

POETRY.

ODE TO MEMORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost and where is he?"

Job v.

And where is he? not by the side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valley's wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, oft would bend;
That form belov'd he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill,
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair,
Neglected must his gardens be,
The lillies droop and wither there
And seem to whisper, "where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
But where is now this proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seem'd proudly strong—and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fire side shows a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they—and where is he?

MY DOG AND MY SHADOW.

In a solitary excursion through a wood, Major Halden fell in with a man whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground at the foot of a beech tree, eating a crust of bread, which he shared bit by bit with his dog. His dress bespoke the utmost poverty but his countenance exhibited every symptom of cheerfulness. He bowed to him as he rode past, and the man pointing to him—"do you see?" said he to his dog laughing—"What should the dog see?" asked the Major, whose curiosity was excited by the man's happy looks. The stranger laughed. "Aye," said the man, in a harmonious tone, "I wish to make the dog take notice of your curiosity. It is so uncommon for a well dressed person, and an officer besides, to lift his hat or cap to a tattered person like me."

"Who are you then?" said the Major to the man looking at him attentively. "A child of fortune." "A child of fortune! you mistake without doubt for your coat seems to bespeak otherwise." "My coat is right sir; but as I can joke in this coat the only one I have, it is of as much value to me as a new one even if it had a star upon it."

"If what you say does not proceed from a disordered mind you are correct countryman."

"A disordered mind is sometimes the gift of God, at least to children of fortune of my cast. My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead, but care now passes through it as the wind through my coat, and if that be a fault it makes up for a great deal of misfortune."

"But," says the major, "whence do you come and whither are you going?"

"That question is not difficult to be answered; I came from my cradle and I am going straight to my grave. With these two stages of my life I have long been acquainted. In a word I am endeavoring to soften my fate; but I must have something very engaging, and my dog, my destiny still remain faithful to me, and my shadow also, but like a false friend only when the

sun shines. You shake your head, sir, as if you meant to say I have made choice of bad company. I thought so at first; but there is nothing so bad as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble and taught me what I did not before know, that one cannot unhinge the world. My dog has taught that there is still love and fidelity in it, and you cannot imagine what fine things one can talk with respecting one's own shadow."

"Respecting one's shadow! that I do not understand."

"You shall hear, sir. At sunrise when I am walking behind my long towering shadow, what conversation do I not hold on philosophical subjects! Look, says I dear shadow, art thou not like a youth when the sun of life is rising, the earth seems too small; just when I lift a leg thou liftest another, as if thou would step over ten acres at once, yet when thou puttest down thy leg thy step is scarcely a span long; so fares it with youth; he seems as if he would destroy or create a world, and in the end he does none of these things which might have been expected from his discourse."

Let the sun now rise higher and thou wilt become smaller as the youth boasts less, the older he grows. There I compare, you see the morning, noon and evening shadows with an hundred things which I formerly considered as indispensable necessities. The shadow is my watch and pedometer*, and sometimes my servant, and sometimes my footman. It is only a pity that a man cannot exist in his own shadow as his shadow does in him.

"Well and what do you say in the evening to your shadow?"

"In the evening a man's shadow is a very serious thing—the best moralist—a real hour glass—a true *memento mori*. When the shadow runs forward before one still becoming longer, less visible, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity, while behind one as the setting sun is going down; but loose not courage; trust me and thou wilt become always greater; for before thee is already suspended a better star, an emblem of that beyond the grave."

With these words the stranger became silent, the major also, both looked inexpressible—"Come," says the major, "you shall never want a home." So saying he took the stranger by his hand and conducted him to his house.

*An instrument affixed to the wheels of carriages, the boot of a person, &c. to measure distance.

A sailor who had been many years absent from his mother, who, lived in an inland country, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to the different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed home by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost.—Soon after his arrival the old lady became inquisitive and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having seen flying fish. "Stop John, don't try to impose such monstrous impossibilities upon me child; for in good truth, I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; for cows you know John can live out of water. Therefore tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods Johnny."

