

POETS' CORNER.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine. LINES.

Written while at anchor in Kingston harbour, lake Ontario—on hearing from several Canadian Boats entering from the St. Lawrence, their usual songs.

Hark! o'er the Lake's unrippled wave, A distant, solemn chaut is sped: Is it some requiem at the grave? Some last kind honour to the dead?

'Tis silent all—again begun; It is the wearied boatman's lay, That hails alike the rising sun, And his last, soft, departing ray.

Forth from yon island's dusky side, The train of batteaux now appear, And onward as they slowly glide, More loud their chorus greets the ear.

But ah! the charm that distance gave, When first in solemn sounds their song Crept softly o'er the limpid wave, Is lost in notes full loud and strong.

"Row, brothers, row," with songs of joy, For now in view a port appears; No rapid here our course annoy, No hidden rocks excite our fears.

Be this sweet night to slumber giv'n, And when the morning lights the wave, We'll give our matin songs to heav'n, Our course to bless, our lives to save.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE

Of the loss of the American brig Commerce, wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in the month of August, 1815, with the account of the sufferings of her surviving crew, who were enslaved by the wandering Arabs on the great African Desert, or Zaharah; & observations Historical, Geographical, &c. made during the travels of the Author, while a slave to the Arabs, and in the Empire of Morocco. By James R. Kilty, late master and supercargo.

(Continued.)

Antonio came to the shore, as soon as he knew it was my wish, & made directly towards me. The natives expecting he would bring more money, flocked about him to receive it, but finding he had none, struck him with their fists and the handles of their daggers, and stripped off all his clothing: the children at the same time pricking him with their sharp knives, & all seemed determined to torment him with a slow and cruel death. He begged for his life upon his knees, they paid no regard to his entreaties. In hopes of saving him from the fury of these wretches, I told him to let them know by signs that there were dollars and other things buried in the sand, and to endeavour to find them by digging. A new spyglass, a hand-saw, and several other things, had been buried there, and a bag containing about four hundred dollars at a short distance from them. He soon made them understand that something was buried, and they hurried him to the spot he had pointed out, and he began to dig. I had imagined that if this man would come on shore, I should be enabled to make my escape; yet I knew not how, nor had I formed any plan for effecting it.

I was seated on the sand, facing the sea, between the old man on my left, with his spear uplifted in his hand, pointing to my breast, and the stoutest young man on my right, with a naked scimitar in his right hand, pointing to my head—both weapons were within six inches of me, and my guards within a foot on each side. I considered at this time, that so soon as any thing should be found by those who were digging, they would naturally speak and inform those who guarded me of it; these had let go of my arms some time before, and as I was pretty certain that both of them would look round as soon as the discovery of any treasure should be announced, I carefully drew up my legs under me, but without exciting suspicion, in order to be ready for a start. The place where they were digging, was partly behind us on our right, and upon their making a noise, both my guards turned their heads and eyes from me towards them, when I instantly sprang out from beneath their weapons, and flew to the beach. I was running for my life, and soon reached the water's edge: knowing I was pursued, and nearly overtaken, I plunged into the sea, with all my force, head foremost, and swam under water as long as I could hold

my breath, then rising to the surface, I looked round on my pursuers. The old man was within ten feet of me, up to his chin in water, & was in the act of darting his spear thro' my body, when a surf rolling over me, saved my life, and dashed him and his comrades on the beach. I was some distance westward of the wreck, but swimming as fast as possible towards her, whilst surf after surf broke in towering heights over me, until I was enabled by almost super-human exertion to reach the lee of the wreck, when I was taken into the boat over the stern by the mates and people.

I was so far exhausted that I could not immediately witness what passed on shore, but was informed by those who did, that my pursuers stood motionless on the beach, at the edge of the water, until I was safe in the boat; that they then ran towards poor Antonio, & plunging a spear into his body near his left breast downwards, laid him dead at their feet. They then picked up what things remained, and made off altogether. I saw them dragging Antonio's lifeless trunk across the sand hills, and felt an inexpressible pang, that bereft me for a moment of all sensation, occasioned by a suggestion that to me alone his massacre was imputable; but on my recovery, when I reflected there were no other means whereby my own life could have been preserved, and under Providence, the lives of ten men, who had been committed to my charge, I concluded I had not done wrong, nor have I since had occasion to reproach myself for being the innocent cause of his destruction, nor did any of my surviving shipmates, though perfectly at liberty so to do, ever accuse me on this point; from which I think I have an undoubted right to infer, that their feelings perfectly coincide with mine on this melancholy occasion.

