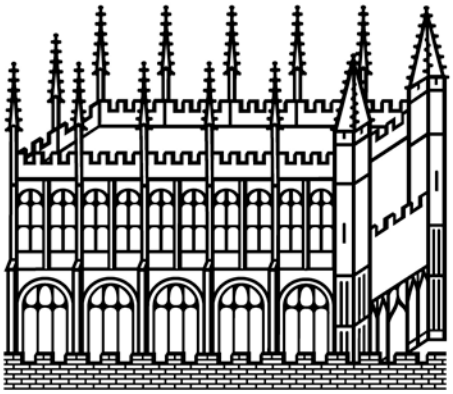

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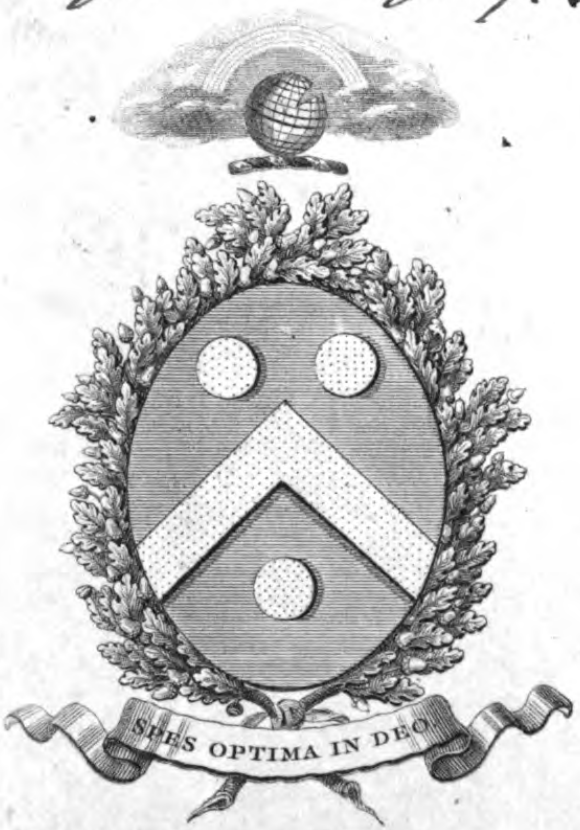

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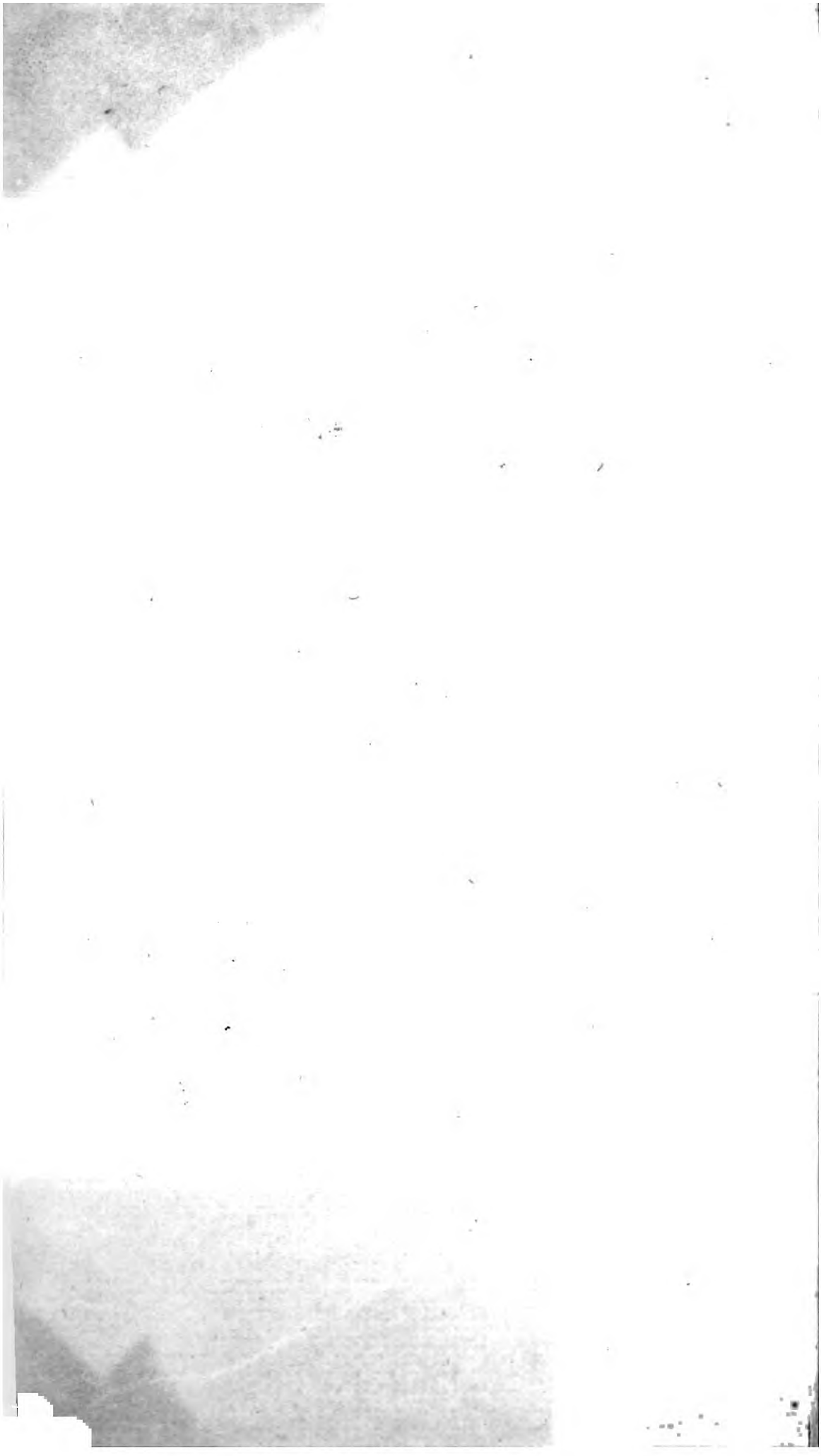

THE

NIGHTCAP.

By Mr. MERCIER.

NULLUS DIES SINE LINEA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE NIGHTCAP.

THE PILLOW.

WHAT a delicious balm is diffuſed over the whole frame when the candle is extinguiſhed, the head on the pillow; if, on a ſtrict ſcruriny of the ſoul, we cannot diſcover any thing which could offend our fellow creature! ſleep is then almoſt a celeſtial reverie.

It is never ſo delicious, ſo tranquil, as after a day on which one has performed ſome good act, or when one is conſcious of having ſpent it in ſome uſeful or ſubſtantial employment.

The inſtant the head is laid on the pillow, is that in which conſcience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil deſign, it is ſurrounded with thorns; the ſofteſt down is hard under the reſtleſs head of the wicked. In order to be happy, one muſt be on good terms with his pillow; for the nightly reproaches it can make muſt be heard.

The converſation of the pillow with the placeman, the man of the world, the intriguer, the ſatirical author, would be very poignant. What a number of ſecret diſcoveries! and what might not the pillows of kings and miniſters tell us!

It is the moment truth ſpeaks; for conſcience, when we are inclined to liſten to it, will tell us pretty nearly what we are.

Nero's father uſed to ſay, *I know Agrippina, I know myſelf; the child ſhe will bring forth muſt be a monſter.*

One muſt be happy or miſerable at night by recollection. Memory recals our faults and negligences, which ſhould put us in a method to avoid them; for they will not loſe ſight of us, they will baniſh ſleep from our eyes, they will intrude in our dreams, they will fatigue us, in order to teach us there is neither repoſe nor happineſs but in the harmony of an upright conduct, and the exerciſe of tender charity.

Others gueſs at us, but it is we only can ſee ourſelves; we only know what we really are. *Do not abide by the judgement of men,* ſays Montaigne, *abide by your own.*

It is the pillow gives us notice of what we are to do the following day: he who knows how to conſult his pillow will probably receive friendly admonition. If the head repels it, it is a charitable warning; but if it quietly repoſes on it in its ſoft ſubſtance, a man may proceed in his intended deſign.

Happy

Happy the man who can ſay, when he lies down — No man can reproach me with his affliction, his misfortune, or his captivity; I have not injured the reputation of any one; I have paid a due reſpect to the property of others, the certain pledge of the repoſe of families; and the labourer's hire has never remained in my hands at ſun ſetting, according to the expreſſion in Scripture. Thoſe teſtimonies of conſcience, thoſe internal enjoyments of ſoul, give a delicious repoſe, and a ſtill more delicious awaking.

The work one can again read over, when reclined on the pillow, a long time after its compoſition, is not to be deſpiſed. The mind is in the ſame ſituation as at the time of writing; but ſees itſelf much better, and can judge.

If a man has lived in harmony, peace, and good order, he is pleaſed at the reflection; whatever has been dictated by a momentary impulſe appears wretched and puerile; but if he is ſo fortunate to have ſacrificed revenge, the writing is conſolatory and pleaſing; one readily forgives himſelf the errors he is only to bluſh for before the Muſes. The author, who has been good at one time, will be ſo again; he does not feel the uneaſineſs that awaits him, whoſe work, ſtuffed with every degree of malice, has torn his adverſary in pieces with all manner of ridicule.

The ſatiriſt and the miſanthrope will never read over their moſt approved and applauded works with the ſame pleaſure as the virtuous man will taſte in reviving works which criti-

ciſm may doubtleſs reprehend, but which ſound morality will not be aſhamed to own.

The clock ſtrikes twelve! Awful hour! Night, depriving me of the ſight of the earth, ſeems to put me in poſſeſſion of the heavens. Thoſe millions of ſuns and worlds the Eternal has ſtrewed with ſuch profuſion, give man the opportunity of obſerving the immutable laws by which they are governed.

It is to night the Caſſinis and the Galileos are indebted for their greateſt diſcoveries. And thy vigilant eye, indefatigable Meſſier, meets the comet which was paſſing unperceived by a heedleſs world. Attentive ſentinel to the celeſtial wonders, thou art ready to diſcover, to announce, to rank it among the great bodies which float in æther.

All privileged beings, who cultivate their minds, watch more or leſs; the ſilence and tranquillity of the night are favourable to their meditations, and ſupply the place of the voluntary darkneſs to which the Greek ſavages formerly condemned themſeves for the diſcovery of truth.

Night is the common benefactreſs of every thing that breathes; it is during her reign the greateſt ſhare of happineſs is ſpread over the earth; violent paſſions are lulled, the human race are not cruſhed by fatiguing labour; the priſoner, loaded with the fetters of deſpotiſm, flits far from his dungeon, and accuſes his tyrant before aſſembled worlds. The odious inequality amongſt men has, in a manner, ceaſed; voluptuouſneſs, with its charms,

enrap-

enraptures the young married pair, and repairs the devaſtations of war.

Oh, Night! lengthen for me thy ſilent hours; indulge my peaceful labours, and let me pour out the ideas and ſentiments with which my collected ſoul is delighted.

TENDER SENSIBILITY

IS the happieſt ſentiment the human mind is capable of; this delicious ſentiment is of a mixed kind; there is no luxury ſo great. A perpetual ſenſibility would be the moſt voluptuous ſtate of man.

Who can reliſh the ſublime paſſages of poets and orators? He who melts at ſight of the magnificent objects of Nature, who ſheds tears of joy at the opening dawn, or in the temple where the religious voice of the adorers ſtrikes the plain and ruſtic dome.

Tenderneſs is the ſtate of mind that diſpoſes moſt to virtue; there is no luxury comparable to that which moiſtens the eye of him who has relieved the unfortunate; in a word, it is ſoft pity that fathoms happineſs.

Tenderneſs is a ſtranger to every degenerate being, it is unknown to the libertine; but as the univerſe is embelliſhed for him, who, unacquainted with dull irony or inſulting wickedneſs, abandons himſelf to ſoft ſenſations noble, and intereſting ideas.

Take whatever idea you pleaſe. When you ſhall have analiſed, refined, criticiſed it, you muſt reduce it to ſentiment, if you wiſh to have it known and adopted. In vain will it be clear, lively, and ſmooth; if it does not reach the heart of man it is ineffectual.

Deſcriptive poetry, for example, is nothing in compariſon to ſentimental. Ovid, at the beginning of the ſecond book of the Metamorphoſis, gives a pompous deſcription of the palace of the ſun, which dazzles the eye of imagination; but however magnificent or ſparkling the poetical deſcription of this manſion, we ſhould walk through this reſplendent and ſuperb edifice with indifference, if we were not ſtopt on a ſudden by the fears and alarms of Phaeton's father on the indiſcreet requeſt of his ſon. It is his tenderneſs, the force of ſentiment, which animates him when he laviſhes his counſels on the raſh young man, and that throws a gloom over the palace, and fixes all our attention on the father's grief when he learns the danger the tender object of his concern is to encounter.

The multiplicity of dead with which the Iliad is crowded, the fall of thoſe men who raiſe pondrous rocks, who brandiſh weighty lances, who make the ſhores reſound with the ſtrength of their lungs, do not excite compaſſion.

But when we ſee Simoiſius, in the flower of youth, hurried away by the love of glory from a trembling mother, and a diſconſolate father; when we ſee this young bridegroom, who has

has ſcarce experienced the pleaſures of love, forced to tear himſelf from the embraces of a bride already accuſtomed to his careſſes; when we figure to ourſelves this young man, who has never yet been in action, ruſh on to a premature death, and ſee his armour covered with his blood, deceived by the imprudent impetuoſity of his youth, die through his own valour; we then deplore the fate of warriors, — we deteſt battles, — and weep over their victims.

Man is endowed with a ſympathy which makes him partake in the intereſts of his fellow creatures. By this generous paſſion he is moved with every thing that hurts them, and cannot remain an indifferent ſpectator in their trouble; he is rewarded for it; for the ſofteſt pleaſure faithfully accompanies pity. As it is not judgement, but an inſtinct, the ſacred gift of the beneficent hand of the Creator, it intimately penetrates the ſoul, affects it deeply, and will be felt; here it eſcapes all manner of diſcuſſion.

The malicious fibre of the human heart is hidden much deeper than the ſenſitive one. Happy the man who accuſtoms himſelf to compreſs the former! — A dying uncle ordered theſe words to be inſerted in his will: *I leave my nephew eleven ſilver plates; he well knows why I do not bequeath him the dozen.* This paſſage will make the malicious man laugh, but it will affect the humane and indulgent heart. What a gentle reprimand, what a character of goodneſs in this ſenſible re-

proach! Do we not ſee more than the nephew's fault.

The melancholy ſtyle of the theatre makes a deeper impreſſion on the mind than the agreeable; the reaſon is, we dread grief more than we love pleaſure. When grief is only preſented to us as a picture, we have the advantage of being moved without feeling for ourſelves or others the painful anguiſh of fear; our pity is powerfully excited, that exquiſite ſentiment of human nature which is its greateſt excellence. We practiſe this delicate and profound feeling with a kind of voluptuouſneſs which informs us we are tender and ſenſible.

Some dramatic authors have been charged with having drawn deſcriptions whoſe colouring was gloomy. Thoſe who reproached them neither knew the theatrical art, nor the ſtructure of the human heart. Illuſions of grief pleaſe us, becauſe, on reflection, we readily perceive the illuſion, and we taſte the luxury of ſorrow, although we know this great calamity is imaginary, or long paſt.

When the ſoul is melted with tenderneſs, then the tide of pure delight flows; its ſource is in the heart of man; ſometimes a flint ſurrounds it. Ye poets remove this obſtruction, and you will do more good than by ſtimulating the malicious fibre of the human heart!

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT ſees every thing, and ſees not itſelf: it takes in the whole world, and eſcapes from itſelf! What a phænomenon is our own exiſtence! How is it poſſible we are not every inſtant aſtoniſhed that we do exiſt? How has cuſtom familiariſed us to this ſentiment which we have voluntarily received, and will, therefore, eſcape us?

Abſtruſe ideas exiſt like philoſophical ones. I have clearly within myſelf the perception of a thing which I feel and do not conceive; I do not confine myſelf to liſten to my ſenſes which ſo often deceive me; I dive into the bottom of my exiſtence, I perceive a faculty which opens to me certain and inconceivable things; in vain is ſpace, duration, or the creative power, ſurrounded with obſcurity; I cannot doubt of them. The more I examine into myſelf, the more ſeveral ideas ariſe which have connection with this material world; and the profundity of my reaſon touches objects to which my ſenſes are totally ſtrangers.

Diſtance is no bar to my thoughts; there is a relation between our planet and that of Saturn, ſince I can tranſport myſelf thither; exiſt in the time paſt, I even exiſt in the future; it is all one, as I embrace it all in thought.

There is an initial plan, I feel it; the principle that created the univerſal maſs, and ſtam-

ped it with order and life, proceeds from an only Spirit; every philoſophical phænomenon is produced by one and the ſame act. The periods of human life are only unfoldings; and which, in the general plan, every thing is connected, as long as the projection of the planets is not mere caprice, can any one believe the moral world has been given up to chance?

Eternity; what a dreadful and magnificent word! I exiſt, and had a beginning; there is, then, a firſt cauſe of my exiſtence; the principle muſt be eternal, for I muſt ſearch into infinity for a firſt ſource of every thing that is, and I am driven to deny my exiſtence, or believe in a principle that never had a beginning.

If a man is weak when he argues on matters, he is ſublime when he feels them; his mind is confined, but his heart is without bounds.

I would ſooner conceive an univerſe without a God, than a God who would ordain annihilation to ſeize us at our departure from life. The knowledge of a Supreme Being would then be the cauſe of deſpair; his greatneſs would be void of juſtice, his wiſdom of goodneſs, and virtue would be only a chimæra to which weak man would have made an uſeleſs ſacrifice.

THE WORLD.

THE world may be thus defined; it is a vaſt theatre, on which mankind are the actors; chance compoſes the piece, fortune diſtributes the parts, the women diſtribute refreſhment to the actors, and the unfortunate are the ſcene-drawers and candle-ſnuffers.

The world poliſhes more than it inſtructs. To be a ſpectator one muſt not be in the buſtle of the world, but at a certain diſtance; as to obſerve a regiment march, one muſt be on a line when they file off, not in the ranks.

With a little ſhare of underſtanding, and a great deal of the world, a man will ſhine more than with a great underſtanding, and a little of the world: — and to acquire this cuſtom, there muſt be a certain mode of carriage, without which he will never be able to cultivate acquaintance in thoſe ſocieties where the beſt company of all ranks meet.

Without a fortune, let man's merit be ever ſo great, he will be deprived of the means of mixing with people of faſhion, of being acquainted with their manners, or aſſuming their ſtyle; in a word, to judge of men of a certain rank, their virtues, their vices, their follies.

Riches put a young man forward in the world early; by their means he will be able to diſplay his talents, to excel in all manner

of

of exerciſes, to learn languages, to travel; in fine, to have the neceſſary leiſure to devote himſelf to whatever art or ſcience he pleaſes.

But the men of the world exaggerate their encomiums on the *ton* diffuſed among them. They will confidently ſay, there is no taſte, penetration, or wit, but in their circles. From thoſe excluſive pretenſions, they imagine themſelves entitled to gueſs at the career of every man who appears amongſt them.

The wretch who expires on a ſcaffold, has not been guilty of ſo many diſorders in ſociety as another who lives in the faſhionable world. This man is a debauchee, a ſlanderer, a cheat;—he is poſſeſſed of every vice on which the law cannot lay hold;—he does not commit murder on the high way; but he diſtils in every houſe the poiſon of an invenomed tongue, he blaſts every one's reputation, he ridicules every virtue, he ſcatters diſcord among brethren, married people and friends. When driven from one quarter, he goes to another, and carries the ſame ſpirit with him. His wickedneſs is the reſult of reflection; he makes it his ſtudy. But he can only be puniſhed with contempt; and contempt in a great city is like the infected air they breathe;—they accuſtom themſelves to it.

INSECTS.

THE magnificence of the Creator is more eſpecially manifeſted as the creature is leſs; it is redoubled in inſects; they have received for their portion more ſenſation; they are endowed with more delicate, more incredible, more wonderful inſtruments; the ſucceſſive changes they experience, inform us of a compoſed principle in them which operates and varies thoſe aſtoniſhing forms.

All the miracles of the intelligent being reſt under the moſs; we trample them under foot, and they would be unknown to us without the aid of the microſcope.

Charles Bonnet has performed a work, little known in our capital, wholly taken up with trifling airs; this work well deſerves our admiration. *What is God?* He might anſwer to this queſtion of the catechiſm,—he is the Creator of inſects.—And what are we, proud mortals, in his preſence?

If Nature ſhould ſuddenly lift up the veil with which ſhe is covered, and expoſe her ſecret ſprings, the wheels of her immenſe machine, its inmoſt ſtructure, without depriving us of the pleaſure of contemplating at leiſure the means ſhe uſes, and the end to which ſhe tends; what a ſudden change would be in all our ideas! What an overturning of all our ſyſtems! What would become

become of our wretched ſcience? It would be more laughable than ignorance itſelf.

What makes our ſyſtematical gentlemen ſo bold in deciding, in publiſhing their ideas; it is becauſe they know Nature will be always concealed, and will never formally contradict all their aſſertions.

But ſhould we abandon our ſtudies for that reaſon? By no means. Man's ſeveral efforts have been rewarded. Many uſeful and curious diſcoveries, from time to time, have demonſtrated ſhe lets ſome ſecrets eſcape; and that what one age does not lay hold of, the following may perceive.

An experiment which ſeems dead and neglected, linked to another, will caſt a ray of light. We muſt neither deſpair of our inability, nor ſuffer our pride to embrace too vaſt an extent.

There is certainly a great deal of audaciouſneſs in entitling a book, *A Syſtem of the Univerſe*; it is the part of wiſdom to follow the light of experience, and not ſwerve from it. He who announces an *univerſal theory*, as if he had aſſiſted at the creation, muſt think he ſpeaks to credulous children; and all his eloquence will not deprive him of a certain air, bordering on quackery.

If a ſyſtem is bold, is elevated, I muſt admire the plan; but to unravel this chaos in a few pages, to lecture the preſent and future age with the reveries of a heated imagination, is to expoſe one's ſelf to the reproaches of all

men

men of ſound ſenſe, on whom language does not impoſe.

All is beautiful in the univerſe, and every thing inſtructs us, the ſtar and the inſect, the fiery meteor, and the flower of the ſpring; the rocks hanging over precipices, the deſerted mountain tops; the opening gulphs, where foaming torrents are loſt; the party-coloured quarries, intereſt us, and fix the eye of imagination.

Thy beauty, thy richneſs, Oh, Nature! exhauſt the mind of man. Why are they bounded, whilſt thy attractions are inexhauſtible! Thy pure breath can re-produce the pleaſure granted to our lively curioſity; how ſhort are the moments thou leaveſt us for ſtudy! Nature! raviſhing and myſterious being! what tongue ſhall queſtion thee! what pen be able to deſcribe thee!

Thou criticiſeſt, weak and audacious mortal, the plan of the univerſe! Sigh if thou ſuffereſt, but do not dare to exalt thy weak reaſon againſt ſo ſublime a work! ſpeak with fear of what is above thee. Haſt thou an intuitive idea of the world? Canſt thou take in what is viſible? Wait until thy being is unfolded, and that it paſſes all the neceſſary degrees to form it into that ſtate to which it aſpires.

INTERIOR SENSES.

WE have an interior ſenſe, or ſenſes, very diſtinct from the exterior ſenſes. The proof is, madneſs often dwells in the interior ſenſe; and it will be incurable, whilſt the exterior ſenſes remain in perfect health.

