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Maryland Journal.

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POETRY.

For the Maryland Journal.

Extracts from a Youth's Miscellany—No. 1.

MR. EDITOR: I send you the ollowing extract from my Miscellany, which, if it should please you, will be followed, from time to time, by others, in prose and verse—records of joyous and of melancholy hours.

Here, in my wild-wood retreat, I have lived for some years, a solitary recluse, amid some of the grandest and most beautiful scenes of nature—scenes well calculated to foster a poetical temperament—to arouse in the meditative mind poetical and philosophic thoughts and sentiments. Sometimes I have dared to weave those thoughts and sentiments into a garland, to lay upon the altar of song—sometimes to shape them into moral essays and romantic sketches; and though they may not reflect the light of inspiration, yet they bear the impress of an earnest and sensitive soul—one purely alive to the perception of the beautiful in the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural world.

I therefore give them to your columns, hoping that, as they are the results of no little observation and reflection, and of an experience more bitter than is generally allotted to persons of my age, they may stamp a moral upon the minds of those who may read them.

PASSING AWAY.

They are passing away, the glad days of my youth!
A few lingering hours and they all will be gone;
Those days when my heart was the mirror of truth,
And around me the sunlight of happiness shone.
How swiftly they fly! like the bright morning hours
Of a cloudless and beautiful mid summer's day,
Which we spend with a lov'd one, 'mid streamlets and flowers—
They are passing away! they are passing away!

Farewell, farewell, to the dreams of my childhood,
Which once o'er my soul threw the radiance of heaven;
When wand'ring through meadow and deep-tangled wild-wood,
My thoughts to gay visions of beauty were given.
Like the glories of summer, when autumn comes on,
Their gorgeous delusions fast yield to decay;
Like the hues that encircle the bed of the sun,
When night spreads her pall—they are passing away!

The home of my youth, once the dwelling of mirth,
Keeps silence and solitude now in its halls;
Cold, cold are the ashes that rest on its hearth,
The spiders are weaving their webs on its walls.
And where are the friends that once fill'd it with light?
The most in the dust of their sepulchres lay;
The few still remaining, with Time's rapid flight,
Are all passing away! are all passing away!

Could tears but recall thee, oh! friends, youth, and dreams,
From this heart's icy fountains what floods should be shed;
But tears, tho' they glisten with love's magic beams,
Cannot pierce the thick darkness that circles the dead:
And I soon will follow! this blighted soul knows
That in this dark valley but short is its stay;
Time silently whispers, as onward it flows,
Thou art passing away! thou art passing away!

But I sigh not to know that the cold, silent tomb
My dust shall receive—'twill at least give me rest;
'Tis better, far better, to repose in its gloom,
Than to live by dark memories forever oppress
Oh! who in this cold world, all friendless and lone,
'Mid sorrow and mourning forever would stay;
When the visions that fill'd it with beauty are gone—
Have all passed away! have all passed away!

And, oh! when I go, let my ashes repose
Where birds, in glad voices, my requiem may sing;
Where the flowers I love, the sweet violet and rose,
Around my lone tomb their rich fragrance may fling.
And if but one heart breathes a sigh o'er my bier,
Or comes at grey twilight to weep where I lay;
My spirit shall bless it for that sigh or tear—
When I pass away! when I pass away!

WILDWOOD COTTAGE, April 21, 1845. } A RECLUSE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hunting an Office;
OR
THE MISFORTUNES OF PETER BRUSH

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

It was November; soon after election time, when a considerable portion of the political world are apt to be despondent, and external things appear to do their utmost to keep them so. November, the season of dejection, when pride itself loses its imperious port; when ambition gives place to melancholy; when beauty hardly takes the trouble to look in the glass; and when existence doffs its rainbow hues, and wears an aspect of such dull, common-place reality, that hope leaves the world for a temporary excursion, and those, who cannot do without her inspiring presence, borrow the aid of pistols, cords, and chemicals, and send themselves on a longer journey, expecting to find her by the way:—a season when the hair will not stay in curl; when the walls weep dewy drops, to the great detriment of paper-hangings, and of every species of colouring with which they are adorned; when the banisters distil liquids, any thing but beneficial to white gloves; when nature fills the ponds, and when window-washing is the only species of amusement at all popular among house-keepers.

