

POETS CORNER.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

Oh! could we in old age renew
The glance of soul, the look endearing,
With what delight we would pursue
Life's rugged path, while love was cheering...

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

From a Sermon on "Domestic Happiness," by the Rev. Mr. ...
Oh, what so refreshing, so soothing,
So satisfying, as the placid joy of home!

Behold the man of science. He drops
The labour and painfulness of research,
Closes his volume, soothes his wrinkled brows,
Leaves his studies, and unbending himself,
Stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes,
And mingles with the diversions of his children.

He will not blush that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part,
But bend his sturdy back to any toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.

Take the man of trade. What reconciles
Him to the toil of business? What enables
Him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence
Of customers? What rewards him
For so many hours of tedious confinement?

By and by the season of intercourse will arrive;
He will be embosomed in the caresses
Of his family, he will behold the desire
Of his eyes, and the children of his love,
For whom he resigns his ease; and in their well-fare
And smiles, he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer—He has borne
The burden and the heat of the day—
The descending sun has released him from
His toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose.
Half way down the lane, by the side
Of which stands his cottage, his children
Run to meet him, one he carries and one he leads.
The companion of his humble life
Is ready to furnish him with his plain repast.

See his toil worn countenance assume
An air of cheerfulness; his hardships
Are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and
Is satisfied; the evening falls, he walks with
Unwearied head around his garden; enters
Again and retires to rest, and the rest
Of the labouring man is sweet whether he eat
Little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely,
Lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to
Thy comfort! "Peace be to this house."

Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
Thy homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser.

A short time since we published a
Roman poem, translated from Korner, on
the death of Hofer, the Tyrolese chief.
We have thought it probable that a concise
account of a man who distinguished himself
so much in attempting to defend the liberties
of his country, and who perished in
that attempt, might not be uninteresting
to our readers. The following facts are taken
from the Edinburgh Review of a work
entitled, "The French Invasion of Tyrol."
We have condensed the story as far as was
practicable.

In the year 1809, when the war between
Austria and Bonaparte was upon the point
of breaking out, the government of the
former country judged that a useful diversion
might be effected, by stimulating the
Tyrolese to throw off the yoke which had
been imposed upon them by the French
and Bavarians. Confidential emissaries
were set to work in the country itself.
Deputations were also despatched to Vienna,
who returned with instructions to exhort
the Tyrolese to take arms as soon as the
Bavarians attempted either to enforce the
military conscription, to demolish the bridges,
or to adopt any other measures with a
view to the ulterior defence of the country,
in the event of its being the seat of war.

Early in the month of February a secret
conference took place between the principal
one, ANDREW HOFER, an innkeeper
at Passveyr, and Joseph Speckbacher, a
substantial yeoman, possessing a good farm
in the village of Gradenvald. Hofer and
Speckbacher, had been acquainted for
three or four years, and had enjoyed frequent
opportunities of interchanging sentiments
on political subjects, and Hofer, who
had been appointed by the Austrian government
chief commander of the district of
Passveyr, easily persuaded his friend Speckbacher
to take an active part in the projected
insurrection.

The first blow was struck on the 10th of
April—the peasants of Unterale compelled

ing the Bavarian troops, who were endeavoring
to retake the bridge of St. Lawrence, to retreat.
The whole country now almost instantaneously rose,
and in a few days upwards of twenty thousand
armed peasants were assembled around Innspruck,
where was a Bavarian garrison. This
success raised the spirits of the peasants to
a high degree of enthusiasm, which was
manifested in various kinds of extravagant
conduct religious as well as military.

Various expedients had been resorted to,
for the purpose of informing the inhabitants
on the banks of the river Inn, that it was
time to begin the conflict; such as floating
a plank with a little pennon affixed to it,
down the stream—Speckbacher commanded
the peasants in the Lower Inn, and directed
the capture of Hall, the chief town of the
district. It was necessary, first to ascertain
the resources of the garrison. He accomplished
this by entering the fortress in disguise,
and counting the intoxication, he crept
up to the buildings which he wished to
examine. The sentinels drove him away
but not until he had gained the necessary
information. The Bavarians having attempted
to lay contributions on a neighboring
village, the peasants withstood them,
and Speckbacher, having rapidly drawn
together a considerable number of men,
took an expedition on a monastery, which
the Bavarians had fortified. As the flames
of the monastery discovered the positions
of the Tyrolese, he ordered them to cease
firing, and then making 40 of his men take
the trunk of a large tree, and use it as a
battering ram, the door of the convent soon
gave way.—By his directions, a large body
of armed peasants had assembled at Absam,
where was an image of the Holy Virgin.

