

# THE PATRIOT.

"Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense."

BELLEFONTE, JULY, 1824.

FOR THE BELLEFONTE PATRIOT.

## A HYMN.

My God permit a worm thy grace to claim,  
A helpless worm that holds his all from thee,  
Whose hopes all centre in thy peerless name,  
For blessings here, and for eternity.

May no unhallow'd wish invade this heart,  
Or aught unholy find admission here;  
Bid passion cease, bid every sin depart,  
And may I serve thee with a filial fear.

In all my wand'rings through this world of woe,  
Be thou my guide, my counsellor and friend;  
In virtue's ways still onward may I go,  
And reach the joys of glory in the end.

'Tis thy blest presence that creates my bliss,  
Possess'd of thee what can I want beside;  
The joys of earth how mean compar'd with this,  
To dwell securely in thy wounded side.

May all my powers with sacred ardour rise,  
And with increasing efforts tend to thee;  
Nor ever weary till I gain the prize,  
And join the chorus of eternity.

Oh! ye blest scenes of permanent delight,  
Where angels sing and pilgrims swell the choir;  
With prospect high ye fill my ravish'd sight,  
And all my soul with sacred transports fire.

On those blest shores where saints immortal reign,  
Where beams the radiance of eternal day;  
Where tears have ceas'd, where sorrows never pain,  
To Christ my King I'll endless homage pay.

FROM THE AMERICAN SENTINEL.

## NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

From a world of woods and wild,  
Dark beneath the western skies,  
How Columbia's glory smiles!  
See her towns and hamlets rise!

From a wilderness of shade,  
Cultivated fields appear;  
In delightful charms array'd,  
Cheering every cottage near.

Agriculture clothes the ground  
With luxuriant attire;  
Scatters wealth and plenty round,  
Makes the landscape bright and fair.

Commerce rolls in ev'ry breeze,  
Fabrics glitter bright and gay;  
Where the land was dark with trees,  
Crowded marts their wealth display.

Arts extend their blissful aid,  
As unnumbered structures rise,  
And the cities newly made  
Lift their mansions to the skies.

Science beams with light sublime,  
Throws its lustre round the land,  
Cheering all within our clime,  
By her kind and fostering hand.

Where the sun with golden rays,  
Beam'd upon the desert seas;  
And the undulating wave,  
Lonely rippled in the breeze.

Now upon the liquid plain,  
Thronging ships and crafts abound;  
Cheering all our wide domain,  
Spreading wealth and plenty round.

Where'er landscapes wild and wide,  
Lofly mountains crown'd with woods,  
Loom majestic from the tide,  
Lift their summits to the clouds:

There shall future vineyards grow,  
There shall future hamlets rise;  
Orchards grace the mountain's brow,  
Breathe their fragrance to the skies.

Millions from ascending day,  
Journeying towards the setting sun;  
In Columbia's bosom gay,  
Find a happy peaceful home.

Here may Freedom's Temple stand,  
Spreading light and truth sublime,  
Cheer the earth's remotest land,  
Brighten ev'ry distant clime.

While the nations of the earth,  
Marshal'd by despotic ire;  
Full of foul, malicious wrath,  
Clothe their land with blood and fire.

Here may peace with olive wand,  
Cheer the lab'rer at his toil;  
As he views his native land,  
As he tills his native soil.

Here may union, peace and love,  
Fill the measure of our bliss;  
And the God who rules above,  
Deign to guard our happiness.

MEAD.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS, JUNE 24.

## Jim Fitz Patrick.

In the Village Record of last month, in a letter on the history of Chester County is a statement of the character, and the capture, of that

celebrated freebooter Fitz Patrick, who was, miles before he could meet with any friends, consequently it was 3 or 9 o'clock before any assistance came. Mr. Phineas Massey was the first man who came, Messrs. Joseph Black, Mordecai Massey, M. Chaney, Esq. and others, whose names are not recollected, came also to guard Fitch. Capt. M'Fee now laid himself down in an adjoining chamber to rest himself from the fatigues of the evening. Some time after it was discovered that Fitch's arms were called, came to the house of Mr. Wm. M'Fee, situated near Crum Creek, and not far from man sitting on the bed was strongly suspected where the Strasburg road runs, about 10 miles of being instrumental in loosening them. Fitch from Chester. Mr. and Mrs. M'Fee and their son Robert were seated at the tea table, their daughter Jane being absent on a visit to a sick neighbor. Robert observed a man approaching the house, being mounted and armed with a rifle, a pair of pistols and a sword, and supposed him to be a soldier from the American Camp, he dismounted, came to the door and asked if Mr. Wm. M'Fee lived there, he was answered in the affirmative, he then walked in and addressed himself to Robert saying "and you are Capt. Robert M'Fee?" he replied "I am Robert M'Fee." "I am Capt. Fitz Patrick," said Fitch, "Sir, said Capt. M'Fee, if you are Capt. Fitz Patrick sit down and take a cup of tea with us." "No," he answered, and swore violently he would neither eat nor drink, nor leave the house, until they were not worth a groat; and said that he was going about levying contributions from the d—d rebels, and that he must pay him one hundred and fifty pounds.

