

THE American Patriot.



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CONDITIONS.

The *American Patriot* will be published every Saturday, and forwarded to subscribers by the earliest opportunities. The price will be two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage; one half to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the residue at the expiration of six months.

No subscription will be taken for less than a half year; nor will any subscriber be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid off. The failure of any subscriber to notify a discontinuance of his paper, will be considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements, not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for one dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty five cents; those of greater length in proportion.

The following persons have been appointed agents for the *American Patriot*, and will receive subscriptions and payment for it, from those resident in their several neighborhoods, friendly to its interest, viz:

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MR. DAVID STEWART.

Milesburg,
COL. SAMUEL MILES.

FOR THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

(Concluded from our last)

"The bliss of human kind, flies swift away;
"From dreams of hope, alas! how soon
we'er torn,

"The sun of joy scarce darts his glad'ning
ray.

"When clouds o'ershadow, and we
wake to mourn.

New York appeared to Philander a second London. The diversifying manner in which the streets ran, pleased him; yet he was convinced it did not contribute to its elegance. Amongst a people, who had shaken off the yoke of their mother country, he scarcely knew whether he would be received as a friend or enemy. He was not long kept in suspense. Having a number of introductory letters to the principal merchants there, he commenced delivering them in person, and in every instance was most cordially received. Indeed few persons had ever cause to regret an acquaintance with him. Noble in his disposition, unaffected in his manners, he became endeared to all who knew him.

Philander with the assistance of some of his mercantile friends, found no difficulty in bringing his affairs to their crisis. He had been but four weeks in New York, when he found every thing relative to his father's estate, settled to his satisfaction. He concluded to visit some of the principal cities in the United States, previous to his departure for England; and accordingly left New York in the steam boat for Philadelphia, which was represented to him, as

little inferior in point of beauty, to any city in Europe. He was astonished at beholding with what velocity a large boat (nearly the size of a ship's hull of 700 tons) proceeded through the water apparently without oars, and not a stitch of canvass, against wind or tide. He had never beheld one in England, and little thought to find in a country so newly populated, such specimens of ingenuity, which certainly outvalled his own country. Finding it was propelled by steam, he could not but admire and approve this curious invention.

In 20 hours he found himself along side the wharves of Philadelphia, a distance of 94 miles, besides the delay occasioned in being compelled to travel thirty miles in the stage.

The magnificence of this city excited his admiration. "Is it possible" said he, "that this stupendous city can only be the work of three centuries." The streets regularly intersecting each other at right angles, in his opinion, made it much superior to New York. Although there did appear to be a considerable degree of sameness, he could not but approve of it.

He visited the theatres, and found them little inferior to those in London. Peale's museum, in his opinion, was not to be equaled. In short every thing he beheld in this beautiful city, excited his admiration. "And am I really" said he "in a city, which not more than three centuries ago was the retreat of savages." He thought it incredible. The numerous public institutions and the rational principles upon which they were conducted, induced him to pronounce them preferable to all similar ones he had ever beheld.

Having spent nearly three months in this new world in visiting the principal towns in the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, Philander began to yearn for his native home. Julia, the beautiful Julia, seemed for ever to occupy his mind. O how exquisite will be the pleasure" he would say, "I shall derive in again beholding her lovely form; in again hearing her lovely voice; in again enjoying her company in the beautiful arbor; in again hearing the council of her pious father." With delight would he reflect on the happy hours they had passed together, where innocence beauty and friendship, were their only inmates.

Affairs being now completely arranged, commenced making preparations for his return to his native country. A ship was laying in the North river, at New York, the captain of which contemplated sailing for Liverpool in ten days. With him Philander engaged a passage. The interval was industriously employed in selecting novelties, and curiosities for his friends in England. Stepping into a book seller's he discovered an elegant American edition of Thompson, which he purchased for Julia.

At the expiration of the 10 days, the ship was completely prepared for sea, and the captain was determined to proceed on his voyage with the first fair wind. Fortune crowned his wishes; for on the 11th a delightful breeze sprung up; Philander repaired on board; the anchor was weighed,

and the ship glided rapidly through the water.

