

The Patriot.

Elouquence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE Oct'r 1822,

SELECTED.

Mr. Printer,

Turning over the leaves of an old Magazine the other day, I chanced to light upon the following; which, you will oblige a subscriber by publishing.

Letter of the Wandering Jew.

Far from me is fled the peace of the Lord, and I daily feel with a deeper shudder the force of those words, which Jesus of Nazareth pronounced over me as he was led to death. Woe is upon me! Horrible are my feelings! For years I have been wandering about with a mark set upon me, like another Cain, and no where can I find rest for my foot, no where a destroying angel who will lead me to the grave, and rattle me into annihilation. Not to be able to die! Canst thou imagine all the horrors of my doom, if his sentence were to be fulfilled?

Thou shalt not rest: thou shalt not die until he come again. He, the crucified Nazarene, come again?—no. Yet I shudder miserably at the thought of his curse, who blessed all other men. I know not, Josephus, how it is that I tremble for the future. Jehovah is my God: with him there is mercy.

Thou hast asked for an account of his execution. Wilt thou insert it in the history which thou art composing? I can tell thee all—I beheld it all: but it is knit with recollections that provoke the ravings of despair. I feel that I shall break away from my recital, and tell thee only half.

Scarcely had the Roman pronounced an unwilling condemnation when active preparations began for the execution. He was yet in the hands of Roman soldiers, who had scourged and ill-treated him. They now snatched from him the mock diadem, the purple robe, the scepter, and all those ensigns of royalty with which we and the Romans had made so merry. He was again clad in his own garments. The town, on account of the approaching festival, was crowded with people, and all turned their eyes towards the pretended Messiah. Four or five days before he had made his triumphal entry: he was now to be led to death. No delay was to be expected. His disciples, one only excepted, did not make their appearance, but wandered abroad trembling and intimidated, and ventured not to approach their teacher. His female friends were more courageous. When they saw him tottering beneath the heavy cross, which he had to carry to the place of martyrdom, yet calm and resigned, they burst into loud sobbings, and followed him with breaking hearts. Jesus was affected by their pity, and comforted them: their future woes seemed to it heavier on his soul than all which he had to undergo.

The Roman centurion who was charged with the conduct of the execution, must have been an humane man; for when he saw that Jesus exhausted with watching, with wandering, and with ill-usage, was about to sink under his burden, he called to the next best man of strength in the crowd to lend his help, and to carry the cross for the debilitated culprit:—but I—monster that I now seem to myself! Jesus wished to rest awhile at my door—and I thrust him unhumanly out. At length he arrived at the destined spot, called the place of skulls, and with him two ruffians who were to be crucified at the same time. To them was given, as usual, the bitter draught which benumbs the condemned against the pain of death: but he took none. It wanted yet three hours of noon, when the cross was at length fastened, Jesus wholly stripped, and lifted up to it. First his hands were nailed to each end of the cross beam, and next his feet to the main stem. He bore all patiently without a murmur, without any words but these: "Father! forgive them; they know not what they do." The two criminals above mentioned were also crucified; one on

While he hung on the cross, the four soldiers who had crucified him divided his clothes. His outer garment they parted; his inner garment which was of a single piece, they allotted. According to custom the Roman procurator Pilate, was to describe on a tablet the crime of the culprits, and to fix it up in terror over the cross. From ill-will towards us, who had accused the Nazarene of aspiring to royalty, the Roman put up this inscription; "Jesus King of the Jews." This was considered as spiteful and contemptuous, and we applied to Pilate to write instead, "Jesus, who set up for king of the Jews;" but the Roman would not alter his tablet.

The spectacle of his execution might have atoned for many pangs, and many stabs, and many mortifications, which we had experienced from him or through him. Abandoned by God and man we saw him suspended—he sabbath-breaker, the friend of publicans, the despiser of our traditions. His adherents were naturally downcast, now that they saw the effect of their premature Hosannas. The scoffing at his promises of a kingdom, and at his assumed Messiahship, and at his present sorry impotence, was universal. Even some who had believed in him exclaimed: "Thou who wast in three days to build again the temple, if destroyed, save thyself from the cross."

But Jesus kept silence: his sole employment was suffering. He saw at his feet the nation which had applauded his doctrine, insulting his misfortunes and scoffing at his torments. Amid the crowd of beholders were some Galileans, and some more humane persons, who cast a tearful eye of pity towards his cross: many, especially, of those who had derived benefit from his attention to their diseases. When I caught the looks of these his friends, a secret shudder seized me; I thought of his awful speech; and my heart was wrung with remorse and pity.