Sometimes the external ſenſes are diſordered, and the interior ſenſes not affected. The naturaliſt Bonnet, deprived of ſight, meditates his works, then dictates them with clearneſs and preciſion, and without altering a word. Age deprives the man of letters of the uſe of his ſenſes, and yet his mind preſerves its exquiſite ſenſibility.

The difference of characters perhaps ariſes from the inequality in the formation of the external and internal ſenſes.

The grand defect in organization cauſes madneſs; the light defects occaſion capriciouſneſs.

It ſeems, that in the human body, each part influences the whole, and the whole each part.

How can a man walk in his ſleep, without the energy and preſence of the internal ſenſes which guide him, and with which he ſees, hears, walks, writes, or reads?

Who can be inſenſible that we have within us the exterior and interior man?—The image ſtrikes the external ſenſes, and then the internal principle determines.

This

This is the reaſon inſtinct deceives leſs than thought, becauſe thought may be an imperfect image, and inſtinct is a lively ſentiment.

There is none that has not experienced an ineffable and comprehenſible tranquillity of mind in a fainting fit: drowned and apoplectic perſons, recovered to life, have made bitter complaints of having been drawn from a peaceable and delicious ſtate. The inſtant of death might be a kind of ecſtaſy; and ſeveral naturaliſts, who have obſerved dying perſons in hoſpitals, are of opinion, the ſoul by agony, loſing all communication with the things of this world, is then plunged in unknown delight; it ſhould ſeem as if it were a forerunner of its future ſtate. The interior ſenſe, more at liberty, diſengaged from a part of its bondage, enjoys its full exerciſe. I cannot believe Nature, our tender mother, abandons us at this critical moment, but rather redoubles her gifts at the inſtant we are ſeparated from her.

Why does a ſenſation of the body produce an emotion of the mind? I cannot conceive it; we may admire the effect, but cannot penetrate the cauſe.

It is not given us to conceive this grand chain of cauſes, which, linked to each other, go back to the firſt.

The hiſtory and progreſſion of human ſenſation has not yet been traced. Who has ever been able to diſcover the firſt image which has in a lively manner affected us, and has in conſequence determined the ſeries of our taſtes?

In the ſpring of our years, there are pleaſures, which, by their novelty, have a commanding charm; there are actions for which we feel an inexpreſſible diſguſt; time, by relaxing our fibres, does not entirely efface ſenſation; it is prolonged even to the lateſt period of old age.

From whence ariſe antipathies which are indefinable, and which reaſon cannot correct, if it is not the primitive impulſe, ſtrongly impreſſed on our ſenſations?

A ſteep mountain will appear to one more dreadful than to another, becauſe the firſt narrowly eſcaped a precipice. Water will make him ſhudder who has been on the point of drowning. Fire will make him tremble who has eſcaped from a houſe in flames; he dreads even the ſpark of a candle. Kings think ſeditious men the greateſt criminals.

The firſt ſenſations determine the reſt of our actions, and our memory will forget the unhappy event, which our inſtinct will ever remember.

RIVERS.

RIVERS are the ſoſter-fathers of States; they ſpread fertility on their borders; they enrich the land; they are uſeful to trade; they water the cattle; they ſupply fiſh; they facilitate travelling; there are few towns rich and populous without them. It is very eaſy to extend

extend the benefits they can give, and prevent the evils they may occaſion; trifling evils, when compared with thoſe benefits.—The ſubdued Nile pours forth plenty, and was the glory of proud Egypt. The Po, the Rhone, the Loire, the Garonne, would of themſelves only make four opulent kingdoms, if art would aſſiſt in bringing thoſe magnificent gifts of Nature to perfection.

THE HAND.

IT is to the hand of man the world is indebted for the multitude of arts, from the delicate touch of muſical inſtruments, to the blow of the hammer. Neceſſity, comfort, all are due to this amazing organ which diſtinguiſhes man; by its aid he penetrates the bowels of the earth; he levels mountains with hillocks; he digs a bed in the ſea, and oppoſed dykes to its rage; in a word, he reigns over the ſubdued globe.

Characters, traced by the hand of man, ſurvive the over-turning of empires, and thus become, as it were, divine. Man's knowledge does not periſh; but rather increaſes: the wiſe man's mind, fraught with patriotic fire, connects with his who comes into the world a thouſand years after him.

Anexagoras has ſaid, that in the hand conſiſts the wiſdom of man; without it, his mind would be uſeleſs.

The

The motion of the hand is as eloquent as the eye; it is an idiom common to all people, the univerſal language. The hand calls, ſends away, promiſes, threatens, fears, interrogates, denies, doubts, flatters, deteſts, denotes numbers, expreſſes the marks of joy, grief, repentance; in fine, the hand ſpeaks when the tongue cannot.

Man's hand excels even the elephant's trunk. Next in progreſſion, iron is the true ſceptre with which he commands nature. Thrice happy had he not turned it againſt himſelf!

The inhabitants of the new world were right when they gave the preference to iron, in exchanging a large quantity of gold for a hedge-bill, a ſpade, or a mattock.

It is iron that cuts ſtone, and makes it flexible and obedient as wax; digs the mine, raiſes edifices, binds the timber of the veſſel that cuts the ocean; it is iron fertiliſes the fields, reaps the harveſt, and performs the ſalutary operations on the human body.

Whilſt we admire the wonders of clockwork, the ſavage is in ecſtaſy at the ſimple but uſeful invention of a nail. With this hard and tenacious metal, that man ſhapes in what manner he pleaſes, to make it act on the moſt ſtubborn things, he has wrought works which have made alterations on our globe; he has levelled mountains, raiſed vallies, girt the ſea, pierced iſthmuſes, cut down foreſts, dug lakes, changed the courſe of rivers and the winds.

Who

Who has not had the curioſity to ſee in a forge, an enormous bar of iron, which can be turned on every ſide, placed under an aſtoniſhing hammer of eight hundred weight, every ſtroke of which may be heard at a league's diſtance! Man ſeems to play with thoſe amazing bodies of iron, with the aſſiſtance of a rivulet of water; he ſubdues, he ſupples them; he paſſes the bar through the wire-drawing inſtrument, and metamorphoſes it into a thread, nearly as ſmall as a hair.

MARRIAGE.

THE young virgin ſees in perſpective the ſtate of a wife and a mother; her heart repreſents to her an amiable young man, with whom ſhe will unite, and with whom ſhe will fulfil thoſe duties which do not alarm her. She is determined to repay his tenderneſs with a complete return; for ſhe has no doubt but love alone will determine the choice of the man who caſts his eye upon her.

Yet ſhe is confined in a convent, under the idea of giving her a genteel education; paternal authority waits until a favourable circumſtance offers to ſatisfy his covetouſneſs or his ambition; the marriage of the young perſon is an affair of conſequence; the father negociates at a diſtance from her, without her knowledge, the entire life and deſtiny of his daughter.—Inſtead of a lover, who might gradually captivate

tivate her heart, a ſtranger, a man indifferent to her, is preſented. She is commanded to look on him as her huſband, and give herſelf up to him without reſerve. The timid girl has only three days allowed her to accuſtom herſelf to this ſtrange alteration; ſhe is turned over to a huſband whoſe name ſhe never heard; ſhe ſwears ſhe will ever love him, yet ſhe does not know him: he takes her away, with his marriage contract in his hand.

She enters into a ſtrange family; ſhe muſt live with beings who have been long connected together, whilſt ſhe is left alone with her candid, artleſs, loving, and ſenſible heart.

Thus, an union on which depends the felicity of life, and which ought to be grounded on the intimate connection of characters, is abandoned to chance. Intereſted views ſuperſede every conſideration; and this bargain, though made conformable to both religion and law, is, notwithſtanding, ſevere and ſtrange.

The world exclaims againſt the corruption of morals, and yet can't ſee man muſt have an innate goodneſs of heart, proof againſt evil inſtitutions, ſince good order ſubſiſts, notwithſtanding all attempts to ſubvert it.—Women are blamed, when we ought only to extol thoſe who, againſt the choice of their heart, revere their obligations, and are faithful to the oath an irreſiſtible power obliged them to utter.

The law which prohibits marriages in a certain degree of conſanguinity, is as wiſe as

it is antient and general. It is to be found in all civiliſed nations; it is the firſt band of ſociety, whoſe aim is to prevent each family from being ſufficient within itſelf, and to mix generations, that they might not be ſtrangers to each other, and being incorporated together, they might form a ſocial ſtate, an aſſemblage of individuals, mutually to protect and ſerve each other.

By ſuch means, fortunes, inſtead of being ſtagnated, circulate, bring life to the withered branches, and perſonal intereſt loſes that activity which made it dangerous. Intereſts are more combined, and morals improved: men become more gentle; one is no longer a ſtranger in a family into which one can enter freely; the inequality of rank is felt leſs, and the roots of ſociety are extended. There are no longer animoſities among fellow-citizens, when the obſtacles are removed which ſeparated families, and they can make alliances with men who, diſtinguiſhed by their rank, wait the ſmiles of Fortune, or who, favoured by Fortune, are willing to exchange with the advantages of glory and renown. Scipio's daughter's portion was paid in copper.

SATIRIST.

DO you ſee that winged inſect which flies round the candle? It is the picture of a ſa-

tiriſt, who makes a hundred windings, and ends by being cruſhed with the ſnuffers.

I read in a journal theſe trifling verſes, addreſſed to a ſatiriſt; I thought they ſhould be preſerved:

" O Tongue, the moſt accurſt!
With pen proſcribed the worſt!
Still on the gall you give,
Inſtead of honey, live.
In your delirium fierce,
Our tend'reſt lambs you pierce!
Look on your back to bear
Due ſtripes from twigs ſevere.
Like them will be your fate,
That raging in their hate,
Ravage our flocks around;
Short is the triumph found:
While yet their reign extends,
Contempt their doom ſuſpends:
But to the fallow beaſt
The date of life is leaſt."

The ſatiriſt, in the twinkling of an eye becomes a flatterer; it is the conſtant character of thoſe wretched writers who uſurp the title of men of letters.

Who can avoid bluſhing for the author, on reading thoſe adulating lines with which the journals are crammed, which one would be apt to take for the moſt ſarcaſtic irony, if the mendicant genius of the poet did not appear through thoſe pompous ſtrophes!

Poetaſters flatter or ſlander through cuſtom. Sometimes they will unfurniſh Olympus, to decorate with all the celeſtial attributes the buſt of a man in office; again, they will collect the keeneſt ſhafts againſt the miniſter who refuſes them a penſion.

Can

Can any thing be more inſipid or ſcandalous than ſuch poetry, which produces vanity, ſelf-love, and pride, attributing greatneſs of ſoul, penetration, and ſublime ideas, to thoſe who even have not been poſſeſſed of any thing more than weak and confined ſentiments, trifling intereſts, common opinions, and vulgar inclinations?

As the vulture from afar ſmells the carrion, ſo the ſycophant ſmells the man in favour; he ſticks cloſe to him, flatters, deceives, and careſſes him; then take my word, this ſycophant nearly approaches the trade of a ſatiriſt.

Some journaliſts have fooliſhly provoked literary men. They were not ſenſible that writers whoſe works are eagerly ſought, with a ſtroke of a pen could ſo ſtigmatize them, as to make their ſhame viſible to every one. How weak and ſilly is pride, when it attempts to meddle with genius!

RETALIATION.

AMONG ſeveral antient nations, the law of retaliation was conſidered as ſacred. — It is the work of inſtinct, and reaſon confirms it on ſeveral accounts. What is more natural than to make the puniſhment equal to the offence?

This law loſes its dignity when it demands eye for eye, arm for arm. Such diminutive juſtice is rude and barbarous; but the

puniſhment of death pronounced againſt the murderer is conformable to equity.

This law has been conteſted by writers, who probably miſtook weakneſs for true ſenſibility. An unhappy man, who ſinks under the aſſaſſin's blows, does he not then call upon all the human race for aſſiſtance? Does he not ſay to himſelf,—It is from the hand of man I receive theſe cruel blows; all mankind ſhould revenge me; he is the enemy of the ſpecies; in my perſon he did not regard his fellow creature; he is more horrible than the tyger, the wolf, the panther; and notwithſtanding my cries, my lamentations, my prayers, my groans, he devoted his victim.

Would it not be falſe pity in the Legiſlature to reſerve a pardon for the man who had contumelioufly inſulted humanity, by being guilty of wilful murder? What! he has not reſpected the fraternal ſtamp the hand of the Creator has fixed on the front of man! gentle pity has not touched his ſoul! not a thought has ſtruck him that he was deſtroying an intelligent being!

Would not the mercy extended to the life of a murderer be an act of cruelty againſt the feeble, who are expoſed to the ferociouſneſs of the murderer? To ſave an individual, muſt ſociety be expoſed to evils which may be every day renewed!

Had not the murdered a father, a mother, a brother, a friend? Have they not received the counterblow of grief, more terrible perhaps than that which pierced his heart! and

ſhall

ſhall the murderer live, whom they may meet, and at whoſe ſight all their wounds will be opened afreſh! No; whoever has imbrued his hands in the blood of man, is not worthy to dwell among men; he is not deſerving the light that ſhines on them. Retaliation is the great law of nature; the murderer muſt be reſtrained by the dread of ſuffering himſelf what he makes another ſuffer.

Apply the law of retaliation to robbery, and you will be ſenſible of its wiſdom and humanity. It kept up a proportion between the puniſhment and the crime; a proportion which modern legiſlation has deſtroyed.

Under the Emperor Adrian, when they were going to pronounce judgement on a culprit, they reckoned how many children he had, and according to the number, relaxed the rigor of the puniſhment; they remembered the man who had ſerved the State by procreation, and had been perhaps induced to a great deſire of money, by the neceſſity of providing for the wants of his family. This truly humane and politic diſtinction appears to me to proceed from the ſame ſpirit that ſuggeſted the law of retaliation: it is wanting in our code.

JOURNALS.

WHEN the Romans waged war againſt Carthage, Mithridates, and the Gauls, they

had not every week a journal to inform them the army had made a motion to the right or to the left; that they were encamped on a plain or a riſing ground. Craſſus and Cæſar did not ſend expreſſes to the ſenate; the impatient newſmongers did not crowd the coffee-houſes to announce that an alteration had been made in ſome piquets.

The people patiently waited the iſſue of the war, without forming any precipitate opinion, which every day gives the General a different deſcription. The commander to whom the intereſt of the State was confided, this honourable truſt being given into his charge, returned only to demand a triumph.

The taylors and tavern-keepers of Rome did not go to a ſhop, to read for a halfpenny, *The general hiſtory of political events*; they ſaid to each other, We will examine the General's countenance when he lays open his conduct, and we ſhall ſee whether, when he is carried in the triumphal car, dreſſed in his purple robe, embroidered with gold, he holds a branch of laurel in his right hand.

They did not make war againſt ſovereigns, to ſtrip them of a ſmall portion of their dominions, or plunder their palaces of ſome uſeleſs furniture; they bound them and their children to the conqueror's car, their heads ſtripped of their crowns, to feaſt the greedy eyes of the Roman people; for Rome learned the iſſue of a war only by a complete defeat or a victory. The Generals returned home with ſhame or glory; ſeveral threw themſelves on their

their ſwords, rather than exhibit an unfortunate appearance to the ſenate.

The ſoldiers were not caſt off among the crowd after a victory; they accompanied the victorious General by cohorts, or companies, carrying alſo branches of laurel in their hands.

Such a triumphing General could relate the pleaſures glory gives, when he drew after him the arms of the dethroned monarch, and entered with the acclamations of his army, ſinging the praiſe of the conqueror. What a day, what glory for a mortal! The ſarcaſms of a vile ſatiriſt only heightened the laurel that ſhaded his brow.

No gazettes among the Roman people: *He is conqueror! or he is conquered!* that was all the political news. None of thoſe crooked, lying, inſignificant phraſes, which hide truth for ſix months, and which equally deprive the General of reprobation and eſteem.

If Rome received fatal news, ſhe became more haughty on it; elſe ſhe witneſſed for three days the triumph granted the General; they ſaw the ſpoils of the monarch they had conquered at the extremity of the earth paſs in review: his pictures, his ſtatues, his vaſes, his ſilver, his coined gold, all paſſed by in preſence of this King's people; and at the triumph of Paulus Emilius over Perſeus, after the carpets, bronzes, buffet, and veſſels of gold, came the unhappy monarch himſelf, ſurrounded by his children, covered with a black mantle. To fill up the meaſure of his humiliation, his royal diadem was placed upon

his diſgraced arms, in the empty car he formerly rode in.

A triumph among the Romans was not a barren repreſentation. — An hundred and twenty fat bulls, with gilded horns, adorned with garlands and ribbands, were ſacrificed, and the ſoldiers divided the carcaſſes, as well as the ready money, the urns, the flaggons, the ciſterns, of the depoſed monarch.

War was then a ſerious matter; the buſineſs was to conquer or be a captive. The terrible Mithridates himſelf yielded to the genius of Rome.

Now we are no longer acquainted with triumphs; we have journals, where they regiſter *going before the wind*, a *dead calm*, a brook croſſed, a village occupied; and every five days give the world an account, in a prolix ſtyle, of thoſe weighty events which do not inſtruct any, which the people receive in defiance of good ſenſe, and to the confounding of geography.

GUNPOWDER.

HOW imperceptible to human foreſight is the chain of human events! A friar trying experiments in medicine, by chance diſcovered the compoſition of this fatal powder! This diſcovery has changed the fate of kingdoms, cauſed the death of more than a million of people, and aſcertained the conqueſt of the new world. What an immenſe chain of public

lic and particular calamities proceed from this fortuitous caſe! Is it chance has done all, and has put into the hand of man the murdering ſaltpetre, or the ſalubrious potatoe, juſt as it writes on the billets of human life, *tiara*, or *livery*, *king*, or *beggar*.

A philoſopher ſhould every year, on a certain fixed day, make ſolemn imprecations againſt the inventor of gunpowder; he ſhould curſe, in the name of humanity, the man who introduced this deſtructive ſcourge on earth. It has deſtroyed valour, in depriving it of the hope of finding an invincible aſylum; there is no longer any before this new thunder, ſometimes falling from the heavens, ſometimes burſting from a hideous abyſs. The ramparts where heroiſm and liberty took refuge, will fall in duſt, and open a large ſpace to opulent tyranny, which can cauſe a hundred thouſand cannon balls to be fired againſt the walls of a town. Man's liberty is then become a chimæra, as long as a ſpark can ſet all the arſenals of Europe on fire.

While men fought with ſwords, courage, bravery, ſtrength, the love of liberty, wrought prodigies; but what can be done againſt cannon, pointed by geometricians! Whoever once poſſeſſes this thunder, will poſſeſs it a long time. The apparatus which accompanies thoſe murdering machines is too vaſt, too complicated, to be of proper uſe to a people that ſuddenly riſe to revenge themſelves. What a difference, to have cannon to caſt, or ſuddenly draw the ſword from the ſcabbard!

The ſlighteſt wounds from fire arms are dreadful; they impreſs on the ſenſitive delicacy of the ſkin, torn all manner of ways, long and acute pains. A brave man ſhall have his arm ſhot off by a ball a gunner has fired at him at two leagues diſtance; a file of warriors fall at once under an accidental direction; an entire regiment may be buried alive by the ſpringing a mine.

Without gunpowder, the new world would not have been ravaged and conquered: its inhabitants would have repulſed their barbarous invaders. As the formidable league of many ſovereigns would not have been eſtabliſhed, they would not have deſpiſed the ſword in the hands of thoſe they oppreſſed, as an uſeleſs defence.

This deteſtable invention has in our days been brought to perfection by men who have coolly calculated the means of ſuddenly reducing a town to a heap of ruins, by the help of an infernal machine.

But all thoſe efforts will in the end be uſeleſs: it will be known how many guns each ſovereign can bring into the field; a calculation will be made beforehand of the reſult of the war; and the monarch who has the leaſt cannon will loſe the game at this fantaſtic play; but he will get rid of it at the expence of his ſubjects.

The peaceable citizen ſees the town he inhabits ſuddenly deſtroyed by the blaſt of a magazine of powder. Whilſt the thunder from heaven rarely ſtrikes a victim in traverſing

our atmoſphere, and diſplays a ſight more whimſical than deſtructive, a villain, with a few grains of this deſtructive powder, ſhall blow up, with a horrible craſh, an aſſembly who are dancing, within ſix inches of his artfully-prepared fire.

Man is more cruel with gunpowder, becauſe he is more collected. The antients did all by main ſtrength; reſiſtance kindled rage; the arm that raiſed the baliſta and catapult, which threw ſtones of four hundred weight, and arrows as thick as trees; the arms which brought forward thoſe enormous towers, full of fighting men, and furniſhed with drawbridges, which they let fall on the walls of the beſieged; when victorious, theſe might abuſe a conqueſt which coſt them ſo much: but with us, a cowardly gunner can, at a diſtance, kill the greateſt general, deſtroy a battalion, fire bombs which will penetrate the roofs of houſes, whoſe inhabitants are in ſoft repoſe; himſelf environed with a thick ſmoke, which prevents him even from ſeeing the deſtruction he occaſions.

Ought we not to ſhudder at ſeeing geometricians in the midſt of action marking out, with the greateſt coolneſs imaginable, the means of annihilating the human ſpecies, under pretence a hillock, a river, a treaty, divides them from thoſe they are about to deſtroy, until the ſame ſecret recoils on the inventors? We read at the title page of a book, *The Art of Gunnery.* This art ſhould not be

ranked among the ſciences for the miſchief it does.

O ye, who are in poſſeſſion of ſome horrible ſecrets of this kind, who have the art of more completely rending ſenſitive humanity, I implore you to take compaſſion on man; pity your fellow-creature; have pity on yourſelves! Do not reveal ſuch deteſtable ſecrets; remember, the invention you are about to publiſh, may fall on yourſelf, or on your children. The tyrant who ſhut up the barbarous inventor in his brazen bull, was equitable for once. A trifling penſion is the reward of thoſe who project thoſe crimes againſt human nature; it has no penſion to grant; but whoſoever has reſpected it, will enjoy, without remorſe, ſuch rewards as await the virtuous man.

However, this curſe ought rather to fall on thoſe who make uſe of this powder than on the powder itſelf. What a happy invention, if it were only applied to the wants of mankind! it would facilitate their works; in the twinkling of an eye it would remove enormous maſſes; it would draw from quarries, in a ſhort time, what might be the work of many years; it would deſtroy the ravenous and ferocious beaſts in the center of Africa, who contend with man for empire; in our feſtivals it would make thoſe beautiful illuminations which efface the brilliancy of the ſtars; it is alſo uſeful for our ſignals, which are yet in their infancy, and might be brought to perfection.

If

If its inflammability could be diminiſhed, our powder magazines would be free from danger; powder is more eſpecially terrible, on account of its inflammability. If the ſecret of only ſetting it on fire at pleaſure could be diſcovered, we ſhould have all its power, without any dread.

Were it not for the too-well-grounded apprehenſion of extending the diſaſters incident to the human race, *aurum fulminans* would have much more aſtoniſhing effects than gunpowder, and might be much more ſerviceable in our works. The globe would be moſt certainly ſubjected to us, and the iſthmus of Suez and of Panama might be opened.

It has been lately in contemplation to apply electricity to mines, ſo as to be able to determine the exploſion to a certain ſecond of time; fortunately this dangerous ſecret died in its birth.

THE VAIN MAN.

THE proud man, on ſome occaſions, will humble to his fellow creature; — he does not inceſſantly fatigue us, as does the vain man, who is infinitely more inſupportable. This latter is to be met every where, and makes every one he meets ſuffer, but, unfortunately, does not wound deep enough to tempt puniſhment in revenge. He is ſuffered to paſs on with a ſmile of contempt, and proceeds to torture other

other ſocieties, like a troubleſome inſect that ſtings and flies away.

