J. Brewerwood, Esq.

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From the Lancashire Literary Museum.

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

[FOUNDED ON FACTS.]

During the long and sanguinary conflict between the Spaniards, and the natives in that part of Terra Firma formerly known as the province of Venezuela, and now recognized as forming an extensive portion of the Republic of Colombia, many brilliant examples of heroic devotion to the cause of freedom shone forth, not only in the ranks of the Liberator's army, but in private families, and even in the less obtrusive walks of female life. Amongst those, who, at the commencement of the Revolution fearlessly arrayed themselves under the banners of Independence, and, like Bolivar, staked extensive property upon the result of a hazardous warfare with the armies of the mother country, was the noble family of the Montillas of Caracas—the capital of the province. The head of the family was one of the first who conceived the glorious enterprise of emancipating his country from the abasement of European vassalage and cupidity, and elevating it to the sublime dignity of freedom and intelligence. After a variety of successes, he perished in the field, in a desperate attack upon an outnumberiug body of the enemy—at a time too early for his country, to whom, his loss was a national calamity, but in the full maturity of his fame as a gallant soldier; and while the flag of victory waved over him, his dying bequest to the officer who supported his head upon his knee, was to deliver his sword to his beloved wife, to be by her presented to her sons as his dying legacy. His amiable widow, whose devotion to the cause in which he perished, had obtained her the honorable name of "The patriot Mother," when she received that last token of his remembrance, dropped upon it one tear of unutterable anguish for her loss; but dashing it hastily away, and bearing the weapon, which, was yet red with the blood of the oppressor, while it gleamed on high in her uplifted hand, she raised her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed in accents of mingled hope and imprecation, —"Yes! yes! Montilla! thy death shall be avenged! thy country yet be free!"

Madame Montilla, who was still young, was a woman of commanding stature.—There was in her figure something of queenlike majesty, blended with a degree of elegance & beauty of which she seemed entirely unconscious. Her complexion was clear, yet somewhat embrowned by the rays of a tropical sun; her features regular, yet bold; and her large black eye, without an effort, could speak, in its mildness, the language of affection, or kindle into that of dauntless indignation at the tale of injury. Her glossy black hair escaped in waving masses from beneath the simple cap that confined it, and rested on an ample bosom, clothed in a close mantle of Grecian simplicity. Her gait was erect,—not the result of pride, but the dignity of rectitude; and her whole appearance and manner reminded the beholder of the virtuous and fearless Roman matron. With a mind enriched by education, she possessed all the sensibilities of the sex; all its capabilities of strong attachment, without its feminine weakness. Her mind was too strong to yield to the sickly sentimentality which too often holds dominion in the female heart; and too refined, not to entertain the most amiable of the domestic affections. She had loved her noble husband with a devotion that had found no utterance in playful dalliance; but was expressed by her unceasing encouragement in whatever could elevate his character and his fame as an honorable citizen. No mother ever felt a warmer attachment to her children; but, when the tear of affection bedewed her eye, she would turn her head, to hide from them her momentary weakness, lest its appearances might weaken that wholesome discipline which she felt it to be her duty to adopt towards her sons, that they might emulate the manliness and virtues of their sire. Her grief for the loss of her lord, was mingled with a holy attachment to the cause in which he had fallen, and chastened by the hope that his sons would yet avenge his death and remit the name of Montilla to after ages linked with the highest of earthly hopes —the emancipation of their country from the yoke of Spain. And, oh! how her bosom palpitated with all a mother's pride, when she marked the martial spirit of her boys, and beheld them growing up in manly beauty,—the living likenesses of their lamented sire!

It was soon after the fatal earthquake, that in March, 1812, devastated the province of Caracas, and buried twenty thousand of the inhabitants beneath the ruins of their dwellings, that Madame Montilla's two sons, Pablo and Thomas, entered the Independent army; and though both were under age, it was not long before they distinguished themselves by their gallantry in several engagements with the Royalists. She marked their progress with a mothers fondest hopes, —not unmingled with a mother's fears, for the conflicts of the exasperated belligerents were generally sanguinary in their result. She heard of their rapid promotion to posts of honour, with unbounded joy; and her very soul was wrapped in the generous cause in which they had embarked.