It was on the worst of nights in that worst of seasons. The atmosphere was in a condition of which it is difficult to speak with respect, much as we may be disposed to applaud the doings of nature. It was damp, foggy and drizzling; to sum up its imperfections in a sonorous and descriptive epithet, it was "orrid muggy weather." The air hung about the wayfarer in warm, unhealthy folds, and extracted the starch from his shirt collar and from the bosom of his dickey, with as much rapidity as it robbed his spirits of their elasticity, and melted the sugar of self-complacency from his mind. The street lamps emitted a ghastly white glare, and were so hemmed in with vapory wreaths, that their best efforts could not project a ray of light three feet from the burner.—Gloom was universal, and any change, even to the heat of Africa, or to the frosts of the arctic circle, would, in comparison, have been delightful. The pig's tails no longer waved in graceful sinuosities; while the tail of each night-roving, hectoring bull-dog ceased flaunting toward the clouds, a banner of wrath and defiance to punier creatures, and hung down drooping and dejected, an emblem of a heart little disposed to quarrel and offence. The ornamentals of the brute creation being thus below par, it was not surprising that men, with cares on their shoulders and raggedness in their trowsers, should likewise be more melancholy than on occasions of a brighter character. Every one at all subject to the "skiey influences," who has had trouble enough to tear his clothes, and to teach him that the staple of his mundane existence is not exclusively made up of fun, has felt that philosophy is but a barometrical affair, and that he who is proof against sorrow when the air is clear and bracing, may be a very miserable wretch, with no greater cause, when the wind sits in another quarter.

Peter Brush is a man of this susceptible class. His nervous system is of the most delicate organization, and responds to the changes of the weather, as an Eolian harp sings to the fitful swellings of the breeze. Peter was abroad on the night of which we speak; either because, unlike the younger Brutus, he had no Portia near to tell him that such exposure was "not physical," and that it was the part of prudence to go to bed, or that, although aware of the dangers of miasma to a man of his constitution, he did not happen at that precise moment to have access to either house or bed, in his opinion, two essential prerequisites to couching himself, as he regarded taking it *al fresco*, on a cellar door, not likely to answer any sanatary purpose. We incline ourselves to the opinion that he was in the dilemma last mentioned, as it had previously been the fate of other great men. But be that as it may, Mr. Peter Brush was in the street, as melancholy as an unbraced drum, "a gib'd cat, or a lugged bear."

Seated upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and like Juliet on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand—a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street—an "out and outer" in every respect, and as *outre* a mortal as ever the eye of man did rest upon. For some time, Mr. Brush's reflections had been silent. Following Hamlet's advice, he "gave them an understanding but no tongue;" and he relieved himself at intervals by spitting forlornly into the kennel. At length, suffering his locked hands to fall between his knees, and heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:—

"A long time ago, my ma used to put on her specs and say, 'Peter, my son, put not your trust in princes;' and from that day to this I haven't done any thing of the kind, because none on 'em ever wanted to borry nothing of me; and I never see a prince or a king,—but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office,—to borry nothing of them.—Princes! pooh!—Put not your trust in politicianers—them's my sentiments.—You might jist as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I don't care which side they're on, for I've tried both and I know. Put not your trust in politicianers, or you'll get a hyst.

"Ten years ago it came into my head that things weren't going on right; so I pretty nearly gave myself up tee-totally to the good of the republic, and left the shop to look out for itself.—I was brimful of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salvation of freedom, I couldn't work. I tried to guess which side was going to win, and I stuck to it like wax;—sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes I was a-t'other, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up jist in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after; and what good could I do if I wasn't on the 'lected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing out the loaves and the fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they didn't cram all they could into their own mouths, put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say, 'Go away, white man, you ain't capable.'—Capable!—what's the reason I ain't capable? I've got as extensive a throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow the loaves and fishes without choking, if each loaf was as large as a grindstone and each fish as big as a sturgeon. Give Peter a chance, and leave him alone for that. Then, another time when I called—'I want some spoils,' says I; 'a small bucket full of spoils. Whichever side gets in, shares the spoils, don't they?' So they first grinned, and then they ups and tells me that virtue like mine was its own reward, and that spoils might spoil me.—But it was *no* spoils that spoilt me, and *no* loaf and fiish that starved me—I'm spoilt because I couldn't get either.—Put not your trust in politicianers—I say it again. Both sides used me jist alike. Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—going to town meetings, hurraing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes—blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses than you could shake a stick at, all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights—and all for what? Why, for nix. If any good has come of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my arnings. I can't get no office! Republics is ungrateful! It wasn't reward I was after. I scorns the base insinuation.—I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but to take care of the public, and I've only got half—nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics *is* ungrateful; I'm swaggerd if they ain't. This is the way old sojers is served."