He then proceeded to rifle his person of whatever took his fancy, among which was a pair of shoes with silver buckles on them. He pulled his own off and put on the other pair, leaving them down at the heel; the shoes appeared to be rather small for him; he then laid his old shoes outside of the door. While Fitch was engaged plundering the Captain, he, unobserved by Fitch, threw the key of his chest and some paper money behind the door, which his mother perceiving picked up the key and hastening up stairs, unlocked the chest and hid the money in the garret under some wheat. Fitch very soon missed her and presented his pistol to Capt. M'Fee's breast threatened him with instant death if his mother did not return immediately. M'Fee called his mother and she returned immediately, likewise a hired woman named Sarah Walker who was sitting up stairs reading. Mrs. M'Fee returned the key to her son the first opportunity. Fitch next ordered them all up stairs, and as they were proceeding from the kitchen to the stairs, he observed Capt. M'Fee's rifle which he took and snapped, and then threw it out of the door saying, lay there till you are wanted. At the foot of the stairs old Mr. M'Fee tried to dissuade Fitch from his purpose, but he swore vehemently and placing the point of his sword against his breast, threatened to run him through if he did not obey instantly. They all went up stairs, Fitch ordered Capt. M'Fee to unlock his chest and get out the money he had demanded; M'Fee replied, how can you expect so young a man as me to have so much money? Fitch persisted in his demands, Capt. M'Fee opened the chest and requested Fitch to search it himself, which he did and not finding any money was much chagrined and swore that he was his prisoner, as he had no money, he must go a campaign along with him, and ordered him to provide a horse and clothes. Capt. M'Fee replied, that he had clothes on sufficient for the season but did not know how long his campaign might last. Fitch said it would be a long and severe one.

Capt. M'Fee now resolved that he would not leave the house alive. Fitch laid his arms on the bed by his side, except a pistol he held in his right hand, he then ordered Capt. M'Fee, his father and mother, to stand in a row on his right hand, in the order stated, and Sarah Walker was standing at a short distance from him in front, Fitch then raised his foot on the bedstead in order to fix the shoe, which was down at the heel, properly on his foot. Capt. M'Fee who was a strong athletic man, embraced this favorable moment; giving Sarah Walker the signal to seize the pistol; he instantly grappled him round the body and arms and Sarah grasped the pistol almost the same moment. Fitch attempted to discharge it but missed fire, and she finally succeeded in forcing it out of his hand, and in the struggle had one of her fingers cut very severely by the lock of the pistol. Capt. M'Fee now succeeded in throwing him down and fortunately got the other pistol off the bed. Fitch being exhausted made no further resistance, but frequently and earnestly begged the Captain to blow his brains out; he would not do it and told him he must be bound and delivered over to the proper authority to receive the punishment he merited.

Mr. M'Fee's servant man named David Cunningham now entered, and Capt. M'Fee ordered him to go and procure ropes to tie Fitch, when he, and Mrs. M'Fee went and brought some, and while Mrs. M'Fee was engaged tying his feet Fitch kicked her severely in the side when her son charged him not to do it again or he must abide by the consequences. After Fitch was bound securely, David Cunningham was ordered to catch a horse in the field and proceed immediately to inform the whigs, living nearest to them, of the occurrence, to come and assist in guarding the prisoner, and to proceed to the American camp to obtain a guard to take charge of Fitch. About this time Sarah Walker ran off to bring home Miss Jane M'Fee, who she met on her way home. On returning they met a young man and a young woman walking together and informed them of what had taken place: curiosity induced them to go along and see Fitch. The young woman seemed to pity him very much, he was lying on the bed, and she seated herself on the bed near his head, caressed him and combed his hair. Fitch complained of feeling chilly a cover was thrown over him.

Mr. M'Fee's nearest neighbours were all Tories, therefore the messenger had to go about 2 miles before he could meet with any friends, consequently it was 3 or 9 o'clock before any assistance came. Mr. Phineas Massey was the first man who came, Messrs. Joseph Black, Mordecai Massey, M. Chaney, Esq. and others, whose names are not recollected, came also to guard Fitch. Capt. M'Fee now laid himself down in an adjoining chamber to rest himself from the fatigues of the evening. Some time after it was discovered that Fitch's arms were called, came to the house of Mr. Wm. M'Fee, situated near Crum Creek, and not far from man sitting on the bed was strongly suspected where the Strasburg road runs, about 10 miles of being instrumental in loosening them. Fitch from Chester. Mr. and Mrs. M'Fee and their son Robert were seated at the tea table, their daughter Jane being absent on a visit to a sick neighbor. Robert observed a man approaching the house, being mounted and armed with a rifle, a pair of pistols and a sword, and supposed him to be a soldier from the American Camp, he dismounted, came to the door and asked if Mr. Wm. M'Fee lived there, he was answered in the affirmative, he then walked in and addressed himself to Robert saying "and you are Capt. Robert M'Fee?" he replied "I am Robert M'Fee." "I am Capt. Fitz Patrick," said Fitch, "Sir, said Capt. M'Fee, if you are Capt. Fitz Patrick sit down and take a cup of tea with us." "No," he answered, and swore violently he would neither eat nor drink, nor leave the house, until they were not worth a groat; and said that he was going about levying contributions from the d—d rebels, and that he must pay him one hundred and fifty pounds.

