

[Numb. 814.]

THE
MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the latest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, December II, 1760.

HAVING lately received a Commission from the Honourable DANIEL DULANY, Esq; Commissary General of this Province, appointing me Register of the Prerogative Office, in the room of MICHAEL MACNEMARA, Esq; resign'd, and being in Want of a Clerk, hereby give Notice, that any diligent single Man, of a good Character, who understands Clerkship well, will meet with good Encouragement, on applying to
JOHN DAVIDGE.

Nottingham, Sept. 24, 1760.

To be SOLD by the SUBSCRIBER, for Bills of Exchange or Cash,

THE following LANDS, viz. Part of a Tract of Land called *William and Elizabeth*, containing 604 Acres, lying on *Bennett's Creek*; and a Tract of Land called *Egypt*, containing 200 Acres, lying near *Captain Crabbs's*; both in *Frederick County*.

The Subscriber has a very good Assortment of DRY GOODS, suitable for the Season, to be Sold at his Store at *Nettingham*. Any Person that will purchase the Whole, may have them on reasonable Terms, for Cash, Bills, or Tobacco.
COLMORE BEANES.

September 15, 1760.

RAN away last Night from the Windmill in *Annapolis*, a Convict Servant Man named *Benjamin Salter*, by Trade a Miller: He is about six Feet high, of a fallow Complexion, sly roguish Look, stammers much in his Speech, and wears his own Hair which is very short. He had a long Hempten-Roll Trowsers, Osnabrigs Shirt, a Pair of coarse Store Shoes, and a Felt Hat much worn; the rest of his Apparel unknown.

Whoever apprehends and delivers him to the Subscriber in *Annapolis*, shall have a Reward of Five Pounds, and reasonable Charges.

DANIEL WOLSTENHOLME.

N. B. He has lost one of his Thumbs.

JUST IMPORTED, in the Ship PLANTER Captain JOSHUA WILSON, from LIVERPOOL and in Capt. THOMAS BIRCH, from BARBADOS

A LARGE Assortment of EUROPEAN and EAST-INDIA GOODS, a great Quantity of Fine SALT, and a Cargo of RUM, SUGAR, and MOLASSES; to be Sold by the Subscriber, at his Store in *Prince-George's County*, Wholesale or Retail, for Tobacco, Cash, or Bills of Exchange.
JOHN STONE HAWKINS.

ALL Persons Indebted to the Estate of the late Mr. *John Hawkins, junr.* and myself are desired to make speedy Payment, to prevent Trouble to themselves, as well as to
JOHN STONE HAWKINS.

ALL Persons indebted to the Estate of Mr. JAMES WARDROP, late of *Prince-George's County*, Merchant, deceased, are required to make immediate Payment; and those who have any Demands against the said Estate, are desired to give in the same to
LETTICE WARDROP, } Executors
ALEXANDER SYMMER, }
JOSEPH BELT, junior, }

WHEREAS there is a Vacancy for a Master in *Somerset County School*: Any Person properly Qualified, upon applying to the Visitors will meet with such Encouragement as the Law relating to Free-Schools will support them in.
Signed by Order,
ARNOLD ELZEY, Register.

To be RENTED or LEASED for a Term of YEARS,

A VALUABLE Tract of LAND, containing 1000 Acres, lying in *Fairfax County*, *Virginia*, about 40 Miles above *Alexandria*, on the main Road leading from thence to *Winchester*. The said Land will be laid out in Tenements of One or Two Hundred Acres, and has a Quantity of rich Meadow Ground upon it.
For Terms, enquire of the Subscriber, living in *Prince-George's County, Maryland*.
THOMAS BROOKE, Son of *Walter*.

WILLIAM RIND, at the PRINTING Office, all Persons may be supplied with the moderate Length are taken in and inserted, and in Proportion for long Ones.

THE entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old-fashioned virtue, called prudence, I shall devote this and a following paper. If the story I am going to tell them should deserve their approbation, they are to thank the husband and wife from whom I had it; and who are desirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

AS an eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Wilson*, was married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and in time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last, as to his wife. This change in his affections was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was his disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to refrain from them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. *Wilson* will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among the philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, where he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, he passed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing her, but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way home at a head shop in a by street near *St. James's*, the lady *Wilson* crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house overlooking her, which was opened by a servant in a very, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and not knowing he had an acquaintance in the street, a little alarmed her, she enquired of the woman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. "You have just seen him in, madam, replied the woman. His name is *Roberts*, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His lady—" At those words *Mrs. Wilson* changed colour; and interrupting her—"His lady, madam!—I thought that—Will you give me a glass of water? This walk has so tired me—Pray give me a glass of water—I am quite faint with fatigue." The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, *Wilson* became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she had, and having desired a coach might be sent for—"I believe, said she, you were quite frightened to see me so pale; but I had walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not slept into your shop.—But you were talking of the gentleman over the way—I fancied I knew him; but his name is *Roberts*, you say. Is he a married man, pray?" "The happiest in the world, madam (returned the head-woman) he is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great joy, his lady is now lying of her first child, which is to be christened this evening; and as fine a boy, they say it is, as ever was seen." At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for came to

the door; into which *Mrs. Wilson* immediately stepped, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given; and in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief which herself has told me she was never able to describe.

THE readers of this little history have been informed that Mr. *Wilson* had a country lodging, to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening since his disagreement with his wife; but in fact, it was to his house near *St. James's* that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this.

As he was sauntering one day through the bird-cage walk in the park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who though plainly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking at her for some time; which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will innumerate itself into a corner of it; and as *Wilson* was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. *Wilson* who was really heart-struck, made her a thousand professions of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her, till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh and a stream of Tears, the lady began thus.

"If, sir, you are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank heaven that I have found you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at *Dettingen*. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him or he me, as he is gone forever from me. I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at *Chelsea*.

"In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.
"I LIVED upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday being quarter-day, I wondered I neither saw him nor heard from him. Early this morning I walked from *Chelsea* to enquire for him at his lodgings in *Pall-Mall*; but how shall I tell you, sir, the news I learnt there!— "This friend! this generous and disinterested friend! was killed yesterday in a duel in *Hyde-park*." She then here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. "I was so flattered

at this intelligence that I knew not whither to go: Chance more than choice brought me to this place; where if I have found a benefactor—and indeed, sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life."

THE widow ended her story, which was literally true, in so engaging and interesting a manner, that *Wilson* was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, to which she readily consented, walking with him to *Buckingham Gate*, where a Coach was called, which conveyed them to *Chelsea*. *Wilson* dined with her that Day, and took Lodgings in the same house, calling himself *Roberts*, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where by unbounded generosity, and constant affluities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I SHALL stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow, that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

THE effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of *Wilson*. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near *St. James's*, where *Mrs. Wilson* had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay in.

[Conclusion of the story of Mrs. Wilson.]

I RETURN now to *Mrs. Wilson*, whom we left in a hackney coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me, that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to her mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handiempt undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She enquired at the door if Mr. *Roberts* was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding that as she came a great way, and had business with Mr. *Roberts*, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. *Wilson* confessed that at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her remembrance, and left her with no other Power than to fling herself into the arms from which she suddenly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.