It is not ſo with the proud man: he gives the ſignal to the haughtineſs of him he attacks, and then a combat muſt enſue.

The poet who has been hiſſed, but not corrected, would have others admire him as much as he admires himſelf. His countenance, his manner, his tone, all announce he is replete with a ridiculous, foppiſh vanity. Examine him narrowly; you will ſee arrogance in perfection; he will be more offenſive to you than the rougheſt and moſt brutal fellow. You would forgive his pride, if he were formed for pride; but you will not readily forgive his inſolent vanity.

PARTY SPIRIT.

TRUTH is every where; but do you wiſh to find it? Separate it from the ſpirit of party which ſo often obſcures it. When you ſee any ſect whatever, you may be certain error is mixed with truth, which will be no longer diſtinguiſhable.

Truth is plain, and does not depend on authority. It removes the ſtyle of diſputation, and is a ſtranger to paſſion and haughtineſs.

Community of opinions will always be a ſign of mediocrity of mind; they become a ſtrange mixture when formed into an aſ-

ſembly;

ſembly; the moſt fooliſh replace their inſufficiency with a fanatic tone; they think themſelves invincible becauſe they are united. They are deceived; as it is impoſſible but in a body there muſt be ſome fooliſh, weak, and ignorant perſons. Thoſe men will perform ſome character; they utter nonſenſe and abſurdities; they exaggerate the principles of the ſect; and the body that receives them becomes bound for their nonſenſe; quarrels ariſe, their clothes and manners are turned into ridicule; ſenſible men ſuffer for the errors, impertinencies, and the exaggeration of the imprudent.

The Encyclopedical ſect, the Œconomic ſect, the Academic ſect, by forming an offenſive and defenſive league, have given cauſe for the attack, and have invited men of ſenſe to ridicule ſuch ſtrange pretenſions in the preſent age. The more numerous the members, the more confined they are. This obſervation of Monteſquieu's is applicable to all thoſe little modern ſynods who have declared *ſcience, doctrine, and taſte*, to be only found amongſt them. The ſpirit of *Coterie* ſoon deſtroyed the ſpirit of univerſal benevolence with which they ſeemed to be animated.

Is it not more uſeful, when a man feels himſelf capable, to walk in the liſts according to his own fancy, and not to be bound to follow thoſe wandering banners, diſplayed only to rally weak minds; to ſearch calmly after truth, without fancying ſuch or ſuch a ſociety, proſtrated before ſuch a chief, poſ-

ſeſſes

ſeſſes an excluſive privilege for the diſcovery.

If one wiſhes to be juſt to every body, and not to be guilty of groſs errors, one muſt not adopt party ſpirit.

DIALOGUE AMONG THE DEAD.

Between a Faquir and a Veſtal.*

Faquir.

OF what ſervice has it been to me, during forty years, to be driving nails in my buttocks, ſleeping whilſt upon my legs, ſuſpending myſelf by a rope over the flames, or looking at the tip of my noſe until it was illuminated? I believed I ſhould have gone ſtraight to the paradiſe of our holy prophet, and there enjoyed the blue-eyed Houries. I am finely deceived! I have neither body nor wife; I am no longer any thing but a poor wandering ſhade, that a blaſt of wind ſends from one ſide to another; I have not even the deſires I reſtrained; and all this the better to taſte the celeſtial enjoyments.

Veſtal. You have great reaſon to complain truly! Were you buried alive, like me? They certainly waited until you were dead before you were buried.

* M. De La Dixmerie has already treated on this ſubject; but, on a compariſon, no reſemblance will be found.

Faq.

Faq. You muſt ſurely have been, then, in a deſperate trance?

Veſt. No. A ſenate, who called themſelves the legiſlators of the earth, and a people who conquered it by their arms, condemned me to that puniſhment.

Faq. You muſt, then, have been a traitreſs to the ſtate.

Veſt. No.

Faq. What had you done, then?

Veſt. What did I do!

Faq. You heſitate.

Veſt. There are certain things we cannot relate without reluctance.—

Faq. Why? What we did with our bodies above has no relation to our preſent ſituation; it is a kind of covering we have thrown off, and is now foreign to us. Let us honeſtly own our paſt follies; I was an ideot all my life, mortifying, ſcourging, ſlaſhing my poor body that could not but — You do not ſeem to have done as much.—Come, do not bluſh, tell me all; what ſignify a few ſpots on the clothes that are no longer ours?

Veſt. *(ſighing)* Do you know Rome?

Faq. No.

Veſt. How! Yet it conquered the whole world.

Faq. The whole world! Not ſo neither; I proteſt I never heard any mention made of Rome. But what connection is there between that city and your extraordinary interment?

Veſt. I was born in that city, the miſtreſs of the univerſe. They attributed their preſerva-

tion

tion to ſome bucklers which fell from Heaven, and keeping up a fire which came down in the ſame manner.

Faq. That was a ſtrange kind of ſuperſtition in a people whom you repreſent as governing the whole earth by their arms and laws!

Veſt. The keeping up this ſacred fire, depoſited in a temple, was entruſted to young girls. I was choſen to watch over this celeſtial fire; and as they believed the empire would be endangered if it was ſuffered to go out, the law puniſhed our negligence with death. We were, moreover, commanded to preſerve our virginity on pain of being buried alive.

Faq. Ah! I now diſtinctly perceive why you were buried before you died. But I am much aſtoniſhed that ſuch a conquering nation ſhould attach its great and proud deſtiny to the frail ſecurity of virginity.

Veſt. They did every thing to make us forget this ſacrifice; rank, dignity, reſpect, riches, every thing was granted us. The moſt honourable ſeats at public ſpectacles were reſerved for us. The axes and faſces were carried before us, and thoſe of the conſuls bowed down to us. If a criminal fell in our way, our meeting confirmed his pardon and ſaved him from puniſhment.

Faq. Thoſe were extraordinary privileges. But amidſt thoſe honours and univerſal reſpect, you did not think you had amends enough made you.

Veſt.

Veſt. Notwithſtanding the tremendous law, the ſhame, the moſt cruel death with which I was threatened, I became — ſacrilegious.

Faq. The violation of your oath had, then, very alluring charms, Madam ?

Veſt. The Satellites, executioners, the deſolation of Rome, of my family, the pontifs, the fulminations of Heaven and earth, all vaniſhed in preſence of my lover.—He riſked as much as I.

Faq. Then I have nothing more to ſay.—

Veſt. When I promiſed to live chaſtely, ſerenity then filled my ſoul, and the innocent life I led could not inform me of the extent of the ſacrifice. But ſolitude ſoon deſtroyed the veil of infamy, I felt an inſupportable void ; my imagination penetrated the temple's walls, and far diſtant from its melancholy encloſure ſought the object it delighted to adorn with all manner of perfection. My duty appeared ſevere ; encompaſſed with the homage of my country, I envied the obſcure liberty of the meaneſt citizen. I ſaw nothing at length in this unextinguiſhable fire, placed on Veſta's altar but the emblem of the uſeleſs flame that fired my breaſt.

Faq. You were more enlightened, at leaſt, than me. I was firſt the dupe of all the extravagancies to which I became a victim. I was honeſtly a martyr, which is very rare. But tell me ſomething of your lover, the name of this ſacrilegious man.—The ſtory is intereſting.

Veſt.

Veſt. His name was Valerius. One day I ſaw him at the temple viewing me attentively; it ſeemed as if a fiery dart had pierced my heart; I caught a look, and was enlightened as if ſurrounded with a new exiſtence. Nature ſeemed embelliſhed; I taſted, for the firſt time, the forerunner of happineſs. Whenever I ſuſpected my lover to be within the encloſure of the temple, I walked with more grace and dignity: he viewed me, concealed in the crowd; frequently on great ſolemnities. I was ſurrounded with acclamations, and this profane crowd knew not for whom I aſſumed the noble deportment, and added to the pomp of the worſhip of which my lover was the ſecret divinity. But when the crowd retired, the temple being ſhut, every thing around me was gloomy darkneſs; my ſoul was engroſſed by ſhuddering melancholy and wretched deſpair. I rent the ſolitary walk with my groans.—I ſaid to myſelf, I love; and Valerius, in the midſt of Rome, ſurrounded by eaſy and ſeducing beauties, will contemn a conqueſt which will be dangerous; he will not have the reſolution to encounter death for me; the charms of all the Roman ladies are offered him, they vie with each other for him, they attach him, they draw him away by turns. Muſt I, then, remain in ignorance whether I am beloved, and am I condemned to live in ſo cruel an incertitude?

Faq. Your lover, perhaps, ſaid as much on his part.

Veſt.

Veſt. He gueſſed my thoughts, and, from that moment he was worthy of me.—On the firſt feſtival he came to the temple; my companions and I were all arranged in order, we carried the ſacred vaſes, and went round the ſanctuary in proceſſion with ſolemn ſteps; a ſlight veil concealed us, but did not prevent us from ſeeing every one of the ſpectators: Valerius had fixed himſelf in the foremoſt rank of the people; when I came very near him I caſt a glance at him which was half concealed by my veil; in reply, he laid his hand upon his heart, and, in an inſtant, his eyes darted lightning, and were moiſtened with tears; my ſight almoſt failed me. Fainting, I had like to have dropped the vaſe from my hand, but hope and joy filled my heart. Satisfied and proud of my conqueſt, I advanced boldly to the ſteps of the altar, and no longer doubted but he would dare undertake every thing for me.

Faq. You intereſt me, prieſteſs. I, who never heard of love in my life, you give me a deſcription of it after my death. Still I feel, that there is ſomething in it.—Come, let me hear the end of this adventure.

Veſt. The night following I watched in the temple, to keep alive the ſacred flame. This only glimmering fire enlightened the majeſtic ſpace; when it grew pale the vaulted roof inſpired a religious awe; but, in the dreary ſolicitude, I thought I ſaw the image of my lover wandering and multiplied about me; I extended my arms towards Heaven,

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with ſome inarticulate expreſſions, deterred at the thoughts of a culpable vow, and by an oppoſite ſentiment, I claſped the ſtatue of Veſta, and exclaimed—"Oh, goddeſs? If I offend thee, grant that the coldneſs of the marble may poſſeſs my heart! I burn, and am the votary of another Power. What avails it thee, that the ſacred fire ſhould be conſtantly fed by the hand of a virgin? Why ſhould my homage be leſs pure by dividing my heart between thy worſhip and that of love?"—Whilſt I pronounced theſe words, I heard a noiſe in the dome of the temple; turning my head, at one of the avenues I perceived a man ready to paſs the barrier that ſeparated us. I endeavoured to cry out, but my voice was reluctant; ſliding down by the cord, he fell with all his weight at my feet. I trembled all over, becauſe I expected the pavement of the temple to be covered with his blood.—I ran to him and raiſed him; he could not ſpeak. He reſted his head and hands on one of the pillars. My heart was rent, but he ſoon recovered himſelf, and we ſtrayed, hand in hand, in the vaſt labyrinth of this ſolitude. Our expreſſions and our hearts were confuſed; the intoxication, the ſweet delirium of love, deprived me of all ideas of the place wherein I was, as well as of the depoſit confided to my charge. Wandering abſorbed in tranſports unfelt before, and more overwhelmed with my lover's ecſtacy than my own, the hours fled; the paſt and future all diſappeared. Valerius became

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the god of the temple, and, entirely devoted to him, I did not perceive that darkneſs was ſurrounding me every where, that it augmented, and that it was overſpreading the ſacred receſſes. The glimmering fire now caſt its laſt expiring ſhade—I perceived the danger; I broke from my lover's arms; I ran; the flame grew pale, wavered, and ſeemed, for an inſtant, to revive, but its rays expired juſt as I came up to the altar. A ſlight ſmoke which exhaled, pronounced my death and puniſhment. Valerius inſtantly joined me; he ſeized my cold and frozen hand, and, whilſt I was juſt dying, ſupported me.—I implored Veſta, I implored Love.—Valerius, with a bold blaſt, recalled the extinguiſhed flame. — Gods! he was not guilty. — In an inſtant I ſaw the ſacred fire revive and ſhine again.

Faq. What obligations were you not under to Veſta!

Veſt. What obligations was I not under to love! Valerius appeared more adorable to me; the danger I had experienced made him ſtill more dear to me; I preſſed him in my arms, and, for the firſt time, the tears of Gratitude equalled thoſe of Love.

Faq. I imagine you were not very ungrateful.

Veſt. Alas! amidſt the expreſſions of the moſt lively tenderneſs, my joy was not complete; I already felt the horror of ſeparation. The dawn appeared, and I had occaſion for a ſupernatural courage to chace him from the temple.

temple. The ſeventh day reſumed my duty of prieſteſs in rotation—

Faq. Which you long hoped for.

Veſt. I appointed to meet him in the ſame place at the ſame hour, and he was certain of the ſame return of love, as I could have wiſhed to annihilate the interval of thoſe ſlow and cruel hours between moments ſo ſhort and delicious.

Faq. You have made me ſhudder at the riſks you ran, whilſt the flame was glimmering. How, then, did you dare to venture again ſeven days after?

Veſt. Ah! Faquir, thou haſt never loved, I ſee; thou haſt only ſeen the Houries by the ſtrength of thy imagination. Now learn what thou art a ſtranger to.—Obſerve that deſire, youth, the novelty of objects may have ſeduced and influenced me to take the firſt ſtep; but love cauſed the ſecond; love had imprinted on my ſoul a certain character of impatience and eagerneſs to which I totally abandoned myſelf. I was proud to love; a ſentiment ſo novel filled every object which had any connection with my happineſs with the ſame fire that influenced me. I wiſhed for the ſeventh day, I implored the ſun, impatient of his tardy approach.—I wiſhed to haſten his weſtern fall, and cauſe him to accompliſh in one day the revolution of the tedious period. Ah! Faquir, ſurely I may be allowed to lay open the weakneſs for which I have ſuffered ſo cruelly.

Faq.

Faq. I cannot but admire how much you were an *Anti-Veſtal.*

Veſt. Conſider this temple as removed, and you might view me as a lover, a ſpouſe, perhaps a happy mother!

Faq. That is all very well; and whilſt, during forty-five years, I have mortified myſelf, what good has it produced to the world? I previouſly thought I was exerciſing airs of virtue.—I find there were as great fools in Rome as in my country; that is ſome conſolation at leaſt, and I may imagine the epidemic diſorder is univerſal.—But did Valerius come back on the ſeventh day?

Veſt. Alas! he did, to his misfortune, and to mine.

Faq. How?

Veſt. Some ſuſpicions having ariſen, his ſteps were traced.

Faq. Ah! I tremble for him; that was bold indeed.

Veſt. Faquir! Veſta was revenged!

Faq. Oh! what a cruel goddeſs; but why would you create ſuch deities yourſelves?

Veſt. She reigned before I was born; conſequently I was ſubſervient to ſuch powers, even when I came into the world. Ah! Faquir, pity me! I gave myſelf up to the ecſtacy of a happy and contented love. Grief and fear were baniſhed from my mind. Serene as if fortunate, I indulged myſelf in a ſilent tenderneſs, where voluptuouſneſs, leſs poignant but milder, ſeems to identify us to the object we adore. Our ſouls in uniſon, accorded in

the ſame thoughts and ſentiments. But how ſhall I deſcribe the horror that ſucceeded this happy ſtate! Doleful and increaſing ſcreams reſounded from the vaults of the temple; the attendants entering with flambeaus in their hands, diſpelled more welcome darkneſs.—Enraged prieſts—

Faq. Prieſts! Ah, you were undone! I think I already ſee you in the fatal dungeon.

Veſt. The dejection of my afflicted companions, the ſilent reproaches viſible on their countenances, the indignation of all the ſpectators, but, above all, the ſight of my lover bound, ſtruggling in vain, and caſting his laſt parting looks on me. Imagine but to yourſelf all thoſe circumſtances, which at once attacked my eyes, my ears, my heart! I inſtantly perceived the conſternation which, from the narrow limits of this temple, would extend over Rome and the whole empire. One would have thought it was on the point of ruin. I was ſtript of my prieſtly ornaments, which were handled with horror; all orders of the ſtate foreboded the moſt dreadful diſaſters; all manner of buſineſs, as well public as private, was ſuſpended; you would have imagined, that Valerius, by having captivated me, had broken the taliſman that ſupported not only Rome but the whole univerſe.

Faq. It was very extraordinary that a people of ſo much importance ſhould have choſen ſuch a taliſman.

Veſt.

Veſt. Sentence of death was ſoon pronounced on me by the unanimous voice of all the pontiffs, who condemned me to be interred in a cave, where with cruel pity they had provided bread, water, milk, and a funeral lamp, as to make the victim taſte the apparatus of death and to lengthen out its torment. As I was led to my grave, the crowd fell back; I was forſaken by all friends and relations. I was ſurrounded by prieſts, judges, executioners, who, with a gloomy ſilence, held down their dejected heads. The grand pontiff, when on the point of compelling me to the fatal ladder, which was to ſeparate me for ever from the living, began to exhort me and talk to me of the Gods; but I ſilenced him. "Stop, barbarian," ſaid I, "do not touch me. I can deſcend without thy help into the bowels of thy earth; there I ſhall hear no more of thy ſanguinary rights. Doſt thou pretend to judge of love? I die, ſince Valerius is to die. I have tranſgreſſed the laws of Veſta, but thoſe of nature are more ſacred and more antient: if in my youth and inexperience I blindly wore the chains of ſuperſtition, I had a right to caſt them off when I attained to reaſon and ſentiment. Avaunt! your fire will die on the altar of Veſta; but the fire of love will never be extinguiſhed, becauſe it is lighted up by the hand of the great Author of nature. This is the fire I cheriſh, this I have carefully preſerved, and in death only it will abandon me; I ſhould ſay rather, it will ſurvive my aſhes."

Faq. This diſcourſe had no effect upon the prieſts?

Veſt. No. I deſcended into the tomb that awaited me, whilſt they filled up the entrance. Judge what I ſuffered, ſeeing the earth falling around me, and burying me in a narrow ſpace, near a lamp which was to be extinguiſhed only with my life. What remains to be told is inexpreſſible. A ſlow death, a thouſand deaths, from deſpair to annihilation, and from annihilation to deſpair, to ſuffer thus for love; what dreadful moments! but during the long courſe of this miſery I never reprobated my lover. Love was in my heart, and ſeemed to alleviate my horrible ſufferings. I murmured the name of Valerius, and my greateſt torment was to be ignorant of his fate. The only remorſe I had was to have been the cauſe of his miſery; I excuſe my own, and I never ceaſed thinking of Valerius till an end was put to my exiſtence.

Faq. We muſt forget what is paſt, as it is pretty equal at preſent whether we were happy or unhappy above. Life is only to us as a dream half effaced. Let no gloomy remembrance trouble the peace we now enjoy. Leave that wretched Rome and her prieſts to themſelves. Do you think they ſtill have Veſtals there?

Veſt. Do you think there are any Faquirs yet exiſting?

Faq. Yes.—Farewel, prieſteſs.

SCIENCE.

SCIENCE is neceſſary to man, to overcome his weakneſs, his miſery, and to counterbalance the evils to which nature has made him tributary. Science is a collection of obſervations and uſeful experiments. Science conſiſts not in the luxury of the mind, and ſtillleſs in an idle curioſity which applies itſelf to trifling things. Science has a ſerious reflecting character, and watches over the wants of humanity; it was ſcience that formed the firſt inſtrument of tillage, as well as the new teleſcope.

From whence ariſes the imperfection of law? from ignorance; from whence the evils of ſuperſtition? from ignorance; from whence that deſtructive ſyſtem of medicine which poiſons or ſhortens our days? from ignorance. It is, then, our moſt formidable enemy. It makes man the moſt ſtupid and moſt wretched of beings; for the inſtinct of animals is preferable to that kind of reaſon which is imperfect, and ſurrounded with clouds of error and prejudice.

Man is a being ſuſceptible of the higheſt degree of perfection; that is what diſtinguiſhes him. Look into the hiſtory of ignorant nations, what abſurd and unhappy ideas do they entertain!—Reflect on all thoſe ſacrifices of human victims; ſee the ſavages devouring the fleſh of Captain Cook!

If a people that cultivate the ſciences are not exempt from certain diſaſters, it is becauſe thoſe ſciences are not as yet ſufficiently ſpread amongſt them that their government is not ſufficiently enlightened, as it ſtill preſerves ſome impreſſion of the barbarous ages.

Science is uſeful to morals; that is to ſay, to the art of living in ſociety. Refined and delicate probity requires the knowledge of a multitude of duties.

Every good that has been aſſured is due to ſcience, whoſe dawn we begin to perceive.—Every evil that ſubſiſts is owing to ignorance.

What is the exiſtence of a Samoied, of a Laplander? Thoſe people, through exceſs of miſery, are on the point of deſtruction, and their miſerable nouriſhment reſults only from a ſpecies of continual conflict.

Ignorance not only diſhonours, but alſo weakens thoſe empires that, having only a half legiſlation, have only a moiety of proſperity and power. Turkey, Perſia, India, all thoſe vaſt and beautiful climates contain minds entirely unenlightened, devoid of exalted ſentiments, while ruinous tyranny roams, ſword in hand, over thoſe fields favoured by nature, and ſheds at will the blood of a multitude of ſlaves who live like ſheep, waiting the moment they are to be ſacrificed.

France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, and England, experience political concuſſions; but the inhabitants of thoſe countries are infinitely more eaſy, more free, more happy, than the reſt of the globe.—Notwithſtanding

ſtanding the philoſopher is ready even to call them demi-barbarians, becauſe they have not as yet brought to ſuch perfection as they might the art of living in ſociety; but he hopes that knowledge will bring them a greater addition of happineſs.

Cruelty diſappears before the knowledge of an enlightened nation; and the tongue of the moſt haughty authority is ſilent when it is deprived of reaſon. The moſt ignorant and ſuperſtitious people are ſtill the moſt wicked and moſt cruel.

THE LAMENTATION OF MILTON FOR THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT.

THEE I ſalute, Oh, ſacred heav'nly light,
Pure Eſſence increate, effuſion bright!
Ineffable intelligence ſublime!
With being infinite, before all time
Thou waſt! but what is he ſhall tell thy ſource?—
Ere yet the ſun and planets held their courſe;
Ere yet (the voice divine by Chaos heard)
This globe its vaſtneſs o'er the waters rear'd;
With GOD thou waſt;—his unapproached throne
Crown'd, ere he thunder'd thro' the deep unknown.—
Leaving the black abyſs to thee I ſoar,
And the world's limits once more I explore.
Long cover'd by the veil of ancient night,
Now I reviſit ſafe the realms of light.
I feel thy ſov'reign warmth, thy cheering flame—
Image of Heav'n!—whoſe vital heat this frame
Of nature warms: but, Ah thy living ray
To theſe dark eyes no glories can diſplay;

For happier mortals pour thoſe golden ſtreams,
My ſight is veil'd for ever from their beams;
Yet with a ſweet and holy rapture fir'd,
I ſeek thoſe ſhades by every muſe deſir'd.—
Oh, guide me to ſuch haunts as wak'd the lays
Of the great bard, ſucceſſive ages praiſe:
Tho' blind, like me, in the obſcure of night,
Genius pour'd nature's objects on his ſight;
Like *me* unhappy!—Could I pour along,
Like *him*, the deathleſs accents of my ſong!—
Or rather SION, thou moſt hallow'd hill,
The harp's ſoft ſtrains with notes accordant fill!
Thy holy prophets a celeſtial fire,
With talents more than mortal did inſpire!
The ſhades of night to morning beams give place,
And icy plains at length ſweet flow'rets grace.
After ſtern winter comes the lovely ſpring,
But no ſweet change to me the ſeaſons bring;
Theſe eyes enjoy not the bright vernal ſcene,
When groves and fields are cloth'd with lively green:—
Bright clouds; rich colours that the earth adorn,
The lilies and the roſes of the morn;
The choiceſt ſweets that bounteous nature ſhow'rs
For me have loſt their ſoft, attractive pow'rs.
I ſwim upon a ſea of darkneſs void;
Thy image, Heav'n! is in my ſight deſtroy'd!
Oh, grief!—to me, man, thy lov'd, grand deſign,
Thy temple, and "the human face divine"
Obſcurely veil'd, that index of the ſoul,
The pride of all this univerſal whole;
Nature! GOD's book, whence ſcience beſt may riſe,
An undiſtinguiſh'd maſs before me lies.
Mortals, you fly me! thus depriv'd of light,
Like the cold dead, ungrateful to your ſight;
Loſt in this cloud, the univerſe muſt be,
Tho' a fair picture, quite effac'd to me.
Ah! how ſhall I bright images reveal,
From whom th' ETERNAL does his works conceal?
Then, while theſe mortal eyes are loſt in night,
Oh, deign to viſit me, celeſtial light!
Do thou, moſt pure and bright celeſtial fire,
My ſpirit with thy ſacred warmth inſpire;
And, guiding to thy own ſublime domain,
Diſplay what mortal eyes would trace in vain.

