

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines, from a London paper, would not disgrace the pen of the modern Anacreon, and much resemble the chaster effusions of his exquisite, tho' sometimes erring muse.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
A blue summer ocean, far off and alone;
Here a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay,
That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give;
There with souls ever ardent and pure as the flame;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there.
With affection as free from decline as the bowers,
And with hope like the bee, always living on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on slowly and calm as the night.

GEN ROSS--SIR PETER PARKER.

LONDON OCTOBER 29.

A melancholy coincidence of fate appears to have attended the Ladies of the late General Ross and Capt. Sir P. Parker. Both accompanied their husbands as far as Bordeaux, on their way to America; they were the only English ladies in that city, while their husbands remained there; they left it in the same way* and nearly at the moment; and each has left three children to mourn their untimely fall. No officers ever fell more generally regretted or beloved. Gen. Ross was the idol of his little army; and Sir P. Parker was equally so that of his ship's crew, who mutinied, when an order was sent to deliver up his body, for the purpose of having it conveyed to Bermuda, declaring it should not leave the ship, where it had been embalmed, in the hopes of being the bearer of it themselves to England, and who only suffered it to be removed from the Menelaus, on admiral Cockburn's going on board, and assuring them that he would carry it in his own ship to Bermuda, and give to their beloved commander a funeral worthy of the distinguished manner in which he fell.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Chirac, the celebrated French physician, was at the last extremity of the illness of which he died. After some days delirium, his senses half returned. On a sudden, feeling his pulse, he exclaimed, 'I have been called too late! has the patient been blooded?'—No was the reply. 'Then he is a dead man!' said he. His prediction was verified.

NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given, to all persons that are in any way indebted to the estate of John Barber, late of Centre county, Esq. deceased, to make payment to either of the subscribers, before the 1st day of February next, as on that day, all notes and accounts unpaid will be put in suit:—and every person having any legal demand against the said estate, will please to present their accounts for payment.

JAMES DUNCAN, } Adm'rs.
J. G. LOWREY, }

December 28, 1814.

"Events of the War"

Much complaint and dissatisfaction seemed to prevail among many of the subscribers to this work, on account of the detention of the books, before they came to hand; but since that, little or no inquiry has been made about them. The publisher has been at a very great expense in the printing of them, and expects to be remunerated in no other way than by their sale: it is therefore, hoped, that those who have been so generous as to subscribe, will call for their respective copies, and take them; and after that, pay for them
Office Amer. Pat.

Notice!

WHEREAS the subscriber gave to David Storm, two notes of one hundred and ninety pounds each; the first payable 1st of April 1815; the other 1st of April 1816; and eight other notes of one hundred pounds each: the first payable 1st of April 1817, and one each succeeding year; and one other note of one hundred and twenty five pounds, payable first of April 1825. This is therefore to forewarn all persons from taking an assignment on said notes, said Storm not having complied with his engagements.

HENRY YOTTER.

Boilefonce, Sept. 17, 1814.

FOR SALE.

Will be sold at private sale, a tract of Land containing 25 acres, in Centre County, Halfmoon township, formerly the property of James Shehan whereon is about 10 or 12 acres of good meadow, a young bearing orchard, a good spring. The land is of a good quality. About 45 acres are cleared. Terms of sale may be known by applying to the owners.

Christian King,
John Yoder.

Jan. 23d.

LAND AGENCY.

THE subscriber will attend to the business of a Land Agent in the borough of Harrisburg. Those wishing to procure patents or copies from any of the public offices will find their business executed with promptness.

ALEXANDER GRAYDON, Junr.
HARRISBURG, AUG. 14 1814.

Merchants, and others take Notice!

THE Subscriber at the Tilt Hammer Shop, near the end of Nittany Mountain, will make at the shortest notice, and constantly keep on hand, Spades and Shovels, together with every other article in the line of the Blacksmith and Cutlery business.

JAMES WHITEHILL.

N. B. An apprentice wanted to the above business.

A quantity of BLANK EXECUTIONS for sale at this Office.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber informs the public that he has for sale a general assortment of FRUIT TREES.

As it is one of the best propagations on a farm or lot, he hopes to meet with encouragement in so useful a business, for which he will thank those who will favor him with their custom, and will answer them to their satisfaction.

JOB PACKER.

BALD EAGLE, JAN. 13, 1815.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office, Bellefonte, Jan. 1, 1815, which if not redeemed will be sent to the General Post Office in 8 months from this date.

Philip Antis, James Armstrong, John A. b's, James Allison, 2; John Adams, Matthew Allison, Nicholas Alexander, Nathaniel Beck, Benjamin Brooks, Henry Binder, John Cook, Daniel Caitner, Jesse Cookson, Amariah Coburn, Mrs. Jane Clark, Phineas Davidson, John Endsley, Jacob Emrich John Hanson, Enoch Hastings, Jacob Fletcher, Patrick Hughs, Thomas Hastings, Henry Hoy, 2; James Harbison, Issabella Henderson, Jacob Holter, Isaac Jones, Jno Johnston, David Johnston, Anthony Kennedy, Caleb Kephart, Christopher Keatley, Michael Myers, Samuel Miles, Mary McKerrigan, Thomas McClelland, 2; Philip Moser, James McIntoch, James Newill, David Nicholson, Wm. Nixon, Joseph Orwig, Jane Patton, John Patterson, Job Packer, Wm. Petrikin, 9; Hugh Quinn, 2; Col. Matthew Rodgers, Wm. Russel 2; George Records, George Seltzer, George Sweany Spencer, Eve Stroupe, Margaret and Mary Steer, Eleanor Steer, John S. Sedam, Samuel Taggart, Absolam Tims, Joseph Updegraff, 2; Isaac Updegraff and John Irwin, Jesse Williams, Charles Wilson, Benjamin Way, Herrman Younge.

