

POETS CORNER.

From the Exeter Watchman. TO THE ROSE OF AUTUMN.

GEM of the mildly-closing year On nature's breast reclining! Oh! who would leave thy wilderness here For bowers, in beauty shining? Bloom then along thy native hill, By no rude hand invaded; Thy flowers, like hope, shall flourish still

When all, but thine, have faded. Go—wreath the pensive form that lies

O'er love's last mansion bending, And sink like day in summer skies. Or evening's star, descending Smile on her humble couch of rest— And droop not thus in sorrow, For cure the regions of the blest Shall be her home to-morrow.

Go— and with fading garlands bind The dark, stern brow of madness! And melt that joy-dejected mind To more than child-like sadness. Tell her of him, whose lowly grave Shall meet her dark eye, never; His pillow's the stormy wave, The deep his home forever!

Then rest thee, autumn's lingering flower, In life's last fragrance lying, And loop along thy golden bower, Still lovely, though in dying. And thou shalt seem, while fading there In ruin calm reposing, Like virtue on this scene of care Her weary eyelids closing!

From the West-Jersey Gazette. THE PRINTER.

"I pity—I pry the printer," said my uncle Toby—"in the first place, he must endeavour to please every body, and ten to one if he pleases any body: In the negligence of the moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—is inserted—and he is d—d to all intents and purposes!" "Too much the case," said my uncle, with a sigh, "too much the case." Nor is that all, continued I, he sometimes hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers—but alas! who can calculate? He inserts it, and all is over with him. They may forgive other's but they can't forgive a printer. He has a host to print for—he has fools, and he has wise men; and every dunce that knows B from a bull's foot, sets up for a critic. The pretty miss exclaims, why don't he give us more poetry and sonnets? Away with these state pieces. The politician claps his specks on his nose, and runs it over in search of violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specks off, folds them—claps them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. Soit goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly to please himself, as he is a subscriber, and thus, weekly, it is brought to the grand ordeal."

Trin could no longer contain himself, but rising and making a stride to the middle of the floor, with his arms akimbo, and his head upright, exclaimed with a loud and audible voice, "If I was a printer, an't please your honour, I'd please myself. I'd never give up the ground to any one, or renounce one sentiment. I would not be swayed by the whim, caprice, folly of every one, but would mark out a straight line and pursue it." (Here Trin traced with the point of his stick a right line from my stool.) "If I could not succeed in a plain, independent course, I'd freely kick the beam."

Q IN THE CORNER.

AN ADDRESS TO A PROUD MAN.

You, sir, are proud of your rank, your person, your personal accomplishments, and the abilities of your mind. Observe that infant sitting on the nurse's lap, and wanting all her care; its little head lies sunk upon its breast, and it is unconscious of every thing around. Such you was, who now strut so proudly, and talk so loudly.

Behold that old man who sits in the corner of the room. He is as helpless as the child, his head sinks on his breast, his eyes are fixed, his mind is gone—yet he was as young, as handsome, as accomplished, as learned as yourself; he was the pride of the youth of his day.—Such as he is now you may be.

You seem somewhat moved by these objects; step with me to the next room—Look into that coffin.—You start with horror; active and vigorous you are now, as inactive, as insignificant, as loathsome

as the body within will you lie, and incapable of resistance you will be placed in your Coffin, perhaps by those very servants, who now tremble at your sight, and dread your call—you will moulder into dust—and that head which is now your glory, to-morrow will be the sport of the Sexton, who will throw up your dust with his spade. Be ashamed then, be a man, and clothe yourself with a man's best ornament—Humility.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser.

—In silevis AUTUMNI frigore piumo, Lapsa cadunt. Via.—Virg.

While Autumn's winds in hollow murmurs sigh, In dust the grove's proud honours scatter'd lie.