ROYALTY AND TYRANNY.

A Viſion.

I DREAMED that I was wandering, a fugitive, in a mean dreſs, deſtitute of a habitation, and almoſt of bread. Sometimes I paſſed through large and elegant cities, and ſometimes through deſolated villages;—I did not beg, for my pride prevented me;—the bread I procured was the fruit of my labour, and I enjoyed it with the ſecret ſatisfaction of feeling myſelf equal to my own wants. In this ſtate of humiliation, but not of meanneſs, I meditated on the duty of ſovereigns on the means of making a nation happy. In the midſt of miſery, my thoughts were more elevated, more upright, more chaſte. In my ſufferings, I perceived better what man owes to man; I meditated on the rich man, and ſaid to myſelf, "Wretch! thy gold has hardened thy ſoul! Of what a multitude of feelings has thy ſad opulence deprived thee! Every day doſt thou become more hardened, and every day are my tears more delicious to me Go, then, pitifully devour the common ſubſiſtence, whilſt the uſeful exerciſe of my arms contributes to my bodily health and that of my ſoul. If ever thou waſt endued with ſenſibility, thou then muſt bluſh in my preſence."

Tired and fatigued, I went into the houſe of a labourer, where ſome poor people, of plain honeſt morals, offered me a coarſe bed for my repoſe. On this wretched mattreſs I formed to myſelf the ſoft idea of a good king making his people happy, maſter of his paſſions, and beloved by his ſubjects; it is the unhappy wretch who moſt frequently thinks on the father of his country.—This charming chimera made me forget my woes.

I departed, after having returned thanks to my hoſt, and the day following found myſelf in a foreſt, through which it was very difficult to travel; I loſt my way; I wandered in the heat of the day, when I obſerved a ſmall ſhady cluſter of trees on a diſtant hill. I went thither, to try if from thence I could diſcover any road. There I met a woman pretty much advanced in years, but apparently of a vigorous conſtitution: ſhe was ſeated on a broken column; her countenance was haughty and formidable, but covered with ſcars; a few ſcattering gray hairs floated on her ſhoulders, and her wrinkles commanded reſpect. I walked towards her, and was going to accoſt her, when ſhe ſaid to me—"I expected thee, thou who knoweſt what true courage is, thou who haſt encountered adverſity; thoſe hands, hardened by labour, are pleaſing to me; it is not into effeminate hands I muſt confide a laborious taſk; greatneſs of ſoul muſt be accompanied by a vigorous body.—Thou ſeeſt by my ſide the heir to a vaſt empire; he is one day to be ſovereign of a rich country,

country, to reign over a docile, valiant, and faithful people. What a ſnare for pride! but he may now be acquainted with truth, and I ought to produce him a great example. Thou art he whom the gods have choſen to lead him to the ſummit of that ſteep mountain which thou ſeeſt from hence. It is there a faithful portrait will be preſented to him. At thy approach, all obſtacles will diſappear; he will ſee how he ought to govern; and were he to contemn this living leſſon—But he will not."

At theſe words, I took the young Prince by the hand; he gave it me with a mild and affable air. Pride did not influence me to accept this noble employment; but I ſaid to myſelf—Could I but exhibit truth to this prince, whom I love, who knows but my leſſons may take root in his heart, if he may not one day contraſt them to the envenomed language of courtiers? Who knows but I may ſave my unhappy countrymen from the horrors of the miſery which now threatens them? One man only may cauſe the happineſs of twenty millions. What an affecting proſpect! The countenance of the young Prince was noble and intereſting, with a ſoft melancholy, which, at his age, denoted a greatneſs of mind, perhaps already alarmed at the extent of his obligations, he caſt a look full of benignity on me, and ſaid—"My friend! thou whom the gods have vouchſafed to give me, thou art the expoſitor of the people, and I ſhould attend favourably to thy admonitions! Thou ſigheſt! Doubtleſs, thou pitieſt me,

for being deſtined to rule! From this inſtant, I will ſeek the converſation of wiſe men; and from their inſtructions imbibe the method how to command myſelf as well as others; their experience ſhall inſtruct me. Teach me early to deſpiſe effeminacy; to be proof againſt flattery; to diſtinguiſh it in whatſoever diſguiſe it may appear. If, notwithſtanding, againſt my inclination, I ſhould be drawn away towards that unhappy ſeducing propenſity, to which ſo many ſovereigns have been addicted, I hope to find a firm and ſenſible man, whoſe truly free mind will drag me from ſupineneſs; who will ſound in my ears the conquering voice of truth; who will not dread my diſpleaſure; I ſhall cheriſh his frankneſs."

"Prince!" I replied, "when you come to be ſeated on the throne, it will be no longer time to hear the truth you wiſh for; it will conceal itſelf even under the veil of eloquence; it will be only a vain ſound, an uſeleſs pomp.—Improve the time the gods have given you, and remember it will never return. What will my feeble voice avail, when you are ſurrounded by your people, watchful to read in your countenance ſome indications of their future fate; reflect on the eager looks that will aſſail you on all ſides: they ſpeak eloquently; they exclaim, — Oh thou, who art the depoſitory of our happineſs, vouchſafe to ſtudy thy duties, to be able one day to fulfil them. — At that inſtant the virtuous man will gaze on you, wiſhing to transfer into your

your ſoul the generous ardor that animates him; the learned man, to convey his knowledge; the philoſopher, his moderation and enlightened mind; the wiſe man, his heroiſm and ſimplicity of manners; while the wretched one will ſay to himſelf, Oh, Heavens! grant him my heart, and the happy facility of weeping! Obſerve early the value of thoſe eager looks; attend to the voice of this multitude; It ought to increaſe in a generous mind the love of glory, and the dread of ſhame."

The young prince preſſed my hand, without replying. We walked ſome time, till we found ourſelves on the top of a high mountain: on one ſide it was bordered by frightful precipices, and under us ran a roaring river, which diſcharged itſelf with a horrible noiſe in an open gulph, that reſounded to a great diſtance with a moſt tremendous echo. The mountain top was covered with clouds; ſo that obſerving it from below, only one peak was to be ſeen: but farther on appeared another; the one was the reſidence of Royalty, the other of Tyranny. Each of theſe mountains had a path by which to aſcend. The one was ſecure from danger; the acclamations of the people accompanied thoſe whom Heaven had appointed to mount it. The other was toilſome, difficult, and bloody: inſolence, imprudence, ſources of the moſt dreadful misfortunes, were the only guides of the ambitious, who were ſo unhappy as to ſet foot on it.

Both theſe tops appeared, at a diſtance, as if united, but, on approaching them, the diſtance was very viſible. That of Royalty raiſed its head into a pure air above the region of ſtorms and tempeſts. The other was ſituated aloft in thunder, ſurrounded by louring clouds that ſeemed only penetrable to the lightning.

I ſaid to the young prince whom I led by the hand; "Heaven permits the difference concealed from imprudent monarchs to be revealed to you. Draw near, obſerve that woman, with the majeſtic air and ſo enchanting a figure, ſeated on that ſplendid throne, dreſſed in the white robe, her ſceptre is the wand of peace. As the ſun vivifies the earth, ſo her looks protect empires, and ſcattering happineſs and plenty; ſhe is adored by all good men; the wicked only are her enemies."

The young prince bluſhed through reſpect at contemplating her aſpect:—He paid her ſuch homage as a ſon would render to a venerable mother;—replete with graceful dignity, her countenance never altered; neither anger nor revenge diſfigured her ſacred features; her reign was like that of the golden age, and clemency was her moſt diſtinguiſhed virtue; ſhe was happy in filling a throne, becauſe it was from thence the greateſt good might be diſpenſed.—She loved freedom, and her ſubjects were heroes. Her courtiers were Honour, Merit, and Virtue. Near her perſon were glory and peace of mind, and the ſtrong lion crouched at her feet. Her

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throne was ſurrounded with heaps of gold and ſilver, of which the goddeſs had formed a ſort of river, which, being equally and freely diſtributed, refreſhed the utmoſt borders of her dominions; but ſhe ſeemed leſs ſolicitous about thoſe metals than the fruits of the earth, which ſhe collected with viſible pleaſure, as ſhe juſtly eſteemed them the only true treaſures; and whilſt pompous monuments of arts were laid before her, ſhe fixed her eyes with more attention on the huſbandman, who, leaning on his plough-ſhare, cut a furrow in his field. Her ſubjects formed an impenetrable rampart round her perſon, and the armies of her enemies fled before them as crows before the princely eagle.

The young prince then aſked me, who were the worthies by whom Royalty was ſurrounded? He exclaimed, "How charming they are! What an aſſemblage of ſweetneſs and elevation!" She, on the right, whoſe viſage announces ſo much fortitude and candour, is Juſtice. See with what zeal and alacrity ſhe aſſiſts that weak man againſt the attempts of the ſtrong one; how ſhe puſhes the latter without anger or malice. Obſerve by her ſide the other figure ſo elegantly dreſſed, with the open countenance and graceful ſmile—that is Peace, lovely Peace! ſeated on a bundle of broken lances; ſhe preſents a glaſs to outrageous Rage, who ſhudders, on contemplating her own features. That man, with the nervous arms, at a little diſtance, who appears all ſtrength and courage, with

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gray hair, is called *Nomos*; every thing bends under his ſway, great and ſmall, rich and poor; inflexible in equity, he drags to puniſhment the extortionate governor, the odious head that was always employed on ſanguinary projects;—he watches inceſſantly;—if he ſhould remit his attention, confuſion and trouble would take place of harmony and good order. He is the ſole miniſter of Royalty. She cannot have a more faithful one; he is the only counſellor with whom ſhe adviſes; ſhe cannot have a wiſer; the enlightened goddeſs leans on his arm and ventures not to undertake or reſolve on any thing without conſulting him. Her ears are open to complaints; ſhe values the ſplendour of rank leſs than the importance of her truſt; and her regard for the good of the ſtate ſuperſedes the dignity of her crown."

The young prince contemplated all thoſe things with the utmoſt attention. I let him ruminate on this ſight, ſatisfied to obſerve he joyfully laid up in his memory what might one day be neceſſary to the happineſs of a nation. In the midſt of his reflections, I caught him ſuddenly by the arm. "Let us go down," ſaid I; "come and view this other goddeſs, with whom ſo many being fooliſhly enamoured, they commit a thouſand crimes without remorſe, ſlaughtering each other, and laying ſo many ſnares; children againſt their fathers, fathers againſt their children, and brother againſt brother.—Fooliſh mortals! they wiſh for arbitrary power,

the greateſt of all evils, the fountain of all diſorders and misfortunes, as if it were the greateſt of bleſſings!

The road at firſt ſeemed open to us; but as we advanced, the rocks appeared on each ſide; we were entangled in crooked paths, all of which terminated in frightful precipices; brambles and thorns retarded our march, and the avenues exhibited the ſhocking view of men weltering in their blood. The young prince wiſhed to return. "I will never proceed on this ſhocking road," ſaid he, "my blood is chilled at the idea."—I replied, "The gods will have it ſo; but you will only paſs through it for your inſtruction; and the dreadful, yet ſalutary, emotion cauſed by it, will ever after be of the greateſt utility."

A length we reached the top, where Tyranny was ſeated on a throne, which ſhe ridiculouſly affected to exalt. She ſtudied to adjuſt her countenance and action, and uſed every effort to excel Royalty. She imagined her diadem was more reſplendent and reſpectable, becauſe it was replete with gold and diamonds, and adorned with variety of colours. Her throne ſeemed ſuperbly fixed on columns of ivory and marble; but yet its baſis was movable and tottering; ſhe was fooliſhly puffed up with her purple, her ſceptre, and her crown; her heart was ſwelled with her exterior ſtate, as a child that, dreſt up, is proud of its own conſequence.

Every thing around her bore the character of pride, oſtentation, effeminacy, prodigality, luxury, and inſolence. She held a bundle of ſceptres, but with an air of uneaſineſs and ridiculous conſtraint. She affected to ſmile graciouſly on us, but her forced ſmile diſcovered her falſe, mean, and cruel heart; her action had nothing truly noble in it; notwithſtanding the ſplendour of her dreſs, all about her was low; dread was ſtrongly painted in the wildneſs of her looks. She did nothing with confidence or true dignity; ſhe affected to treat thoſe who approached her with haughtineſs and contempt, thinking that the characteriſtic of greatneſs; by which ſhe only made herſelf more odious than formidable.

For a long time we obſerved her. She did not reſt a moment quietly on her ſeat. Sometimes ſhe would riſe with a pale countenance, thinking ſhe felt the vengeful poniard at her breaſt; again her eyes ſparkled with inward rage; while yet ſhe ſhuddered at the crimes ſhe commanded. She meanly heaped up gold in her boſom, then laviſhed it profuſely on the vileſt creatures, the accomplices and miniſters of her wicked attempts. Afterwards ſhe would reimburſe herſelf by extorting, without remorſe, the ſmalleſt ſums reſpectively from the moſt indigent of the people.

Her court was made up of furies. Here we ſaw Cruelty, Violence, and Injuſtice, with Fanaticiſm ſhaking her lighted torch. This

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laſt countenanced Tyranny in order to advance her authority; and that authority being once eſtabliſhed, ſhe kept Tyranny herſelf in awe, and contended with her for the blood of the people. All this band combined againſt her, ſought, whilſt they were deſtroying each other with impious hands, to make her feel the evils of which ſhe was to be the victim. Fear, uneaſineſs, diffidence, and rage, baniſhed ſoft ſlumbers from her eyelids.—She ſacrificed her ſlaves to her family, her finances to her whims, her ſtate and court to her perſon. A Meduſa's head was the ornament ſhe wore on her breaſt; the ſmalleſt aſſociation made her tremble; and whenever ſhe ſaw two of her ſubjects whiſpering, ſhe cauſed them to be ſeparated.—Flattery, always in motion, whiſpered in her ears, and inſinuated its active poiſon. The more groſs it was, the more pleaſing it ſeemed to this baſe goddeſs: I obſerved Machiavel hidden behind her throne, in a low tone addreſſing her.

She redoubled her ſtrokes on a crowd of groaning wretches chained together. Thoſe unhappy creatures always ſtruggled, and ſeemed ready to cut their bands aſunder.

I addreſſed the prince: "To which of the goddeſſes," ſaid I, "do you give the preference?" "Ah!" replied he, "the firſt charms me beyond meaſure; ſhe attracts the favour of the gods; ſhe is worthy of the homage of mortals; but the latter is deteſtable, and her profligacy has raiſed my indignation ſo much, that if you will aſſiſt my feeble arm, we will caſt

caſt her down the precipice." "Oh, noble tranſport! heroic virtue! Wait a while, prince," I replied, "and attend the juſtice of the gods, which will not fail, ere long, to be moſt manifeſt.—Alas, even virtue ſometimes leads us into error, while we wiſh to haſten what Heaven brings by juſt degrees, for Heaven ſtill permits tyranny on earth, in order to puniſh the crimes of mankind.—But we no longer have a Hercules to whom the empire of the univerſe is confided. That demi-god, protector of the human race, traverſed the globe, not merely to exterminate ſavage beaſts, (for the ferociouſneſs of lions, tygers, panthers, hyenas, is nothing in compariſon of the execrable abuſe of power) but he laboured to deſtroy tyrants on their thrones, to cruſh thoſe crowned monſters who poiſon the bounteous gifts of nature, who bring woe on millions of men under the azure canopy of the Heavens, amidſt the treaſures of the earth, and miracles of the creation. Wherever he found royalty he honoured it, he loaded it with praiſe, and taught mankind to cheriſh it as the lovely protectreſs and ſovereign of ſtates, as the rewarder of virtue, and terror of vice. It was thus Alcides merited the veneration of mankind; thus he became worthy of being propoſed a model to thoſe whom Heaven favours with the happineſs of imitating him."

As we came down, I made the young hero obſerve, that the mountain where pale Tyranny was ſeated, was on all ſides ſteep, and under-

undermined even beneath the throne. We heard a great noiſe on a ſudden, and ſaw that part move gradually, looſen, and fall, with a tremendous noiſe into the abyſs which ſurrounded it, as an enormous rock raiſed in the middle of the ſea, tumbling, in the twinkling of an eye is overwhelmed in the vaſt ocean. Tyranny and her abominable crew were annihilated by this rapid fall; peals of acclamation, and ſounds of joy re-echoing to the ſkies, announced the happy deliverance of the land.

This journey had much fatigued us. The young prince now ſaid, "I am hungry, and would gladly have ſomething to eat; and I ſee nothing elſe here but barren rocks." I pointed to ſome cabins at a diſtance: "Let us walk towards them," ſaid I; "perhaps we may find ſome refreſhment." The goddeſs had given me my leſſon, and I had my views. I entered, with the prince, into the firſt hut that offered. We ſaw three young children half naked, who were ſtruggling for a crab apple. I aſked them whether they had any bread to give us? They anſwered with their tears.—"What!" ſaid the aſtoniſhed, confounded, and terrified prince! "no bread to be had here! what is the reaſon of this ſhocking miſery?" A languiſhing voice proceeding from the dark receſs of this hut was heard to reply: "We well know how to till the earth and reap the harveſt; we know how to endure the hardeſt labour which returns with every riſing ſun; we heap the public granaries

granaries with corn, but we do not eat bread, or if we do, it is black, badly baked, and made of the coarſeſt ſort, only fit for the vileſt animals."

"Why," ſaid the young prince, "theſe fields are abundantly fruitful, Heaven's wrath has not viſited the earth, no deſtructive ſtorm has levelled the harveſt; I ſee pyramids of corn ſpread over the vaſt plains."—"Men," replied the plaintive voice, "more cruel than the inemperature of the ſeaſons, can view our pale countenances, our emaciated limbs, without caſting a thought on our neceſſities; and yet they tell us of their imaginary wants, the offspring of their hard-hearted, wretched vanity. The greater our miſery, the farther we are removed from them; they neither dread the effects of our deſpair, nor the moment that is to put an end to our woes and our ſervitude, being certain of finding among the numerous crowd of the needy many more ſlaves than they can loſe. It is by overloading us with labour, and ſtinting us in our food, the great ones amaſs their opulence, which they enjoy without remorſe, and conſume while they deride our ſituation."

The young prince, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, — "Oh, Heavens!" throwing himſelf into my arms, "whither haſt thou led me? certainly it is among malefactors, who are expiating the crimes they have committed againſt ſociety. It cannot be any other but the reſidence of criminals."——

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"They are guiltleſs," I replied; "but their indigence is looked upon in the ſame light as guilt. Obſerve this hovel, open on all ſides to the winds, this wretched furniture eſcaped from barbarian hands, this miſerable hearth where ſmoke a few dried leaves; draw near and touch that wet, half-rotten ſtraw.—You ſhudder;—there lies a mother who has fed with her milk thoſe children who will one day ſpill their blood for you."—"Enough; I underſtand you," ſaid the young prince, hiding his face with his hands; "Oh, Heavens! grant me the power to repair ſuch fatal diſaſters."

"Heaven favours ſuch generous deſigns," anſwered I; "it endues thoſe who poſſeſs them with reſiſtleſs ſtrength; and the monarch who poſſeſſes the true qualities of a ſovereign, is almoſt certain of ſeeing his projects crowned with ſucceſs. You will be one day ſeated on a throne; your ears will be filled with a thouſand political maxims;—then remember you were hungry, and you met wretched beings who had it not in their power to ſatisfy that hunger. Impoſe your taxes on luxury, and not on the neceſſaries of life; let them fall directly on the lofty head of affluence, and not upon the weaker poor; let it be your care that every individual may partake of the wealth of the ſtate, and that ſuch wealth is not raiſed at the expence of general miſery. The means are abundant. Glory, grandeur, the power of the ſtate, are vain words, which vaniſh at

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the ſacred names of liberty, the conveniences of life, and happineſs of the ſubject. Duplicity will ſeek ſpecious reaſons to diſguiſe the truth ;— but it is here ; it ſpeaks to you in this expiring woman and thoſe pining children. Never loſe the remembrance of this picture, which is as juſt as it is forcible. Recal it inceſſantly, in contraſt to the ſtudied evaſions which are only the inventions of the crafty and wicked. When you ſee a pompous table laid out, ſay to yourſelf, There are thoſe who are ſuffering hunger ; when you lay your head on the pillow, There are thoſe whoſe bed is the cold earth, and thoſe men have made me the truſtee of their happineſs. Then the pure and active ſpirit, the generous ſentiment, inherent in all great minds, will inflame your whole ſoul ; the happineſs of your people will then be ſealed by your lips in vivifying words, and you will often feel the ecſtaſy of relieving an obſcure family who live two hundred leagues from you, who never ſaw you, but will beſtow bleſſings on you as they bleſs the Supreme Being on the teſtimony of his benefits. Remember you will be a great king; and you will have fulfilled the duties of royalty, when your eye ſhall penetrate the obſcure cabin where dwells the labouring man, and when you ſpread around him that ſubſiſtence which is his due, after having ſecured that of your ſubjects. A hundred victories gained, all the pompous monuments of art, all the productions of genius will not be ſo pleaſing in

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the eyes of God and man, as this eaſy, pure, and ſimple glory. This is true glory, and every other is falſe, illuſory, and tranſient. What can I ſay more? The ſtate is an immenſe chain, of which you are the firſt link; if you wiſh it not to be broken, and that your link ſhould be ſtrongly united to the laſt, no power will then be able to break ſuch a ſtrict alliance; it will triumph over time, becauſe the generations that ſucceeded this will inherit its love, reſpect, and devotion, to your will, the only pledges of your happineſs; an equal and mutual confidence of king and people, which is the conſtant baſis of empires."

