

POETRY.

From the Liverpool Advertiser of Aug. 17.

The popularity which Lord Byron's Poem "Fare thee Well," has lately acquired, induces us to present our readers with the following

STANZES,

Written between Dover and Calais, July 28th 1792.

By the late Mrs. ROBINSON.

Boundless pillow, cease thy motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er;
Cease thy roaring foaming ocean,
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions widely reign;
Love, with proud resentment meeting,
Throbs by turns, of joy and pain.

Joy, that far from foes I wander,
Where their taunts can reach no more;
Pain, that Woman's heart grows fonder;
When her dream of bliss is o'er.

Love, by fickle fancy banish'd,
Spurn'd by hope, indignant flies;
Yet when Love and Hope are banish'd,
Restless mem'ry never dies.

For I go where fate shall lead me,
Far across the troubled deep;
Where no stranger's ear shall hear me,
Where no eye shall see me weep.

Proud has been my fatal passion,
Proud my injured heart shall be!
While each thought, each inclination,
Still shall prove me worthy thee!

Not one sigh shall tell my story,
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory,
Grief—that stoops not to complain!

Let thy bosom prone to ranging,
Still my ranging seek a cure;
Mine disdains the thought of changing,
Proudly destin'd to endure.

Yet, ere far from all I treasure'd,
*****, ere I bid adieu
Ere my days of pain be measur'd,
Take the song that's still thy due.

Yet believe, no servile passions,
Seek to charm thy vagrant mind;
Well I know thy inclinations,
Wav'ring as the passing wind.

I have lov'd thee—dearly lov'd thee,
Thro' an age of worldly woe:
How ungrateful I have prov'd thee,
Let my mournful exile shew.

Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
Hour by hour I counted o'er;
Looking forward till to-morrow,
Every day I lov'd thee more!

Pow'r and splendour could not charm me,
I no joy in wealth could see;
Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
Save the fear of losing thee!

When the storm of fortune press'd thee,
I have wept to see thee weep;
When relentless cares distress'd thee,
I have lull'd those cares to sleep!

When with thee no ills could harm me,
Thou couldst ev'ry pang assuage!
But when absent, nought could charm me
Ev'ry moment seem'd an age.

Fare thee well—ungrateful lover!
Welcome GALLIA's hostile shore,
Now the breezes waft me over,
Now we part—TO MEET NO MORE!

From the Connecticut Courant.

The Brief Remarker.

The following line of Pope

"An honest man's the noblest work of God"
—Has been pronounced unworthy of that celebrated poet, forasmuch as honesty is but a vulgar virtue, as common to the meanest as to the greatest abilities. Honesty, though commendable, is so far from being one of the noblest human qualities, that the honest man may, nevertheless, be but a plain simple man, of contracted intellects, of very little education, and of a low condition. This the noblest work of God! Upon such nonsense!

Now, to adjust this matter between the poet and the critic, it will be necessary to take a cursory view of the different standards of honesty according to one or other of which reputedly honest men square their conduct and of the different principles by which they are governed:

Men sometimes act honestly from policy, rather than from a principle of probity. They believe, and believe aright, "that honesty is the best policy." According to this sound maxim, they mean to act, and they greatly find their account in it. In

short none are wiser in their generation than those who are honest altogether from policy. While carefully minding to keep themselves within the hedge of the law, they, without mercy or pity, take every advantage that the law will let them. They escape the infamy and punishment which commonly befall the impolitic wights who are versed in the black art of downright roguery. Thus they walk in a plain and safe path. An honest reputation is their passport, and the laws of society are their protection. These are your hard honest men, who are honest merely for their own safety and profit, and are just as selfish in their honesty as in every thing else. True enough, the poet is worthy of reprehension if he meant them. But though the fear of disgrace or punishment, and the desire of a fair character, may give birth to a creditable but contracted and spurious kind of honesty, which has in it nothing of the dignity of virtue, yet the truly honest man, however low in circumstances, or mean in parts, is one of virtue's nobility.

