

The Patriot.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense
BELLEFONTE, JULY 1822,

SELECTED. MELANCHOLY:

She dwells by a stream, where the cypress and willow,
Are gem'd with the tears that fall from the eye;
The earth is her bed, and the flint-stone her pillow,
Midnight her mantle—her curtain the sky.

Her cell is a cave, where the bright beam of morning
Ne'er pierc'd the chill gloom of its wildering maze;
Where the sunshine of joy, youth's visage adorning,
Ne'er warm'd with its fire, nor cheer'd with its rays.

The moon is her lamp, when the mist mantl'd mountain
At midnight she clambers, and walks on its steep;
Or leans on the rock of a crystalline fountain,
And sighs to the zephyr that dimples the deep.

Her tresses are dark as the wing of the raven,
Her robes are all wet, and her bosom is bare;
Like a barque on the wave 'mid the whirlwinds of heav'n,
She wanders distracted, or sinks in despair.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

"Is it the gift of POETRY to halo every place
in which it moves, to breath round nature an
odour more exquisite than the perfume of the
rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical
than the blush of morning?"

THE EVENING HOUR.

This is the hour when memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes
A survey of the past!

She brings before the pensive mind
The halow'd scenes of earlier years;
And friends who long have been consign'd
To silence and to tears!

The few we lik'd—the one we lov'd—
A sacred band! came stealing on!
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships that now in death are hush'd
And young affection's broken chain;
And hopes that fate too quickly crush'd
In memory bloom again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hopes as quickly flown!
Tint after tint, they died away,
Till all at last were gone!

This is the hour when fancy wreathes
Her spells round joys that could not last;
This is the hour when memory breathes
A sign to pleasure past.

From the Charleston Courier.

Thou was torn from my sight to be plac'd
in my heart;
Thine image grows dearer and dearer:
Affection entwines us we never can part;
See, love—we grow nearer and nearer.

Our loves, and our hearts, and our hopes are
all one,
Like twins to the same bosom clinging;
Our journey of life we together begun,
When the spring birds were merrily singing.

We learnt of the birds our lessons of love—
We learnt of the vine its caresses;
Our fondness was taught by the tremulous dove,
Where the Jessamine shadeth and blesses.

A mirror reflected our thoughts as they rose,
And still they grew dearer and dearer—
For like leaves in the bud of an unopened rose,
Our loves drew us nearer and nearer.

And we are but one—tho' the world think us
two,
For the world was never clear-sighted—
It may match whom it pleases, and sever them
too,
But genius and love are united.

The Graves of the Forest.

"There neither name nor emblem's spread,
To stay the passing pilgrim's tread."
BYRON.

To me a neglected grave is a melancholy
sight; for it speaks not only of the vanity of
pride, but of the treachery of friendship, and
the forgetfulness of humanity. An over-shad-
owing willow, a little drooping flower or even a
cluster of mournful ivy, tells a soothing tale,
while we recognize the tears of affection, and
the tender cares of undying love as the origin
of the growth.

I once passed on the banks of the Susquehan-
na by the side of a small plain, which appeared

to be clouded with monuments of mortality, tho'
far from any settlement that could have furnish-
ed to the tombs so many tenants: enquiry re-
sulted in the information that the spoil of a des-
perate battle was there deposited, unhonored,
save in the simple tale of the villagers record-
ing their deeds of heroism.

There is no account of Augustus and his lit-
tle band of martyrs on the pages of our history.
More than seventy years have rolled along since
those shores, where they are now inurned, ech-
oed to the peal of their musketry, and the sav-
age shouts of victory. And at this distance
from that period, even the faithfulness of mem-
ory but obscurely traces the event.

The settlers in the interior of the then colony
of Pennsylvania, were rustics, living in a man-
ner as undorned as the rude forests which sur-
rounded them: but in the village of Haverhill,
if the accomplishments of art were wanting to
make life splendid, the beauties of nature were
not sought in vain to make it sweet. Love had
found its way into the silent hamlet, and the an-
gel cheek of beauty smiled amid the solitudes
of forests, and breathed spells of happiness
around. There was one sweet girl, the daugh-
ter of a Mr. M. to whose nuptials the villagers
had been invited in the evening of the day
preceding the catastrophe which peopled in
the end this little spot with tenants.

She had given her heart to one, who, though
born and bred among the mountains and the
woods of the desert, was as fond and as fervent
as the warmest; but in so doing she rejected
the addresses of a foreigner and a stranger.—
Leroy, when the success of his rival was be-
yond a doubt, left the neighborhood precipitate-
ly, and without occasioning a suspicion of his
intention, passed over the Susquehanna, to the
encampment of a tribe of Indians. Having re-
ceived intelligence of the time when Charlotte
M. was to become the wife of Augustus, he
prevailed upon the savages to attack the settle-
ment with promises of large booty and no resis-
tance.

