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FROM THE AURORA.

No. II.

I endeavored to prove, in my last, that the appellations *democrats* and *federalists*, are not correctly understood, or else that they are grossly abused; and I mentioned that it would be exceedingly useful if one could designate parties by their *real views* and *actions*.

I have since that time, been thinking about *parties themselves*, and I confess that there is a great deal to puzzle one in the investigation, too much for me to unravel. It is a common saying that no two men can think alike on all matters, and it is also said that this inability is the cause of parties; it may be so, but let us see. If men cannot argue about all things, it does not follow that they must disagree about every thing; on the contrary, we know that most men do agree upon some of the most interesting matters, as the shape of the earth for instance, as well as about the revolution of the earth on its axis, and other subjects equally abstruse, and likely to create doubts. Well, if the mass of civilized people are agreed about such things, why should it be impossible to agree about matters much more simple, and susceptible of comprehension?

There is no one, I presume, who will deny, that, that form of government is best, under which the mass of the people are likely to be the most happy and enlightened, the most virtuous, the most industrious, and the most generous. If this is granted, as it must be, the question is, which form of government really is best calculated to produce those important consequences? The solution of this is much easier than it is to prove that the earth is round; and yet nobody disputes the shape of the earth, whilst there certainly are many, who disagree about the best form of government. Why is this so? I cannot account for it in any other way than this—it does not pick a man's pocket to believe in the *globular form* of the earth, nobody is interested in maintaining the contrary; whereas it would keep money out of the pocket of many a parasite, if all men could agree about principles of government.

By this I mean, for I wish to be well understood, that many public writers and historians have been well paid by the dependants and pensioners of despotic and monarchical forms of government for praising monarchy, &c. and for disparaging free government—whereas, in a free government nobody in particular is interested in proving the excellence of what he already possesses, feels and enjoys—therefore it is seldom or never done—although it is every body's concern, it is nobody's business.

In America, ten people read for one that reads under a monarchy; the circulation of books and journals in this country is prodigious; we know, or ought to know all that is said in Europe in favor of monarchy and aristocracy; and we can compare the condition of our own people with the situation of Europeans, sufficiently well to be able to say—whether there is any people in Europe equal to us in general intelligence, in virtuous dispositions, in industry, and in social enjoyments?

I despise national as well as private conceit, but I think that facts warrant me in asserting, that of all the people on earth,

those of the United States have the greatest cause to be happy and contented. What man of any party will deny this? who would consent to exchange situations with any private subject of an European state? If no one would, if our general happiness is admitted, what is that happiness owing to? surely not to the nature of our soil, the variety of our climates, or even to our remoteness from Europe. If we had a king, a nobility, and an established church, our soil, our climate, and our situation, would not prevent the evils that all ages and countries have been produced by those cancers on the body politic. No, it is *freedom*, and that alone, which makes us an envied nation.

If this be the case, is there any one who would wish his country to be robbed of *civil and religious liberty*? I sometimes hear people say that there is a party in our country which would gladly exchange freedom for some European system; that party is called *federal*; but I disbelieve the accusation; I think it as preposterous as the accusation against the opposite party, that they delight in anarchy. I do not believe that if the question was put to vote, there would be any considerable portion of our people in favor of changing our form of government.

I may admit that there may be in the democratic party corrupt or turbulent men, who never consider consequences, and who would rather be licentious than consent to even an imagined diminution of their freedom: and I am fully persuaded that there are in the federal party, (I think I may truly say) many men who would be glad to see a diminution of popular freedom, if that would enable them to assume the airs and distinctions of aristocracy. But that there is any desire for anarchy or aristocracy in the great body of the people, I positively deny.

If, then, this be the case: if the mass of the community love the form of government, under which they enjoy greater happiness than any other people—why are they marshalled into two parties, sometimes scowling at each other as if they were hostile enemies? This is the question which so much perplexes me; this is a question which, I humbly think, every American ought often to ask himself; it is a question, the discussion of which would, I am sure, tend to the perpetuity of freedom and promote harmony in society: For what can be more distressing than to see neighbors, friends, and even relations, regularly straining every nerve, at least once a year to mortify and thwart the wishes of each other? And for what? Very few can tell when the election is over.

Perhaps my way of thinking is peculiar, I may be wrong, but I pray the editor of the Aurora to let me appear before his readers that they may judge—by no means desiring that he should be answerable or censured for aught that I say, which may be incorrect.

CODRUS.

## Sleeping Beauty.

Under this head we lately gave a singular instance of somnolence in the servant of a clergyman, who removed his family to Dunnald for the benefit of sea bathing. Our last accounts left her still sleeping—she has now awakened from a dormant state of nearly 40 days.—The following are further particulars from The Montrose Courier.

