

## BELLEFONTE PATRIOT.

"Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense."

BELLEFONTE, JUNE, 1824.

For the Patriot.

### Twilight.

That hour when day and darkness join,  
Like Plato meeting Proserpine,  
And sweetest sounds in citron shade,  
The soul-overflowing serenade,  
And pallid stars in clusters meet,  
And the clouds (like false hearts) lost their  
heat,  
And time a moment stays his flight,  
That's twilight.

The lover seeks the leafy bower,  
And bats are wheeling round the tower,  
And cawing rooks so prone to roam,  
Like noisy neighbors travel home,  
And fountains through the foliage flash,  
Like gleams through a dark eyelash,  
And the eldritch owl pursues her flight  
In the twilight.

Then hearts expand and flowers close,  
And the bee bids farewell to the rose,  
And fancy mounts her shadowy throne,  
And poets love to be alone,  
(Far from the minds of vulgar birth,  
Which chain the Spirits down to earth.)  
By lapsing brook or wooded height,  
With thee, twilight.

The heart by faithless vows betray'd,  
Steals out beneath some pitying shade,  
Wraps a thin cloak across to screen  
What noon-tide's taunting eye had seen;  
In all its griefs, remorse, and want,  
Thou art, as 'twere, the confidant,  
For sighs and tears betray its plight  
To thee, Twilight.

When he who saw once better days,  
From scorn and pity shrinking strays,  
Like his own spectre from his shed,  
To seek perchance a little bread;  
Thou turns't no proud nor prying eye,  
On the poor wand'ers misery,  
But veils the blush of pride from sight,  
Gentle Twilight.

To every heart thy calmness speaks,  
Or his that bounds or his that breaks,  
If blest thy pensive silentness,  
Gives breathing time to muse on bliss,  
If not thy fading moments say,  
That life must wane like thee away,  
Both break upon the edge of night,  
Life & Twilight.  
C. A.

### MONTMORENCY.

The sullen tolling of the curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light issued from the dreary villages; the murmuring Cotter had extinguished his enlivening embers, and sunk in gloomy sadness to repose, when Henry de Montmorency and his two attendants rushed from the castle of A—y.

The night was wild and stormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner.—The moon flashed, as the clouds passed from before her, on the silver armour of Montmorency, whose large and sable plume of feathers streamed threatening in the blast. They hurried rapidly on, and arriving at the edge of a declivity, descended into a deep glen, the dreadful and savage appearance of which was sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. It was narrow, and the rocks on each side, rising to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads; furiously along the bottom of the valley, turbulent and dashing against huge fragments of the rock, ran a dark and swollen torrent, and further up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremendous strength, fell, at a single stroke, an awful and immense cascade. From the clefts and chasms of the crag, abrupt and stern, the venerable oak threw his broad breath of shade and bending his gigantic arms athwart the stream, shed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves, while from the summits of the rock was heard the clamor of the falling fragments that, bounding from its rugged side, leapt with resistless fury on the vale beneath.

Montmorency and his attendants, intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehension; they stood for some time in silent astonishment, but their ideas of the danger, from the conflict of the elements being at length alarming, they determined to proceed, when all instantly became dark, whilst the rushing of the storm, the roaring of the cascade, the shivering of the branches of the trees, and the dashing of the rock, assailed at once their sense of hearing. The moon, however, again darting from a cloud, they rode forward, and following the course of the torrent, had advanced a considerable way, when the piercing shrieks of a person in distress arrested their speed; they stopped, and listening attentively, heard shrill, melancholy cries repeatedly, at intervals, up the glen, which becoming more distant, grew faint and died away. Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppressed, couched his lance, and bidding his followers prepare, was hastening on; but again their progress was impeded by the harrowing and stupendous clash of falling armour, which, reverberating from the various cavities around, seemed here and there, and from every direction to be echoed with double violence, as if an hundred men in armour had in succession fallen down in different parts of the valley.—Montmorency, having recovered from the consternation into which this singular noise had thrown

