

POET'S CORNER

FROM THE GLASGOW HERALD.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, is of Scottish descent by the mother's side, and appears to have spent part of his early life in Scotland. One of his first poems was named Loch na Gar, and appeared in this paper some years ago—the following are the two first stanzas:

Away, ye gay landscapes; ye gardens of roses;
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snowflake reposes,
For still they are sacred to freedom and love;
Yes, Caledonia! beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits the elements war,
Tho' cataract foam, instead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.
Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On cliffs long perch'd, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave peace to the rays of the bright polar star;
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disceas'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

TO LORD BYRON

Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pines of the forest for ages have stood;
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And the young ones are rock'd on the high Cairngorm?
Know'st thou the land, where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which her blue waters lave;
Where the virgins are pure, as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light, for their actions are free?
Know'st thou the land, where the sun's ling'ring ray
Streaks with gold the horizon till dawn's the new day;
Whilst the cold feeble beam, which he sheds on their sight,
Scarce breaks through the gloom of the long winter night?
'Tis the land of thy sires—'tis the land of thy youth,
Where first thy young heart glow'd with honor and truth,
Where the wild fire of genius first caught thy young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy roam'd free from controul.
Ah! why does that fancy still dwell on those climes
Where love leads to madness, and madness to crimes;
Where courage itself is more sav'd than brave,
Where man is a despot—and woman a slave?
Thou soft are the breezes and rich the perfume,
And fair are the gardens of Gul in their bloom;
Can the roses they twine, or the vines which they rear,
Speak peace to the breast of suspicion and fear?
Let Phœbus' bright ray gild the Egean wave,
But say can it brighten the lot of the slave;
Or all that is beautiful in nature impart
One virtue to soften the Moslem's proud heart?
Ah! no, 'tis the magic, which glows in thy strain,
Gives soul to the action, and life to the scene,
And the deeds which they do, and the tales which they tell,
Enchant us alone by the pow'r of this spell.
And is there no spell in thy own native earth?
Does no talisman rest on the spot of thy birth?
Are the daughters of Britain less worthy thy care,
Less soft than Zuleika, less bright than Gulnare?
Are her sons less renown'd, or her warriors less brave,
Than the slaves of a prince, who himself is a slave?
Then strike thy wild harp—let it swell with the strain,
Let the mighty in arms live and conquer again.
Their deeds and their glory thy muse shall prolong,
And the fame of thy country shall live in thy song.
Tho' the proud wreath of victory round heroes may twine,
'Tis the poet that crowns them with honor divine;

And the laurels of Felice had sunk in the tomb,
Hid the Bard not preserved them immortal in bloom.

From Sir N. W. Wraxall's Memoirs of his own time.

In the autumn of 1778, I visited Dresden a second time: a court which was rendered peculiarly agreeable to the English at that period, by the hospitality and polished manners of his Majesty's minister to Saxony, Sir John Steyne, one of the finest gentlemen who had been employed on foreign missions, during the course of the present reign. Dresden was then a place where the Illumines had made a deep and general impression on the public mind; Schrepper having chosen it, only a few years earlier, for the scene of his famous exhibition of the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe. Having given, in a former work, some account of that very extraordinary imposition, I shall not resume the subject here; but I cannot help relating another somewhat similar story, which was told me during my residence in Dresden, by the Count de Felkeshheim. He was a Livonian gentleman, settled in Saxony, of a very improved understanding, equally superior to credulity, as to superstition. Being together in the month of Oct. 1778, and our discourse accidentally turning on the character and performance of Schrepper; I have conversed with him on several of the individuals who were present at the scene of the spectre or phantoms, presented by him in the gallery of the palace of the Duke of Courland. They all agree in their account of the leading particulars. Though I do not pretend to explain by what process or machinery, that business was conducted, I have always considered him as an artful impostor, and his audience as dupes. Yet I am not so decidedly sceptical on the possibility of supernatural appearances as to treat them with ridicule, because they may seem to be unphilosophical. I received my education in the university of Konigsburgh, where I had the advantage of attending lectures in ethics and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who was esteemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had, nevertheless, though an ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinctured with incredulity, on various points connected with revealed religion. When therefore, it became necessary for him, in the course of his lectures, to treat on the nature of Spirit, as detached from Matter; to discuss the Immortality of the soul; and to enter on the doctrine of a future state; I listened with more than ordinary attention to his opinions. In speaking of all these mysterious subjects, there appeared to me to be so visible an embarrassment both in his language and expressions, that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterwards, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his deportment, and I entreated him to tell me if they were well founded, or only imaginary suggestions.

