

# Gazette of the United States

AND

## EVENING ADVERTISER.

[No. 95 of Vol. V.]

WEDNESDAY, April 2, 1794.

[Whole No. 554.]

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

### TO ESTRINA.

To thee Estrina, empress of my heart  
Ere far from hence my wandering footsteps part;  
Depress'd by fortune, rent with bitterest woe,  
The last, sad, accents of my sorrow flow.

Thou' now, nor life, tranquility or joy,  
My words can ask for, or my lines destroy;  
Yet, as to thee, than all on earth more dear,  
They bear the farewell of a heart sincere,  
Not with a breast where no distraction strays  
My spirit dictates or my hand obeys.  
For all the warm affections of my heart,  
Wish you appear, and as you go depart;  
To you tends each sensation of my soul,  
True as the needle trembles to the pole,  
Ten times an hour my thoughts review the days  
Which gave your beauties to my eager gaze:  
As oft the impressions which delighted fame  
Made on my heart, united with your name,  
Ere first, reveal'd, you blest my ravish'd eyes,  
Come to my soul, and in my memory rise,  
I call to mind what sweet sensations thrill'd  
Thro' all my frame, what joy my bosom fill'd.  
Mid the dim room, where hush'd each whispering noise  
I heard the soft, sweet, accents of your voice.  
Oft I review the hours, in thought beguiled  
With you employ'd when all creation smiled;  
The social evenings whose too swift career  
Converse and books combin'd to render dear,  
The pleasant walks, when spring-awoke the day,  
When beauty triumph'd, and the world was gay.  
O then, array'd in heavenly beauty bright,  
You look'd all lovely to my raptur'd sight,  
Visions of night, and images of day,  
Bade o'er my soul your lov'd ideas stray,  
And every hour that fancy made you mine  
Was taug't with some refulgent bliss to shine.  
Deceitful views! that still awake the sigh  
Still fill with tears the melancholy eye.  
With pale and livid agues shake my frame  
And fire my bosom with the fever's flame.

We should have lived the happiest pair on earth,  
Form'd for each other nature gave us birth;  
And minds, and manners, taste, and fortune strove,  
Alike in each, to warm with mutual love.  
What joys, what raptures, what transporting hours,  
Blest in our loves, Estrina had been ours!  
The rolling sun had run his annual course,  
And seen, return'd their undiminish'd force;  
Month after month had lightly past away,  
Not known one instant unrejoicing stray;  
Days in succession had delighted view'd,  
With love unceasing, all our joys renew'd;  
And every hour with feathery foot that hies,  
And winged moment that so swiftly flies,  
Laden with bliss and ecstasy had moved,  
And to the admiring world our wondrous passion proved.  
But now dark clouds these prospects overcast,  
Their beauties shrink from sorrows blighting blast,  
With lion rage destruction treads the green,  
And desolation hovers o'er the scene.  
That bright succession of supernal joys,  
One dire misfortune instantly destroys,  
And, from the height of beatific bliss,  
Hurfs me to sorrow's terrible abyss.

I fondly thought domestic joys to prove,  
The sweets of filial, and connubial love;  
And fancy open'd on my ravish'd view  
A fairy land of pleasures ever new.  
But with stern eye, and desolating hand,  
Fell disappointment waves her frigid wand,  
Before its power my promis'd joys decay,  
And expectation's transports fit away;  
I see thee coldly unrelenting led,  
Drawn like a victim, to the marriage bed  
Of one to whom fair nature ne'er design'd,  
Or generous passion, thou shouldst e'er be join'd,  
To thee unlike, who feels no genial heat  
Dilate his heart and in his pulses beat;  
Whose soul alike unmov'd by joys or woes,  
One dull, unvarying temper, only knows;  
And whom, not taste, nor genius, save in dress,  
And in mechanic arts have design'd to bless;  
Coldly he takes thee to his languid arms;  
With face phlegmatic gazes on thy charms;  
Who all my soul with frantic passion fill;  
Whose charms my breast with joy tumultuous thrill;  
Whose love to heaven might teach my hopes to aspire,  
Warm'd with the influence of seraphic fire.

O call to mind those energies of speech  
Which lively passion taught my voice to reach;  
The change of feature, gesture, and of air,  
By hope supported, or depress'd by care;  
And call to mind, that dire, that fatal day  
Which rent my hopes of happiness away,  
When your cool manner, and your face fedate  
To my strict searching eyes proclaim'd my fate,  
And for a time, (both speech and motion fled)  
I sat a living image of the dead;  
Call then to mind—and let your memory trace,  
With care minute, the history of his face,  
His words, and actions, whole more happy lot  
Gives him your love my passion, truth forgot—  
And own, no strong emotion have you seen,  
No transient glow of passion intervene,  
Instant of joy, or momentary grief,

To give the eternal fameness some relief;  
But in their place, one fix'd, unchanging look,  
Has from the first his features ne'er forsook,  
Save for some loud unmeaning burst of mirth,  
Short as the trifling cause which gave it birth.