By degrees, the abusive crowd forgot to insult, and his followers thickened about the cross. The very ruffians beside him felt an inexplicable superiority in his behaviour, and turned from their own sufferings to regard his deportment. They themselves were unheeded by the spectators, whose every attention was rivetted on the extraordinary man in the centre. It was naturally a remarkable circumstance, that they were crucified with the person whom so many took for the Messiah. One of them, convinced by the event of the futility of his pretensions, affected to look down on him as a more impious criminal, and said to him with bitter scorn: "If thou beest the Christ, help thyself and us." "This, methought, from a fellow-sufferer, must have been the most biting of his mortifications: it seemed to me almost to extenuate my own inhumanity.

Jesus answered nothing: but the other malefactor reproved the scoffer, saying: "Our sufferings are just; but this man has done no wrong. Think of me, master, (he added,) when thou shalt take possession of thy kingdom." Then Jesus rejoined: "This day thou shalt enter with me the dwellings of the blessed."

What dost thou think of this, Josephus? O! I feel as if I could destroy myself for having refused a resting-place to this resolute and patient sufferer!

By degrees, it was perceived that the forsaken condition of his surviving relatives and friends was still the solicitude of his dying thoughts. Close to the cross stood John, his dearest disciple and bosom-friend, and beside him Mary, the widow of Joseph the carpenter, and mother of Jesus. Both seemed inconsolable. From my youth upwards, I have felt little at the sight of woe: my heart is from nature hard; but I swear to thee, Josephus, that for these two persons I felt more than for any other mortal woe. Jesus had lived thirty years with his mother, and had long provided exclusively for her maintenance: save for about three years that he had been engaged in preaching in Judea. She was not, perhaps, precisely the most of maintenance from him, but she was

the sublimest hopes. She read in his agonized features the torments which his tongue concealed. With a look of tenderness, he said to her: "Mary, behold thy son;" and to John, "Behold thy mother." They understood the bond which his provident affection was creating between them. They looked at each other, and at him. I dared not dwell upon the sight; his humanity seemed to me divine.

Many of his relations and confidants were now close about the cross. Not only his adherents, but all of us, beheld with admiration the calm sufferer, neither expressing any want of reliance on God, nor any surprize that his own previous conduct should thus terminate.

The impressions of awe, regret, sympathy, and interest, which these scenes had made on every feeling soul, were now by an extraordinary event extended to the rudest. Jesus, (an inexplicable shudder convulses me as often as I name him.) Jesus had been three hours in torture: the insolence of the most savage was exhausted: the most conspicuous of his female friends, Mary Magdalen, suffocated with grief, had swooned at the foot of the fatal tree; when, about noon, it became totally dark; and this darkness, which lasted three hours, extended to the whole country. I am not learned in the motions of the sun, moon, and stars; but I do not think that it resembled a common eclipse. I am sure that it made a great impression, and passed for a token of the displeasure of heaven. People began to say; "Perhaps this crucified man was without guilt." O Josephus, if there be not deamons to have wrought this, what may I not apprehend?

The terrors of darkness dispersed the multitude; a few only staid, silent, near to Jesus. He remained for a long time mute; at length, shortly before the shadows vanished, he repeated aloud with lofty tone a triumphal psalm. He now appeared exhausted, and complained of thirst. By the centurion's order a soldier brought him a sponge sopt in wine, which was lifted to his mouth at the end of a pole. Some fresh spectators, who as they drew nigh had misunderstood him, called out; "He has been invoking Elias,—let us see if Elias will come to help him." When he had tasted of the wine he was heard to say; "It is accomplished." The young man his friend watched his every movement; and it was soon perceived that he was about to die. It is not usual to expire so soon on the cross; but it must have been more consolatory to his relatives to know that he was dead, than to behold him in torment.—He exerted himself once more, apparently confident of his innocence and purity, and said aloud; "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He then bowed his head and died.

What followed, Flavius, I cannot now describe to thee. I am too much agitated. I comprehend it not. But thou shalt know all the more I think of the past, the more I startle at having refused him rest. It is not, surely, possible that his words should affect my frame. I am tired of life; I am very old; and yet my strength feels green. I shall shortly write more. God help thee.

Singular effects of beauty on a Young Man.
Bishop Dapoy invited one day to dinner two Clergymen and two ladies: he remarked that during the whole of the repast, the youngest of the two clergymen had his eyes steadily fixed on one of the ladies, who was very handsome. The Bishop, after dinner, when the ladies had retired, asked him what he thought of the beauty he had been looking at.—The clergyman answered, "My lord, in looking at the lady, I was reflecting that one day her beautiful forehead will be covered with wrinkles; that the coral of her lips will pass to her eyes, the vivacity of which will be extinguished; that the ivory of her teeth will be changed to ebony; that to the roses and lilies of her complexion, the withered appearance of care will succeed; that her fine soft skin will become a dry parchment; that her agreeable smiles will be converted into grimaces; and at length she will become the antidote of Love."—I never should have supposed, said the Bishop, that the sight of a fine woman would have inspired a young man with such profound meditation.