The truly honest man would be just as honest without law as with it. Guided by the paramount authority of conscience, he neither withholds aught nor exacts aught on the mere plea that civil law is on his side.

The truly honest man is he who makes it a cardinal point to do to others as he would be done unto; and who decides with justice, when self-interest and justice are in opposite scales.

The truly honest man is never ostentatious of his honesty. Ostentation of it is always an ill sign: it looks like putting on a patch to hide a pimple.

But enough of definition. One good example is worth a score of definitions: and the following example all will allow to be a good one.—The anecdote is given in St. Pierre's Studies of Nature.

"In the last war in Germany, a captain of the cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troops, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it he went and knocked at the door; out comes an ancient Hernouten,* with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer "show me a field where I can set my troops a-foraging." Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley:—"There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replies his guide, "and you shall be satisfied." They went on and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. They troops immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer upon this, says to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this."—"Very true Sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

Such an example of honesty, I repeat, is worth a score of definitions. Here we have not an abstract notion of honesty, but we see it as it were embodied. Here we behold the express form and visage of genuine christian honesty, acting on the principle of loving ones neighbour as one's self. And what though the exemplar was an obscure and lowly man, distinguished neither for parts nor for learning? In the moral frame of his mind there was nobleness of heavenly origin; a nobleness far superior to eminent natural parts, which belong alike to the best and the worst of huming beings.

Compare this humble Hernouten, or Moravian, with the illustrious chieftains who figured in that German war, and whose bloody deeds are emblazyned on the page of history. Compare his disinterestedness with their selfishness; his philanthropy with their greedy avarice and fell ambition; his tender and scrupulous regard for the right of his neighbor with their unfeeling spirit of plunder and rapine—and judge which party is entitled to stand highest on the scale of genuine honour.

* Of the Moravian sect commonly called the United Brethren.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, administrator of the Estate that was of William Hunt, late of Ferguson township, Centre county, deceased, will attend at the Tavern of Christwell Whitehill at the end of Nitany mountain, on the 14th day of December next, for the purpose of settling the business of the said estate—at which time all those who have any demands against the same will, it is hoped, bring them forward properly attested—and those who are indebted thereunto will come prepared to pay off, as no farther indulgence will be given. Of this all concerned will take notice.

ASHER HUNT, Adm'r.

Novem. 5th, 1816.

LAST NOTICE.

MANY weeks ago it was requested by a notice in the American Patriot, that all persons indebted to the subscriber would come forward prepared to adjust their several accounts, but without having produced the slightest effect. It is, however, hoped that those who feel conscious of being interested, will not fail to close their accounts either by note or otherwise within the present month, as no further indulgence will be given.

J. B. Shugart.

Bellefonte, Nov. 4th, 1816.

Bear Skins.

The subscriber wishes to purchase and will give cash for a quantity of bear skins. Saddles, Harness, Bridles &c. made at the shortest notice, and for sale as usual.

George Test.

Bellefonte, July 30, 1816.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership of Patton and Mitchell, has, by mutual consent, been this day dissolved. Those indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment to Samuel Patton, who is authorised to receive all debts due the same.

Samuel Patton,
John Mitchell.

BELLEFONTE, Oct. 12, 1816.

LETTERS

REMAINING in the post office at Bellefonte, which if not redeemed will be sent to the general post office as dead letters in three months from this date, October 1816.