Neither Speckbacher hastened immediately
after storming the convent, and the Tyrolese
remained stationed there all night.
The monks and children who had remained
in the village had fired the beacons on
the left bank of the Inn, and by midnight
all the heights were in a blaze. Deceived
by this stratagem, the garrison concluded
that if the peasants were bold enough to
insult the town, the attack would be made
from that quarter. But before day break,
Speckbacher and his men, advanced silently
toward the opposite side of the walls. When
the bell rang for matins, the drawbridge
was let down, and the gate opened, when
the ambushed Tyrolese rushed in, mastered
the guard, and got possession of the town,
with the loss of only two of their number.
The Bavarian prisoners were sent away
under an escort principally composed of women,
which they considered a studied insult,
but which was in truth a matter of necessity,
the male population being drawn
off to Innspruck.

A reverse of fortune soon after occurred.—
The Duke of Dantzic, after the battle of
Ratisbon, entered Saltzburgh, at the head
of the French and Bavarians. The Austrian
military forces at that place were under
the command of the marquis of Chasteller,
a man destitute of talents. He suffered himself
to be detected, and was disgraced, fled—and
then offered to negotiate. Instead of closing
with the offer, the Bavarian General
Wrede, produced an order from Bonaparte
to bring Chasteller to a military commission
and execution. Alarmed by this, he secretly
left the Tyrol, to the extreme disappointment
and mortification of Hofer, and the other
Tyrolese chiefs.

Innspruck was entered by the Duke of
Dantzic and Wrede on the 19th of May;
and the peasants, armed or unarmed, and
without regard to age or sex, were butchered
without mercy, and in the most inhuman
manner. Upon this event taking place, Speckbacher
was forced to retreat, and it became
indispensable for him to hazard an interview
with Hofer. To accomplish this perilous
object, he set out in the evening accompanied
by George Zoppel and Simon Leckner,
two brave men—and in the night, the three
Tyrolese were encountered by a body
of Bavarian dragoons, to the number
of a hundred. Speckbacher and his two
friends concealed themselves, and fired upon
the enemy from their ambush, and then ran
up the rocks and fired from another place;
upon which the Bavarians, imagining that
they were attacked by a large body of sharp
shooters fled in confusion. Speckbacher
promised to co-operate. Hofer pledged
himself, on his return, to convey this intelligence
to the inhabitants across the river,
adopted the following expedient, suggested
by Zoppel and a servant maid. The girl
first crossed the bridge, and nothing being
found upon her, she was suffered to pass.
Then Zoppel came, followed by Speckbacher's
great pointer dog, in whose woolly
tail the de-patches were concealed. While
the sentinels were searching Zoppel the
girl called the dog, who brushed by the
soldiers and ran up to her, and in that way
the intelligence was transmitted.

Some time after, Hofer collected a
body of Tyrolese in the neighborhood
of the abbey of Wilten, near the foot of the
mount Ison.—Here he was attacked by the
Bavarians—the action was indecisive, but
was renewed 4 days after, and ended in
their total defeat. In this battle, in order
to deter the Bavarians from attacking a
weak point of the Tyrolese positions,
Speckbacher threw up an entrenchment,
mounted with trunks of trees, so cut and
placed as to resemble field pieces, and then
led muskets together and discharged them
at once, thereby producing so loud a report
as to deceive their enemies, and keep
them at a respectful distance. Speckbacher
was followed in the morning of this day
by his son Andrew, a lad of ten years
old. As the battle grew warmer, Andrew
was ordered to quit the field.

He returned, however, and received a
blow from his father. He retired a small
distance, and employed himself in watching
the shot as they struck the ground, and
dug them out with his knife. The next
morning he brought his hat full of them to
his father, and begged him to use them,
as he had heard they were in want of ammunition.
The example and eloquence
of St. Francis, contributed much to this victory.
The Bavarians retreated across the
Inn, and the spirits of the Austrians being
raised by the battle of Aspern, the emperor
informed the Tyrolese that he would never
conclude any treaty of peace, except such
as would bind them indissolubly to Austria.

