

THE PATRIOT.

Sequence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE, JUNE, 1823.

SELECTED.

Another silver chord is broken, and although the harp gives forth but a jarring sound, it may perhaps be found in unison with sorrow, and waken in some other breast an accord, though softer and a sweeter vibration.

TO THE DEPARTED.

Lips I have kissed, ye are faded and cold :
Hands I have press'd you are covered with mould :

Form I have clasp'd, thou art crumbling away :
And soon in your bosom the weeper will lay.

Friends of my youth, I have witness'd your bloom :

Shades of the dead, I have wept at your tomb :
Tomb, I have wreaths, were they worthy of thee ;
But who will e'er gather a garland for me ?

Friends of my youth, ye are hastening away,
Grave is there room in the chamber of clay ;
Ye who have thither so hastily fled
Say, is there room in the green-curtain'd bed ?

Dreams of my youth, ye are faded and gone ;
Mists of the vale, ye have clouded the morn ;
Death, will your vapours incessantly roll ?
And life, must it pass in the night of the soul ?

Souls of the blest from the mansions of day
Look on the pilgrim and lighten his way :
Wing your swift flight to the death prepar'd bed,
With visions of glory to circle his head.

Stars, ye are thick, in the pathway of light.
Visions of bliss, ye are banishing night :
Pilgrim, arise, for the journey you tread
Is leading to regions whence sorrow has fled.

Buds of the spring, ye are blasted and dead,
Leaves of the summer, your beauty has fled ;
Winter of grief, from the night of the tomb,
The Pole-star, Religion, will scatter the gloom.

From the *Petersburg Intelligencer.*

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THERE was a day—but it has gone,
That day was in life's early morn—
When pleasing hopes were brightly gleaming
And pleasures sweet were on me streaming
When nought of sorrow I was dreaming,
And parent's smiles were on me streaming,
Each moment bliss, with nought between it,
That day has been—and I have seen it!

There was a day—when I could smile,
And pleasure's idle hour beguile—
When ne'er a thought was to distress me,
When ne'er a thought was to oppress me,
When friends and kindred all did bless me,
And oft with rapture did caress me,
When for me pain'd—they would not own it,
That day has been—and I have known it!

There was a day—the day of love—
When tender passion did me move ;
Till my false mistress from me turned,
And her deception I discerned,
When love's soft flame no longer burned,
And ne'er to trust them more I learned,
The path of love—what snares beset it,
That day has been—and I regret it!

There was a day—when fortune smil'd,
And competence each care beguil'd,
When nought for future I was caring,
No future woes or ills was fearing,
And each soft breeze was quite endearing,
That me to pleasure's port was steering—
Ah! sweet that day—memory cheers it,
That day has been—and thought endears it!

There was a day—and I shall tell,
(While sorrows keen my heart shall swell)
I had a friend who ne'er deceived me,
I lov'd that friend and he believ'd me,
But of that friend his Death bereav'd me,
Oh! at that stroke, had he too cleav'd me,
It op'd a wound—and time can't heal it,
That day has been—and still I feel it!

These days have been—but they're no more,
My hours of bliss have all past o'er,
For now has come the day of mourning,
When Fortune, dark, is on me frowning,
And care each pleasing thought is drowning,
With hopeless woe, my mis'ry crowning—
No path is left for me to flee it,
This day has been—and still I see it!

The day may come when hope again
Shall smile and soothe the keenest pain—
When dry shall be each tear of sorrow,
And care my cheeks no longer furrow,
When each new thought some zest shall bor-
row,

To cheer those scenes which come to-morrow,
And friendship's tie—chance may renew it,
That day—may come—and shall I view it.
THE STRANGER.

THE DANDY.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick,
"By pleasure I am beckn'd ;
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second."

Tom was for repartee athirst,
And thus to Richard said ;
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

About twenty miles from the beautiful vil-
lage of Mid Gotham, there dwelt in the time
of the American Revolution, Henry M—
and Horatia H—, two powerful rivals.
Henry was fighting for the independence of
America ; Horatia to maintain the monarchy
of Great Britain. Henry had a son named Ca-
leb, who commanded a company of about one
hundred men, and with his parent was engaged
in the great cause of the revolution. John, un-
der the direction of his father, Horatio, was
striving to quell the rising spirit of liberty that
was breaking forth in America. Many were
murders and deeds of horror that were commit-
ted in those days ; the peaceful inhabitant that
would lie down with pleasant prospects before
him would rise no more. The trusty rifle was
placed by the bed side, and the report of it was
often heard in the still hour of midnight, and
these were emphatically styled "the times
that tried the patriot's soul."

