

General Mack, at the particular request of the court of Portugal, is to head the Portuguese army.

This morning arrived a mail from Lisbon, brought to Falmouth by the Jane Packet, captain Crease, in 10 days.

By a letter from Lisbon, dated the 1st instant, we learn that the foreign troops, under the convoy of the Sea Horse, arrived in the Tagus on the 29th ult. without any accident. The fleet for Gibraltar entered with the above. Spain had not declared war against Portugal on the 1st instant.

The St. George, of 98 guns, was under repair in the Tagus.

A report was yesterday in circulation, that an officer of some rank in the French service had deserted to this country, and brought with him the plan of the intended invasion. The particulars of the plan were even stated, and these were said to be, that a landing was to be attempted in Ireland in two different places, while a descent should be endeavoured in the south and north of England, and in Scotland. This is, indeed, a grand design on the part of the French—full of glorious enterprise—but we have no doubt whatever of the attempt being made, hopeless as it must appear in its consequences, with the utmost force the French can bring against us either by sea or land.

We are happy to find that the most vigilant and vigorous preparations are making by government to resist the meditated invasion of the French. Plans are now forming for encampments on the sea coast, and meanwhile, should any hostile attempts be made, the commanding officers of the different districts are furnished with ample instruction how they are to act.

Sir Hector Munro, commanding district in Scotland, has received orders to repair to his command without delay.

In consequence of circular letters sent by the duke of Portland to different towns in Scotland, desiring to know how many forces could be accommodated in each town, a great alarm of danger has spread through that country; and the letters from thence are as full of apprehensions as if the French were actually on the coast.

NEW-YORK, April 5.

Yesterday arrived the ship Pigou, captain Sinclair, in 41 days from Liverpool. She brings Liverpool papers to the 20th of February, but they contain no later intelligence than what has been received by the British packet.

A paragraph in a late Paris paper, mentions that an Austrian officer had been arrested at the advanced posts near Mantua, and conducted to Buonaparte. He affirmed that he was the bearer of no dispatches whatever; indeed the most exact search in his cloaths seemed to support his assertion; he swore he had not swallowed any papers, and laughed when he was threatened to have his belly ripped open in order to extract them from it;—he then submitted to take an emetic, which a few minutes afterwards brought up the dispatch, supposed, by Buonaparte, to be in the very hand writing of the emperor, authorizing Wurmser, in the present posture of affairs, to surrender Mantua. The person who gave this detail, assured, that he had in his hand, and read himself, the identical paper.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3.

The United States brig Sophia, captain O'Brien, in 46 days from Lisbon, is arrived at the wharf.

Previous to the sailing of the Sophia, a British frigate arrived there with the intelligence of an engagement having taken place about the 17th of Feb. between the British fleet, under the command of admiral Sir John Jervis, and a Spanish fleet, which terminated in the defeat of the latter.

The Spanish admiral's ship of 120 guns was sunk, and three other ships of the line, (one of 84 guns and two 74's) captured.

The above information we have from a gentleman who was on board the brig Sophia this morning.

Letters from Lisbon, received by the Sophia, state that the above engagement took place on the 17th Feb. in the evening; it appears that a division of the Spanish fleet which had anchored in Lagos Bay, about 20 leagues S. E. of Cape St. Vincent's, on their putting to sea for Cadix, was met by the British Squadron under Sir John Jervis, which had been previously reinforced by the Squadron from England, under admiral Parker; the accounts do not state the number of vessels in either fleet; but the Spanish admiral as above stated was sunk, two 74's taken, and a division of the British fleet was in chase of three other 74's when the frigate which brought the account to admiral Vandeput at Lisbon, left the fleet.

Yesterday at noon arrived the British frigate Squirrel, of 32 guns, captain Hardy, in 42 days from Portsmouth, (Eng.) with Messrs. M'Donnald and Rich, the commissioners appointed on the part of England to consider, adjust, and determine the claims of British subjects for debts owing by American citizens previous to the revolution, according to the treaty with Great-Britain. She brings nothing new.

Annapolis, April 13.

For the MARYLAND GAZETTE.

The INSPECTOR, No. VII.

And let the afflicting youth beware of love.

THOMPSON.

