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SELECTED.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.
THE ORPHAN BOY.

Alas ! I am an Orphan Boy,
With naught on earth to cheer my heart ;
No father's love, no mother's joy,
Nor kin, nor kind to take my part.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
I eat the bread of charity ;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss, alas, for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
A mother too, I wont to prize;
With ready hand to wipe the tear,
If chance'd the transient tear to rise.
But cause of tears was rarely found,
For all my heart was youthful glee,
And when the kiss of love went round,
How sweet a kiss there was for me.

But ah ! there came a war they say :
What is a war ? I cannot tell :
But drums and fifes did sweetly play,
And loudly rang our village bell.
In truth it was a pretty sound
I thought, nor could I hence foresee,
That when the kiss of love went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,
And sword as bright as light could be,
And feathers that so gaily look,
All in a shining cap had he.
Then how my little heart did bound!
Alas! I thought it fine to see—
Nor dreamt that when the kiss went round,
I here soon would be no kiss for me.

At length the bell again did ring,
There was a victory they said ;
'Twas what my father said he'd bring,
R^Yeah ! it brought my father dead.
Her mother shriek'd her heart was wo,
She clasped me to her trembling knee ;
O God ! that you may never know,
How wild a kiss she gave to me !

But once again—but once again,
These lips a mother's kisses felt ;
That once again—that once again,
The tale a heart of stone would melt.
'Twas when upon her death-bed laid ;
O God ! O God ! that sight to see :
" My child, my child," she feebly said,
And gave a parting kiss to me.

So now I am an Orphan Boy,
With naught below my heart to cheer ;
No mother's love, nor father's joy,
Nor kin, nor kind, to wipe the tear.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
I eat the bread of charity ;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss, alas, for me.

HARP OF ZION.

Oh ! how art thou fallen, thou city of God !—
He hath stricken the crown from thy brow with
his rod—
On thy neck is the yoke—on thy garment a
stain—
And the Lion of Judah hath bow'd to the chain !

The phial of wrath on thy forehead was pour'd :
Thou hast shrunk from the withering glance
of the Lord ;
Like the gourd of the Prophet, thy beauty is
gone,
And thy cedars are blasted on proud Lebanon !

Thy temples are ruins—thine altars o'erthrown,
On the Hill of thy strength is the Infidel's
throne ;
And the wreck of thy glory, where now it is
hurld,
Is the scoff of the Gentiles : the scorn of the
world !

O turn thee, our God ! let thy mercy awaken
And smile on thy Zion—deserted, forsaken !
Let the light of thy glory on Solyma burst,
And its lightning-glance wither her foes to the
dust !

Oh Zion ! his smile shall dawn on thy night
Of sorrow and shame with a heavenly light,—
As the burst of the sun-beam comes over the
 sea,
When the dark cloud has past, and the thunder
 storms flee.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL KALEIDOSCOPE.

The Diving Bell.

A Fragment

The strains of music grew fainter and fainter, as the bell descended through the green fluid which surrounded me : and I now began to experience that variety and intensity of feeling, which I have so often seen described by divers. The first sensation was a painful pressure upon my ears, as if a body of considerable power and magnitude had been endeavoring to enter my brain through those apertures. After a while, the cavities became expanded, and the pain was relieved ; but as the bell sank, it was frequently again renewed, and as often exchanged for ease. I had scarcely descended above three or four fathoms, when I felt the amazing weight of the ocean, pressing upon, and girding round my head, like an iron crown riveted fast to the skull ; the force of which was so very tremen-

ious, that it was with difficulty that my senses were preserved. This painful feeling was then exchanged for a species of restless agitation and excitement, which might not entirely be the effect of my situation and extraordinary voyage, but might partly arise from some recollection of the eminent danger in which I was placed. A kind of languor, which increased almost to fainting, now overcame me; the blood left my face, and my limbs grew cold; and, indeed, although I was supplied with air, by a continual exchange of the barrels from above, life seemed on the point of departing. In the course of my voyage, I frequently looked out upon the waters, which of themselves present nothing but a clear green fluid; but frequently there came rushing by the ordinary stay had greatly alarmed them; and that their terror was wonderfully increased upon drawing up the bell, and finding my aquatic comrade, who leaped again into the sea over the vessels side, the moment he escaped from the bell; so that they could scarcely discern his form. A long and dangerous illness, the effect of my wound and voyage, followed; and when I recovered my first care was to visit the church of Lerwick, at once to offer thanks for my own preservation, and to erect a stone to the memory of Harvey. The marks of the sea-monster's teeth yet remain visible upon my arm, though the wound is healed; and like the impression which this adventure has made upon my memory—they will never be effaced.

[FROM VOLNEY'S TRAVELS IN EGYPT AND SYRIA.]

THE SINGULAR HISTORY OF HENDIA
A MARONITE GIRL.

lustre. I felt a constant dread which perhaps tended to keep off other fears, that some of them might enter through the lower part of the diving bell, and attack me in my strong hold, where escape and opposition would be equally in vain.

