

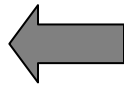
THE ATTEMPT IS PRAISE

ANNAPOLIS, January 5.

We are requested to insert the following lines, addressed to those AMERICAN LADIES, who have lately distinguished their patriotism, in generously contributing to the relief of the soldiery.

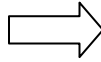
"The attempt is praise."

1. A. L. hail! superior sex, exalted fair,
Mirrors of virtue, heav'n's peculiar care!
Form'd to instruct and enoble man,
The immortal mould of creation's plan;
Accept the tribute of our warmest praise,
The soldier's blessing and the patriot's bays!
For fame's first plaudit we no more contest,
Content to own it decks the female breast;
While partial prejudice is quite disarm'd,
And e'en pale envy with encomium charm'd;
Freedom no more shall droop her languid head,
Nor dream supine, or sloth's lethargic bed
No more sit weeping with the vet'ran band,
These virtuous brave protectors of her land,
Who nobly daring, stem despotic sway,
And shine the patriot wonders of the day:
For lo! these sons her glorious race renew,
Cheer'd by such gifts, and smiles and pray'rs,
from—you—
2. More precious treasure in the soldier's eye,
Than all the wealth Potosi's mines supply,
Or costly gems th'enlivening sun awakes—
They prize the offerings for the donors' sake.
And hence, ye sister angels of each state,
Their honest bosoms glow with joy elate,
Their gallant hearts with gratitude expand,
And trebly feel the bounties of your hand;
And wing'd for you their benedictions rise,
Warm from the soul, and grateful to the skies!
Nor theirs alone: th' historian patriots find,
Shall feel the gen'rous virtue you're inspir'd;
Invent new epithets to warm their page,
And bid you live admir'd from age to age;
With sweet applauses dwell on ev'ry name,
Endear your mem'ries, and embalm your fame;
And thus the future bards shall soar sublime,
And waft you glorious down the stream of time,
The breeze of panegyric swell each sail,
And plaudits pure perfume th' encreasing gale;
Then freedom's ensign, thus inscrib'd, shall wave—
3. "The patriot females who their country save,"
'Till time's abyss, absorb'd in heav'nly lays,
Shall flow in your eternity of praise.
A SOLDIER.

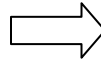


Original source obtained from "The Attempt is Praise" from *The Maryland Gazette* (January 5, 1781)

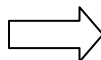
Translations of the source



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