

POETS CORNER.

FROM THE ATHENEUM.

To the memory of the late Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, by J. Montgomery.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground; World, with thy cares away! Silence and darkness reign around, But lo! the break of day: What bright and sudden dawn appears, To shine upon this scene of tears.

Thou'rt not the morning light, That wakes the lark to sing; 'Tis not a meteor of the night, Nor track of angel's wing: It is an uncreated beam, Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time Met for a moment here; From earth to heaven, a scale sublime Rested on either sphere. Whose steps a saintly figure trod, By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He layed in our view, Midst flaming hosts above; Whose ranks stood silent while he drew Night to the throne of love, And meekly took the lowest seat, Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe, Entranced our spirits fell, And saw—yet wist not what they saw, And heard—no tongue can tell What sounds the ear of rapture caught, What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

This faith above the pole, On wings of mounting fire, Faith may pursue the enfranchis'd soul, But soon her pious tire; It is not given to mortal man Eternal mysteries to scan.

Behold the land of death, This pale and lovely clay: Heard ye the sob of parting breath; Mark'd ye the eye's last ray? No—life so sweetly ceased to be, It lap'd in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead, Rivers should swell our eyes; Could sighs recall the spirit fled, We would not quench our sighs, Till love resumed this alter'd mien, And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead;—and weep In stillness o'er the loss; Bury the dead;—in Christ they sleep Who bore on earth his cross, And from the grave their dust shall rise, In his own image to the skies.

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 Zahahrah; & 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 Riley, late master and supercargo.

(Continued.)

In a short time we discovered land at a great distance ahead, and to leeward. This gave all hands new spirits; hope again revived, the land appeared perfectly smooth in the distant horizon; not the smallest rising or hill was to be seen, and I concluded we must be near a desert coast, where our sufferings would find no relief, but in death. We continued to approach the land, driving along to the southward by a swift current, roaring like a strong tide in a narrow rocky passage, until near sunset.

The coast now appeared to be formed of perpendicular and overhanging cliffs, rising to a great height, with no shelving shore to land on, or way by which we might mount to the top of the precipices. My opinion was that we should endeavour to keep to sea this night also, and steer along down the coast, until by the help of daylight, we might find a better place to land, where we should not be in such danger of being overwhelmed by the surf; but in this I was opposed by the united voice of the mates and all the people.

The surf was breaking high among the rocks, near the shore; we were now very near the land, and seeing a small spot that bore the appearance of a sand beach, we made for it, and, approaching it with the help of our oars, we were carried to the

top of a tremendous wave, so as to be high and dry, when the surf retired, on a little piece of sand beach, just large enough for the boat to lie on. Without us, and in the track we came, numerous fragments of rocks showed their craggy heads, over which the surf foamed as it retired, with a dreadful roaring, which made us feel we had once more escaped instant destruction, by what appeared a miraculous interference of Providence.

We got out of the boat, and carried up the little remains of our water and pork, among the rocks beyond the reach of the surf. The remains of the pig had been previously consumed; our boat was now stove in good earnest; over our heads hung huge masses of broken and shattered rocks, extending both ways as far as the eye could reach; our limbs had become stiff for the want of exercise; our flesh had wasted away for the want of sustenance, & through fatigue our tongues were so stiff in our parched mouths, that we could with great difficulty speak so as to be understood by each other, though we had finished our last bottle of wine between us, for fear of losing it, just before we ventured to the shore through the surf.

Being thus placed on dry land, we had yet to discover how we were to reach the surface above us. Taking Mr. Savage with me, we clambered over the rocks to the westward, (for the coast running here from E. N. E. to W. S. W. induced me to think we were near Cape Blanco, which indeed afterwards proved to be the case) but we searched in vain, and as there appeared to be no access to the summit in that direction, we returned (it being then dark) to our shipmates, who had been busied in preparing a place on the sand, between the rocks, to sleep on. We now wet our mouths with water, ate a small slice of the rations of salt pork, and after pouring out our souls before the universal Benefactor, in prayers and thanksgiving for his mercy and his long continued goodness, (as had constantly been our custom) we laid down to rest, and notwithstanding our dreadful situation, slept soundly till daylight.

On the morning of September the 8th, as soon as it was light, being much refreshed by our undisturbed sleep, we agreed to leave all we had that was cumbersome or heavy, and try to make our way to the eastward, in hopes of finding a place, whilst we had yet strength remaining, to dig for water, or to get to the surface of the land above us, where we hoped to find some herbage or vegetable juice to allay, in some degree, our burning thirst, which was now rendered more grievous than ever, by our eating a few muscled that were found on the rocks, and extremely salt. Having agreed to keep together, and to render each other mutual assistance, we divided amongst us the little water we had, every one receiving his share in a bottle, in order to preserve it as long as possible: then taking a small piece or two of pork, which we slung on our backs, either in a spare shirt or a piece of canvas, leaving all our clothes but those we had on, and our jackets, we bent our way towards the east. I had, before starting, buried the bag of dollars, and induced each man to throw away every one he had about him, as I was convinced that money had been the cause of our former ill treatment, by tempting the natives to practise treacherous and cruel means, in order to extort it from us.