His are the empty honours of a name  
Which chance, not merit, has awak'd to fame;  
A taller person, a more perfect health;  
Productive business, and profuse wealth.  
Are these, O woman! these the glorious fires,  
And these the altars, where at once expires  
Each great emotion, every thought refin'd  
The glow of genius, energy of mind,  
And wondrous powers, which wing'd thy soul to rise  
And mix, in kindred fervor, with the skies?  
Must every nobler passion of the heart  
Perish, uprooted by degenerate art?  
And love, the heaven-born soul's peculiar fire,  
At Mammon's shrine a sacrifice expire?

Go - - - in the dull, and tasteless, round of life,  
You'll lead with him who soon shall call you wife,  
In empty show, a solace seek to prove,  
For the last raptures of a genuine love.

When comes the day, as sure the day must come,  
For life, that takes you from your present home;  
When, to a husband's unresist'd claim,  
You yield the honours of your virgin name  
You shall be led, with an untrembling hand,  
To where your friends, and priest uniting, stand;  
From lips which never glow'd, a cold, faint, kiss,  
Shall be your welcome to connubial bliss;  
The pomp of servants, carriages, and show,  
The charms, and toppers that from fashion flow  
These shall be yours, and all the bliss that lies  
In place, in riches, or from rank can rise.  
But say, Estrina, lovely woman say,  
Where do the hours of fond endearment stray?  
Where are the days devoted to your will?  
The times your converse, your's alone, can fill?  
Seasons, with you, employ'd to search the lore  
Of ancient fables, and the times of yore?  
Seasons with you directed to the care  
A smiling offspring happily to rear,  
To form their manners, and their minds improve  
In all the modes of science, and of love;  
You know them not:—a staid, punctilious form  
A strict attention, ne'er with feeling warm,  
Solicitude, which, tenderness forgot;  
In deeds appears, not occupies the thought;  
And low submission, where no ease, nor grace,  
Nor manly dignity, retain a place;  
An empty converse, where no science shines,  
No wit enchants, or elegance refines;  
These are the precious substitutes you gain  
For faith sincere and love's delightful reign.  
Nor look for confidence—that heart, so cold,  
A secret never to another told;  
Of friendship ne'er conceived, for self it feels,  
And to itself, alone, its thoughts reveals.

I had received you with transporting joy,  
Of grief our days had witness'd no alloy;  
One course alone had seen the minutes move  
Of fond endearment, confidence and love.

Where do I run! ah! whether am I borne?  
That love you own not, nay, you laugh to scorn,  
Which can with ecstasy the breast distend  
Or with distracting woe the bosom rend,  
Blest with success, which bids the man excel;  
Unblest transfixes with the pains of hell;  
Or leaves condemn'd a life of woe to bear,  
Lost to the world the victims of despair.

Wretch that I am! ah! who do I address?  
One that disdains my endless truth to bless:  
Who disbelieves that truth that love concerns;  
With cold unfeeling heart, as feign'd, condemns  
Pierced as Lam, and hopeless of a cure,  
The very sorrows I for her endure.

Intestate woman! is her bosom stone?  
All virtue, passion, all sensation, gone?  
Feels not her heart? or feeling shrinks with shame  
That love to acknowledge, which it dares disclaim?  
O say, Estrina, where has nature fled?  
Thy youth, thy warmth, thy passion—are they dead?  
Or yet with wicked, mean and cursed art,  
Or dar'st thou fickle nature in thy heart?  
Root out the best affections of the soul,  
For wealth to flout and influence to controul?  
And with unblushing impudence deny  
Love's power and being, with an impious lie,  
Beneath affection's mask to hide a heart  
Which mad for riches feigns a lovers part!  
Each way presents to my distracted brain  
A dark enigma which I can't explain,  
Can there to such a face, so fair, be join'd  
A weak unthinking, and unfeeling, mind?  
A face which looks so destitute of art:  
Can it conceal a dark, insidious, heart?  
And Judas-like, the lips with kindness glow,  
While the soul meditates the secret blow?  
Is this Estrina? this the peerless maid,  
Whose love my bosom fir'd my bosom sway'd!  
O let me bless the fortunate decree  
Which set my spirit from her bondage free;  
Yes, let her go, and "glorify in her shame,"  
Of love connubial gain the idle name;  
And of the idol of her heart possess,  
Revel in wealth and fancy she is blest,  
Let pomp, distinction, equipage and show,  
Raise her, self flatter'd o'er the world below;

A while the vain delusions to enjoy,  
Which truth shall chase, possession shall destroy.  
As the light mists, which dim the morning sky,  
Before the sun's returning radiance fly;  
So shall they pass, and no desired return  
Banish the follies they shall leave to mourn.

