

Hastings Against A Farmer

THE PATRIOT



"Not for himself but for his country."

SATURDAY JULY 24.

MARRIED—On Thursday the 22d instant, by the Rev. Mr. STEEL, Mr. ROBERT MC CONNELL, to Miss NANCY REEVES, daughter of Mr. Eljah Reeves, all of this Borough.

On Tuesday last PENINA ESSINGTON, aged three years, a child of Mr. Joseph Essington of Boggs township in this county was drowned in attempting to cross the foot board that passes over Spring Creek, near Miles's Forge. What adds to this distressing event is, that it is the second child Mr. Essington has lost at the very same place. Mr. Essington and his wife were away from home at the time the distressing occurrence took place, and on their arrival at home beheld, not the blooming cheeks and playful smiles, but the pale emaciated corpse of their beloved infant.

"Happy infant early blest'd
Rest in peaceful slumber, rest;
Early rescued from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem and gay;
Short and sickly are they all
Hardly trusted e'er they fall.

All our gaiety is vain
All our laughter is put pain;
Lasting only, and divine
Is an innocence like thine."

[After the manner of the Village Record.]

PENNSYLVANIA INTELLIGENCER

The PENNSYLVANIA INTELLIGENCER is one of the best conducted political papers in the state. The original paragraphs are numerous, and well written. Every one must see that a spirited, and at the same time prudent, paper, at the seat of Government, is deserving of support, and cannot fail to be useful to the best interests of the state. Those liberal politicians who are able to add the trifling sum of five cents a week to their expenses, we advise to enclose the first three dollar bill they get directed (postage paid) to

Messrs. MOWRY & CAMERON,
Editors of the Intelligencer,
Harrisburg, Pa.
and order the paper for one year.

FOR THE PATRIOT.

ELEGY.

The warbling songsters of the peaceful grove,
Sinking in slumber, have forgot to play—
The braying herds which homewards slowly move,
Are silent preludes of the close of day.
The sun glides slowly o'er the western hill,
And dark'ning shades begin to dim the sight;
Tir'd nature sinks, the hum of day is still,
And all combine to hail approaching night.

With pensive mind, I onward slowly move,
While balmy nature round her odours shed,
Toward yon sacred solitary grove,
To view the silent mansions of the dead.

Here all is mute, each pulse of life is still,
Nor howling ghost has yet appear'd this way;
No voice is heard, except the Whip-poor-will,
Who sings her requiem to departing day.

And on yon oak, within that sacred pale,
The hooting Owl is sometimes heard complain,
Of those whose nightly visits to the vale,
Disturb the horrors of her gloomy reign.

No tyrant's voice spreads terror thro' this place—
No petty despot sways his sceptre here;
The frown of power is seen in no one face,
Nor does one feature show the signs of fear.

That friendless pauper, o'er whose turfless grave
No friendly roses does their fragrance shed,
Lies just as high in state as that rich knave;
There's no pre-eminence among the dead.

Virtue alone can lasting difference make,
None else will e'er be known among the dead;
Time shall the proudest thrones of monarchs shake,
And wrest the laurels from their sinking head.

No doubt beneath this consecrated sod,
Are hearts once fir'd with every virtuous aim;
Feet which in virtue's path had firmly trod—
Tongues once employ'd to shout a Saviour's name.

Without alloy they spent life's cheerful day,
Nor had, nor wish'd to have, wealth's glittering toys;
With holy zeal they trod the narrow way,
To purer climes, and more substantial joys.

Ah! time, what dreadful havoc hast thou made—
Not our best trophies can thy force withstand;
The princely monument must sink and fade,
It can't resist thy marring, mould'ring hand.

Egypt's proud pyramids with tow'ring main,
(Those mournful ensigns of the pride of man)
Shall sweep with dreadful crash the lab'ring plain,
And sink to chaos at thy stern command.

