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[Volume V.]

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TERMS

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THE WREATH.

The following sublime ode to the Deity, is from
the Russian Anthology, and was written by
Derzhavin. It is said that the poem has been
translated into Japanese, by order of the Em-
peror; and is hung up, embroidered in gold,
in the temple of Jeddoh. It has also been trans-
lated into the Chinese and Tartar languages,
written upon rich silk, and suspended at the
imperial palace of Peking.

O Thou Eternal One, whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy—All motion guide!
Unhindered through thine's devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside,
Being above all things! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Whom vast existence with itself alone
Embracing all—supporting—ruling—
Whom we call God—and know no more!

Thou from primal nothingness didst call
First, chaos, then existence—Lord on thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Sprang forth from Thee! of light, joy, harmony
Sole origin—all life, all beauty, thine;
Thy word created all; and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Than art, and wert, and shall be, glorious
Great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the pinnears'd universe surround:
Upheld by thee, inspired by thy breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death;
No sparks moist upwards from the fiery blaze,
So man are born, so worlds spring forth from
Thee!

And as the sunbeams in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glittering thy praise.
A nation forth, lighted by thy hand,
Whom thou wast wearing through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All glory with thee, all eloquent with bliss.
What dost we call them? Files of crystal light?
A company of golden streams?
A company of burning bright?
A company of joyous beams?
Or dost thou call them, art as the noon to night.

Thou a drop of water in the sea,
Thou a speck of dust in the air,
Thou a grain of sand in the world,
Thou a mote in the eye of the Lord!
Thou art I, thou art Heaven's unnumbered
Host!

Thou art the sun, the moon, and array'd
In all the glory of splendor's thought,
Thou art the stars, the balance weighed
Against thy greatness—'tis a cypher bright
Against thy glory! What art thou? No light!

But the effulgence of thy light divine,
Thou art the worlds, thou art the sun and moon,
Thou art the spirit, thou art the spirit shine,
Thou art the sun, the moon, and array'd
In all the glory of splendor's thought,
Thou art the stars, the balance weighed
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Whence came I here, and how? so mar-
velously
Constructed and contriv'd! This coil
Lives through some higher energy—
For thou, thou! couldst not be
Creator! Yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit and my lord!
Thy light, thy love, in all their bright plen-
itude
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bide it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even in its source; to Thee, its Author there.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
The' worthless our conceptions all of Thee.
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And wait its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus close my faint thoughts can soar,
Thou seek thy presence, being vast and good
Midst thy vast works, mine, O my Lord—
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

MISCELLANY.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(Continued from No. 210.)
Nothing could exceed the delicate manner
in which Basil Roberts bore himself under
these trying circumstances, towards his fair-
guest, of the considerate regard which he paid
to her feelings.

Several weeks passed away, and though
the country rang with the clash of arms, he
cautiously avoided any mention of the nu-
merous reports, which daily reached him,
concerning the operation of the contending
forces. But this silence could no longer be
preserved. The storm of war, was rolling
onward, and the thunder which had hitherto
growled at a distance, was now about to burst
over Indian Spring Valley.

"We must remove to our Aunt Betsey's,"
said Basil; "she lives in an out-of-the-way
corner; and as her house is large, withal, I
think we will even venture upon her. A small
body of horse were perceived, even as Basil
was speaking, to march over the brow of the
hill; and Nancy, vanquishing all reluctance
to brave the inhospitable Aunt, proposed their
instant departure.

This retreat had been selected by many in-
habitants of the valley; and when Basil and
Nancy arrived, they found, to their astonish-
ment and regret, the old lady's house already
crowded. Little reason had the persons who
sought refuge in this secluded spot to congrat-
ulate themselves fortunate in their search for
a place of safety; for, contrary to all calcu-
lation on the subject, it proved to be, in the
very line of the American army's march, and
the British were pressing warmly on their
heels.