Just as the villagers were gathering to the
cottage of Mr. M. a horrid shout echoed along
the vale, and a band of Indians, led on by Le-
roy, rushed from the adjoining wood upon them.
The attack was too unexpected to allow of any
resistance, and a general fight and massacre
ensued: the father, mother, and brother of
Charlotte perished; their cottage was reduced
to ashes, and the defenceless daughter remain-
ed a prisoner. Augustus amid the tumult dis-
appeared none knew how.

Elated with the success of his villiany, Leroy
accompanies the heart broken Charlotte and
her cruel captors a long day's march and they
lighted their fires for the night, at sun set, on
the spot covered with so many graves. When
the Indians all assembled, Leroy addressed
them in language to this effect: "My friend
you listened to my proposals; I have guided
you to victory; I have but one request to make;
that captive girl I claim for my services; give
her to me that I may revenge myself for the
injury she has done me. When my rancour is
satisfied, I will yield her up to the fate you
choose to consign her to." The Indians heard
him with careless approbation, and the tumults
of his feelings flashed from his eyes and curled
upon his lips, as he turned towards his victim.

At this moment a bullet whistled by his head
It was Augustus and a choice band of friends
who had armed themselves and followed the
assassins, and in an instant they were in the
midst of his enemies. A dreadful slaughter fol-
lowed. The savages triumphed and not one of
that brave company of heroes escaped.

Augustus was among the prisoners, and
Charlotte was still uninjured. When the Indi-
ans found their victory complete, they proceed-
ed to despatch all the captives that had fallen
in their power; but when they came to Augus-
tus, Leroy again interterd: "My friends," said
he, "give him also up to me; he shall witness
what shall be to him far worse than death."
After much persuasion, they consented; and
Leroy sat down to brood over the revenge he
now seemed sure of. But having drank too
deeply a sudden drowsiness came over him and
he sunk asleep.

Angustus had watched the dawning of hope,
and now looked eagerly around to see if any
moved. All was still, save the gentle murmur
of the breeze; the heavens were cloudless, and
the moon was just hiding herself among the
trees. He listened; a deep and long drawn
sigh fell softly on his ear, it was from Charlotte's
bosom, and it roused him from his apathy.—
With one effort he loosed his arms, and soon
regained his liberty: to liberate his fair com-
panion in suffering was an easy task, and before
the sun arose they were beyond the reach of
pursuit.

The bones of Leroy are buried in one of
these graves of the forest; for his savage con-
federates, suspected him of having favored the
escape of their prisoners, tortured him to death.

From the Chronicle of the Times. The Hypochondriac.

A young gentleman of good sense and learn-
ing had no malady to complain of but the
spleen. With this temper he came to the
city in order for a cure.—Upon an examination
no fault could be found with his look and ex-
ternal symptoms and he declared himself free
from mental trouble; but that he was, he knew
not howish,—Deep in the shaggs,—Hypp'd to
a violent degree, full of the glooms and dis-
mals. The advice given him was, to retire to
some pleasant spot in the neighbourhood, with
in a short call of the Doctors, where he might
follow some rural diversions, and conclude
with a few friends and a cheerful Bottle.

He complied, and took front rooms in a
house in the suburbs. Opposite to his ap-
artment was a stall of a Cobler who was con-
stantly singing some merry catch or song.
At this sight the gentleman was some time dis-
torted, but by comparing the cheerful me-
chanic's condition with his own, he began to
envy him, and at last to hate him mortally; in
this temper he removed his lodgings, and took
some back room; but the idea of the happy
Cobler haunted him; and at last he imagined
he was possessed, and that the Cobler had
gone down into his belly, where he lay poking
with his awl, and gnawing the leather with
his teeth, and beating furiously with his ham-
mer. In this distress the poor patient called
in all his physicians, and declared to them he
had swallowed a Cobler. On which they said
he was mad, and left him as incurable.

At last a young student in physic was intro-
duced; he found the patient in an easy chair
groaning hediously, and turning from side to
side, according as the Cobler made a puncture
or contusion upon the right or left side of the
abdomen. After a pause, now pray, Doctor,
what do you think I am troubled with? The
doctor gravely answers—Really, sir, I am in-
clined to believe you have swallowed a Cobler—
You have it! Oh the villain! now I feel him
pricking me—surely you was sent by Heaven
to my deliverance,—Now pray, Doctor, what
can you do for me? "To night sir, you shall
take a composing draught, that will make both
you and your Cobler easy, and to-morrow I will
visit you again." The patient returns his
thanks, and with a good retaining fee dismisses
him.

