

THE PATRIOT.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.

BELLEFONTE, JANUARY 7, 1824.

SELECTED.

FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

TO MY MOTHER.

What shall I bear thee, mother dear,
When thy embrace again I greet,
And feel upon my cheek the tear
That flows when child and parent meet?

What shall I bear thee? Wealth and fame?

Or gems that grew beneath the wave?
Gold have I not, and glory's flame
Is but a light to gild the grave!

Nor gold, nor gems, nor fame to thee,
My mother will thy offspring bear.
Mean such reward indeed would be
For all thy love—for all thy care.

But I shall bear to thy kind breast,
What Heaven nor thee will e'er reject—
A wasted form, pale sorrow's guest;
A broken heart—a spirit wreck'd.

BOSTON BARD.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"The proud who suffer pain,
Their agony will never show."—BYRON.

Their is a grief that doth not wring
The bosom with a single sigh,
That doth not shape the brow, nor bring
The moisture from the heavy eye:
But live where men cannot intrude,
Of human things, a thing apart,
In the deep bosom's solitude,
And there it feasts upon the heart.

It is quite a reveller,
As is the noiseless coffin-worm,
That lone and sullen banqueter,
That batters on the human form—
No wassail shout, no song of glee,
Is heard within that narrow dome,
No echoes tell the revelry
That cheers the earth-worm in his home.

Such is that sorrow's festival,
But ah! it hath a higher prey,
A loftier victim in its thrall,
A nobler mansion than the clay—
That wasting sorrow doth inherit
A palace formed with wondrous art,
That palace is the human spirit—
The victim is the Broken Heart.

From the Literary Gazette.
TO —.

'Tis all too true—that faded cheek,
That sunken eye,
Those accents tremulous and weak,
That tear, that sigh,—
With idle hope I've watch'd thy brow
From day to day;—
'Tis vain—a little while, and thou
Wilt pass away!

Nay, dear one! cease that soothing look,
That soothing tone,
Thou dost not think that I could brook
To be alone.
Thou wilt not say that I could bear
On this dear spot
To seek thy footsteps every where,
And find it not!

That Sun will shine as bright above
In other days;
The Moon we used to watch and love,
Still win my gaze;
The flowers shar'd our gentlest care,
May still bloom on,
Our bird pour fourth its song; but where
Wilt thou be gone?

Mine eyes must close—where can they seek
For ought so dear?
My lips be mute—why should I speak?
Thou wilt not hear!
So, dearest! cease that soothing look,
That soothing tone;
Thou dost not think that I could brook
To be alone!

A remarkable account of the resuscitation of life,
in the case of the Rev. William Tennent, of
Freehold, New Jersey; communicated by the
Rev. Samuel Austin, of Worcester.

The late Rev. William Tennent, of Freehold, in the county of Monmouth, in the state of New Jersey of whom is related the following account, was the second son of the Rev. William Tennent, minister of the gospel at Neshaminy, in Bucks county Pennsylvania. After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent, was preparing for his examination by the presbytery, as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast, and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended

by a physician, a young gentleman, who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship. He grew worse and worse, till little hope of life was left. In this situation, his spirits failed, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country; and the neighbourhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day.

In the evening his physician and friend returned from a ride into the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded it was certain, and being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little trembling of the flesh, under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact. He first put his hand into warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed; and insisted that the people, who had been invited to the funeral, should be requested not to attend. To this the brother (in whose house he then was) objected, as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discoloured, and the whole body cold and stiff; however, the doctor finally prevailed; and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success, but by the doctor, who never left him night nor day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected; and at last confined his request of delay to one hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen, and threatened to crack; he was endeavoring to soften it by some emollient ointment, put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in, about the expiration of the last period, and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and in a spirited tone said, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse;" and insisted, with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished.—In another hour life seemed to return with some power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of very many, who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

Mr. Tennent continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery; however, after that period he recovered much faster, but it was about twelve weeks before he was completely restored. After he was able to walk the room, and to take notice of what passed around him, on a Sunday afternoon, his sister who had stayed from church to attend him, was reading the bible, when he took notice of it and asked her what she had in her hand. She answered, that she was reading the bible. He replied, What is the bible? I know not what you mean. This affected the sister so much that she burst into tears, and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it. On her reporting this to her brother, when he returned, Mr. Tennent was found, upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have any idea what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children are usually taught, and afterwards began to learn the Latin language, un-

der the tuition of his brother. One day, as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter; he said that he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had read the book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak the Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he gained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred. This event, at the time, made considerable noise and furnished a subject of deep investigation and learned enquiry to the real philosopher and curious anatomist.

The candid reader is left to his own reflections on this interesting subject. The facts have been stated, and they are unquestionable. As soon as circumstances would permit Mr. Tennent was licenced, and began to preach the everlasting gospel with great zeal and success. The death of his brother, who had been some time settled as minister of the Presbyterian church at Freehold, in the county of Monmouth, New Jersey, left that congregation in a destitute state. They had experienced so much spiritual benefit from the indefatigable labors and pious zeal of this able minister of Jesus Christ, and they soon turned their attention to his brother, who was received on trial, and after one year was found to be no unworthy successor of so excellent a predecessor. In October, 1783, Mr. Tennent, was regularly ordained their pastor, and continued so through the whole of a pretty long life, one of the best proofs of ministerial fidelity.