Removal, however, until the following
morning was deemed inexpedient, and as the
young females, for of such the party was
chiefly composed, were sitting round the
dimly lighted, and every way uncomfortable
room—the sudden rush of horses feet was
heard. The riders halted at the door—and
saw the terrified and screaming damsels could
escape from their seats amid the jangling of
spurs—the heavy tramp of horsemen's boots—
the trundling of swords and words of menace
to the horses at the door, an officer entered,
and requested in a polite manner, that ac-
commodation for the night might be afforded
the Marquis de La Fayette.

Terror of the British gave instant place to
the most intense curiosity to see the great
Friend of America, and even the lively sallies
and fine compliments of an elegant young
Frenchman, who had immediately followed
the officer, could not subdue the impatience
to see him enter. He had amused the girls
greatly by his answers to their inquiries.
What sort of a man was that Marquis? when
in the midst of a keen encounter of wits,
between him and the young lady we have
mentioned as Miss Bell, a trumpet was sound-
ed; and an officer of distinction, well known
in that district, stepped hastily up to the
young gallant, exclaiming with great anima-
tion, "My Lord Marquis, that is Langhorne,
and he has done the deed—made clean work
of it, my Lord—cut up the whole party, to a
man; at least, so says his orderly.

"Ah! mon cher Langhorn, j'etais sur que
vous le feriez dans une maniere comme il
faut."
"You may indeed say that, my Lord; after
such a march to get in with them about
a this afternoon, dash'd at them at once, and
made root and branch work of it, I warrant.
Johnson says the whole detachment was cut
to ribbons in less than half an hour; but see
my Lord, here is the man himself.

Miss Bell had not ceased her exclamations
of surprise, terror, and delight, at the idea of
freedom she had used with the great Marquis,
when Charles Langhorne entered.
"Oh, Miss Nancy!" she said, "see there is
another instance of my impudence. The base
time I saw that gentleman, to think how I
used to jest him about his resignation, and
now my starved senses? Only look at him—
see how composed he looks, as he is talking
how he did the English, and seems to think
no more of it than if they had been so many
wounded, and then the great Marquis so
small pleased speaking and speaking his hand
clapping word, and the officers all in such glad
to see him. Do be, look Miss Ann Noland,

do, bless you now, look if you ever saw any
thing so interesting." He had said what he had
to say, and had hung his horseman's cap on
the table, and now he leaned against the wall,
one hand resting on his monstrous sword.
"Don't be so almost spent? What can make
him so melancholy though?"

The garrulous young lady might have in-
ferred her breath. Nancy Noland saw it all,
and that which drew every eye on her lover
with feelings of admiration and respect, filled
her with horror and unutterable regret.
"Oh!" she cried in the bitterness of her
heart, "how, with all this combination against
him, can he fail to love the praise of men
more than the praise of God—and, alas! at
what a price does he purchase it?"

The success which had attended the enter-
prise entrusted to Langhorne, had engaged the
attention and conversation of the officers,
when the Marquis, taking his side, asked
him if he would not think him very unreason-
ably exacting, if he required him to under-
take another most important service on the
following morning.

"You, of all men, my Lord Marquis," said
Langhorne, "can never ask, what an Ameri-
can should not, at least, try to perform—you,
to whom we owe such a boundless debt of
gratitude. Still less, my Lord, should we be
backward to perform that duty to ourselves,
which you are ever so ready to engage in
for us."

"And for myself," said the Marquis, so-
lemnly, "and for myself. The victorious
Americans will achieve the glorious adventure
in which they have engaged; their toil—
their liberty will be secured. But Lang-
horne, my poor oppressed country—what will
be her fate in the great struggle which I fore-
see she will ever long make for freedom—
Alas! I fear the arm of the oppressor will
prove in the end, too strong for her. Yes my
friend, I am fighting in my own cause and
happily, when weary with the storms of fate,
and sick with witnessing evils which I cannot
cure, I will return to this my adopted country,
and lay my aged bones among you."