With what quick pace our span of life rolls on,
Year after year it slyly steals away;
Where are the guardians of our youth?
They're gone,
And we must shortly lie as low as they.

What gloomy thoughts assail me on this spot,
Where oft I've wept to see the mourner weep;
Those friendly tears shall never be forgot,
While I remember where my fathers sleep.

Ah! why so silent those who once were gay,
That friendly voice which oft assailed my ear,
With whom I talk'd the social hour away,
They seem to know not that a friend is here.

Alas! that voice I ne'er shall hear again,
The gasping tomb has claim'd them for its own;
Life's dream is past, they've bid adieu to pain,
And I am left to suffer here alone.
There they shall lie till Gabriel's trump shall sound,
And from their mansions call the slumbering dead;
Midst shining saints, O! may they then be found,
And peerless honour ever deck their head.

FOR THE PATRIOT.

If your correspondent, who is so unfriendly to toasts and toast drinking, has a particle of good humour in his composition, he will be amused with a toast offered by a SIMON SALLADE, at the late celebration of the 4th of July at Harrisburg. It consists of twenty lines of a sort of rhyme, which, I have no doubt, cost Simon several weeks of intense thought; for indeed it smells strongly of the lamp.

I would transcribe the whole for the special use of my friend "The Farmer," as I do believe it would scatter the clouds of hostility to 4th of July celebrations, which seems to have settled upon his mind, but, as I have no doubt he will see it published in some of the newspapers of the day, I will only take the four middle lines as a tolerable specimen of the whole:
"Of party strength some will loudly boast,
But here we have a prouder, nobler toast,
General Jackson is the man,
Who knows both how to fight and to plan."

The two last lines reminded me of "Nancy Dauson is the plan,
Her father was a beggar man," except that the latter is perfectly correct in metre and measure, whilst the former is wanting in both.
This Simon Sallade, whose muse has made such a dreadful attack upon him, is

the same Simon who formerly represented Dauphin county in the state legislature, and was elected by the federalists, who only elect "MEN OF TALENTS!" It is more than probable that he will be their candidate at the coming election, especially as he has given evidence of wonderful ability!!
I have no doubt my good friend, the "Farmer," is acquainted with an old gentleman, whom we familiarly call BILLY HINTON. I well recollect that he was called upon for a toast at a 4th of July celebration at the big spring adjoining Bellefonte. The old revolutionary veteran, without much time for study, gave the following, which I recommend to the attention of the sweet singing Simon of Harrisburg:

"In Seventy-Six,
The year was fixed,
We were declared free-e-e;
With sword in hand,
All over the land,
We fought for liberty-ye-ye;
And here is a toast,
To the gallant host,
Who fought so nobly-ye-ye."

I need not say that it was received with acclamations. When he arrived at the third line, he no doubt appended the ye-ye, lest he would want measure in every third one following; a hint which Simon Sallade, of Harrisburg would do well to take.

If the sweet singing Simon should not be successful in his canvass for the Legislature next fall, (a very great probability,) I recommend him to make application to General Jackson, whose praises he sings so sweetly, immediately after his election to the Presidency, to be appointed his Poet Laureat.

And now to conclude, myself and a number of my neighbors who were highly delighted with the poetical effusions of Bard Sallade, repaired to a spring convenient to our habitations, when the following toast was drank in honor of the Bard of the East.
"The Poet Laureat of Dauphin County.—Lord Byron was a fool to him—
"Simon Sallade is the plan.
He wants to be an Ass-emblyman,
He carries a toast in every hand,
And huzzas for General Jackson—
3 cheers, 9 guns & a groan—TUNE. "Nancy Dauson."

DON QUIXOTTE.

FOR THE PATRIOT.

"To hear an open slander is a curse,
But not to find an answer still is worse;
Vice oft is hid in virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrowed form escapes enquiring eyes."

