

MARYLAND GAZETTE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1807.

Miscellany.

THE FALLING TOWER.

ARK ye the Tower, whose lonely halls
 Echo to yon falling stream?
 Ye its bare and crumbling walls,
 Here slowly fades the sinking beam?
 Ye oft when Eve in silent trance
 Hears the lorn red-breast's plaintive moan,
 Turning round a cautious glance,
 Leaves from its base some mould'ring stone.
 Ye, tho' in Time's departed day,
 Far wav'd his glittering banners high:
 Many a minstrel pour'd the lay,
 And many a beauty tranced the eye:
 Never midst the gorgeous scene,
 Did the proud feasts of splend' power,
 Be on the pile a beam serene,
 Bright as gilds its falling hour.
 Thus, when life's gay scene shall fade,
 And pleasure lose its wonted bloom,
 In creeping age shall bate my head,
 And point to me the silent tomb!
 In vain Religion's hallow'd flame,
 Sheds on my mind its mildest ray;
 And points to me the bright Eternity of Day.

My friends and readers of this department of the Gazette will be pleased with the following tale, which was first published, a few months since, in the *W-England Republican*.]

EMILY HAMMOND.

A NOVEL.

To convey useful instruction without giving offence is a task attended with peculiar difficulty. Our faults are set before us, even though friendliness assume the task of correction, the inherent selfishness of our hearts feel wounded at the fancied rebuke, and too often weakens every effort for reform.

Well drawn sketches of *real life*, however, furnish a course of instruction, which nothing but confirmed habits of character can render ineffectual. When we witness the course of vicious conduct succeeded by disgrace, misfortune and repentance; and remark the honour, the peace, and peace of mind, which, even in this life, the virtue confers on her votaries; we receive instruction without suspecting it. Imagination and sympathy are interested, and leave an impression on the mind, which formal advice and abstract reasoning could never have produced.

The following "unvarnished little tale," shall be a virtue's call to one erring heart, or beguile a moment from the dullness of *cinqui*, or the pursuit of pleasure; the relator will think his trouble amply repaid, if he corrects the passions, to soften and amend the heart, and leave his object. Applause is not expected; and apology will not be attempted.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman from the western part of Massachusetts. Youthful attachments are frequently less permanent than their early attachment would lead us to expect: new connexions are formed, and new interests arise, as our years increase; and leave to friendship little beyond an empty name. Mr. Drey and myself, however, these remarks by no means apply. Although engaged in the most arduous and all employments, while my life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed frequent visits to his family, with all the ardour of youthful friendship. When I felt the warm grasp of his hand, I forgot that I was growing grey; while the joys of other times rose to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection, that we were never to return!

Mr. Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman, and in her disposition amiable to a high degree. Unlike too many of our fashionable wives, she found her chief happiness in increasing the happiness of her husband: to lighten the pressure of his cares, and multiply the sources of his enjoyment, and less her duty than her delight: and in that generous interchange of kind offices, arising from a reciprocal desire to please, my friends enjoyed a degree of domestic felicity which I shall look in vain to excel.

They had two children, one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, was bestowed all the fond attention which should have been bestowed among a more numerous family. He received an early education: and, at the age of seventeen, was placed in a course of professional study, under the direction of a relation at Philadelphia.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since: My friend now rests in his kindred earth; his amiable wife renounces the clay by his side; while their son, their only and darling child, "the child of many prayers," in whom centered all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel: this son, if yet alive, is a wanderer in foreign climes, friendless and destitute, and tormented with the "gnawings of that worm which never dies."

My readers will pardon this short characteristic sketch: it is a tribute due to the memory of my friends.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill.—Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the mail stage, as offering the most certain and expeditious manner of travelling. The first day I rode quite alone; the carriage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours repose, I was summoned to continue my journey towards Boston. As I entered the coach, I observed, by the light of the waiter's lantern, a young lady who had entered before me, and placed herself on the back seat. She was of a delicate form, and apparently in ill health; but the circumstance which most powerfully excited my fellow-feeling was, that she carried a very young infant, who appeared like its unprotected protectress, to be ill prepared for the fatigues of such a journey. The coachman's customary inquiry, "all in?" was answered in the affirmative.

I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who seemed, at best, friendless, unprotected and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy. Drowsy, through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my cloak around me, and fell into a kind of half slumber, from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which my fellow-traveller carried:—"Hush, poor little outcast! hush, my poor babe," cried she, in a voice of tenderness.—"The world has no pity for you! Oh, it is a cruel world." She pressed her suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings too powerful to be resisted; in the impulse of the moment, I seated myself close by her side—"Young woman! you seem to be distressed—trust an old man: I can have no interest in deceiving you!"—"I am distressed!" she replied, in a voice hardly audible, "but I did not mean to complain."

"Have you travelled far?"
 "From Philadelphia, sir."
 "Painful! And you go farther still?"
 "To Boston—"

"Who are your friends in Boston?" I inquired hastily. She burst into a passion of tears, and I felt that I had asked too much. "I have no friends, no home!" she replied—"I expect no pity, but from Heaven, and I have forfeited even that. For myself I could suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer: but my babe—oh, sir! my friendless little one, has a better claim to compassion!"