"And when you do return," said Lang-
horne, "you will be received with a shout of
such joyous welcome, as will cause you to
forget you were not born in a land which is
so truly yours."

The Marquis demanded the attention of
his officers, and they left the room; nor did
Langhorne know he had been in the presence
of Nancy Noland.

The correct information which Basil had
not an opportunity of conveying to her, in the
probable scene of content and disturbance, de-
termined him to return to Indian Spring Val-
ley, at the safest retreat. He therefore set
out early on the following morning, with
Nancy, and the greater part of the young
company, assembled at Aunt Betsey's.

They had reached a hill commanding a
view of the bridge, which they had been cau-
tioned to attempt to gain at an early hour,
when they found they were too late; a party
of the British were in possession; for, by
means of it, a considerable detachment of
their army was that day to pass the river.

Basil and his division of non-combatants
were about to retrace their steps, when a body
of horse passed them at full speed. On gain-
ing the brow of the hill, and perceiving the
enemy's trumpet sounded, and they rushed
down on the charge.

This was a scene from which it was impos-
sible that Basil and his party could turn their
eyes; and they watched the event with feel-
ings which can be more easily imagined than
described.

The British on the first appearance of the
horse, had thrown themselves into a hollow
square, for the ground being entirely open at
the bridge, there was nothing to prevent their
being surrounded. The attacking party had
advanced almost on the point of their bayo-
nets ere they fired. For some moments the
whole contest was concealed from the view of
the persons on the hill. At length, horses
without riders ran from the spot—as the
smoke rolled away in volumes, it was all one
scene of confusion—the gleam of the
flashing broadswords was first seen—then
men, horses, muskets, bayonets, all mingled
together. Shouts and shrieks were heard;
and after an agonizing suspense of ten min-
utes, all was hushed. The bridge was fired
—the British stretched on the plain. Press-
ing on at the head of his troops, Nancy had
recognized Charles Langhorne. The battle
was over; our countrymen victorious, and
our little party, pacific as it was, shared in
the joy of the conquerors. Alas! they were
also deeply to share in their sorrow.

"I will not hear that he survives," said
Nancy, "only tell me so much—I wish to
know nothing of his glory; you call it."
Basil, who had returned from the bloody spot,
only replied, "dear friend, he is composed."
"He is a killed," cried Nancy, with a
shriek that thrilled through every heart. "If
there is one spark of life I will go to him, I
will not be!"

"It cannot be," said Basil, with the
deepest conviction, "he is gone."
"I was not prepared," said Nancy, "for
this; but my assurance was impeded; after
an intellectual exertion to articulate, her eyes
closed, and she fell in insensibility the present
scene of anguish."
Little remark to be said—Nancy had but
one friend—that friend was undeviatingly

true to her. For months he respected her
sorrow and yielded all his wishes to her feel-
ings. She had lost her lover, but she valued
her friend; and in due time saw fit to reward
his constancy; she married Basil Roberts,
with a full understanding that she would never
forget Charles Langhorne.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

DIED.

At his lodgings at Tenison's, on Thurs-
day night last at about twelve o'clock, in his
sixtieth year, PUSH-MA-TA-HA, one of the
Choctaw Delegation, now at Washington, on
business with the Government. The best at-
tendance and the best medical skill were em-
ployed to save him, but in vain. He died of
the croup, and was ill but a day. He was
buried on Saturday with military honours,
which were performed by the Marine Corps,
by the directions of the Honourable the Sec-
retary of the Navy, assisted by Captain
Manroe and Captain Dyer's companies of
volunteers; Christian ceremonies by the
Rev. Mr. Hawley. The procession was
large (at least two thousand) and highly re-
spectable. General Jackson, who knew and
appreciated the services of this Chief, paid
his last respects to his memory, as did also
many members of both Houses of Congress,
and members of Government, some of whom
attended him, though so distant, to the grave.

