

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, O C T O B E R 24, 1805.

Miscellany.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

The following Lines are nearly a correct account of an incident that occurred during the last campaign in Egypt, which the author hearing, related in company, verified at the request of a friend, without quitting the room.

THE tumult of battle had ceas'd—high in air
The standard of Britain triumphantly wav'd,
And the remnant of foes had fled in despair,
Whom, night intervening, from slaughter had sav'd.
When a Vet'ran was seen by the light of his lamp,
Slow pacing the bounds of the carcase-strewn plain;
Not bafe his intent—for he quitted the camp,
To comfort the dying, not plunder the slain.

Though doubtless in war, at a story of woe,
Down his age-furrow'd cheek the tears often ran,
Alike proud to conquer or save a brave foe,
He fought like a Hero, but "felt like a man!"

As he counted the slain, "Oh! conquest!" he cried,
"Thou'rt glorious indeed! but dearly thou'rt won,"
"Too dearly, alas!" a voice faintly replied—
It thrill'd thro' his heart—'twas the voice of his Son!
He listen'd aghast—all was silent again—
He search'd by the beams which his lamp feebly shed,
And found his brave Son amidst hundreds of slain,
The corpse of a comrade supporting his head.

"My Henry!" the war shatter'd Soldier exclaim'd,
"Has death rudely wither'd thy laurels so soon?"
The youth op'd his eyes, as he heard himself nam'd,
And awoke for a while from his death-boding swoon.

He gaz'd on his Father, who knelt by his side,
And seizing his hand, prest it close to his heart:
"Thank Heav'n thou art here my dear father!" he cried,
"For soon, oh! too soon, we for ever must part!"

"Tho' death early call'd me from all that I love,
"From glory, from thee, yet perhaps it is giv'n,
"To meet thee again in yon region above!"
His eye beam'd with hope as he look'd up to Heav'n.

"Then let not thy bosom with vain sorrow swell,
"Ah! check 'ere it rises the heart-rending sigh!
"I fought for my King! for my Country!—I fell
"In defence of their rights—and I GLORY TO DIE."

FROM THE AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.

On the neglect of cultivating Female Talents.

THE importance of a due cultivation of the various talents which the female sex displays in many instances, has long been acknowledged; but it does not appear that this truth, of which mankind are generally sensible, has caused any improvement in their practice. The efforts of prejudice remain to be broken by a powerful effort on BOTH sides; while endeavours are made by men, to rescue them from neglect, the foster sex ought to exercise their powers, in coincidence with this great object. When the attention of females is arrested by the value of any precept, their own good sense, in the exertion of which they often exhibit a noble example to the 'lords of the creation,' will certainly lead them to obey it; for obstinacy and perseverance of reason are ungenial with a sensible mind. Notwithstanding, however, the weight of this consideration, the inattention displayed is great!

There is doubtless a necessity for both sexes to cultivate that purity of sentiment which rises superior to folly; but it must be allowed, that the obligation is as firm on one side, as on the other; for it is well known that an almost unlimited power is placed in the hands of females, in regulating the minutiae of human life; by the example which their conduct affords to man; by the fascinating charms of elegant and polite conversation, accompanied with a dignified deportment, and embellished by their numerous accomplishments. And when I consider how very capable the fair sex are, to communicate their sentiments on various subjects, not only in the higher departments of poetic imagery, which their ardent and chaste imaginations will present forcibly to the view, arrayed in all the charms of sensibility and tenderness, for elucidation and grace—but also in the lower and humbler walks of prosaic literature, I confess there is reason for surprise on observing so few original productions of females contained in the publications of the present day. In these, many judicious selections are evident; but works of science, of morality, or of pleasing miscellany, will answer another purpose; that of inspiring numbers with a laudable desire of communicating those reflections which arise in their minds from an attentive observation of the many-coloured scenes of the theatre of life. Original productions

commonly and justly receive a greater share of attention than selected pieces—though the latter may be chosen with care, and their tendency directed to proper objects; I say justly; because they not only inculcate sentiments on different subjects, as effectually as selections, but they display also the taste, the opinions, the judgment, the manners, and the inclinations of the age.

The diffidence, therefore, which restrains the softer sex from the exercise of their talents, particularly in composition, though it may be proper to indulge in some cases, yet it cannot be considered so in the present instance. Females whose minds, emphatically speaking, are generally the temples of virtue, delicacy and taste—who are patterns of modesty, and who cultivate with diligence these valuable qualities—whose conversations are refined by a chaste elegance, which endears them to every one, and whose elevated acquirements captivate and charm all, as by magic sway, certainly ought to endeavour to improve these amiable traits, by every means in their power; and, by inspiring others, in various ways, with a desire and an exertion for imbibing and cherishing them, to extend their beneficial influence. Of these different methods, perhaps none could be more effectual, than to copy the lucid examples of an Edgeworth, a Pennington and an Aiken.

Is it not probable that they can ameliorate the manners, and refine the tempers of the less delicate sex, by more means than one? Can they not cultivate the garden of taste and purity, and enable its fruits luxuriantly to grow with increasing strength? CERTAINLY.