The young proficient sends for the Cobler
slips him a bank-note with the promise of another,
gives him instructions, and engages him
beautifully in the operation. The next morning
he revisits his patient, who had slept tolerably
well, and orders him to keep his bed till night;
he retires to an adjoining room hung round
with old tapestry where he got things ready
for the intended cure. A strong emetic was
sent in; a large bathing tub half filled with
water, was set close by a closet, to which there
was an opening through the hangings. The
Doctor had furnished himself with some of the
Cobler's tools and utensils; a dim light was
placed at the farthest end of the room; and the
Cobler conveyed behind the hanging.

About 10 at night the patient was introduc-
ed in form; took the emetic, and after a plunge
or two, the doctor gravely fished in the liquor
with a large ladle, and brought some ends and
hogs bristles; See here, says the operator, we
are right! Come, one plunge more, and soon

then he fishes up an awl, a bawl of the head, and
some lumps of wax;—again, sir,—and then
brings up a hammer, a pairing knife, and two
heel pieces;—Now, sir we are near him; shut
your eyes close, and take one more hearty
plunge. In this interval he lugs in the Cobler
and souses him over head and ears in the tub,
and then cries out, open your eyes, sir! We
have him! And collaring the Cobler, just
risen from the deluge, severely reprimanded
him for getting down the gentleman's throat—
and then shewed him the shortest way down
stairs.

The patient was astonished at his deliverance;
but there was no resisting demonstration.
That night he took another composing draught,
and was well the next morning, amply reward-
ing the doctor for his services.

The Maid and the Magpie

A citizen of Paris having lost several silver
forks, accused his maid servant of the theft;
she was tried, and circumstances appeared so
strong against her, that she was found guilty and
executed. Six months afterwards, the forks
were found under an old roof, behind a heap of
tiles, where a magpie had hid them. It is well
known that this bird, by an inexplicable instinct
steals and collects utensils of gold and silver.
when it was discovered that the poor innocent
girl was condemned unjustly, an annual mass
was founded at St. Jehn-en Grese, for the repose
of her soul. The souls of the judges had more
occasion for it.

The story has been made the subject of in-
teresting dramatic representations, both in
France and in this country.

The Resurrection.

A BEAUTIFUL AND DESCRIPTIVE EXTRACT.
Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth;
and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre: Death
held his sceptre over the son of God; still and
silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by
their post—the rays of the midnight gloom
gleamed on their helmets and on their spears—
his enemies of Christ exulted in their success;
the hearts of his friends were sunk in despond-
ency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited
in anxious suspense to behold the event, and
wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At
length the morning star arising in the east as-
sured the approach of light. The third day be-
gan to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden,
the earth trembled from its centre and the pow-
ers of heaven were shake. An angel of God
descended—the guard sprung from his pres-
ence and fell prostrate on the ground; his coun-
tenance was like lightning and his raiment like
snow; he rolled the stone from the door of the
sepulchre and sat upon it—But who is that
cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed gar-
ments from the bed of death? He that is glori-
ous in his appearance, walking in the great-
ness of his strength; it is thy Prince, O Zion;
Christian it is thy Lord: He hath trodden the
vice press alone: He hath sined his raiment
with blood—but now as the first born from the
womb of nature, he meets the morning of his
resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the
grave, he returns with blessings from the world
of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of
men. Never did the returning son usher in a
day so glorious! It was the Jubilee of the uni-
verse.—The morning stars sang together, and
all the sons of God shouted for joy. The Father
of mercies looked down from his throne in
the heavens; with complacency he beheld his
world restored; he saw his work that it was
good—Then did the desert rejoice, the face
of nature was gladdened before him, when the
blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew
of Heaven for the refreshings of the nations.

Roman Bridge.

The Roman bridge, which was discovered in
Holland in 1818, is now wholly cleared from
the turf which surrounded it. It is three miles
long, and twelve feet broad. It was laid by the
fifteenth cohort of Germanicus, over the marsh-
es, in which deep beds of turf have since form-
ed, and in all probability, gradually sunk into
the marsh by its own weight. The resinous
particles which are in the marshy soil have
probably contributed to preserve the bridge,
which is entirely wood. Every six feet there
were posts to support the railing, as may be
judged by the holes in which they were fixed.
This great work, which consists of a judicious
number of beams, appears to have been wrought
with very large axes. The work is admirable.

Some people will never learn any thing, for
this reason, they understand every thing too