Speckbacher, with his peasants, and some
Austrians under count d'Esquille, laid
siege to the fortress of Kupstern, adjoining
an open town of the same name, near the
Bavarian frontier. The town was in the
Bavarian interest; and the women used
to steal into the Tyrolese camp to gain intelligence,
and were kindly received by the
peasants. Speckbacher caught two of

these women, and shaved their heads,
which put an end to their visits.
The battle of Wagrain changed the face
of Austrian affairs; the Emperor accepted
an armistice, by which it was stipulated
that the Tyrol should be forthwith evacuated.—
After publishing a proclamation, in
which the Tyrolese were advised to lay
down their arms, and rely on the clemency
of the Duke of Dantzic, the Austrians
evacuated Innspruck, leaving that country
at the mercy of the French and Bavarians.
Hofer was in despair. Not so with Friar
Joachim. Having performed solemn rights
to the memory of the holy Martyr, St. Caspian,
he laid aside his breviary and his
beads, and calling together three of his
disciples—Martin Schewel, Peter Mayer,
and Peter Kemerater, he showed them a
letter from Hofer, in which he begged them
to make one more effort in defence of
their beloved valleys.—Joachim returned
to Clausen, where stimulated by his eloquence,
the young and old flew to arms,
and being assembled by Mayer and Kemerater,
they joined him the same night.

Next morning the parish priest of Weiten-
dale came up with reinforcements; and the
Friar broke down a bridge over which the
enemy might have crossed.
Leckner's plan was to make himself master
of Braxen, which the conquest of the
lower Tyrol would have been insured, and
with this view he entered the mountainous
district occupied by Speckbacher, and his
party. The Tyrolese defended themselves
with great obstinacy.—In one day the French
lost 1200 men including 53 officers, which
were killed out by their opponents. They
also burned an Alpine bridge over the Eis-
sack. A Bavarian horseman attempted
to lead on the charge through the midst of
the flames, but the blazing beams gave way
beneath the horse's feet, and both were
precipitated into the depth below.—The desolatory
fighting continued for many days—the
peasants assembled from all quarters—Hofer
with his followers joined them—and the
French, fearful of being surrounded in the
defiles, began to retreat, which soon became
a disorderly flight, the Tyrolese hanging up
their rear, and greatly annoying them,
while the Duke of Dantzic, to avoid being
surrounded by their marksmen, marched on
foot in the uniform of a common soldier.

On the 12th August another battle was
fought near Wilten and Ison. It began at
6 o'clock in the morning and continued till
nearly midnight, when victory was decided
in favour of the Tyrolese. The loss of
the enemy was not known—1200 wounded
fell into the hands of the Tyrolese, and the
field was covered with dead. The Tyrolese
lost about 200.

The entire direction of both civil and
military affairs now fell upon Hofer, and
in the management of them, he discovered
an inconsiderable share of talent, and at
the same time, he preserved the most primitive
simplicity of appearance and character.
He first turned his attention to the concerns
of religion—then to the courts of justice;
and excused himself, in a variety of ways,
to maintain a peace and good order among
the people.

While Hofer was thus governing at Inns-
pruck, Speckbacher had been actively employed
on the Bavarian frontiers. One morning,
when he was busy in writing, the sound
of drums and fifes drew him to the window.—
There he saw a company of Tyrolese militia
approaching the house, at the head of which
was an armed boy. It was his son Andrew,
who had escaped from the Alps, whether he
had been sent to a place of safety, and who
had already been a month in the company
of the soldiers. From this moment Andrew
never quitted his father's side.

The French, relieved from other greater
objects, were preparing with their allies,
the Bavarians, to bring the Tyrolese war
to a close. On the 18th of October, Speck-
bacher, was unexpectedly attacked and sur-
rounded by the Bavarians.—The Tyrolese
lost the flower of their troops, and little
Andrew was taken prisoner. Speckbacher
was struck to the ground, and nearly killed,
by the blows which he received from the
but end of a musket. He escaped, however,
with the remnant of his men, by climbing
a steep and rocky mountain, where the
Bavarians could not follow them. When
he discovered the loss of his son, wounded
and bleeding as he was, he resolved
to attempt a rescue, but the men were
panic struck, and refused obedience. The
boy was told by the Bavarians that his
father was dead; and to confirm their de-
clarations, they shewed him Speckbacher's
saber and part of his dress.—Upon seeing
these, Andrew burst into tears, but utter
a little while checked himself, and marched
on in sullen silence with the rest of the
prisoners. At Munich he was presented to
the king, who treated him kindly, and placed
him in the Royal Seminary.