"The hesitation which you noticed," answered he, "resulted from the conflict that takes place within me, when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject, where my understanding is at variance with the testimony of my senses. I am, equally from reason and reflection, disposed to consider with incredulity and contempt the existence of apparitions. But, a circumstance which I have witnessed with my own eyes, as far as they, or any of the perceptions can be confided in; and which has even received a sort of subsequent confirmation from other circumstances connected with the original fact, leave me in that state of scepticism and suspense which pervaded my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented by Frederick, William the First; late king of Prussia, to a small benefice situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Konigsburgh. I repaired thither, in order to take possession of my living, and found a very neat Parsonage house, where I passed the night in a bed chamber which had been occupied by my predecessor. It was, in the longest days in summer; and on the following morning, which was on Sunday, while lying awake the curtains of the bed being undrawn, and it being broad day light, I beheld

the figure of a man, habited in a long loose gown standing at a reading desk on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to turn over at intervals. On each side of him stood a little boy in whose face he looked earnestly from time to time, and as he looked he seemed always to heave a deep sigh. His countenance, pale and disconsolate, indicated severe distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects; but being impressed with too much terror and apprehension to rise, or to address myself to the appearance before me, I remained for some time a silent and breathless spectator, without uttering a word or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the two little children one in each hand, he led them slowly across the room: my eyes eagerly following him, till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind the iron stove which stood at the farthest corner of the apartment.

"However deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and however incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind, to get up; and having hastily dressed myself I left the house. The sun was long risen and directed my steps to the church, I found it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the Chancel, my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene which had recently passed, that I endeavoured to dissipate the recollection, by considering the objects around me. In almost all the Lutheran churches of the Prussian dominions, it is an established usage to hang up against the walls of some part of the building, the portraits of the successive pastors or clergymen who have held the living. A number of paintings, rudely performed, were suspended in one of the Aisles. But I had no sooner fixed my eyes on the last range, which was the portrait of my immediate predecessor, than they became rivetted to the object; as I instantly recognized the same face which I had beheld in my bed chamber, though not clouded by the same deep expression of melancholy or distress.

"The sexton entered, as I was still contemplating this interesting head, and I immediately began a conversation with him, on the subject of the persons who had preceded me in the living. He remembered several incumbents, concerning whom, respectively, I made various inquiries, till I concluded by the last, relative to whose history I was particularly inquisitive. "We considered him," said the sexton, "as one of the most learned and amiable men who have ever resided among us. His charities and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days, by a lingering illness, the cause of which has given rise to many unpleasant reports among us, and which still form matter of conjecture. It is however commonly believed that he died of a broken heart." My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance, I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or had heard, on the subject. "Nothing," answered he, "is absolutely known, but scandal had propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connection with a young woman of the neighborhood, by whom, it was even asserted, that he had two sons. As a confirmation of the report, I know that there certainly were two children, who have been seen at the parsonage; boys of about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared, sometime before the decease of their supposed father, though to what place they are sent, or what has become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain, that the surmises and unfavorable opinions formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated, if they did not produce the disorder, of which our late pastor died; but he is gone to his account, and we are bound to think charitably of the departed."

"It is unnecessary to say with what emotions I listened to this relation, which recalled to my imagination, and seemed to give proof of the existence of, all that I had seen. Yet, unwilling to suffer my mind to become enslaved by phantoms, which might have been the effect of error or deception, I either communicated

to the Sexton the circumstances which I had just witnessed, nor even permitted myself to quit the chamber where it had taken place. I continued to lodge there, without ever again witnessing any similar appearance; and the recollection itself insensibly began to wear away as the autumn advanced. When the approach of winter rendered it necessary to light fires through the house, I ordered the iron stove that stood in the room, and behind which the figures which I had beheld, together with the two boys, seemed to disappear, to be heated for the purpose of warming the apartment. Some difficulty was experienced in making the attempt, the stove not only smoking intolerably, but emitting a most offensive smell. Having, therefore, sent for a blacksmith to inspect and repair it, he discovered in the inside, at the farthest extremity, the bones of two small human bodies, corresponding perfectly in size, as well as in other respects with the description given me by the sexton, of the two boys who had been seen at the parsonage. This last circumstance completed my astonishment, and appeared to confer a sort of reality on an appearance, which might otherwise have been considered as a delusion of the senses. I resigned the living, quitted the place, and returned to Konigsburgh; but it has produced upon my mind the deepest impression, and has, in its effects given rise to that uncertainty and contradiction of sentiment which you remarked in my late discourse." Such was Count Felkeshheim's story, which, from its singularity appeared to me deserving of commemoration, in whatever contempt we may hold similar anecdotes.

