

MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, November 23, 1752.

From a late UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

On the MISERIES of OLD AGE.

THE most indifferent, or negligent Spectator, can indeed scarcely retire without Heaviness of Heart, from a View of the last Scenes of the Tragedy of Life, in which he finds those who in the former Parts of the Drama were distinguished by Opposition of Conduct, Contrariety of Designs, and Dissimilitude of personal Qualities, all involved in one common Distress, and all struggling with Affliction, which they cannot hope to overcome.

All the other Miseries, which waylay our Passage through the World, Wisdom may escape, and Fortitude may conquer; by Caution and Circumspection we may steal along with very little to obstruct or incommode us; by Spirit and Vigour we may force a Way, and reward the Vexation of Contest by the Pleasures of Victory. But there is a Time, when all our Policy and our Bravery will be equally useless, when we shall all sink into Helplessness and Sadness, without any Power of receiving Solace from the Pleasures which have formerly delighted us, or any Prospect of emerging into a second Possession of the Blessings which we have lost.

The Industry of Man has, indeed, not been wanting in Endeavours to procure Comforts for these Hours of Dejection and Melancholy, and to gild the dreadful Gloom with artificial Light. The most usual Support of old Age is Wealth. He whose Possessions are large, and whose Chests are full, imagines himself always fortified against Invasions on his Authority, and secure, at least, from open Insult and apparent Contempt. If he has lost all other Means of Government, if his Strength and his Reason fail him, he can, at least, alter his Will; and therefore all that have Hopes must likewise have Fears; and he may still continue to give Laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own Interest.

This is, indeed, too frequently the Citadel of the Dotard, the last Fortrels to which Age retires. But here, tho' there may be Safety, there is no Pleasure; and what remains is but a Proof, that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the Antients, than *Orbitis*, or Want of Children; and indeed, to a Man who has survived all the Companions of his Youth, all who have participated his Pleasures, and his Cares, have been engaged in the same Affairs, interested in the same Events, and filled their Minds with the same Conceptions, this full-peopled World is a dismal Solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or isolated, in the midst of Multitudes, animated with Hopes which he cannot share, and employed in Business which he is no longer able to forward or retard, and finds none, to whom his Life or his Death are of Importance, unless he has secured some domestic Gratifications, some tender Employments, and endeared himself to some whose Interest and Gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the Colours of Life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the past; and so different the Opinions and Sentiments which this Contrariety of Appearance naturally produces, that the Conversation of the Old and Young ends generally with Contempt or Envy on either Side. To a young Man entering the World, with Fulness of Hope and Ardour of Pursuit, nothing is so unpleasant as the cold Caution, the faint Expectations, the scrupulous Diffidence which Experience and Disappointments certainly infuse; and the old Man wonders that the World never can grow wiser; that neither Precepts, nor Testimonies, can cure Boys of their Credulity and Sufficiency; and that not one can be convinced that Snarers are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one Generation is always the Scorn and

Wonder of the other, and the Notions of the Old and Young are like Liquors of different Gravity and Texture, which never can unite. The Spirits of Youth, sublimed by Health, and volatilized by Passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatic Sediment of Weariness and Deliberation, and burst out in Temerity and Enterprize. The Tendernefs therefore which Nature infuses, and which long Habits of Beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such Opposition; and an old Man must be a Father to bear with Patience those Follies and Absurdities, which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the Schemes and Expectations, the Pleasures and the Sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by Time, and chilled by Frustration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the Pleasure of seeing Children ripening into Strength and Importance be not over-balanced by the Pain of seeing some fall in the Blossom, and others blasted in their Growth; some shaken down by Storms, some tainted with Cankers, and some shrivel'd in the Shade; and whether he that extends his Care beyond himself does not multiply his Anxieties more than his Pleasures, and weary himself to no Purpose, by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But tho' Age be to every Order of human Being sufficiently terrible, yet it is particularly to be dreaded by fine Ladies, who have had no other End or Ambition than to fill up the Day and the Night with Dress, Diversions, and Flattery, and who, having made no Acquaintance with Knowledge, or with Business, have constantly caught all their Ideas from the current Prattle of the Hour, and been indebted for all their Happiness to Compliments and Treats. With these Ladies Age begins early, and very often lasts long; it begins when their Beauty fades, when their Mirth loses its Sprightliness, and their Motion its Ease: From that Time all that gave them Joy vanishes from about them; they hear the Praises bestowed on others, which used to swell their own Bosoms with Exultation. They visit the Seats of Felicity, and endeavour to continue the Habit of being delighted; but Pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in Return, and Neglect and Pettulance soon inform them that their Power and their Value is past: And what then remains, but a tedious and comfortless Uniformity of Time, without any Motion of the Heart, or Exercise of the Reason?

Yet, however Age may discourage us by its Appearance, from considering it in Prospect, we shall all by Degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to enquire, what Provision can be made against that Time of Distress? What Happiness can be stored up against the Winter of Life? And how we may pass our latter Years with Serenity and Cheerfulness?

If it has been found by the Experience of Mankind, that no Season of Life is able to supply itself with sufficient Gratifications, without anticipating uncertain Felicities, it cannot surely be supposed that Old Age, worn with Labours, harassed with Anxieties, and tortured with Diseases, should have any Gladness of its own, or feel any Satisfaction from the Contemplation of the present. All the Comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future; the past is too often very soon exhausted, and the future lies beyond the Grave, where it can be reached only by Virtue and Devotion.

Piety, then, is the only proper and adequate Relief of decaying Man, since this World can give no farther Prospects. And he, therefore, that grows old without religious Hopes, as he declines into Imbecillity, and feels Pains and Sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a Gulf of bottomless Misery, in which every Reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new Gradations of Anguish, and Precipices of Horror.