Hostilities had now commenced, and we could not doubt but these merciless ruffians would soon return in force, and when able to overpower us, would massacre us all as they had already done Antonio. The wind blowing strong, and the surf breaking outside and on the wreck twenty or thirty feet high, the hope of getting to sea in our crazy long boat was indeed but faint. She had been thumping, alongside the wreck, and on a sand bank all day, and writhed like an old basket, taking in as much water as two men constantly employed with buckets could throw out. The deck and outside of the wreck were fast going to pieces, and the other parts could not hold together long. The tide, (by being low) together with the sand bar that had been formed by the washing of the sea from the bow of the wreck to the beach, had very much lessened the danger of communicating with the shore during this day; but it was now returning to sweep every thing from the wreck, aided by the wind, which blew a gale on shore every night. To remain on the wreck, or go on shore, was almost certain death; the boat could no longer be kept afloat alongside, and being without provisions or water, if we should put to sea we must soon perish. We had neither oars nor a rudder to the boat; no compass nor a quadrant to direct her course; but as it was our only chance, I resolved to try to get to sea; expecting, nevertheless, we should be swallowed up by the first surf, and launched into eternity all together.

I, in the first place, sent Porter on shore to get the two broken oars that were lying there, while I made my way through the water into the hold of the wreck, to try once more if any fresh water could be found. I dove in at the hatchway, which was covered with water, and found, after coming up under the deck on the larboard side, as I expected, just room enough to breathe, and to work among the floating casks, planks and wreck of the hold. After much labour I found a water cask, partly full, and turning it over, discovered that its bung was tight. This gave me new courage, and after unheading it, I came up and communicated the circumstance to my shipmates, and we then made search for some smaller vessel to fill from the cask. After much trouble, a small keg was found in the after hold; it might probably hold four gallons—the head of the water cask was stove in, and with the help of Mr. Savage and Clark I got the keg full of water, and a good drink for all hands besides, which was very much needed. The others were in the meantime employed in rigging out spars which we had lash-

ed together, over the stern of the wreck with a rope made fast to the outer ends, in order to give the boat headway, and clear her from the wreck, when we should finally shove off. Porter had returned with the oars, and also brought the bag of money that had been buried, containing about four hundred dollars: this he did of his own accord.

We had got the small boat's sails, consisting of a jib and mainsail, into the boat, with a spar that would do for a mast, and the brig's fore-topmast stay-sail; the keg of water, a few pieces of salt pork, a live pig, weighing about twenty pounds, which had escaped to the shore when the vessel struck, and which had swam back to us again when we were driven from the shore; about four pounds of figs, that had been soaking in salt water ever since the brig was wrecked, and had been fished out of her cabin; this was all our stock of provisions.

Every thing being now ready, I endeavoured to encourage the crew as well as I could; representing to them that it was better to be swallowed up altogether, than to suffer ourselves to be massacred by the ferocious savages; adding, that the Almighty was able to save, even when the last ray of hope was vanishing; we should never despair, but exert ourselves to the last extremity, and still hope for his merciful protection.

As we surveyed the dangers that surrounded us, wave following wave, breaking with a dreadful crash, just outside of us, at every instant, our hearts indeed failed us, & there appeared no possibility of getting safely beyond the breakers, without a particular interference of Providence in our favour. The particular interference of Providence in any case I had always before doubted. Every one trembled with dreadful apprehensions, and each imagined that the moment we ventured past the vessel's stern, would be his last. I then said, "let us pull off our hats, my shipmates, and companions in distress." This was done in an instant; when lifting my eyes and my soul towards heaven; I exclaimed, "O great creator and preserver of the universe, who now seest our distresses; we pray thee to spare our lives, and permit us to pass through this overwhelming surf to the open sea; but if we are doomed to perish, thy will be done; we commit our souls to the mercy of thee our God, who gave them; and O! universal father, protect and preserve our widows and children."

