

ROETS' CORNER.

DUEL TIMES.

"DUEL TIMES, from every mouth is heard. And duller still, by many fear'd: The season has been cold and dry. The crops are small the taxes high; The hay is short, the corn is green. The pigs are poor, the cattle lean. Money's so scarce, the merchant frets, And racks his brains to pay his debts, Runs round from door to door to borrow. And gives his check to pay to-morrow. Puts off the evil hour once more, And feels relieved for twenty-four. 'Tis strange, when money makers stand At every corner of the land— When notes of every name and hue, Of white, and yellow, red, and blue, Are issued forth, the Bank to pillage. By stage-man, huckster, bank and village. A flood of filthy, ragged trash, Printed and signed for paper cash— That, with one voice, we close the fare, By crying out, that money's scarce!"

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Copy of a letter from John Lewis, a private in the 95th regiment of rifle corps, to his parents at Axminster. France, and not only that but in Paris. Thank God, July 8, 1815. Dear Father and Mother, I make no doubt you have heard of the glorious news, and I suppose you thought I was killed or wounded, but yesterday is the first day we halted since the beginning of the battle on the 18th of June, and my hands are swelled so with walking day and night, that I can scarce hold my pen. I do not know what the English newspapers say about the battle, but thank God, I am living, and was an eye witness to the beginning of the battle, to the ending of it; but my pen cannot explain to you, nor twenty sheets of paper would not contain, what I could say about it; for, thank God, I had my strength and health more on the days we were engaged than I had in my life; so what I am going to tell you is the real truth; but I think my brother Tom, as he is such a scholar, if he was to look in the newspapers, he might see what officers were killed and wounded of the 95th regiment; we have but six companies in the country, and after the battle we were only 255 privates, 3 colonels, 1 major, 15 officers, 11 sergeants, and 1 bugler, were killed; my first rank man was wounded by part of a shell through his foot, and he dropt as he was advancing. I covered the next man I saw, and had not walked twenty steps before a musket shot came side ways and took his nose clean off; and then I covered another man, which was the third; just after that, the man that stood next to me on my left hand had his left arm shot away by a nine pound shot just above the elbow, & he turned round and caught hold on me with his right hand, & the blood run all over my trowsers; we was advancing, and he dropt directly. After this, was ordered to extend in front of all our large guns, and small arms was firing at the British lines in our rear, and I declare to God, with our guns and the French guns firing over our heads, my pen cannot explain any thing like it; it was not 400 yards from the French lines to our British lines, and we was about 150 yards in front of our's, so we was about 250 yards from the French, & sometimes not 100 yards, so I leave you to judge if I had not a narrow escape of my life; as I just said, we now extended in front; Boney's imperial horse guards, all clothed in armour, made a charge at us, we saw them coming, and we all closed in and formed a square just as they came within ten yards of us, and they found they could do no good with us; they fired with their carbons on us, and came to the right about directly, and at that moment the man on my right hand was shot through the body, and the blood run out at his belly and back like a pig stuck in the throat; he dropt on his side; I spoke to him, he just said, "Lewis, I am done," and died directly. All this time we kept up a constant fire at the imperial guards as they retreated, but they oftencame to the right about and fired; and, as I was loading my rifle, not two inches above my left hand, as I was ramming down the ball with my right hand, and broke the stock and bent the barrel in such a manner that I could not get the ball down; just at that time we extended again, and my rifle was no use to me; a nine pound shot came and cut the carriage

of our company right in two; he was not above three feet from me, so I threw down my rifle and went and took his rifle, as it was not hurt at the time.—We had lost both our colonels, major, and two eldest captains, and only a young captain to take command of us; as for Col. Wade, he was sent to England about three weeks before the battle. Seeing we had lost so many men and all our commanding officers, my heart began to fail, and Boney's guards made another charge on us; but we made them retreat as before, and, while we was in square the second time, the Duke of Wellington and his staff came up to us in all the fire, and saw we had lost all our commanding officers; he himself gave the word of command; the words he said to our regiment were these— "95th, unfix your swords; left face, and extend yourselves once more, we shall soon have them over the other hill;" and then he rode away on our right, and how he escaped being shot God only knows, for all that time the shot was flying like hailstones. This was about 4 o'clock on the 18th of June, when Lord Wellington rode away from our regiment; and then we advanced like Britons, but we could not go five steps without walking over dead and wounded; and Boney's horses of the imperial guards, that the men was killed, was running loose about in all directions.—If our Tom had been a little more in the rear, he might have caught horses enough to had a troop or two like Sir John Delaple. Lord Wellington declared to us this morning that it was the hardest battle that he had ever seen fought in his life; but now, thank God, all is over, and we are very comfortable in Paris, and I hope we shall remain here and have our christmas dinner in Paris, for London cannot compare to it; I hardly know how to spare time to

and not a person to be seen, but all locked up, and window shutters fastened. There is at this time, upwards of 700,000 soldiers in Paris and the suburbs, but as for Boney & his army, it is gone, God knows where. When I have my answer to this, shall write you again. Hope to sleep sound to night, so no more from your affectionate son. JOHN LEWIS.