him, suddenly discerned, by the light of the moon, the gleam of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the spot, where he found, laid along at the foot of an aged oak, whose branches hung darkling over the torrent; a knight wounded and bleeding; his armour was of burnished steel, by his side there lay a falchion, and a sable shield embossed with studs of gold, and dipping his casque into the stream, was endeavoring to allay his thirst, but, through weakness from loss of blood, with difficulty got it to his mouth. Being questioned as to his misfortune, he shook his head, and, unable to speak, pointed with his hand down the glen; at the same moment the shrieks, which had formerly alarmed Montmorency and his attendants, were repeated, apparently at no great distance; and now every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghastly features of the dying knight; his black hair, dashed with gore, stood erect, and stretching forth his hands towards the sound, he seemed struggling for speech, his agony became excessive, and, groaning, he dropped dead upon the earth.

The suddenness of this shocking event, the total ignorance of its cause, the uncouth scenery around, and the dismal wailings of distress, which still poured upon the ear with aggravated strength, left room for the imagination to unfold its most hideous ideas; yet Montmorency, though astonished, lost not his fortitude and resolution, but determined, following the direction of the sound, to search for the place whence these terrible screams seemed to issue, and recommending his men to unsheath their swords and maintain a strict guard, cautiously followed the windings of the glen, until, abruptly turning the corner of an out-jutting crag, they perceived two corpses mangled in a frightful manner, and a glimmering of light appearing through some trees that hung depending from a steep and dangerous part of the rock.—Approaching a little nearer, the shrieks seemed evidently to proceed from that quarter, upon which tying their horses to the branches of an oak, they ascended slowly and without any noise towards the light; but what was their amazement, when, by the pale glimpses of the moon, where the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in the vast and yawning cavern, dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from its roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantic figures in ponderous iron armour; they vizors were up, and the lamp faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting sternness capable of the most ruthless deeds. One, who had the aspect and garb of their leader, and who, waving his scimitar, seemed menacing the rest, held on his arm a massy shield of immense circumference, and which being streaked with recent blood, presented to the eye an object truly terrific. At the back part of the cave, and fixed to a brazen ring, stood a female figure, and, as far as the obscurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her shrieks proceeded; she was dressed in white, and struggling violently and in a conclusive manner, appeared to have been driven almost to madness from the conscious horror of her situation. Two of the banditti were high in dispute, fire flashed from their eyes, and their scimitars were half unsheathed; and Montmorency, expecting that, in the fury of their passion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event, but as the authority of their captain soon checked the tumult, he rushed in with his followers, and, hurling his lance, "Villians," he exclaimed, "receive the reward of cruelty." The lance bounded innocuous from the shield of the leader, who turned quickly upon Montmorency, a severe engagement ensued; they smote with prodigious strength, and the valley resounded to the clangor of their steel.—Their falchions, unable to sustain the shock, shivered into a thousand pieces, when Montmorency, instantly elevating with both hands, his shield, dashed it with resistless force against the head of his antagonist; lifeless he dropped down upon the ground, and the crash of his armour bellowing through the hollow rock.

In the mean time, his attendants, although they had exerted themselves with great bravery, and had already dispatched one of the villains, were by force of numbers overpowered, and being bound together, the remainder of the banditti rushed upon Montmorency just as he had stretched their commander on the earth, and obliged him also, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of valour, to surrender. The lady who, during the rencounter, had fainted away, waked again to fresh scenes of misery at the moment when these monsters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate Montmorency and his companions to a dreadful grave. They were led by a long and intricate passage, amid an immense assemblage of rocks, which, rising between seventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounded on all sides a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent but that through which they came.—The moon shone bright, and they beheld, in the middle of this plain, a hideous chasm; it seemed near a hundred feet in diameter, and on its brink grew several trees, whose branches, almost meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of settled horror! "Prepare for death," said one of the banditti, "for into this chasm shall ye be thrown; it is of unfathomable depth, and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are so soon to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it." So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to the trunk of a tree, and having treated his associates in the same manner. "Look," cried a bandit, with a fiend-like smile, "look and anticipate the pleasures of your journey." Dismay and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops upon his forehead. The moon's rays streaming in between the branches, shed a dim light, sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the rock's profundity, whose depth lay hid for