The wind, as if by divine command, at this very moment ceased to blow. We hauled the boat out; the dreadful surges that were nearly bursting upon us, suddenly subsided, making a path for our boat about 20 yards wide, thro' which we rowed her out as smoothly as if she had been on a river in a calm, whilst on each side of us, and not more than ten yards distant, the surf continued to break twenty feet high, and with unabated fury. We had to row nearly a mile in this manner; all were fully convinced that we were saved by the immediate interposition of divine Providence in this particular instance, and all joined in returning thanks to the Supreme Being for this mercy. As soon as we reached the open sea, and had gained some distance from the wreck the surf returned combing behind us with the same force on each side the boat. We next fitted the mast, and set the small boat's mainsail.

The wind now veered four points to the eastward, so that we were enabled to fetch past the point of the Cape; though the boat had neither keel nor rudder, it was sun-set when we got out, and night coming on, the wind as usual increased to a gale before morning, and we kept the boat to the wind by the help of an oar, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by the waves. We were eleven in number on board; two constantly bailing were scarcely able to keep her free, changing hands every half hour. The night was very dark and foggy, and we could not be sure of fetching clear of the land, having nothing to guide us but the wind.—In the morning, we sailed back again for the land, and had approached it almost within reach of the breakers without seeing it, when we put about again. It had been my intention after we had got to sea, to run down the coast in the hope of finding some vessel, or to discover the mouth of some river, in order to obtain a supply of water. But now the dangers and difficulties we should have to encounter in doing this were taken into consideration. If we tried to navigate along the coast, it was de-

cessary to know our course, or we should be in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces on every dark day, and every night. The thick foggy weather would prevent our seeing the land in the day time; whilst the wind, blowing almost directly on the land, would force us towards it; and endanger the safety of both the boat and our lives at every turn and point.—We had no compass to guide us either by day or night; no instrument by which to find our latitude; no rudder to steer our crazy boat with, nor were we in possession of materials where-with it was possible to make one; the boat had no keel to steady her, nor was there a steering place in her stern, where an oar could be fixed by any other means than by lashing to the stern rind, which afforded a very unsteady hold. On the one hand, we reflected that if we escaped the danger of being driven on shore, or foundering at sea, and should succeed in reaching the cultivated country south of the desert, we should have to encounter the ferocious inhabitants, who would not fail, in the hope of plunder, to massacre, or doom us to slavery, a slow but painful death. On the other hand, we reflected that we had escaped from savages who had already killed one of our shipmates, and gained the open sea through divine mercy, and could stand off to the westward without fear of being driven on shore. In this direction we might meet with some friendly vessel to save us, which was our only hope in that way, and the worst that could happen to us was to sink all together in the sea, or gradually perish through want of sustenance.

Having considered, and represented to my companions the dangers that beset us on every side, I asked their opinions one by one, & found they were unanimously in favour of committing themselves to the open sea in preference of keeping along the coast. The dangers appeared to be fewer, and all agreed that we were better off on the ocean, if it was God's will, than by the hands of the natives. There being a strong breeze, we stood off by the wind and rigged our jib. We now agreed to put ourselves upon allowance of one bottle of water and half a bottle of wine among eleven of us, and a scrap of pork & two soaked and salted figs for each man. During this day, which was the 30th August, 1815, we fitted waist cloths to go round above the gunwale of the boat, to prevent the sea from dashing over; they were from eight to ten inches broad, made from the brig's fore-staysail, and were kept up by small pieces of a board which we formed in the boat, so that they helped in some measure to keep off the spray. It had been cloudy all day, and the boat leaked faster than she had done before. As night came on the wind blew hard and raised the sea very high, but the boat was kept near the wind by her sails, and drifted broadside before it, smoothing the sea to the windward, and did not ship a great deal of water. On the 31st it became more moderate, but the weather was very thick and hazy. Our pig being nearly dead for the want of water, we killed it, taking care however to save his blood; which we divided amongst us and drank, our thirst having become insupportable. We also divided the pig's liver, intestines, &c. between us, and ate some of them, (as they were fresh,) to satisfy, in some degree, our thirst.—Thus this day passed away: no vessel was yet seen to relieve us; we had determined to save our urine for drink, which we accordingly did in some empty bottles, and found great relief from the use of it; for being obliged to labour hard by turns to keep the boat above water, our thirst was much more severely felt than if we had remained still. The night came on very dark and lowering; the sky seemed big with an impending tempest; the wind blew hard from the N. E. and before midnight the sea combed into the boat in such quantities as several times to fill her more than half full. All hands were employed in throwing out the water with hats and other things, each believing his final hour had at length arrived, and expecting that every approaching surge would bury him forever in a watery grave.