We proceeded now, as well as we were able, along close to the water side. The land was either nearly perpendicular, or jutting over our heads, rising to the height of from five to six hundred feet, & we were forced to climb over masses of sharp and craggy rocks, from two to three hundred feet in height; then to descend again by letting ourselves down from rock to rock, until we reached the water's edge; now waiting for a surf to retire, while we rushed one by one past a steep point up to our necks in the water, to the rocks more favourable on the other side, where by clinging fast hold, we kept ourselves from being washed away by the next surf, until, with each other's assistance, we clambered up beyond the reach of the greedy billows.—The beating of the ocean, and the force of the currents against this coast, had undermined the precipices, in such a manner, that vast masses of rocks, gravel and sand, had given way, and tumbled to the shore. Rocks falling on rocks, had formed schisms, through which we were

forced to pass at times, for a long distance, and surmounting one obstacle, seemed only to open to our view another, and a more dangerous one. At one place, we were obliged to climb along on a narrow ledge of rocks, between forty and fifty feet high, and not more than eight inches broad; those at our backs were perpendicular and a little higher up, huge pieces that had been broken off from near the surface, and stopped on their way down by other fragments, seemed to totter, as if on a pivot, directly over our heads; whilst the least slip must have plunged us into the frightful abyss below, where the foaming surges would instantly have dashed us to pieces against the rocks. Our shoes were nearly all worn off; our feet were lacerated and bleeding; the rays of the sun beating on our unshaded bodies, heated them, we thought nearly to dissolution; and under these towering cliffs, there was not a breath of air to fan our almost boiling blood. I had, in crawling through one of the holes between the rocks, broke my bottle, and spilled the little water it contained, and my tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth, was as useless as a dry stick, until I was enabled to loosen it by a few drops of my more than a dozen times distilled urine.

Thus passed this day with us, & when night came on, it brought with it new distresses. We had advanced along the coast not more than about four miles this day, with all the exertion we were capable of, without finding any change for the better in our local situation, whilst our strength was continually diminishing, and no circumstance occurred to revive our hopes. We had seen this day, however, on the broken rocks, several locusts, which we took to be grass hoppers, and concluded, if we could once reach the surface, we should find herbage at least, to feed on. These locusts were dead, and crumbled to dust on the slightest touch.

We found now a good place in the sand, about one hundred feet from the sea, under a high cliff, to sleep on; here we greased our mouths by eating a small piece of salt pork, and wet them as usual with a sip of urine. All hands, except myself had a little fresh water left; my comrades knew I had not one drop, and two of them offered to let me taste of theirs, with which I just moistened my tongue, and after sending up our prayers to heaven for mercy and relief in our forlorn and desolate condition, we laid ourselves down to sleep.

I had, on setting out from home, received Horace Savage under my particular charge, from his widowed mother. His father, when living, having been my intimate friend, I promised her to take care of him, as if he was my own son, and this promise I had endeavoured to fulfil. He was now in deep distress, and I determined within myself that I would adopt him as my son, for his mother was poor; that I would watch over his ripening years, in case we both lived, and if fortune should favour me in future, that he should share it in common with my children. I now took him in my arms, and we all slept soundly till morning, though the change was so great in the night, from extreme heat to a damp cold air, that we awoke in the morning (September 9th) with numbness and trembling limbs. Sleep, however, had refreshed us, and though our feet were torn, and our frames nearly exhausted, yet we chased away despair, and set forward on our journey.

We soon discovered, at no great distance ahead, a sand beach, that appeared large, and from which the shore upward seemed more sloping, as if opening a way to the surface above it; we also thought we should be able, in case we could reach the beach, to get water that would be drinkable, by digging in the sand, down to a level with the water in the sea, and letting it filter into the hole: this I had done on the little keys of the Bahama bank, with success, and expected it would be the same here;—so we made our way slowly along, as we had done the day before, until we got within a short distance of this beach, where we met with a promontory of rocks, which rose in height even with the surface above us; jutting far into the sea, whose waves had worn in under its base to the distance of fifty or one hundred feet, and now dashed in a wild and frightful manner, against the projecting points, which its washings for ages had formed underneath. To climb over this formidable obstruction, was im-

possible; to get around it through the water, appeared equally so, as there was not sufficient time, by the greatest exertion, to pass before the return of the surf, which would inevitably hurl the adventurer into the cavities under the cliff, among the sharp rocks, where he must immediately perish.