AT this period of the year when nature begins to adorn herself with all that infinite variety of beauty which diffuses a general smile throughout creation, and renders every object a subject of agreeable contemplation, the mind wanders delighted from the common

occupations of life, and dwells with rapture on the rich profusion of charms which spring necessarily unfolded.—The gale which seems to re-animate the brutal creation, the clamorous melody of the groves, and the cheerfulness which pervades every rank of society, irresistibly fill the mind with a lively pleasure which this season alone can inspire. Allured by these pleasing prospects I often retire from the systematic dullness of the town, and insensibly ramble among these variegated scenes of nature where the mind

is exempt from public haunts
" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Having no other object in view than contemplation I wander imperceptibly in whatever direction I am solicited by the uncommon verdure of a shrub or luxuriant foliage of a tree. My mind traces, with exquisite delight, the progressive state of infant vegetation and insensibly ranks all its common productions in their proper classes. Should the peculiarity of a plant recommend it to my particular observation, or an uncommon flower attract my attention, I experience all that anxious curiosity which we generally feel to discover the rank and connexions of an illustrious stranger. I immediately begin to scrutinize their properties and characteristic distinctions, and seldom fail to make an arrangement to my satisfaction.

By this kind of mental economy I have reduced the vegetable republic under my own dominion, and rendered almost every individual member subservient to my amusement. By dividing this extensive and elegant department of nature into distinct circles, these circles into smaller districts, and every district into families, I review it with ease in all its variety. Thus distributed, the vegetable world no longer appears a promiscuous jumble of confusion, and when I have a mind to take a general review, my wish is no longer formed than every order immediately arranges itself in its proper station, like a number of different companies forming themselves into a regular army.

Some time ago while I resided at D—, as I was indulging myself in an evening's excursion, and busied in observing some early flowers which were accidentally in my way, I was interrupted by a gentleman who, with much apparent curiosity, asked what I had found among the flowers?—I replied, that I was observing the effects of that passion which pervades all animated nature, and the vegetable part of the creation. A vacant smile betrayed his contempt of my amusement and total ignorance of the principles on which vegetation proceeds. His conversation, however, had the good effect of apprising me that I had wandered much farther than usual. I therefore resolved to return by the shortest path, while my mind remained in that sweetly placid state which a subject so interesting and innocent necessarily inspires. I could not but regret, that few as our sources of pure and immaculate pleasures are, so large a majority of mankind suffer themselves to remain totally ignorant of one which presents itself on all occasions. "We have but to open our eyes and the scene enters." The garden, the shrubbery, the fields and the woods, abound with inexhaustible stores of elegant amusement, of which few are sensible. Every person, indeed, experiences a pleasure at the approach of spring; but it is a pleasure which every animal feels as much as themselves. The genial influence of the sun, and the springing verdure of the fields, cause a delightful irritation of the nerves, or make an agreeable impression on the eye. But to compare these sensations to the pleasures of him who, with facility, makes a proper arrangement of every plant and flower, is to compare the satisfaction of one, who is barely capable of articulating the Greek of Homer, and discovering by its cadence that it is intended for poetry, to the pleasures of him, who, perfectly skilled in his language, catches the enthusiasm of the poet, penetrates all the beauties of his conception, and soars with him through the boundless regions of imagination.

While I was engaged in this train of reflections I had advanced by an unfrequented path into a solitary wood, near the entrance of which my meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a man crossing the way just before me. His steps were slow but irregular—sometimes he walked pensively along—then pausing suddenly and again advancing—as I approached I observed that though it was impossible to read, yet he still held a paper near his eyes on which his whole soul seemed engaged. By this singular deportment I was soon convinced that his mind was deeply affected by melancholy; and having felt that there is a dignity and reserve in sincere sorrow which abhors intrusion, I stood at a respectful distance dissolved in a tender sympathy to which the most determined stoic must have yielded, had he been in my situation. I had yet remained undiscovered, and the stranger still proceeded, till at length with much apparent languor he reclined his head against an oak—he remained sometime in this attitude—then starting suddenly from his position he exclaimed with ineffable energy, "Good God!—had this come unattended I had smiled at the malevolence of Fortune—Had I never seen the lovely Irene!—but down, my thoughts! and burst that heart which gave you birth—'tis treason to my form to give you utterance even in this solitude." As he spoke these words he advanced hastily along, and turning half round discovered me at a small distance before him—Embarrassment seized him for a moment to the spot. He had, however, advanced too far to retreat—What was my astonishment when I discovered my long loved friend Eumenes!—He embraced me with rapture and confusion. He expressed in wild and unconnected sentences, his surprise at this unexpected occurrence. "After having decided that nothing but a fear of unnecessarily distressing me had induced him to conceal the cause of his distress from me, he enjoined me to meet him in the same place next evening, when