The reflections produced by the revolution of the seasons are among the most pleasing as well as profitable exercises of the human mind. The heart that cannot derive instruction from their recurrence must be lost to much that is good, and pure, and holy;—and ought rather to be considered as isolated in its own narrow sphere of bigotted self-communion, than as holding anything in common with mankind. From the laughing Spring, and the golden Summer; from the sober Autumn, and Winter, 'clad in storms,' may be derived lessons of instruction, and rules for life. The analogy which they bear to the rise and decline of the human constitution ought to be too forcibly impressed upon every mind, to allow it to forget what they inculcate.

But we are at the same time compelled to acknowledge, that a dull indifference to the seasons is not always the result of apathy or of narrowness of soul. The cares of life blunt the perception, or its amusements may shut out the blasts of Winter and the breezes of Summer. The trifling gaiety which we behold pervading a large proportion of mankind, continually divert their eyes from the contemplation of nature's periodic changes. To those whose minds are steady enough to gaze upon them with delight, the present essay is more immediately addressed.

Different minds, will according to their several temperaments and habits of reflection, regard with pleasure different seasons of the year. It is natural for the young and the gay, to delight in the balmy season of returning spring; and even age itself looks upon that period with peculiar emotions of pleasure.—The school-boy and the student, alike with the fondness of fashionable dissipation, will hail the approach of Winter as affording them respectively the means of indulging in their favorite pursuits; while the agriculturalist and the lover of a rural life, would desire a perpetual Summer. We trust we shall not appear singular if we ourselves give the preference to AUTUMN, whose deep & solemnities are at a time darkening our skies and shadowing our forests.

Though poets have celebrated the charms of Spring in all the luxuriant colours of glowing imagination, yet nature cannot be said to have then assumed any garb as yet permanently pleasing; and the summer, fierce in its heats, and enervating in its influence, only deprives both mind and body of the vigour and energy they possess in more temperate seasons. The cool murmur of the fountain, and the delightful retreat of the woods tend only to add to the relaxation of the mental powers. We must exclaim with the poet of nature,

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still, A gentle mood inspires."

We are compelled to take refuge in the solemnizing season in which nature is preparing for the period of her desolation. We are then neither relaxed by the heat of summer nor frozen by the cold of winter. We can roam abroad and mark the face of nature in all her variety without the inconvenience of either; while at home, in the retirement of the closet, in the hours of solitary employment, the mind is enabled to give full scope to its power, and to bring its energies into action.

Independently however of all those physical advantages of Autumn, its influence upon the reflective mind must be considered as very profitable. When we look around us and behold the leaves strewed in mournful confusion on every side; the daisies tinged with the rust-red hues of Autumn; when we hear

the winds sighing amid the scattered victims of their progress; we are reminded that there is a time in the life of man when the visions of youth and of maturity shall have past away; when something more substantial shall be required to add comfort to life, and perpetuity to enjoyment. In Autumn we behold the various tribes of nature preparing for the approach of Winter; and fleeting birds seeking some warmer and happier climate; and many of the lesser animals sinking into that repose which their wearied frames require, or laying up their humble stores against the barrenness of the advancing season. The husbandman collects his scattered flocks and provides for their comfort; his sickle cuts the yellow grain, and his barn receives the produce of his labours.

Indeed every where are to be seen the preparations for winter; there is but ONE place where we ear they are too often forgotten—in the heart. In our figurative Autumn we forget that life is soon to close; we are indifferent about our preparations for the winter of death. We hear the blast of time howling around our heads, and quenching our glories in the dust, but we attend not to its warning voice, nor take counsel how soon this cumbrous coil of mortality is to be 'shuffled off.'