Her exultation, however was of short continuance. Her family pride received a blow, which nothing but uncommon strength of mind could enable her to withstand,—in the defection of her oldest son, Pablo, from the Patriotic army. He had been induced, by the arts of a distant relative to desert from his regiment, which was encamped near Valencia, & to return to his native town Caracas, then in possession of the Spaniards, where all persons who did not bear arms against the Spanish cause (and all females) were permitted to reside unmolested—unless suspected of inimical designs.

Pablo, besides the evil councils of his relative, had another, perhaps more influential inducement to abandon his duty. Some months before, during the heat of an engagement, he had rescued from the destructive fire of a party who had attacked the equipage of the Spanish general, Monteverde, a beautiful young female, who turned out to be the daughter of the general. He was smitten by her charms; and her gratitude to her deliverer was, through the delicacy and assiduity of his attensions, ripened into a feeling of warmer interest, while they rode together towards Caracas,—to which he became her conductor, and whither her father had retired with his troops, without being able to learn what had become of her. His ardent desire again to behold Paulina, added to the insidious persuasions of his pretended friend, overcame his sense of duty; and comtemplating only a few days' absence from the camp, he appeared in the capital as a neutral subject, and easily found access to the object of his admiration.—He had not, however, the hardihood to meet the eye of his mother, who he rightly conjectured, would be deeply incensed at his desertion. He was observed by Monteverde, whose policy induced him to court his friendship; for he considered him a scion of a noble stock, whose virtues and whose fame were a sort of national heirloom; and he deemed that, could he but win him to his cause, his brother Thomas, who had also obtained a high rank in the Patriot army, might be induced to lay down the standard of Independence and yield to the ascendency of Spain. Montilla's name was itself a host; the very urchins, as he passed, shouted in his tortured ear —"God save Montilla!"—and could he but wean them from their allegiance to Bolivar he might yet attain the summit of his ambition—the Vice-royalty of the subjected province. He had already paid his court to Madame Montilla, with the same insidious views, and had even sought an alliance with her by marriage: —she had proudly spurned him from her as the destroyer of her husband—as the enslaver of her country; and informed him. moreover, that she had heard of Pablo's disaffection, and had instantly disinherited him, as one unworthy of the name or the fortunes of Montilla. Foiled in his attempts with the mother he contemplated the consummation of his purpose through the son, when a circumstance occurred which he hoped would enable him to prove to the haughty widow, that to spurn his love, was to provoke his hatred. Her youngest son, venturing in disguise one evening with a reconnoitering party, to within a short distance of the outposts of the city, was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards, by his own relative, who had so basely seduced Pablo from his duty, and conveyed a prisoner to the dungeons of La Guayra, a fortified town on the neighbouring sea-coast. The intelligence of this event renovated the hopes of the Spaniard, and he meditated how best to turn it to advantage.

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The tropical sun which in those regions diffuses a perpetual spring, flung his departing rays from the lofty mountains that seemed to rise like giant steps to the azure heavens on the west side of the valley of Caracas. The humming bird had ceased to twitter from the leafy spray, and had sought its nest in the orange tree. Flocks of paroquets were heard in mid air, loud in their ardour to reach their favourite wood for the night; & the wild turkeys had already begun to place their watchful sentinels round the trees in which they settled to roost, with wakeful ear to guard against surprise from larger birds of prey, or the groping hand of the insidious fowler, who might otherwise sieze them by the legs as they slept. The spotted lizards rushed thro' the withered leaves to regain their excavated mansions. The fields of tall sugar-cane, and Indian corn, and the feathery branches of the cocoa-nut, the palm-tree and banana, confessed, by their waving motion, the gentle force of the night breeze, and from the coffee plantations, on the hills, came the joyous tone of the Indian pipe, mingled with the sound of a negro drum, and the shout of the animated groups who joined in the dance under the greenwood shade.—From the direction of the town were heard, between each pause, the softer tinkling of numerous guitars accompanying the lovesongs of the young and gay cavaliers, as they sat under the balconies of their mistress's dwellings.