The boat racked like an old basket, letting in water, at every seam and split; her timbers working out or breaking off; the nails I had put in while last on shore were kept from entirely drawing out, merely by the pressure of the water acting on the outside of the boat. Sharp flashes of lightning came by heat-

should be in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces on every dark day, and every night. The thick foggy weather would prevent our seeing the land in the day time; whilst the wind, blowing almost directly on the land, would force us towards it; and endanger the safety of both the boat and our lives at every turn and point.—We had no compass to guide us either by day or night; no instrument by which to find our latitude; no rudder to steer our crazy boat with, nor were we in possession of materials where-with it was possible to make one; the boat had no keel to steady her, nor was there a steering place in her stern, where an oar could be fixed by any other means than by lashing to the stern rind, which afforded a very unsteady hold. On the one hand, we reflected that if we escaped the danger of being driven on shore, or foundering at sea, and should succeed in reaching the cultivated country south of the desert, we should have to encounter the ferocious inhabitants, who would not fail, in the hope of plunder, to massacre, or doom us to slavery, a slow but painful death. On the other hand, we reflected that we had escaped from savages who had already killed one of our shipmates, and gained the open sea through divine mercy, and could stand off to the westward without fear of being driven on shore. In this direction we might meet with some friendly vessel to save us, which was our only hope in that way, and the worst that could happen to us was to sink all together in the sea, or gradually perish through want of sustenance.

From this time all submitted to their fate with tolerable patience, and kept the boat free, though we had continual bad weather, without murmuring. We wetted our lips with wine and water twice every day, and the bones and some of the raw flesh of our pig, with its skin, but at length we became so faint as to be unable to take our turns bailing, whilst the boat laboured much as to work off nearly all the timbers above the water.

By the 6th of September, at eight we had not made the land, & could not hope to make the boat hold together in any manner above another day. I expected we should have found the land that day, but was disappointed, and some of the crew began again to despair. Ignited by thirst, they forgot what they owed to their shipmates, and in the night got at, and drank off one of the two bottles of wine we had remaining. When I mentioned the loss of the wine on the morning of the 7th, all denied having taken a drop, adding that it was a pardonable crime, and that they who did it ought to be thrown overboard instantly. From the hints servable in their conversation, I guessed the offenders, but the wine was gone, and no remedy remained but patience, and strict vigilance for the future.

By the 6th of September, at eight we had not made the land, & could not hope to make the boat hold together in any manner above another day. I expected we should have found the land that day, but was disappointed, and some of the crew began again to despair. Ignited by thirst, they forgot what they owed to their shipmates, and in the night got at, and drank off one of the two bottles of wine we had remaining. When I mentioned the loss of the wine on the morning of the 7th, all denied having taken a drop, adding that it was a pardonable crime, and that they who did it ought to be thrown overboard instantly. From the hints servable in their conversation, I guessed the offenders, but the wine was gone, and no remedy remained but patience, and strict vigilance for the future.

By the 6th of September, at eight we had not made the land, & could not hope to make the boat hold together in any manner above another day. I expected we should have found the land that day, but was disappointed, and some of the crew began again to despair. Ignited by thirst, they forgot what they owed to their shipmates, and in the night got at, and drank off one of the two bottles of wine we had remaining. When I mentioned the loss of the wine on the morning of the 7th, all denied having taken a drop, adding that it was a pardonable crime, and that they who did it ought to be thrown overboard instantly. From the hints servable in their conversation, I guessed the offenders, but the wine was gone, and no remedy remained but patience, and strict vigilance for the future.

