

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, A U G U S T 28, 1806.

Miscellany.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

A FRAGMENT.

IT is the Fun'ral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic: in sweet sounds.
Hark! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone!
It raves the very rabble multitude;
They follow silently—their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death, that with such force
Arrests the sense; the mute and mourning train,
The white plumes nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had pass'd unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these mear'd sounds,
This universal language to the heart
Speaks instant, and all these various minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
Will pass away—how soon!—and those who here
Are following their dead comrades to the grave,
Ere the night-fall, will in their revelry
Down all remembrance. From the ties of life,
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting place—no delights of home,
Beside who never saw his children's face—
Whose children knew no father—he is gone,
Dropt from existence, like a wither'd leaf,
That from a summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him—and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed: When first
He had put on the LIVERY OF BLOOD,
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed,
Clay in the potter's hand. One favour'd mind,
Scarce lower than the Angel's, shall explore
The ways of nature; and, more favour'd still,
Shed happiness around him—whilst his fellow,
Form'd with like miracle, the work of God,
Must, as th' unreasonable beast, drag on
A life of labour, like this soldier here,
His wond'rous faculties bestow'd in vain;
Be moulded by his fate, till he becomes
A WERE MACHINE.

A FRAGMENT.

"HOW unhappy are the fair, who, from mistak-
"en notions of happiness, seek the alluring paths of
"pleasure! Deluded indeed!" Here a sigh burst from
her bosom, at the recollection of past folly—and a
tear fell from its orb, and rested on the cheek of the
fair Euphrosyne.—"Cease," said she, "the dew drops
"of contrition," what avail they now? Are not the
"years of dissipation fled away like the sun beams
"of the morning, without one reflecting moment?—
"they sported till my fortune was exhausted—and
"friends with fortune fled.

"For what is friendship but a name,
"A charm that lulls to sleep:
"A shade that follows wealth and fame,
"And leaves the wretch to weep."

"I must now find some solitude, and perhaps close
"the evening of my life in the lap of penury: But,
"stop, methinks some kind power bids me not de-
"part; though I have deviated from prudence, I
"never have from virtue.—Notwithstanding this re-
"verber of fortune I may yet be happy; the rectitude
"of my heart shall be my consolation."—Here she
"paused.—"Yes! It must be so. To-morrow, at Au-
"ror's dawn, when the feather'd songsters are
"chanting forth hymns of gratitude to the supreme
"Author of the Universe, I will commit myself to
"his care, and quit this town for ever, and endeavour
"to blot out the remembrance of the part I have act-
"ed in it." The ruddy fingers of the morn had just
"unbarred the gates of light, when Euphrosyne bid
"adieu to the place of her birth.

The melody of the birds, the softness of the air,
the universal stillness that reigned around, spread a
serenity over her mind, and calmed all her sorrows.—
She stopped to take a survey of the surrounding land-
scape. "How happy," exclaimed the fair, "are the
"inhabitants of you lowly cottage, now enjoying the
"sweets of balmly slumber. This is a felicity the
"virtuous only know! Sleep on ye children of inno-
"cence, and may your repose be uninterrupted!" She
"finished her ejaculation with a sigh, and walked slowly
"forward, till she arrived at a little village, where she
"inquired her way to the next, and with the small re-
"mains of her fortune purchased a cottage. The lofty
"clap porch shadowed her dwelling, and the lowly ever-
"green crept around her door. Here the once gay
"Euphrosyne, that lately shone in the circles of the
"beau monde, was obscured in the shadowy vale; but

in the vale she was convinced that happiness does not
dwell on the summit of grandeur.

ON THE CHOICE AND QUALITY OF A WIFE.

'Tis a fault
That men, not guided by the track of reason,
But heat and wantonness of blood, run giddy
To seal such weighty covenants.

SHIRLEY'S Constant Maid.

AS the attainment of happiness is the grand spring
of human action, I have been often surpris'd at that
inattention, so apparent in the generality of mankind,
to the most important concern in their lives, the
choice of a wife; a choice, on which not only their
present welfare, but even their everlasting felicity may
depend. Indeed, if we may judge from the slight re-
gard paid to an object of so much moment, we may
suppose it commonly understood to be a trivial point,
in which little or no reflection is requisite; or that
fortune and beauty were in themselves whatever was
essential to the happiness of the conjugal state. But
let those, who, in the ardour of unreflecting youth,
form such gay visions of splendid enjoyments, and
everlasting passion, consider, that there are requisite
of a nobler kind, without which, when it may be too
late, they may find themselves involved in irremedia-
ble ruin.

What melancholy histories have been recorded,
where manly virtue has been united to a fortune and
to misery; blooming loveliness sacrificed at the shrine
of avarice; or unthinking youth, smitten by exterior
charms alone, instead of the attracting graces of mo-
desty, sentiment and discretion, has become a volun-
tary victim to insipid, if not to meretricious beauty!
I would not be understood, however, as though I ap-
prehended, that beauty and fortune are of no estimati-
on. The former, when united to piety, virtue, and
good sense, can be slighted by those only who are de-
void of any ideas of whatever is lovely and excellent
in nature; and fortune, or at least a competence, is ab-
solutely necessary, since without it the highest degree
of virtue, and the most enchanting graces, will be in-
sufficient to insure happiness in the conjugal union:

"Let reason teach what passion vain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
Whilst both could eaiser their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

LITTLETON.

Certainly no prudent person ought to engage in the
married state without a sufficiency of means for a
comfortable subsistence. That lover cannot regard
his mistress with virtuous passion, who would involve
her in all the possible consequences of reciprocal po-
verty. True love never forgets the happiness of its
object; for when this ceases to be regarded, it is not
the generous tenderness of love, but the unthinking
wildness of passion.

These observations, however, cannot obviate the
just complaints, which may be made against those
matches, in which beauty, or fortune only are regard-
ed. "Beauty," says lord Kaimes, "is a dangerous
property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, tho'
it soon loses its influence over the husband. A fi-
gure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection
without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice.
The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At
the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who
inakes an agreeable companion, charms her husband
perhaps more than at first. The comparison of love
to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it
burns, the sooner it is extinguished."

It is unquestionably true, that happiness in the mar-
ried state depends not on riches, nor on beauty, but
on virtue, good sense and sweetness of temper. A
young man who has himself a sufficient fortune, should
not always look for an equivalent of that kind in the
object of his love. "Who can find a virtuous wo-
man," says Solomon, "for her price is far above ru-
bies?" The important object of his inquiry is, not
whether she has riches, but whether she possesses those
qualifications, which naturally form the amiable wife
and the exemplary mother? In like manner, would a
parent conduct his daughter to a wife and judicious
choice of a husband, he will not so much recommend
the necessity of a fortune, as of virtuous conduct,
good temper, discretion, regularity, and industry.—
With these, a husband, if he be of a reputable pro-
fession, may improve the fortune of his wife, and ren-
der it of much greater advantage to each other, than
the most ample equivalent in money, with the reverse
of these qualities.

On the contrary, where interest pervades the bo-
soms, and is the sole motive to union, what can more

naturally be expected than unhappy matches? With-
out a certain congeniality of sentiment, independent
of the adventitious circumstances of beauty, or fortu-
ne, the connubial state is the very opposite of a
heaven. Home becomes disagreeable, where there is
a diversity of taste, temper, and wishes; or where
those mental resources are wanting which invite to
conversation, and render it delightful and endearing.
The scenes of wretchedness, inseparable from such a
state, must be obvious to every mind.

We turn with pleasure to the exquisite happiness,
which is the result of a virtuous choice. Home is
then delightful, and every moment is replete with sa-
tisfaction.

But without dwelling longer on this charming
theme, permit me to ask, Who would sacrifice the
enjoyment of such felicity, for wealth? What weak-
ness of mind does it betray, to forfeit "the matchless
joys of virtuous love," for the ideal pleasures of afflu-
ence!

ON CARD PLAYING.

"Cards are superfluous, with all the tricks
"That idleness has yet contriv'd
"To fill the void of an unfinish'd brain,
"To palliate dulness, and give time a shove."

COWPER.

A GENTLEMAN in public company, inveigh-
ing against the prevailing custom of card playing, was
requested to give his reason for it, which he did in
words to this effect. I will, said he, since you desire
it, give you my reasons; first, in general, and then,
in particular. I have observed that cards waste a
great deal of TIME, which I esteem the most valu-
able treasure that God has bestowed on us. In the
next place, they exclude conversation, which is the
highest of all social pleasures; and lastly, they too
frequently excite envy, repining and ill humour. To
be more particular. In young persons, the habit of
playing at Cards absorbs many of those hours which
should be spent in improving the mind, and which,
thus daily wasted, can never afterwards be recalled:
by thus losing the opportunity of improvement, they
become utterly unfit for proper employments, and of
course fall into pursuits, unworthy of the stations they
might have filled, and become insignificant in them-
selves and useless to society. With respect to the
old; this humour of card playing is a most wretch-
ed example, and contributes greatly to ruin the ris-
ing generation; it removes that reverence which
ought naturally to wait upon years, and renders that
scene of life disgraceful, which ought to be the ob-
ject of veneration: It increases avarice, the too natu-
ral vice of age, and corrupts the heart, at a season
when it should be employed in more serious pursuits.
In a word, this is one great cause of that incapacity
so justly deplored in our Youth of both sexes, and of
that profligacy which disgraces those in advanced years.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS AND DEAFNESS.

From the London Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

SO simple a thing as brown paper has, from my
knowledge, been so beneficial in several instances,
that I am induced to request your inserting this in
your useful Magazine.

The Countess of S—, for a long time has re-
commended it with success.

A Mrs. K—, of Oxford-street, was cured of
rheumatic pains in a few days by wearing a waistcoat
of brown paper. Sir Wm. P. I was informed, ap-
plied it by only covering the ears, and was cured of
a deafness. Mr. K. Dawson, a druggist of Bath, by
wearing a brown paper night-cap under his flannel
night-cap, for a few weeks, was cured of a deafness
he had had for two years. Mrs. Cross, the widow of an
eminent upholsterer in Bath, had had what she called
a nervous deafness for more than 20 years, and had
tried many things, was cured by wearing a brown pa-
per night-cap six weeks. Sir Richard Jebb, I have
been inform'd, wore a piece of brown paper to his
breast for 30 years which was of great benefit to him,
as he had the misfortune to inherit a constitutionally
weak state of lungs; to keep it on, it was sewed to
a small ribband, which hung round the neck. It has
cured sore throats by being applied round the neck,
under the neckcloth. I could mention many more,
who, by putting a large piece of brown paper to the
part in pain, next the skin, and keeping it there for a
few weeks, particularly by day, (for the brown paper
night-cap was not worn in the day) have found much
relief, after wearing flannel with little or no effect.

I have cured rheumatic pains in my arm by rub-
bing the part with the other hand for a quarter of an
hour, when in bed, till I was in a glow of warmth.
Many have used brown paper with little or no effect;
it should also be observed.