subterranean river, bursting, with tremendous noise, into its womb, occasioned such a mis- noise from the rising spray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulf beneath. Shuddering on the edge of this accursed pit stood the miserable warrior; his eyes were starting from their sockets, and, as he looked into the dark abyss, his senses blasted by the view, seemed ready to forsake him. Meantime the banditti, having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in; he resisted with astonishing strength, shrieking aloud for help, and, just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of his body racked with agonizing terror, he flung himself with fury backwards on the ground; fierce and wild convulsions seized his frame, which being followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist, hurled into the dreadful chasm; his armour striking upon the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes as he descended down its rugged side.

No words can describe the horrible emotions which, on the sight of this shocking spectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sank within him, and, as they unbound his last fellow sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The inhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no opposition, and, though despair sat upon his features, not a shriek, not a groan escaped him, but no sooner had he reached the brink, then making a sudden effort, he liberated an arm, and grasping one of the villains round the waist, sprang headlong with him into the interminable gulf. All was silent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard and the sullen deep howled fearfully over its pray. The three remaining banditti stood aghast; they durst not unbind Montmorency, but resolved, as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and, by that means, he would fall along with it into the chasm. Montmorency, who, after the example of his attendant, had concealed the hope of revenging himself now saw all possibility of affecting that design taken away, and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive that he fainted. The villains, observing this, determined, from a malicious prudence, to forbear, as at present he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leisure.

Not many minutes had passed away, when life and sensation returning, the hapless Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate. "Have mercy!" he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features; "Oh Christ, have mercy!" then looking around him, he started at the abyss beneath, and shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed close against the tree. In a little time, however, he recovered his perfect recollection, and perceiving that the Banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands, which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to disentangle, and, to his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loosen the cord, and by a little more perseverance, effect his liberty.—He then sought around for a place to escape through, but without success; at length, as he was passing on the other side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer, he found that it proceeded from the moon's rays shining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very considerable depth below the surface. A gleam of hope now broke in upon his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together, and fastening one end to the body of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution, for, when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing, and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure, accelerated and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit, but having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then, loosing the cord from off his body, he proceeded onwards, and, at last, with rapture no description can paint, discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down, and returned thanks to heaven for his escape!

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

In the neighborhood where I formerly resided, said my friend, stood a lonely house, a little retired from the public road, on the borders of a wood. Its last occupants were people of suspicious characters, who had suddenly abandoned it, and removed to the 'land of promise' beyond the mountains. For two years it had stood desolate—its door unopened and windows battered in. At length a report arose that the house was haunted. Strange noises were heard by the nightly traveller, and unearthly forms were seen about it in the dusk of evening. From the number of witnesses who testified to the facts, the report gained general belief, and whoever was unlucky enough to be obliged to pass the place of terror in the evening, would involuntarily quicken his pace, and invoke the protection of some guardian angel.—The supposition was that the family who last occupied the house had been guilty of robbing and murdering some unknown traveller, whose bones were concealed in the cellar, and whose spirit was calling for revenge. But no one had the temerity to investigate. I had always treated these tales of terror with contempt, and in the plenitude of my courage declared that I would embrace the first convenient opportunity to explore this fancied haunt of troubled spirits. I was not long till my boasted courage was put to the test. I had occasion to pass that way late