“The girls name is Margaret Lyel, a shoemaker's daughter at Dunnald. On Wed-

nesday, June 28th, she awoke about 2 in the morning, and, after bleeding freely at the nose, fell asleep, & so continued till Friday June 30th, at five in the afternoon, being a period of 63 hours. When awoke she complained only of weakness, took some refreshments, remained in bed, and was found in the same somnolent state next morning. Saturday July 1st, deprived of all sense, and totally devoid of motion, with her jaws so clenched as to render force necessary to open them wine and water was sparingly administered. In this state she remained till Friday July 7th when her power of swallowing returned, and her jaws hitherto closed, now opened freely; but no food was given her till three days after; broth, bread &c. were then occasionally, but sparingly given her. When the power of swallowing returned her left hand regained motion—if bread was put into it, and put to her mouth she ate it very slowly; but the hand remained in the same position, unless put back, after the bread was consumed. Bleeding, blistering, sudden immersion into cold water, has been restored to; snuff and spirits of hartshorn had been applied to her nostrils; her arm had been punctured so as to bring blood, and divers other means had been used to arouse her, but in vain; yet, during the whole time, she retained a healthy appearance, her breathing was easy, and nothing in appearance, distinguished her from a person in ordinary sleep, her pulse generally being about 50. In the state above described she remained down to the afternoon of Tuesday the 8th inst. when some appearance took place which indicated that she was not altogether unconscious of what was transacted beside her. Her father having read a portion of Scripture about 10 at night, went and asked her if she heard him, to which she answered slowly and faintly, “yes.” Her eyes remained closed the next morning, when, with some gentle efforts, they were opened, and sensation gradually diffused itself into her limbs. When fully awoke, she complained of pain and giddiness. Visitors were very properly denied admittance while she was in this state; but yesterday she was so far recovered as to be able to go about with a little assistance. She retains no recollection of any thing that occurred in her presence; but nearly about the time she awakened, she conceived the night to have been very long, and her sleep uneasy, she was therefore anxious for day. The time she slept, from June 23, at three A. M. to the time she spoke on Tuesday the 8th inst. at 10 P. M. is 40 days (with the exception of 5 hours, and the few hours, she was awake on the evening of Friday, June 30,) during which time she appears to have been absorbed in the soundest sleep.”

From the Boston Daily Advertiser, August 15.

The following narrative, and letters we have copied from the correspondence of Baron Grimm. The Baron was led to notice it, from its being made the ground work of French tragedy called *Abdir*, by *Sauvigny*, represented at Paris in Jan. 1785.

You can well remember that the general interest which Sir—Asgill inspired, a young officer in the English guards, who was made prisoner and condemned to death by the Americans in reprisal for the death of capt. Huddy, who was hanged by order of capt. Lippencott. The public prints all over Europe resounded with the unhappy catastrophe which for 8 months impended over the life of this young officer. The

extreme grief of his mother, the sort of delirium which clouded the mind of his sister at hearing of the dreadful fate which menaced the life of her brother; interested every feeling mind in the fate of that unfortunate family.—The general curiosity with regard to the events of the war, yielded, if I may so say, to the interest which young Asgill inspired, and the first question asked of all vessels that arrived from any part of North America, was always an inquiry into the fate of that young man. It is known that Asgill was thrice conducted to the foot of the gibbet and that thrice Gen. Washington, who could not bring himself to commit this crime of policy without a great struggle, suspended his punishment; his humanity and justice made him hope that the English general would deliver over to him the author of the crime which Asgill was condemned to expiate.

Clinton either ill obeyed, or insensibly to the fate of the young Asgill, persisted in refusing to deliver up the barbarous Lippencott. In vain the king of England, at whose feet this unfortunate family fell down had given orders to surrender up to the Americans the author of a crime which dishonored the English nation; George III. was not obeyed. In vain the States of Holland entreated of the United States of America the pardon of the unhappy Asgill; The gibbet erected in front of his prison, did not cease to offer to his eyes those dreadful preparatives more awful than death itself. In these circumstances, and almost reduced to despair, the mother of the unfortunate victim bethought herself that the minister of a king armed against her own nation might succeed in obtaining that which was refused to her King. Madame Asgill wrote to the count de Vergennes a letter, the eloquence of which, independent of oratorical forms, is, that of all people and all languages, because it derives its power from the first and noblest sentiment of our nature.

The two memorials which are subjoined merit being preserved as historical monuments.

Letter from Lady Asgill to Comte de Vergennes.

“SIR—If the politeness of the French Court will permit a stranger to address it, it cannot be doubted but that she who unites in herself all the more delicate sensations with which an individual can be penetrated, will be received favorable by a nobleman, who reflects honor not only on his nation but on human nature. The subject on which I implore your assistance is too heart-rending to be dwelt upon; most probably the public report of it has already reached you; this relieves me from the burden of so mournful a duty. My son, my only son, dear to me as he is brave; amiable as he is beloved, only nineteen years of age, a prisoner of war, in consequence of the capitulation of York town, is at present confined in America as an object of reprisals. Shall the innocent suffer the fate of the guilty? Figure yourself, Sir, the situation of a family in these circumstances.

Surrounded as I am with objects of distress, bound down with fear and grief, words are wanting to express what I feel, and to paint such a scene of misery; my husband given over by his physicians some hours before the arrival of this news, not in a condition to be informed of it; my daughter attacked by a fever accompanied with delirium; speaking of her brother in tones of wildness and without an interval of reason unless it be to listen to some circumstances which may console her heart. Let your sensibility Sir, paint to you my profound, my inexpressible misery, and plead in my favor; a word, a word from you, like a voice from heaven, would liberate us from desolation, from the last decree of misfortune. I know how far G. Washington reverses your character. Tell him only that you wish my son restored to liberty, and he will restore him to hap-