

## MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, O C T O B E R 16, 1806.

## Miscellany.

## APPROACH OF WINTER.

IN woods no more the feather'd throng;  
 Pour native music on the gale;  
 And, heard you not the harvest-song  
 Its last notes linger in the vale?  
 Where are the walks that blush'd with flow'rs?  
 And where the western breeze that breath'd  
 Its piller'd sweets to scent the bow'rs,  
 Which PEACE and calm CONTENTMENT wreath'd?  
 Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,  
 And desolation sweeps the ground,  
 Come, WINTER, teach me how to draw  
 A moral from the ruins round.  
 The sober thought, to virtue dear,  
 Thy dreary walks shall furnish still;  
 Still sweetly, on my pensive ear,  
 Shall fall the murmurs of the rill.  
 Oft through yon desolated grove,  
 When many a faded flower lies  
 A evening's shadowy hour I'll rove,  
 Regardless of the frowning skies.  
 And oft I'll to the lonely dell,  
 Or to the russet heath repair,  
 To hear the distant village-bell  
 Sweet vibrate on th' expanse of air.  
 If, on the wild wing of the blast,  
 The Demon of Destruction fly;  
 May then some rush-light, o'er the waste,  
 With friendly beams direct the eye.  
 Adieu! ye glitt'ring scenes, adieu!  
 That stole my heart from Peace and Truth;  
 That promis'd pleasure, while you threw  
 Illusive splendor o'er my youth!  
 TIME, to all pictur'd bliss a foe,  
 Proclaims, as through its wastes we range,  
 That all our joy is absent woe,  
 And all our life, progressive change!

From the Port Folio.

[The following extract is taken from the 177th number of THE AMERICAN LOUNGER, a periodical work, by Samuel Saunter, Esquire, published in the Port Folio.]

—nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON.

AN expression in Milton, one of the first among uninspired poets, reminded me of the dispute which is so frequently and so zealously maintained on the equality of the sexes. The entire passage cannot be too often quoted.

He is describing the excellent form and happy state of our general ancestors, as they were first seen by Satan, when he had journeyed to Paradise and confirmed himself in his evil intentions of vexing their peace and effecting their utter ruin.

—the Fiend

Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind  
 Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.  
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
 In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:  
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
 (Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd,)  
 Whence true authority in men; though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;  
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
 He for God only and she for God in him:  
 His large fair front and eye sublime declar'd  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 She, as a veil down to her slender waist  
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore  
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
 As the Vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

Mr. Tyler, one of the most modest and judicious of Milton's commentators, remarks with what judgment and delicacy the poet here avoids entering into a circumstantial description of Eve's beauty. It was, no doubt, he says, a very tempting occasion of giving an indulgent loose to his fancy: since the most lavish imagination could not carry too high the charms of

\* I will not make any apology for so long a quotation. The passage is so animated, and contains so exquisite a picture, that no reader will blame me for assigning it a place in the pages of the Port Folio.

woman as she first came out of the hands of her heavenly Maker. But as a picture of this kind would have been too light and gay for the grave turn of Milton's plan, he has very artfully mentioned the charms of her person in general terms only, and directed the reader's attention more particularly to the beauties of her mind. It also evinces how much more highly he prized the mind than the outward form; and to such qualifications would I venture, with all humility, to direct the aspiring hope, and simulate the untiring toil of my fair countrywomen.

Let them be assured that though to dress, and trol the tongue, and roll the eye, be most winning arts to ensnare the passions; yet they will not gratify the mind—they cannot bind the heart. Two young persons meet at that season of life when the imagination is roving, and the heart is peculiarly alive to the softer emotions. They gaze on each other with mutual delight, and sensibility, sweet sensibility whispers to them that their pleasure will always last. Now all this is but the calenture of the brain—the mere wings of love without the body: it is not the arrow that has pierced, but it is the feathers that grazed; and the luxuriance of their feelings has magnified

—such impressions, and by the winter of their life speedily succeeds the luxom breezes of its spring, and alas! too feelingly remind them what they are. The envious hand of Old Age furrows the dimpled cheek, and robs it of Nature's fair vermilion—the lustre of the eye is dimmed, and those lips which might once have suspended the eccentric flight of the bee, are pale and bloodless. Familiarity has robbed every charm of its novelty, and a short interchange of sentiments has exhausted the scanty coffers of their brains. Indifference quickly succeeds the warmest love, and mutual disgust is not afar off. That such is the career of too many of our matrimonial adventurers is too well known. I have not drawn a caricature—the picture is sketched from life. I am no misanthrope. I delight not in such lurid colourings of Nature's fairest work. The canvas has not been polluted by envy nor unrequited love, nor has hatred or malice furnished a single tint. I am far from being an audacious reviler of the sex. It is my best pleasure to cherish a sincere fondness and an undiminished respect for its loveliness and dignity. Milton has acknowledged that love is not the lowest end of human life, and I readily believe that this world, without the sweet intercourse of looks and smiles, would be but a wide waste indeed.

But whilst I admire, and praise, and defend, let me not be supposed so blind as to view all their virtues and their vices, their beauties and deformities through the same partial vista. The sickly mean of affectation, the folly of a weak mind, and the ungenial chill of prudery, a tainted imagination with many other frailties which female flesh is heir to, must be corrected before woman can be called perfect. Yet, with all these imperfections, how infinitely do they surpass us in virtue, friendship, constancy, fortitude, genuine good sense, and unaffected good nature?

