

AMERICAN PATRIOT.

Published weekly by ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Bellefonte, (Pa.) next door south of the Bank.

VOL. II.

SATURDAY EVENING, October 28, 1815.

NO. 27.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
payable half yearly in advance.

The Triumph of Truth.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite, but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly—should still be new.

Goldsmith.

IN a gay and flourishing city, in the north of England, resided young Steinfort and Eliza, characters equally celebrated for their personal accomplishments, but whose dispositions were the reverse of what they were represented by the world. Steinfort, in whom a detestation of the frivolous pursuits of passion, was supposed a detestation of every thing sacred and excellent, appeared to the eye of the world as a sullen misanthrope; though it was secretly whispered that his private hours were spent in secret revels and sensual gratifications. Eliza, in whom united a masculine understanding, with the most feminine sweetness, owed the false colouring of her character to neglected beaux and slighted admirers, who concluded that nothing but a miracle of affectation and coquetry could have remained insensibly to their forced sighs and studied exclamations. Such were the opinions of the world of two amiable characters, who had been mutually stricken with each other's person, with no further acquaintance than a casual meeting in their walks, or sitting in the same box at the theatre; and had secretly lamented an incongruity of disposition which unfitted them for that happiness which each had eagerly anticipated from the ties of matrimony. Steinfort being one evening in a mixed company, who freely handled the reputation of their neighbors, perhaps even without a superficial acquaintance, heard his fair Eliza pictured as the child of caprice and the dupe of flattery, insomuch, that every sentence which magnified her charms or extolled her virtues, was answered with the sigh of desire, and a look that seemed to thirst for more.

Resolving these thoughts in his mind, he strayed into a neighboring grove to ruminate on the deception of appearances, and lament that personal beauty should be the companion of mental deformity. Having seated himself beneath an embowering oak in a remote part of the wood, he began to philosophize on his present state of mind. Those principles which had hitherto been his sole motives to action, seemed sensibly to have lost their influence, and he endeavored in vain to rally them to the combat. He pictured the perishable charms of beauty in the most contemptible light that ingenuity could advise, but all to no purpose. Eliza still appeared as an exception, and threw a charm over the foibles of her sex, that rendered them less insupportable. Finding he attempted in vain to divest himself of a partiality which seemed fraught with future evils, he started from his mossy seat, and with hasty steps was leaving the grove, when he beheld the object of his contemplation at a small distance, among the trees, and pensively walking towards him, with her eyes fixed on the ground. He gazed on her for a moment with doubtful admiration, irresolute whether to advance or retreat. At length love seemed to conquer, and undecided, he found himself mechanically moving towards her. She had now stopped, and was leaning against a tree for support, in an attitude that rendered loveliness more lovely!

The melancholy posture in which she stood, the silence of the scene around, and the placid sweetness which was imprinted on her features, conspired to heighten his admiration, and he had just resolved to address her, when he perceived himself observed. The situation admitted of no alternative, but abruptly returning or passing near each other. A moment's hesitation determined the choice of Eliza, and she again came forward. As they approached each other, she viewed him with a look full of tenderness and pity, which, while it cherished his hope, checked his presumption, and he involuntarily passed her, cursing his own irresolution. Having proceeded a few paces, he ventured to turn and

take another look, the same motives appeared to have actuated Eliza, and their eyes again met. It was but for a moment, the next saw them continue their walk, equally absorbed in reflection.

"Heavens!" exclaimed he "and can such sweetness of expression, such chastity of demeanor, be the associate of wantonness? why am I not fully convinced? why did I not address her in the language of adulation? the world gives her credit for flexibility, and the result would prove a speedy cure for my passion. He now took a circuitous turn in the wood, resolving to embrace the first opportunity of assuming the flattery, and informing himself of her depravity. Anticipating the success of his last resolve, he was a second time quitting the grove, when abruptly turning a corner he again met the object of his thoughts, hesitating how to cross a gap of the earth for want of assistance. A faint blush suffused her cheek as she encountered his eye, and she was hastily retreating, when Steinfort politely stepped forward and tendered her his hand. Politeness would not suffice her to refuse him, and she accepted it. He had no sooner handed her over, than he again staggered in his purpose; her beauty appeared more transcendently victorious, and he desisted for fear of giving offence. Her hand, which he still retained in his, she now endeavored to withdraw, and he found he must quickly resolve or lose the opportunity. He repeatedly essayed to speak, but as repeatedly failed, till she somewhat relieved him by making a polite acknowledgment of his services, and informing him that her road lay to the left hand.

His resolution now revived, & with a reluctance he could ill conceal, he replied, "Madam, the brilliancy of your charms, and the acknowledged superiority you bear over the females in this part of the world, make it presumption in me to offer my services any farther; yet the sun condescends to smile on all; and would, that beauty, which is equally divine, were equally impartial!" He now paused, expecting doubtless, to trace in her look the approbation of the lady, but encountered the insulted dignity of the woman. The chagrin with which she had listened to this rhapsody of libertinism, was evidently depicted in her countenance, and snatching her hand indignantly from his grasp, she replied, "Sir, this is perfectly consistent with your character, which however fashionable in the world, is a character which I must ever despise." He endeavored to explain, but she was gone with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger. The justness of her reproach had revited him to the spot, and he could only follow her with his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, & every tongue it grew.

POPE.

A heavy shower of rain recalled the astonished Steinfort from the reverie into which this adventure had plunged him, and resolving in his mind a series of pleasant ideas, he bent his way homewards, little dreaming that his own conduct would serve but to rivet prejudices fatal to his character and happiness. Eliza on her arrival at home, retired to her apartment with an eye dimmed with despair, and a heart that reluctantly ceased to hope. She communicated her encounter with Steinfort to her confidential maid, who failed not to exaggerate her part, and repeat it to others. At length it reached the ears of Mr. Dalton, the father of Eliza; a man tenacious of honour, fixed and irrevocable in his decisions. The action, as it appeared to him, he thought sufficient to justify a challenge, and he called Mr. Steinfort to the field. Eliza soon heard of her father's conduct, and flew to prevent the mischief that might ensue. She stated the action in its true light, entreated remonstrated on the absurdity of such extremes, but all in vain. He deemed her representation as a partial colouring to prevent him hazarding his life—flew from her presence, and calling for a friend, repaired to the scene appointed for the work of blood.

Steinfort was dreaming on future felicity,

and planning various schemes of happiness when he received this note of demand on honor. Thunderstruck, and not knowing what to resolve upon, he applied to an old friend for advice; but his friend would do no more than advise him to decide for himself, as he then would be more easily reconciled to the result of his determination. In this wavering state of mind he departed alone for the scene of action, unprovided with those implements of murder he had been requested to procure. Mr. Dalton had been waiting ten minutes when he arrived, and demanded in a peevish tone where his second was, and desired him to produce his weapons? "I require no second" replied Steinfort, "and for weapons, I make use of none but what nature has furnished me with. But, first, sir," continued he, "I shall require of you an accurate statement of the cause of our quarrel?" "Tis sufficient for me," replied Mr. Dalton, "that you have attempted to seduce and dishonor my daughter, this is cause enough for a father. Take your choice of these," continued he, presenting pistols. "No sir," added Steinfort, "I have attempted to seduce and dishonor no man's daughter, and if I had, it would aggravate rather than extenuate my crime, to comply with your request. 'Peace, moralizing coward!' exclaimed the father, "I have my information from authority I am not accustomed to dispute; give me instant satisfaction, or submit to be branded with everlasting disgrace." "Brand me with what title will please you," replied Steinfort; "epithets commonly have little meaning, and often no meaning at all; those who deem it a deviation from honour to decline committing one crime by way of extenuating another, may throw what light they please on my actions, I neither court their applause nor evade their censure; you have been deceived, sir, in respect to the cause, and it is therefore fit you should be deceived in respect to the effect of our meeting."

Having said this, he abruptly departed, leaving Mr. Dalton, and his valient attendant, in complete possession of the field. Mortified at such rude and unexpected treatment, they sullenly withdrew to satisfy that honour in idle declamation which had been disappointed in being satisfied with blood.

Eliza, who had waited with the most painful and trembling anxiety for the result of the conflict, heard of its termination with that exquisite pleasure which none but minds replete with every virtuous principle can feel. She could not but admire that self-commanded spirit, which could calmly reason with the stern and inflexible anger of her father. This trait in Steinfort's character, in some measure dissipated her despair; a thousand pleasing phantoms danced before her imagination. A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds, revived the prospect of life, and added energy to hope. Such is the rapidity with which we conceive what interests the heart. Dazzling, but transient happiness! no sooner has fancy given a boundary to the charming prospect, than reason involves it in gloom. Steinfort, at length sickening at the triumph of vice, and disgusted with the sneers of malice, secluded himself from the world in the retired silence of nature. Thus had disappointment and misfortune tinged with misanthropy a disposition formed by nature for softer enjoyments.