Peter, having thus unpacked his o'erfraught heart, heaved a sigh or two, as every one does after a recapitulation of their own injuries, and remained for a few minutes wrapped in abstraction.

"Well, well," said he, mournfully, swaying his head to and fro after the sagacious fashion of Lord Burleigh—"live and learn—live and learn—the world's not what a man takes it for before he finds it out. Whiskers grow a good deal sooner than experience—genius and patriotism ain't got no chance—heigh-ho!—But anyhow a man might as well be under kiver as out in the open air in sich weather as this. It's as cheap laying down as it is settin' up, and there's not so much wear and tear about it."

With a groan, a yawn, and a sigh, Peter Brush slowly arose, and stretching himself like a drowsy lion, he walked toward the steps of a neighboring house. Having reached the top of the flight, he turned about and looked round with a scrutinizing glance, peering both up and down the street, to ascertain that none of the hereditary enemies of the Brushes were in the vicinity. Being satisfied on that score, he prepared to enjoy all the comfort that his peculiar situation could command. According to the modern system of warfare, he carried no baggage to encumber his motions, and was always ready to bivouac without troublesome preliminaries. He therefore placed himself on the upper step, so that he was just within the doorway, his head reclining against one side of it, and his feet braced against the other, blockading the passage in a very effectual manner. He adjusted himself in position as carefully as the Sybarite who was annoyed at the wrinkle of a rose-leaf on his couch, grunting at each motion like a Daniel Lambert at his toilet, and he made minute alterations in his attitude several times before he appeared perfectly satisfied that he had effected the best arrangements that could be devised. After reposing for a while as if "the flinty and steel couch of war were his thrice-driven bed of down," he moved his head with an exclamation of impatience at the hardness of the wall, and taking his time-worn beaver, he crumpled it up, and mollified the austerity of his bolster by using the crushed hat as a pillow.

"That will do," ejaculated Brush, clasping his hands before him, and twirling his thumbs; and he then closed his eyes for the purpose of reflecting upon his condition with a more perfect concentration of thought than can be obtained when outward objects distract the mind. But thinking in this way is always a hazardous experiment, whether it be after dinner, or in the evening; and Peter Brush soon unwillingly fell into a troubled, murmuring sleep in which his words were mere repetition of what he had said before, the general scope of the argument being to prove the received axiom of former times, that republics do not distribute their favours in proportion to services rendered, and that, in the speaker's opinion, they are not, in this respect, much better than the princes against whom his mother cautioned him. Such, at least, was the conviction of Mr. Brush; at which he had arrived not by theory and distant observation, but by his own personal experience.

It is a long lane which has no turning, and it is a long sleep in the open air, especially in a city, which does not meet with interruption. Brush found it so in this instance, as he had, indeed, more than once before. Several gentlemen, followed by a dog, arrived at the foot of the steps, and, after a short conversation, dispersed each to his several home. One, however, remained—the owner of the dog—who, whistling for his canine favorite, took out his night key, and walked up the steps. The dog, bounding before his master, suddenly stopped, and after attentively regarding the recumbent Brush, uttered a sharp and rapid bark.

The rapidity of mental operations is such that it frequently happens, if sleep be disturbed by external sounds, that the noise is instantly caught up by the ear, and incorporated with the subject of the dream—or, perhaps, a dream is instantaneously formed upon the nucleus suggested by the vibration of the tympanum. The bark of the dog had one of these effects upon Mr. Brush.

"Bow! wow! waugh!" said the dog.

"There's a fellow making a speech against our side," muttered Peter; "but it's all talk—where's your facts?—print your speech in pamphlet form, and I'll answer it. Hurray for us!—every body else is rascals—nothing but ruination when that fellow's principles get the upper hand—our side forever—we're the boys!"