In a letter from the successor of Mr. Tennent, in the pastoral charge of his church, to the author of this account, dated Monmouth, New Jersey, December 10, 1805, we find the following paragraph:

Mr. Tennent informed me, that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write nor read his own name. That he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he had again learned his letters, and able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as *thee* and *thou*; but that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned.

INFALIBILITY.

Most men, as well as most sects in religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that wherever others differ from them, it is so far error. Steel, in a dedication, tells the pope that the only differences in our two churches in their opinions of the certainty of their doctrines is, that the Romish church is *infallible*, and the church of England is *never in the wrong*. But though many private persons think almost as highly of their infallibility as that of their sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French lady, who in a little dispute with her sister, said: "But I meet with no body but myself that is *always* in the right."

STUMP ORATORY.

Immediately after the late war, a captain H—, who had distinguished himself somewhat under General Harrison, offered himself a candidate for the Legislature of Kentucky. It being customary in the west for a candidate so offering, to express his political sentiments, such as military parades, and barbecues on the fourth of July, in Captain H's first essay from the stump he made use of the words *sine qua non*, which were not understood by one of his audience, who requested the Capt. to tell him the meaning of that new coined word that he had made much use of in his speech. The Captain himself did not understand the phrase, but was not at a loss for an answer. "It means," says he, "three islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, which the rascally English want to deprive us of, but we'll fight them till all's blue before they shall have them." The explanation was so satisfactory that the man huzzared for Capt. H. and declared, or rather swore, that Mr. H. was his man for the next Legislature.

SICKNESS.

There is something in Sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered even in advanced life, in sickness and dependency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son,

that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Sketch Book.

When General Jackson entered New Orleans in the year after the memorable defeat of the British, the manager of the theatre waited on him, to solicit the honor of his presence at one of the performances. This being promised it was agreed to compliment him with a song composed for the occasion. The performers were all Frenchmen, and none of them very conversant with the English language; but the best among them was selected, and when the curtains rose, the General who sat in the stage box was surprised at hearing his feats recorded in a song to the tune of God save the King. The chorus will give some idea of this song, which afforded much mirth to the Americans who were present—

"God shave General Jackson
God shave General Jackson,
He be one very great man,
He shave New Orleans,
God shave General Jackson."

Whenever the name of the General occurred, the performer turned to him and made a profound bow in the most approved Parisian fashion.

Part Folio.

A WONDERFUL JUMP, OR THE IRISHMAN OUTWITTED.

On Friday the 11th instant, one of the many Irishmen now infesting the country, by hawking cloth, entered Red Lion Inn, Winsor, and after teasing the watermen that usually resort to that house, to purchase without effect, one of them drily asked him how much he would take for the number of yards he should be able to jump. The Hibernian replied, "three shillings." The bargain was made, and the waterman mounted the battlement of Windsor bridge with the end of the piece of cloth in his hand, and leaped to the bottom of the river Weaver, taking with him the piece of cloth. The Irishman afterwards compromised with the waterman for 12 yards.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

A certain country squire had a warren, and the village curate was, Sunday after Sunday, regaled with the delicacy of Rabbits, till he became so sick of them, that he took the liberty of *hinting* his dislike of the standing dish to the host, in the following grace, on rising from the table:

"Of rabbits hot, of rabbits cold,
Of rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
Of rabbits young of rabbits old,
"I thank thee, Lord, we've had enough!"

A remarkable musical Parrot.

The celebrated composer Vogler is a great friend of Birds, and has always a number of them in the room where he composes: among others he was complimented with a beautiful parrot, the exceeding fine voice of which tempted him to try an experiment. Accordingly he sang and plaid the scale to him, but to no purpose; until he perceived the bird attentive to D upon the fourth line in the treble; he then began by that note, and the bird soon attained a full octave upwards; but to keep him in tune and spirits, he used to shew him a chestnut as a reward. Now he endeavored to bring him higher, but the effort of the bird was truly laughable; he tried the note, and finding it too hard for him, he set up a screaming with all his might, beat his wings against the cage, and appeared in the utmost agitation. Vogler then composed some airs to the compass of his pupils voice, which he readily learned; and now the bird knew that a chestnut was his recompence for good performance, whenever he got an appetite to his favorite food, he began one or more of his airs, to the astonishment of all hearers. Another curiosity was, that when Vogler sat down to the harpsichord to try some new composition, the bird began to sing piano with his usual airs, but only one or two different notes, which were generally a consonant, viz. B, F, or G.

THE OLD MAID AT CHURCH.

Mary at Church with looks devout,
Was overheard to say,
"My morning glass is almost out;
A husband Lord, I pray.

A drollish spark, who by her sat,
Determin'd for a joke,
Cried out with voice effeminate,
As though an angel spake,

"Mary thou shalt not die a maid,
Thou hast neglected been;"
"Thank you good spirit,"
And budly cri'd "Amen."