PUSH-MA-TA-HA was an extraordinary
man. He was one of the three great Chiefs
of his nation, and had attained that distinc-
tion by his powers of oratory and military
prowess. Nature had impressed him with
the stamp of greatness—and he was himself
even in death. "I am told," said he, (in his
native tongue, for he spoke no English,) "that
I am better. It is a mistake. I shall die—
and at about 12 o'clock to-night. It has al-
ways been in my heart that I should die in
the land of strangers." He then gave some
directions respecting his family, and the dis-
position of his affairs, and concluded by say-
ing, "When I am dead, let the big guns be
fired over me." His request was respected.

He had won this high distinction by his uni-
form attachment to the people and cause of
the United States, and by the scars he had re-
ceived, and the blood he had shed in second-
ing our power on our borders, when it was
exercised to save our citizens from the hostility
of his own race and the combined hostility
of the enemy with them, and especially in the
late war. He even foiled Tecumseh—though
not with the sword. He saw his opportunity,
and seized it; he knew his means, and he
employed them. He triumphed over that
master spirit, broke the spell in which he was
attempting to bind his nation, and turned the
sword of his people upon our enemies. It
was by the powers of his oratory. Every arm
felt when PUSH-MA-TA-HA had spoke—
Every hostile spirit was hushed—and the
Choctaw nation, powerful as it was, were
united to us. He put himself at the head of
500 warriors, and entered our service—in
twenty battles served under the eye of
General Jackson in his Pensacola campaign,
and won the admiration of even this veteran.

PUSH-MA-TA-HA remembered his leader
in death. "I want," said he, "to see General
Jackson." But it was late at night, and the
knowledge of this wish was not conveyed.
To the writer of this hasty notice, General
Jackson said, when informed of it the next
day, "I deeply regret it. Had it been mid-
night, I would have risen and gone to see
him."

PUSH-MA-TA-HA, though uneducated
himself, he saw the necessity of improving
his people—and demonstrated his attachment
to civilization, by giving \$2,000 of his annu-
ity, for 5 years, towards the support of the
school system.

PUSH-MA-TA-HA sleeps with the great
and the venerated of our land. He lies in
the same enclosure with our Clintons and
Gerrys. When the tidings of his death shall
reach his people, it will be like the fall of the
noblest tree in their forest, which had long
furnished them with shelter and shade—every
ear will listen to the echoes occasioned by its
fall, and all hearts will mourn the mighty
ruin. But let them remember, though he
"died in the land of strangers," that he was
respected and treated like a friend, and that
"the big guns" were fired over him, not
barely in compliance with his last request,
but out of respect for his services, and to
show, that his attachment to our people, and
his efforts in our cause, were not forgotten.

It was the boast of PUSH-MA-TA-HA
that "his hand was white." "It has never
been stained," said he, "by the blood of Ameri-
cans. But it is red with that of their ene-
mies." "I am an American," said he, the
other day, to the writer of this. "My skin
is red—but my heart is white." He was
asked, about ten weeks ago, how he was?
He threw his eyes upward, and with a most
devotional and grateful look, spoke, "He
says," said his interpreter, "he feels that the
great Spirit loves him to-day. He is so well
that he feels happy."

On his way to Washington, he met an old
acquaintance, going to the land of achieve-
ments in war. "You have come in a path-
ful way," said PUSH-MA-TA-HA, "which is
straight, and the green grass and flowers
border it. The trees are all leafy, and the
birds sing amidst their branches. You are
going where the paths are all crooked, and

where the land is desolate, and white with the
bones of my enemies."

Did time permit, even with the barren re-
sources which are at hand, it would be easy
to illustrate the extraordinary sayings of this
man. He was of nature's construction in in-
tellect and prowess. And when the turns off
a favourite, as in Shakespeare, art only fetters,
and its adventitious aids are spurned as be-
neath the attention of the mind which is rich
and powerful in its own resources.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A FACT.