BATTLE OF THE MOSKWA.

From the Edinburgh Review of Labaume's Narrative of the Campaign in Russia.

The action commenced precisely at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 7th; and the chief object of contest, where our author was stationed, was a redoubt in the centre of the position. This redoubt was attacked and carried by the French, after a tremendous loss. It was then stormed by the Russians, under the fire of 300 pieces of cannon, and they were advancing to strike a decisive blow against the French centre, when their progress was arrested by general Friand, who with a battery of 21 pieces of cannon, carried death and destruction into their ranks. The interesting narrative of our author thus proceeds: "The Viceroy seized this decisive moment, and flying to the right, ordered a simultaneous attack of the grand redoubt, by the first, third and fourteenth divisions. Having arranged all three in order of battle, these troops advanced with cool intrepidity. They approached even the entrenchments of the enemy, when a sudden discharge of grape shot from the whole of their artillery, spread destruction through our ranks. Our troops were staggered at this fatal reception; but the Prince knew how to reanimate their spirits, by calling to recollection of each regiment the circumstances in which they had formerly covered themselves with glory. To one he said, 'Preserve that courage which has gained you the title of invincible'; to another, 'Remember that your reputation depends on this day'; then turning to the 9th of the line, he said to them with motion, 'Brave soldiers, remember you were with me at Wagram, when we broke the enemy's centre.' By these words, and still more by his example, he inflamed the valor of his troops to such a degree, that shouting with joy, they again marched with ardor to the redoubt. His highness riding along the line, arranged the attacks with the utmost coolness, and led it himself at the head of Broussier's division. At the same instant a division of cuirassiers, from the centre of the army, rushed on the redoubt, and offered to our astonished sight a grand and sublime spectacle. The whole eminence, which overhung us, appeared in an instant a mass of moving iron; the glittering of the arms, and the rays of the sun reflected from the helmets and the cuirasses of the dragoons, mingle with the flames of the cannon that on every side vomited forth death, gave to the redoubt the appearance of a volcano in the midst of the army.

"The enemy's infantry, placed near this point, behind a ravine, kept up so destructive a fire on our cuirassiers, that they were obliged immediately to retire. Our infantry

lost their place, and the redoubt to the right and left recommended a furious combat with the Russians, whose efforts cost them our own.

"The Viceroy and his staff, in spite of the enemy's tremendous fire, remained at the head of Broussier's division, followed by the 10th and 20th regiments. They advanced on the redoubt and entered by the breast work, mounted on their pieces the cannon that served them.—Prince Kutusoff, who had witnessed the progress of the guard to advance and endeavour to retake the position—They were the best of the cavalry. The shock between their cuirassiers and ours was therefore terrible; and we may judge of the fury with which both parties fought when the enemy in quitting the field, left it covered with dead.

"The interior of this redoubt presented a horrid picture. The dead were heaped on one another. The feeble cries of the wounded were scarcely heard amid the roaring of muskets, Flannels, Kerseys, Blankets, Bombazines, Black Florence, Calicoes, and other articles, were scattered over the field of battle. The parapets, which were demolished, had their embrasures entirely destroyed. Their pieces were distinguished only by the cannon, the greatest part of which were dismounted and separated from the broken carriages. In the midst of this scene of carnage, I discovered the body of a Russian cannonier decorated with three crosses. In one hand he held a broken sword, and with the other firmly grasped the carriage of the gun at which he had so valiantly fought.

All the Russian soldiers in the redoubt chose rather to perish than to yield. The general who commanded them, would have shared their fate, if his valor had not saved his life. This brave soldier had sworn to die at his post, and he would have kept his oath. Scarcely all his companions dead around him, he endeavoured to precipitate himself on our swords, and he would inevitably have met his death, had not the honor of taking such a prisoner arrested the cruelty of soldiers. The Viceroy received him with kindness and committed him to the care of Col. Asselin, who conducted him to the emperor. P. 127-142.

