

POETRY.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

By ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted & grey;
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no
more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all
o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigor is
gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions
are flown.

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should
fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have
seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears ye
have been;
Strength of my youth! why lament your
decay?
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me
astray.

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread ye not the
cold sod;
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your
God!

From the Crawford Messenger.

A Dialogue between a traveller and a coun-
try citizen.

[Scene—A Tying House.]

[Enter traveller with a pack on his back,
and a staff in hand, in a room where a-
bout a dozen of men were drinking, ca-
rousing, &c.]

Traveller—Good day gentlemen: to
which of you shall I apply as the landlord?

Citizen—I'll answer to his name, our
landlord cannot be disturbed at present.

Trav.—Disturbed? Why here is noise
sufficient to disturb a whole community
and awaken Echo in her secluded cavern—
But my business here is that of the weary
traveller, refreshment; Repose, I fear is
absent.

Cit.—Why, when you first came in, I'd
thought as how you was one of our good
sound fellows, by carrying that shillala in
your fist; but by your whining and slaunts,
I'd guess may be you were only a Metho-
dist preacher, who are always finding faults
with folks, if even they meet together and
spend two or three days out of a whole
long month, to drink and have fun at the

tavern—howsomever, take some of my
whiskey.

Trav.—No friend, I make no use of
whiskey, or other ardent liquors; but you
greatly mistake me—my cane is merely of
white pine to support me in travelling;
and as to a preacher, I am unworthy of
such a name or such a calling, and as to a
methodist, I am not, though I highly and
solemnly respect that religious sect, for the
great good they have done and are daily
doing in our moral world; but I am highly
disappointed here.

Cit.—Why—what—did't I ask you free-
ly to drink whiskey with me?

Trav.—Yesterday being a very stormy
day, I would not travel, and continued at
the house in Franklin where I stopped the
night before. The landlord in a friendly
manner handed me a file of newspapers
which I found were printed at Meadville,
almost in your immediate vicinity, and
from the moral and religious essays which
enriched their columns, I formed not the
unpleasing idea, that at the distance of
twenty miles from Franklin I should find a
house resounding with horrid imprecations,
and the dread name of the supreme God,
handled with the same freedom, as that
poisonous draught in your hand, which e-
rodes all the physical faculties, of the
man, and drowns the finer feelings of the
soul in infamy and ruin.

Cit.—Why one half of your stuff I do
not understand—but about these Meadville
newspapers, all I ever knew or heard is,
that I heard our squire say that he once
took them a whole quarter of a year, and
that they cost him as much as would buy a
gallon of whiskey, and they never did him
as much good as to drink a gill—for they
were filled with a mess of sober stuff, and
politics that he knew nothing about, and
told about people and things all over the
world, which our squire said was enough
to make a man crazy to think of.

Trav.—Unhappy people! thus to jest
away your own happiness, and in the intox-
icating draught, shut up the bars of inform-
ation, and open the sluiceways of vice and
concomitant misery for yourselves and
your deplorable offspring. But this being
Saturday, I would like to know if you have
any Sabbath meetings here.

Cit.—By that I s'pose you mean these
praying and preaching meetings. But I
can tell you of better things than that—

Two or three years ago, an old dull fellow
came in about six miles from here, and
made a great ado with his praying and
preaching; and where ever he went, he
would grumble if a man only swore mode-
rately, or if a couple of men got a little
warm, and took a few dry knocks together
and if a parcel of us would join on Sunday
and go to the tavern to drink instead of
hearing him pray and cry. Then the d—l
was to pay, and we and our squire would't
hear the last of it for three days—So we
one and all agreed to buy him out and send
him off—this we did, and now we have a
whiskey distillery on the same plantation.

Trav.—Deluded people! a traveller
would form a ready opinion of the moral
rectitude of your rulers, by the habits and
manners of the people! Who is that large
man, that lays asleep on that long bench,
among the din of confusion, with a bound
up hand and a bruised face?

Cit.—Who? why that's our landlord and
a pure sociable fellow he is; aye, and as
stout a one as there is in the county; why
man he travelled two days journey to go to
fight black Dick, the bully of our lower
counties and whipped him too; since he
has lived in these back woods, he has
smacked the biggest Indian in the Seneca
tribe—and he can swear with as great a
dash, as a lawyer can plead; but 'tother
day he met with a turnpike man who grain-
ed his face a little, and just upset one of his
hands in fun, but of such things our landlord
cares not a pin—he treats every traveller
to a glass of whiskey I assure you, and
drinks with him—shall I wake him?

