

The Patriot.

Eloquence thro' soul, song charms the sense

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SELECTED.

From the Charleston Courier.

Two flowers were budding on one stem,
Imbued with fragrance fresh with dew,
And bent with many a trickling gem,
That trembled as the west wind blew;
And softly shone their crimson through
That veil of chrysal puny,
And as the thrush around them flew,
He clearly piped his melody.

Two fledglings in a ring-dove's nest,
With tender bill, and feeble wing,
Sat brooding on their downy breasts,
And they had just begun to sing,
And as they saw their mother bring
With tireless love the food she bore,
They made the woods around them ring
The infant note they caroll'd o'er.

I saw, along the ocean, sail
Two banks, that flew before the wind;
The canvas, swelling to the gale,
They left a framing wake behind,
And low the bellying sheet inclin'd
But still the pilot kept in mind,
There was a peaceful port at last.

I saw along the cloudless sky,
Two stars adorn the brow of night;
They shone serenely on my eye,
With pure and unoffending light;
The beam was mellow than bright,
Like gems that twinkle in their mine;
It sooth'd and tranquiliz'd the sight,
And seem'd a spark of love divine.

I saw two sisters—they were one
In beauty, sweetness, age and soul,
Their bosom was the stainless throne,
Where virtue held supreme controul;
Their hearts were pointed to the pole,
By God to erring mortals given,
The bright, the pure, the happy goal,
That waits the fair and good in heaven.

THE PIRATE.

The wave is resting on the sea,
O only ripples into smiles,
That curl and twinkle silently
Around the cocoa tufted isles;
Beneath the Moro's frowning walls
The faintest chime of ocean falls,
As if the rolling tempest swell,
Subdued by moonlight's magic spell,
Were murmuring its last farewell;
And now the distant breath of flutes,
Or tinkling of the light guitars
The mellow sound of love that suits,
The silent winds and drowsy stars,
When each disco-dant note is still,
And all the hum of day at rest,
And tender tones more fully thrill
The yet unstained and virgin breast—
These sounds, that tell the heart's devotion,
Come floating upward from the ocean,
As skimming from the flaky foam
The light canoes are calmly driven
By winds that send them to their home
So soft, they seem the winds of heaven.

But yet the restless pirate keeps
His tiger watch, while nature sleeps,
And in his thirsting hope unsheathes
The sword, that glares with sullen flame,
With firm set teeth he sternly breathes
His curses on each better name;
Careless he stands, pre-par'd to strike
Friend, stranger, foe, for gain alike;
As waves, who gather in the wood,
And hark till chance their prey has given,
Then burning in his thirst for blood,
With fiend-like yells are madly driven;
So, when the pirate in his cave,
Till far away the snowy sail
Moves calmly o'er the mirrored wave,
And flutters in the dying gale;
Then, with a demon swell of heart,
He hurries from the guilty shore,
And stealing on it, like a dart,
He dyes that snowy sail in gore.

From the Scotsman.

TO THE GREEKS.

Arise, arise! the time is come,
The skies are bright'ning red,
Thy glory calls thee from the tomb,
With voice to wake the dead;
No weakness now, no dull delay,
Fair land of Greece, for thee;
Then rouse thee from thy death like pall,
The breezes of thy mountains call
To life and Liberty;

And gird thee with thy glit'ring sword,
To cut thyself a way
Through thousands of the Turkish hordes,
To Tyranny's decay;
O! dream not that thy spirit's fled,
While yet one bosom burns,
And the ashes of the glorious dead,
That nobly fought, and never fled,
Are starting from their urns.

Unfold thy banners to the breeze,
And marshal ev'ry man,
From Ida to the Ionian seas,
With freedom in the van;
The tyrant's step is faltering now;
The world will smile to see
The standard of the Sultan low—
The crescent sink beneath the blow
That's level'd by the free.

The Alban from Epirus' strand,
The Ionian from the sea,
The Spartan and Thessalian band
Are burning to be free:
Mount Athos sees the Cross on high
Above its convents wave,
Religion fires the coldest eye—
The night of slavery has gone by,
And God is with the brave.

Can ages tame the warrior's arm,
Besides the Aegian Isles?
Can youth's high blood forget to warn
When first his country smiles?
O! by the thrilling battle cry
That swell'd upon the sea,
When Victory saw with joyful eye,
That Athens yet was free!

Think not of an ignoble peace—
Unsheathe the sword ne'er sheathed of yore,
And dye the streams with Turkish gore,
For Glory and for Greece.

