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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the Correspondent of the Petersburg Intelligencer, Aug 24, 1826.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

At 2 o'clock in the morning we embarked on board of a steamboat for Whitehall, situated distant 25 miles. Silently we passed up the still waters. I sat on the deck cloaked and watching. Here and there upon its shadowy bank, stood the pale, desolate, and dreary as neared its promontory. Many a weary sentinel, far from home and far from friends, has paced these ramparts, has gazed upon this same moon which is shedding her full light upon them. Not a solitary human being nor creature, is now to be seen there! I passed the whole night in writing, as I could not sleep at all in consequence of the births having been all occupied by the Montreal Passengers, who generally take this route to the Atlantic States. Nor was our situation pleasant in other respects.—The forward deck of the boat was completely filled with more than 100 emigrants from Ireland, men, women, children and infants, bound to the "States" via Canada. Their appearance was grotesque enough, as they lay scattered and slumbering about the vessel, with no coverings but the heavens and exposed to the cool, damp night air of the lake. This is the method by which John Bull gets clear of some of his patriotic subjects, and fills our poor house and penitentiaries with them. Bonds with security are required from sea captains landing such emigrants at our seaports, that they will not become a public charge within such a period. They are consequently shipped to Canada, find their way into the U. S. by the lakes, and the law so necessary for the general good of society, is evaded.—Should not the officers of the lake boats be made liable also in such cases?—Hundreds during the present season have arrived in this manner. It was day-light before we reached Whitehall, the Lake many miles before its commencement at this place is nothing more than a narrow, sluggish stream, so confined that the Steamboat could scarcely turn around in it, and passing between high and rocky ridges. At the head of this channel lie moored the flotillas of Macdonough and Downs—and it was with no common emotion that I looked upon the grim port-holes of these dismantled ships—the sad but reminding monuments of the brilliant victory of our gallant Macdonough. The Commodore was a hero and a Christian; He announced this victory to the War Department, "The ALMIGHTY has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain."

Whitehall is a very flourishing little place, situated at the point of communication between the Hudson and the Lake. Here terminates the Northern Canal, commencing on the Hudson at Fort Edward, after a course of 22 miles. To this part of the country the benefit derived from this Canal is incalculable: the great article of trade is Lumber, which goes quickly to the Hudson river through this channel, and with very little expense. A merchant informed me, that formerly it cost 60 cents per bushel to send his wheat from Lake Champlain to N York, now it is landed in that city by the Canal Boats for 12 1/2 cents. Two miles from Whitehall the stage road passes the late residence of old Henry Fraucisen, famous for his years, as his namesake in Virginia is for patriotic strength. He died in 1824,—was a soldier during the wars of Queen Anne, and saw her crowned—Under the Duke of Marlborough he fought many battles and received many wounds. For 100 years he assisted in the various battles of America. In '55 he received a wound at Braddock's defeat, and when 90 years old was taken a prisoner to Quebec in the Revolution. He had been married twice and was more than eighty years of age when his youngest child was born.—Some of the older children are said to be living at great ages beyond the Ohio.

We are now on the return to Saratoga, the route passing through a country memorable, as the theatre of Gen. Burgoyne's last expedition, and the remains of the military cause-way which he constructed with so much toil thro' these rough regions for his army artillery are still visible, and for miles run close to the present road. Our dining place was at Sandy Hill, a neat village, famous for that wonderful money speculator Jacob Barker's Bank, as it is styled, being located here. To those unacquainted with the labyrinth of chartered, monied institutions of this State, it seems a very remote and singular location. Sandy Hill is, however, more celebrated as the vicinity of the painful fate and massacre of Miss McGrea. The place of her murder is only 2 miles from the village, at the side of a cool and delightful spring. Her name, with the date of the foul deed, 777 stands inscribed upon the same ancient, fatal pine tree to which she was cruelly bound fast scalped and tomahawked by those "hell-hounds of war." What must have been the sensations of her impatient lover when, instead of his expected bride, the very savage party which he had despatched to escort her to the British camp, returned, bringing her youthful scalp?—Well might this atrocious cruelty produce at that time universal indignation throughout the whole country! Burgoyne was conducting tribes of savages to the invasion of the infant States! Innocence fell a victim—but the sacrifice brightened the flame of liberty, and aided the holy cause.

Towards night we passed by the battle grounds which decided the fate of Burgoyne's Army on the 19th September and 7th October, 1777. That commander, so confident of success, published in his order at the commencement of the campaign, "this army must not retreat," here on the 17th of Oct. surrendered to the American arms, and observed to Gen. Gates, "The fortune of war has made me your prisoner."—No American can behold these fields without emotions of deeply impressive historical associations. These are our Marathons, our Thermopyles our Plateau—plains that shall be visited by thousands and remembered with more interest than even classic ground itself.