The French and Bavarians having entered
the Tyrol, Hofer evacuated Innspruck.
The defence was, however, still kept up in
the mountains, till on the 4th of November,
Hofer wrote to Speckbacher, that he had
sad news to communicate.—The Austrians
had signed a treaty of peace with
France, in which the Tyrol is completely
forgotten.

The peace was officially announced, and
the threat of military execution held out
against such as should be found in arms.—
Hofer, notwithstanding, delayed his submission,
and in many districts the war was re-
newed. The disturbed districts were gradually
reduced; the villages were burnt;
the male inhabitants shot or hanged; the
women and children driven to perish in
the mountains; and the catastrophe was
wound up by the death or flight of the principal
leaders. Hofer was hunted out of his hiding
place, and conveyed to Mantua, where
he was tried by a military commission, and
notwithstanding an eloquent defence made
by his advocate Basosi, he was shot on the
following day. Peter Mayer was twice
tried, and was also shot, in pursuance of
the second sentence. Friar Joachim fled
first into Switzerland, and from thence to
Vienna, where the Emperor gave him a
pension. Every exertion was made by the
Bavarians to take Speckbacher, and a
wretch, tempted by the reward set upon his
head, having betrayed him, they nearly suc-
ceeded. He however escaped by leaping
from the roof of the house where he had
entered in search of food, and which he
was surrounded, and escaped to a neighbouring
forest. There he wandered for nearly
a month, until, by an affecting chance he
met with his wife and children, who had
also sought an asylum in the woods. The
little ones were starving with cold and hun-
ger; and their sufferings induced him to
venture into a village named Voldersburg,
where he placed his family under the care
of a trusty friend.

Being again tracked by his persecutors, and in
a cavern on one of the highest rocks, and in

which the Chamois goats were wont to herd
in bad weather, afforded him a secure, but
inconvenient refuge. George Zoppel, who
fidelity had never been shaken, had well
provisioned it with meal and raked meat;
and to enable him to sell his life as dearly as
possible had also furnished him with several
muskets, and a large supply of ammunition.
He remained in the cave till the beginning
of March, when the snow began to melt.
By the fall of an Avalanche, which was
loosened from an impending cliff, his hip
bone was dislocated, which rendered him
incapable of re-ascending to his cavern; and
he had no alternative but to return to the
valley, or to perish on the spot with pain
and hunger. A tedious and distressing journey
brought him to his friend's house at Vol-
dersburg, which his wife had quitted.—
There he was kindly received, and surgical
assistance obtained; and the soldier that af-
forded it, carried his patient on his back to
Kinn, where Speckbacher's wife and family re-
sided. The town was filled with Bavarian
Troops; and lest the incautious tenderness
of his wife should betray the arrival of her
suffering husband, Zoppel prudently avoid-
ed impaling the event to her, but he dug a
hole in the cow house, sufficiently large to
contain Speckbacher, in which he was placed,
and covered with fodder and manure,
breathing holes being carefully reserved.
From this living grave he emerged, when
he was sufficiently recovered to be able to
walk with some degree of ease; and after
incurring much inconvenience and danger,
he arrived in safety at Vienna, where, at
the date of this history he managed a farm in
Upper Austria, which had been given by
the Emperor to Hofer's family.

USEFUL TO AGRICULTURALISTS.

From the Portland Gazette.

ON CIDER MAKING.

As this business now demands our attention,
we offer a few directions for doing it,
with the hope they may be both seasonable
and useful. For the substance of this treatise
we are indebted to several writers whose
works have been before the public.