An ignorant fellow being about to be married resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the service, but by mistake got beheart the office of baptism for riper years; so when he was asked in church—Wilt thou have this woman, "I renounce them all." The clergy-

A few days ago, a sailor was taken up in Philadelphia by a constable for galloping through the streets in violation of an ordinance passed by the commissioners. When brought before the justice he insisted that the charge made by the constable was false, that his horse could not gallop. The constable had no evidence to prove the fact. The sailor proposed to him to mount the horse and convince himself of the truth of what he had asserted. The constable, desirous of proving the charge against the sailor, mounted the horse and began to whip and spur; the horse sprung off and ran some distance before the constable could stop him. A crowd had by this time gathered round the magistrate's door; when the constable returned, Jack stepped up and accused him. "D—n my eyes, Mr. constable, you have galloped through the streets contrary to law, and here are the witnesses (pointing to those around him) who can prove the fact, and I insist upon you paying the fine. The magistrate was compelled to fulfil his duty, and the constable was mulcted.

A Christian lady in Yorkshire, England, sitting down to breakfast, was very forcibly impressed that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor old man, who lived about half a mile from her house. Her husband wished her either to postpone taking the loaf until after breakfast, or to send it by a servant; but she chose to take it herself instantly. As she approached the hut, she heard the sound of a human voice; wishing to hear what it was, she stepped softly, and unperceived to the door, when she heard the poor man praying, and among other things he said, "O Lord help me; Lord thou wilt help me; thy promise cannot fail; and though my wife, self, and children, have no bread to eat, and it is now a whole day since we had any, I know thou wilt supply me though thou shouldst rain down manna from heaven." The lady could wait no longer; she opened the door; yes, she replied, God has sent you relief. Take this loaf and be encouraged to cast your care upon him who careth for you; and when you ever want a loaf of bread come to my house.

An Insolvent.—As a Peruvian, who was deeply involved in debt, was walking the streets with a very melancholy air, one of his acquaintances asked him why he was so sorrowful?—"Alas!" said he, "I am in a state of insolvency." "Well said his friend, "if that is the case, it is not you, but your creditors who ought to wear a woeful countenance."

Love has eyes.—The Westchester Herald states, that a villain by the name of Wm Rosler, was detected in robbing the store of Michael Marks, by a young lady and gentleman, who, as the term goes, were keeping company in the house opposite to the scene of burglary. While they were prolonging their midnight vigils, indulging in waking dreams of nuptial felicity, they saw the villain enter the store through the window, and when he was cleverly in, young Damon stepped across the road, made all fast, and gave the alarm, which resulted in the easy apprehension of Rosler. Fortunate would we be, if we had guards equally wakeful in the infected district. A. Y. S.

Two merchants in the street of St. Honoré in Paris, united by friendship and interest and equal fortunes had the one a son and the other a daughter who were brought up together and flattered by their parents with hopes of being united forever. The happy time was now drawing near, when a man who had nothing to recommend him but a large fortune, falling in love with the young lady applied to her relations, and obtained her against her consent, in spite of all her intreaties and tears.

This misfortune so sensibly touched her that it visibly affected her constitution; and after a lingering illness she was carried off and buried. The lover, instead of giving way to despair, conceived some hope; remembering that she had once been in a lethargy; he therefore went at the night to the church yard with the grave-digger, whom he had bribed, took her out of the grave, brought her to his house, and used the best of his endeavors with such success, that in a short time she recovered.

How great her surprise to see her lover. It was difficult to make her sensible how much she was indebted to him! She was prevailed upon to forget her former husband, and think that he who had restored her to life had the best right to it. In short, as it was not quite safe to remain at Paris, for fear of her former husband, they thought it most prudent to go over to England, where they soon arrived, and purchased a little estate in the country, upon which they lived in an uninterrupted felicity the rest of their days.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOR IN COMPANY.

If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself as usual upon a corner of a chair in a remote corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse for it is a thousand to one but you torment us with affectation or a bad voice.

A Tavern Dinner.—A party of bon vivants, who recently dined at a celebrated tavern, after having drank an immense quantity of wine, rang for the bill. The bill was accordingly brought, but the amount appeared so enormous to one of the company, (not quite so far gone as the rest,) that he stammered out, it was impossible so many bottles could have been drank by seven persons. "True Sir,"