Nor do I believe there are so many of the character I have described, as the arrogance of some and the impertinence of others would imagine. One, far above the rest, I have before me, lovely, meek and amiable, such as the rest ought to be. Her manners are free without familiarity, dignified but not haughty, correct but not prudish. In her conversation she is sensible without pedantry; she can talk of dress with the gay and the frivolous, and converse on books with the studious. She has a tear for the tale of woe, without affecting what she does not feel, and when the melody of music steals upon her willing ear, she has a heart to feel and a taste to relish. But the task of portraying such perfection, though pleasing, is too arduous, and shall not be disgraced by an unworthy hand. It is above the powers of the humble prosaist, and the harmony and fancy of the poet are only adequate.

In almost every poetical work of established merit, such portraits may be found; and it will be perceived, that the artist never rises to such a height, and his genius never shines more resplendent, than when he borrows a gleam of inspiration from the rays of female charms. Such are the Eve of Milton, the Imogen of Shakspeare, the Belphæbe of Spencer, the Armida of Tasso, &c. &c.

Let women consult these. Let them lay aside their pride and affectation. Let them select a milliner for the mind, and hold the mirror up to nature. Let them do this, and all the severity of satire will be retorted. The spear of Ithuriel will touch lightly, and not display a single stain on the white robe of their purity.

SEDLBY.

## ANECDOTE.

An Irishman had confessed he had stolen some Chocolate—"And what did you do with it?" asked his confessor, "Father," said he, "I made TAX of it."

## American Intelligence.

KINGSTON, (Jam.) August 30.

The Ferret brig of 18 guns, the hon. capt. Cado-gan, sailed on Sunday morning for Coro, on the Spanish main, having on board capt. James Ledlie, of the Columbian army, who returns with answers from sir Eyre Coote and admiral Dacres to the dispatches addressed to them, and received here on the 15th instant from gen. Francisco de Miranda.

We understand that the heads of our government have expressed themselves in high terms of approbation of the laudable purposes gen. Miranda is aiming at, and regret much that they are precluded from giving him the assistance which his views demand, as they cannot take so great a responsibility on themselves, not having had any communication from his majesty's ministers on the subject. It is much to be lamented that no assistance could be afforded the gen. from this quarter, as we are well assured, that a few hundred men, tolerably disciplined, would have effected all he wished for in a few weeks, a junction with a considerable body of men, now encamped ready to join him; but which he cannot attempt with the force at present under his command.

The Stork sloop of war, of 18 guns, capt. Le Goyt, the Flying-Fish schooner of 12 guns, lieut. Price, and the Pine schooner of 5 guns, lieut. Oatley, sailed on Monday for Coro.

CHARLESTON, (S. C.) September 20.

Capt. Berty, who arrived yesterday from Savannah, informs, that on the 27th ult. some British privateers landed a number of men upon the Isle of Pines, took the fort, and plundered the neighbourhood of cattle, &c. This, with the appearance of several large ships off the coast, had excited very considerable alarm among the Spaniards, who marched a few men to the scene of devastation, but before they had an opportunity of evincing their prowess, the British had embarked without molestation. The Vera Cruz ship which was lately captured by the British off the Savannah, had on board at the time of her capture, 900,000 dollars, the property of individuals; 250,000 dollars, belonging to the King, had been landed.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10.

We understand a disturbance took place on Wednesday night last in Southwark, between some of the crew of the French frigate and a party of other sailors. Who were the aggressors we have not heard; but we think it highly desirable, to quiet the apprehensions of that neighbourhood, that the police should be vigilant and active there.

BALTIMORE, October 10.

Arrived, schooner Henrietta, Fearson, 15 days from St. Bartholomews.—Two days previous to his sailing, captain F. saw a letter from St. Kitts, stating, that a gale of wind took place about 10 days before, and had destroyed all the vessels lying in the harbour of Roseau, and also in St. Pierre and Fort Royal Martinique; that half of the town of Roseau was destroyed, and 300 persons perished on board the vessels. Heard of no Americans being lost. The same letter adds, that Miranda had effected a second landing at a place (the name of which is not recollected by the captain) a short distance to the windward of Laguna; that he stood his ground, and would be able to do so, until the arrival of the Penelope, a ship of the line, with other reinforcements from Jamaica, which had certainly sailed sometime before, and then it was expected there would be an insurrection in his favour, particularly among the people of colour.

October 11.

Captain Allen, arrived from Bordeaux, this forenoon, states, that accounts were received at Bordeaux on the 18th August, that lord Lauderdale was to leave Paris on the 12th of that month. West-India produce, which had been very low, was rising rapidly, 200,000 wt. coffee had been sold a few days before at 37 dollars per 100 wt. clear of duties.

Copy of a letter from Bordeaux, to the keeper of the coffee-house in this city, dated August 17.

"Reports of peace between England and France, have been very prevalent here for the last fortnight—but seem now to abate, though probably with no more reason than they were propagated, as both lord Lauderdale and lord Yarmouth are still in Paris. In the mean-time commerce is at a stand, and very little doing."

Capt. Stevens, arrived at Boston on Saturday last, from St. Sebastian's, (Brazil coast), informs, that accounts had been received previous to his sailing, that sir Home Popham had arrived off Montevideo, and sent a flag demanding the surrender of that place. The issue was not known when he came away.