As I finiſhed theſe words, a ſhade appeared to us riſing from the earth.—This apparition was veiled, and wore a crown. Addreſſing the young hero, in a majeſtic tone, but diveſted of terror:—"Oh, thou," ſaid he, "who art to be ſeated on the throne I once filled, attend to the advice of a father and a monarch. I had firmneſs, an elevated mind, and grandeur, in my projects; I was naturally high ſpirited, and paſſionately fond of glory, but my ideas of it were not perfectly juſt; I miſtook the ſhadow of glory for the reality; I laboured for the ſplendour of the nation; I found, when it was too late, I neglected its happineſs. Why did I not ſtudy utility? Ambition, that ſeduces moſt kings, led me blindly. I was deficient in the principles of government, which pride never found out, and is rather diſcovered to thoſe

who are not deſigned for thrones. Why was I not born, at leaſt, in the enlightened age in which you are to reign! The taſk would have been eaſy to apply to the ſyſtem of government thoſe copious principles all diſplayed, all ſet forth, with a ſplendour unknown to the times in which I lived. I ſhould not, therefore, have erred ſo much in the choice of means; I ſhould have paid leſs attention to what only deſerved contempt; I ſhould have been ſenſible of my true ſtrength; I knew it not, and yet I was a long time victorious and formidable. — Misfortunes taught me what men concealed from me; I diſcovered in adverſity what ſixty years could not teach me. I ſaw my throne required a rational baſis; it was then too late; death deprived me of my crown. If the gods would have renewed my thread of life, inſtead of the appellation of Great, I ſhould have been ambitious to be named the Wiſe; I ſhould have known there was art in reigning, a profound ſtudy not to be acquired in courts, but in the minds of men who love the human race, and who have pleaded their cauſe openly in the face of the univerſe. You are to be one day at the head of the happieſt of governments; you will have an active, yet ſubmiſſive people to lead, ſometimes haughty, but never untractable, brave, faithful, always good, adoring their kings, even before they know them; it is your duty to cultivate their talents and their virtues. A glance of the maſter's eye will be ſufficient to kindle a new flame;—

ſlame;—be only willing, and you will reign in every heart."

The young prince leaned forward to embrace this ſacred ſhade, but it ſunk immediately into the earth. Much affected, he again threw himſelf into my arms, as if to recieve ſome alleviation of the immenſe weight depoſited in his hands. I ſaid to him: "Prince, the faithful hiſtory of this great king, attentively conſidered, is a ſhining light to all his ſucceſſors; his faults are eloquent. What can I add farther? You are in a field where reaſon has produced great truths; when great truths are once known, they excite, in generous minds, a certain warmth mixed with love and admiration. By adopting them, you will prepare the eaſieſt and moſt certain road for legiſlation.—What is it ſpeaks with energy to the poople? What makes them obedient? What makes ſubmiſſion dear to them, and renders it a ſacred duty? What obliges them, without any ſtruggle, to make the greateſt ſacrifices? It is public equity, this ſpeaks and perſuades;—this is the abſolute maſter that ſhould mount the roſtrum; each citizen will then eagerly ſeize every thing relative to the intereſt of the nation; the mind will be enlightened, the heart powerfully moved, and the will carried away by a ſway ſo much the ſtronger, as it is diveſted of arbitrary power.

"Conſult the general will; let your authority be felt leſs than that of the law. Knowledge is pretty generally diffuſed, and

you ſhould rejoice at it. For there is nothing more eaſy than to govern a thinking people; they have maxims, they know their duty, it is a barrier they never overleap. You have it in your power to raiſe in them the moſt lively ſenſe of honour, and incite them to the greateſt actions.—For this purpoſe, let your eſteem diſtinguiſh talents before wealth, virtue in preference to birth, commerce and induſtry before frivolous arts. Reverence courage, integrity, and that kind of enthuſiaſm which inſpires the love of the public good in every citizen; let no ſtate be rendered diſgraceful, that every man may be content. You will ſcarcely have any afflicting prejudices to contend with; you exiſt at a time when you can attempt a great deal without prejudice to the vaſt machine of ſtate. The age is arrived at ſuch maturity, that, to gather, one needs only to lay the hand on the fruit. Your equity, joined to that of the public, will, above all, have a moſt extraordinary power. Tyrants have adopted the maxim of *Divide to govern*; adopt this which has more both of juſtice and of truth: *Advance your ſubjects, that they may love you the more; and thus grow ſtronger by their aſſiſtance.*

"The genius of the age has at all times ſubdued the ſovereigns. Prince, know your own; now there are two maſters of the world, Power and Genius; you hold the firſt; the other offers itſelf to ſerve you: vouchſafe to place it near you; then you may enjoy that virtuous deſpotiſm which acts with firmneſs, without

without giving way when the intereſts of humanity are in queſtion, and muſt often be ſerved in deſpite of her. I ſay nothing of rewards to you; there are none on earth of which the man is not worthy who makes man's happineſs his ſtudy."—I awoke as I uttered thoſe words, in expectation of one day ſeeing my dream realiſed *.

IDYLLIUM.

A Young Girl is the Speaker.

THE day ſtar now diſpels the gloom of night,
In Æther pure aſcends his chariot bright:
The mountain tops the orient rays retain,
And the high pines which wave o'er yonder plain;
The rough caſcades and ſwiftly-paſſing ſtreams
Reflect the radience of his early beams;
Night furl thy ſails.—Sun! while thy rays *adorn*,
Chace the faint ſtars that *uſher in* the morn!—
Hence wand'ring fires! that travellers betray,
To your own marſhes take your dreary way!—
O glorious planet! thy enliv'ning heat,
Ev'n like a god makes nature's form complete;
While balmy air receives thy genial pow'r,
And by thy influence blows each fragrant flow'r—
Accept my homage, here to thee addreſt,
At riſing day, thy faireſt work conteſt!
Haſten thy courſe! quick bid the minutes move
That bring to theſe fond arms my conſtant love.
Some pious acts alone his ſteps detain,
The time approaches! he returns again.
Ye flow'rs condens'd by vapours of the night,
Exhale ſweet odours, ſhine with colour bright;

* It was publiſhed in 1768.

And bow beneath his ſteps. For me, I feel
I know not what that bends me to this will:
Still when he ſmiles, all things more lovely prove;
More pure the ſtream, more verdant is the grove:
Nature reviv'd can freſher pleaſures bring,
And feather'd choirs in competition ſing.
Soft love! to thee the greateſt charms I owe,
Which vernal airs or Flora's gifts beſtow.
Sure, 'tis in ſuch delicious bleſt retreats
Felicity deſcends to mortal ſeats.—
—But, ah, what ſecret fears torment my breaſt,
What reſtleſs paſſion robs my ſoul of reſt!
Am I deceiv'd in all my proſpects fair!
Nature turns pale—the charm's diſſolv'd in air.
Tranſient is happineſs, as gales of ſpring,
She flies upon the lighteſt Zephyr's wing.
I am betray'd!—O fear that moſt alarms!
He comes not; what ſhould keep him from my arms?
What duty can to him ſo ſacred prove,
As to bring comfort to his trembling love;
His needful aid, his preſence to impart,
And calm th' emotions of a troubled heart!
Hence jealouſly be gone, for you deſtroy,
With ſhameleſs front, a lover's tend'reſt joy:
'Tis thus around ſome oak pale ivy creeps,
And its ſupporting trunk in poiſon ſteeps.—
Do I not know my lover's faithful heart?
Far from all courts, as free from pomp as art;
Hither, in ſearch of peace did he retire,
Whilſt our breaſts glow'd with a congenial fire:
My ſoul imprinted on my viſage charm'd,
Or my touch'd heart my gentle lover warm'd;
My haughty rival call'd forth all her train
Of charms; but found the ſplendid *nothings* vain;
He fled falſe pleaſure;—could he own the pow'r,
Which but deſtroys ſweet modeſty's fair flow'r?—
Yet *know* I this?—Perhaps while void of care,
I fall a victim in the fatal ſnare!
Have I not heard how, with their cruel arts,
Men labour to deceive our yielding hearts;
Ev'n in their warmeſt tranſports keep in view,
Whilſt at our feet, their project to undo;
Humbled they ſeem, but tyrants more to riſe,
The tears of ruin'd innocence their prize.

Do they not place among their virtues vain,
Ferocious courage and its cruel train ;
Purſue enthuſiaſm, call ambition good,
And think it heroiſm to thirſt for blood !
Amongſt the deities which they have grac'd,
Where has FIDELITY an altar plac'd ;
Ingrates ! they ſeek but with a ſubtile eaſe,
The moment of our weakneſs how to ſeize.
'Tis thus they triumph.—Hold ! Injuſtice ſways
My ſoul, or wand'ring thought my mind betrays :
This peaceful valley ſoon ſhall he explore,
(If poſſible) more tender than before.
Yes ! I ſhall ſee him—Often have I prov'd,
When I at diſtance view'd my beſt belov'd,
A gentle calm pervaded all my breaſt,
Complaints were fled, and love the only gueſt ;
All ſorrows and reſentment thus forgot,
I'm happy with my lover in my lot.—
But while I try his abſence to excuſe,
Should he my hopes and tender heart abuſe.
Claſp'd in another's arms ! let Heav'n engage,
And all the univerſe aſſiſt my rage ;
Periſh the traitor !——What do I deſire ?
Oh ! let that vengeful, dreadful wiſh expire ;
Open not earth, the monſter to receive,
But to commit new crimes ſtill let him live !
And by his wily and ſeducing arts,
Draw tears from credulous and tender hearts.
Thus, if avenging flames muſt launch from Heav'n,
To *others* pray'rs let ſuch redreſs be giv'n.—
But, ſee ! he comes, all ardent ! in my ſight,
Swift is his ſtep upon the mountain's height !
He caſts inquiring looks, his doubts ariſe ;
He ſees me ;—ſmiles ;—I read his wiſhful eyes.
Oh, Heavens ! my heart in am'rous tranſport toſt,
Aſſiſt ! or in the flood of joy I'm loſt.

GOOD KINGS.

IN the ſixteenth century, a certain perſon inſcribed in the circumference of a farthing the names of all the good princes, ancient and modern; and ſtill there was room left.

I wiſh this fancy were renewed in our days, as it has ſome humour in it, and that this fine coin was current.

The reſult of ancient and modern hiſtory would, in a manner, be contained in this ſmall compaſs. What a laconic piece of philoſophy!

Oh, happy farthing, decorated with the names of good kings, thou wouldſt, in my opinion, exceed the fineſt quadruples, and I would wear thee at my button hole!

Let us all aſſiſt in compoſing this uncommon farthing. Let us recapitulate the names to be admitted, and thoſe that ſhould be rejected. Though this work would not be very voluminous, yet it muſt require much accuracy and underſtanding.

I admire that fine expreſſion of Monteſquieu: "Clemency is the diſtinguiſhing quality of monarchs; monarchs obtain ſo much by clemency, it is followed by ſo much affection, ſo much glory attends it, that it is almoſt ever a great happineſs for them to have opportunities of exerting it."

Let us haſten, then, my friends, to coin our farthing: let it be the medallion of poſterity;

terity; let it take place of thoſe bronzes the idle antiquarian accumulates, which preſent us the hard features of thoſe wicked kings, from whom human nature was only relieved by the beneficent ſtroke of death.

HOSPITALITY.

THE ancient Romans were accuſtomed to enter a houſe as one enters a temple. You ſat down to table to eat, the maſter riſing to receive you, and from that moment you were in a ſacred aſylum; ſo that had you been the greateſt enemy to your hoſt, he would not have violated the laws of hoſpitality. Among the Indians, cuſtoms ſomewhat ſimilar prevail. Such a law carries ſomething noble and affecting with it, which makes the infancy of ſociety more pleaſing than its riper age. What cuſtom can be at once more reſpectable and more ſimple in the diſtribution of the benefits the Creator has diſpenſed? And what are our inns, ſcattered on the roads, in compariſon of thoſe pious inſtitutions, which were conſidered, in a manner, as under the eye of the gods?

I alſo find among the ancients an admirable inſtitution that I ſee no where elſe, namely, that regarding the civic crown, which was given to him who ſaved the life of a citizen.

Although one is ſufficiently happy in the performance of ſuch an action, as it carries its own reward with it, yet ſuch a crown muſt be a moſt pleaſing ornament.

GEORGE DANDIN.

YESTERDAY I was preſent at the repreſentation of *George Dandin*, by His Majeſty's company of comedians in ordinary. This comedy might not have been licentious in Moliere's time; but now, I appeal to the public comment of the Pit and Boxes, whether it is not by much the moſt indecent and ſcandalous that refined corruption can offer, to countenance the crime of adultery, and to turn an honeſt, abuſed man into ridicule.

Don Japhet, of Armenia, an old Scaronade, is, at leaſt, ſcandalous; but here the whole pit ſeem combined to applaud the ingenious perfidy of the wife, and ſeem, as if in conjunction with her ſtratagems, to ridicule and laugh at the huſband.

George Dandin ſeems to me to be one of thoſe pieces which ſhould be proſcribed from the theatre, if one would not wiſh adultery to be publicly conſidered as a genteel device, ſince they dare exhibit ſuch unequivocal leſſons on the French ſtage, which is ſaid to be ſo refined, and the *Mercury* proclaims a ſchool for morals.

Moliere

Moliere frequently ceaſes to be the philoſopher, in order to get the laugh on his ſide; he then lets fall his pleaſantry on ſerious matters. There is nothing ſo ſacred but it may be turned into ridicule: but there is no laugh ſo agreeable or pleaſant as that which morality avows; and let not this expreſſion ſtartle; morality itſelf is gay and ſuſceptible of being cloathed in the moſt brilliant colours; and theſe will always be more durable than ſuch as only decorate vice.

Happy Moliere, happy that great man, if all his pieces reſembled his *Tartuffe*, his *Miſer*, his *Valitudinarian!* If to the agreeable lively drawing of characters, he had known how to unite more frequently the talent of exciting our natural love for virtue, and increaſe our horror for vice; if to good ſenſe, and the profundity of his obſervations, he had known how to add the art of bringing the ſcience of morality to perfection.

After the repreſentation of *George Dandin*, *Phædra* was announced for the day following. I cannot be reconciled to the inceſtuous paſſion of Phædra, though decorated with the moſt brilliant colouring. The declaration of love made to her ſon-in-law, ſhould inflame the modeſt cheek, and make every one of her ſex bluſh. Her rage on being informed of the arrival of her huſband, is revolting to the moral underſtanding. I do not know of what uſe it can be to expoſe the picture of this immoderate paſſion, without regard to decency, to the eyes of all ages: the public tribunals

would ſcarcely admit ſuch deſcriptions, and yet they are exhibited on the ſtage. Phædra is, then, another of thoſe pieces which ought to be baniſhed from the ſtage, becauſe the relation of the poet gives the idea of an inordinate paſſion, which ought to be veiled rather than expoſed.

What might not be done by the power of dramatic poetry, if the legiſlature were more attentive to the choice of ſubjects, and knew how to employ that choice properly; if they were to lay down laws for the poet, enjoining him thus to decorate thoſe ſacred images of public juſtice, for the world to adopt them with heart and mind; employ the energy of your art to impreſs dignity on every thing a people ought to reſpect and cheriſh!

The poet, then, elevated by the ſublimity of the ſubject, and fired with its beauty, would find images proper to animate the deciſions of his country; and clothed with all the charms of eloquence, the uſeful law would ſoon be rooted in all hearts.

Then dramatic poetry, aſſuming a grave and ſolemn tone, would fly from its vicious taſte, and reject a puerile imitation.

Thoſe antique and hackneyed characters, which return to fatigue us with inceſts and parricides, would make room for others, which might inſpire us with the ideas moſt neceſſary. Poetry, in conjunction with legiſlation, might give birth to ſome fundamental maxims, ſome leading ideas, proper

to refine our code of laws, and improve the morals of the nation.

Is it not the peculiar property of the fine arts to give a more noble turn to our ideas, and a more elevated character to our minds? Is not dramatic poetry intended to open in us ideas of the uſeful, the beautiful, the agreeble, the ſeeds of which we all poſſeſs? — Certainly this is a work worthy of a great writer.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

O VISAGE of man! Mirror more true, more expreſſive, than his geſture, his ſpeech, or even his accent, thou canſt ſometimes diſguiſe thyſelf; but thou canſt not extinguiſh the rapid lightning emitted by the ſoul! She has an involuntary courſe; ſhe even ſhines in the eyes of the impoſtor;—he feels it, and draws the curtain; he would wiſh to conceal his emotion, but it eſcapes, it penetrates its folds, and will exhibit its naked ſimplicity.

The poet ſhould believe in phyſiognomy, ſince, every thing conſidered, it is more to be depended on than any other appearance. People may form their language, their manners, their tone, their attitude, their ſtyle: but the phyſiognomy, moulded, as one may ſay, by the interior character, is not to be deſtroyed.

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The ſoul imprints on the figure a character which ſhe models in her own way. Who is it that does not know how to diſtinguiſh, from the vivacity of the eye and delicacy of the ſmile, a man of wit from a fool? Has not this latter almoſt even a kind of ſtupidity, by which you may gueſs at him on the firſt glance? A charming perſon will not always reconcile us to aukwardneſs and a mean underſtanding. Madame De Sevigné admiring a very handſome boy in company, who had not ſpoke a word; at length the boy dropped two or three fooliſh expreſſions, when this ingenious woman in her animated ſtyle exclaimed, "*I thought I ſaw horns ſprouting on his forehead.*"

What is the cloſe and delicate texture which diffuſes a bluſh over the modeſt cheek, lights it, and gives it a different ſhade from that of anger? What makes us grow pale with joy or fear, what gives the ſoft tear to flow, or kindles the ſarcaſtic ſmile? Whence ariſe the admirable ſprings of theſe emotions?

The phyſiognomiſt Campanella has made exact obſervations on the human countenance. When he wanted to penetrate the intentions of thoſe with whom he had buſineſs, he diſpoſed of his geſtures as exactly as poſſible to correſpond with thoſe whom he was addreſſing.

By copying their geſture and the motion of their heads, he obſerved what turn the thoughts then took; and he aſſerts, his thoughts thereby reflected the ſpecies of paſſion

ſion that animated thoſe whoſe exterior he imitated. Undoubtedly this method could not fail of being very defective; yet certainly there is a great conformity between the action of the body and the predominant paſſion.

LOVE.

THIS paſſion is defined in all times, painted in various colours, and ſtill unknown, notwithſtanding the drawings of the greateſt maſters.

A violent inſtinct which ſurmounts the moſt powerful difficulties; an excluſive paſſion that is itſelf unacquainted with its impetuoſity, unknowing its own daring ſpirit.

It is the ſtrongeſt power in nature; it is the lever that lifts the human heart to all extremities.

The force and activity of this productive impulſe ſeldom conſults our laws and inſtitutions. Nature has confided to it the truſt and guard of future generations. It proceeds to the accompliſhment of her ſovereign laws; and the obſtructions which are oppoſed to its courſe, only change inſtinct into rage, inſtead of deſtroying it.

Love ſtamps a new character on the ſoul; which from hence receives the ſtamp of mildneſs and humanity. The man who withdraws from its enjoyments is always ſtern and harſh; his

his heart hardens and grows violent; he is no longer diſpoſed to be compaſſionate; pity is a ſtranger to his breaſt. Do you wiſh to ſee a ſtate the moſt abject? Contemplate thoſe degraded beings in the ſeraglios; their minds are mutilated as well as their bodies; of all ſlaves they are the moſt deſpicable and the moſt cruel; of all the ſentiments in their hearts, none remain but meanneſs, and an inward rage that ferments and increaſes; they have no enjoyment but in as much as the cries and tears of their victims ſympathiſe with the horrible jealouſy that corrodes them; they thirſt after the anguiſh of others, to ſoften their own; they muſt ſee others wretched, to alleviate for an inſtant their own unhappineſs; they glory in reducing a being poſſeſſed of ſenſibility, under ſuch deſpotiſm which has been as fatal to themſelves.

Love produces the greateſt pleaſure that can ſtrike the ſenſes; it is violent with almoſt all mankind; ſome carry it to an exceſs of rapture, to ecſtaſy, even to fury, if this word may be uſed to deſcribe the tranſports of ſupreme voluptuouſneſs.

Love is the monarch of the empire, poſſeſſed by imagination; there it reigns, creates, or deſtroys objects, and produces ſuch extraordinary effects. Without imagination, which forms a divinity of beauty, the ſenſual emotion, placed in the ſcale, would be, indeed, but deſpicable.

The ſeat of love is in the center of the impaſſioned heart; but if this flame, which ought

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to be divided between two beings and play on their ſurface, ſhould remain only in the boſom of one of the two victims, it burns, it devours.

Love is the firſt emotion of a pure and tender mind; whilſt the other paſſions concenter man within himſelf, this only makes him live in another, extinguiſhing unſocial, perſonal intereſt, to enhance the enjoyment received in the pleaſure of ſerving the beloved object.

Debauchery is the offspring of diſquietude, diſtraction of mind, ſelfiſhneſs, and the impoſſibility of employing the mind in the reflection occaſioned by great ideas and noble ſentiments. Love, which is its antidote, is accompanied with ſtrength, courage, and great enterpriſes; and we ſeldom meet with men of genius who have not left ſome traces of the ſoft flame which has inſpired them in their writings.

This precious ſenſibility, this neceſſity of loving, which animates and vivifies all beings, is a virtue; as, by detaching us from ſelf, it teaches us to attach ourſelves more cloſely to others; it leſſens pride, and ſoftens ferocity.—The conſtant good this paſſion procures, excuſes the accidents it occaſions.—Perhaps, in the inſtant of its greateſt activity, it entirely fills the whole ſoul: but this momentary giddineſs does not laſt; love can neither harden hearts, nor deſtroy the ſocial virtues; the lover becomes a huſband, a father, and, conſequently is more cloſely bound

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by the title of citizen. Love communicates its amiable and generous ſentiment to every thing in contact with it; it inſpires great and elevated thoughts, and we can diſcover in thoſe works which ſurvive their authors, whether they knew what it was to love; as a mild but penetrating ardour is exhibited in their productions. Love oftener aids our virtues than our vices; the heart being warmed, improves: after a ſhort phrenzy it is formed. Man becomes more feeling and wiſer; he preſerves his good qualities, and has only loſt a little time, given up to pleaſure.

True love reſides not in groveling, narrow ſouls, or it ſoon changes its ſituation; but its greateſt conqueſt is over debauchery, that monſter which puts on love's maſk to debaſe our minds, and obſcure our beſt qualities.

A ſtill better conſideration, ariſing from the love two beings have for each other, is the friendſhip which, neceſſarily originating thence, is rendered permanent. Love is the only reſpectable and powerful cauſe of ſuch an affection. By the law of nature we love the object that moſt ſtrikes us; but reflection, ſentiment, friendſhip, and confidence muſt attach us to that. Every thing unites in this one point; without ſuch a ſentimental affection, the fire of the ſenſual paſſion evaporates and gives way to diſguſt. From thence it happens that beauty is ſometimes forſaken, and that every woman, even the moſt apparently diſguſting, may inſpire a durable and tender ſentiment.

OLD AGE.

I DO not ſee any great harm ariſing from an extortionate financier's growing old, and loſing all the fire of his keen genius; but if we ſhould think of a Newton's being reduced to a ſtate of childhood, not having the leaſt idea of the ſublime truths he diſcovered; what a humiliation were it to human nature!

Age depriving our organs of their ſtrength and elaſticity, ſubſtitutes, at laſt, a ſoft and eaſy death for thoſe violent and painful ones, when life ſtruggles, with its greateſt efforts, againſt deſtruction, and where convulſions ariſe from this dreadful conflict. There is none of that here; it is a light that wavers, evaporates, and is extinguiſhed.

Nature, without our participation, knows when to reſign us, making the paſſage eaſy by ſlow and imperceptible gradations. The habit of living excludes from our thoughts the end of our career; we are near the goal, and yet believe we have a long race to run. Our hopes even become more ſanguine as our term advances. A man of ninety-five years old reads in a newſpaper of one that lived to one hundred and eighteen; he flatters himſelf with the ſame privilege, and is confirmed in his idea as he reads, and ſo cloſes the *Centenary Almanack*.