he would unbosom himself to me, without reserve. He then turned abruptly to the right, and left me to reflect on the unaccountable occurrences of the evening. The accidental mention he had made of Irene gave me a clue to all the sorrows of Eumenes; and I could not but lament the unhappy consequences of which the noblest passions are often productive. The situation of my friend brought strongly into my mind that beautiful passage in which the tender Ophelia so pathetically laments the disordered imagination of her lover, and applying it in almost every respect to the excellencies of Eumenes—I involuntarily repeated

"O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
"The expectancy and role of the fair state
"The glads of fashion, and the mould of form
"The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!"

"Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

I need scarcely add, that I waited with much anxiety for the approach of next evening; I waited at the place of appointment till Eumenes appeared. For this time we renewed our walks till he had made me completely master of his little history. As Eumenes is now no more, and the distance of place will render all discovery impossible, I shall detail his unhappy adventures in every third number of the Inspector, until I bring the public acquainted with every circumstance which can interest them.

New-York, April 8.

The ship Mary, capt. Macey, in 38, and ship Orizaba, in 28 days from Liverpool, are arrived here, and bring London papers to the 4th ult.

From the Courier.

LONDON, February 21.

It is with infinite regret and reluctance that we lay before our readers the subsequent letter from our Portsmouth correspondent:

Portsmouth, Feb. 20.
"We had this morning, at 11 o'clock, information by the signal houses, that the French fleet, with troops for invasion, were within sight of Beachy-Head, and consisted of a vast number of ships; the town has, in consequence, been in the greatest confusion."

"All the frigates have sailed, but the wind is directly fall—nothing could be more unfortunate. The ships of the line are getting ready. We hope they will not, but we fear they will, be too late."

Near 7 o'clock, P. M.

The Antelope revenue cutter is just arrived from the Downs, passed Beachy this morning at 8 o'clock, saw nothing—but the signal was not made till three hours after.

The following letter was also received this morning at Lloyd's:

Monday, 10 o'clock.

"A signal was received down channel of the enemy's transports being off Beachy-Head—we are informed three hundred in number. Every body here is in the greatest confusion: Portsmouth, Gosport, the Isle of Wight and Spithead, are all under arms—the ships are getting under weigh, and every ship that can get ready, is ordered to sail as fast as possible. A four o'clock this afternoon, the fleet was nearly out of sight."

Imported Millinery

Of the latest and most elegant fashions.

MRS. WILLIAMS

HAS the honour of acquainting the ladies, she has imported in the Montezuma, from London, part of her spring patterns, amongst which are, the Jockey, Caroline, and Telegraph bonnets; also, the elegant full dress cap, as worn the queen's birth night, 16th January last. Likewise received, by the Patrioten, from Liverpool, a handsome collection of ostrich and fancy feathers. Mrs. Williams will shortly receive the remainder of her spring patterns from a different milliner in London, that the ladies may have a greater choice of variety. She, being determined to spare no pains or expence to merit a continuance of commands from the ladies of this city and the country adjacent. By the Adriana (daily expected) she will receive a very handsome collection of silk goods, also every article used in the making of millinery.

Ladies at any distance sending their orders in writing, will be served same as if present, and the articles forwarded with the utmost care, by land or water carriage.

The ladies are most respectfully informed, no article will be made from the price asked, or any article of millinery be returned or exchanged.

London millinery store, Lemmon street, first street above Gay street, nearly opposite South street, leading to the new theatre, Baltimore, April 3, 1797.

A LIST of LETTERS remaining in the Post Office, Upper-Matborough, which, if not taken up before the first day of July next, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

REV. JOHN ASHTON, right rev. Thos. J. Chazet, Miss Anne Digg, Miss Debutts, Walter Greenfield, John Heppburn, Walter Harwood (2), Samuel Heppburn, Joseph Harrison, Spallhaus Hoxton, Rinaldo Johnson, David Munroe, John R. Magruder, clerk of P. G. county, George Naylor, Joseph Sprigg, James H. Smith.
B. M. BRASHBARS, P. M.
April 3, 1797.