From the George-Town Messenger.

The following beautiful effusion on FILIAL PIETY, was delivered by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. in his speech before the High Court of Parliament of England, on the trial of Warren Hastings, Esq. late Governor General of Bengal, for high crimes and misdemeanors, and on that particular article which charges him with compelling the Nabob of Oude to seize by force on the revenues and treasures of the two Begums (or Princesses) of Oude, the one his mother the other his grandmother.

"FILIAL PIETY! it is the primal bond of society! it is that instinctive principle, which panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man! It now quivers on every lip! It now beams from every eye!—it is that debt of gratitude which softening under the sense of recollection good is eager to own the vast, the countless debt it ne'er alas! can pay—for so many long years of unceasing solicitude, honourable self denials, life preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love!—it asks no aids of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing paramount over all, whether law or human rule—few arguments, can increase, and none can diminish it!—not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege, it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—when the bosom glows with the idea of reverberated love—when to requite on the visitations of nature and return the blessings that have been received!—when what was emotion fixed into vital principle—what was instinct habituated into a master-passion—sways all the sweet energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—alids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life—to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explore the thoughts—explain the aching eye.

The following affecting narrative of a distressing shipwreck in the bay of Calais, copied from the Paris *Moniteur*, is rendered the more interesting by the generous warmth with which the French editor records the heroic exertions of the English sailors to relieve his suffering countrymen.

Calais, April 17.

Yesterday the wind blowing from N. N. E. with extreme violence, had rendered the sea frightful, and all approach to the coast dangerous. When about 11 o'clock A. M. the time of high water, there was seen a small French vessel (which is since known to be the *Leonora*, from L'Orient of 72 tons, with seven men, bound from Nantes to Dunkirk, with a cargo of grain,) beating up painfully against the fury of the waves. The captain, Huard, thinking, no doubt, that it would be safer to attempt entering the port of Calais than lying out at sea, determined on the former: and, although he had neither a pilot on board, nor any personal knowledge of the coast, he hazarded an effort to carry it into execution; but overpowered by the force of the winds, the currents and the waves, he was driven on the works to the east of the port, where he struck. The danger soon became imminent, and the wrecks thrown on shore announced the certain death of the seven unfortunate mariners. Numerous witnesses of this scene of desolation lamented that they could offer no assistance. At this moment there was seen advancing with force of oars, a pinnace-boat sent from the British yacht called the *Royal Sovereign*, which had carried to this port the Duke of Orleans some days ago. This boat, commanded by Lieutenant Charles Moore, who had under him eight sailors from the crew of the yacht, advanced with intrepidity in spite of the dangers by which, it was surrounded. Captain Owen, the commander of the yacht, displaying a zeal worthy of the greatest praise, stood upon the extremity of the pier,

and cheered by his gestures and his voice the brave and intrepid Lieutenant and his eight sailors, & although he was incessantly covered with the waves that dashed against the pier, he perseveringly maintained his painful and dangerous position for the purpose of pointing out, together with M. Sagot, the port captain, and some other French officers, the measures proper to be adopted, and of adding, if possible, to the necessary means of assistance.

"Up to this time the danger had been increasing on board the wrecked vessel, and already had several men lost their lives, when three were seen still to survive, and to implore assistance. Meanwhile, the generous and intrepid Lieutenant Moore, with his eight seamen, neglected within a little distance of the wreck, and by means of a rope which they threw out to the vessel, saved two of these unfortunate men. Not being able longer to keep their position, the boat returned to the pier to land these two, when Captain Wilkinson, the master of the English packet the *Dart*, of Dover, generously threw himself into the boat, at the hazard of his life, to assist in this manœuvre. There remained still on the wreck, another survivor, who had bound himself to the mast with a rope, that he might not be washed overboard. The desire of crowning this fine action by rescuing another victim from the waves, inspired regrets into the courageous Lieut. and his crew. They returned anew to face a danger, the force of which they had already measured, and had nearly reached the boat, the gallant lieutenant standing up and directing the rowers, when a wave, more impetuous than the rest broke over the pinnace, overthrew and precipitated into the waters this generous officer, who instantly disappeared. A feeling of consternation struck with terror and regret the numerous spectators of the scene. The lieutenant, however, after having passed under his boat, recovered himself, and rose to the surface, where he was immediately taken up by his sailors, and replaced in the boat. The courage of this generous man was not slackened by the threatened death which he had so miraculously escaped; he lost not the presence of mind that belongs to true intrepidity, and he returned with heroic perseverance towards the perishing individual for whose safety he hazarded his own. The difficulties of the situation increased; the French sailor, too much weakened, had lost courage, but seeing the boat return to his assistance, he unbound himself, and endeavouring to make an effort for his own salvation, he precipitated himself into the sea, where he was seen to float for an instant, and then to sink for ever. All assistance had now become useless; the English boat now returned to port, where the generous men who had given so noble an example of their rare intrepidity received the testimonies of that satisfaction with which every spectator was so deeply penetrated.