in the evening and alone. On coming opposite the 'haunted house,' I made a halt and was querying with myself whether I should so far countenance the folly of the current reports, as to spend time in visiting the place: when to my utter astonishment my ears were saluted by a most agonizing groan! I hesitated not to dismount, and drew near the house. As I approached, the groans were repeated with increasing vehemence, and I could perceive that they were uttered by more than one. All was dark and desolate! From one corner of the room proceeded sounds, the most agonizing and doleful! They seemed the last groans and stifled sobs of men under the operation of strangling. My heart sunk within me—and I was on the point of retreating, in terror, from the guilty place; but pride restrained me. I have promised, thought I, to prove the fallacy of these horrid tales, and come what may, I will make the attempt. I summoned all my resolution, and entered the door. The groans of distress were redoubled, and my feet were riveted to the ground. Scarce knowing what I did, I raised my arms in the murky air, and exclaimed aloud—"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I adjure you to speak!" Scarce had I pronounced these words when the most terrific din assailed my ears—the house trembled—and I was prostrated at the door by a more than mortal force!—It was some minutes before I recovered the use of my reason or the power of moving; but as soon as my limbs would perform their office I rose and precipitated myself from the door, when lo! I met in my way three Hogs! yoked and ringed as the law directs, grunting their displeasure at the disturber of their quiet repose.

### The Integrity of a Christian and the Generosity of an Infidel.

Compan, a French merchant, having embarked in Egypt, in the prosecution of his business, had the misfortune to be captured by a pirate of Tripoli, and sold to a rich individual. Though treated with great gentleness, the prospect of hopeless separation from his family and relatives plunged him into deep melancholy. His master having in vain endeavored to comfort him, at length allowed him to revisit his native country, and settle his affairs, on a promise that he would return within a limited period. Compan passed a few months in the bosom of his family, and, like another Regulus, fulfilled his engagement with the generous barbarian. On his arrival at Tripoli, he found the latter overwhelmed in grief on account of the dangerous illness of a beloved wife. "Christian," said he, "you return most opportunely: you see my sufferings. Pray to your God that he would take pity on my wife and on myself; for the prayers of the righteous avail much." Compan instantly fell on his knees, blending his supplications with those of the Moslem; and the fair patient was soon restored to health. Her grateful husband would have no unhappy person in his presence. "Cease," said he, "to lament your fate. Gladly would I retain you under my roof, pass my days in your society, and give you my daughter in marriage; but the law of the prophet forbids the union. Accept then, the only worthy present that I can give, nor thank me till I have merited your gratitude. Receive your freedom, and take your passage in the vessel which I have loaded. The cargo is your own; for I would not restore you empty handed to your friends. Go in peace; and may Heaven protect and bless you!"

The Rebuke.—An English parson was boasting in a large company of the success he had in reforming his parishioners, on whom his labors, he said, had produced a wonderful change for the better. Being asked in what respect, he replied, that when he first came among them, they were a set of unmannerly clowns, who paid him no more deference than they did to any other; did not so much as pull off their hats when they spoke to him, but bawled out as roughly and familiarly as though he were their equal; whereas now they never addressed him but with cap in hand, and with a submissive voice made him their best bow when they were at ten yards distance, and styled him 'your reverence' at every word. A Quaker, who had heard the whole patiently, made answer, 'and so, friend, the upshot of this reformation, of which thou hast so much carnal glory, is, that thou hast taught thy people to worship thyself.'

### Effects of fear.

In the time of the American Revolutionary war, while the army was encamped at West Point, a party of soldiers discovered an eagle's nest, half way down the precipice, adjacent to the fort. To get the nest a soldier was let down by a rope fastened round his middle. When he had descended near to the nest the eagle came upon him with hideous screams aiming at his head: he had no means of defending himself but by taking out his knife, with which he kept her off by striking at her. In one of the passes made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope, and cut one of the strands entirely off; the other strand began to be untwisted, while his companions drew him up as soon as possible: in this situation he expected the rope every moment to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height among the rocks; but he was drawn up to the top of the rock, when the remaining strand of the rope was nearly reduced to a wisp of twine. In the course of 24 hours, the hair of his head, from a coal black, was turned as white as the whitest wool. He was 25 years of age.

On the late Dr. Johnson's return from a town in Scotland, a lady at whose house he called, had got ready what is, in England, a *hotch potch*, for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she took an opportunity of asking him if it was good? "Very good for hogs," answered the doctor.—"Then, pray," replied the lady, "let me help you to a little more!"