tell me that Mr. Gregg is not a democrat, but a bitter federalist, and I guess it is so, for you wouldn't be for him if he was a democrat. I recollect that Gregg, past for a democrat; but he told one of my neighbours in 1808, that he would be a federalist, for the democrats didn't use him well.

Fed. No, no: he always was a democrat.

Dem. Well, I know he was once elected to congress by the democrats, but he voted for Jay's British Treaty, and then the democrats wouldn't have any thing more to do with him. I recollect that the federalists elected him to the U. S. Senate, and to please them he voted against the war, and then wrote a letter to Carlisle to tell the Tories that there was going to be war altho he was sworn to keep it secret.

Fed. Well, but he did right not to vote for the War.

Dem. Yes, I see now that you are the old thing yet. I thought you said you were a democrat or was going to vote for a democrat.

Fed. There is no distinction between a federalist and a democrat.

Dem. Well then you had better be a democrat, if there is no difference.

Fed. No I would ss soon be the Devil as a democrat.

Dem. You needn't get angry, but let me tell you, I shall never turn federalist. I am a friend to equality and a foe to PUBLIC DEBT and STATE TAXES. The federalists are for established churches, and having titles of distinction, which I hate. I will never vote for Andrew Gregg for he was going to be a preacher until he found there was to be no established church and then he quit it. He has since that been about thirty

years in office and that is long enough for one man. Gregg too advised Chester to borrow two millions of dollars from the City Banks, and after a while we farmers will have to pay it, and then we will be slaves to a few cursed Banks.

Fed. I say huzza for Gregg.

Dem. Well I say huzza for democracy and John Andrew Shulze. I voted for Snyder: His administration pleased me, and I am sure he was not as smart a man as Shulze; besides he and Shulze were bosom friends; and it is said Shulze advised him to refuse to establish the Banks.

Fed. I say huzza for Gregg for he is the smartest man.

Dem. Well; but I don't think so. You federalists have always said that you had "all the talents;"—and you said that Snyder was a booby, and Gregg himself said that he was "a Dutch Ox." Altho you said so yet it wasn't true. Now I have been acquainted with Mr. Gregg for a length of time, and I always considered him a very common man. In fact I thought him rather vascinating than otherwise. It's true I am no great judge, but I can see and hear and sometimes reflect. Surely Mr. Gregg has been in office all his life, and made thousands by it too and if he was smart couldn't you let us see some of his writings or his speeches.

Fed. He did make a speech.

Dem. Yes I did hear that he read a speech in Congress against the war, but one of my neighbours told me that Harrison Gray Otis, the great federal Hartford Convention man, had written it for him.

Fed. That's not true.

Dem. Well it may be, but it will require other proof than your bare denial to convince me.

Fed. I say, huzza for Gregg.

Dem. Well I say, nozza for Shulze. And then they separated. The federalist wondering where Jacob had got his information about Gregg: Said he, these democrats will never forget some things.

ROGER SHERMAN,

From the Franklin Gazette.  
PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

A violent partizan newspaper under this title has been issued within a few days in this city. For one, I should have been disposed to suffer it to progress in the shades without a passing remark, satisfied that the overweening violence that characterises its columns would be their best antidote, did I not feel that some of us were called upon to express our deep reprobation of the dishonorable cabal of which it is the vehicle. That a body of officeholders, and of avowed and uniform federalists, should get up a public journal, and call it democratic for the mere purpose of injuring that party and its candidate, by deceiving and misleading democrats who are ignorant of their real character, is a system of electioneering truly "unbecoming a moral and religious people." It is a species of fraud, the commission of which should stamp every individual connected with it with indelible disgrace. The severe justice of military law condemns a spy to death; and although the crime of swindling the citizen out of his suffrage is not perhaps of equal enormity, it is one of no common magnitude.

The "People's Advocate," so called, had its origin from the following circumstances: Since the nomination of Mr. Gregg, the federalists have perceived that his only chance of success depends on their imposing him on the people as a democrat. The assurance of the Philadelphia National and United States Gazette, Freeman's Journal and Daily Advertiser, not having been received by the democrats as authentic testimony of the democracy of Mr. Gregg, a less notorious vehicle became necessary for that purpose. These honorable men first determined to employ a paper called the "Catholic Advocate or Irishman's Journal," started in this city since the dispute among the Catholics, by which the two-fold object of cheating the democrats and pulling the Catholics might be accomplished. A committee, of which JOHN WURTS certainly was one, and probably Roberts Vaux another, as he was afterwards consulted in relation to it, negotiated with the editor of the "Catholic Advocate," for its purchase; and one of that committee, as the Editor of that paper alleged in a suit brought by him against the committee man before a city alderman, for a breach of the contract, actually made the purchase. The Catholic Advocate is as like the Catholics themselves will be when these federalists have done with them, thrown aside; and the joint labours, the officeholders, and federalists have produced the People's Advocate." A few facts, will establish its character. The prospectus and subscription list was first seen in the hands of one of the federal conferees of this city. It was next seen in those of Nathan R. Potts, Esq. the clerk of the Orphans court,