Deceitful passion, which my soul ensnares,  
Which blasts my hopes, my peace, my life, impairs,  
Bear me to where thy frenzy wills to bear,  
But shield from woe, from pain Estrina spare!  
For tho' destruction o'er me left his arm,  
Her love inspires me, and her beauties charm,  
I view her form, I gaze upon her face,  
Truth, virtue, honour, beauty, there I trace;  
Heaven-bis unequal'd charms around her move;  
Friends, country, glory, what are you to love!

Come then thou dark and damned fiend despair!  
With dire distraction all my bosom tear,  
O bid the tears of agony to roll,  
And with spasmodic anguish rack the soul!  
Come with thy frantic, furious, demon train,  
Bear me to some drear cave or darksome glen  
Where ravens croak, ghosts yell, and serpents hiss,  
And hell seems open'd in the dread abyss:  
There, join'd with thee, forever let me dwell,  
And wait that passion which I cannot quell;  
But fly Estrina, nor with ruffian force,  
Presume to touch her bosom with remorse!

O beautiful woman! who while life shall last,  
(So in the future as in all the past)  
Unchang'd shalt view my constant love remain  
Farewell—and endless pleasure be thy gain.  
I go from happiness, from comfort hurl'd,  
To plunge me in the dark, tempestuous world;  
Sadly to mingle with the motly throng,  
Borne wildly by the eddying waves along,  
By sorrows, woes, and agonies, distress'd  
With those I loath, to places I detest!  
With forc'd solicitude the gain to woo,  
My heart contemns, my fate commands pursue.  
I leave that happy mean that peaceful way,  
Where on thro' life my feet would wish to stray,  
To sink forgotten in the drear retreat  
Where bleak, chill, poverty has fix'd her seat;  
Or else to rise, with wealth oppress'd and cloy'd,  
Wealth tasteless, empty, hated unenjoy'd,  
Yes unenjoy'd, since, without you, no ray  
Of cheering joy, shall gild my gloomy day.  
But be you happy, may your husband prove  
More than your hope, more worthy of your love.  
O may your children, rich in every grace,  
Catch the bright features of their mother's face,  
And live adorn'd with all that can engage,  
Joy of your youth and solace of your age.  
While I shall sink unarm'd to the grave,  
No eye to pity, outstretch'd arm to save;  
Lost to ennobling praises of the good  
Nor in my offspring happily renew'd  
In life afflicted, desolate, unprized;  
In death unknown, neglected and despised.

February, 1793.

FOR SALE,

BY MATHEW CAREY, No. 118,  
Market-Street,

### An Essay on Slavery:

Designed to exhibit in a new point of view,  
its effects on morals, industry, and the peace of  
society. Some facts and calculations are offered  
to prove the labor of freemen to be much more  
productive than that of slaves; that countries are  
rich, powerful and happy, in proportion as the  
laboring people enjoy the fruits of their own  
labor; and hence the necessary conclusion, that  
slavery is impolitic as well as unjust.

Price, 25 Cents.

February 16.

### The following Certifi-

cate of the funded three per Cent Stock of the  
Domestic Debt of the United States standing on  
the books of the Treasury of the said United  
States, in the names of Donald and Burton of  
London, merchants, and signed by Joseph  
Nourse, Register of said Treasury, to wit:—  
No. 3476, dated 24th August 1792 for 2959  
dollars and 33 cents was transmitted from Lon-  
don in the ship Peter, Paul Hufsey, master,  
bound for New York, and has been lost—  
The Subscriber intending to apply to the Treas-  
ury of the United States to have the same re-  
newed, desires all persons who are interested in  
the said certificate, to make their objections  
thereto, if any they have.

Francis Macy,

Philad. March 27. d6w

NORRIS COURT,

Back of the New Library, between Chestnut  
and Walnut Streets.

### George Rutter,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and  
the public in general, that he continues  
carrying on the business of

Sign and Fire-Bucket Painting,  
Likewise, JAPANNED PLATES,

for doors or window shutters, done in the most  
elegant manner, and with dispatch.

Orders from the country will be thankfully  
received, and daily attended to.

December 30. dtf