Pablo and Paulina, attracted by the beauty of the evening, had strolled along the groves bordering the river, the winds down the valley of Caracas, and were engaged in earnest and endearing conversation. It is enough to say of Pablo, that in person he realized all that is admirable in early manhood, and saving his aberation from the path of duty, a patriot soldier, there were few who could boast of a greater share of moral excellence. Of Paulina it is more difficult to speak. She was one of the most beautiful brunettes that ever bloomed amid the orange groves of her native Andalusia. Her jetty hair hung in luxuriant black curls upon her shoulders; & her whole appearance and figure, though she was somewhat below the middle size, was so symmetrical and elegant, without being slender, that it would have been a triumph of the pencil to delineate aught that could convey a semblance of one whose charms were so truly luxuriant. Her large and pensive eyes were full of that expression of langour that indicated a soul that shrunk from the turbulent passions incident to ruder natures, and sought repose in the tranquil delights of tenderness and affection.

Pablo alluded, in troubled accents, to his absence, though to gaze upon so much loveliness, from the camp of his brother soldiers, and spoke of a speedy return to his corps. His timid partner besought him to remain for some days, and urged upon him the fretful and disturbed state of her father's mind, who, she added, approved of their attachment.

'You will not—shall not leave me yet!' said the fair Adalusian. 'Would that these wars were over, and gladly would I forego with thee all the pride and pomp of power and state;' and as if inspired by the theme, in the ardent spirit of romance and poesy, she exclaimed—

O for a cottage in some peaceful vale
Where never yet was heard the cannons roar,
Where never sound aroused the slumbering echoes,
Save tinkling of guitar, or castagnet
At village dance, or chaunt of village maid,
Or the sweet rush of waters from the hill,
Or low of herds, or birds in grateful orison!

Scarcely had she concluded ere she observed her companion to start,—and he exclaimed—'Behold! it is my sorrowing mother, come to reproach me that I have quitted the field, to worship even so fair a saint as thee." The matron approached. 'I greet thee, mother!' said the youth, 'with a son's dutiful affection.'

'My son!' said the lady, while she seemed to rise in stature as she spoke—'Thou art no son of mine,—no son of the noble Montilla. Thou wert some pulling base-born brat, thrust into my cradle when my child was stolen What! leave the camp! desert thy fellow soldiers, and waste the precious moments of reprisal in idle dalliance with an artful girl,—the daughter, too of the invader of thy country! Out! out! thou art no son of mine.'

'Good lady!' said Paulina, trembling 'I have used no guile to draw your son from honour and obedience: and if he desert his country or his parent, I have the maiden pride to burst asunder every tender tie that binds my heart to his.—But lady, he ever speaks of thee with affection, and his country is still the anxious theme of his discourse.'

'Yes siren!' cried the matron, 'his speech, but not his deeds, proclaim his valour: and I here swear, by yon azure firmament, that, although in him I lodged the fondest hopes of a mother, he shall enjoy no inheritance of mine who thus deserts his country in her need—to listen to the feeble pratings of a woman's tongue.'

Pablo felt the force—the justice, though severe of his mother's imperative decree; and he sought not to paliate his offence. 'I have deserved this,' he replied, hesitatingly,—'and oh! my honored parent! how shall I redeem the precious hours I have spent with this blameless girl?'

'Go!' said Madame Montilla,—'Go to the brindled tygress when her cubs are shot by the cruel hunters,—when she, herself is pursued to death, or worse, to be encaged and cramped for life,—deprived of the free privilege of nature. Go ask the slave who e'er has felt the lash. Go ask the widowed mothers of Colombia; —the children rendered orphans by the war of the invader. These would define thy duty,—and if thou wouldst more, unworthy as thou art of this my condescension, meet me to-night, at twelve, at the tomb of thy father; there, as thy purpose be, to receive my blessing or my curse.'