Yet, if death did not charitably and mildly deliver the old man from the inevitable

table progreſſion of the laws of motion, he would be buried in his own carcaſe; the obſtructed veſſels, the glutinous fluids, the oſſified cartilages, the rigid muſcles, the blood, drying up, every thing would tranſform into a ſtatue the body once ſo ſupple and flexible; and the ſoul, a priſoner to the terreſtrial principle of age, would languiſh in a cold maſs, and ſigh for its deliverance.

We are led on to age by an inſenſible declivity; we loſe our talents, we forget our wants, with the faculty of ſatisfying them. What we looked on in our youth as privations, are no longer ſo; the heart that longed for much, is ſatisfied with a little; it makes a new world of the narrow ſpace it occupies; that ſpace is ſufficient; it was engaged in great ſchemes; now a night gown, the goſſiping of a neighbour, or to relate the news of the town, replace its ambitious projects.

But the moſt fatal attendant on age is, that it puts in our heads ideas to which we were utter ſtrangers; it extinguiſhes ſentiment, the love of our relations. It is! Let us pronounce the dreadful word, it is what deprives us of the virtues dependent on ſenſibility.

When thou haſt ſeen ſome turns of the machinery of the univerſe, thou haſt ſeen all, ſays Montaigne; *nature only begins again.* I know not how, but there is in thoſe words a declaration both ſolemn and pleaſant.

Philoſophy, ſo often deſpiſed in the brilliant part of life, offers its aid to age, when it

it is alone and forſaken. Happy, then, the man who has cultivated his mind! He again finds about him thoſe enjoyments of which years cannot deprive him. Why are many old men ſo moroſe and ill tempered? It is becauſe they never learned to live with themſelves; they never procured reſources for this ſevere ſeaſon. They imagined, that by amaſing riches, they had provided for all; they only lived for greedy and ungrateful heirs, to reap the fruits of their labours.

The man who has learned how to adorn his mind, enjoys in his old age the fruits of his ſtudy; for literary men end their career with works both lively and pleaſant. The ſecret of human life is, in a manner, laid open before them: they ſmile at what is paſt, and the paſſions which diſturbed them; their minds, enlightened by experience, reſemble a crucible where every thing is refined; they can laugh at thoſe matters which formerly appeared ſo grave and important; they ſeem to have diſcovered the true proportion of things.

In as much as the old man, whoſe thoughts were taken up by wealth, appears enveloped by the ſhades of night, in ſo much does the well-informed old man ſhine amidſt his new cotemporaries; his mind, by the experience of a long life, ſeems to poſſeſs more underſtanding when it has but one ſtep more to take to enter the regions of truth. He compares two or three generations, he brings together diſtant points of time, and, if he can

ſtill

ſtill handle the pen, poignant irony takes place of ſourneſs. A young man's criticiſm is generally ſevere, haughty, and violent; an old man's chearful and light.

If people were ſure to die in their youth, they might diſpenſe with cultivating literature; but as a man may grow old, it is neceſſary to provide this inexhauſtible reſource; for when the world abandons us, we ſhall find ourſelves alone amidſt a new generation.

What becomes of the handſome woman, or the man of mode, at ſixty? — Chagrin deſtroys them. Obſerve their bitter cenſures on the preſent age, which but ill conceal their grief for the paſt, and accuſe it of being wholly taken up with frivolouſneſs.

They are avoided, and with great reaſon; for how can one eſteem an old man, whoſe empty head after ſo many years, has remarked nothing, retained nothing, whilſt nature has ſo often renewed her works in his ſight; who cannot ſpeak to the riſing generation, nor give leſſons of experience? One turns from this wretched being, becauſe he has not known how to make uſe of the multitude of events which he witneſſed with a ſhameful indifference.

Let us timely prepare for age; let conſolatory literature, the arts, gaiety and friendſhip, embelliſh the winter of our days.— Sweet friendſhip! it is at this age thy value is ineſtimable. Happy the man who ends his career in the arms of an old friend!

If

If we have loſt ſuch a treaſure, let us find out at leaſt ſome uſeful occupation. La Fontaine repreſents a man of eighty, planting trees.—How moving is the image!

Poſterity ſhall thank me for this ſhade—
Ye wiſe! forbid it not to be diſplay'd
For *others* pleaſure: I may only taſte,
To-day, to-morrow, but it ſtill ſhall laſt!

THE COUNTRY.

IT is only the powerful and ſecret charm of the country which has a conſtant and univerſal influence over the heart of man; the increaſe of luxury vainly attempts to uſurp this power; toilſome preparatives, brilliant yet dull, imperfect in their conſequences, they leave a void behind them, a ſomething to be wiſhed for, after the combined endeavours of artiſts. The country, plain, but magnificent, has more inexhauſtible attractions; its ſmiling features are reproduced as we view them; its advantages multiplying according to the knowledge we acquire of them; and the mind, whoſe expectations were not ſatisfied with the pomp of courts, the buſtle of entertainments and artificial decorations, deliciouſly repoſes in the beautiful and ſolitary retreats of nature.

It is there man can ſilently contemplate on himſelf, enjoy himſelf, ſet a true value on his

his time and exiſtence, fill up days that would be ſpent elſewhere with fooliſh prodigality. Diſburdened of the troubleſome weight of buſineſs, removed from the conſtraint and ſolicitude of ſocieties, he is no longer troubled with the inward diſquietude which preys on ambition, purſuing that phantom fortune in the putrid air of cities; he experiences the ſerenity, the tranquil, ſolid repoſe, the offspring of free nature. It is by this he finds affluence in eaſe, wiſdom in moderation, the bleſſings of time in his occupation, and, in a word, enjoyment without ſubſequent repentance.

Unhappy is the man who, corrupted by the hurry of cities, thinks the country dull and ſilent! Certainly the ſeeds of good are ſmothered in his breaſt. The country ſpeaks eloquently to the ſound mind; it appears animated to the feeling heart; it preſerves peace of mind, and even reſtores it when diſturbed; it diſſipates mean and haughty paſſions, the torments of men in the buſtle of life, and calms the violent convulſions concupiſcence inſpires. The country is the parent of virtuous ſentiments; and, independent of the natural advantages it procures, ſuch as wholeſome food, tranquillity, pure air, which reſtore or improve health, it has many remarkable moral advantages; the more ſhameful vices avoid of themſelves that aſylum where the woods, the graſſy verdure, the fields, the blooming hedges,

hedges, ſeem formed for ſimple taſte and peaceful virtue.

The country! the poets have ſung it, the painters have tranſmitted it on canvas, philoſophers have extolled it: more happy the man who, enamoured with its attractions, contemplates it, knows how to enjoy its various treaſures, and preſerve his morals pure, reſpiring the balſamic fragrant air, and every morning treading the odoriferous plants.

Who has not felt the neceſſity of viſiting the country, at leaſt, on the return of fine weather, when the tender green turf, the early melody of birds, the active rays of the ſun haſten vegetation, and call upon the moſt indifferent being to admire the hidden hand that ſpreads the tufted graſs, unfolds the ſhoots, furniſhes the trees with buds impatient to be opened, and which will ſoon adorn the leaves with fruit and flowers?

Enchanting picture! O ſpectacle, more intereſting than all which art can offer! How pleaſing it is to gather the firſt banquet of violets by the ſide of a ſerpentine rivulet, gently watering the moſſy ground, and to have the foot moiſtened with the freſh and ſparkling dew at the dawn of a fine day in ſpring, and the ſeries of fine days that are to come to perpetuate the innocent pleaſures of man!

It is in the country that writers acquire more elevated and ſublime ideas, become more energetic and moving; it is there that generous works are compoſed, that is to ſay,

thoſe relative to the plan of public happineſs. In the country our thoughts are neceſſarily led to the largeſt portion of the human race; they are viſible, they are preſent before our eyes, bending under the yoke, and labouring at the firſt works of neceſſity, thoſe primitive works, which ever awaken and recal ſimple ideas, productive of great ones; whilſt in cities the arts, perhaps too refined in our time, purſue the niceties of form, to attract and pleaſe, for a moment, the ſorrowful eye of the wealthy.

In populous cities they write voluptuous romances, light elegant verſes, and comedies in an affected ſtyle; but the *Natural Hiſtory, the Hiſtory of the Commerce of both the Indies*, and all thoſe grand compoſitions, which do honour to the preſent age, ſeem to be produced under the happy influence of hamlets, and the waving ſhade of foreſts.

Could cities furniſh, in their narrow bounds, thoſe raviſhing ſcenes which are ſo bountiful to the poet's pen, and more ſo to the philoſopher's meditations, when the ruddy clouds melt and embrace the lofty circular heads of the talleſt trees, when the ſparkling rays diſplay, by their prodigious refrangibility, all the dazzling pomp of the ſun; when the light, increaſing its ardent fire, ſwiftly transforms one landſcape into another, by the ardent vigour of its tints; when meadows, in thoſe rapid moments, are metamorphoſed even to the proprietor's

eye, who ſtands aſtoniſhed, and ſcarcely recogniſes the place the ſoft mild ray of dawn enlightened, ſo forcible is the magic of thoſe ſtriking lively colours, ſuch a magnificent and no leſs admirable diverſity does it imprint on the ſame objects!

And at night when the tranquil lake reflects the ſilver face of the moon and brilliant ſtars; when the light clouds that ſurround it paſs like moving images, on the clear ſurface of the waters beneath the contemplator's feet; then he hears the lengthened cry of the night bird;—then he ſees the ſmooth but trembling lake reproduce the freſh landſcape around him; where could he meet ſuch complete repoſe, ſuch ſoft tranquillity? Where can he ſo well feel the voluptuous ſentiment of an indefinite reverie?

In the morning, when the atmoſphere is clear, when the ſilver clouds are ſcattered over the horizon, like woolly fleeces, he ſees the labourer already in the field preſſing the plough-ſhare, breaking the clod, and marking out the deep and ſtraight furrow from whence the golden harveſt is to riſe; he ſmiles with joy at the ſeeds of fertility confided to the maternal boſom of the earth.

Tell the blind inſenſate, that this huſbandman, by daily renewing his labour, gains the nobleſt conqueſts over nature, and contributes more than any other to the ſplendour, proſperity, vigour, and life of the ſtate, by producing the principal objects of neceſſity! And yet he is depreſſed by idle and inſolent

arrogance; his laborious hands that ſteer the plough and wield the nouriſhing ſpade, are debaſed and baniſhed to the very loweſt claſs of ſociety. Were it not for thoſe callous hands, dearth, poverty, famine, and ſorrow, would devour the great in their ſumptuous palaces. But ſuch is the incredible injuſtice, ſuch the abſurdity of man, that to be uſeful to him, is to be unworthy in his ſight.

Manual labour, the firſt exerciſe of man, the ſacred employment of the ancient patriarchs, ordained by the Almighty himſelf; labour*, the only power on earth that can vivify and put idle matter in motion, is looked upon as a diſgraceful employment in our degenerate days; while the unjuſt financier, the cruel ſoldier, the indolent citizen, dares to take precedency over the man who, by giving the firſt motion to the ſap, has more juſt obſervations in his head, and more hoſpitable virtues in his heart, than thoſe who view him with diſdain: a diſdain which can only here be repaid with contempt; for that kind of diſdain ought to be conſidered with the greateſt juſtice, as the laſt ſtage of human frenzy. The huſbandman, who affects only an equality, does not go to the door of a courtier to beg an employment, nor expoſe himſelf to the inſulting ridicule of a clerk in office, the inſidious diſpenſer of favours he has purchaſed by the meaneſt acts,

* *Ne oderis laborioſa opera & ruſticationem creatam ab altiſſimo.* Eccleſiaſt. chap. VII. v. 16.

he

he knows the earth will ſupply his wants, and he is attached to her all-nouriſhing boſom.—Alas! what will the vain and haughty beings who, decorated with the livery of luxury, and are its perpetual ſlaves, ſet up in oppoſition, do they dare think themſelves ſuperior to him: what, alas! will they ſet up? Too well we learn from experience, idleneſs, vice, and crimes.

Philoſophical writers have never been guilty of arrogant diſdain, the crime of opulence; they have all unanimouſly exclaimed, *immortal honour to ſacred agiculture!* They have always revered it in their writings; the plough has been a hallowed object with them. They have celebrated princes that handled it with pomp and ſolemnity on certain annual feſtivals. Virgil, even in the court of Auguſtus, has deſcribed the harrow, the mattock, the ſpade, the rake, the plough which lays the earth equally on both ſides; and all the writers, whom I ſtyle *munificent*, have preferred the implements of ruſtic ſimplicity to all the ornaments of luxury and favour, that the corruption of morals and the arts could offer.

Thoſe judicious interpretors of the public voice will be held in greater eſteem as the world becomes more enlightened; they had the courage to celebrate, with all their powers, the labours of agriculture; they who have reſtored dignity to the gray-headed man, who, during ſixty years, procured raiment and ſubſiſtence to his equals, and, as an additional benefit, has given his country his

own children for hardy and tractable ſoldiers. Muſt not this countryman appear to be, in the view of a philoſopher, after ſo many ſacrifices, labours and fatigues, the real Atlas, ſupporting the whole weight of the globe on his truly laborious ſhoulders.

Unhappily chained to the capital, where, alas! chance gave me birth, I hail the country at a diſtance; but I require of my imagination the enjoyments my fate refuſes me; I make myſelf amends for its rigour, by fancying myſelf proprietor of the places I frequent. When I once eſcape from the atmoſphere which ſurrounds me at Paris, and quit its melancholy gates, I enjoy, in the moſt lively manner, the pleaſure I long ſighed for. Princes yield me their domains and inheritances. The roads, the woods, the fruits, belong to me; the limpid waters of ſmiling Chantilly* flow, bubble, and ſpout out at my pleaſure; I range over the Hamlet†:

* A place I have annually viſited for theſe five and twenty years.

† A pretty palace, full of beauties, engaging but neglected varieties; it is a country edifice of fairy art; one cannot avoid being pleaſed with the taſte as well as with the art which has felt and reſpected nature. When the Hamlet is illuminated at the cloſe of a fine ſummer's day, nothing can excel its brilliancy. I have ſeen enchanting feaſts there, and enjoyed the rare preſence of ſome perſonages who walked far from their thrones, added to the enchantment of the ſpectacle. It has more than once happened to me, to ſpend a whole day in this delightful place, and fall into a reverie with the murmuring of the waters.—This garden contains, in a ſmall ſpace, a crowd of picturesque and ſmiling beauties. I return many thanks to the prince who built it for me.

I enjoy

I enjoy, as far as my view can reach, I lengthen the limits of my poſſeſſions; they are not imaginary; I make uſe of them as much and more than the high-ſpirited profeſſor of them. I breathe the ſurrounding air; I walk over all the graſs plats, I meaſure at a diſtance the height of all the trees, I greet all the fountains; and when I ſee the light-footed hind and fugitive fawns paſs by me, I ſay to myſelf, "They are mine; but I will let them wander freely under the green porticos of their peaceful manſions, without being torn by ferocious hounds, or pierced with murdering balls."

Wandering towards evening with a book in my hand, who can imagine the enjoyment of climbing a hillock, gathering aromatic flowers, and if that is not ſufficient, to ſcale a little ſteep mountain; being arrived at its top, to ſeat myſelf under a clump of old oaks that imitate an umbrella, there to breathe an air as pure as thoughts of innocence; to feel the charms of ſolitude, and let one's eyes wander over the fields, the rivulets, the huts, the lofty ſteeples which form a variegated picture! Here a moderate breeze fans your hair and bends the tufted graſs; you deliciouſly ſtretch on the tender ſod; the ſun, half veiled, or juſt breaking forth from a cloud, darts his rays on ſome diſtant part.—What a proſpect? At this inſtant, it ſeems as if the world turned only for the peaceful contemplation of the philoſopher. He forgets both the indifference and injuſtice of mankind. He is far

diſtant from them; he combines in his thoughts the blade of graſs he preſſes, and the ſun that, hurrying to his dicline, adds to the majeſty of the ſtill horizon; he is as much affected with the ſmalleſt plant as with the moſt magnificent point of the creation; every thing ſeems to move on a level, and it is only when he deſcends from the mountain's top, when the ſhades lengthen and fill the vallies, when returning in a ſlow pace to the hutt, where emaciated indigence labours and groans, than he perceives the inequality of the moral world, and experiences that ſad and ſoft melancholy, which is the only conſequence of the ecſtaſy he enjoyed upon its ſummit.

Another time he enters a loneſome foreſt, and if the barbarous cries of hunters do not rouſe in him the painful image of ſlaughter, an awful inſpiration poſſeſſes him. This foreſt has ſomething majeſtic in it, becauſe nature ſeems there to work only for herſelf, and nothing proclaims the artiſt's hand; the land is far from its maſter, and appears the better for it; the trees proudly rear their heads, ſpread their immenſe arms in the air, in token of their independence. They are characteriſed on all ſides with that creative ſtrength which nature preſerves in all its productions, where man has not uſed his pruning knife, that *miſchievous inſtrument*, as my dear La Fontaine calls it.

But if nature's and the country's admirer ſhould in his evening's walk, ſee two young lovers who have met, and who, engroſſed

by

by themſelves, are paſſing together through the ſame grove, he will, for a moment, come out of his reverie. If he is even engaged in an epic poem, he will ſtop to obſerve them, will rejoice at the happineſs of innocence; he will recal his youthful days, and give himſelf up for a few moments to ſoft remembrance. Could he not contemplate with pleaſure the young ſun-burnt beauty, who, in a plain, or even coarſe dreſs, has an air of contentment about her? Could he check the ſecret pleaſure of following their ſteps, and remarking ſome expreſſions, which, notwithſtanding their village ruſticity, have the emphaſis of pleaſure and the ſoft paſſion? Seeing their hands hanging negligently, their fingers entwined, whilſt with equal ſteps they tread the narrow path, their clothes bruſhing the hedges, at the inſtant the ſetting ſun tranſpierces with his light the verdant grove, he will doubtleſs avoid diſturbing them; he will be cautious not to interrupt, by an indiſcreet, or rather ſacrilegious ſound, the rapid and expreſſive regards which the maiden caſts by intervals on her lover, accompanied with a ſmile of happineſs and joy.

It is not in cities love diſplays the fulneſs of his power; a tranſient taſte aſſumes its name; it is in ſolitude the ſhafts ſhot by beauty become moſt active and ardent. The man in love hides himſelf in the intricate windings of gloomy vallies; it is in the deepeſt receſſes of woods, in the ſhades of foreſts, liſtening to the feathered tribe, he ſeeks the

object he idoliſes; he then courts ſolitude, becauſe his ſoul is full of the image that accompanies it. In the tumult of cities, taſtes which counteract each other would have put the mind of this man in a kind of equilibrium, whence he would have had only a weak, factitious, and languiſhing ſentiment, inſtead of cheriſhing in his ſoul one ſtrong, impreſſive, and only ſovereign ſenſation.

COVETOUSNESS.

A Viſion.

I THOUGHT I was in an obſcure wood, not knowing which way to bend my ſteps. The moon, obſtructed by the leaves of the trees, ſhot a pale glimmering light which made the darkneſs of the night ſtill more terrific.—I was as weak as a child forſaken in a deſert. Every thing affrighted me; every ſhadow appeared a phantom; the leaſt noiſe made my hair ſtand on end, and I ſtumbled at every root of a tree.

Aërial ſpirits, that I could neither ſee nor feel, were my unſolicited guides. They related a thouſand ridiculous ſtories to me, to which they would have had me give credit; they led me into brambles and thorns; then inſulting my ignorance, laughed at their tricks and my credulity. Not ſatisfied with this, they cauſed deceitful ſparks of light to paſs before

before my eyes, to ſtun or drive me to madneſs. I was always endeavouring to approach a clear but weak ray, which I could ſee at the end of an immenſe walk. I quickened my pace; but at the end of this long avenue, which I thought the termination of the foreſt, found a little void ſpace, barricaded with impenetrable woods ſtill darker. What tears did I not ſhed this long night! Yet courage and hope reanimated me, and time and patience at length brought the dawn to my relief. I got out of the diſmal foreſt, where every thing had terrified me, only to enter another place where every thing aſtoniſhed me.

I perceived vaſt plains enriched with all the gifts of fruitful nature; no proſpect ſo charming had I ever beheld. I was tired, I was hungry; the trees were loaded with the fineſt fruits, and the vines riſing under their branches encircled them with grapes, which hung in feſtoons. I ſprang forward, overjoyed to allay my thirſt, returning thanks from the bottom of my ſoul to God, the author of theſe bleſſings, when a man, very oddly dreſt, oppoſed my paſſage with an iron arm. "Simpleton," ſaid he, "I plainly ſee thou art ſtill a child, and art a ſtranger to the cuſtoms of the world; read on that ſtone portico; its laws are engraved there; thou muſt ſubmit to them or die."

I read with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment that all this vaſt fine country was either hired or ſold; that I was neither allowed to eat, drink, walk, nor even repoſe my head, without the

expreſs leave of the maſter: he was the excluſive poſſeſſor of all thoſe fruits my empty ſtomach ſo much longed for; and that I had not a ſingle ſpot of ſhelter on the whole globe, nor the property of an apple; every thing was uſurped before my arrival.

I was likely to die of hunger, for want of certain little balls of quickſilver, very apt to be loſt on account of their ſubtilty, which this hard-hearted man demanded in exchange for the nouriſhing fruits the earth produced. I ſaid to myſelf, "He has no better right than I have to this ground; he is certainly a tyrant: but as I am the weaker, I muſt ſubmit."

I learned, that in order to get ſome of thoſe gliding balls, a man was obliged to put a large iron chain around his body, at the end of which there was ſtill to depend a leaden bullet, a hundred times heavier than all the little balls one could ever receive, and, indeed, I obſerved the man who had ſtopped me was according to order. He ſaw my diſtreſs, and told me in a tone charitably haughty, "If thou wanteſt to eat, come hither; I am good natured; draw near; put a ring of this great chain round thy neck, until thou art a little uſed to it."—As I was dying with hunger, I did not heſitate to comply.

As he offered me ſomething to eat, he accompanied his gift with a ſevere fillip on the noſe.

I murmured a good deal, and ate a good deal. I was ſtill muttering between my teeth,

when

when I was ſurpriſed to ſee another man, more heavily laden than the firſt, give him a violent box on the ear, which he received with great humility, kiſſing the hand that ſtruck him; however, he received at the ſame time a great many of thoſe little balls of quick ſilver which he ſeemed to idolize.

Then forgetting my reſentment, I could not avoid ſaying to him to whom I was faſtened, "How can you bear ſuch an affront? Why had that man the inſolence to inſult you?" He looked at me, and ſaid with a ſneer, "My friend, thou art ſtill a novice; but thou muſt know it is the cuſtom of the country: every man who gives, always indulges inſtantly his pride, or his inhumanity, at the expence of him that receives; but it is only, as they ſay, a thing lent returned. Although I am enraged at the box, I do not ſeem to take notice of it, becauſe he who gave it me has received many in his time, and I expect one day to beſtow them at pleaſure: but as yet I have been rather unfortunate, having only given here and there ſome fillips on the noſe.—What! you ſeem ſurpriſed at this! —Poor lad! your time for aſtoniſhment is not yet come. You will ſee things that will ſurpriſe you much more. Come, and follow me."

I followed him.—"Do you ſee," ſaid he, "thoſe ſteep mountains at a diſtance? One of their tops almoſt reaches the clouds. Obſerve, there reſides the perpetual object of all men's deſires. From between the rocks there

ſprings

ſprings a copious fountain of this ſubtile ſilver, of which, alas! I have but a ſmall quantity.—Come along with me; let us ſurmount all difficulties; let us engage.—Do you ſupport half the chain I am going to take up—the heavier it is, the ſooner we ſhall make our fortune. If ever I ſucceed according to my wiſhes at this happy fountain, I ſwear I will give you a ſhare."

