

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, NOVEMBER 7, 1805.

Miscellany.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

A rich vein of morality runs through the following production.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish—O, my mother earth!
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs recline,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear—
My pulse—my brain runs wild—
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
I am THE GRAVE!

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen—I will speak no more;
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a Wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of ungiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the powers of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of the womb!
By Death and Hell!

"I charge thee LIVE!—Repent and pray;
In dust thy infamy deplore,
There yet is mercy—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known,
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long, of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To Friendship did'st thou trust thy fame?
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE! and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told;
Thou hast mistaken fondid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With Heavenly balm.

"In WOMAN hast thou plac'd thy bliss,
And did the FAIR ONE faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE! 'twas a false, bewildering fire!
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But KILLS THE HEART.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden's virtuous charms!
Blest shalt thou be, supremely blest,
In beauty's arms.

"—Whate'er thy lot—whoe'er thou be—
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chaffening furrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his Providence adore;
'Tis done!—Arite! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The SOUL, of origin divine,
God's glorious image steed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!"

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The SOUL, immortal as its fire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

MEDITATIONS ON A BROOMSTICK.

THIS single stick, which you now behold, ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in the forest, it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk. It is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air. It is now handled by every dirty wench, and condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean and he nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire: when I beheld this, I sighed and said within myself, *Surely mortal man is a Broomstick!* Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew upon his head; but now, should this, *our broomstick*, pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the first lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults?

But a *broomstick*, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsyturvy creature; his animal faculties continually mounted over his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth; and yet with all his faults, he sets up to be an universal reformer, and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. When worn to the stumps like his brother broom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

SWIFT.

ANECDOTE.

A CARDINAL of great merit was once so ill as to be given over by his physicians. His domestics, all eager to serve themselves, presented their persons before him, with a box, a trunk, a cabinet, or other moveables, under each of their arms, and made their exits severally with a bow.

Meanwhile an ape observing, as he sat by his master's bed, what was going on, spied the cardinal's cap, which he instantly seized, clapped it upon his head, made his bow with infinite archness and solemnity, and then retired as the rest of the household had done.

This humorous imitation had such an effect on the risible faculties of the dying cardinal, that the imposthume, which threatened his life, instantly broke, and his life was happily restored.

From a Philadelphia Paper.

DESCRIPTION OF THE
SCHUYLKILL BRIDGE,
Extracted from "BIDDLE'S Young Carpenter's Assistant," which is now in the Press at Philadelphia.

PLATE 41

CONTAINS a draught of the frame of the bridge lately erected, by a company incorporated for that purpose, over the Schuylkill, at the West End of High or Market-street; with a Section of the Bed of the River.

The westernmost pier of this Bridge is sunk in a depth of water, unexampled in Hydraulic Architecture, in any part of the world; the top of the rock on which it stands being 41 feet 9 inches below common high tides. Both piers were built with Cofferdams. The dam of the western pier was of original and peculiar construction; the design furnished by WILLIAM WESTON, Esq. of Gainsborough, in England, a celebrated Hydraulic Engineer. An idea of its magnitude may be formed, when it is known that 800,000 feet of timber (board measure) were unavoidably employed in and about it. It was executed, under the orders of the Building Committee of the Board, consisting of the President and four, and sometimes five Directors (to whom the master workmen express great obligations) by SAMUEL ROBINSON of this city. Every disadvantage to which such difficult undertakings are subject (the rock being, in sandy parts, nearly bare, and affording no footing for the piles) opposed the progress of this. So that it could not be ready for the commencement of the masonry until the 25th of December, when the first stone was laid; and the work continued in a severe winter, to the height then proposed.

The stone work was done by THOMAS VICKERS, under the orders, and with the advice and constant attention of the same Committee; assisted, on emergencies, by all the members of the Board, and the Treasurer, who was eminently useful on every occasion. The masonry is executed on a plan suggested to the mason, uncommon, if not new. The walls of the Abutments and Wings are perpendicular, without buttresses; and supported by interior offsets. These are found completely competent to support the pressure of the filling, without battering or contreforts. The Abutments are 18 feet thick. The Wing-walls 9 feet at the foundations; retiring by offsets, till at the parapets they are only 18 inches. The eastern abutment and wing-walls are founded on a rock.—Those on the western side are built on piles. There are upwards of 7,500 tons of masonry in the western pier. Many of the stones, composing both piers, weigh from 3 to 12 tons. A number of massive chains are stretched, in various positions, across the piers. These are worked in with the masonry; the exterior whereof is clamped, and finished in the most substantial and workmanlike manner.

The Frame of the superstructure was designed and erected by TIMOTHY PALMER, of Newburyport, in Massachusetts. It is a masterly piece of workmanship; combining in its principles, that of king-posts and braces, with that of a stone arch. Half of each post, with the brace between them, will form the voussour of an arch; and lines through the middle of each post would describe the radii, or joints. The letters *a b c*, &c. in the draught, refer to the same letters below; where the manner of connecting the timbers together is shown on a larger scale. The position of the letters are the same, with respect to each piece, in both places. Two of these, *a* and *b*, are double, or in two thicknesses. There are 3 sections of the frame, similar to the one represented. That in the middle divides the space into two equal parts. So that those passing in opposite directions are prevented from interfering with each other. The platform for travelling rises only 8 feet from a horizontal line; and the top, or cap pieces, are parallel to this. Of the sections the middle one has the most pressure, owing to the weight of transportation being thrown nearer to that section than towards the sides; to which the foot-ways prevent its approach. These foot-ways are five feet in width, elevated above the carriage-ways, and neatly protected by posts and chains. T. PALMER is the original inventor of this kind of wooden bridge architecture. He permitted, with much candour, considerable alterations in the plan, on which he had erected several bridges in New-England. These were accommodatory to the intended cover, and were so much approved by him, that he considers the Schuylkill Bridge superstructure the most perfect of any he has built.

After the erection of the frame, the Editor was employed by the President and Directors to perform the workmanship of the covering; agreeably to a design furnished by them to him: this design of the cover being original, it is more surprising that it has not many faults, than that few, if any, can be found.