To make good cider and have it all remain
so, requires considerable experience and
care; the labour, however, is trifling. In
the first place, the fruit ought to be good—
let the first dropping unripe and worm eat-
ten apples, be picked and given to the swine.
These do not add to the quantity of cider,
but injure it very much. Never gather ap-
ples until they are fully ripe, or when wet
with the dew or rain; but be careful to do
it when they are perfectly dry. When gathered,
put them on a floor that is not made too
close, that the air may circulate through
them; let it be in a cool dry place, having
a covering over head, but better if the sides
of the room are plastered, and the height
more than 12 or 14 inches deep, let them
heat and spoil, here let them remain till
they are thoroughly mellow, when they
should be ground, as rotten apples ruin
cider. This should be done in the after part
of the day, and the pomace remain in the
vat over night. Be careful the mill be not
too close, as cracking the seeds will give
the liquor a bitter taste. Early in the morning
after the fruit is ground, the pomace is
to be laid in a cheese, in doing which, no
iron or tin utensils ought to be used—Let
no water be put into the pomace; but pro-
vide yourself with clean straw, and wet it
in the juice which is in the vat. After the
cheese is up, leave it to settle for an hour,
after which put on the covering, but press
it down very gently, if you wish to have the
cider fine—thirty-six hours is little time
enough to press the cider out of a cheese
capable of producing twelve barrels, and so
on in proportion. It should now be strained
as clear as possible through a fine sieve or
strainer, washing off the pulp with clear
water as often as it collects. Some persons
who pretend to be well skilled in cider-making,
run it through sand, but others are of
opinion that this robs the cider of its richest
particles.

Our author and other writers on this sub-
ject whom we have perused, have said no-
thing respecting filtering the pomace after
it has been through the operation of the first
pressing. By doing this, about one fourth
of the quantity obtained by the first press-
ing may be saved, and of a superior quality.
After the cheese is pressed and set down
as usual, it should be taken down and the
straw separated from the pomace; it may
then be ground, a person tending the mill
to feed it with the pomace. The cheese may
be put up a second time, with or without
straw. In doing this particularly the first
time, care should be taken to drop the pomace
as near the centre of the curbs as possible,
levelling it down equally on all sides not
pressing one side harder than the other.

Our labour and expense will be lost after
we have gone thus far, unless we have sweet
casks to put the liquor in. New casks are
preferred to old ones, the latter however will
answer very well if sensibly attended to.
When a cask is emptied, it should immedi-
ately with cold water, otherwise the lees will
soar and fix an acid that can hardly be re-
moved, and if long continued, dries on the
staves so hard, as to require much labour in
scrubbing it off. In this case, it should be
white-washed with lime, and after a few days
washed again; when it is rinsed perfectly
clean with cold water, pour into a hogshell
at least six gallons of boiling water. Roll
and shake the water to every part of the cask,
so as to heat on all the sides. Then pour
down the water, and lay the cask evenly but
downwards, the water running clear and
entirely off, the heat in the cask will remain
sweet and fit for use the following season.
It is best to inspect each cask before you fill it.
This is done by fixing a wire three feet long
to a chisel, and letting down the candle
through the bung hole into the cask, you
can then see every part of it on the inside as
distinctly as on the outside. If they are clean
it is best not to rinse them with water before
the liquor is put into them.

Several other methods to cleanse foul bar-
rels have been adopted, such as rinsing them
with sand and water—burning the inside,
&c. which generally have the desired effect.
Soaking and rinsing vessels with water only
is of but little use except immediately after
the cider is drawn off.

From the Exeter (N. H.) Watchman.

Chester, March 30, 1817.
For several years last past I have adopted
the following method of raising Indian corn,
and have found it successful.
No soil, but a warm, dry and good one,
ought ever to be planted with Indian corn,
for although wet and cold soils, in particular
seasons, may produce good crops, yet the
chance is so much against getting pay for
so extensive a kind of cultivation, as this
crop requires on such land, in a common

section, as to make a farmer's land
old planting such land, and planting
to prefer any other crop to corn,
and curries it.
A very important thing in raising a
crop of Indian corn, is the proper appli-
cation of the manure. It is a common
error to suppose that the more manure
a barn yard, in the fall, with mud, to be
taken from meadow land or pond water,
tanner's bark, and if these cannot be ob-
tained, with rich soil, turf and wash,
one year from the time of so covering your
drappings of the cattle, from the barn,
been thrown upon it, and well mixed
the summer, by ploughing or digging
several times over, take out the manure
for every acre you intend to plant, and
square and flat heap. In the fall, take
from your hovel, or stable, five cart loads
of unfermented manure, and place it upon
top of the heap you laid out in the fall.
As early as the middle of April, dig over
the heap, as composed to four or five
zen, cut it with an axe, or pitch fork,
mix it with an iron bar, so as to mix the
new dung together; let it lie till the
rain does not fall so as to make it
throw a water. Let your ground be
ploughed, and as soon as the dung has
come hot, which, in common seasons,
is this part of the country, will be between
the first and tenth of May, put the dung
holes, and immediately drop and cover
corn, keeping all parts of the work as even
with each other as possible. The distance
I have found best, from hill to hill and
to rows, is three feet nine inches. I have
usually put eight or ten kernels in each hill,
but allow not more than three to remain.