They soon left sight of land, and Philander once more found himself exposed to the mercy of the saucy waves. Considerable progress was made in their voyage for the first two or three days, but the weather began to thicken, and every omen of an approaching storm appeared. The blackened ocean began to curl and rear her white tops with sullen majesty. The gale began to assume a ferocious command over the ship, and each sturdy seaman was busily engaged in shortening sail. Nothing can produce a more solemn appearance than a storm at sea. Philander viewed with astonishment and dread the perilous situation in which they were placed. The storm continued with increased violence, and every thing appeared to wear an unfavorable aspect. It was then that he thought of his Julia, and the cruel ocean which seemed to oppose his fondest wish. "O Julia," said he, "should cruel fortune be opposed to our wishes, how would you survive the loss of your Philander! Propitious Heaven grant that I may be restored to her, the most virtuous of her sex. Ah! how could I thus leave her in quest of sordid wealth, the bane of many a fellow creature. Ah! could Philander, how could you for one moment leave your Julia! O God! spare her this conflict. Pour down thy softest blessings on her head. Do not deprive her of her friend, her lover. Almost distracted he clung to the ship's mast, while rolling and pitching enough to sever every timber in her.

The gale still continued to increase with ten-fold violence.

It now being 6 o'clock, P. M. the storm began gradually to subside, and all hands were busily employed in repairing damages and erecting a temporary mast. The weather began to wear a less frightful appearance, and gratitude was poured fourth by every one for this deliverance.

After having been below for some hours, Philander began to recover, though still weak in his intellects. During this paroxysm would he frequently call on his Julia to receive him from the hands of death. Her miniature appeared to be his only consolation, he would kiss it and press it to his breast, and exclaim, this remembrance of my beloved and myself shall never part.

In a few hours he became more calm, and in strains more than human did he pour forth his thanks to Him who had thus saved him from the jaws of death.

The subsiding of the storm was an efficacious balsam to the mind of Philander. He found himself considerably composed, and reflected with a blush at the exclamatory weakness he had displayed. But his heart was too deeply involved in love to be counteracted.

The progress of the ship was considerably impeded, by the loss of the foremast, and the injury the late storm had done to her sails and rigging; but the wind and weather proving favorable, it was supposed they soon would reach England.

Philander again anticipated the approaching pleasure. The sight of Julia he was sure would amply compensate him for the

pangs his heart had undergone. Yes, lovely Julia," said he, "however accumulated the difficulties, I would endeavor to surmount them all for your sake."

The ship pursuing her voyage untroubled by contrary winds, or bad weather, soon brought them near their native shores.

Land was discovered after about twenty four days at sea. Soon after, they reached their destined port. Philander with joy leaped on shore, and once more thanked Omnipotence for his bounty.

Reflecting on the pleasure he would now soon enjoy, with a light heart did he reach his lodgings.

After having all his effects removed from the ship, he procured a horse and immediately sat out for the peaceful mansion of the worthy Mr. Aubury. His heart palpitated with inexpressible joy as he retraced the road which he formerly left with so much reluctance. Pursuing the beautiful path which first led him to that peaceful retreat, he soon descried the hospitable mansion. He paused, as if conscious the pleasure would overcome him. A gloominess, unusual he thought prevailed over the hallowed spot; but without letting uneasiness gain the ascendancy over him, he immediately rode up, jumped off his horse & darted into the house, and in an instant embraced with tears of pleasure in his eyes, the good Mr. Aubury. It was too much for that good old man. Melting into tears, he exclaimed, "O, my son, my Julia is—
—is—no more!! Quite overcome he fell senseless in his chair. "Ha! what is it I hear?" exclaimed the half frantic youth, "Julia! my Julia no more! O brain—do I dream or is it reality?" "My son," exclaimed this pious man, recovering from his swoon "fortitude is necessary on this occasion, but I find I am not able to command it myself. Oh! Julia!"—With fervency he clasped the hand of Philander and continued, "she is happy—she is happy," and again staggered in his chair, with a melancholy smile depicted on his countenance.

"O Julia!" exclaimed this wretched youth, "and have I undergone all this uneasiness to be made ten-fold more miserable!" Quite overcome, he fell into a swoon.

It was some time ere he could again summon resolution to speak. The piano upon which he was wont to hear Julia play, recalled the happy hours they had spent together. The table, where he first discovered her love for him, and every thing touched by her seemed to recall to his recollection former happiness now fled forever.

Having become now composed, the old man presented him with an original miniature of his daughter, in the back of which was interwoven the name of Philander, with her own hair. Eagerly kissing it, and placing it in his bosom, Philander exclaimed, "this memento and I shall never part."

Having remained for some weeks at this devoted retreat, Philander found it necessary to repair to London. The parting scene between him and Mr. Aubury was inexpressibly affecting.---

"What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace.