

THE PATRIOT

VOL. I.]

GREENSBOROUG.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1826.

THE PATRIOT,

Is printed and published weekly by
W. EARLE STURGEON,
At Two Dollars per annum, payable
within three months from
receipt of the first number, or Three
Dollars after the expiration of the
time.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding 10 lines, neatly in-
serted three times for one dollar, or
25 cents for every succeeding publi-
cation; those of greater length in the
same proportion—Letters to the Ed-
itor must be post paid.

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

I have seen a bubble blown into
a circular and indescribable beauty; on
its brilliant surface were painted the
most inimitable pictures of light and
life: graceful clouds floated in the
bosom of mimic sky, a tiny sun irra-
diated the little world, and cast all
the magic of light and shade over a
landscape of most bewitching splen-
do. A creation, bright as a poet
could imagine, glowed before me; but
a wave of air broke the spell of its
transitory, but beautiful exercise,
and it was gone. It was like a dream
of love. If there is one happy being
in creation, it is the lover in the lux-
ury of his visionary aspirations—if
a star sparkling in the shadowy firm-
ament of life, it is that which dis-
covers a long nourished affection to
be mutual.

The moon, as she rides on through
her infinity of space, has not a greater
effect upon the ocean-tide, than has
the passion of love upon the tide of
human thought—now permitting it
to settle down into a state of tempo-
rary tranquility—again bidding it
heave and swell, by the magic of its
viewless power. Without it, what
would be the world? As a creation
without light; yet, possessing it, as we
do, how does it discompose the sober-
est plans of reason? How do the
Jobian bulwarks of stern philosophy
bow down and disappear before the
fragrance of its breath? It is the
poetry of thought, when reason slum-
bers on her stately throne, or wanders
away in happy dreams. It is scarcely
to be defined, for it seems in a per-
petual halo of soft light, which daz-
zles, while it fascinates the mind's
eye. It is to the spirit what sunshine
is to the flower—luring the fragrance
from its bosom, and bringing out all
the energies of its young nature, or as
the hand of beauty to the slumbering
lute passing over the silent chords,
till it doth discourse most eloquent
music."

...rising
into manhood—fiery and unsettled as
the warrior-steed in battle, his career
was unguided by prudence or thought.
A never-failing flow of spirits made
him always agreeable—he was full
of sense and frolic. He could bring
a tear into your eye, before the smile
had left your lip—he was all hope
and happiness.

Suddenly he stood before me an al-
tered being—his eye had grown mel-
ancholy and full of meditation. Its
moisture was often succeeded by a
flash; and its fire again extinguished
in the trembling tear. He shunned
the rude clamour of the bustling
world, and would steal away into some
solitary recess, and in the still shade
of the forest, ponder on the sweetness
of his own sorrow. His mind became
almost a world of itself, and thou-
sands of visions rose obedient, at the
call of creative thought—his soul,

lifted high on fancy's wing, would ex-
plore, in its wild and beautiful cap-
ture the fathomless regions of im-
agination, through all the variety of
its magnificent domain.—He loved—
he loved, devotedly. It was more than
love; it was adoration. The object
of his passion was all that woman
could be. There is no object, in al-
l creation, half so splendid as such a be-
ing—the charms that are diffused
through the whole universe seemed
gathered together in her.

When the sun is going down in the
west, he leaves behind him a track of
bright light, but it is insipid when
compared to the light of her eyes.
The fragrance of the rose was not so
delicious as the warmth of her breath—
music could wake no melody like
the thrilling tones of her voice. Her
motion was more graceful than the
wave of the sea, or the change of the
cloud, and the magic of mind, gleam-
ing through all her words, and looks,
and actions, shed around her a charm
more grateful than Arabian incense.

No wonder my hero bowed down
before her; no wonder that the sound
of her voice was always in his ear,
that her image was before him in his
daily occupations, and bore a part in
the mysterious changes of his dream.
There was no affection in her nature,
and she confessed she loved him—
they seemed created for each other—
and who would have believed that
fate...but I am digressing.

There is something very melancholy
in the reflection that any woman
can die; but to him that she should
perish, was the very agony of des-
pair. He had left her for a few days,
intending when he returned to have
asked her hand—On the morning of
his return, he sprang into the stage-
coach, in a most delicious reverie.
He held no discourse with his fellow-
passengers, but wrapped himself up
in a rich dream of anticipation. His
heart was full of happiness. He
thought himself, as he entered his
house, too happy for a mortal man.
He was preparing to pay her the first
visit, and dwelling in his mind on her
pleasing welcome, when her brother
came to see him. He did not observe
any thing peculiar about him at first,
and not till the warm, affectionate
shake of the hand was over, did he
notice that his eyes were filled with
tears, and a dismal, gloomy, black
crape hung from his hat. He started
and in a hollow voice, that had a de-
solate dreariness in every tone, he
said "Elizabeth is dead!"

At first he was not comprehended.
A vacant horrid laugh, that echoed
strangely through the still room, was
his only answer...then he repeated
the words, and the features of my
friend became pale and motionless as
marble—then he sat down in a chair
and covered his face with his hands,
but not a word...a breath broke the
silence. There was something alarm-
ing in his calmness; it seemed like the
silence of the heavy black cloud just
before it launches its destructive
lightning from its bosom. He beck-
oned and wished to be alone. He
was left in solitude. I would not pro-
fane the subject by any attempt at
describing his feelings. There was a
dark, horrible confusion in his mind,
like some accursed dream glaring a-
round him, and the night rolled away
its long hours of sleepless agony:

The next day was the funeral; and
when the sun rose in his same glory,
and all the "pomp and circumstance"
of day began to beam upon the face
of nature, and the merry voice of man
sometimes came upon the breeze, and
the carts rattled rudely along, and all
around was business, and adventure,
unaffected by the great event that had
come like an ocean of scorching fire
upon the paradise of his heart—he
recollected and he said, the day is

her funeral...her funeral?" His be-
numbed mind dwelt upon the words,
but there was something undefined,
almost incomprehensible in them.
He was to be hurried at five in the
forenoon. The clock struck four...
he put on his hat, and went steadily to
her house. He thought twenty times
he heard her sweetly-toned, laugh-
ing voice, as he passed along. He
turned his head once or twice to see
if she were not at his shoulder, but
there was nothing, and he walked on.
He saw the house, and his eye sought
every window...but Elizabeth was not
there. He rang the bell, the servant
came, weeping...he looked at him
and walked on...he passed into the
parlour...the chair which she had oc-
cupied, when he was there before,
was standing in the very same place
—and there was her piano—he almost
thought he heard music—he listened:
a sob from the next room came like
ice upon his heart, and he sat down.
Her mother came into the room—her
face was aserene in grief, but the first
burst was over, and she was compar-
atively calm. She asked him if he
would look at the corpse. He knew
she was dead, but the blunt question
shook every nerve in his frame, and
seemed to breathe death upon his
soul. He arose and followed the be-
reaved mother. There was the air
of death in the apartment and a var-
nished coffin was on the table, a white
cloth flung carefully at the head; a
few friends sat and wept in silence,
musing on the beauties, and virtues
of the being they were about to con-
fide to the earth. He stepped
up to the table, and stood as still, and
pale and motionless, as the form
that lay stretched before him. He
would have torn away the veil that
covered that face, but he could not
—he felt that he might as well have
attempted to heave a mountain from
its rocky base. The mother saw...
she felt...a mother can feel—and she
silently uncovered that beautiful
countenance.—It broke upon him in
all its loveliness.—There was the
same white forehead—the sleeping
eye—the cheek that he had kissed so
fondly—the lips that had spoken such
sweet sounds; he gazed at her corpse
with intensity of thought. Her living
image was before him—he saw her
smiling—he beheld her in the grace-
ful motion—now her figure passed
before him, beautiful in the mazy
dance—and now he gazed into her
full black eyes and read unutterable
things. He had a ring on his finger,
a present from her—he tried to speak
—he looked at the ring, then at her—
agony swelled his heart; he gave one
long gaze—and looked no more.

He knew not how but he stood by
her grave; and they were bearing the
coffin toward the dark narrow pit—
a heap of fresh earth was piled at its
side. Some one said, "Where are
the cords?" He heard the answer,
"here they are;" and then the coffin
was gradually let down into the bot-
tom of the grave.—It sat firmly on the
ground and he heard a voice say,
"there, that is right—draw up the
rope." Then there was the sound
as if the orders were obeyed—in the
act of doing it, a few grains of sand
and pebble dropped upon the coffin—
then all was still—on a handful of
soft, damp, heavy clay, was shovelled
down. Oh that sound! that solemn
dreary, sound of utter desolation!
It broke the horrid spell that kept
his voice silent and his eye dry—his
lips began to quiver—a sob heaved
his aching breast large tears gushed
from his eyes—he stretched out his
hands in an agony of weeping—
and grasped an old quaker gentle-
man's nose, in the stagecoach, where
he was sleeping, and gave occasion
for Obadiah to observe.

"Verily, friend, when thou hast

be stopped? Would such a proceed-
ing as this be deemed decent in a de-
liberate assembly of Representatives,
equal Representatives of the People?
—Whenever we come to this—we
know what will come next: Piched
battles within the House, will be fol-
lowed by piched battles without it.
We shall have a reign of anarchy,
confusion and violence, in place of
the reign of law, decency and order.
What became of the French Repub-
lic, when the galleries were allowed
to control the decisions of the Nation-
al Assembly?—Nat. Int.

In the House of Commons on the
18th, Mr. Home, in presenting a pe-
tition from a man imprisoned for a
contempt of court, made a most vio-
lent attack upon the Lord Chancellor,
whose court he denounced as a curse,
and his Lordship himself a curse, to
the country. The result was a pret-
ty warm debate. It seems that the
prisoner had been served with a chan-
cery process, in which a couple of
celebrated litigious gentlemen, nam-
ed John Doe and Richard Roe were
named—and as the poor fellow had
never heard of these gentlemen in his
life, and, moreover, as he was charg-
ed in the process with divers acts
which he knew he had never com-
mitted, he concluded that it was all a
joke, and paid no attention to the
subject. The upshot of the matter
was that he was ultimately manacled
in prison for a contempt.

Sheriff's Deeds For sale.