Yet amid all this struggle, there was one
little spot where contentment reigned ; where
sweet peace drove far away the noise and tur-
moil of war—it was the cottage of Glenwarsing,
situated in a grove of poplars. Its inmates
were an old lady and her daughter. The hus-
band and parent were slain during the French war,
at the bloody battle with the French and In-
dians, near Fort Du Quesne, under the unfor-
tunate General Braddock, and where the cool
intrepidity of Washington first shewed itself.
The old lady had passed the meridian of life ;
but the daughter, like the first rose of May was
just expanding. Matilda, though not remark-
ably handsome, was a girl of sweet disposition
and engaging manners ; a spell hung round her
which never failed to excite the admiration,
and secure the esteem of all who saw her, and
something of its magic influence was connected
with every thing she said or did. The land-
scape from the cottage was sublime and beauti-
ful—the towering hills that rose on the east &
west, no eye could behold without admiration ;
to the north and south extended a pleasant vale ;
a purling brook rose by the door and bent its
serpentine course through the meadows, till it
terminated in a beautiful lake, that lay before
the eye a pure unbroken mirror.

Caleb and John had been school boys togeth-
er, and both had made claims to the hand of
Matilda A— ; but a decided preference had
always been given to Caleb, and had only waited
for the report of successful or unsuccessful war,
to be heard no more, for the consummation of
their wishes. Lovers are always hasty ; but
by the protracted length of the war, aided by
the entreaty of friends, the wedding day was at
last appointed. This is what John had long
wished for, that he might the more honorably
accomplish his resolution, under garb of war.
There was the lurking spirit of a villain within
his breast, for he had determined that Caleb &
Matilda should never be married, and only
waited an opportunity to put his wicked deter-
mination into execution.—That opportunity pre-
sented itself : The morning previous to the
one appointed for the marriage, Caleb and his
men were called away on an expedition
against their enemies, that occupied the day.
At the foot of the hill Caleb dismissed the com-
pany, with the order to collect at the sound of
his horn, and then walked slowly towards its
summit. He stopped to survey the landscape
that was yet tinged with the rays of the setting
sun, and pleasant ideas were mingled with the
prospect, that, when the earth should again be
enlivened with the bright majesty of day, he
should be united to all that would render life
sweet.—With such thoughts his mind was oc-
cupied, when he arrived at the summit of the
hill ; but, instead of the once lovely cottage, he
could discover naught but a heap of ruins, and
the smoke yet ascended from it and was born
along by the southern breeze, rose higher and
higher till it mingled with the blue mists of the
evening. At the nearest neighbor's he found
the lifeless corpse of Matilda, and from the mo-
ther he learned that John and his party had
been there, abused the old lady, murdered the
daughter, and burnt the cottage—that the in-

habitants had collected together, and had done
all that humanity could do. He grasped his
sword, and over the murdered body he vowed
that he would perish in the attempt, or her
murderer should die, and then rushed from the
house ; the mother ran to restrain him, but he
was far away bending his course up the hill
with the velocity of a deer : he stopped to view
the beauties of the rising sun, that the evening
before he had anticipated with pleasure—the
desire of revenge was visible on his counte-
nance, as he raised his horn and blew the blast
"shrill and long"—it echoed and re-echoed, till
the sound was lost behind the distant hills.
His troops were soon around him—he raised
himself upon his horse, told them of his loss,
of the murder that had been committed, and
asked them if they would follow their leader to
"victory or to death." The answer was unan-
imous, "we will conquer or we will die."
The parties were soon in sight of each other
and rushed together—the captains met.
There seemed to be a pause among the sol-
diers while their leaders fought. Justice ap-
peared to nerve the arm of Caleb, for soon his
foot lay senseless upon the field ; his sword told
that the murderer was slain, for it was crimson-
ed with blood—he turned from the field, leav-
ing his soldiers to pursue the victory, and re-
turned to the house. When the funeral pro-
cession was formed, he followed as a mourner
to the grave—the bloody sword was buried by
the side of the coffin, and when the people re-
turned home, he lingered behind. He wander-
ed to the grave, day after day, and till to the
passing stranger the true love of Matilda
Grief like his could not last long, and the last
painful tribute was paid, by conducting him to
the silent grave. I have since wandered to the
church yard, while the roses were yet bloom-
ing around—the twining ivy was linked togeth-
er over the spot where they reposed, as if to
unite in the grave those whom death had sep-
arated on earth.

A PAINTED HORSE.

A hoax has been played off on one of our
knowing friends of Wall street, at which we
know not whether to laugh heartily, or be ex-
ceedingly angry. A tight fellow brought into
this celebrated street, a beautiful spotted pony
for sale. The horse resembled a leopard, in the
richness and variety of spots, and attracted uni-
versal attention. He was purchased by a mem-
ber of our honorable board of brokers, who hav-
ing made a lucky hit that day was in good spir-
its, and gave a good price for the animal, who
was soon caparisoned ; and his new master,
with whip in hand, cantered him out on the
third avenue, and galloped him back.

The horse performed exceedingly well ; and
was in a foam when he returned to the city,
when lo, and behold ! as the sweat oozed from
his flanks and the pores of his skin, the spots
disappeared and were washed away. *The
horse had been painted for the purpose*, spotted
to cheat the knowing ones of Wall street, and
he stood by the door after the ride, in his orig-
inal dirty grey and yellow, "redeemed, regen-
erated and disenthralled."

