

THE PATRIOT.

eloquence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE, MAY, 1823.

SELECTED.

FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

THE PATRIOTIC SPANIARDS.

TUNE—RULE COLUMBIA.

Iberian mountains high and hoar,
Whose tops are crowned with vestal snow,
What sudden light begins to pour
And flash upon the vales below—
'Tis freedom rising from her car,
To light in Spain her morning star.

O! by that light, what glorious shades
Of Heroes and of Saints are seen,
All armed with shining battle blades;
With names to memory ever green.
They move behind fair freedom's car,
While she relights her morning star.

Now, while her favorite star she turns,
And sets it in a sky so clear—
Behold, behold, what lustre burns,
What sacred light—'tis glory's sphere:
Shout every hill-top from afar!
For freedom lights her morning star.

That light inspires each patriot soul,
And swells the heart to noble deeds,
Each hill-top, far as eye can roll,
Now swarms with men & bounding steeds.
The Patriots—next to Heaven they stand,
Defenders of their native land.

What swarming crowds are those beneath,
In the dark cavern shades they stray,
Poor grovelling slavish souls they breathe,
Without a glimmer of the ray;
Strangers have travelled from afar,
To quench this glorious morning star.

But hark! what shouts the welkin rend,
From every mountain's shining height,
Adoring millions kneel and bend,
And gaze on that transforming light;
They swear to die at freedom's car,
Before they quit her morning star.

Think ye, cries freedom with a sneer,
This light can be extinguished so—
Ye slaves with consternation hear,
My sun is rising just below,
His glories beaming wide and far,
Shall only quench my morning star.
Baltimore, March 15th, 1822.

the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half-intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys; and the barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs. To look upon the scene; to mingle with the crowd; to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude would lead to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone goal, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There chained to a stake in a miserable dungeon, damp and scarcely illumined by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before his wife and little daughter had been with him, having travelled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault, the song of praise ascended with the ascending sun, and the goal as he listened to the melodious voice of three persons whom he looked upon as most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, blended sweetly together and chaunting that beautiful hymn,

"It is the Lord! should I distrust
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still—
It is the Lord! who can sustain,
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whose assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road."

Almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood fixed in astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief and to be final interview, had passed, however; those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly parent, and parted; he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, & they as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home. The convict, worn out with sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was Janson Creel; his place of residence said to be Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at the county town, some miles distant, for the murder of a fellow traveller, who had borne him company from the lakes, who was ascertained to have had a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence; declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep, but the circumstances were against him, and, though the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hung, and had been removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county prison being deemed unsafe.—This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of 'bring out the murderer,' were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay. The convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who aroused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bid him hasten to his execution. They laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in wild astonishment, as one new-born, and only said "the dream the dream." "And what of the dream Mr. Janson," said the sheriff, "you would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this cursed scrape." "I dreamed replied the convict, that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us in a grey dress, with a white hat and black whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sung distinctly, "This is Lewis who murdered the traveller."

The officers and jailer held a short consultation which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man in grey with the white hat, accompanied with many hints of the godly resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility

of a moral agency. The prison doors were cleared and Creel, pale and feeble, but with a hymn book in his hand, and a meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended than his eye began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him, with a look of scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the sheriff read the warrant the convict's anxiety appeared to increase; he looked and looked again; then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder. The prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire while he called out, "there is Lewis the murderer of the traveller," and the jailer at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured and taken before the magistrate, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial, while Creel was turned loose and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation; when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrate by declaring Creel to be her husband; that she had assumed the disguise and performed the whole part of his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had till then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape; which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her, she was set at liberty, and neither her nor her husband were heard of again.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Ahasuerus, the Jew, crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. Nearly two thousand years had elapsed since he was first goaded by never-ending restlessness to rove the globe from pole to pole. When our Saviour was wearied with the burden of his ponderous cross, and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove him away with Brutality. The Saviour of mankind staggered, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint. An angel of death appeared before Ahasuerus, and exclaimed indignantly, "Barbarian, thou hast denied rest to the Son of Man, be it denied thee also, until he comes to judge the world."

A black demon let loose from Hell upon Ahasuerus, goads him now from country to country; he is denied the consolations which death affords, and precluded from the rest of the peaceful grave. Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. He shook the dust from his beard, and taking up one of the skulls heaped there, hurled it down the eminence. It rebounded from the earth in shivered atoms. This was my father, roared Ahasuerus. Seven more skulls rolled from rock to rock; while the infuriate Jew, following them with ghastly looks exclaimed—And these were my wives! He still continued to hurl down skull after skull roaring in dreadful accents—And these, and these, and these, were my children! They could die; but I! reprobate wretch that I am, alas I cannot die! Dreadful beyond conception is the judgment that hangs over me. Jerusalem fell, I crushed the sucking babe and precipitated myself into the destructive flames. I cursed the Romans—but alas! alas! the restless curse held me by the hair and I could not die.