Curioſity, ſtill more than the fatal neceſſity I was under, drew me after him. Oh, Heavens! what a difficult road! what a tumult! what affronts and diſtreſſes did I experience!—I concealed my bluſhes under the weight of my chains.—My leader affected a ſmiling countenance; but ſometimes I ſurpriſed him biting his lips till the blood iſſued, and quite diſappointed, muttering in a low tone, whilſt he called on me *aloud*, crying, "*Chear up, my lad, all is well!*"—Eagerneſs gave him ſupernatural ſtrength, and, as my chain was faſtened to his, he dragged me along.—We arrived at the foot of the mountain: but there the crowd was infinitely greater. The vallies were full of a multitude of men, all rattling their chains, who ſnatched from each other with all the civility imaginable ſome drops of the quickſilver which flowed from the fountain.

I thought it almoſt impoſſible to get through this impenetrable crowd, when my conductor, with the moſt daring effrontery, began to break the rules of decency. He knocked down all on the right and left with the

the greateſt violence—he inhumanly trod under foot thoſe he overſet. I felt for this behaviour, and ſhuddered as I walked—I trod upon the trembling bodies of thoſe unhappy people, whilſt I wiſhed to go back, but could not; I was dragged forward in ſpite of me—we were covered with blood—the horror of their plaintive cries rent my heart. In this manner we having gained a little hill, my companion looked on me with a complacent air. "We go on well," ſaid he; "the firſt difficulty is got over, the reſt muſt not deter us. Did you obſerve how we made them roll one over another? Here it is not ſo. We are near the fountain; but muſt not proceed ſo faſt any longer. We muſt know how to elbow at a proper time with artifice and dexterity; but always without giving quarters; we nevertheleſs bring down our man: but ſcandal muſt be avoided with the greateſt care. Such is the art of a courtier."

My heart was too full to utter a ſingle word in reply. I was ſtupified to conſider I was ſtill faſtened to him. I dreaded every minute he would take it into his head to prove upon *me* that he was right in acting thus; for he had a great many examples that ſeemed favourable to him.—What a ſpectacle! What a tumult! What ſcenes, all variouſly frightful! All manner of paſſions came to bargain with all manner of crimes. Thoſe who had virtues came to diſpoſe of them, and without this traffic they were looked on as ridiculous. A black phantom had put on the maſk of

Juſtice,

Juſtice, and filled her ſcales with mercenary weights. There were men, alſo, who were ſtill covered with the mud from whence they ſprang, who were honoured, and who inſulted public miſery.

Others rubbed their bodies with thoſe balls of quickſilver, and ſtrutted with lofty heads, pride in their looks, and debauchery in their hearts. They fancied themſelves ſuperior to others, and deſpiſed thoſe who were not whitened like themſelves. If they did not always give a box on the ear to thoſe they met, yet their geſtures were offenſive, and even their ſmiles inſulting: but this quickſilver often wore off; in which caſe thoſe haughty, hard-hearted men became mean, ſubmiſſive, and groveling. Then the contempt of which they were ſo laviſh was retaliated on them with uſury. They were inwardly devoured by rage, and they ſtopped at no criminality to regain their former ſituation. Indeed, it appeared, that this fatal quickſilver had got into their heads, ſo that they were deprived of reaſon. I ſaw one who was deſcending from the ſummit of the hill, oppreſſed with his weight, and motionleſs, and, as if in ecſtacy, he admired his ſilver body, and would neither eat nor drink. I wiſhed to aſſiſt him. He thought I intended to rob him. He oppoſed me with all his might, to guard his quickſilver, at the ſame time that he held out his hands in a ſupplicating manner, with a piteous look, begging I would help him to another

another ſmall ball, and he would die contented.

A little higher, forty inſatiable men, with eager looks, carried off a prodigious quantity of this metal in hogſheads.

It was not drawn from the fountain head; it had been wrenched from the feeble graſp of women, children, old men, huſbandmen, and the poor; it was tinctured with their blood, and ſprinkled with their tears. Thoſe extortioners had an army in their pay, who plundered by retail, and pillaged the indigent habitations. I obſerved thoſe who poſſeſſed large quantities of this matter were never ſatiated; the more they had of it, the more hardened, and the more untractable they appeared.

Yet my conductor only found in all theſe things ſtill ſtronger motives for emulation. "Come, come," ſaid he, "I believe thou art dreaming, with thy fixt and obſervant eye; let us go on. Doſt thou obſerve what an enchanting ſight through thoſe rocks? Doſt thou ſee that dazling ſpring, with what ſtrength it flows? How it falls in caſcades? Let us run! I am afraid it will dry up. What crowds vie with each other! but at the ſame time let us take care of ourſelves, we are not at it yet; the laſt ſteps are the moſt dangerous — how many, for want of prudence, have fallen from the ſummit into the abyſs! In throwing others down, let us guard againſt a fall ſo terrible. We muſt ſkilfully improve by the misfortunes of others. Come on; I

have

have diſcovered a road that will lead us in more ſafety to the wiſhed-for ſpot."

So ſpeaking, he led me through a by-path, where few people would dare to follow; it was a ſort of narrow, crooked gallery, cut out of the rock, and vaulted. We went forward ſome time; but our paſſage was obſtructed by three figures of the fineſt white marble. Nothing but their aſtoniſhing whiteneſs could efface the idea of their being alive, ſo ſtrongly were truth and gracefulneſs expreſſed in them. Theſe figures, whoſe arms were interwoven and united, ſeemed to ſtop the paſſage to imprudent mortals. They repreſented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. Beneath was written, "*Theſe images are the maſter-piece of human underſtanding; the originals are in Heaven. O mortals! reverence thoſe images; let them be ſacred to you; for they are made to ſtop you in the perfidious road which leads to the abyſs. Woe be to him who will not be affected, and curſed for ever be the ſacrilegious hand who dares to ſpoil them!*"

At this ſight I was filled with a reſpectful emotion, blended with love. I looked at my conductor; he ſeemed for a moment much diſturbed and irreſolute: but having heard ſome ſhouts on a freſh eruption of the fountain, his countenance was fluſhed with a gloomy redneſs — he ſeized a ſtone, which he looſened from the rock — I endeavoured in vain to ſtop him — he broke this ſacred monument with furious impiety, and paſſed over its ruins. I now redoubled my efforts, in oppoſition

poſition to his, and at length broke the odious chain that linked me to this monſter.—"Go," ſaid I, full of indignation, "go, unbridled man—fly—ſatisfy thy inordinate paſſion; the thunder of Divine Juſtice is ready."—He no longer heard me. I followed him with my eyes. The wretch, blinded by his crime, endeavouring too eagerly to draw from this fatal fountain, was hurried into it. Being carried away by the torrent which he had made his god, he was daſhed to atoms on the points of the rocks, and his blood for ſome moments ſtained its former ſplendor.

Struck with fear, I, trembling, contemplated thoſe adorable ruins ſcattered on the ground, not daring to move, leſt I ſhould tread upon them. Afflicting tears trickled down my cheeks. I looked to Heaven with uplifted hands, my heart oppreſſed with ſorrow, when a Divine Power ſuddenly collected the relics, as beautiful, as majeſtic as before. I proſtrated myſelf before thoſe ſacred images. Glorious! eternal! they never can be deſtroyed by the ſacrilegious hands of impious mortals.—

GESTURE.

GESTURE, or Action, which is the voice of the whole body, has an expreſſion that accent has not. Geſture ſpeaks with a precipitation and energy, which ſometimes makes language

language in compariſon a weak and uſeleſs method. The geſture of anger, of terror, of the ſuppliant, penetrate or freeze the ſoul. An animal is ſeized with dread at a threatning geſture; and what the ſpeech could never do, an action executes in the twinkling of an eye: it is the univerſal language that equally ſtrikes all nations of the peopled earth.

Action is clear, never equivocal; it never lies: in may be cunning, ſubtile, ingenious. The ancients, who were acquainted with its power, have excited the moſt extraordinary emotions, by means of their pantomimes. If the pantomime actors are ſuffered to go on, they will end in Paris, as they did among the Romans, by driving from the theatre all ſpeaking actors.

ASTRONOMY.

WE muſt argue a great deal to conquer the teſtimony of the ſenſes, which ſeem to aſſure us the earth is immovable, and that the ſun revolves around it. The ſyſtem that makes us inſignificant to ourſelves we have adopted, notwithſtanding our pride; the reaſon is, we could not help it.

It was ſo charming to look upon ourſelves as inhabitants of the firſt globe, as the ſole object of the creation, that I am ſurpriſed we have conſented to place ourſelves in a corner

ner of the univerſe with ſo many other planets.

The immutable ſun, fixed in the center of the firmament, attracting all the planets that ſurround it, is itſelf only a luminous point in the vaſt ſyſtem of the univerſe.

Let imagination dart itſelf to the moſt elevated ſtar, and from thence contemplate; it will perceive ſtill another vaulted roof, more aſtoniſhing and more profound. A new firmament will extend *ad infinitum*; nothing will remain to the contemplator but the aſtoniſhment and dread which follow, conſequent to ſuch an admiration.

ON THE INEQUALITY OF HUMAN MINDS.

NO, my good Helvetius, no! men are not born equal in genius. How can any one maintain, that all men have the ſame diſpoſitions, and that the extreme inequality of talents depends only on circumſtances, when we ſee the moſt extraordinary influences proceed from a ſingle head; when one man alone ſhall draw millions after him; when the fate of an empire depends on the impulſe which he gives it? It riſes, it falls, as the great man appears, or diſappears; he gives his nation an inconteſtable ſuperiority, or ſuffers it to fall into obſcurity.

What! can there be no eſſential difference between the brain of a Lycurgus, a Cromwell,

well, a Chatham, and the brains of ſo many abſurd miniſters?

The tribunals, the troops, the men, are the ſame; the commander is changed, and to him the ſucceſs of the ſtate, the glory or ſhame of a nation, is viſibly ſubordinate to the genius who gives them his opinions and ideas, who inſpires them with his love, hatred, or prejudices; who rapidly ſinks them in a gulph, or raiſes them to the ſummit of glory.

One needs only to open hiſtory, to be poſſeſſed of this great truth, that one ſingle man can equally influence the univerſe and ages; that he determines the happineſs or miſery of the people; that he is the origin of the moſt extraordinary revolutions.

Who forms the national ſpirit? Often one man alone. A nation is calm and tranquil; it is governed by timid wiſe men: an enterpriſing head ſtarts up, lights the torch of civil war, and his genius exhibits itſelf on a level with his daring mind. See the Guiſes overturning France almoſt at their will. Obſerve Voltaire giving his country a language, and a ridiculing tone, which it applies to all indifferently, and even to things till then eſteemed the moſt reſpectable.

Do great men make great events, or great events make great men? They are never ſeparate; but I believe it is the characteriſtic is the firſt fermenter of the moſt aſtoniſhing revolutions. See what Franklin has lately done: four or five good headpieces prepared and decided the general inſurrection.

In the arts the inequality of human minds is more ſtrongly marked. Obſerve the poet, painter, or ſtatuary, not exceeding mediocrity; ſee how theſe labour through a whole life in the barren drudgery of a cold and groveling mind: they can never mount beyond the narrow circle to which ungrateful Nature has confined them. Have you ever ſeen an author born without imagination, acquire any? Could the ſentiment which keeps theatrical pieces alive, poſſibly ariſe in the breaſt of the poet who accumulates tragedies, whilſt he is not poſſeſſed of this deep feeling of ſenſibility. It has been well remarked, that a mediocrity of mind ſhews, on its firſt appearance, that cold maturity which fixes for ever the boundaries of its genius. The ſacred fire, in which the writings of ſo many academicians is deficient, have they ever yet received it under the roof of the Louvre, by filling the chairs where Corneille, La Fontaine, and Voltaire ſat? Has the ſpirit of a writer ever changed its form, even by the ſtricteſt aſſociation? Did Monteſquieu's relations even know how to read or underſtand him? Where is the writer who does not ſhew pretty nearly to-day what he will be twenty years hence?

But the genius in his firſt eſſay, the early ſtroke of his pencil, in handling or mixing his colours, announces that he was born to give life to his productions.

We ſhould not force our talents out of place,
For thence no act will have becoming grace.

Nature

Nature does what is neceſſary. She gives the ſeed; we are obliged to prepare for its opening: but our moſt laborious efforts will never paſs beyond the juſt limits ſhe aſſigns us.

The proofs of a print which are the ſame, and which, notwithſtanding, have each their diſtinguiſhing variety, are the pictures of the quantity of copies which iſſue from a common type from an individual principal.—Such is the eſſence of Nature, whoſe ſecrets are not to be expoſed to the weak ſight of mortals.

Perhaps nothing more is wanting to give another direction to human ſcience, than the appearance of a man of *new genius*. Such a one might ſearch in a new mine, which our eyes have not yet penetrated; he might diſcover ſome novel idea, that would lay open another world to us. Let us hope for ſuch a philoſopher. To foreſee this poſſibility is a kind of prediction which ſeems to prepare for the event.

Who knows what revolutions our wavering and uncertain opinions may undergo? Sometimes droning away ages in ſtupid indolence, again changing from night to morning. This unſteadineſs demonſtrates that a true ſolid baſe is not yet diſcovered.

The obſerving glance is ſhot like a ray which detaches itſelf from the luminous globe, and divides by its refrangibility into all imaginable colours.

A man thinks, and the crowd of reaſoners take poſſeſſion of his thought, work it up, knead

knead it, torture it, ſomewhat like an ingot of gold that the workman divides, and at laſt draws into wire. Hippocrates, Ariſtotle, Bacon, Monteſquieu, have given their ideas to the human race, and had it not been for them would not theſe have remained undiſcovered?

Does not the man of genius ſhew himſelf at his firſt eſſay? Is not his phyſiognomy characteriſtic? There are ſome men in whom the ardency of the ſoul parches and deſtroys the body; the heat of blood keeps the fibres conſtantly tenſe; it neceſſarily follows, that the elaſticity of the veſſels muſt ſink under this activity; it deſtroys life or reaſon; ſo that the genius approaches nearer to imbecility, that is to ſay, a total ceſſation of the functions, than the minds of common men who ſpin out their days endued with ordinary capacities.

One commonly pays very dear for this gift of Heaven; and if nature does not, the tyranny and pride of mankind will exact the intereſt.

The man of genius is ſo much the privileged child of nature, and not of circumſtances, that the fire which poſſeſſes him is deſpotic; it commands, and will not be obeyed by halves; it will have all his time; it ſeems to ſay to ſome writers, "I am not ſatisfied with what you call your leiſure hours; you ſhall have none but what I grant you."—Thus it cauſes the common reſemblance among men to vaniſh; it makes the writer a particular being; time ſeems to have for him only

extraordinary reſources; he ſhines for a little while, though he exiſts for an inſtant to enlighten ages.

We commonly reprobate within ourſelves the ſyſtem of an inequality of underſtanding. When we meet with that ſpecies of men that are condemned to a ſort of perpetual infancy through indifference and idleneſs, the philoſopher, wholly engaged with the univerſal and uſeful idea, cannot help exclaiming,—"Is that my fellow creature?"—How often has he occaſion to put ſuch a queſtion ſoftly to himſelf! With ſome he may incur the ſuſpicion of pride, but, in effect, this is an involuntary thought, which his ſituation naturally extracts from him.

The inequality of minds, ſo viſibly characteriſed in the exerciſe of arts, proves that there is no rule in any art; for if it were not ſubordinate to the genius which ſuperintends all, a work could be no more than a mechanical operation, whoſe effects muſt be conſtantly aſcertained. The page of exceptions is always infinitely more ample than of any rules whatſoever.—It is the delicate and profound feeling that diſcovers the execution in the plan.

There are ingenious works, well written, but without elevation of ſtyle, nothing manly, nothing meaning; the author pleaſes the mind, but does not ſpeak to the heart. But when you read another author, leſs refined but more animated, you ſay immediately, he is alive. You ſee him, you hear him, his

elocution

elocution penetrates, he moves, he attracts you to him, you cannot leave him, and you become an enthuſiaſt, becauſe he has taught you to think as he does.

The ſyſtem of an equality of minds was thought on in an age of Sybarites, where, equal advantages ariſing to all from common converſation, it was deemed moſt adviſable to baniſh genius. As they would not at all allow of paſſions in the extreme, neither would they permit ſtrong and emphatical ſtrokes; they preferred a deceitful painting to the natural appearance of things: they created the word *taſte*, which is only the art of decorating trifling things; but they proſcribed Nature, becauſe that was a word that ought not to be heard. All great acts muſt have appeared to be exaggerated; but he who judges the age he lives in, as he judges of the tranſient moment, will decide that the inequality of minds could not be adopted by a claſs of men who, having maſters of all kinds, being given up to an inexhauſtible prattle, have imagined that money and a good table could naturaliſe all manner of ideas in them. They have commodiouſly laid the fault on circumſtances, and ſelf love has told them, I ſhould have been a Turenne, a Michael Angelo, a Corneille, a Sully, if Fortune had favoured me.—What a ſyſtem of inexhauſtible conſolation!

NATURAL EVIL.

SIXTY thouſand men are cruſhed under the ruins of their town by an earthquake; this picture makes one ſhudder: but when we have paid the tribute of pity to the unfortunate people who have periſhed, in examining this dreadful misfortune a little cloſer, we ſhall find it only differs from the common calamities of life by the number.—Such a death is not more terrible to any individual than that which ſuddenly takes off a ſingle man, by ſome unforeſeen accident.

To periſh with the globe, or periſh alone, or at a public entertainment, muſt be equal to him who expires.

Every being bears exactly the burden of his own grief: it was not more cruel for all to periſh together than if they had died one after the other. They muſt have expired in the courſe of ſome years, they died on the ſame day; that is all the difference.

He that languiſhes upon a ſick bed, in the midſt of his family, ſuffers more than he who is deprived of life in a fatal inſtant.

It has ſometimes pleaſed Providence to haſten and join ſeveral deaths; but in this vaſt and diſaſtrous picture it is only one man dies individually.

Theſe are the reflections reaſon ſuggeſts; but inſtinct repels this cold conſolation, and multiplies

multiplies its ſorrows according to the number of victims and the frightful manner of their death.

LIBERALITY.

ONE might write a fine book on the uſe of liberality.

Liberality is a virtue not abſolutely ſcarce; for all opulent men diſſipate their riches, and many are prodigal. Some raiſe edifices, others make feſtivals and decorate cities; but in the midſt of this pompous ſhow, the inhabitants languiſh and are in a ſtate of miſery. But the rarity we ſeek is a judicious, enlightened liberality.

A well-conducted liberality gives an air of true grandeur to the poſſeſſor. It ſhould be honoured as a fruitful tree, or thoſe rivers which ſpread every where the principles of life and fertility.

When Tiberius gave a man a gratuity, he made him count the money in his preſence.

An archbiſhop arrived about midnight near Bourdeaux; he wanted to croſs the Garonne, when it was difficult to get a boatman. A great call being made, one came out in his ſhirt to manifeſt his zeal. "Give that man a Louis d'or," ſaid the archbiſhop.—"Ah, my lord," replied the boatman, "twelve livres will be ſufficient; but give them me *with your own hand.*"

MEANNESS.

WHAT will you call the vice, too common in our times, and ſo familiar among the great, which collects all the colours of falſehood and perfidiouſneſs? It conſiſts in careſſing the perſon we want, to make his talents ſubſervient to our views, our deſigns, our enterpriſes; to ſeem to reſpect him, acknowledge his merit, and teſtify it not only in public but in private: but after all, thoſe exterior demonſtrations, the extolling flatterer leaves you, ſhifts you off, does not know you, becauſe your talents are no longer neceſſary to him, in his ambitious purſuits.

This ſudden tranſition from flattery to indifference is a very ſhocking meanneſs; it is worſe than ingratitude; inaſmuch as this vice unites inſolent pride, contempt of benefactors, with the oblivion of promiſes, and all manner of modeſty. And what is moſt inconceivable, is the countenance of the courtier, that is capable of ſo much baſeneſs, does not bluſh in your preſence, but will have the audacity to addreſs you as one he formerly knew.

Of all the ſorrowful experiments the human heart can undergo, I think this the moſt cutting, and the bittereſt.—

One may excuſe the man who, wavering in his choice of luxurious pleaſures, entertains you with his perplexity. To whom does he ſpeak of his projects, his lands, his caſtles?

caſtles? Whom does he conſult on his rich furniture? A man who lives in the attic ſtory. Our opulent man aſks his advice on his equipage, his country houſes, the embelliſhments of his hotel. This is only an abſence of mind on his part, undoubtedly; for I never will believe, that to ſwell his ſtyle, he would make a parallel between his brilliant equipage and the humble *fiacre* waiting at his door for his modeſt auditor.

The ſame man is capable of ſaying to his ſon, "Why do you ſpeak to that lad from college? He is a decent, well-bread young man indeed; but he can do nothing for you; you muſt break thoſe childiſh connections; let no one ſee you know him; you ſhould not be acquainted with any but thoſe who can aſſiſt you in the advancement of your fortune."

THE HAPPY WORLD.

A Viſion.

IN a dream, I thought myſelf in a ſolitary temple; I ſaw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majeſtically down to his feet; ſix wings whiter than ſnow, whoſe extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body; then I ſaw him quit his material ſub-

ſtance which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was ſenſible I was travelling in the ætherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow ſent from a bow drawn by a ſupple and a nervous arm.

A thouſand glowing orbs rolled beneath me; but I could only caſt a rapid glance on all thoſe globes diſtinguiſhed by the ſtriking colours which infinitely diverſified them.

I now ſuddenly perceived ſo beautiful, ſo flouriſhing, ſo fertile a country, that I conceived a ſtrong deſire to alight upon it. My wiſhes were inſtantly gratified; I felt myſelf gently landed on its ſurface, where I was ſurrounded by a balmy atmoſphere. I found myſelf repoſed at the dawn, on the ſoft verdant graſs. I ſtretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celeſtial guide, who pointed towards a reſplendent ſun, towards which ſwiftly riſing, he diſappeared in the luminous body.

I roſe, and imagined myſelf to be tranſported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inſpired my ſoul with ſoft tranquillity. The moſt profound peace covered this new globe; nature was raviſhing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freſhneſs expanded my ſenſe to ecſtaſy; a ſweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unuſual power, was immerged in a ſea of rapture; while Pleaſure, like a pure

and

and immortal light, penetrated the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after ſaluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inſpired confidence and reſpect; innocence and happineſs were deſpicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moiſtened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I converſed with theſe ſublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the moſt ſincere tenderneſs; and the voice of reaſon, moſt majeſtic, and no leſs melting, was, at the ſame time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I ſoon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulſe made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raiſed up in the moſt endearing manner, I was preſſed to the boſoms that encloſed ſuch excellent hearts, and I conceived a preſentiment of celeſtial amity, of that amity which united their ſouls and formed the greateſt portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkneſs, with all his artifice, was never able to diſcover the entrance into this world;—notwithſtanding his over-watchful malice, he never found out the means to ſpread his poiſon over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown;

the happineſs of one appeared the happineſs of all; an extatic tranſport inceſſantly elevating their ſouls at the ſight of the magnificent and prodigal hand that collected over their heads the moſt aſtoniſhing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid ſaffron wings, diſtilled the pearly dew from the ſhrubs and flowers, and the rays of the riſing ſun multiplied the moſt enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embelliſhed by the opening dawn.

The youth of both ſexes there ſent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the ſame time with the grandeur and majeſty of God, which rolled almoſt viſibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchſafed to manifeſt himſelf by means unknown to our weak underſtandings.