Some fellow from the "universal yankee
nation," a maker of wooden nutmegs, has play-
ed off this hoax ; it is quite "prime bang up ;"
but if any of our board can catch him, we shall
shave him close. "All's fair in stocks," as my
friend Coleman says. *N. Y. Nat. Advocate.*

COMICAL EVENT.

A worthy clergyman belonging to a parish in
New England had the misfortune to have a son
of a flighty and wild disposition ; although ma-
ny were the pious admonitions of the virtuous
father to bring his son's remissness into subor-
dination with his own, he had to lament, that
his injunctions and assiduous endeavors were
fruitless, and far from being productive of the
desired end.

His son's heart was so averse to solemnity
that he could not contain himself at the time of
worship, and he was often so overstocked with
frivolity and mischievous humour, that his fa-
ther often noticed it while preaching, with

much regret, and concluded upon harsher
means than he had before used to bring his son
to better subjection. The next Sabbath he
confined him to his house and proceeded to
church with the rest of his family, consisting
of his wife, two daughters, and his old negro To-
ney : the service being nearly half performed,
and the pastor speaking with much fervency to
his crowded audience, his voice was all at once
drowned by a sudden and tremendous burst of
laughter, from all parts of the church, which
confounded him.

This laughter was occasioned by the sudden
entrance of his favourite dog, who always placed
himself next the pulpit door, in full view of the
audience ; he now appeared decorated in an old
gown and wig, powdered and tied on with much
taste, which occasioned such loud peals of
laughter, that he with difficulty obtained an
explanation in ten minutes. Old Toney, who
seemed to be more in a state of reserve than any
other, cried out from the gallery in great ear-
nestness, "Massa, Massa ! ony you look at our
Tray, den you see what make dem laff!" The
parson on opening the pulpit door, the old dog
immediately ascended to him, and was so pro-
fuse with his caresses, that the pastor could
scarcely dismiss his congregation.

An honest Yorkshireman amusing himself in
poaching, had his gun taken from him by a jus-
tice of the peace. Soon after, he was unfortu-
nate enough to be informed against for sedition,
in saying he wished Bonaparte would land in
Yorkshire. Being brought before the bench of
magistrates of which the aforesaid justice was
chairman, he acknowledged the words ; "but,"
said he, "my reasons for saying so was, that
I thought your worship would take his gun
from him."

A gentleman of the bar, in a neighboring
county, in easy circumstances, and pretty good
practice, had rendered himself somewhat re-
markable, by his attempts in the way of matri-
monial speculation. A maiden somewhat ad-
vanced in years, residing some miles distant, in
the neighborhood, hearing of this lawyer's spec-
ulating propensity—that his character was un-
exceptionable, and his situation in life tolerably
good—resolved upon making him her husband.
She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and
sent for the man of the law to draw her will.
He attended for that purpose. By her will she
devised 10,000*l.* in bank stock, to be divided
between her three cousins, some thousands in
bonds and notes to a niece, and a vast landed
estate to a favorite nephew.—The will being
finished, she gave the lawyer a very liberal fee,
and enjoined secrecy upon him for some pre-
tended purposes, thus precluding him from an
enquiry into her real circumstances. Need I
mention the result ? In a fortnight the lady
thought proper to be again restored to health.
The lawyer called to congratulate her on her
restoration, begged permission to visit her,
which was politely given. After a short court-
ship, the desired offer was made. The bar-
gain was concluded and ratified by the priest.
The lawyer's whole estate by his wife, consists
of sixty-five dollars ! *N. Y. Picbian.*

MAJLONG'S NARRATIVE.

The subjoined anecdote illustrates a species
of "scandalous speculation" practised by an
individual under the authority of a law of Lou-
isiana, passed in 1805, authorising a claim to
one section of land in favor of any person who
should have actually made *improvements* there-
on previous to the year 1804.

"The time having expired for the establish-
ment of a right, agreeably to the spirit of the
law, he took with him two witnessses to the fa-
vorite spot, on which he wished to establish his
claim, and in their presence marked two trees,
standing on opposite sides of a spring, one with
the figures 1803, and the other 1804, and placed
a stalk of growing corn in the spring. He then
brought the witnesses before the commissioners,
who upon their declaration that they had seen
corn growing at the place specified, in the
spring between 1803 and 1804, admitted the
claim of the applicant, and gave him a title to
the land." See Vol. I. p. 51.

CONSOLATION.

A poor Dervise, whose feet were naked for
want of shoes, made a pilgrimage to Mecca,
cursing his unhappy fate and accusing heaven
of cruelty. When he arrived at the gate of the
grand mosque of Coufa, he perceived a poor
man who had by some accident lost both his
feet. The sight of a man more unfortunate
than himself afforded him consolation, and con-
vinced him that the distress was greater to be
without feet than without shoes.

A person called upon a comb maker, who
was then at work, to let him know he was
drawn for the militia ; "I don't care," answered
the comb-maker, "I am too young for ser-
vice."—"Too young and about thirty ! What
do you mean ?" "No matter for that" rejoined
the comb-maker. "I can swear that I am
now cutting my teeth."