The celebration of the 4th of July, is unquestionably a duty of grateful respect we owe to our ever to be remembered heroes and sages of the revolution; and by assembling together in a sociable peaceable manner, we should give praise to their memory, and bless the day that made us FREE, the glorious day of LIBERTY. On that auspicious occasion, according to the custom of our forefathers, it is necessary to have a wholesome repast, amuse and regale ourselves, sitting under the glorious Tree of Liberty, and making our hearts glad.

"There is a time for every thing,
A time to dance, a time to sing,
A time to gather stones, and yea,
A time to cast those stones away."

I have just been amusing myself after reaping hard yesterday and the day before, by reading a piece in the Patriot of the 19th instant, signed "A FARMER." The writer of this piece does not style himself a scribe or pharisee, but either in reality or affectedly, a true christian and a farmer; and a good industrious one he must be, when he can spare time to study out so fine a specimen of his natural and acquired abilities in the midst of harvest. I am inclined to believe his harvest is but light, and very easily hauled in.

The christian feelings of this noble Farmer seems to be terribly mortified, & in his frantic illusion breathes forth a spirit of prayer, that the GREAT FIRST CAUSE would so dispose the hearts of his countrymen, as to discountenance such gross profanation and blasphemy, and work a reformation that would cut up by the roots the vile practice of celebrating our national independence by rioting and excess. Now if there had been rioting or excess, or any disorderly conduct whatever at our late celebration, it is not within my knowledge, nor did I see any thing of the kind. It was a solemn and affecting procession; and

the marching to the martial music, and the many military evolutions performed on that eventful day, would most certainly arouse the feelings, and awaken in the patriotic breast, the lively sensations that our forefathers fought and bled for Liberty, and we, their offspring, ought to be careful in fostering and preserving it pure and unsullied while time endures.

The toast that was given by me, in honor of the hero of New Orleans, on that day, the Practical Farmer notices very particularly. It seems he could not find a toast in the whole paper, or a person perhaps, that it would answer his purpose to expatiate so largely on as mine or myself. Notwithstanding the officers of the day have to bear a part of the burthen, yet if it is a sin, I am willing to take it all upon myself. I do not wish the conduct of the officers of the day, and the whole of the company or companies degraded on account of the toast given by me. It was my own voluntary act; nor did I think of giving one, till after the general list was gone through. Finding that General Jackson had not been honored in that way, I took my pencil and wrote the following:

General Andrew Jackson, the Hero of New Orleans—May we draw near to him, as children to a father who is able and ready to help us in time of need.

Now it seems this sanctified Farmer takes every thing in a spiritual light, otherwise thinks I am inspired or that I speak parables. I will appeal to the generosity of any reflecting impartial good man, if the comparison has any thing like profanation or blasphemy in it. View the matter and weigh it in a temporal sense, and then if you are not acquainted with the public character of General Jackson, make yourself so, and see if he has not at all times when we had need of him in his official capacity, been ready and willing to face the invading foe, and, firm as a rock, stood undaunted amidst the roar of thundering cannon and against the pointed steel of the enemy; and it seems he proved successful. He was able, with the help of Divine Providence, to go on to the field of glory and renown. Suffice it to say, that Washington when toasted was ever styled the IMMORTAL, the glorious patriot, the father and saviour of his country. And if we dare not use the language of our fathers, we must be degraded indeed; we must have fallen from that blessed station, which they, by their blood, had placed us in, and deserved the punishment tyrants would wish to inflict on us. But thanks be to the Supreme Ruler of all things, he has given us the victory. We are yet a free and independent nation; and may we, as sojourners in this land of Liberty, be always ready and willing to defend those privileges which Heaven has bestowed on us, and which have been so gallantly defended by our predecessors.