EMILY,

The Indian Princess

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unlathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

In the vicissitudes of human life, it seems to be the prerogative of no one to be supremely blest, or perhaps none to be completely miserable. A succession of prosperity and adversity, of sunshine and sorrow, is the inheritance of all, and constitutes the picture of human life.—We find sometimes when the bitter blast of adversity assails, misfortune with her attendant train of evils may follow, and misery and despair implant a sorrow in the heart which no act can sooth, and which for a time may baffle the efforts of friendship to remove. Yet amidst the gloom and darkness of despair, a gleam of light, a ray of pleasure, will break in upon the sufferer, to whisper peace to his mind, and lull to sleep the tumult of his bosom. Yet I believe there are some strokes of calamity that fix an impression on the heart which neither time nor art can remove, and which make us feel the impotence of consolation. The truth of this belief is strongly confirmed by an affecting little story which I heard during an excursion into the south, in the fall of 1821: It was the story of Emily the hapless Indian maid, and her tragical fate: I shall give them in the manner in which they were related.

Emily was the descendant of the great M'Gilray, king of the Greeks. Her father was that daring and enterprising chief, the prophet Francis; or he was better known in the British service, as brigadier general Hillis-ha-adjo, the intrepid leader of the Seminoles. For 18 years her life had been a dream of pleasure, and 'hope with fairy gleam, enchantment threw o'er distant days;' but strange and unexpected are oftentimes the vicissitudes of human life. The storm of war, which had for some time been lowering to the west, now burst forth in a torrent—a distinguished American officer, high in command, about this time, perhaps with more spirit than prudence, made a sudden attack on an Indian town upon the Georgia frontier.—This seemed to be the signal for general hostilities—the torch of war was now lighted up amidst the Creeks and Seminoles, murder and rapine, the tomahawk and scalping knife, followed in the desolating train. At this critical moment an appeal was made to the bravery and patriotism of the Georgians; a detachment under general Glasscock, was immediately put in readiness, and marched to the scene of action.—It was in the early part of 1818. Fired with military pride and a sense of duty, young R***, a man of worth and talents, generously volunteered his services to his country, and repaired with his army, as a volunteer to the enemy's country.

Returning from a scouting party a short time afterwards, his detachment was defeated and dispersed, and in the hurry and confusion of flight, he was separated from his party, and became entangled in a morass, where he was found by the enemy, and carried a prisoner before their leader, who received him with a degree of savage exultation that was expressive of his character. Recent disaster had added a tenfold force to his vindictive and cruel disposition, and he determined to discharge his vengeance upon the unhappy victim now in his

possession, to the farthest extreme of human suffering.

Young R. was a stranger to fear; he was brave to an excess; yet he now shuddered with an involuntary feeling of horror, at the prospect before him. He contrasted his formerly enviable situation with his present miserable condition. The idea of his mother, disconsolate, heart-broken, neglected and forsaken, sorrowing down to the grave—his helpless little sister too, forlorn, destitute and unprotected, all rushed at once upon his distracted mind;—his soul sickened and all the man died within him. To die, too, in the dawn of manhood; to be cut off, in the vivacity and vigor of life, from the pleasures of the world, before he had yet tasted its sweets was a cruel, killing thought: But to die, unprepared as he was, with, "his blushing sins" thick upon him—to be tortured, racked, and consumed by the insatiate fury of merciless savages: Oh! it was a refinement upon cruelty!—the very idea of it was a tenfold addition to the common pangs of ordinary death. The shouts of the savage multitude aroused him at length from his gloomy reflections; for his hour was even now come. For a moment he felt the most exquisite pangs of which the human heart is susceptible:—a moment more, and all the distracted feelings of his soul had sunk into a calm and silent indifference, and he approached the stake, as a lamb led to the slaughter.—At this all important moment, a female, young, beautiful, and apparently of superior birth, now approached; a shew of mercy of her countenance there was—an air of innocence in her look. He had observed her before; a glimpse of her now unconsciously excited an emotion in his breast; he knew not of what;—a gleam of hope darted through his soul;—he entirely fixed his gaze upon her as his last, feeble, hopeless hope. "An angel she was that did preserve him;" for just at that important crisis, when his fate was suspended upon a thread, and his life, 'the poor pensioner of a single moment,' Emily, in the pure spirit of christian mercy, threw herself before her father, and in all the eloquence of sorrow, begged and implored him to spare the life of the unhappy youth. She told him in the pure strain of artless love, that the young officer was dear to her; that she had loved him from the first, and would continue to do so, until the Great Spirit bore her hence. She said his image was entwined round her heart; his life was her life, and his fate should be her fate:—in mercy to herself she implored her father to spare his life, or involve them in one common ruin. An appeal like this was even too great for a savage to withstand. Francis, as I said before, was stern, vindictive and cruel: he was obstinate and selfish, immovable in his purpose; and persecuting even to the last extremity in his enmities; yet he was not entirely destitute of the fine feelings of a father. For once and perhaps the only time in his life, he suffered his purpose to be shaken. He bid his Emily rise; he told her to take him, he was her's; do what she would with him:—but he told her to remember she was the descendant of King M'Gilray, the daughter of general Hillis-ha-adjo. The conflict of feeling which pervaded the breast of the young hero at this moment, it would be in vain to describe. He made a feeble effort (for his senses were overcome with the sudden transition) to express his gratitude to his noble mistress; but she beeded him not. Fearful of a recurrence of her father's sanguinary disposition, she told him to begone, delay might be fatal, a time might again come, when he would be permitted to speak; 'till then she told him, to think sometimes of Emily, the Indian maid. It was a needless caution, for young R. was as generous as he was brave.—Under the conduct of a safe guide, he found himself next morning in the American camp, to the astonishment of the whole army.