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combattants—but from the wounds of the two Marvins the contest would soon have terminated.—The doctor had now sufficiently recovered to cry aloud for aid; the call was heard by a Mr. Franklin, who hastened to the field, which by this time presented a frightful aspect.—Mr. Franklin seeing the fate of his predecessors, and unwilling to oppose force by force, had recourse to stratagem. To effect his object he insulted the bear by using his arms for legs, and on all fours made circuitous routs around the field as if to challenge the bear to combat in his own way. This the bear discovered, and as his antagonists were unable to continue the contest, he accepted the invitation and advanced towards Franklin. This was what he wished, and well knowing that two legs would better serve him for flight than four, he raised himself erect and fled;—but the race of the bear was short, for the doctor, while under his custody, had so industriously plied his knife, that he made a deep incision in the breast of the bear, through which his hearts blood flowed slowly but surely. The bear after running a few rods in the full anticipation of victory, fell covered with honorable wounds. This the fugitive did not perceive, being too anxious for his own safety to look behind him. Fear adds wings to feet and he fled with the speed of the wind, nor did he stop till he had run nearly a mile. Trembling with terror, and out of breath, he was unable to answer the interrogations of his friends, in whom his sudden arrival and singular appearance had excited much alarm. Having at length regained the power of utterance, he shouted "a Bear, a Bear!" "what of a bear," they exclaimed; "a bear has killed four or five men." "What! why! who are they?" they rejoined. "Doctor Foot, old Mr. Marvin, Elisha and myself are all dead and gone," replied the affrighted man.

## HANGED—OR NOT HANGED—OR PROVINCIAL VERACITY.

TO THE IRISH OBSERVER.

SIR—A paper called the LIMERICK CHRONICLE, which was received in the county of Cork on the 10th of April, stating that I was hanged on that day, which was the cause of great grief and other inconvenience to my relations, the O'Sullivan's, in that county. Now this is to request that your Worship would be so good as to allow me to say, contrary to any thing that the Limerick Chronicle may allege to that effect, that I am not hanged, nor was not hanged upon that day; for I am still alive and well, thank God—though the Chronicle was so good as to give my dying declaration.

Now, Sir, further to prove that I am alive, I beg your pardon to state that the paper, as I am told, which gave an account of my execution at two o'clock, was printed at eleven the same day, and this, I think, is full confirmation of the fact of my being alive, seeing that the gentlemen of the Chronicle newspaper could not know at eleven what took place at two.

So, Sir, your humble servant, to command,  
THOMAS O'SULLIVAN,  
County Gaol, Limerick, April 30, 1824.  
Nota bene, my first cousin, Morty O—, went into mourning, and Judy, my aunt's sister, was murdered with the grief. See what comes of false news, Sir.

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the house of lords in the affair of Captain Porteus, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion; he was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot it was? "Why," says the man in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot *fools* with, and the like."—"What kind of *fools*?" says the duke, smiling at the word. "Why, my lord, *dukes*, and such kind of *fools*."

Some caution is requisite in passing our opinion on strangers, a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public levee at the court of St. James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield, "pray, my lord who is that tall, awkward woman yonder?" "That lady, sir," replied Lord C. "is—MY SISTER." The gentleman reddened with confusion and stammered out "no no, my lord, I beg your pardon; I mean that very ugly woman who stands next to the Queen." "That lady, sir," answered Lord C. calmly—"that lady, sir, is—MY WIFE."

## ANECDOTE.

A lady once asked a minister if she might not pay attention to dress and fashion, without being proud. "Madam, (replied the minister) whenever you see the tail of the fox out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is there also!"

## THE BEAVER.

The following anecdote of the beaver, is taken from Franklin's Narrative of the shores of the Polar Sea, recently published:—"One day, a gentleman, long resident in this country, espied five young beavers sporting in the water, leaping upon the tree, pushing one another off and playing a thousand interesting tricks. He approached, softly under cover of the bushes, and prepared to fire upon the unsuspecting creatures; but a nearer approach discovered to him such a similitude betwixt their gestures and the infantile carresses of his own children, that he threw aside his gun. This gentleman's feelings are to be envied, but few traders in fur would have acted so feelingly.

A doctor advertised an infallible cure for deafness and blindness.—The deal (he says) may hear of him at a house in Dilly-street, where the blind may see him from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon.

A preacher, who had been a printer, observed in the usual harangue, that youth might be compared to a comma, manhood to a semicolon, old age to a colon, to which death puts a period.

It is no diminution to have been in the wrong. Perfection is not the attribute of man.