Trav.—No. The character you give of
him makes me prefer seeing him asleep—
But my soul weeps with commiseration
for the danger of his inexperienced children
and those of the surrounding neighborhood.
If this is the direct road to Bellefonte, tell
me how far is it to the next house?

Cit.—Why nine miles, and you cannot
resch there before dark—Beside our woods
abound with wolves, bears and panthers.

Trav.—I fear nothing from them. No
beasts of the forest are as savage as man
when left to the torrent of his own corrupt
passions and depraved lust. Oh, my
friends, how I mourn for your eternal wel-
fare; seated here in a beautiful fertile
country, blessed with wise and liberal laws,
and the means of both temporal and spirit-
ual improvement within your grasp; you

drown all within the chalice of intemper-
ance, and immolate yourselves on the un-
hallowed altar of impiety and wretchedness.
Farewell! may the God of forbearance
awaken you with a lively scene of your
dangerous situation, and bring you seriously
to reflect upon what you have now heard,
by way of reproof, from an unworthy
YEOMAN.

Venango county, Dec. 31, 1819.

At Bennington battle, General Starks is
said to have addressed his soldiers in the
following laconic terms: "Here we are,
and there they are! Now boys! if we don't
bone them, they'll bone us."

Three gentlemen being at a tavern,
whose names were More, Strange and
Wright: said the last there is but one ras-
cal in company and that is Strange! Yes
answered Strange there is one More: Ay,
said More that's Wright.

An English sailor went to see a juggler
exhibit his tricks. There happened to be a
quantity of gunpowder in the apartment
beneath, which took fire and blew up the
house. The sailor was thrown into a gar-
den behind, where he fell without being
hurt. He stretched his arms and legs, got
up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and
then cried out, conceiving what had hap-
pened to be only a part of the performance,
"d—n the fellow, I wonder what he will
do next."

Some time before the breaking up of the
British head-quarters at Cambray, an Irish
soldier a private in the 23d regiment of foot
was convicted of shooting at, and robbing a
French peasant and was in consequence
sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at
the place of execution, he addressed the
spectators in a stentorian voice as follows—
"Bad luck to the duke of Wellington! he's
no Irishman's friend any way, I have killed
many a score of Frenchmen by his orders,
and when I just took it in my head to kill
one upon my own account, by the powers
he has tucked me up for it!"

Rather avoid the vices you are natu-
rally inclined to, than aim at those excel-
lencies and perfections which you were
never made for.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY FOR THE YEAR 1819.

Dr. Samuel Fulton, treasurer of Clearfield county, in account with the said county, commencing from
the 2d. day of February 1819, and ending on the 4th day of January 1820.

DR.		CR.	
To Cash received on Unseated Lands	\$2727 70	By Cash paid road viewers	\$122 00
do of Arthur Bell, former treasurer	208 83	do Election expences	98 04
do on redemption of sales	55 23	do Court House expences	80 00
do paid by David Ferguson for Joseph Wiley dec.	43 97	do Viewing ditto	6 00
do received of John Barefield, collector of Gibson township	34 59	do Assessors wages	19 00
do of Alexander Reed, jr. of Lawrence township	67 23	do Exonerations to collectors	15 54
do Isaac Ricketts of Becaria townships	82 85	do County auditors	12 00
do J. F. W. Schnars of Covington township	12 65	do Wolf and panther orders	72 87
do Abel Benton of Bedford township	55 67	do Office rent	20 00
do David Wall, of Pike township	187 61	do Late treasurer	471 00
Balance in favor of the treasurer	235 31	do Printing expences	19 00
	\$3712 94	do Commissioners wages	145 00
		do Clerk of Sessions	19 25
		do Viewers of the state road from Andersons creek to Kittaning	23 00
		do Clerk to the Commissioners	80 00
		do Treasurers salary, including expences and compensation go- ing to Philadelphia, &c.	295 00
		do In the case of the commonwealth vs. Keagy	15 99
		do Attorneys fees as counsel to the commissioners	10 00
		do Supervisors orders	2189 25
			\$3712 94
		By balance in favor of the treasurer	\$235 31

Having examined the account of Samuel Fulton, Treasurer of Clearfield county, and find a balance in favor of the said treasurer of Two Hundred and thirty-five
dollars and thirty-onecents: Given under and our hands the 4th day of January 1820.

ATTEST—JOSEPH BOONE, Clerk.

ROBERT ROSS,
MATTHEW OGDEN, } Commissioners.
GREENWOOD BELL, }