From what we have already remarked, our readers may perhaps conclude, that we are descending the vale of years and weary of life ourselves, wish to throw a gloom over the declining hours of our fellow beings. But we would not be thus understood. Our admonitions are addressed to all. The Autumn of life strange and paradoxical as it may appear, begins with its Spring, sobers the luxuriance of its Summer, and adds a melancholy colouring to the passing events of its entrance. What mortal tongue can say when the winter of death shall commence, and when the march of the destroyer shall be heard? Who can conclude for a moment, on the enjoyment of his health, or the duration of his existence? From the gloom of the future we cannot borrow one single gleam of intelligence; shrouded in impenetrable darkness must be all that is to befall us in this mortal life. We ourselves have seen and mourned over the untimely fall of those who had every reason to anticipate many years of life and health and happiness. We ourselves have beheld the destroyer pause on his desolating course to sweep into the dust the pride, office, the charms of beauty, the beams of rising intelligence. If we have been spared to witness the wreck of the past, are we to presume that we shall yet be preserved, or are we to congratulate ourselves that we still survive.

If all this be true:—(and who can deny it?)—it must appear evident how important it is to bear the awful truth in mind. It should be remembered in the night of sorrow, & the hour of gaiety. It should temper without overshadowing the exuberance of mirth, check that frivolity of disposition which is equally incompatible with our character as reasonable, and our interest as immortal beings; and give that dignity to every thought and every action, which a being like man ought to possess. Instead of throwing a gloom over life, it will only cause that mixture of pensiveness with cheerfulness, which stamps at once the mind given to reflection. It will elevate us from the grovelling propensities of corrupted nature to the contemplation of higher and holier objects. It will bid us to be continually laying in that heavenly treasure, which shall abide when the wintry storm is gone, this earthly sphere dissolved, and the heavens themselves swept away like a scroll.

But to return for a moment to the contemplation of the season itself. It is a time altogether calculated to inspire that species of melancholy, which is pleasing to the mind, and which no other season can inspire. The general pensive cast of natural scenery, the objects which surround us, the departing birds, the rustling and withered leaves, the dim and shrouded skies; all convey sensations to the heart of the observer, of deeply affecting emotion. If we make a due improvement of the season, and draw from it just lessons of instruction, the observant eye shall not hereafter behold in any of us

'The withered frame—the ruined mind, The wreck by passion left behind, The shrivelled scroll—the scattered leaf, Sear'd by the Autumn blast of grief, we shall be resigned and happy whe-

ther the gentler seasons of life and of nature are laughing around us or the storms of winter are hurrying us to the silence of the tomb.

From an English paper. EXTRAORDINARY ELEPHANTS.

The following copy of an official letter from the officer commanding the Ranghur battalion, in Bengal, to the magistrate of that Zillah (division) is, we understand, new to the public:

"I have the honour to state to you, that on the 24th of March at midnight, I received information that two elephants of an uncommon size, had made their appearance within a few hundred yards of the cantonments, and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. I lost no time in despatching all the public and private Elephants at the station in pursuit of them, and at day-break of the 25th was informed, that their very superior size, and apparent fierceness, had rendered all attempts for their seizure unavailable, and that the most experienced driver was, unhappily, wounded, the Elephant on which he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, which, with its companion, had afterwards retreated to a sugar plantation adjoining the village of Juspore. I immediately ordered out the guns of this place; but being very desirous, in the first instance, to try every means of catching them, I assembled the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, with the assistance of a Raja Ragnaut Sing, and caused two deep pits to be prepared on the edge of the sugar cane plantation, in which our elephants and people, with the utmost difficulty, contrived to retain these animals during the day. When the pits were reported ready, we repaired to the spot, and they were, with much difficulty driven into them, but unfortunately one of the pits did not prove sufficiently deep, and the elephant that escaped from it (in the presence of many witnesses) assisted his companion out with his trunk; both were, however, bro't back with much trouble, to the sugar cane plantation, and no particular instance of vice and fierceness having appeared in the course of the day, I was anxious to make another trial to catch them. The pioneers, therefore, set to work to deepen the old, and prepare new holes, against day-break, when I proposed making the final attempt.