Arouze then, my fair readers, from the lethargy which has so long enveloped your talents! be animated by the laudable examples of a More, a Smith, and a Seward! Imitate them! and let your powers be exerted with energy, with vigour and with perseverance! Ye, who are accomplished in all those tender endearments, which, in their social ev'ence, enable man to enjoy life, who enliven his dreary hours, and add a pure lustre to his joyous moments, by your sweet converse, and on whom the NINE smile with benignant eye, why cannot you also dedicate a small portion of that time, which is now spent in frivolous amusements, to the more noble cause of virtue and humanity? No longer, then, permit your whole attention to be engrossed in courting the Goddess of Fashion, and paying your devours at the shrine of Folly. Let the majestic temple of Virtue be often visited by you, and liberal offerings be made at her altar—let the graceful and fascinating charms of your pens be exhibited, and you will, no doubt, bear the palm of victory from your male cotemporaries. Your productions will shine with transcendent lustre, and both please and illumine others by their superior brightness; and the publications of the present age will become receptacles of the effusions of purity, of elegance, and of taste. Disdain, therefore, to remain bound by the fetters of ignoble prejudice and self-conceit, with which the arrogance of man has hitherto encircled you! Burst them asunder! Why should not the female mind expand on the wings of freedom? Alas! its modest timidity, its retiring worth, two bright ornaments to the character, have not protected it from insult! Daughters of Columbia! protectors of morals, and examples of genuine religion!—Will ye languish yet in voluntary and servile bondage? Let animation enkindle, let exertion renew its strength! Adorned by the brilliancy of virtue, your efforts will evince, incontrovertibly, that the female sex requires no extraneous support to declare, in the language of unerring conviction, its superiority in the elegant department of polite literature, the pleasing walks of social life!

From the Washington Federalist.

"The man who makes one valuable improvement, is a more important benefactor to his species, than an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a hundred other conquerors. His glory, in the estimation of a truly civilized age, will be greater, and more lasting, than that of those admired ravagers of the world." Professor Barton.

Mr. Rind,

ALTHOUGH I cannot coincide with Dr. Swift, in considering that man who causes "one blade of grass to grow," more useful than the whole "herd of politicians," yet I do value very highly all agricultural improvements. In the proposals I have issued for the publication of a new work on Chemistry—to be adapted to the use of the citizens in general—it is stated that I would relate some experiments, instituted to throw light on the art of enriching impoverished lands. The result of several of these, has so far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, that I hasten to publish them—hoping to turn the attention of farmers to a subject, by which their interests may be incalculably promoted.

From a train of reasoning, I was led to believe that the common sea-pit—or mineral coal, which is so abundant in the United States—when finely pulverized—might prove a useful manure. To ascertain the truth of this—I made, in the latter part of last month, the following experiment.

In three small pots I put equal quantities of a yellow clay, which had lately been removed from several feet below the surface of the earth. To the first pot a table spoon-full of finely powdered pit-coal was added—to the second the same quantity of powdered charcoal, obtained from the common oak, and the third was left without any addition. The same number of sound grains of corn was planted in each—the same quantity of water was daily added to each—and they were exposed in similar situations to the actions of light. The rapidity of the growth of the corn in the pot with the sea-coal exceeded any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. Many days did not elapse before this corn was four inches high, while at this time that with the common charcoal was not two inches high—and that in the clay alone had not sprouted.

After this experiment was made, I procured several small pots, and in each put the same quantity of clay. To the first I added a drachm of sea coal—to the second a drachm of horse manure—to the third the same quantity of plaister of Paris—and to the fourth the same quantity of common ashes. The first was left without any addition. To each of these the same number of sound grains of wheat and corn were added. The precautions taken in the first experiment, were strictly adhered to in this instance. In a few days my great expectations from the pit-coal were somewhat lessened, by perceiving that the wheat with the horse-manure was an inch high before that of the other pots appeared. However this was for but a short time; for the wheat in the pot with the sea-coal, came up, grew to an equal height in a few days, and in a fortnight, although the weather was cold, exceeded it by two inches. The corn in the pot with coal maintained a still greater superiority—it appeared more healthy, and was more than twice as large as the largest in the other pots. Several of my acquaintances were astonished to see this great difference in vegetation produced in so short a time.

Pit-coal must be cheaper than any article used as a manure, since it is found in so many parts of this country. The above experiments unquestionably shew that when powdered, its power in quickening the vegetation of corn and wheat, is much greater than any manure with which we are acquainted. Our knowledge of the effects of chemical bodies on growing vegetables is but in its infancy. Probably the discoveries which have been made are not as generally known as they should be. It may be owing to this cause: for example—that an ounce of sulphuric acid is not added to every cart-load of manure—which has long since been found in England to render it doubly valuable. I shall continue my inquiries into this subject, and I have been promised the assistance of several respectable characters. But this will be of little consequence compared to what could be afforded by the researches of a numerous people. To render, therefore, the work I am preparing, more useful, I have to invite such Farmers as may notice new facts, to communicate them to me; as well as the Dyers, Brewers, Distillers, Tanners, and all the practical chemists who have made any improvements in their respective arts.

I congratulate my fellow-citizens of Virginia on the fair prospect of renovating their large tracts of impoverished lands. By speedily using the coal in their inexhaustible mines, I hope the fertility of all their farms will soon be restored; and that the labouring poor among my hospitable countrymen, in future, may not suffer so much as to be dependent for bread.

THOMAS EWELL.

George-Town, District of Columbia, 1805.

Should communications be made to me by mail, the postage must be paid by the authors, or they will not be received.

A SECOND PUTNAM.

ABOUT the 20th of August last, several of the inhabitants of the town of Delhi, in the county of Delaware, having pursued a She-Bear to her den, one of the company, William Shaw by name, a native of the highlands of Scotland, entered the infernal haunt of this ferocious animal, and descending to her very feat, there, fearless of the consequences, placed a rope round her neck, and she was dragged forth to the astonishment of all present. This is the second feat of the kind, we believe, on record; and for cool resolution, and determined courage, elevates the name of SHAW, of Delhi, to a rank second only to the intrepid PUTNAM of former days.

[Albany Gazette.]