"Be still, Ponto?" said the gentleman. "Now, sir, be pleased to get up, and carry yourself to some other place. I don't know which side has the honor of claiming you, but you are certainly on the wrong side at present."

"Don't be official, and trouble yourself about other people's business," said Brush, trying to open his eyes; "don't be official, for it isn't the genteel thing."

"Not official! what do you mean by that? I shall be very official, and trundle you down the steps if you are not a little more rapid in your motions."

"Oh, very well," responded brush, as he wheeled round in a sitting posture, and fronted the stranger—"very well—be as easy as you please—I suppose you've got an office, by the way you talk—you've got one of the fishes, tho' perhaps it is but a minny, and I ain't—but if I had, I'd show you a thing or two. Be sassy, be any thing, Mr. Noodle-soup. I don't know which side you're on either, but I do know one thing—it isn't saying much for your boss politicianer that he chose you when I must have been on his list for promotion—that's all, though you are so stiff, and think yourself pretty to look at. But them that's pretty to look at ain't always good 'uns to go, or you would'nt be poking here. Be off—there's no more business before this meeting, and you may adjourn. It's moved, seconded and carried—pay the landlord for the use of the room as you go."

The stranger, now becoming somewhat amused, felt a disposition to entertain himself a little with Peter.

"How does it happen," said he, "that such a public spirited individual as you appear to be, should find himself in this condition? You've had a little too much of the *stimulantibus*, I fear."

"I don't know Greek, but I guess what you mean," was the answer. "It's owing to the weather—part to the weather, and part because republics is ungrateful; that's considerable the biggest part. Either part is excuse enough, and both together makes it a credit. When it's such weather as this, it takes the electerizing fluid out of you; and if you want to feel something like—do you know what 'something like' is?—it's cat-bird, jam up—if you want to feel so, you must pour a little of the electerizing fluid into you. In this kind of weather you must tune yourself up, and get rosumed, or you ain't good for much—tuned up to concert pitch. But all that's a trifle—put not your trust in politicianers."

"And why not, Mr. Rosum?"

"Why not! Help us up—there—steady she goes—hold on! Why not? look at me, and you'll see the why as large as life. I'm the why you mus'nt put your trust in politicianers. I'm a reg'lar patriot—look at my coat—I'm all for the public good—twig the holes in my trousers. I'm steady in my course, and I'm upright in my conduct—don't let me fall down—I've tried all parties, year in and year out, just by way of making myself popular and agreeable; and I've tried to be on both sides at once," roared Brush, with great emphasis, as he slipped and fell—"and this is the end of it!"

His auditor laughed heartily at this striking illustration of the results of the political course of Peter Brush, and seemed quite gratified with so strong a proof of the danger of endeavoring to be on two sides at once. He therefore assisted the fallen to rise.

"Are you hurt?"

"No—I'm used to being knocked about—the steps and the pavement are no worse than other people—they're like politicianers—you can't put any trust in 'em. But," continued Brush, drawing a roll of crumpled paper from the crown of his still more crumpled hat—"see here now—you're a clever fellow, and I'll get you to sign my recommendation. Here's a splendid character for me already wrote down, so it won't give you any trouble, only to put your name to it."

"But what office does it recommend you for—what kind of recommendation is it?"

"It's a circular recommend—a slap at any thing that's going."

"Firing into the flock, I suppose."

"That's it exactly—good character—fit for any fat post either under the city government, the state government, or the gineral government. Now jist put your fist to it," added Peter, in his most persuasive tones, as he smoothed the paper over his knee, spread it upon the step, and produced a bit of lead pencil, which he first moistened with his lips, and then offered to his interlocutor.

"Excuse me," was the laughing response; "it's too dark—I can't see either to read or to write. But what made you a politicianer? Haven't you got a trade?"

"Trade! yes," replied Brush, contemptuously; "but what's a trade when a feller's got a soul? I love my country, and I want an office—I don't care what, so it's fat and easy. I've a genus for governing—for telling people what to do, and looking at 'em do it. I want to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm made for—talking—that's my line—talking in the streets, talking in the bar-rooms, talking in the oyster cellars. Talking is the grease for the wagon wheels of the body politic and the body corpulent, and nothing will go on well till I've got my say in the matter; for I can talk all day, and most of the night, only stopping to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike—all ungrateful; no respect for genus—respect for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing, and I've a great mind to knock off and call it half a day. I would, if my genus did'nt make me talk, and think, and sleep so much I can't find time to work."