A gentleman travelling some years since
in one of the southern states, called at an inn,
and requested entertainment for the night.
The host informed him, that it was out of his
power to accommodate him, as his house was
already full. He entreated him to lodge him,
as he was almost exhausted with travelling, as
well as his beast. After much solicitation,
the host consented to entertain him, provided
he would sleep in a certain chamber that had
long remained unoccupied, in consequence of
a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a
barber, who was reputed to have been murder-
ed in that room a number of years since.

"Very well," said the guest, "I am not afraid
of the ghost—take care of my horse, and
prepare me some supper." After taking some
refreshment, he inquired of the host how and
in what manner the chamber in which he was
to lodge, was haunted. The host replied,
that those who had lodged in the room, stated,
that shortly after they retired to rest, an
unknown voice was heard, in a trembling
and protracted accent, saying, "do you want
to be sha—ved?" "Well," replied the guest,
"if he comes I will let him shave me." He
then requested that he might be shown to the
apartment; in going to which he was con-
ducted through a long room, where were
seated a great number of persons at the gam-
ing table. Feeling a curiosity which almost
every one possesses, after having heard
"ghost-stories," he carefully searched every
corner in his apartment, but could discover
nothing but a large basin. He then went to
bed; but feeling much fatigued, he did not
close his eyes to sleep immediately, (which is
often the case when one is excessively tired)
and in a few moments he imagined he heard
the voice as represented to him by the host.

He arose from his bed, and searched every
part of his chamber, but could discover noth-
ing. He then went to bed—but no sooner
had he begun to compose himself to sleep,
than the question was repeated. He then
arose and went to his window; the sound ap-
peared to proceed from that quarter, and
he stood awhile silent. After a few moments
of suspense, he again heard the sound dis-
tinctly. Convinced that it was from without,
he opened his window, when it was repeated
full to his ear. On a closer examination he
observed that the limb of a "venerable oak,"
which stood under his window, projected so
near to the house, as on every breath of wind
to grate against the shingles, creating a sound
resembling the interrogation, "do you want
to be sha—ved?" Having satisfied himself
that this ghost was nothing more or less than
the limb of a tree, coming in contact with the
house, he again went to bed, and attempted
to go to sleep; but was now interrupted by
peals of laughter in the room below, where
the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he
could turn this discovery to his own advan-
tage, he took the sheet from the bed, and
wrapped it around him, and taking the basin
in his hand, descended to the room of the
gamblers, and suddenly opening the door,
rushed in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice,
"do you want to be sha—ved?"

Terrified at this sudden interruption, they left
the room in the greatest confusion; some
tumbling down stairs over others. He then
deliberately put his basin under the table, and
gathered an immense sum of money into it,
which had been left thereupon, secured it,
and retired peaceably to rest.

The next morning on going below, he found
the house in the utmost confusion. They im-
mediately asked him if he had enjoyed a
good night's rest. He replied in the affirma-
tive. "Well, no wonder," said the host,
"for the ghost, instead of going to his usual
place, made a mistake, came into our room,
and carried off every cent of our money."
The guest without being in the least suspect-
ed, quietly eat his breakfast, and departed with
his valuable treasure.

The above may be relied on as a fact—the
author had it from the mouth of a very re-
spectable aged gentleman in Massachusetts,
to whom it was reported by the person him-
self.—*Forland Wreath.*

FROM THE BOSTON PATRIOT.
INSURE YOUR PROPERTY!
"A penny saved is a penny earned."
The season of fires has arrived. It is, there-
fore, the proper time to examine your policies
of insurance; you that have been wise
enough to provide yourselves with these use-
ful safe guards—and, if not, renew them.
To those who have not insured their prop-
erty we would put a few questions. Why
do you go to the expense of locks for your
doors, and chests for your treasure, and
shutters and bars for your windows? To
secure your property, you reply—property