Yesterday evening, on the ebbing of the tide, the wrecked vessel was left on the dry sand, and a part of the corn was got out; the greatest part of the cargo, however, will be lost."

To Travellers.

Persons travelling to Baltimore will find it much the nearest and best road by way of the "Middle Ferry," formerly Holland's ferry, which is now kept in good order, and constant attendance, by Henry Johnson and Wm Arnold; where liquors and horse feed can be had. The road between the ferry and Baltimore has lately been straightened and improved, and is only three miles from the ferry to Mrs. Carroll's Bridge, where it intersects the Washington turnpike road.

Jan. 1, 1817. one year.

That most Valuable and Highly improved FARM,

Known by the name of the

HAYLANDS,

Containing near fifteen hundred acres, situated nine miles below Annapolis, on the navigable waters of Rhode River, and more particularly described in this paper in January and February last, is still offered for sale. If desired the lower tract will be divided into small parcels, and sold separate. A letter addressed to me in the city of Baltimore, will be attended to.

James Carroll. May 15. 6

NEW STORE.

G. & J. BARBER & CO. Return their thanks to their friends and the public in general for the purchase bargains to give them as they have just received a large and general assortment of Dry Goods; Groceries; China; Liverpool & Hass Woollen Ironmongery & Cutlery; Wallers' Prime Grain and Grain Sythes. Paints & Oils. A few hundred bushels of Oats & Corn New Herring's & New England Potatoes, by the Barrel, &c. June 3.

Taken up adrift.

By the subscribers on the 24th of May, on the upper end of Parkers Island, a Bateau, about 24 feet long and four feet wide, pitched over, and has a new piece put in on the larboard bend, under the rowlocks, three holes, two main sheet cleets, one on and a tow line with a cast-iron sink the owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take away, Samuel Murray, Levi Waynes. June 5. 3

NOTICE.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the court of Anne Arundel county, in the state of Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Samuel W. Clagett, late of the county aforesaid deceased. It is therefore requested that all persons who have claims against the said deceased, to bring them in legally authenticated, and all those who are in any manner indebted to the estate to make immediate payment to Walter Clagett, Esq. June 5. 3

SEVERN CHURCH.

Those persons who have been so friendly disposed as to have become subscribers for said building, please to pay their respective contributions to either of the subscribers, to enable them to procure the necessary materials for the mechanics, &c. John Sewell, Matthias Hammond, Augustus Gambrell. June 5. 3

The Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland.

By a resolution passed at the convention, (having determined to publish a volume of Transactions annually) appointed the subscribers a committee of revision and publication. They beg leave respectfully to inform the faculty, generally, that they are ready to receive any communication they may think proper to address to them (postage paid) and that they will be duly attended to. As a considerable number of communications have been already received, it is confidently expected the first volume will be published during the approaching summer. NATHL. PORTER, RICHD. W. HULL, JNO. OWEN. May 6. 3

Boarding House.

MRS. ROBINSON. Has removed to the House lately occupied by Mr. William Brewer, opposite the Farmers Bank of Maryland, where Ladies and Gentlemen may be accommodated with Boarding by Day, Week, Month or Year. Mrs. Robinson will use every exertion to give satisfaction to those who may favour her with their patronage. Annapolis, May 29, 1817. 4

NEW GOODS.

H. G. MUNROE, Has recently received an extensive assortment of

SEASONABLE GOODS.

Among which are:— Uncommonly cheap superfine cloth, blue, black, jaconet, leno, figured, corded muslins; silk and cotton hose; sorted; linen cambrics and handkerchiefs; Irish linens, sheetings, diapers, &c. assorted; gingham, calicoes & seersucker; blue, white & yellow nankas; long steam loom and colerain shirtings; jetted florence and satins; linings & ribbons; sorted; twilled cotton cassimeres; 3-4 & 6-4 dimities do. super & common; ticking; India sheeting; cottons; laces; white Russia sheetings; ticklenburgs; a variety of other articles in the Dry Goods line too numerous to particularize. He has, as usual, fresh teas, choice Wines, by the quarter cask or small quantity; brandies, spirit, gin, sugar, &c. old and common whiskey by the small or large quantity. Also, acythes, hoses, spades and nails assorted; together with a variety of articles of Ironmongery. All which will be disposed of cheaply, or to punctual customers. Persons whose Accounts have been due twelve months, or more, are earnestly requested to make immediate payment. He has for sale, on commission, the following:—Loaf, Lump and Piece Sugar; at the following prices per hundred, but not to be sold to the best loaf 22 cts. Lump 20 cts. 21 & 23 cts. per pound. May 29. 4

MARY

[VOL. LXX]

PRINTED AND

JONAS G

CHURCH-STREET

Price—Three Dol

WHICH CHARGABLE.

Doctor Thos. Bourne's heir.

Capl. Walter Smith's heirs.

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