'As for thee!' resumed the lady, addressing Paulina, 'the world proclaims thee to be of a feeling heart and at another time, my speech may be less stern. Now I must fashion it to stubborn circumstances. Your sire (I blame not you), made me a widow: beware you do not make my son a traitor!'

There was a wild and enthusiastic earnestness in Madame Montilla's manner, that left those whom she had addressed without the power of immediate reply, and with their eyes fixed on the ground. When they looked up, they saw but her waving garments as she gradually disappeared amidst the now sombre recesses of the forest.

Paulina, as she hung trembling on her lover's arm, while they hastily returned to the city, thus address'd him,—'Pablo, hold not lightly the mandate of thy excellent, thy heroic mother;—and yet, my heart beats for thy safety. Pablo, thou hast a mother. I never knew a mothers fond caresses, but I have a father, still my only stay—whatever his offences to thy country and thy family. Oh! if thou but knowest the warmth of his affection before ambition warped his noble nature, thou wouldst half forgive even all he has done.'

'I understand thee!' said Pablo, interrupting her; 'thou wishest thy father to be kindly dealt with, should the fortune of war be ours. Enough—he is thy father and were he not, we should not forget that he is a soldier, commissioned on, perchance, a hateful service.'

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Madame Montilla, on her return to the city, learned the distressing news that her youngest son, Thomas, was a prisoner; and she found a note awaiting her, from Monteverde requesting her immediate attendance at the government hall. Thither she repaired with a sorrowful heart, exasperated still more at the recreant conduct of Pablo, by contrasting it with that of his more manly but less fortunate brother. She was ushered into the audience chamber, which the general paced with strides that gave indication of his self-importance and complacency.

'Lady,' said she, on beholding her, 'we give thee welcome. We lament that a sanguinary war should ravage this, thy native land, when tranquility may be restored by mutual concession. Thy son Thomas, is now my prisoner. Thy other son, Pablo who is free in virtue of our proclamation affecting those who observe neutrality, loves my daughter, and their alliance would restore Colombia to repose.'

'Yes!' said Madame Montilla, interrupting him, 'Repose! the silence of the slave who crouches to the lash, but dare not murmur!'

'Nay lady! the patriot forces have lost in your son, one of their ablest leaders, and are in desperate plight.'

'No cause,' replied the lady, 'that is just, is desperate; and there are still some gallant hearts to dare and some hands to do.'

'Lady!' urged Monteverde, I might detain your son, Thomas, as a hostage—his life to answer for the first attack from the rebel army—until, reinforcements reach me from Europe. But I would stem the tide of war, that may else whelm thee and thine in destruction. Thou hast disinherited Pablo. He loves my daughter; and, if thou wilt revoke thy will, and restore him to his fortunes, her hand shall be his; Colombia will be restored to her legitimate sovereign; and thy son Thomas to freedom.'

Madame Montilla's eyes flashed with indignation, to hear this proposition; and some moments elapsed ere she could reply.

"Am I not yet," she at length cried, with the dignity of a Roman matron, "sufficiently bent with injury, that thou shouldst seek to heap further insult upon me? The base proposal has no sanction from the gallant boy who is thy prisoner: and should my son Pablo join thy hated standard,—although thy daughter were a weeping angel, that had seduced him from his allegiance to Colombia's cause, I would that he should sink ignobly into a traitor's grave, with the curses of a mother on his head; while I should exult in my son Thomas expiring in chains, a martyr to freedom and his country, rather than he should regain his liberty on such dishonourable conditions."

The general retired in confusion at this unexpected example of female intrepidity and patriotism, and was compelled to respect, where he could not punish.

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The bell of the convent of St. Salvador tolled out the midnight hour, and was heard at intervals on the stormy blast.—The thunder pealed loud & long amidst the hills, and the vivid lightning darted down in ceaseless streams upon the valley, which but lately had slumbered in the calmness of a cloudless eve. The earth, which, since the awful earthquake that had laid the city in ruins, had frequently shaken, as if surcharged with internal fire, now trembled, as though in terror of the flashing heavens; and birds and beasts uttered sounds of dread, as if they feared a general wreck of nature.