At 4 o'clock in the morning of yesterday, however, they burst through all my guards, and making for a village three miles distant, entered with so much rapidity, that the horsemen who galloped in front of them, had not time to apprise the inhabitants of their danger; and I regret to say, that one man was torn limb from limb, a child trampled to death; and two women wounded. Their destruction was now become absolutely necessary, and as they appeared to show no inclination to quit the village, we gained time to bring up the four-pounders, from which they soon received round shot and abundance of grape each. The largest of the two was soon brought to the ground, by a round shot in the head, but after remaining there a quarter of an hour, apparently lifeless, he got up as vigorous as ever, and the desperation of both exceeded all description—they made repeated charges nearly within 100 yards of the guns, and had it not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillery men (who more than once turned them off by shot in the head when within a few yards of them,) many casualties must have happened. We were now obliged to desist for want of ammunition and shot; and before a fresh supply could be obtained; the Elephants quitted the village, and though streaming with blood from 100 wounds, proceeded with a rapidity, of which before I had no idea, to Hazarabang. They were at length brought up by the horsemen, and our Elephants, when within a very short space of a crowder (Bazar,) and ultimately, after many renewals of this most formidable attacks on the guns, they gave up the contest with their lives. Nineteen four pound shot have already been taken out of their bodies, and I imagine that eighteen more will be found. I have been thus particular; both because I think the transaction worthy of being recorded; and also from a hope, that you will concur with me in the propriety of an application to Government, for a compensation for the damage suffered by

the owners, of the village of Hazarabang, from the destruction of much grain, &c.—I beg to correct measurement of one of the Elephants, which will be read with surprise. I am of opinion, they must have escaped from Hyderabad, or some part of the Decan, for I have never heard of, or seen any animal of this size in this part of India. I have the honour to be,

E. R. Captain, Commanding Ranghur Battalion, Hazarabang, 29th Sept. 1810.

Length from the end of the trunk to the end of the tail, 26 9/16
Height, 11 9
Round the body, 17 8
Length from the crown of the head to beneath the jaw, 7 8
The other Elephant rather smaller.

DREADFUL VOLCANO.

Batavia, March 10. Various letters from Baujowau, mention, that towards the middle of January, the mountain Jengga, situated at about 24 leagues from Baujowau, began to break out and spread fear and desolation over the surrounding country. On the night of the 23d and 24th January there was a great eruption; immense columns of fire and smoke and inflammable substances, ascended from the mountain with a noise similar to that of thunder or artillery; the earth quaked even at Baujowau. A prodigious quantity of cinders, earth and sand vomited forth by the mountain, soon covered all the neighbouring fields, and utterly destroyed the crops of rice, which before had the most beautiful appearance. The air became so surcharged with clouds of ashes & sulphurous smoke, that it was scarcely possible to respire, and for several days after, the light of day was scarcely visible at Baujowau. The greater part of the birds have perished, and along the rivers nothing is to be seen but dead fish floating on the surface of the water. Enormous blocks of stone, and trees of a prodigious bulk were precipitated with a dreadful crash from the highest mountains, and overwhelmed in their course, houses, bridges, and every thing which they encountered. The rivers every where burst their banks, and in many places rose as high as 14 feet above their ordinary level.

The affrighted inhabitants fled from all parts towards the shore of town of Baujowau. But were stopped at every step in consequence of the roads being rendered impassable by the inundations and the destruction of the bridges. The subsequent news is somewhat discouraging; the mountain has ceased to emit any more fire; but the atmosphere continues darkened with clouds of ashes and smoke, nor has the inundations yet abated. The desolation occasioned by this distressing phenomenon is fearful; and there is a reason to apprehend that it will occasion a great scarcity of provisions. Many people are suffering under diseases occasioned by the bad quality given to the water by the ashes, and a general mortality has seized the horned cattle. In the district of Cabang a mountain tumbled down on the 27th of February, and buried eight families who dwelt under it. A similar event took place on the night of the 4th and 5th of March, in the district of Talaga, where a number of houses, with all their inmates, were in like-manner overwhelmed in ruin, and not a trace of their existence left.