By the 6th of September, at eight we had not made the land, & could not hope to make the boat hold together in any manner above another day. I expected we should have found the land that day, but was disappointed, and some of the crew began again to despair. Ignited by thirst, they forgot what they owed to their shipmates, and in the night got at, and drank off one of the two bottles of wine we had remaining. When I mentioned the loss of the wine on the morning of the 7th, all denied having taken a drop, adding that it was a pardonable crime, and that they who did it ought to be thrown overboard instantly. From the hints servable in their conversation, I guessed the offenders, but the wine was gone, and no remedy remained but patience, and strict vigilance for the future.

By the 6th of September, at eight we had not made the land, & could not hope to make the boat hold together in any manner above another day. I expected we should have found the land that day, but was disappointed, and some of the crew began again to despair. Ignited by thirst, they forgot what they owed to their shipmates, and in the night got at, and drank off one of the two bottles of wine we had remaining. When I mentioned the loss of the wine on the morning of the 7th, all denied having taken a drop, adding that it was a pardonable crime, and that they who did it ought to be thrown overboard instantly. From the hints servable in their conversation, I guessed the offenders, but the wine was gone, and no remedy remained but patience, and strict vigilance for the future.

MARYLAND GAZETTE

Vol. LXXV.

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

Public Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust from Richard H. Harwood, esq. of the city of Annapolis, the subscribers were directed to sell the following property, to-wit: Friday the third day of October, at the hour of 11 in the morning, if fair, if not the next fair day, they will sell on the premises, the plantation on which the said Richard H. Harwood resided, on Elk-Ridge, in Anne-Arundel county, about three miles from M-Coy's Tavern, containing about 12 acres of land, together with all the crop thereon; the roads from M-Coy's up the country, and from M-Coy's mills to Baltimore, pass through this land. The best judges are of opinion that this land is capable of being made equal to any of the Elk-Ridge lands. There are on it a good dwelling-house, and convenient out-houses, a garden, a spring of most excellent water very near the house, and a fine view of the city of Baltimore. There are also five negro men, four women, three boys, and six girls, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, and farming utensils.

On Friday the 10th of October, at the hour of 11 in the morning, if fair, if not the next fair day, they will sell on the premises, a tract of land called "Bessenton," being in Anne-Arundel county, on which Samuel C. Watkins at present resides, containing about 150 acres. This land lies on the road from South-River Church to the river part of the county, and is very susceptible of improvement.

On Friday the 17th day of October, at the hour of 11 in the morning, if fair, if not the next fair day, they will sell on the premises, parts of several tracts of lands, the whole being one body, and containing about 416 1/4 acres, being in Charles county, about 10 miles below Piscataway. The above property or any part of it, will be disposed of at private sale if application be made in time. To the purchasers of personal property a credit of four months will be given for all sums not under twenty dollars. The terms to the purchasers of land will be very accommodating, and will be made known on the day of sale.

Henry H. Harwood, Richard Harwood, of Thos. Annapolis, Aug. 5, 1817. The editors of the Federal Gazette and the American of Baltimore, are requested to insert the above advertisement twice a week until the day of sale, and forward their accounts to this office.

20 Dollars Reward. The above reward will be paid for lodging in gaol, or bringing home 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 ran away from Col. Waring of Mount-Pleasant, about the 15th June, (of whom I purchased her.) She has been heard of in the neighbourhood of Mr. William Tillard's near Pig-Point, where it is supposed she has been waiting to get a passage in the packet to Baltimore. She has acquaintances in Baltimore, Washington, Annapolis, and Norfolk. Her clothing not recollected, excepting a green stuff frock.

Upper Marlboro? Sept. 26. 52

Land for Sale.

The subscriber will offer at public sale, on Wednesday the 15th October next, if fair, if not, on the next fair day, a Tract of Land, Containing about 250 acres, situate in Anne-Arundel county, 9 miles from Annapolis and 5 from Queen Anne. There are about 60 acres of this land well timbered with chestnut, hickory, oak, &c. of the remainder, a considerable part is meadow and clover and plaster have been used with success. On it are several never failing springs of good water. The improvements are a small framed dwelling house, kitchen, meat house, &c. with two excellent tobacco houses. Any person wishing to view the property will call on Mr. Sheekles, manager, living on the farm. He will make known the terms of sale.

At the same time will be offered a stock and plantation utensils. Wm. G. Sanders.

THE Votes and Proceedings Of the last Legislature for sale at this office—Price 25 Cents. June 26.