

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, S E P T E M B E R 11, 1806.

Miscellany.

LINES BY MOORE.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take the harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!
Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet!
Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!
Give me that strain, of mournful touch
We us'd to love long long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know!
Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wretched, lo!—Oh pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again!
Art thou too wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast for mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

From the LUZERNE FEDERALIST.

MR. EDITOR,

ISEND you an extract for the Ladies, from a valuable little book. As all advice, in a greater or less degree implies censure, I hope you will not think it unsuitable for your paper. I only mention this to induce you to admit the piece, which you might otherwise think not suited to your design; for I would be very far from intimating that I suppose a single lady in *Luzerne*, faulty in any particular, that is the subject of the advice.

One of the chief beauties in a female character, is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause. If you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women. But you may avoid being dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme insensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush when she is guilty of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that nature has made you blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so. Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

The great art of pleasing in conversation consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear them talk yourselves into your good graces.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice; I think unjustly. Men are full as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regards. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and highly disgusting to us. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from your mouths, and even when you hear it without pain or contempt. Virgin purity is of that delicate nature, that it cannot bear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute, or a fool, would insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached perhaps with prudery. By prudery is generally meant an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy, I wish you to possess it. At any rate it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

"The men will complain of your reserve. They will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge that on some occasions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women: An important distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation.—I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to truth: Lying is a mean despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroine of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning smile which smiles on all alike. This arises, either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect inlipidity.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point, requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they should regain their ascendancy over us by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eye at public places, by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another; in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can. But a little time and experience will shew the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power; she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenuous modesty, to be expected in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you should feel previous to the reflection that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the arms of the happy man to whom you give your heart, but who if he has the least delicacy, will despise them if he knows that they have been prostituted to fifty men before him. The sentiment that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter. It gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is perfection of taste in life and manners; every virtue and every excellency in their most graceful and amiable forms.

You may perhaps think that I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it. I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation."

MERCHANTS.

THERE is not, says ADDISON, a more useful class of society than merchants. They knit mankind together in mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, and increase the comforts and conveniences of life:—

[Boston Centinel.]

To censure TRADE,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume
—TRADE to the good PHYSICIAN gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' AFFLICTED heart;
Gives to the WEALTHY delicacies high;
And to the POOR, gives food and full employ;
Gives to the CURIOUS, works of nature rare;
And when the PRIEST displays, in just discourse,
HIM, the all-wise Creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodness unconfined,
'Tis TRADE, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument.

Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, September 11, 1806.

BALTIMORE, September 6.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the regular-trading and fast-sailing ship Fair-American, capt. Davis, in 40 days from London, we received papers to the 23d of July inclusive, 5 days later than any heretofore received. From a hasty perusal of these papers we do not discover any thing on the subject of peace, except that couriers are still passing between England and France.—Extracts follow.

LONDON, July 19.

Basilico has not yet taken his departure. A Russian courier, however, embarked yesterday for Boulogne with dispatches for M. D'Oubril, who is supposed to have reached Paris.

The removal of the crews of the Prussian vessels from on board their ships to prison, has been the fore-runner, as it was natural to expect, of the departure of the Prussian ambassador Jacob, who has received orders to leave this country, and who is expected to set off about the end of next week.

July 21.

Letters from the coast mention, that Calais has lately been bombarded by our cruisers on that station. It appears that while commodore Owen was examining some vessels that had run within the French shore, he was fired on from Calais; on which it is added he sent in a flag of truce, declaring that he had been restrained by considerations of humanity from firing on the town; but that should they persist in their wanton attempts to annoy him, he should be compelled to retaliate. A correspondent continues to observe, that an insulting answer having been returned, the commodore ordered two gun-brigs to play upon the town for eight hours, and that part of it was in consequence reduced to ruins.

The letters A. E. I. O. U. were engraved upon the key of the vault of the emperor in Vienna. They stood for the words: *Austriacorum est imperare orbem universo*. "It is to those of the house of Austria to command the world." Buonaparte ordered the inscription to be effaced.

July 22.

The Constance frigate arrived at Portsmouth on Saturday; spoke, on the preceding Thursday, an American schooner, the Hope, P. Woodward, master—she had just come out of Cherbourg. The master of her declared, that he had read in the *Moniteur*, that a treaty had been signed at Paris, between the emperor and the Porte, by which the former is permitted to march troops through the Turkish territory to Egypt.

The reports of American masters prove in general, so erroneous, that we may fairly question the accuracy of this intelligence. That the new Turkish ambassador might have been wheedled by the French minister for foreign affairs into a renewal of the ancient relations between the Porte and France, is very likely, and was to be expected; but, that with one dash of the pen, he should give up Egypt without some kind of equivalent, is most incredible. If Talleyrand has been so successful as to carry so important a point, he would scarcely be guilty of the indiscretion of promulgating it at the moment that he is supposed to be engaged in negotiations for peace with Russia and England. It possibly might be subject of a secret article; as such, it could never have been read by the American master, for it would not have appeared on the face of whatever treaty has been signed at Paris. The concession itself is of little value, except as far as it shews the complete influence which France has obtained in the councils of the Porte. If ever Buonaparte shall again penetrate into Egypt, it will be by a much shorter cut than through the Turkish Asiatic provinces. With all the facilities that the Porte could afford him, an expedition which should sail from Portsmouth at the same time that he put his army in motion from Dalmatia, would reach Alexandria many weeks before him. Vast and astonishing as his enterprises have been, so extravagant a project as this, could have scarcely engaged his waking thoughts.

A mail from Gottenburg arrived yesterday. The general opinion in Sweden is, that a war with Prussia is inevitable. The army in Pomerania has taken a new and advanced position; considerable reinforcements were also expected at Stralsund. Notwithstanding this expectation, and whatever hostile demonstrations Prussia may make, we are persuaded she will never act with vigour against Sweden, as long as the latter is protected by the alliance of Russia.

An English messenger, (not Mr. Basilico) sailed from the Downs, on Saturday, for France.