Troy, August 25.

This is a beautiful city, bounded by fine hills in the rear, one of which is called *Mount Ida*, to continue the elegant allusion of its name.

It contains about the same population as Peter-burg, and has many handsome buildings. An institution, somewhat novel, has been established in this place by the munificence of Gen Van Rensselaer. Its object is to benefit students in those sciences, more particularly adapted to the common purposes of life—to qualify teachers for the instruction of farmers' and mechanics' children in Agriculture, Chemistry, Natural History, Domestic Economy, and the useful Arts. A fame belongs to the seminary for the particular improvement of the students in Agriculture, and workshops for their progress in Mechanical Science. The plan promises to be very useful.

We were in Troy on a Sabbath, and gladly embraced the opportunity of visiting a settlement of the *shakers* at Niskenua, not far from this place. After a short ride we found ourselves in the midst of this strange community, and seated in their house of public worship. Presently they walked in to the house two and two, the men entering at the left hand door, and the women the right. All were clad uniformly—the men had left their coats at their dwelling. After sitting awhile in perfect silence, they arose, each one taking a seat on one side, and the females on the other with a space eight feet wide between the two bodies.

Then commenced the worship by singing, in which every one joined; as far as my ear could judge they sang one part alone—the air and this with out much reference to Piano strains, but very correct in their own peculiar tune, which is always quick. There are no bars in their music, it is one continued succession of sounds till the piece is completed. To many of their tunes, they sing no words at all—the performance consists in merely humming the air, accompanied by a very slight *see saw* motion of the body. Then they paused—an elder made a short address congratulating them on their privileges, and they sang again as before; after which followed an exhortation to the spectators by another elder, requesting them to refrain from levity on the solemn occasion. He further told his brethren, if they felt so disposed, although the congregation was crowded, they "might go forth to worship God in the dance." They placed themselves in rows of the whole length of the house, the men at one end and the women at the other. A number of both sexes did not join in the dance, as also those who acted as the musicians. These suddenly struck up a tune without words and the dancing immediately began—during this period the singers kept a constant waving motion with both hands, as if beating time, and whenever a hymn was finished, they all made a peculiar bow of the head to each other, denoting the reverential close of the service. Three or four pieces were performed in this manner, the whole occupying about one hour. The dancing was simple in its form. The whole body move backwards and forwards in their ranks with a quick and perfectly uniform step, then turning round, they advance up and down the room, shuffling to the tune. It is surprising to see that most perfect uniformity and regularity of step, with which they go through the routine of their unusual devotion. After "going forth" in the dance, they went forth to praise God—in the march. The singers now placing themselves in the centre of the room, commenced hymns descriptive of their worship, all the *shakers* moving round them

in couples with a very quick step. Every one united in the song, gaily waving their hands—at some particular parts, as if elated with joy, they clapped their hands while going through the solemn march.

Thus finished the worship of this curious and apparently devout sect. The utmost neatness is conspicuous in their gardens, fields, and houses and they are surpassed by no people in these respects. Their property is all in common, individuals draw from the general stock for support, which is abundantly rich and plentiful. Agriculture, gardening, and the mechanic arts employ their time—they have nothing to do with commercial speculations. The articles of their industry have always been celebrated for their superiority their garden seeds are known over the world on account of their excellence, and find a ready market.—Health, peace, and prosperity reign about them. But with all their deserved industrious moral and charitable characteristics, the leading principle of their community cannot be otherwise than wrong, and demonstrates the absurdity into which poor human nature can run! *Celibacy*, the *Shakers* declare in their belief to be indispensable, but where does reason or Scripture justify whole communities to separate themselves entirely from those solemn relations on which the happiness, and even the continuance of society depend!

More properly called the *Universal Church, or United Society of Believers*

Beautiful Extract.—The following extract from the Oration of Mr Everett, delivered at Cambridge on the anniversary, breathes the same noble and worthy spirit as was exhibited by him on the floor of Congress last winter, when pleading for the few remaining heroes of the Revolution.

Let us not forget, on the return of this eventful day, the men who, when the conflict of arms was over, stood forward in that of arms. Let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits—The efforts of a life would scarcely suffice to paint out this picture, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us from beneath the soil which it moistened.—Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war as well as council, are seen, in fancy's eye, to take their stands on the mount of remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing line of Saratoga and York town; from the blood dyed waters of the Brandywine; from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and with all their honors they rise, and plead with us for their brethren who survive, and bid us show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arms of our country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.

A satirical work, entitled "Horace in New-York," is about to be published in that city, & it is said, comes from the pen of one of the most distinguished literary characters of the place.

Gratitude is shown by few, but demanded by all.