

MARYLAND GAZETTE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1807.

Miscellany.

On Female Neatness after Marriage.

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently laid?
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
 How ill that dress adorns your head,
 How rain'd and rumpled from the bed?
 Those clouds that shade your blooming face,
 How little water might displace!
 A nature every morn bestows
 The chrysal dew to cleanse the rose.
 Those tresses, as the raven black,
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back
 How comb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
 Destroy the face which once they deck'd.
 Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
 Oh, madam, are you married?—Yes—
 Oh, then indeed the wonder ceases,
 No matter how loose your dress is;
 The end is won, your fortune's made,
 Your sister now may take the trade.
 Was! what pity 'tis to find
 His fault in half the female kind!
 Hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that fours the wedded life.
 Can only point the darts
 Whence neatness guides it to the heart;
 Neatness then and beauty strive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
 Is harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the conquest, than subdue;
 Permit us once behind the screen,
 That is there father to be seen!
 A newer face may raise the flame,
 But every woman is the same.
 Men study chiefly to improve
 The charm that fix'd your husband's love;
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
 That gave your beauty power to bless?
 If true it still, be neater seen;
 Be always frugal to be clean;
 Shall you keep alive desire,
 And time's swift wings shall fan the fire.

EMILY HAMMOND.

(Concluded from our last.)

WHEN we reached Boston, I procured attendance
 at one of the inns, and went immedi-
 ately to the house of a widow lady, with whom I
 was intimately acquainted during a former resi-
 dence in that town. Mrs. Barlow was a Quaker, and
 in reality, that purity and simplicity of mo-
 rals generally apparent in people of her persuasion.
 The woman I immediately related my adventure,
 and concluded with asking her assistance and protec-
 tion to the unhappy stranger. The ladies, I am well
 assured, will frown at this: "A wretched old cully!
 He is not to be satisfied with being a fool himself?
 He had applied to me! I would have shewn him
 the difference between—but let's hear what his Mrs.
 said to him." With the smile of an angel be-
 coming to her face, she replied: "Friend J. thou
 art of thy whims, but I know thy heart: bring
 thy girl to me; I must not be behind thee in
 doing the unfortunate." I waited not for a re-
 sponse of this offer; and in a few minutes the
 "worn" sufferer was introduced to a protector
 of her own sex.—Without waiting for anything but a
 freshment I borrowed Mrs. Barlow's carriage;
 and a few hours had the happiness of embracing my
 father. I found him in much better health than
 I had predicted; his disorder, a severe pleurisy,
 had been treated with prudence and a good constitu-
 tion had been fall recovering. His son, whom I
 had seen for two years, was now at home. This
 gentleman feared exactly what his father was
 by acquaintance with him commenced.—A
 cultivated mind, assisted by a literary education,
 and unusual proficiency in classic learning: a
 form: a fine open countenance; and a manly
 character, checked by the restraint of temperance, render-
 ing Mr. Drey not only an object of general esteem,
 but a high degree, what our novel-writing ladies
 call a dangerous man. He was melancholy,
 and a hidden sorrow, which neither the con-
 solation of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of pa-
 ternal tenderness, could elicit, prayed upon his spirits
 and impaired his health.
 After spending three days with Mr. Drey, my
 father, to see the poor stranger at Boston, led me, as
 to that town. Everard was at leisure, and asked
 me to accompany me. We reached the city late
 in the morning, and while Everard was engaged in
 conversation with some gentlemen of his acquaintance

at the coffee-house, I rode directly to Mrs. Barlow's.
 That good woman saw me alighting, and met me di-
 rectly at the door: "I am glad thou art come, but I
 have sad news for thee: thy poor girl is sick—sick, I
 fear past recovery. On the evening after thy depar-
 ture for thy friend Drey's she seemed highly feverish,
 and begged to retire immediately after tea, she rested
 little; and on inquiring after her health in the morn-
 ing, I sent instantly for a physician; and from his opi-
 nion I find we have little to hope. She inquires anxiously
 for thee when her recollection is perfect; but since
 yesterday noon, she has been almost constantly delirious."
 This morning she asked to see her infant, which
 had been placed with a nurse; the poor babe is itself
 ill, and we strove to evade her inquiry. After repeat-
 edly urging her pathetic request, "let me see my child,
 my poor friendless babe!" she wildly cried—"Oh!
 they have sent it—they have sent it to the hospital!"
 her frenzy alarmed us, and we put the child into her
 arms: she hugged it fondly to her bosom, and said in
 a low voice: "my sweet little Mary! your mother is
 dying! could your father see us now! but hush—he
 lives somewhere here: he will say we followed him,
 troubled him, disgraced him!—Oh no, not for the
 world would we have him say that! but where is the
 good man who saved us? has he forsaken us too?
 how kind he looked! he is an old man too—He for-
 sake my poor Mary! no, no!" soon after this she fell
 asleep: we expected her to awake in her perfect senses,
 and then I shall write and tell her immediately.