Pablo leant mournfully on a marble tomb, inscribed—"To the memory of Montilla," in the middle of a cemetry, in a lonely field near the suburbs; and seemed to shrink, as if justly rebuked, when he read on the adjoining tablet,—"To the memory of the brave, who fell in the cause of Colombia." A vivid flash from a thunder-cloud revealed the form of his mother, who regardless of the storm, hastened to the appointed place of meeting. Their interview was one of deep and solemn interest; [but, (said my father,) my tale has already occupied so much time, that I must refrain from details, that I may furnish the sequel of my story before the hour of rest.]

Madame Montilla, after some enthusiastic remarks on the struggle of her country for independence, that conveyed a stern reprehension of the conduct of her son,—observing him to be moved, and eager to make atonement for the past by his future devotion to the cause, commanded him to endeavour to release his brother Thomas from the dungeon, in Laguayra, in which he was immured, giving him the pass word of the guard, which she obtained through the wife of one of the soldiers. If he succeeded, both were to repair to the army, the commander of which contemplated an attack on the concentrated Spanish forces, on the following day, at Agua Caliente, some distance from the town of Puerto Cabello. Protesting his resolution to devote his utmost exertions to retrieve his mother's confidence, he was about to depart, when he was called back.

"Stay yet a moment," said the matron, "I have a still more sacred charge to deposit with thee; and here, at thy fathers tomb, must I have thy oath of faithful guardianship. This was his sword!" said she, drawing a shining blade from her mantle,—"never wielded but to succour the oppressed. It was his last—his noblest legacy. Say that thou wilt use it worthily, and it is thine!"

The youth received the gift with pride and gratitude, and called the spirits of the heroes, upon whose dust he knelt, to witness his devotion to the cause in which his honoured father bled. Uttering a farewell benediction to his mother, he departed with hasty steps; and, rousing two trusty companions, to assist him in the rescue, they took the road to Laguayra, that they might the better execute their daring purpose before the dawn.

When he departed, his mother's heart for a moment sank within her. He is gone, she tho't, commissioned, too, by me, on a dangerous game, perhaps to meet his death. But when she remembered the glorious cause in which he had embarked, she flung herself upon her husband's tomb, & exclaimed, animated by inward hope, "Yes beloved Montilla! thou lookest down with approval on this sacrifice of thy widow;—and thou—thy country—all shall yet be avenged."

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(To be continued.)

Astronomy.—In the month of February, 1825, M. Struve undertook, with the large telescope made for him at Munich, a general view of the heavens, visible at Dorpat—having especially in view the double stars. After two years indefatigable labor he has discovered, that of more than 120,000 stars, 3060 belonged to the first four classes of double stars; whereas the catalogue which he had drawn up in 1820, contained only 500 of this kind. So remarkable an increase in one of the most important branches of the science has induced the University of Dorpat to publish a new catalogue of double stars. This is accompanied by a correct and well engraved chart of the heavens, and by a report with some preliminary and general remarks on the nature of the fixed stars, and the motions of those concerning the immobility of which was, at no very remote period, taken for granted by all astronomers.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

A Sleeping Beauty—The celebrated professor Hufeland, in his Medical Journal, mentions the case of a girl in Silesia, who has fallen into a lethargy which has lasted two years and four months.—When this curious disease first seized her, she was unable to open her eyes when she awoke; and when questioned by the persons about her, respecting her malady she could not articulate, but dropped tears indicative of the unhappy state she was in. As the disease advanced, a slight motion in the fingers marked the approach of consciousness. The moment she has swallowed a little milk, or other light nourishment, she sinks into slumber again. Her strength has sensibly diminished and it is thought she cannot live much longer. Dr. Hufeland states, that this malady is much more common of late than formerly.