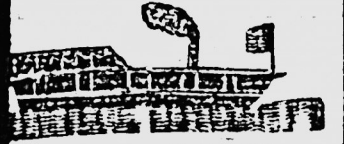
20 Dollars Reward. The above reward will be paid for lodging in gaol, or bringing home a negro Sophia, a bright mulatto woman, about eighteen years old, well grown, she has large grey eyes, and her hair rather light. The above woman was away from Col. Waring of Mount Pleasant, about the 15th Inst. whom I purchased her. She last heard of in the neighbourhood of William Tillard's near Pig-Point, where it is supposed she has been working, get a passage in the packet to Baltimore. She has acquaintances in Baltimore, Washington, Annapolis, and excepting a green stuff frock.

Upper Marlboro? Sept. 26. Wanted immediately. A Wet Nurse, for an infant 10 months old. Liberal wages will be given to one that will suit. Application to be made from the City to this Office.

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THE STEAM BOAT SURPRISE,

JONATHAN SPENCER, Master. Propelled by an Engine on the Rotary Motion, moves with more ease and swiftness than any Steam Boat in the United States. To guard against an accident of boilers bursting, the boilers of this Boat will be proved every month to bear double the pressure which they are worked.—She will leave COMMERCE STREET WHARF every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 6 o'clock in the morning, for ANNE ARUNDEL and EASTON, via Mills River Ferry; will leave EASTON every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 o'clock for ANNE ARUNDEL and BALTIMORE, and will leave Commerce Street wharf every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, for CENTREVILLE, at 6 o'clock in the morning; will 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 commence running on Wednesday for Centreville, and continue as above. For passage apply to the Captain on board; or to George Smith, Esq., Ball's Bluff, Sept. 8.

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.

Known by the name of the HAYLAND,

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 offered for sale. If desired the tract will be divided into small lots, and sold separate. A letter addressed to me in the city of Baltimore, will be attended to. May 15. 29 James Carroll, Jr.

NEW & CHEAP GOODS.

BASIL SHEPARD,

designates his most unfeigned thanks to the public, for the liberal patronage which he has received, and informs his friends that he has just received a new and complete stock of Fall Goods, consisting of the following: Black do. Grey do. Red do. Blue do. Green do. Yellow do. White do. Brown do. Purple do. Orange do. Pink do. Light do. Dark do. Paris Olive do. Fashionable Light do. Black do. White do. Coloured do. Fashionable Ties do. Olive do. And a variety too tedious to enumerate. Any of the above goods will be made to suit purchasers, in the best manner and on the shortest notice those who want bargains will find it their advantage to give him a call. N. B. Country produce will be received in part payment. Annapolis,

State of Maryland

Anne Arundel Co. October On application of Ridout, administrator, annexed, of the estate of Anne Arundel ordered that he should by law submit their claim, ceased, and that once in each week successive weeks zette and Political John Ga...

Notice is

That the subscribers court, hat oprians court of ty. in Maryland tion with the wil sonal estate of A A County, d having claims ag hereby warned t the vouchers the at or before the next, they may excluded from estate. Given u day of October.

New & C

NICHOLAS

Returns his than ronage afford his friends; he has ju self wi of ing

Best Saxon and

Fancy Brown London Brown Fashionable Mix Best doubled M Second Black Cassimere Grey mix'd do. Light do. Light and dark Paris Olive Clo Fashionable Lig Black Florentine Best white Mar Coloured Fashionable To Olive Cords and And a variety too tedious to enumerate.

State of

Anne Arundel Co. October On application of bald Dorsey, ad sey, late of A. A. ordered that he should by law submit their claim, ceased, and that once in each week successive weeks Gazette and P John Ga...

Notice is

That the sub del county, ha plans court of land, letters r personal estat of Anne Arund persons having ceased, are h the same with the subscriber of June next, law be exclude estate. Given day of October.

Classical and

The subscri Christmas, a and Latin and ing his eye o whom he wish contract, he rec to commit his care, to int on will be te can accompany his family.

Annopolis,