From Mr. Fielding's JACK CONNOR.

An Irish BILLET DOUX.

My dear Sowl,

WHAT signifies making an Oration and Palaver, for your one swet sheif no's how desprately I'm in Love with you. My poor I's karry'd the Arrant oftin enuf, and your one deer Fefe was after givin me a sivil Anser, for you sim-purd upon me, and made my poor Hart gump for Joy. Now these suu Lines is to assure my deer charmin Sally, that if she pleses to let me have a smal Confablation, I will ley my Hart and Sowl at her Feet, and you may command me, by Nite or by Day, for the present Time, or my hole Life; if you breke my poor Hart, I will love you; and when I am in my old Grave, my Gost wil atund you, and do you al Sarvis I can. Ogh! my deer Sally, kepe my Hart allive, and you will find it better then al the Gosts in England. No more at present from your fethful and dyn

PATRICK MURPHY.

A Sample of London shire ENGLISH.

Dear Friend,

THESE few Lines is to acquaint you, that your Son Tom is in good Health at this present Writing, and *beginn's* to handle his Hammer to some Tune, so that I *hopes* he'll be a clever Feller. He was in a strange Quandery at the many Fokes in this City, but that Matter is now all off. I'll say that for him, he's the *most biggest* Boy I ever see of's Age, and as strong as a *Brusir*: He *fit* Will Adm. the Cooper's Boy, and soundly thrash'd his *Jackett*. He plays a rare *Knife and Fork*, but cannot eat *WEAL* without *WEENER*; but he's very fond of a *Few Broth*. The poor Lad had a *Misbap* last Week, for he fell out at *Wynder*, and broke his Head against the *Stone Poffises*. I find he *look's* hard at the *Wenches*, so I *fears* he won't be a *BACHELDER* at the End of's Time. Our *Friend* Mr. *Tabby*, the Stay-maker, is now a *Wyder*. No more from your loving Friend,

TOBY LIFT.

L O N D O N.

August 1. The Chevalier d'Abren, charged with the King of Spain's Affairs at the British Court, has sent to Madrid, a Plan, concerted between him and the Earl of Holderness, one of his Britannic Majesty's Secretarys of State, for terminating the Differences between the two Nations in America: This Plan having been examined by the Spanish Ministry, and found acceptable, has been sent back to London with his Majesty's Approbation, in order to its being put in Execution.

August 4. Letters from Petersburg observe, that the Court is very much concerned at the Grand Vizir's being deposed, as his System was entirely pacific, and he constantly laboured to preserve a good Harmony with the Russian Empire: However, they hope the Disgrace of that Minister will occasion no Alteration in the System of the Porte, as it is well known that the Grand Signior is naturally inclined to Peace, and that it was with the utmost Reluctance he deposed his Prime Minister to humour the giddy Populace, and some factious Spirits among the Janizaries.

They write from Copenhagen, that his Danish Majesty went in Person to review the Ship's Company of the Jaggerburg, which is going in the West India Company's Service to Guiney. The true Scheme of this Voyage is to revive the Slave Trade, and, if it is practicable to do any Thing therein that is considerable, there is no Doubt that the Crown will afford it all fitting Encouragement.

We are informed, that an Estate of 2000*l.* per Annum fell to Sir Peter Warren the Day before he died, by Will of ——— Armstrong, Esq;

On Thursday the 30th ult. in the Evening, the Carolina Brig. of Boston, in New England, Thomas Pearson, Master, from North Carolina for London, struck on the Running Stone near the Lands End, and took in a great Quantity of Water,

by the Subscriber,
Current Money, and if re-
Time given for Payment, in

following Tracts or

Land called Snowden's Repts-
containing 507 Acres, situated
th River, being the Plantation
Bell now lives; it is within
houses; viz. Indian Landing,
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lying on Elk Ridge, and ad-
xander Warfield's Land; the
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n whereon Mr. William Tho-

, situated near the Mouth of
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s Delight, and adjoining to
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nd Kitchen almost new, and
great Part of the Land is free
near Capt. William Griffith's

ble to purchase, may apply to
Persons, who will shew the
d.

Richard Snowden.

ted from London,

Capt. Thomas Askew, by the
Sold at his Store in Annapolis,
BLE Parcel of Eu-
India Goods, at reasonable
and Retail. Also a fortible Par-
es from 4 Inches to 9 Inchet,
nes, Deep Sea Lines, Sewing
e, Okum, Compasses, Glasset,
z to N^o. 7, Anchors, Grap-
vels, at reasonable Rates, for
Money, or Bills of Exchange.
Nicholas Maccubbin.

from the Patapsco

the first of July last, a Dutch
ing to Charles Carroll, Esq;
ed Michael Hollingsho, alias
y on Horseback, having with
of them of a Rosn Colour,
her uncertain, but supposed a
ween Patapsco and Annapolis,
e gone towards Virginia. He
rimmed with white Metal
at, and is dress'd in the Dutch
Gun with him, which he car-
at his Back: He is a down-
middle Size, with thick Lips
I think black Eyes, a brown
aks bad English.

the said Servant in any Goal,
had again, shall have Three
reasonable Charges, paid by

Richard Croxall.

, Rented, or Sold,

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London Town, where the late
kept Ferry; as also several
wise to be rented a Leaf of
lying in the Swamp, on Hor-
ons inclinable to agree for any
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: Where may be had, great
and East-India Goods, Bar-
ado Sugar, Cordage, Cables,
s, Ship Chandlery, &c. &c.
rices, for Bills of Exchange,
r Currency, or Tobacco.

Stephen West.

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Stephen West, late of London,
desired to pay their respective
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