Jack felt himself affronted; and, turning his quid about when pressed for more curious information, he said prefacing it with an oath, mayhap, mother you wont believe me when I tell you that casting our anchor in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hove it up again; which was occasioned, do you see mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at; so we hoisted it in, and our captain, do you mind me, being a scholar

overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's charriot wheels, when he capsized in the Red Sea. This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding; "Ay, ay, Johnny," cried she, "I can believe this, for we read of it in the Bible; but never talk to me of flying fish."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, on Monday the 6th day of July next, at the Court house in the borough of Bellefonte, the one undivided third part of five tracts of

LAND,

situate in Miles township, Centre county. One tract surveyed on a warrant in the name of James Logan, containing four hundred and one fourth acres; one other in the name of John Johns, containing three hundred and ninety seven and an half acres; one other in the name of Elizabeth Johns, containing four hundred and twenty one acres and three-fourths; one other in the name of Peter Johns, containing four hundred and six acres and three-fourths, and one other in the name of David Logan, containing four hundred and sixteen acres and three-fourths. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John H. Friend, by

Wm. Alexander,

Sheriff.

June 20, 1818.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to the Bellefonte Patriot, on the Ebensburg route, who gave their notes for debts due the undersigned, will please to take notice that they are left for collection, with the following persons, viz:

The notes and accounts of those residing in Birmingham, Sinking valley, and their neighborhoods, are left with Enoch Hastings, esq.

The notes, &c. of those who had their papers put up in the packets directed to Mr. John Spanogle, Kryder's Smithshop, and Crawford's tavern, are left with Mr. JOHN SPANOGLE for collection.

The notes, &c. of those who had their papers left at Mr. Walker's, Mr. McNamara's and Allegheny Furnace, are lodged with JOSEPH GALBREATH, esq.

It is to be hoped that every person concerned will be punctual to pay off. Twenty days from this date will be given for that purpose. In default of payment, suits will be brought against every delinquent without discrimination.

Alexander Hamilton.

Bellefonte, June 13, 1818.

Creditors Take Notice,

THAT I have applied to the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Cambria, for the benefit of the several acts of assembly, passed for the relief of insolvent debtors, and they have appointed the second Monday of July next, at the Court House in Ebensburg, as the time and place, for hearing me and my Creditors, at which time and place they may attend, if they think proper.

E. B. Patton.

Ebensburg Jail, June 4, 1818.

TO LET,

A two story log house, situate in the borough of Bellefonte, on Allegheny street

Also,

A small frame building on the southeast corner of the Diamond, suitable for a mechanic. For terms apply to

W. Brindle.

June 15, 1818.

BLANKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

NEW GOODS.

H. HUMES

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general that he has received and is now opening a very handsome assortment of

GOODS,

suitable to the season, consisting of

Dry Goods, } China,
Groceries, } Glass,
Ironmongery } Queensware,
Drugs, } &c. &c.

ALL of which he will dispose of at reduced prices for Cash, or Iron Masters' orders—and on no other terms.

Bellefonte, June 22, 1818.

STRAY HORSE.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber, living in Ferguson township, Centre Furnace, on or about the 1st of June, inst.

A bright Bay Horse,

with a bald face, and both hind feet white. It is supposed that he is about seven or eight years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away.

Wm. Hunter.

Centre Furnace, June 15, 1818.

Regimental Orders.

THE enrolled inhabitants of the 32d regiment, Pennsylvania Militia, will take notice that Lieut. John Hasson is appointed Adjutant, and Lieut. Matthew Adams, paymaster, of said Regiment, and are to be respected accordingly.

Thomas M. Pherson,

Colonel.

June 16, 1818.

FOR SALE,

THE subscriber will dispose of the following property, on reasonable terms.

One lot of ground situated in the borough of Williamsport, Lycoming county, Pa. adjoining Henry Harris and others, on which is erected a small frame house, now occupied by I. K. Torbert, as a printing office.

One other lot of ground, situated in the borough aforesaid, on which is erected a small log house, now occupied by William Miller.

One out lot, situated in Loyalsock township, about one mile from Williamsport, adjoining lands of Michael Ross, esq. and others, containing twenty eight acres, nearly all cleared and under good fence.

One other out lot, situated in the township aforesaid, about two miles from the borough of Williamsport, containing ten acres; this lot is well calculated for meadow.

One undivided half part of four adjoining lots, situated in the village of Newtown county of Tioga, and state of New York, on which is erected a two story frame house and other buildings. Indisputable titles will be given. For terms apply to the subscriber, residing in the borough of Bellefonte.

W. Brindle.

Bellefonte, June 15, 1818.

PRINTING.

Handbills, Cards, Magistrates' Blanks, Deeds, Bonds, &c. neatly printed, at the shortest notice, at this office.