Eliza heard the true character of Steinfort when it was too late to profit by the discovery. Disconsolate and sick at heart she found no pleasure but in seeking his friends, and making them recount his virtues, while she, with the greedy ear of love devoured up their discourse. She accused herself as the author of his misfortunes, and having conspired to hunt him from society. These ideas preyed upon her mind and her health began visibly to decline. Her father struck with the evident alteration conceived a change of air might be serviceable, prevailed upon her to spend a few months with a distant relation, about twenty miles from town. Thither she retired, where the solicitude of her amiable relatives contributed much towards the re-establishment of her health the country round being extremely picturesque and romantic, she had an opportunity of indulging her taste for solitude in frequent walks.

Being tempted by an unusual fine evening to extend the limits of her excursions she entered a neighbouring coppice, in which she soon found herself bewildered by the

variety of its paths.—Night approached and the heavens became obscured with clouds. Alarmed at her situation she attempted to quicken her pace, which was considerably retarded by briars that intersected her path. Her apprehensions became seriously painful, and were suddenly increased by the sound of indistinct voices from behind. She attempted to fly with precipitation; but the gloom around her and the obstacles she had to encounter at every step, rendered effort ineffectual. The sounds became more distinct, and on a sudden four ruffians with sacrilegious hands, fastened on their defenceless prey. She gave them all the property she had about her and begged to be released; but they proceeded to more violent measures. She fell on her knees, and with tears that might have disarmed the tiger of his ferocity, petitioned for mercy, which was savagely rejected. At that moment the approach of a youth, whose steps was heard, and a youth who stepped among the trees, and with a bold action that seemed to baffle the ruffians, and mock the perseverance of the ruffians, soon levelled three of the villains to the earth. The other taking advantage of the situation, aimed a blow at his head, which for a while deprived him of his resistance; but apprehensive of the screams of Eliza would bring their aid he immediately fled, accompanied by his companions on coming to themselves finding nobody to deter them, followed him ample.

Gratitude now overcome all other ideas in the mind of Eliza, and her whole attention was directed to the stranger who had, perhaps, forfeited his life in her defence. She threw herself on the ground by his side when the moon emerging from a cloud, and beaming on his face, discovered to her the lifeless features of STEINFORT.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Banks and Counterfeiters.

Counterfeiters have multiplied in proportion to the increase of banks. On the 9th inst. two men were detected in passing counterfeit notes in Baltimore, on the Bank of North America Farmers Bank of Lancaster, and Union Bank of George Town. On the 14th inst. in the same city another person was arrested on a charge of passing fictitious notes of *The City Exchange Bank, in the City of New-York*, a Bank which does not exist. Notes of this description from 25 cents to \$ 100, amounting to nearly 25,000 dollars were found in his possession!

The trial of NOVAL NELMS, formerly of Green county in this state, who was apprehended in Milledgeville a short time since, for passing counterfeit bills on the bank of south Carolina, came on last week before the Superior court of this county. The examination of witnesses, and the pleadings of Counsel, occupied nearly two days. The jury, however, were out but a few minutes before they returned with a verdict of guilty. The prisoner, who is between fifty and sixty years of age, received sentence of death on Monday. Till then, he appeared to regard his fate with indifference; but no sooner did he learn that the "lamp of life" was about to be extinguished, than his days were numbered and but few, than his manly courage forsook him—he was instantly drowned in a flood of tears. His soul overpowered with the awful thought of rushing unprepared into the presence of his God, appeared to "shrink back upon itself and startle at destruction." Flagitious as his past life may have been, it was impossible to behold unmoved, the agonizing distresses of this aged culprit. His execution we understand, unless respited a short time by the Executive, will take place the day after to-morrow. Terrible, though just reward of vice.

[MILL JOURNAL, 27th ult.

NEW YORK OCT. 9.

Latest from France.

The fast sailing schr. Spartan, arrived at this port yesterday, in 35 days from Bordeaux, and from the river on the 6th September. By the above arrival the editors of the Mercantile Advertiser have received a file of French papers to the 31st August, which are in the hands of a translator—who understand, however, that they do not contain any important news.