Thus far we had all got safe; to advance by what appeared to be the only possible way, seemed like seeking instant death; to remain in our present situation, was merely to die a lingering one, and to return, was still worse, by increasing our pains, without leading to any chance of relief.—Before us was a prospect of getting water, and arriving at the summit of the land, if we could only get round the promontory alive; and fortunately, at this moment, we observed a rock about half way across this point, that had tumbled down from above, and had been washed full of holes; it was covered by every surf, and its top left bare as the wave receded. I imagined I could reach it before the wave came in; and after making known my intentions to my companions, I followed the surf out, and laid hold of the rock, just as the returning swell overwhelmed me. I clung to it for my life, the surf passing over me, and spending its fury among the crags: the instant it retired, I hurried on to the steep rocks beyond the point, where I again held on, while another surf swept over me, and then left me to clamber up as quick as I was able on the flat surface of the rock, beyond the reach of the waves. The tide was not yet entirely out, though I had judged it was; and as it continued to fall, my people following the same course, and embracing the same means all got safe to the first rock, and from thence to the place where I lay prostrate to receive and assist them in getting up. Though our limbs and bodies were very much bruised in this severe encounter, yet we felt somewhat encouraged, and made for the sand beach as fast as we were able. We soon reached it, and began digging in the sand for water, at different distances from the sea, but found it to be as salt as the ocean.

After digging several holes farther off, and meeting with dry rock instead of water, I pitched upon a spot for our last effort, and while the others were digging, I told them I would go and see if I could get up the bank, and if I succeeded that I would return in a short time with the news: the bank here rose abruptly, leaving, however, in some places sufficient slope for a man to ascend it by climbing. Through one of these slopes I made my way up, in the hope of finding some green thing that might help to allay our burning thirst, and some tree to shelter us from the scorching blaze of the sun; but what was my surprise when I came to the spot so long desired, and found it to be a barren plain, extending as far as the eye could reach each way, without a tree, shrub, or spear of grass that might give the smallest relief to expiring nature? I had exerted myself to the utmost to get there; the dreary sight was more than I could bear; my spirits-fainted within me, and I fell to the earth, deprived of every sensation. When I recovered, it was some time before I could recollect where I was: my intolerable thirst however at length convinced me, and I was enabled to administer the same wretched and disgusting relief to which I had so frequently before been compelled to resort.

Despair now seized on me, and I resolved to cast myself into the sea as soon as I could reach it, and put an end to my life and miseries together. But when I the next moment reflected that I had left ten of my fellow creatures on the shore, who looked up to me for an example of courage and fortitude, and for whom I still felt myself bound to continue my exertions, which might yet be blessed with success, and that at the moment when I supposed the hand of relief far from me, it might be very near; and when I next thought of my wife and children; I felt a kind of conviction within me, that we should not all perish after such signal deliverances. I then made for the sea side about a mile eastward of my men, and finding a good place between some rocks, I bathed myself for half an hour in the sea water, which refreshed and revived me very much, and then returned to my men with a heart lighter than I expected. I was very much fatigued, and threw myself down on the sand. They huddled around me, to know what success I had met

with; but to my great joy, I found they could go along the beach, for some miles before meeting with perpendicular cliffs, and from that great relief by bathing in the sea water; inquiring at the same time, if they had found any fresh water in that place they had been in; I thus diverted their minds, by some measure, from the object they wished to inquire after; and as I found they had dug down six or eight feet, and had found no water, having come to a rock which frustrated all their attempts; with heavy hearts, and tottering limbs we staggered along the shore together.

It was about mid-day when we got to the end of the sand beach; my people thought it would be impossible for them to climb the steep; so with common consent we laid ourselves down under the shade formed by a shelving rock, to rest, and to screen ourselves from the rays of the sun, which had heated the air to such a degree, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could fetch our breath. There was so much wind or air stirring at this time, except the hot steam from the sandy beach, which had been wet by the sea at the last tide.

Having lain down in our exhausted state, neither thirst nor our reflections had power to keep our eyes open; we sunk into a lethargic sleep, which continued about two hours, during which time a light breeze from the sea had set in, and gently fanned and refreshed our debilitated bodies. We then ascended the steep bank, crawling frequently on our hands and knees. Though I had previously prepared their minds for a barren prospect, yet the sight of it, when they reached its level, had such an effect on their senses, that they sunk to the earth involuntarily; and as they surveyed the dry and dreary waste, stretching out to an immeasurable extent before them, they exclaimed, "tis enough; here we must breathe our last; we have no hope before us of finding either water or provisions, or human beings, or even wild beasts, nothing can live here." The little moisture yet left in us overflowed at our eyes; but as the salt tears rolled down our woeful cheeks, we were fain to catch them with our fingers, and carry them to our mouths, that they might not be lost, and serve to moisten our tongues, that were now nearly as dry as parched leather, and so stiff, that with difficulty we could articulate a sentence so as to be understood by each other.