R. T. STEWART, P. M.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1814.

PROPOSAL,

BY WILLIAM McCARTY,

FOR PUBLISHING

A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA,

DURING THE YEAR

1812.

BY SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

TERMS.

The octavo copy of this work sells at Three Dollars: the present edition will be afforded to subscribers, in a large duodecimo volume of near 400 pages, at One Dollar and Fifty cents in boards, and One Dollar and Seventy-five Cents, payable on delivery. The work will be embellished with a likeness of PRINCE KOUTOUSOFF, and two large maps, (a full sheet each) exhibiting the advance of the French army to Moscow, and its retreat therefrom. Should sufficient encouragement offer, the work will be delivered to the subscribers in a short time.

THE "Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, during the year 1812," has deservedly received the highest encomiums from different Reviewers. We copy the following from the account of the crossing of the Berezina by the French, in their retreat from Russia.

"Two bridges had been completed, the one near Lubenzi, and the other near Veselovo. Here, indeed, was Napoleon.—The opposite shore was Zebmino. The instant the work was passable, the impatient Emperor of the French ordered over a sufficient number of his guards to render the way tolerable safe from immediate molestation: and the moment that was ascertained he followed with his suit and principal generals: a promiscuous crowd of soldiers pressing after him.—The bridge was hardly cleared of his weight and that his chosen companions, when the rush of fugitives redoubled. No order could be kept with the hordes that poured towards its passage for escape and life, for the Russians were in their rear; the thunder of Vigtenstein was rolling over their heads.—No pen can describe the confusion and horror of the scenes which ensued. The French army had lost its rear guard, and they found themselves at once exposed to all the operations of the enemy. On the right and on the left there was no escape; cannon, bayonets, and sabres, menaced them on every side; certain death was on their rear; in their front alone was there any hope of safety; and, frantic with the desperate alternative, thousands upon thousands flew towards the Berezina, some plunging into the river, but most directing their steps to the newly constructed bridge.

es, which seemed to offer them a passage from their enemies. Misery had long disorganized the French army, and in the present dismay no voice of order was heard; the tumult was tremendous, was destructive of each other, as the despairing wretches pressed forward and struggled for precedence in the moment of escape.

"Vigtenstein stood in horror, viewing this chaos of human misery; to close it at once in death, or in capitulation was the wish of his brave heart; but the enemy was frantic; nothing could be heard but the roar of cannon and the cries of despair. The wounded and the dying covered the surface of the ground; the survivors rushed in wild fury upon their affrighted comrades on the bridges. They could not penetrate, but only press upon a crowd at the nearest extremity; for the whole bodies of these passages were so filled with desperate fugitives that they crushed on each other to suffocation and to death. Trains of artillery, baggage, cavalry, and waggons of all kinds, being intermixed and driven pell-mell to one point, hundreds of human beings were trodden down, trampled on, torn and mashed to pieces. Officers and soldiers were mingled in one mass; self preservation was the only stimulus, and seeking that, many a despairing wretch precipitated his comrade to destruction, that he might find his place on the bridge. Thousands fell into the river, thousands threw themselves in the hideous stream, hoping to save themselves by swimming, but in a few minutes they were jammed amidst the blocks of ice which rolled along its flood, and either killed in the concussion or frozen to death by the extremity of the cold. The air resounded with the yells and shrieks (it was something more horrible than cries) of the dying, wounded, and drowning; but they were only heard at intervals, for one continued roar seemed to fill the heavens, of the Russian artillery pouring its floods of deathful retribution on the heads of the desolators of this country. Welcome indeed were the deaths it sent; few were his pangs who fell by the ball or the sabre, compared with his torture who lay mangled beneath the crowding feet of his comrades, who expired amid the crashing horrors of a world of ice. But the despair of these fated wretches was not yet complete. The head which had planned all these evils might yet be amongst them: and the bridges, groaning beneath the weight of their loads, were to be fired! The deed was done; and still crowd upon crowd continued to press, each other forward choking up the passage amid bursting flames, scorched and frozen at the same instant, till at length the whole sunk with a death-like noise into the bosom of Berezina."

Subscriptions will be received at this Office.

STRAY.

STRAYED away from the pasture of the subscriber some time in August last, a two years old

BRINDLED HEIFFER.

Any person taking her up, and giving information thereof to the owner, shall be liberally rewarded.

WILLIAM RIDDEL.

Nov. 26, 1814

SIX CENTS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, living in Bald Eagle Township, Centre County, on the 6th of October, an Indented apprentice named,

JOHN SWARTS,

about five feet four inches high, had on when he went away, a homespun drab roundabout coat and waistcoat, coarse tow trousers, and small fur hat; talks Dutch, and tolerable English; a great tobacco chewer and Smoker. Whoever takes up said Runaway and brings him back to me, shall receive the above reward, but no charges paid.

HUGH WHITE.

Bald Eagle, Nov. 19, 1814.

HENRY STEWART

TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Bellefonte and its vicinity, that he has commenced the TAYLORING BUSINESS, at the House back of Mr. James Rothrock, and immediately adjoining his Hatter shop, where those who may please to favor him with their custom shall receive every accommodation and attention in his power to bestow.

Having served his apprenticeship in the city of Baltimore; and having had an opportunity of perfecting himself in the knowledge of his profession by an exercise of its various duties, in many of the best shops in that place, he flatters himself qualified to give general satisfaction to his customers.

October 3, 1814