

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1806.

Miscellany.

FROM THE TROY GAZETTE.

Messrs. Editors,

THE following is a hasty translation of a story told by PETRONIUS ARBITER, and published in the last Anthology. I have ventured to make a deviation in one instance, which delicacy appeared to require. If you think proper please to give a place to it in your paper. But it may be well to remark (after the Anthology) that the author of this story lived in the reign of Nero, and possessed many virtues and many vices, but is particularly notable for his oddities, his contempt of death, and his satirical humour: of the latter quality this story presents a specimen.

At Ephesus dwelt a lady so celebrated for conjugal fidelity and affection, that the ladies of the neighbouring nations thought themselves honoured if they could see her. When the husband of this lady died, not contented with following the corpse with dishevelled hair, and with beating her breast in view of the multitude (the ordinary mode of expressing sorrow at funerals in Ephesus) she followed the corpse into the tomb, and there remained weeping day and night. The entreaties of her parents, neighbours, and the magistrates of the city, were equally unavailing: she refused to receive any succour, and rejected all consolation. They deplored the misery of the excellent matron, who continued fasting five days—Her faithful maid remained with her commending her pious sorrow, and renewing the lamp which was kept burning in the sepulchre. The lady's forlorn situation engrossed the conversation and excited the compassion of the citizens; whilst so splendid an instance of conjugal fidelity and affection commanded universal admiration.

At this time the Governor of the province had commanded some robbers to be crucified near the tomb, where the lady continued mourning over the remains of her husband. On the next night a soldier, who guarded the bodies of the crucified malefactors, observing the glimmering of a torch and hearing a groan of distress proceed from the adjacent tomb, was induced by a humane curiosity to learn the cause of it. He descended, therefore, into the sepulchre, and the face of a beautiful female first meeting his eyes, made him recoil with fear: recovering from the astonishment which so uncommon a spectacle naturally excited even in a soldier's breast, he surveyed more attentively the face of the lady, which she had furrowed with her nails, and the body over which she shed incessant tears—and concluded, as was truly the case, that grief, occasioned by the death of a dear friend, had reduced her to that miserable condition.—The soldier's heart was moved—he immediately carried some food into the sepulchre and began to exhort her not to persevere in her useless grief nor burst her heart with unavailing sighs. "To die is the common lot of humanity; all men are travelling to the same dark abodes;" with these, and exhortations like these, he endeavoured to restore to health her diseased mind. But her soul would receive no consolation.—She struck her breast and tore her hair more violently than before.

The soldier next plied the maid with similar exhortations, endeavouring to make her take some food.—The smell of the wine, which the soldier presented to her, first induced her to listen to his intreaty. Overcome at length by the soldier's humanity, and the bewitching odour of the wine, she stretched towards him her hand in token of compliance. After recovering her strength and refreshing her spirits by eating the food and drinking the wine, which the soldier had placed before her, she began to blame the obstinacy of her mistress; "What profit can you derive, (said she) by starving yourself? Why will you bury yourself alive, or resign your soul unrequited?"

"Think you cold ashes, or the unburied dead,

"Will to your vows or promises give heed?"

"Do you bend Almighty fate by your tears, and recall your husband to life? You have played the woman long enough. Is it not better to enjoy the good things of life while you can, than to pine away in womanish sorrow? The very corpse, over which you mourn, should admonish you to preserve your life."

Arguments to induce us to eat, or to preserve our lives, are readily listened to. Therefore, after an abstinence of some days, the lady allowed her obstinacy to be overcome, and devoured the food offered to her, with as good a stomach as the maid had done before. Henceforth you may learn how to conquer human obstinacy. The soldier, by the same blandishing eloquence which had preserved the lady's life, endeavoured to gain her affection. He already possessed the good will of her maid, nor in the eyes of the mistress did he appear void of gracefulness nor eloquence. The maid fostered these good impressions.

"Gains't love approv'd, why obstinate abide?

"Nor once reflect with whom you now reside!"

In short, the soldier obtained a complete conquest over the lady's heart. The nuptials were consummated on the spot. They remained together in the sepulchre, not only that night, but the next, and the third, keeping the sepulchre closed, that those who came to the tomb might think the faithful wife had died of grief by her husband's corpse. The soldier's happiness was now made complete in the enjoyment of the lady's charms, and he every day purchased whatever his purse could afford and conveyed it at night into the sepulchre.

But the parents of one of the crucified malefactors, observing that the guard had relaxed in vigilance, took away the body of their son by night, and bestowed funeral honours upon it. Next morning, when the soldier saw that the body was removed, and dreading the consequence, he related to the lady what had happened, and declared his resolution to chastise his negligence with his own sword, rather than endure the ignominy of a judicial punishment. He then requested the lady to place his body in the sepulchre by the side of her deceased husband. The lady being no less distinguished for her humanity than her conjugal fidelity, replied—"No, ye gods! oblige me not to witness at once the death of two so lovely men. I will rather violate the remains of the dead than kill the living." Having said this, she ordered the body of her husband to be taken out of the tomb and suspended on the cross. The soldier, gratified by the ingenuity of the lady, and the next day every body wondered how the body came on the cross!

From Warner's "Walk thro' Wales."

THE bridge at Usk is formed of Wood, on a similar construction with that of Chepflow; and the same reason is to be ascribed, for the tide at each place occasionally rising to the incredible height of fifty or sixty feet. The boards which composed the flooring of this bridge are designedly loose, in order to float with the tide when it exceeds a certain height, and are prevented from escaping only by little pegs at the ends of them; they do not afford a very safe footing for the traveller; and some awkward accidents have been known to arise from this cause. A singular adventure occurred to a female about 20 years ago as she was passing it at night, which tells so much to the credit of the ladies, that it would be unpardonable in a torist, who is less an admirer of the sex than myself, not to detail the particulars.