Rome the giantess fell—I placed myself before the falling statue—she fell and did not crush me. Nations sprang up and disappeared before me, but I remained and did not die.—From cloud encircled cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean; but the foaming billows cast me upon the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced my cold heart again. I leaped into Etna's flaming abyss, and roared with the giants for ten long months, polluting with the great the Mount's sulphurous mouth. The volcano fermented, and in a fiery storm of lava cast me up. I lay down torn by the torture of snakes of Hell amid the glowing cinders, and yet continued to exist. A forest was on fire. I darted on wings of fury and despair into the crackling wood. Fire dropped upon me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs; alas! it would not consume them. I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged in the tempest of the raging battle I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the victorious German; but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen's flaming falchion broke upon my scull, balls in vain hissed upon me: the lightnings of battle glared harmless around my loins; in vain did the elephant trample on me; in vain the iron hoof of the watchful steed! The mine big with destructive power burst upon me and hurried me high in air: I fell on heaps of smoking limb

rebounded from my body; the executioner's hand could not strangle me; the tiger's tooth could not pierce me, nor would the hungry lion in the Circus devour me. I cohabited with poisonous snakes and pinched the red crest of the dragon. The serpent stung but could not destroy me; the dragon tormented but dared not devour me. I now provoked the fury of tyrants—I said to Nero, Thou art a blood-hound! I said to Christien, Thou art a blood-hound! I said to Muley Ishmael, thou art a Bloodhound! The tyrants invented cruel tortures but could not kill me. Ha! not to be able to die—not to be able to die—not to be permitted to rest after the toil of life—to be doomed to be imprisoned forever in this clay-formed dungeon—to be forever clogged with this worthless body—its load of diseases and infirmities—to be condemned to hold for millenniums—that yawning monster Sarcophagus, and Time—that hungry hyena, ever bearing child on and ever devouring again her offspring! Ha! not to be permitted to die! Awh! avenger in Heaven, hast thou in thine armory of wrath a punishment more dreadful? then let it thunder upon me; command a hurricane to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I there may be extended; may pant, and writhe, and die!

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

A number of citizens belonging to Massachusetts and New York, who had, in the year 1788, purchased of the state of Massachusetts a large tract of land lying westward of New York, and within the territories of the Six Nations, sent a committee into the country, to treat with the nations about a quit claim. The Indians heard of their coming, and supposing them to be another company, who were aiming at the same purchase, sent them word to come no farther, least they should be involved in trouble. The committee having advanced a considerable distance into their country, were unwilling to retrace their steps without effecting the object of their mission. One of them, major Schuyler, wrote a letter to the commanding officer at fort Niagara, explaining their intentions, and requesting his influence with the Indians. One of the Indian messengers undertook to carry the letter to Niagara, and bring back the answer. The committee remained where they were. In the mean time major Schuyler was taken sick and sent towards Albany.—The messenger returned; and being asked if he had got a letter in answer, to the one he had taken; he told them (through the interpreter) that he had; but looking round, observed, "I do not see the man to whom I promised to deliver it." They informed him of the cause of the major's absence; but told him they were all engaged in the same business, had one heart, and that the letter was intended for them all; and wished he would deliver it. He refused. They consulted among themselves, and offered him fifty dollars, as a reward for his service and an inducement to deliver them the letter. He spurned at their proposal. They again consulted, and concluded as they were sufficiently numerous to overpower him and the other Indian, who were present, they would take it by force; but first requested the interpreter to explain to him the whole matter, the difficulty they were in, their loss of time, &c. &c. and their determination to have the letter. As soon as this was communicated to the Indian he sternly clenched the letter in one hand, drew his knife with the other, and solemnly declared that if they should get the letter by violence, he would not survive the disgrace, but would plunge the knife in his own breast. They desisted from their purpose and reasoned with him again, but he was inflexible. They then asked him if he was willing, after having taken so long a journey, to go a hundred miles farther for the sake of delivering the letter to major Schuyler. He answered, "Yes, I do not value *faugue*, but I will never be guilty of a breach of trust." Accordingly he went, and had the satisfaction of completing his engagement. The letter was favorable to their views, and they entered into a treaty for the land. *Columbian Observer.*

MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

At the time when Europeans were not very numerous in India, and such individuals as could not reconcile themselves to marry the natives, used to send a commission to England, that a female for a wife should be transmitted to them, a gentleman of property in Bengal gave orders to his factor in England to send him a young lady of good family well educated, and with a tolerable share of personal charms, promising to make her his wife. The factor executed his commission to the best of his judgment, but when the lady arrived in India by one of those accidents which, though very frequent, cannot be accounted for, she failed in captivating the heart of her expected husband, who received her with a coldness almost bordering on aversion.—The lady scarcely seemed to notice it, for she was as little inspired as the gentleman. A few interviews convinced them that they were not made for each other and the lady prepared to embark for Europe. In taking his leave of her the gentleman begged to entrust to her care a letter to his factor in London, who had consigned her to India. She undertook the charge, and when she arrived in town, was astonished to find that the letter to the factor enclosed one for herself, lamenting the circumstances which prevented their union, and begging her acceptance of a present of FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS, as some compensa-