- A. Samuel Lamb, William Lamb, M.
- John Askins, John Anderson, John Atkinson, Christian Amehiser.
- B. Samuel Miles, Richard Moore, 2, James Magee, Samuel Moore, John Melroy, Alex. McWilliams, N. Adam Neiveling, O. Daniel O'Bryan, P. Eliza Pennington, Aaron Packer, Laurence Peters, Nancy Patterson, John Patterson.
- C. Jesse Cookson, Andrew Cleaver, Robert Couringdon, Thomas Crawford.
- D. George Donaldson, Henry Daugherty, Nancy Dun.
- E. Jacob Eckly, Agness Evans.
- F. Joseph M. Fox, Jacob Flack, Walter Forster, Peter Fulton.
- H. George Holdenbauch, Patrick Hughs, 2, John Harris, Jacob Hetherland, James Hutchison, John Haey, John Helman.
- I. William Irwin.
- K. Robert Knox, Christopher Keatly, Jacob Way, Rebeca Kephart.
- L. John Lyon, Joseph M. Yang.
- S. Thomas Spencer, Archibald Stewart, George Sweany, Francis Steel.
- T. Philip Taylor, James Todd, Elizabeth Thompson.
- W. William Williams, Charles Whiting, Jacob Way, William Woods.
- Y. Joseph M. Yang.
- R. T. STEWART, P. M.

Caution!

WHEREAS my wife Sarah hath left my bed and board without any just cause; this is therefore to forewarn all persons from trusting her on my account, as I am determined not to pay any debts of her contracting after this date, unless compelled by law. As some of my children have absconded with her; all persons, therefore, are hereby forbid harboring them at their peril, as I am determined to prosecute any who shall do so as far as the limits of the law will admit.

ISAAC PARSONS.

Aug. 26, 1816.

Wanted immediately, 1

or 2 Journeymen Tailors, to whom good wages and constant employment will be given by

Samuel Baird.

BELLEFONTE, July 10, 1816.

Lycoming & Potter TURNPIKE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT pursuant to the provisions contained in an act passed at the last session of the legislature of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to enable the governor to incorporate a company for making an artificial road from Jersey Shore, in the county of Lycoming, to Coudersport in the county of Potter," books will be opened by the undersigned, commissioners named in the said act, at the office of George Vaux, No 39 south 4th street in the city of Philadelphia, on the second day of December next, at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of receiving subscriptions for the stock of the said company. Similar books will be also opened at the same time and for the same purpose in Northumberland county at the house of Thomas Gaskins, in the town of Northumberland; and in Lycoming county, at the house of James Cummings, in the borough of Williamsport, and at the house of James Collins, in the town of Jersey Shore.

JOHN KEATING,
THOMAS STEWARDSON,
GEORGE VAUX,
J. P. De GRUCHY,
JOHN BOYD,
HUGH WHITE,
JAMES COLLINS,
THOMAS McCLINTOCK,
SAMUEL STEWART,
ROBERT McCLURE,
AND W. D. HEPBURN,

COMMISSIONERS.

October 18, 1816.

STRAY HORSE.

WAS taken up by the subscriber on the 12th of September, inst. a BAY HORSE with a star on his forehead, supposed to be about 14 years of age. The owner is desired to come and prove property, pay charges and take him away.

JOHN PATTERSON,

Spring township, Sept. 20, 1816.

The Spread Eagle, Square and Compass.

William T. Brown,
(OF MILTON)

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken that old stand, the

STONE TAVERN

in Aaronsburg, formerly occupied by Samuel Miles, where he hopes by prompt attention, good liquors and stabling, to meet with a share of public patronage. AARONSBURG, April 4.

Interesting Discovery.

To those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with

CANCERS,

AND to those whose feelings of humanity excite them to inquire and direct where they may obtain a perfect cure for the malady, in the most safe, easy and effectual way:

Doctor Griggs,

No 277, North Second Street Philadelphia.

Confident that his remedy is superior to all others that have ever been in practice, thinks it his duty to make it known to the public, that he has succeeded in effectually curing near one hundred persons in this city, of the most dreadful of all maladies, the CANCER, within the last 2 years many of whom had despaired of ever obtaining a cure, some of whom had been attended in the Alms House and Hospital of this place, without success and now are effectually cured—

By the afflicted's Humble servant,

Daniel Griggs.

N. B. Reference can be had of some hundreds of the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia.

All editors of papers in this state will please insert the above once a week for three months, and send their accounts for payment as above.

All Editors in the United States will subscribe the cause of humanity by giving the above a few insertions in their respective papers.

September 5, 1816.

BLANKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.