

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Baltimore Visitor.

PRIZE POEM.

SONG OF THE WIND.

BY HENRY WILSON.

Whence come ye with your colour laden wings, Fond, careless wanderer of a summer night? Why sportive kiss my lyre's trembling strings? Pashioning will I music—which the light Of lightning bolts seem to me to drink? Ye wanton round my form, and I kiss my brow. While I shall converse with the stars that wink And laugh upon the mirror-stream below.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

"Bond apprentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row. 'And, bless your heart, I always was a boy.' Gentle reader, I was born upon the water—not upon the salt and angry ocean, but upon the fresh and rapid flowing river. It was a floating sort of boat, called a cutter, and up on the River Thames, and at low water, that I first smelt the mud. This lighter was named (an expression amounting to nothing) after an expression amounting to nothing, my mother, and your humble servant. My father had the sole charge—he was monarch of the deck; my mother of course was queen, and I was the heir apparent.

armed, little man, admirably calculated for his station in, or rather out of, society. He could manage a lighter as well as anybody; but he could do no more; he had been brought up to it from his infancy. His whole amusement was his pipe, and, as there is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a perfect philosopher. It is no less strange than true, that we can puff away our cares with tobacco, when, without it, they remain an oppressive burden to existence. There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. The savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils, and the laconic delivery of their sentiments. It would be well introduced into our legislative assembly. Ladies, indeed, would no longer peep down through the ventilator; but we should have more sense and fewer words. It is also to tobacco that is to be ascribed the stoical firmness of those American warriors, who, satisfied with the pipe in their mouths, submitted with perfect indifference to the torture of their enemies. From the well known virtues of this weed arose that peculiar expression, when you irritate another, that you put his pipe out.

My father's pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never out. He had a few apothecaries, which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion; and as he seldom or never indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory.—One was, 'It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped.' When once these words escaped his lips the subject was never renewed. Nothing appeared to move him; the adjurations of those in the other lighters, barges, and boats, of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water, as we drifted on down with the tide, affected him not; neither did an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother he used but one expression, 'What's done can't be helped.' It was always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame; never followed. The advice was good, had it ever been followed. Another favourite expression of my father's, when any thing went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was 'Better luck next time.' These aphorisms were deeply impressed on my memory. I continually recurred to them; and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind nature presents us, that in the pettiest age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipop.

It was at the age of 11 years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always is the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated, mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, altho' at the time she did not appear to me to be disgusting; accustomed to witness imperceptible increase, and not seeing in other females except at a distance. For a last two years she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly she did not crawl out of the cabin more than five minutes at a time. Her face was so bloated and her general intoxication rendered her incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter were my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides as we lay at anchor. I was therefore a great water-drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my poor mother had sense enough left to discern that 'Gin was't good for little boys.' But a great change had taken place in my father.—I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowds of vessels which we encountered when between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, my father grew more incapable, and passed most of his time in the cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty of partaking of the forbidden fruit of the juniper tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom when the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate.

One fine summer evening, we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor's wharf, some distance from Potney-bridge; a strong breeze sprung up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father, who, expecting to arrive that evening, had remained sober, waited until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, 'Remember, Jacob, we must be at the wharf early to-morrow morning, so keep a live,' he went into the cabin to indulge in his potatoes, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper, which I never ate below, the little cabin below being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *al fresco*, and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the large dog-kennel abaft, which had once been tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had been dead some years, had been thrown overboard, and in all probability had been converted into Epping sausages, at 1s. per lb. Some time after his decease, I had taken possession of his apartment, and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable, to see if all was right, and then having nothing more to do, I lay down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of 11 years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then re-lighted—I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they came there, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly past. For a few seconds, I remained staggered and stupefied at his sudden disappearance and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistance.

A strong emphysematic thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up in the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but as soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that it was impossible—it would have sufficed me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called 'Mother,' but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after-hulk-head, with a glass before it, was still lighted, and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—neither the curtains to my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished, breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out 'Mother.' I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there; but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous filthy cinder. I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting to almost insanity, it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that she perished in that very peculiar and dreadful manner, which does sometimes, although rarely occur, to those who indulge in an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Cases of this kind do indeed present themselves but once in a century, but the occurrence of them is but too well authenticated. She perished from what is termed spontaneous combustion—an inflammation of the gasses generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother's body completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire and the other by water, at one and at the same time.

The Journal

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN, Church-Street, Annapolis.

THE JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES. A NEW AND STARTLING CHARACTER ADDED TO WALDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Proprietor of this work, anxious to gratify his readers in as great an extent as possible, will allow, respectfully announces to the public that the very liberal patronage he has received has enabled him to add a new feature to this periodical, which he believes cannot fail to prove interesting and valuable.

Early reprints of the reviews and notices of new books, from the weekly and monthly medical press of London, &c. These reviews are carefully selected with reference both to the value of the information respecting the books, and to the interest which they will convey to literary intelligence in regard to the progress of the sciences.

As the London Literary Gazette will be called in this purpose, while the 'Critical Notices' of the London Metropolitan, the Monthly, the Monthly, the Gentleman's, Blackwood's, &c. &c. are already regularly received by the Editor.

Several applications having been made to the manner in which the original design of this work, and the present early opportunity of making it, at least they shall most unhesitatingly be UNBOUGHT. The presents of a copy by the publisher shall not be a warrant of its quality, but the merit of the work will support to praise, when the merits of the work are not warranted by the publisher.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the subscriber of the city of Baltimore, more, hath obtained from the Orphan Court of Anne-Armond county, letters testamentary on the estate of Henry Elliott, late of said county, deceased.

WANTED, A fair hand, well versed in Arithmetic, of good morals and respectable connections, as an apprentice to the Mercantile business, in a country Store, where an extensive business is done.

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CONSTABLES' SALE

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued by Nathaniel Shipley, Esq. a justice of the peace for Anne-Armond county, and directed, against the goods and chattels, and tenements of James Fisher, I have in execution all the right, title, claim and interest, of said Fisher, in and to a

TRACT OF LAND

containing about Fifty Acres, about five miles from Lisbon. Taken to satisfy a debt due to W. B. Rouse, and I hereby give notice, that on FRIDAY the 22d day of November next, I shall offer at public sale, on the premises the above mentioned land. Sale to take place at 11 o'clock. Terms cash.

STEPHEN WRIGHT, Constable.

IN CHANCERY

Ordered, That the sale as made and reported by Benjamin Watkins, Trustee of the real estate of Nicholas Watkins of Thos. deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the first day of January next; and that a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper once in each of three successive weeks before the last day of November next. The report states the amount of sales to be Eight Thousand Dollars.

True copy—Test.

RANSAY WATERS, Reg. Cur. Cas.

Nov. 7—5w.

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ELIAS ELLICOTT, Esq.

American Baltimore, will publish the

Oct. 10.

\$100 REWARD

RAN AWAY from Alfred Sellman, living on Trade River, in Anne-Armond county, a Negro Man named TOM.

about 40 years of age, very black, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, had on when he left home a straw hat, dark blue and white cotton jacket, and a pair of white trousers.

ALFRED SELLMAN.

Oct. 10—1f.

CASH IN MARKET

THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of shares of both sexes, for which he will pay in Cash a higher price than any other purchaser in the market.

WILLIAM HOOVER, Annapolis Oct. 10—16