The heroine in question was a Mrs. Williams, well known at the town of Usk, and living there till within these few years. She had been to spend a cheerful evening at a neighbour's house on the eastern side of the river, and was returning home, I presume at a decent hour, and in a decorous state. The night being extremely dark, she had provided herself with a lantern and candle, by the assistance of which she found her way towards the bridge, and had already passed part of the dangerous structure. When about half over, however, she unfortunately trod on a plank that had by some accident lost the peg which originally confined it, and had slipped from its proper situation. The faithless board instantly yielded to the weight of the good lady, and carried her through the flooring, candle and lantern, into the river.—Fortunately at the moment of falling, she was standing in such a position as gave her a seat on the plank similar to that of a horseman on his nag. It may be easily imagined, that Mrs. Williams must have been somewhat surprised at this change of situation, as well as alteration of climate. Blessed however, with a large share of that presence of mind, and a patient endurance of evils, which exalts the female character so far above our own, the good lady was not overwhelmed by her fall; and steadily maintained her seat on the board, taking care, at the same time, to preserve the candle lighted, rightly supposing it would serve as an index to any one that might be able or willing to assist her. Thus besriding the plank, our heroine was hurried down the river towards Newport, the bridge of which she trusted would stop her progress, or its inhabitants be alarmed at her cries.—In both her hopes, however, she was disappointed; the rapidity of a spring tide sent her through the arch with the velocity of an arrow discharged from the bow, and the good people of the town had been long wrapt in slumber. Thus situated, her prospect became each moment more desperate; her candle was nearly extinguished, and every limb so benumbed with cold, that she had the greatest difficulty to keep her seat. Already had she reached the mouth of the Usk, and was on the point of encountering the turbulent waves of the British Channel, when the master of a fishing boat, who returning from his nightly toils, discovered the gleaming of her taper, and heard her call for assistance; and after a considerable struggle between his humanity and superstition, ventured at length to approach the floating wonder, and brot Mrs. Williams safely to the shore in his boat.

From the Charleston City Gazette.

COMMUNICATION.

HAVING seen in the City Gazette, two or three years ago, an account of the beneficial effects of cold water applied to, or poured on persons struck with lightning, and as there may be many who have not seen it, or do not retain it in memory, and as this is a season of the year in which accidents from lightning frequently occur, would thank you to insert the following case, wherein I have made a trial of it, and have the pleasure to vouch for its efficacy:

On the 14th of June, a son of Mr. John Keigler, in this neighbourhood, about eight years of age, was struck in a wheat field, and life suspended for nearly half an hour. It being near a creek, his father sent for some water and poured it on his head, but did not continue long enough to be benefited from it; and conceiving him to be dead, proceeded to take him home, when, fortunately, they were overtaken by a shower of rain, which wet them through, and, to his great comfort and astonishment, he found him begin to breathe and move one of his arms, and in succession, others of his extremities. When he arrived at the house, a boy was dispatched for me; I arrived about four o'clock, an hour after the accident.—The child was then in a comatose situation, but could move his arms and legs. I immediately tied him, and applied thick folded cloths, wet with vinegar and water, to his head and spine, in which places he appeared to be most injured; this soon relieved the inflammatory appearance of the skin and gave considerable strength. In about an hour after, a considerable degree of fever supervened, which I found to yield to a more liberal use of water and vinegar; about twelve at night he recovered his understanding and power of speech. The next day he was able to be about, and complained of nothing but soreness and some degree of debility, and from that time he has continued in good health.

I am your friend and humble servant,

F. BRYAN.

Lexington District, June 27, 1806.

On the effects of Nitre, or Salt-Petre,

In promoting the growth of corn or wheat. By ROBERT JOHNSTON, Esq. Published by order of the Society for the promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures, instituted in the state of New-York.

IT is a remark which we know by sad experience to be true, that a great body of lands in this country, that have been a long time under cultivation, are in a state of depreciation, with regard to raising wheat. It then behooves us to endeavour to look out for some substitute to supply the deficiency. Among the different kinds of grain that claim our attention and seem to promise the greatest supply, there are none equal, I think to Indian corn.—This grain will grow as well on old land, if manured and well cultivated, as on new; and every attempt to render a crop of this grain luxuriant and profitable, should be embraced with the greatest avidity. The method of cultivating this grain is so well known, it is needless to say any thing about it, I would only give some direction in preparing the seed which from experience I have found to be useful: Take three ounces of salt-petre, bruise it fine, and dissolve it in as much soft or brook water as will immerse one half bushel of corn, to which add one pint of strong ley; steep the corn in this liquor before the planting, 20 hours, then spread it on a dry floor about five or six hours, when it will be fit to plant. I make no doubt but this treatment would be useful to seed wheat or other grain, and shall here relate an experiment I made about two years past. Late in the fall a neighbour of mine being at my house was lamenting that he had met some embarrassment that had prevented him from sowing part of his crop of wheat in proper time; I told him if he would follow my directions, I would engage the wheat would now sow would be as forward in growth as what he had sown a fortnight past. He promised to follow whatever I would prescribe; and I gave him as much salt-petre as was sufficient for what wheat he had to sow, enjoining him at the same time to give me an accurate account of the success of his crop. About the time his wheat was fit to reap, he came and told me the wheat he had sown by my directions, was on the same kind of ground his other wheat was sowed on; that it was sooner ripe; that it grew four inches longer than what he had sown early, and was at least 24 per cent. better.

EXTRACT.

NATURE gives us talents, it is education that applies them right or wrong. Nature bestows propensities and affections, which may be directed to good, either public or private. It is culture that improves or prevents them.