This method of raising corn, I have prac-
tised for seven or eight years, with little
variation I find the heat in the manure being
the corn up early, of a good colour, and
vigorous growth; that the old rotten dung
is good food to the plant, in the early part
of the season; at the time of sowing, the
dung is reduced to a proper state to afford
sufficient nourishment to the corn, to make
it ear well, and the ears to be of a good size,
well proportioned, and well filled out at
the ends. This mode of raising corn, in
this section, appears much more extensive
and laborious than the common way, but,
in practice, it will be found to add very little,
if any thing, to the common mode practised.

In hoeing corn, no general rule can be
given. Hoe it as often as there are weeds,
and always before they seed; make the
large or small, high or low, according to
the ground and season. In dry ground, and
a warm season, the corn requires large
and high hills. In wet ground and a cold
season, small and low hills.

EFFECTS OF POLITICAL CHANGES.

A commission of Lunacy has issued
from the Court of Chancery
of New-York, on his Excellency
Don Martin Thompson, Minister
from the revolutionists of Buenos
Ayres. The commissioners have
reported on his utter mental inca-
pacity; but has not diverted his at-
tention from his pecuniary inter-
ests. He has a considerable sum
in the Mechanic's Bank; and ap-
propriates whatever he can lay
hold of to increase his funds. His
came to the United States in 1815
—has been gradually declining in
intellect—has become an absolute
lunatic; and is fast sinking into
idiotcy.

The Count Regnault St. Jean
D'Angely is another singular in-
stance of insanity; but his delirium
was accompanied with a wonderful
exaltation of mind. He conceived
magnificent projects. He bought
estates, ordered expensive improve-
ments, contracted for ships, &c. and
gave in payment draughts upon any
bank whose checks were offered him.
He seriously entertained the idea
of invading France with a fleet
of steam boats, and it is said, had
actually bespoken saddles for a
corps of cavalry, which he intend-
ed to embark as a part of his expe-
dition. He suffered some alarm,
however, from an idea which had
taken possession of him, that the
Bourbons had suborned persons to
poison him, and that the detection
of Madame, his wife, was a part
of the scheme of the conspiracy that
sought his life. He was several
times confined in the hospital, and
as often discharged at the request
of his friends. A week or two
since he sailed for Holland in great
gloom, making no secret of his desig-
n of detroning Louis 18th, and res-
toring the Buonaparte dynasty.

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 Hen-
ry 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 Washing-
ton turnpike road.
Jan. 1, 1817. one year.*

That most Valuable and Highly im- proved 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
now offered for sale. If desired the
whole tract will be divided into small
parcels, and sold separate. A letter
addressed to me in the city of Balti-
more, will be attended to.
May 15, 25 James Carroll.
NEW & CHEAP GOODS.

BASIL SHEPARD,

Dedicates his most unfeigned thanks
to the public, for the liberal pa-
tronage which he has received,
and informs his friends
that he has just re-
ceived a new and com-
plete stock of Fall Goods,
consisting of the following:
Best Saxon and Black Cloth,
do. Black do,
Fancy Brown do,
London Brown do,
Fashionable Mixtures,
Best doubled Milled Grab,
Second do. do,
Black Cassimere,
Grey mixed do,
Light and dark mixtures,
Paris Olive Cloth,
Fashionable Light Cord,
Black Florintines,
Best white Marseilles,
Coloured do,
Fashionable Tullinet,
Olive Cord and Flannel, &c. &c.
and a variety of other ARTICLES,
too tedious to enumerate.
Any of the above goods will be made
up to suit purchasers, in the best
manner and on the shortest notice.
Those who want bargains will find it
to their advantage to give him a call.
Oct. 9.
N. B. Country produce will be re-
ceived in part payment.