The Russians having evacuated their position during the night, the field of battle was immediately occupied by the French; and never perhaps, did any human eye behold such a spectacle of misery and slaughter. The ground for about the space of a square league, was literally covered with dead and wounded. In many places the bursting of shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses. The fire of the howitzers had been so destructive, that heaps of bodies lay scattered over the plain; and where the ground was not covered with the slain, it was covered with broken lances, muskets, helmets, cuirasses, or with great numbers of bullets, as numerous as the stones after a violent storm. The most horrid spectacle (continued our author) was the interior of the ravines, where almost all the wounded, who were able to crawl themselves along, had taken refuge to avoid further injury. These miserable wretches heaped one upon another, and swimming in their blood, uttered the most heart rending groans. They frequently invoked death with piercing cries, and eagerly sought us to put an end to their agonies." Such are some of the details of this terrible battle, which we lay before our readers not for the purpose of affecting their feelings, but because we think they serve to place what is called military glory in its true light;—thus in some measure to correct those false impressions under which mankind have been, in all ages, much blinded to the true nature of the warrior's exploits. They would answer a still greater purpose if they would tend to soften the hearts of those cold and calculating politicians, who make no regard without any consideration of humanity, and regard the plea of necessity as vulgar and common place, altogether unfit to be taken into account of their magnanimous liberations.

To be Rented,

That commodious and spacious house, siting on Church Street, formerly occupied by the late Mrs. Davidson, is now for boarding house. For terms apply to this office. Oct. 12, 1815.

MAR 21

(VOL. LXIII.)

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN, CORNHILL-STREET, ANNAPOLIS. Price—Three Dollars per Annum.

James Munroe, & Co. for sale at the Post-Office an assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries and Ironmongery.

From Mrs. Superfine. Second Course Cloths, Kerseymeres, Cords, Coatings, Vestings of all kinds, Flannels, Kerseys, Blankets, Bombazines, Black Florence, Calicoes, and other articles, Cotton, Coloured Cabbries, Ribbons, Cotton and Wool-Hosiery, Men's and Women's Corduroys and Velvets, Bandannas, Madras and Muslin Handkerchiefs, Shawls of various sorts, Suspender, Hat Crape, Galloons, &c. &c. Fresh Hyson Tea, Coffee, Soap, Candles, Pepper, Mustard, Pins, Latches, Screws, Hinges, Locks and Forks, Scissors, Penknives, and other articles. Also, a handsome assortment of LIVERPOOL CHINA, of which they will sell low for or on a short credit. Annapolis, September 28, 1815.

NOTICE.

The subscriber having obtained letters of administration on the estate of Anna M. Davidson late of the County of Annapolis deceased, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against the said estate to produce the same duly authenticated, and he requests all persons indebted thereto, to come forward and discharge the same immediately. Thomas H. Bowie, Admr. Sept. 14, 1815.

NOTICE.

NICHOLAS SHEPHERD, informs his friends and the public generally, that he has received a choice assortment of Fine and Second Cloths, Cassimeres and Stockings, and an assortment of Fashionable Vestings. Suitable for the season, which he will sell up to suit, on the shortest notice on the most liberal terms. Those who wish to purchase bargains will find it to their advantage to give him a call. He wanted two apprentices to the coloring business, from 12 to 15 years of age. October 5.

NEW GOODS.

Nicholas J. Watkins, has received an additional supply of Goods, consisting of best superfine London Cloths, second quality ditto, best Irish Double Milled Cassimeres, a variety of Stockings, Double and Single Cloths for Great Coats, Mole Skin Coating, Constituted Cords and Thicksets, a variety of Belles-Vestings, and Fashionable Flannel. All of which he offers for sale on reasonable terms, or will be up in the most fashionable style. Those who are disposed to buy bargains find it to their advantage to give a call. Annapolis, Sept. 28, 1815.

Notice.

David Clarke County, to wit: hereby certifies that David Clarke County, brought before me as a Justice of the Peace, a complaint against the said David Clarke, for trespassing on his enclosed, a field, about five years old, fifty hands high, a small blaze on his head, his left hind foot white, no tail, a switch tail, high hip bones, and a switch tail. Given under hand and seal of office, the 12th day of October, 1815. Samuel Broten, Junr. The owner is requested to come in, pay charges, and take away. David Clarke, Elk Ridge, Oct. 18, 1815.

By virtue of a writ of habeas corpus, the said John Hathaway is hereby committed to the custody of the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, to be kept in the County Jail, until he shall have satisfied the debt of \$100, which he owes to the said John Hathaway, and the costs of the writ. This writ was issued on the 12th day of October, 1815.