Occasionally I passed some marine production, between a fish and a plant, which spread out into branches filled with innumerable mouths, and never ceasing motion. Now and then I thought I heard a noise like music in the deep; but the continual rushing, roaring, and washing of the current against the sides of the bell, prevented anything like a distinct hearing; only from this I am convinced, that the ocean is not a silent world. Sometimes the waters would seem deserted and vacant; and then again there would rush by such shoals of living beings pursuing each other either in sport or anger, that their course was too rapid for the eye to discern their forms. Once or twice, indeed, I thought there appeared somewhat like a human figure covered with scales of a silvery green, but the image was too swiftly gone for me to speak with certainty; added to which, the optical illusion occasioned by the waters might have deceived me. At length, at the depth of seventy fathoms, the bell rested on the basin of the bottom, and it may be imagined only what were the gift of tears, and, in a word, had all the exterior of the ancient hermits, and soon acquired a similar reputation. Every body considered her as a model of piety, and many esteemed her a saint. From such a reputation to miracles the transition is very easy, and in fact, it was soon reported that she worked miracles. To have a proper conception of the effects of this report we must not forget that the state of men's minds in Lebanon, is nearly the same as in the earliest ages. There were neither novels therefore, nor poets, nor even daughters. Her husband, in the self of this enthusiasm for the completion of her designs; and, imitating the conduct of her predecessors in the same career, she wished to become the foundress of a new order. In vain does the human heart endeavor to conceal its passions, they are invariably the same: nor does the conqueror differ from the monk; both are alike actuated by ambition and lust of power and the pride of pre-eminence displays itself even in the excess of humility. To build the

the sea; and it may be imagined only what were even in the excess of his feelings at that moment. I was more than ever solicited the pious charity of her followers four hundred feet below the ocean! in a frail machine of wood, depending upon a few ropes; whose contributions were so abundant as to enable her, in a few years, to erect two vast stone abode of the most terrific monsters! I cannot, however, even at this distant period, trust my recollection with the maddening subject; and therefore I hasten forward with my tale. The bed of the deep is in itself a fair and beautiful sand, on which are placed rocks that seem to glow with a metallic lustre of various colors, on which is to be seen many a fair and living tree of silvery whiteness, in constant motion, while shells of all kinds and hues are scattered over them. The view is indeed a landscape, the most wild and magical that can be imagined; and although they really want the artificial erections of man, yet are the rocks shivered and hollowed out into the form of temples, domes, pinnacles, minarets, and palaces; upon which there is a continual movement of the sea. When I arrived at this place, the painful sensations which I had experienced in my voyage had left me; I could breathe freely, and upon viewing the beautiful objects around me, I began to think that the ocean world was indeed as delightful as the poets and water spirits had described it to be.—But after emerging from the bell I saw many a sight that filled me with terror. The rocks were interspersed with the half devoured corpses of those lost in the wreck, on which the fishes were still feeding: while thousands of whitening bones and skeletons lay scattered about, some rested on the outstretched arms of the giant polypus which had fed on them, and others in the dreadful opening made by the shell of the enormous clump fish. The packages, jewels, gold, anchors, and fragments of wrecks, which appeared strewn about, were innumerable; but my respiration now becoming difficult, from the agitation produced by so terrible, yet sublime a spectacle, I turned from it to search for the body of my friend. After a long, dangerous, and almost hopeless examination, I discovered in a cave, some distance from the diving bell, still dressed as when I last saw him, but blue, swollen and lived.

I raised the body in my arms, and taking one merchant, who, some months before, had placed his hand, drew from it a seal ring, with an aqua-marine stone, which well preserves the memory of his daughters in the Kourket, with a portrait of my friend's death, and my own hazards in obtaining it; and since I first put it on, neither time nor any other method will draw it off. They seated themselves cross-legged, the long pipe was lighted, and coffee brought. The merchant then proceeded to inquire of his visitor concerning his journey, who answered, he had passed steadily in the face, and still holding it by the right hand, said, "George Harvey, the pledge of Raymond Mortlake is redeemed;"—when, to my surprise, yet not to my terror, he thought fresh questions, to which he replied by further particulars, and at length, no longer able to contain, while a smile seemed to play around the mouth, and the hand I fancied returned my pressure. The merchant was greatly surprised.

At this moment I discovered that a sea monster, consisting of a huge misshapen mass of scaly flesh, somewhat resembling a man, had fastened his long teeth on the body of my friend—I caught up a larger piece of wreck that lay near me, and with one blow laid the monster level and powerless; whilst I hastened to secure a burial for the corpse, by dropping it into one of the many springs which gush from the bottom of the sea; whose strength is such as to terrify all the inhabitants of the deep.