LIVERY STABLE.

The subscribers having purchased
a neat and commodious Carriage, and
handsome Gig, and having provided
themselves with a set of excellent hor-
ses, and a careful and skilful driver,
Gentlemen or Ladies may at any time
be provided with a conveyance to any
part of the State or elsewhere, by ap-
plying at their LIVERY STABLE, near
Mrs. Robinson's Boarding-House, op-
posite the Farmers' Bank of Maryland.
Gentlemen preferring to travel in
Horseback, can be supplied with good
travelling Horses. They have also
secured an excellent Ostler, and are
month or year. Gentlemen wishing
at Mrs. Robinson's Boarding-House,
may depend with the most entire confi-
dence upon having their horses care-
fully attended to.
Nunnels & Halliday
Oct. 2.

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
JONAS GREEN,
CORNER-STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Cloths and Cassimere
colours and Qualities
Corduroy and Stockings
Fashionable Vestings
Hosiery Assorted,
Irish Linen,
Russia Sheetings,
Cotton of different
Blankets,
Bandana and Mer-
chiefs,
Beaver Gloves,
Ribbons,
White and Coloured
Cambric Muslin,
Jacnet, Do.

THE STEAM BOAT SURPRISE,

Propelled by an Engine on the Ro-
tary Motion, moves with more ease
and swiftness than any Steam Boat in
the United States. To guard against
the accident of boilers bursting, the
sides of this Boat will be proved eve-
ry month to bear double the pressure
which they are worked.—She will
leave COMMERCE STREET WHARF
every MONDAY and THURSDAY,
at 8 o'clock in the morning, for AN-
NAPOLIS and EASTON, via Miles
River Ferry; will leave EASTON
every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 9
o'clock for ANNAPOLIS and BAL-
TIMORE. She will leave Commerce-
street wharf every WEDNESDAY
and SATURDAY, for CENTRE
VILLE, at 6 o'clock in the morning;
and leave Centreville at 12 o'clock the
same days for Baltimore—will take on
board and land passengers to suit their
convenience on each route. Will com-
mence running on Wednesday for Cen-
treville, and continue as above
on board, or to
George Stokes & Son, Balt.
Sept. 8. 12w

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 Hen-
ry 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 Washing-
ton turnpike road.
Jan. 1, 1817. one year.*

Which they vend far below what ANONG

Superfine London
simeres,
Second do. do,
Cords and Velvets,
12-4, 11-4, 10-4,
6-4 Rese Blank,
Striped do,
Super White and
Second do. do,
Plain and Figured
various colour

In addition to the

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
now offered for sale. If desired the
whole tract will be divided into small
parcels, and sold separate. A letter
addressed to me in the city of Balti-
more, will be attended to.
May 15, 25 James Carroll.
NEW & CHEAP GOODS.

BASIL SHEPARD,

Dedicates his most unfeigned thanks
to the public, for the liberal pa-
tronage which he has received,
and informs his friends
that he has just re-
ceived a new and com-
plete stock of Fall Goods,
consisting of the following:
Best Saxon and Black Cloth,
do. Black do,
Fancy Brown do,
London Brown do,
Fashionable Mixtures,
Best doubled Milled Grab,
Second do. do,
Black Cassimere,
Grey mixed do,
Light and dark mixtures,
Paris Olive Cloth,
Fashionable Light Cord,
Black Florintines,
Best white Marseilles,
Coloured do,
Fashionable Tullinet,
Olive Cord and Flannel, &c. &c.
and a variety of other ARTICLES,
too tedious to enumerate.
Any of the above goods will be made
up to suit purchasers, in the best
manner and on the shortest notice.
Those who want bargains will find it
to their advantage to give him a call.
Oct. 9.
N. B. Country produce will be re-
ceived in part payment.

Cut G

These, with a
store, a few do-
modating to pur-
Annapolis, O

JOHN TH

MERCIA

Has just received

Seasonal

Superfine blue,
green gre,
Second do. same
Third do. do,
Cassimere, drab,
superfine,
Same colours, sec
Stockingnets.
With a hands
Waistcoating,
With a variety of
too numerous to
any of which
in the mo-
style, at
noticed
the

Price of im-
talsons, \$1 50—
\$1 50 less in the
October 2.