About this time the war was prosecuted with vigor on one side, and resisted with firmness and address on the other, by the consummate abilities and enterprise of Francis. Under his direction, the Seminole war had been carried on with infinite address; and so long as he continued their leader, it will be

ble appearance; but with him fell the hope and the pride of the Seminole tribe. The fate of this chief is well known; for savage as he was, it made a deep impression on the public mind. Those who did not condemn the act as an innovation upon the usages of war, and as a violation of the laws of nations, were obliged to lament the stern policy which dictated such a measure. By the treachery of one man, Ham-bly, the celebrated Seminole trader, and the connivance of the officers of the American flotilla, then at St. Marks, and immediately executed! This disaster only seemed a prelude to what was to follow. Soon after the Seminoles were defeated, dispersed, driven from their country, and almost extirpated from the face of the earth.

With the first views of peace, young R. flew to the relief of his heroic mistress, for he had heard of her calamities. He found her; but he found her not the happy, sportive maid, he had once known her: She had since tasted misfortune's bitter cup; misery and woe had stamped a deep impression on her heart. At the sight of her R. a transient gleam of pleasure seemed to steal across her mind; but it was only to be succeeded by a gloom more fixed and sad. He soon told her his story; but she rejected his hand with such an air of sadness, such an expression of unutterable distress, as would have melted the heart of the most hardened savage that strode the forest. She did not deny that she loved him; she confessed that he was still dear to her; that she would linger fondly upon the memory of her love, till the Great Spirit would bear her soul far beyond the clouds; but she never could be his. Her father, she said had been treacherously betrayed, and condemned to a most ignominious death—he had been murdered by Christians,—but who was there to say, spare the life of Hillis-ha-adjo? Alas! there was not one. Her mother, brother too, had fallen at the same time beneath the sword of christian mercy; but there was none to mourn the fate of Chicomoco! Her brother in battle had nobly died a warrior. Her remaining uncle had fallen by the treachery of the Creeks—and she alone, of all the descendants of the great M'Gilray, remained to weep for her father—to mourn the fate of her kindred warriors! All other white men besides himself, she said she hated; it was her pride and her duty to do so because they were the murderers of her father. To forsake his country, his country, his friends and his family for a poor hapless Indian maid, she continued, was a sacrifice she could not desire him to make. She told him again and again, that she loved him, but that she never could be his.—she herself was unhappy. Sorrow, she said, had planted a sting in her bosom, and her life would be a life of wretched misery. She would not make him, too, unhappy by becoming his wife. She then implored him to return to his country and his friends, where he might find a mistress—she here burst into tears and for a moment was overwhelmed with a torrent of grief,—she continued he might find a mistress fairer, more refined, and better suited to his condition, but none more affectionate and sincere than the wretched Emily. She took his hand in both of hers, and casting a look of unutterable anguish upon him, told him she was going to leave him, to bid him adieu forever. It would not be long she said, before she went to her father, the Great Spirit above; but before she left him, she would ask one little favour, one last request—sometimes think of Emily; sometimes weep for her fate—Wild and frantic she threw his hands from her, and fled in the wildness of despair. Young R. more than ever admired her, more than ever felt for her sufferings. He sought her frequently afterwards; tendered her his hand over and over; he begged, entreated, intreated, implored; but it was all in vain. The only reply she ever made was, she loved her R. but she hated the murderers of her father. The truth was her misfortune had borne hard upon her; her mind had sunk under the pressure of affliction; and reason had fled with the spirits of her kindred, from the multitude of her suffering. Abstracted from the world and every thing in it, except the recollection of her hapless fate.—she wandered about in a sad reverie, unconscious of all around. Frequent attempts have been made to sooth her melancholy and dispel the gloom from her mind; but it was all in vain. She still continues the remembrance of her early woes—the victim of