I began now to exhort and persuade them to go forward; telling them that we still might find relief, and in this effort I was assisted by Henry Williams, who thought with me that it was time enough to lie down and die when we could not walk. Mr. Williams and Mr. Savage were willing, and we moved on slowly with scarcely a hope however, meeting with the least relief. We continued along on the edge of the cliffs, which could not be less than from five to six hundred feet in perpendicular height: the surface of the ground was baked down almost as hard as flint; it was composed of small ragged stones, gravel, and reddish earth. We observed several small dry stalks of a plant, resembling that of a parsnip, though very low; and some dry remains of locusts, were also scattered on the surface as we proceeded. No sooner we saw some small holes on the surface and on examining them, we found they had been made in order to get at the root of the dry worm; we had just before seen: this we conceived had been done by some wild beasts; but finding no trace of any kind near them, not only did I dig up, I concluded it was done by man, and declared my hopes of my desponding companions of meeting with human beings.

We procured, after great labour in digging with sticks we had brought from the boat, and the help of a few small pieces of a root as big as a man's finger, it was very dry, but in taste resembled smellings celery. We could not get even to be of any material service in procuring water, owing to the scarcity of the plant, and the hardness of the ground. About sunset we discovered a small spot of sand, and thought of track of a camel, and thought I saw that of a man, which we were to be a very old track.

(To be continued.)

THE Votes and Proceedings

Of the last Legislature. For sale at this office—Price 75 Cts. June 20.

MARYLAND

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Public Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust from Richard H. Harwood, esq. of the city of Annapolis, the subscribers will proceed to sell the following property, to-wit:

Friday the third day of October, at the hour of 11 in the morning, if not the next fair day, they will sell on the premises, the plantation of the said Richard H. Harwood, situated on Elk-Ridge, in Annapolis county, about three miles from McCoy's Tavern, containing about 12-2 acres of land, together with a crop thereon; the roads from McCoy's up the country, and from parents' mills to Baltimore, passing through this land. The best judges of opinion that this land is capable of being made equal to any of the Elks lands. There are on it a good dwelling-house, and convenient out-buildings, a garden, a spring of most excellent water very near the house, a nice house. At the same time the seller offers 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 not the next fair day, they will sell on the premises, a tract of land called "Bessenton," being in Annapolis county, on which Samuel Watkins at present resides, containing about 100 acres. This land is bounded on the north by South River Church to a part of the county, and is very capable of improvement.

On Friday the 17th day of October, at the hour of 11 in the morning, if not the next fair day, they will sell on the premises, parts of several tracts of lands, the whole being in Annapolis county, and containing about 415 acres, being in Charles county, about 10 miles below Piscataway. The above property or any part thereof, will be disposed of at private sale, application be made in time. To purchasers of personal property a term of four months will be given for payment, not under twenty dollars. Terms to the purchasers of land will be very accommodating, and will be made known on the day of sale.

Henry H. 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 any information leading to the apprehension of Sophia, a bright mulatto woman, about eighteen years old, well grown, she has large grey eyes, and her hair is light. The above woman was away from Col. Waring of Me. pleasant, about the 15th June, (whom I purchased her.) She has a friend of in the neighbourhood of William Tillard's near Pig-Point, who it is supposed she has been waiting for a passage in the packet to Baltimore. She has acquaintances in more, Washington, Annapolis, and other places. Her clothing not recollected, excepting a green stuff frock.

Wm. B. Beane, Upper Marlboro, Sept. 26.

Land for Sale.

The subscriber will offer at public sale, on Wednesday the 15th October, if fair, if not, on the next fair day, a Tract of Land, containing about 250 acres, situated in Anne-Arundel county, 9 miles from Annapolis and 5 from Queen Anne's. There are about 60 acres of this well timbered with chestnut, hickory, &c. of the remainder, a considerable part is meadow land. Clover plaster has never been used with success. On it are several never failing springs of good water. The improvement consists of a small framed dwelling house, a stable, meat house, &c. with two excellent tobacco houses. Any person who wishes to view the property will call on Sheekles, manager, living on the premises, who will make known the terms of sale. William O. Sanderson, Esq. At the same time will be sold stock and plantation utensils. W. G.