Now this Farmer, if I may be permitted to judge, does not speak in the language of a true follower of Christ, when he says he supposes "it to be the remains of a religious education which I had received, and is the last of it I have to spare." I rather think it would have been his bounden duty, as a christian, to have come to me, or all of us that he styles SCOFFERS of RELIGION, in a private and friendly manner, and expostulated with and admonish us to do better in future, and try to make us sensible of our error in some measure, and then perhaps some good might have resulted from it. But I believe the whole amount of this hope full christian's object was this: Seeing, no doubt, my name in the Patriot as a candidate for Sheriff, he thinks his truly religious sentiments, expressed in the scrap, might have a tendency to lessen me in the estimation of my fellow-

citizens, and by so doing get his favorite candidate elected.

I shall say no more on this subject: I have already said enough to convince any unprejudiced impartial man, that my motives, in giving this toast, were pure. This is the first I ever wrote for a public journal, and I firmly believe it will be the last—on this subject, at least. One word to the Farmer before we part. The next time you appear before the public, throw off the mask which hides you from their observation, and appear before the world "in all the nakedness of your native deformity."

THOMAS HASTINGS, JR.

The Committee of arrangement handed us, for publication, the following

ORATION.

Delivered by Major JOHN C. COVELLY, at the celebration of the forty-eighth Anniversary of the American Independence, to a number of the Citizens of Potter township, at Potter's Mills, in this County, on the 5th inst.

FRIENDS & FELLOW CITIZENS.

At the base of Tussey Mountain, whose grand and majestic summit o'er-shadows the stupendous brick mansion, in which we are now assembled to celebrate the 48th Anniversary of the blessed sovereignty and Independence of our much beloved country. Every eye beams with joy, every heart dilates with exulting pleasure, in being permitted, once more, to resound the name of LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE. This place, but a few years since, was a howling wilderness, inhabited by beasts of prey, and a race of men destitute of that polished refinement which renders life agreeable; but, on the contrary, they were as fierce and barbarous as the prowling Tiger that inhabited the mountain. Here permit me to drop a word of tribute and respect, to the great and worthy Revolutionary General, whose name, with pride, our township bears. He, aided by other worthy men, has caused our township to "blossom like the rose." The garden of Eden scarce exhibited a more delightful scene, than does our country for many miles around. Diversified with rich foliage, and fruits of every description, the fields represent gardens prolific, and spontaneous; and society is fostered equal to the most polished countries of Europe. Although the General's lips are sealed in perpetual silence, and he has "gone to that bourn from whence no traveller e'er returns," we have descendants from him, who possess all the economy, industry, and spirit of improvement, which they so justly inherit of their ancestor. To them we are, in a great measure, indebted for that important improvement, so beneficial to the state, entitled the "Centre and Kishacoquillas Turnpike Road;" likewise for a variety of improvements, planned and executed entirely at their own expense, which adds greatly to the beauty, interest, and convenience of the community at large.

I shall now call your attention to another, and not less important subject:

Among all civilized nations, in every age of the world, the foundation of states, and the establishment of religious systems, have been the subject of annual festivity, and public demonstrations of joy. This general consent of nations, in celebrating the most distinguished periods of their history, is no inconsiderable evidence of the propriety of the custom. These anniversary festivals have a very powerful influence in enkindling a flame of national ardor; which, without them, is liable to be extinguished, in the perpetual round of private occupations. They call to mind the virtues of the statesmen, who have, by their wisdom, directed empires, and founded systems of law; likewise the sufferings of heroes, who, by their skill, courage, and determined bravery, have supported and defended them. I shall here cite you to the Honorable Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Bowdoin, Treat Payne, Edward Rutledge, Matthew Tilghman, &c. &c. men, whose wisdom and integrity as statesmen, bid defiance to the world. I must likewise call your attention to the FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY, the great immortal General George Washington, whose achievements during the revolution, and afterwards as President of the United States, have gained him an imperishable name. Not forgetting Generals Warren, Wooster, Greene, Monigomery, Potter, Putnam, Gates, Brown, Jackson, and the adopted son of Washington, the Marquis de la Fayette, the great friend of America, and one whom we so justly adore. This posterity are stimulated to imitate their