A waggoner, who passed through Athens, Geo. some time since, on being asked, 'where he was from?' gave the following answer:

'I am from Cow-horn hill at Ox-feed ford of Yearling branch, which runs thro' Calf meadow, and empties into Heifer prong of Steer Creek, near Bullsborough in Coweta County, Georgia.—My name is Stockton—was born on Elk river—brought up in Cattlebury, Kentucky; and can yoke an ox, break a steer, tame a bull, or chase a buffalo equal to a prairie hunter, and skin any man opposed to Jackson.'

A Card.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his customers & the public, that he will be absent from Cambridge a few weeks, on his usual summer visit to the north. The watches remaining on hand have been left with Mr. Thomas White, to whom the owners thereof, are requested to apply. WM. A. MARTIN.
June 23 3w*

CAMBRIDGE HOTEL
BY
WILLIAM C. RIDGAWAY.

This establishment, situated on RACE STREET, in one of the most pleasant parts of the town, has undergone a repair, and is now fitted up in a neat and handsome style. The Proprietor feels confident that no person will have cause to complain, either of his table, his beds, or his liquors, as they are all of the very best quality; and he hopes that by furnishing excellent servants, and making every exertion to please, he will receive a share of public patronage.

N. B. The stables attached to the above establishment, are large and commodious; careful ostlers will be kept, and every attention paid to Travellers' horses.

A regular line of Stages leaves the above Hotel to meet the STEAM BOAT MARYLAND, going to and returning from Baltimore. Passage—if only one passenger, 75 cts.—if more than one, 50 cents. May 12

FOUNTAIN INN.

The subscriber having taken the FOUNTAIN INN, in Easton, Talbot county, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public in the line of his professsion as Innkeeper; he pledges himself to keep good and attentive servants—his house is in complete order, and is now opened for the reception of company, furnished with new beds and furniture—his stables are also in good order, and will always be supplied with the best provender the country will afford. Particular attention will be paid to travelling gentlemen and ladies, who can always be accommodated with private rooms, and the greatest attention paid to their commands. He intends keeping the best liquors of every description.

Boarding on moderate terms, by the week, month or year.

By the Public's Obedient Servant.
RICHARD D. RAY.
Easton, July 8 w

N. B. The subscriber being aware of the pressure of the times, intends regulating his prices accordingly.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
No. 4 N. GAY ST. BALTIMORE.

THE subscriber still continues to conduct the above well known establishment. His Table, Beds and Liquors are of the very best quality, and he assures those who may favor him with a call, that nothing shall be wanting to render them, in every respect, as comfortable as they could be, at any Public House in the city.

The above Hotel is situated in the centre of business, and offers inducements to merchants and others, not surpassed by any house in Baltimore.
May 12 MARTIN BARR.

The United Hotel,
PRATT STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just opened a large and commodious establishment in Baltimore, *Pratt st. between Hanover and Charles sts.* near Calhoun's extensive tobacco ware-house, and within a short distance of the head of the Basin, where they feel satisfied their arrangements will enable them to offer every convenience and comfort that a traveller can wish, or a desire to merit the patronage of the public can possibly demand.

The peculiar situation of this establishment, its immediate vicinity to wharves and steamboat landings (the great depots of the business of all the lower and most of the upper counties,) make it exceedingly desirable as a residence for persons whose business may lie in those directions. The beds and bedding are new and inferior to none in the city.—Their tables shall always be supplied with the best provisions that the market can afford; their bar they trust may also be justly relied on, as the liquors have been selected by the best judges. Every attention will be paid to the personal convenience of those who may favor them with their custom, and attentive and honest servants will be always at hand to convey baggage, to and from the steamboats and stages. The stabling is calculated to secure the safety and comfort of any horses that may be entrusted to their care, and is under the superintendence of able and experienced hostlers. With these assurances they can but reiterate their wish to render themselves serviceable to the public, resting as they hope always to do, under the pleasing assurance that if they cannot command success, they will at least endeavor to deserve it. They also assure strangers from the country, who may favor them with their custom, that no pains will be spared in giving them directions to any part of the city, where they may have business.

MARRIOT & WARFIELD.
Terms one dollar per day.
May 12 w

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