

**POETRY.**

The following lines are extracted from Thompson's "Britannia." The sentiments they convey apply so happily to the situation of America, as well as all Europe, at this moment, that we are confident they will afford pleasure to our numerous readers.

**TO PEACE.**

Oh best of human blessings, and supreme!  
Sweet Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!  
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men  
Like Brothers live, in amity combined  
And unsuspecting faith: whilst honest toil  
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right  
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps—  
How pure thy reign, when unaccused by  
blood  
Naught save the sweet indulgent showers  
of heaven  
Trickling, distil upon the verdant mead  
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad scene!  
Behold the shining share, the crooked  
knife,  
And hook, imprint the vegetable wound.  
When the blythe sheaves life scattered o'er  
the plain,  
When the earth blushes with the rose alone  
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vale.  
Oh Peace! thou source and soul of social  
life!  
Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence  
Science her views enlarges, Arts refine,  
And swelling Commerce opens all her  
ports  
Bless'd be the man divine who gives us  
thee!  
Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid  
clang,  
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage—  
Who sheaths the murderous blade, the  
deadly gun  
Into the well piled armoury returns;  
And all the vigor of the work of War  
To grateful industry converting—makes  
The country flourish and the city smile—  
Unviolated thee the Virgin sings!  
And thee, the smiling Mother to her tram.  
Of thee, the Sheperds, in the peaceful tale  
Chaunts—and the treasures of his labor  
sure,  
The Husbandman of thee—while at the  
plough  
Or teem he toils With the Sailor sooths  
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight  
wave  
And the full city, warm, from street to  
street  
And shop to shop—responsive sings of  
thee.  
Nor joys one land alone—Thy praise ex-  
tends  
Far as the Sun rolls the diffusive day,  
Far as the winds can bear the gifts of peace,  
Till all the happy nations catch the sound.

**A MALE FOUNDLING.**

Some days since, while a number of Philadelphia gentlemen were skating on the Delaware, a tea box was picked up on the ice containing a living male infant four days old, carefully wrapped up in warm clothing. The person who first got hold of the box, was determined to keep the child, although his companions were anxious for the prize. The child was immediately and ap-

propriately named "Nep-tune," and its new father being a person of fortune, was determined to be a Father in all the necessary requisites.

Foreign Politicians observe, that at the Congress of Vienna there is ingress, egress and regress, but no progress.

An extraordinary revival of religion has appeared among the students of Princeton college, New Jersey,

The legislature of Delaware have voted a sword and service of plate to Commodore Macdonough, and requested him and captain Jacob Jones to sit for their Portraits.

**EXTRAORDINARY.**

ALBANY, FEB. 24.

A correspondent observes that the line of expresses under the direction of Mess. Goodyear of New York, Kelsey, of Poughkeepsie, and Baker of this city, carried the intelligence of the arrival of the Treaty of Peace at New York, from that city to the Missique Bay, Lower Canada, a distance of more than 340 miles in less than 38 days.

The London papers state that Bonaparte is very restless, and desires much to go to England.

Several resolutions have passed congress, honorary to those military characters who have distinguished themselves, during the late war, as well those who fell as those who survived.

ORLEANS, Dec. 9.

A terrible accident has spread terror in the communes bordering on the forest of N. Orleans.

A wolf on the 6th inst. sprung upon a groupe of women who were working in the woods.—It wounded eight and killed two. M. Baron Taleyrand, our perfect, ordered a general pursuit after the animal,

and attended himself, accompanied by Gen. Colbert, Co., of the Royal Lancers, The Col of the 14th and many other officers of those two corps.

The Animal was killed by a woodcutter, with one stroke of the Hatchet, in the act of springing to devour him.

**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 3 months from this date.

Philip Antis, James Armstrong, John Abis, James Allison, 2; Joan Adams, Matthew Allison, Nicholas Alexander, Nathaniel Beck, Benjamin Brooks, Henry Binder, John Cook, Daniel Cartner, Jesse Cookson, Amariah Coburn, Mrs. Jane Clark, Phinehas Davidson, John Endsley, Jacob Emrich John Hanson, Enoch Hastings, Jacob Hether, Patrick Hughs, Thomas Hastings, Henry Hoy, 2; James Harbison, Isabella Henderson, Jacob Hoiter, Isaac Jones, Jno Johnston, David Johnston, Anthony Kennedy, Caleb Kephart, Christopher Keatley, Michael Myers, Samuel Miles, Mary McKerrigan, Thomas M Clemend, 2; Philip Moser. James M intoch, 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 MC CARTY,

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, bound, payable on delivery. The work will be embellished with a likeness of PRINCE KOSSOUOFF, 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 Stubenzi, 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 Vigenstein 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; their front above 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 bridges, 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.

"Vigenstein 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, course 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.

**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 at 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.

A quantity of BLANK EXECUTIONS for sale at this Office.