This was scarcely effected, with a very brief farewell, when the monster having recovered, returned and fixed his tusks on my right arm. With a rapidity of motion that I have often since wondered and shuddered at, I regained the bell, and with my terrible companion, entered it, and gave the signal to be drawn up. Whether it were the loss of blood from the deep wound given me by the water fiend, or the effect of rising, I know not, but my head seemed to be going upwards from my body. I soon became senseless; and recovered not until I found myself in a hammock on board the *Seacraft*. It was then that I learned, that my unhappy father discovered to be that of

youngest daughter ; the other was found confined in the convent, and almost dead ; she revealed a scene of such abominable wickedness, as made a human nature shudder, and to which she, like her sister was about to fall a victim. The pretended saint being seized, acted her part with firmness, and a prosecution was commenced against the priests and the patriarch. The enemies of the latter united to effect his ruin, in order to share his spoils, and he was suspended and deposed. The affair was removed to Rome, in 1776, and the *Societ  de Propaganda*, on examination, discovered the most infamous scenes of debauchery, and the most horrible cruelties. It was proved that Hendra procured the death of the nuns, sometimes to get possession of their property, at others because they would not comply with her desires : that this infamous woman not only communicated, but even consecrated the host, and said mass : that she had holes under her bed, by which perfumes were introduced at the moment she pretended to be in ecstasy, and under the influence of the Holy Ghost ; that she had a faction that cried her up, and published that she was the mother of God returned upon earth, and a thousand other extravagancies. Notwithstanding this, she retained a party powerful enough to prevent the severe punishment she merited : she has been shut up in different convents, from whence she has frequently escaped. In 1783, she was present at the visitation of Antoura, and the brother of the Emir of the Druzes was desirous to give her her liberty. Numbers still believe in her sanctity ; and, but for the accident of the traveller, her greater enemies would not have doubted it. What must we think of reputations for piety when they may depend on such trifling circumstances.

THE PEASANT AND HIS HOG.

In a country village there was a laborer who killed his hog; and as it was the custom in these cases to send pieces of the meat, sausages, black puddings, liver, &c. to all the neighbors, our peasant, who already had received innumerable presents of this kind, and who found it he adhered to this custom, that he should have nothing left for himself. Confiding in one of his neighbors, told him, "I have killed my hog, and if I should send a piece to all from whom I have received, there will be nothing left for myself—now I pray you advise me what is best to be done?" To which his neighbor replied, "Were I in your case, I would hang up my hog at my open window for the greater part of the night, and the next day I would tell every body it was stolen—by this means I should be excused from making presents."

The laborer, much pleased at his friend's advice, returned home and put it in practice. The giver of this friendly advice, not failing to profit by the darkness of the night, seized the hog and carried it home. How astonished was the peasant, when early in the morning he found nothing of his hog! He raved at his neighbor's invention which he had the evening before so much approved of. He sallied out to give the alarm, and the first he met was his friendly adviser, to whom he related the whole affair, saying, "Oh, neighbor, what do you think—they have stolen my hog!" "There, there," (says his neighbor,) that's right—stand to it—you must tell the same to every one you meet—in-sist upon it, and they will all believe you." The peasant soon began to swear, and to protest by all the saints, that he was not in a joke, but that his hog was absolutely gone. The stronger he was in his expressions of grief and rage, the more fervently did his neighbor tell him, "that's right, my friend—stand to it—that's the only method to make your neighbors believe it—and then, from sympathy, those you have received of, will dispense with your present!"

Two Irish rustics finding a large cask that was cast ashore from the wreck of a ship and naturally thinking it contained the dear usquebaugh but which really contained gun-powder, were greatly puzzled how to get at the invaluable treasure. At length it was resolved to use a hot piece of iron for that purpose—as might be expected, the one who bored the cask was thrown aloft into the air by the explosion of the powder. The other seeing his companion flying in the air, as he thought with the cask of whiskey, exclaimed with great *sang froid*—by St. Patrick if you do not come down and give me a share, I shall inform the exciseman.

A good wife should be like three things,
which three things she should not be like.

1st. She should be like a snail, to keep
within her house ; but she should *not* be like a
snail to carry all she has upon her back.

2d. She should be like an echo, to speak only when spoken to ; but she should not be like an echo always to have the last word.

ed; 3d. She should be like a town clock, always
orm- to keep time and regularity ; but she should not
be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the
e of town may hear her.

He who will avenge every affront means to
die early.

FROM THE FRANKLIN REPUBLICAN.
HEROSTIC.

A round the immortal hero's head,
N ever dying laurels spread;
D eathless is thy mighty name,
R ecorded on the page of fame;
E nvy's shafts in vain assail'd
W here Britain's mighty thunder fail'd.

Joyous day * propitious hour,
A rray'd in greatness, arm'd with pow'r,
Columbia's chief in triumph rose,
Kingly tyrants to oppose ;
See the Hero's ensanguin'd plain
O verstrew'd with heaps of slain,
Ne'er, proud Britain, boast again !

* Battle of New Orleans 8th Jan. 1815.