"You have both a claim—and be mine the task to guard you! We are all the children of transgression, and if you have erred more than others, your sufferings must have been in full proportion. You are distressed—I claim your reliance on my protection."

There are times when prudence and compassion appear at variance, and when pity would seem to desert the name of weakness. The unfeeling sensualist may sneer at my credulity, and that cold, timid selfishness which shelters itself under the sacred garb of prudence, may "point its iron frown" at actions which it cannot imitate—little do I care. Be it mine to pity the faults and soothe the sorrows of a repentant fellow mortal; and, if that Being, whose highest attribute is mercy, should throw error in my way, may I ever be the victim of my heart, rather than the dupes of my head!

[To be continued.]

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.

A METHOD of preserving wood in damp situations has been discovered, which, at this time, when that material has become so scarce, from the prodigious increase in the demand, will be considered of great utility. Two coats of the following preparation are to be applied; after which the wood is subject to no deterioration whatever from humidity. Twelve pounds of Resin are to be beaten in a mortar, to which three pounds of sulphur and twelve pints of whale oil are to be added. This mixture is to be melted over the fire and stirred during the operation. Ochre, reduced to an impalpable powder by triturating it with oil, may then be combined in the proportion necessary to give either a lighter or darker colour to the material. The first coat should be put on lightly, having previously been heated; the second may be applied in two or three days, and a third after an equal interval, if from the peculiar dampness of the situation, it should be judged expedient.

Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, February 12, 1807.

ON Friday the 30th ult. in the house of representatives of this state, Leib brought forward his resolution for a committee to inquire into the official conduct of governor M'Kean, with the view of an impeachment. Several constitutional members were absent—in consequence of which the resolution obtained by a majority of one. [Phil. pap.]

Bremen is possessed by the French, who have detained all vessels, to ascertain which were British. [London pap. Dec. 5.]

A letter from a gentleman in Curacao, dated Dec. 23, 1806, to his friend in this town, contains the following information:—"I take the liberty of informing you that there has just arrived off this port a large fleet of English ships of war—they have sent in a flag of truce—the result is not known, but is I believe of a very serious nature. I believe they mean to keep the Island under a blockade; if so, flour will be up to 20 dollars." [Alexandria papers.]

From the Halifax Royal Gazette of Jan. 13.

from Nevis, after a passage of 30 days. Capt. Hills brought no papers, but confirms the news of the arrival of 15,000 troops at Barbadoes, and the arrival of a packet from England, with the intelligence of the defeat of the French army by the Prussians and Russians. Capt. H. further states, that about 100 sail of vessels of war and transports, with troops on board, had assembled at Dominica, and were hourly expected to go against Martinique."

We are requested to inform the friends of EDWARD HERREN, born in the county of Kent, state of Maryland, near Chester-town, Quaker neck, that he has been impressed by the British, and is now on board the ship Mermaid lying in Hampton-Roads. [Norfolk paper.]

LEXINGTON, Jan. 17.

Accounts from the mouth of Cumberland state; that col. Burr, with about 80 or 90 well armed men, which constituted his whole force, descended the river from that place on the 28th December. One account says, that on the morning of that day, he had all his men drawn up, and harangued them eloquently. He informed them that the avowed object of settling the Ouachetta lands, was only designed a deception, whilst his real object was far more important—That it was not yet time to divulge his plans; but that he should do so in a very few days.—That his object was honourable, and the prospect bright of making independent fortunes for his followers. Another account, in which we place greater reliance, says, that his men were drawn up in order, on the day above mentioned, for the avowed purpose of hearing a disclosure of his plans; but in consequence of the attendance of many neighbouring citizens, he informed them that the development must be delayed for a few days, when he would give them full information on that subject. He then told them, that those who were unwilling to proceed on the enterprise, were at liberty to return; upon which they gave three cheers, and unanimously declared their determination to proceed.

The accounts further state, that col. Burr had been down to Massac, and was escorted up by some of the U. States troops.

New-York, February 3.

Last night the editors of the New-York Gazette received the following interesting news from New-Orleans, by the brig Neptune.

That on the 6th ultimo, general Wilkinson received a letter from col. Burr, who was at Natchez, requesting to know if the general would suffer him to PASS New-Orleans. The general stuck his determination to oppose Burr's passage on the coffee-house books, and at the same time requested the merchants to order the vessels down to Pluckamine, to prevent Burr from using them to aid in his plans. The general's note on the coffee-house books threw the city into confusion.

The force which Burr had with him was not accurately known—but it was said his advanced guard under Adair consisted of 200 cavalry, and Burr was at the head of 600 troops, all arrived at Natchez.

All the gun-boats, two ketches, and the schooner Revenge, had sailed up the river under the command of commodore Shaw.

The militia and volunteers were all put under arms the 6th ult. and were on duty when the Neptune sailed.