Everard now joined us, and as we were seating our-
 selves to dinner, an elderly gentleman in a Quaker's
 dress, was introduced and welcomed; by Mrs. Barlow,
 as an old and valued friend. "Friend Hammond,
 said the worthy woman, "it is many long years since
 I took thy hand last; I am glad to see thee; but
 thou hast come to a house of mourning."

"Mourning, sister! my own heart is a house of
 mourning; but for whom art thou afflicted?"

"For the poor and the stranger; a lovely young
 woman, a guest in my house is now on the bed of
 death!"

"My poor Emily is among strangers, too," replied
 the venerable mourner, drying the bitter drops of
 sorrow from his furrowed cheek—"Oh sister," added
 he, "I would not trouble others with my griefs; but
 the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me."
 Thou wilt remember that when my business compelled
 me to visit India, I re-embarked my wife and infant daugh-
 ter to the house of my brother in Philadelphia. My suf-
 ferings abroad I will not mention: shipwreck, sick-
 ness, and captivity kept me from my native land ten
 long years; but Heaven blessed my labours with abun-
 dant increase, and but now I had returned with the
 soothing hope of sharing the bounties of Providence
 with my beloved family; but my wife is dead, and my
 daughter—oh sister! my sweet little Emily is—lost!
 ruined, eloped from her friends! fled, perhaps from
 disgrace and life together, with all her sin on her
 head!"

"Who! Emily Hammond!" inquired Everard
 in breathless agitation.

"Yes my good young friend, didst thou know my child."

"God of mercy!" groaned Everard, and sunk
 senseless on the floor.

We assisted him into the next room and placed
 him on a bed; but before he had recovered so far as
 to permit any inquiry after the cause of his emotion,
 the nurse came from above stairs with a request from
 the physician who was then attending, that Mrs.
 Barlow would walk above. She complied immedi-
 ately; but after a few minutes absence she returned
 in tears.

"Friend Hammond! wilt thou comfort the dy-
 ing? Friend J. the moments of thy poor girl are
 numbered and well-nigh finished; she wishes to
 bless thy kindness with her parting breath!"

Everard had now recovered, and requested to be
 left alone; and myself and Mr. Hammond followed
 Mrs. Barlow to the room of the dying stranger. The
 curtains of the bed were partly drawn, and we had
 approached close before she observed us. "My fa-
 ther!" with a faint scream was heard from the bed.
 Mr. Hammond fell on his knees by the bedside, and
 groaned in anguish: "My child! my poor lost Emi-
 ly! Oh my fainting Mary! is this our daughter, is
 this all I have left of thee! Do I find our little pratt-
 ling Emily thus! Father of mercies! strengthen me
 to thy chastening! my child! my child! art thou
 gone!" The poor sufferer had fainted, and our ut-
 most efforts could hardly rekindle the feeble spark of
 life in her exhausted frame. She opened her eyes at
 length, and with a long-drawn sob exclaimed, "My
 father! forgive me!"

"Forgive thee my child! I bless thee! Heaven
 forgive and bless thee as freely as thy father!"

"It is enough! Everard I forgive you."

An explanation like this I had dreaded; but when
 the painful certainty left no room for better hopes, I

could hardly support the shock. Everard Drey, the
 son of my old friend, whose constant example and
 whose daily lesson had been duty, had seduced from
 innocence and virtue a heart that loved and trusted
 him; and left to struggle, unassisted, with the accu-
 mulated miseries of grief, sickness, disgrace and pen-
 ury, the loveliest victim that ever suffered on the altar
 of sensuality! My own life has not been unmarked
 with sorrows; I have mourned the loss of friends,
 and followed my kindred to the grave; but never did
 my spirit sink within me as at this moment. Ye
 who have hearts to feel will not ask why I weep at
 the recollection.