"Well," said the stranger, "you must find time to go away. You're too noisy. How would you like to go before the mayor?"

"No, I'd rather not. Stop, now I think of it, I've asked him before, but perhaps if you'd speak a good word, he'd give me the first vacancy. Introduce me properly, and say I want something to do shocking—no, not something to do—I want something to get; my genus won't let me work. I'd like to have a fat salary, and to be general superintendent of things in general and nothing in particular, so I could walk about the streets, and see what is going on. Now, put my best leg foremost—say how I can make speeches, and how I can hurray at elections."

"Away with you," said the stranger, as he ran up the steps, and opened the door. "Make no noise in this neighborhood, or you'll be taken care of soon enough."

"Well, now, if that isn't ungrateful," soliloquized Brush—"keep me here talking, and then slap the door in my face. That's the way politicianers serve me, and it's about all I'd a right to expect. Oh, pshaw!—sich a world—sich a people!"

Peter rolled up his "circular recommend," and put it in his hat, and slowly sauntered away. As he is not yet provided for, he should receive the earliest attention of parties, or disappointment may induce him to abandon both, take the field "upon his own hook," and constitute an independent faction under the name of "Brush party," the cardinal principle of which will be that peculiarly novel impulse to action, hostility to all "politicianers" who are not on the same side.—*Neal's Gazette.*

LOSS OF LIFE IN PITTSBURG.—The Gazette says that five persons are now pretty certainly supposed to be lost in the great fire. SAMUEL KINGSTON, Esq. and a woman employed as a servant in the family, perished in his house on Second street. A poor woman, of German extraction, perished on Third street.—A married woman, the mother of two children, named McGowly, perished on Third street, and a man named Johnson is supposed to have been lost in Wood street, having last been seen in a burning building. There are also reports of the loss of others, which cannot be traced to any reliable source. Such was the intense heat of the fire that it consumed the remains of its unfortunate victims in most instances entirely. The Pittsburg City Regulator states that the burnt district covers fifty acres in the city and six acres out of it.

REPORTED CONFESSION OF POLLY BODINE.—There was a rumor in New York on Wednesday evening that this woman had repeated the confession she made in the Richmond jail, implicating Waite as the principal in the dreadful tragedy. Some say that Waite has gone to South America, while others assert that he left for Texas.

THE CANAL.—The Williamsport Banner says:—"We are pleased to learn, from those who navigate the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal daily, that the work never was in better order, and fewer breaks and leakages have occured this season than is usual. It is a fact worthy of remark, that the Canal increases in durability and strength as it acquires age."

ARKANSAS BONDS.—The Arkansas bond-holders, in England, have addressed a letter to the Governor of Arkansas, remonstrating in earnest language against the continued repudiation in that State.

MARRYING EARLY.—We see by the Knoxville papers that on the 27th inst., in that city, was wedded by Rev. John C. Dunly, Mr. Frederick Pulse, aged 102, to Miss Dorcas Mannon, aged 34, all of Jefferson county, Tenn,

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AN ODD JURY.—In calling the jury in the Superior Court of New York, last week, but one juror was present, and the counsel, rather than wait till the others were caught, tried it before him. He decided in favor of the plaintiff.

SUNDAY WORK.—The Montreal Courier, a daily paper, announces the determination of the publishers to discontinue the practice of working in the office on Sunday,

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In Massachusetts there are no less than one hundred and twenty towns *utterly destitute of a grog shop!*

LARGE SUM,—The estimated balance in the United States treasury on the 1st July will be $8. 204. 928.

There was a "little nigger" in our city, says the Arkansas Intelligencer, who had such extraordinary long heels, that a wit observed "that he was ten years old before it could be decided which way the fellow would walk."

SALLY RATUS.—"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been after the saleratus?" "No, I haint." "If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress."—"Well, tell mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her—you know well enough I'm engaged to Ded."

Courting, says Ephraim. is done on printing principles; there being a good deal of the *hand press* work about it.

Sunshine of bliss—A maiden's smile. Moonshine of misery—An old maid's frown.

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