A moment's reflection determined my conduct. I
 went below, where I found Everard walking the
 room in an agitation which excited my pity. I beck-
 oned to him, and immediately returned to the cham-
 ber; he followed me without answering.

We approached the bed of the dying Emily in si-
 lence: she cast her eyes on us, and wildly exclaimed,
 "Everard! your daughter! protect my child! I did
 not come to disgrace you, Everard! I felt that my
 days were but few; I wished to see you, to forgive
 you, and to die! protect—!" She faltered; her
 eyes closed; and a single convulsive gasp freed her
 gentle soul from the sufferings of mortality.

The father watched the expiring struggle of his be-
 loved daughter, and covering his face, lifted up his
 soul in silent prayer to the God of the mercies.

"Old man! mourning is no more," cried he in the voice
 of distraction. "See here the murderer of your
 daughter! Emily was the child of virtue; all the
 powers of hell were put in array against her! Fare-
 well!" added he with an accent of frenzy; and in-
 stantly flew from the house.

Let me be brief. Emily's babe rests in the same
 grave with its mother; and her wretched father
 quickly descended to that place "where the wicked
 cease from troubling." Rumour's hundred tongues
 preceded my return to Mr. Drey's. My friend re-
 lapsed and died. A rapid decline hastened his be-
 loved wife to join him. Everard is no where to be
 found; and amid this wide wreck of life and happi-
 ness, I seem left alone to tell the tale.

Daughter of innocence! listen to the voice of age!
 When the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery
 paths of pleasure, and with the honied eloquence of
 desire, cries, "Come, come!" Fly, fly from the for-
 bidden path, and trust not the lips that utter deceit!
 In thine own bosom thou hast a treacherous foe; thy
 heart bounds at the voice that would lure thee to de-
 struction, and responsive answers to the siren call!
 Hast thou friends who would mourn thy fall? Lose
 not the "good name" which years of penitence
 cannot recover! Hast thou brethren and sisters? Shall
 the finger of scorn be pointed at them for thy sake?
 Hast thou parents? Oh! why wilt thou dash the
 face of thy mother with shame, and bring down the
 gray hairs of thy father with sorrow to the grave?
 Dost thou fear the God who made thee? Think, ere
 thou shalt be distracted! Let thy fancy lead thee
 to the tomb of Emily Hammond; there read—"Se-
 venteen years, disgrace and death!" Fly, oh, fly!
 daughter of innocence, ere the gulf of insanity open to
 receive thee!

HORNS.

AT the restoration of Charles the II. Doctor Bull,
 afterwards Bishop of St. David's, who had zealously
 supported the royal cause in the time of the rebellion,
 was presented by the king with the grant of his former
 living, which the chancellor Hyde, made some diffi-
 culty to confirm. The Doctor found his pocket exhaust-
 ed by this delay, but being a man of wit, and know-
 ing the king's humour, he took occasion one day to
 tell him that he had just had his pocket picked, and had
 not a shilling left. Well said the king, and can't
 you tell the thief? Why, replied Bull, if I may speak
 the truth, I have caught your majesty's hand in it,
 and out he pulled the grant. God's fish! says the
 king, are you not yet presented to your living? No,
 replied Bull, nor ever shall with your chancellor's
 leave. On this the king gave him a grant of a better
 preferment, which was then vacant, with a peremp-
 tory order to the chancellor to present him. When he
 waited on his lordship, the chancellor asked him his
 name, Bull, answered he, Bull! said the chancellor,
 where are your horns? Please your honour, replied
 Bull, the horns always go along with the Hyde.

THAT which is sure gives us this hour, we may
 take away the next; and he who trusts to her fa-
 vours, shall either find himself deceived, or if he be
 not, he will at least be troubled because he may be so.

A PERSON rallying a frugal country gentleman,
 said, among other things, "I'll warrant these buttons
 on your coat were your grandfathers." "Yes,"
 said the other, "and I have got my grandfathers'
 lands too."