All things announced his auguſt preſence; the ſerenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the inſects, a kind of univerſal ſenſibility, ſpread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that ſeemed the leaſt ſuſceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of ſentiment; and the birds ſtopped in the midſt of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voice.

But no pencil can expreſs the raviſhing countenance of the young beauties, whoſe boſoms breathed love. Who can deſcribe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, Divine

vine love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, muſt be ſilent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place ſuſpends at this moment all the faculties of my ſoul.

The ſun was riſing: the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomſon, never did you view ſuch a ſun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod, with regret, on the flowry plants, endued, like that which we call ſenſitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to riſe with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the firſt touch, from the complying branch, and had ſcarcely gratified the palate when the delicious ſenſation of its juices were felt glowing in every vein; the eye, more piercing, ſparkled with uncommon luſtre, the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itſelf all over nature, ſeemed to poſſeſs and enjoy its fertile extent; the univerſal enjoyment did not diſturb any individual, for union multiplied their delights, and they eſteemed themſelves leſs happy in their own fruition that in the happineſs of others.

This ſun did not reſemble the comparative paleneſs and weakneſs which illumines our gloomy, terreſtrial priſon; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itſelf in a kind of ecſtaſy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the ſight and the underſtanding, and even penetrated the ſoul. The bodies of thoſe fortunate perſons became, as it were, tranſparent: while each

read in his brother's heart the ſentiments of affability and tenderneſs with which himſelf was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the ſhrubs that this planet enlightened, a luminous matter which reſembled, at a diſtance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which never was eclipſed, was crowned with ſparkling rays that the daring priſm of Newton could not divide. When this planet ſet, ſix brilliant moons floated in the atmoſphere; their progreſſion, in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of ſtars, which ſeem to us as if ſcattered by chance, were here ſeen in their true point of view, and the order of the univerſe appeared in all its pomp and ſplendour.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to ſleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terreſtrial elements, gave no oppoſition to the ſoul, but contemplated in a viſion, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was ſoon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light ſlumber without perturbation or uneaſineſs; enjoying futurity, by a forcible ſentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal reſult of the imperfect ſenſibility of our rude frames, was unknown to theſe innocent men; a light ſenſation warned them of the objects that could hurt them, and nature removed them from the danger,

as

as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfal.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my exiſtence became moſt valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which ſurrounded me were lively, the greater was my ſorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteouſly, — 'Alas! the world I inhabited 'formerly reſembled yours: but peace, inno-'cence, chaſte pleaſures, ſoon vaniſhed. — 'Why was I not born among you? What a 'contraſt! The earth that was my ſorrowful 'abode is inceſſantly filled with tears and 'ſighs: there the ſmaller number oppreſs the 'greater; the Dæmon of property infects 'what he touches, and what he covets. Gold 'is there a god, and they ſacrifice on his al-'tar, love, humanity, and the moſt valuable 'virtues.

'Shudder, you that hear me! the greateſt 'enemy man has is *man*; his chiefs are his 'tyrants; they make all things bend under 'the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the 'chains of oppreſſion are in a manner ex-'tended from pole to pole; a monſter who 'aſſumes the maſque of glory, makes law-'ful whatever is moſt horrible, violence 'and murder. Since the fatal invention of 'an inflammable powder, no mortal can 'ſay, To-morrow I ſhall repoſe in peace; — 'to-morrow the arm of Deſpotiſm will not

'cruſh

'cruſh my head; — to-morrow dreadful ſor-
'row will not grind my bones; — to morrow
'the wailings of an uſeleſs deſpair, proceed-
'ing from a diſtreſſed heart, will not eſcape
'my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a
'ſtone coffin!

'Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over us!
'we are not only ſurrounded with chains and
'executioners, but are moreover dependent
'on the ſeaſons, the elements, and the mean-
'eſt inſects: all nature rebels againſt us;
'and even if we ſubdue her, ſhe makes us
'pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces
'from her. The bread we eat is earned by
'our tears and the ſweat of our brow; then
'greedy men come and plunder us, to ſquan-
'der it on their idle favourites.

'Weep, weep with me, my brethren! ha-
'tred purſues us; revenge ſharpens its po-
'niard in the dark; calumny brands us, and
'even deprives us of the power of making
'our defence; the object of friendſhip be-
'trays our confidence, and forces us to curſe
'this otherwiſe conſolatory ſentiment. We
'muſt live in the midſt of all the ſtrokes of
'wickedneſs, error, pride, and folly.'

Whilſt my heart gave a free courſe to my complaints, I ſaw a band of ſhining ſeraphs deſcending from Heaven, on which ſhouts of joy were immediately ſent forth from the whole race of theſe fortunate beings. As I gazed with aſtoniſhment, I was accoſted by an old man, who ſaid, 'Farewel, my friend! 'the moment of our death draws near, or,

'rather,

'rather, that of a new life. The miniſters of 'the God of clemency are come to take us 'from this earth; we are going to dwell in 'a world of ſtill greater perfection.'—'Why, 'father,' ſaid I, 'are you, then, ſtrangers 'to the agonies of death, the anguiſh, the 'pain, the dread, which accompany us in 'our laſt moments?'—

'Yes, my child,' he replied, 'theſe angels 'of the Higheſt come at ſtated periods, and 'carry us all away, opening to us the road 'to a new world, of which we have an idea 'by the undoubted conviction of the unlimit-'ted bounty and magnificence of the Crea-'tor.'

A chearful glow was immediately ſpread over their countenances; their brows already ſeemed crowned with immortal ſplendour; they ſprang lightly from the earth in my ſight; I preſſed the ſacred hand of each for the laſt time, while with a ſmile they held out the other to the ſeraph who had ſpread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They aſcended all at once, like a flock of beautiful ſwans that taking flight raiſe themſelves with majeſtic rapidity over the tops of our higheſt palaces. I gazed with ſadneſs; my eyes followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were loſt in the ſilver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deſerted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wiſhed to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal eſcaped from

from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aſpect, and enters his priſon. Awaking, the illuſion was diſpelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to deſcribe in its full ſplendour: but this illuſion I ſhall for ever cheriſh; and ſupported by the foundation of hope, I will preſerve it until death in the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

VISION.

BRUTUS ſees the hideous figure of his evil genius, which ſeemed to forbode the loſs of that deciſive battle, when Roman liberty expired, and where he fell on the point of his ſword.

Brutus was neither credulous, timorous, nor ſuperſtitious; he was intrepid and a philoſopher, ſays Plutarch. Brutus relates what he ſaw:—but what he ſaw had no exiſtence; this phantom dwelt only in his heated imagination; that alone is the creative power of all viſions in ſtrong and impaſſioned minds. The great Condé alſo ſaw one of thoſe phantoms.

A man imagines he fights with his enemy, embraces his miſtreſs, ſees the dead he once loved, and the impreſſion does not differ much from the reality.

I have twice been in that ſituation which forms a paſſage between ſleeping and waking. I imagined

I imagined I ſaw phantoms. At firſt they affrighted me; but the firſt effort of reaſon diſpelled, though ſlowly, and I found my brain, having long laboured with its reveries, had created them. This ſituation is an inexplicable phænomenon, ſtill more aſtoniſhing than that of dreams, and defeats the ſagacity of naturaliſts and metaphyſicians.

There are internal ſenſes which compoſe the difference of characters. When people dream, how many things do they not accompliſh! What a richneſs of imagery and ideas! On awaking, they are ſtupified—they can no longer recover that full liberty the ſoul had in its operations, and are truly fettered.

A ſtupid fellow once fractured his ſcull; he was trepanned; he became ſenſible, and had an aſtoniſhing memory. May not the blockhead be the moſt healthy, and the man of genius the moſt infirm? May there not be a ſtruggle between the mind and the ſenſes? When the ſenſes have the ſuperiority, bringing ſtupidity and health; when they give way, a brilliant imagination and a decayed complection.

Perhaps the imagination has too much influence only when the ſenſes are naturally weak and vitiated. Health and true ſerenity conſiſt in the equilibrium of the interior and exterior ſenſes.

If we deal honeſtly, we muſt ingenuouſly acknowledge, that what paſſes in our minds is beyond our conception; that we cannot determine

termine the ſpring which determines us to act one way rather than another.

APOSTROPHE.

THOU monſter, War!—Thirty diadems adorn thy head; with a bundle of ſcepters in thy graſp, thou ſwayeſt all Europe; thou art encompaſſed with the palm of glory; around thee nothing is to be heard but the pompous ſounds of valour, firmneſs, and patriotiſm; when thou marcheſt, it is to the ſound of grand and martial muſic; thou dazzleſt the wondering eye with the pomp of tents, with nodding plumes, and a hoſt of men choſen from the reſt of the human race. I ſee the ſplendour of thy arms, the equal and rapid march of thy courſers, that neigh at the ſound of thy trumpets and clarinets, and impatient ſpurn the earth. I ſee their clothing enriched with gold and embroidery, and the ſun beams playing amidſt the waving ſteel. I obſerve the choſen band of the fineſt men, the laurels they gather, and which they exchange for myrtle at the foot of Beauty. But what avails all this ſplendour to my eye? If I ſhould raiſe the ſuperb mantle with which thou art covered, what ſhall I ſee? Blood, ſlaughter, frightful wounds, mutilated bodies, trunks of men, convulſions of rage and madneſs, expiring lips breathing long and plaintive ſighs, a human ſlaughter houſe; then again the

tears

tears of the widows, mothers, children, and friends; innocence defloured by cruel luſt; the wanneſs of famine, the lividneſs of the plague, which delivers up the ſcattered carcaſes to be devoured by the birds of prey without burial.*

And notwithſtanding thy crowned head, thy hundred arms, thy trophies, thy thundering braſs, and thy formidable power, and the baſe proſtitution of thy vile poets, ſhall I not vent upon thy ſplendid impoſture, thy execrable ſtrength, the indignation with which my ſoul is replete? To me, what is this horrible Coloſſus that cruſhes the earth? I can only ſee by his ſide the exterminating ſword, the deſtruction of all nations. I accuſe thee in the name of Humanity; I indict thee at this tribunal; I tear thy manifeſtos; I return thee back to thoſe ages of ferocity when nothing diſtinguiſhed man from beaſt; I call thy ſtrength, ſacrilege; I brand thy exploits, and I raiſe the notes of contempt among the ſongs of victory. The morality of nations is made to deter the authority of arms, to penetrate the atmoſphere which ſurrounds the thrones, to brand the ambitious crowned head, to make uſurpers, conquerors, kings thirſting for riches, as deſpicable as they are odious; in a word, to enlighten mankind, and open the eyes of the world on that de-

* Whoſe limbs unburied, on the naked ſhore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.
ILIAD. Book I.

ſtructive

ſtructive prejudice which annihilates man's prerogative, ſets up againſt himſelf, and counteracts the plan that Nature formed for his peace and happineſs.

Thou monſter, War! here do I execrate thee! The time is not diſtant when we ſhall only ſee on thy haughty front the picture of the ravages and calamities that afflict the world; and when thoſe who have inſpired the generality of mankind to employ their reaſon, will ſtigmatiſe with contempt and horror the exploits which the extravagant fancy of poets has too much celebrated.

LITERARY RENOWN.

WHAT is this renown? It is like all other attributes, ſubſervient to the train of events. A writer in our days, perhaps lightly eſteemed, three thouſand years hence may be regarded as of ſuperior excellence. This depends on the progreſſion of ideas which we cannot divine.

We poſſeſs not the beſt part of the ancient writings; chance has given us ſome of them; and of theſe it is difficult to ſay whether they are not the worſt, not having ſeen the others.

We place Demoſthenes in the firſt rank of orators, although all Greece ſays, Phocion was his equal, and Demades his ſuperior.—This Demades had ſo great a ſuperiority over Demoſthenes, that without any previous ſtudy he

he overturned the moſt elaborate ſpeeches of his antagoniſts. Demoſthenes one day wiſhing to defeat him on a certain point, Demades anſwered him contemptuouſly, '*Ne ſus Minervam.*'

So among the Latins, Varus by much ſurpaſſed Virgil in Epic poetry, in Horace's opinion; but the writings of Demades are loſt, as well as thoſe of Alceus; I ſay, I regret them. Who knows whether one of our now deſpiſed authors may not, in three or four thouſand years, be ranked among our firſt writers? We have works before our eyes which we do not eſteem, either becauſe they have not a certain deceitful varniſh, or that the literary trumpet has not ſufficiently announced them; yet theſe may, perhaps, outlive the works of thoſe moſt extolled amongſt us.

But even glory is preyed upon by time; it is loſt in the tomb of ages. The poet's work, ſtyled immortal, is reduced ſomething later to duſt, the element to which all things on earth return.

Within ſix hundred years all our books will be reduced to duſt; the worms will deſtroy our ideas as well as our bodies; our works can exiſt no longer, if the ſubſequent generation does not reprint them. Then what book will the twenty-ſecond age reprint? That is what a man of the moſt acute judgement cannot foretel.

And even during the life of authors, how limited is the circle of their reputation! There are thouſands in Paris familiarly acquainted

quainted with the names of Thomas the Groſs and Ramponeau, who are ignorant of the exiſtence of ſuch men as D'Alembert and Buffon.

Great men are not ſatisfied with a little circumſcribed renown. Ought not the vulgar, then, to eſteem themſelves happy to have geniuſſes ſo cheap, and to be in poſſeſſion of their principal works?

There are, moreover, names which inſenſibly lead the world aſtray. The moſt celebrated work is very often the leaſt read. Pindar is ſpoken of; he is put at the head of all the geniuſſes that ever exiſted, or will exiſt; Madame Dacier will bewail him, with tears to his memory, to the utter aſtoniſhment of her ſervant, more ſenſible than her miſtreſs. A pedant would wiſh to raiſe him from the dead, as if this labour would aſſociate him in the glory of the rival of Alceus.

Who knows enough of his language to comprehend all its beauties? Perhaps, fifty men in all Europe; and yet all the academies, all the colleges, and, moreover, all the journals ring eternally with the praiſes of Pindar.

A few ſcattered tracts, firſt taught by profeſſors, and afterwards blended in ſome poetic works, were ſufficient, with the high idea conceived of antiquity, to feed this blind idolatry, which in ſome is a ſuperſtitious reſpect, and in others a daring impoſition.

There is nothing, then, ſo efficacious to raiſe the admiration of an ancient author, as

not

not to underſtand him, and in this a journaliſt never fails.

As to thoſe who really underſtand the language of the author they praiſe, they give his works an extraordinary value; then they tyrannically require that others ſhould treat him with an eſteem equal to their profound ſuperſtition.

It is thus a ſhoal of blockheads have become men of letters; they have copied from weekly papers a heap of ſcholaſtic prejudices, with which a multitude of dull unintereſting books are crowded. Thoſe fooliſh writers have, by a ſort of inſtinct, picked out all that was bad and uſeleſs.

Other trumpeters of antiquity, and they are the moſt numerous, ſet no bounds to their admiration; they are vexed with the age. One has nothing to dread from the renown of Terence or Plato; they are extolled above meaſure: but fault muſt be found with what is done in our own time. Pedantry carries a ridiculous enthuſiaſm with it; and it is alſo ſometimes the taſte to admire it.

BOILEAU.

HOW ſhallow art thou, O Boileau! How cold, dry, and trifling doſt thou ſeem to me! Thy moral epiſtles have no moral; thy ſatires are borrowed from the ancients; thou haſt

haſt meanly copied their malignity, except ſome perſonal injuries of thy own growth. Thy *Art of Poetry* will never inflame any writer; it is the art of the verſifier, and not that of the poet: Young's Original Compoſition ſays more of it than thou in a few pages. Thy *Lutrin* is an agreeable trifle very well verſified: but what does thy *Lutrin* ſignify?

Thou freezeſt me with the accuracy of thy monotony. I cannot find either elevation, gracefulneſs, or ſentiment, in all thou haſt produced. Call thyſelf a grammatical verſifier, and I have no objection.

A man is allowed to chuſe his books as well as his friends. Thou art not my author: I never liked thee even in the early part of my life, when one admires every thing. I always deſpiſed the magiſterial tone thou haſt arrogated in thy writings. I always ridiculed thy pretended authority to vindicate taſte. In my opinion, thou art nothing more than a dexterous plagiariſt at times; a pedant puffed up with Latin authors; yet thou makeſt good verſes — be it ſo: but I would give all thy works for twelve of La Fontaine's fables, for four ſcenes of Corneille, or for thirty pages of La Bruyere.

Thou haſt ſaid, *nothing is beautiful but truth.* Why has thou, then, been ſo extravagant in thy praiſe and cenſure? Why didſt thou exaggerate the greatneſs of the monarch whoſe penſioner thou waſt? Why didſt thou write to him thus:

" *Grand*

" *Grand Roi! ceſſe de vaincre, ou je ceſſe d'ecrire.*

. . . . . .

" —*Certain des haut faits dont ton bras me repond,*
" *Je t'attends dans deux ans aux bords de l'Helleſpont.*"

" Great King! ceaſe conquering, or I ceaſe to write.

. . . . . .

" —Certain of the high deeds which thy arm promiſes,
" I expect thee, within two years, on the banks of the Helleſpont."

Never did any other poet, antient or modern, write two more ridiculous verſes than theſe.

Thou haſt abuſed thoſe who committed the horrible crime of not knowing how to turn a poetical period as well as thyſelf; but the hand which delineated the colonnade of the Louvre was much ſuperior to thine; and Taſſo and Milton poſſeſſed genius, of which thine was not even the ſhadow.

It is very extraordinary that a writer ſhould attack the profeſſion of a writer, although feebly exerciſed by another; and that all the venom of ſatire againſt literature ſhould be emitted by a literary man. Boileau, by turns a flatterer and ſatiriſt, was the foremoſt in this wretched attack; and pitiful poetaſters have, after him, called themſelves *correctors of taſte*. The impertinences of the too-renowned Boileau gave birth to their inſolence, to the ſcandal of French literature; and to this he gave the ſanction of thoſe talents his imators fortunately did not poſſeſs.

Ye poets! your nobleſt employment ſhould be to celebrate that peace and concord which ought to ſubſiſt among mankind, children of

the ſame common mother; reſpect good and wiſe princes without flattering, and telling them they are gods;—ſuch epithets nauſeate even thoſe to whom they are addreſſed;—extol the powers of law which make amends for the weakneſs of a being whoſe mind is diſcovered by ſuch variety of paſſions; let the powerful charms of that harmony which unites citizens reſound in your ſongs; incite ſovereigns, above all things, to reliſh the pleaſure of making mankind happy. They are poor, indeed, if they do not poſſeſs this glory; it is proper for them; and it is this that renders them truly ſuperior to the reſt of mankind.

What numberleſs diſputes have we in France about poetry! What an abuſe of terms! Poetry and eloquence are one and the ſame thing with thoſe who wiſh to annihilate the arbitrary worth of words; in the main, poetry is only the art of moving, affecting, intereſting; and to intereſt, affect, and move, one muſt deſcribe, that is to ſay, give birth to ideas and ſenſations by the help of words. Whether thoſe words are put in one order or in another; whether they flow in rhyme, or whether they are placed in proſe, the effect will be the ſame.

Poetry is nothing more than proſe, differently arranged: it is not more noble, more harmonious, more exact, nor does its cadence render it ſuperior to the fine pieces of our proſe writers. Cuſtom makes rhymers, and ſuch a one, I believe, is not a poet, becauſe he

he verſifies; for if rhyming were poetry, almoſt every man in France would be a poet!

In point of taſte, we judge from habit; we think our poetry ſuperior to our neighbour's, who cannot endure it; and this nations ſay, as well as particular ſocieties; yet we are people of a lively ſpirit.—When a writer cannot eſtabliſh the ſuperiority of his talents in the public opinion, he endeavours to eſtabliſh the ſuperiority of his *taſte*. This is the method our barren academicians follow, which makes them ſome amends; but as no one will deny, that utility is the chief merit of a work, the beauty of the ſame work is the ſubject of everlaſting diſputes; and mankind, who are unanimous on the firſt point, will never agree on the ſecond while their ſenſations are different.

Can any thing, then, be more ridiculous, than for a man to ſet himſelf up for the diſpenſer of praiſe and cenſure, on what properly belongs to taſte?—Has not every one a right to judge for himſelf? And will the man who cannot prevail on me to reliſh his works, expect to prevent me from reading thoſe of others? It might be requiſite for literary men to give up the vanity of publiſhing their theories, and confine themſelves to the practice, becauſe in works of taſte there is no theory.

The ſhoemaker, who ſet the painter right, had doubtleſs reaſon on his ſide. But, perhaps, he alone ſaw the defect which was imperceptible to others; and if the haberdaſher,

the taylor, the hatter, &c. had come after him, thoſe critics would have produced endleſs corrections, and the painter would have given himſelf for a few individuals, and not for the generality of people.

They are not qualified to poſſeſs this kind of perfection;—happily for us, they poſſeſs not any idea of it; their ſenſations are too lively to ſophiſticate. Thus a profeſſional author ſees too much into a work to be able to give a proper judgement of it; while the public, who view it at large, ought to be better and leſs ſevere judges. This, indeed, is what generally happens; the public often repeal the judgement of literary men, leaving them to declaim, and, at laſt, chuſe what pleaſes them.

The man of taſte, properly ſpeaking, is not capable of paſſing judgement on a work of genius. There muſt be ſomething more than taſte to feel a Richardſon, a Fielding, a Shakeſpeare, a Sterne, &c. This is the reaſon Racine and Boileau have ſet ſo trifling a value on La Fontaine, Taſſo, Milton, &c. and that, in our time, inſenſibility has produced thoſe judgements which are ſo many atteſtations of the dulneſs of the judges.

There is no nation in the world where there are more critics, or more rules, than in France; and few where original works are ſcarcer.

The chief characteriſtic of a fool is, imagining criticiſm to be an eaſy taſk, and publicly undertaking this taſk every ten or twelve days.

days. There muſt be a great deal of preſumption in thoſe who have the boldneſs of thus fixing the merit or demerit of a work; they expoſe themſelves to many contradictions. But all thoſe quick and haſty triflers have no conception of the ſhame they would ſuffer a hundred years hence, if the ſentence they pronounce could poſſibly exiſt ſo long.

UNREASONABLE SHACKLES.

INTOLERANCE applied to the art of writing does not annihilate, which might even be more deſirable, but it rather perverts and debaſes it. Intolerance ruins the edifice of human knowledge, which ſhould be compoſed of various materials, and undermines in their baſe the real powers, and future happineſs of mankind.

Thus government deprives itſelf of every manner of means of multiplying its knowledge. Is is not neceſſary, in order to judge of matters, to hear both ſides. An uſeful cenſure will counterpoiſe, by its weight, the adulation which it attacks. A ſincere and forcible language is often that of zeal and truth.

What harm does philoſophy do? If it ſometimes ſpeaks to kings in a firm and auſtere tone, it never raiſes the rebellious or murdering arm againſt them; whilſt environed

with doubt, ſhe offers them thoſe powerful truths with which it ſo much imports them to be acquainted; ſhe lays before them the inſurmountable progreſſion of the ideas of the age, and warns them of that which otherwiſe none would dare to mention to them.

The preſent age being much enlightened, all placemen ſhould be ſo likewiſe. A political error cannot be cured but by declaiming and publicly combating it.—Who will be bold enough to aſſert, that there are not errors often countenanced by, and fatal to government? Who will ſay, it is uſeleſs to leave a man the power of ſubverting dangerous political opinions?

Let us only reflect on the ſtruggles of the human mind from Philadelphia to Venice. Univerſal literature aſſumes a character of political morality, and the capitals of Europe reflect lights which become ſtronger and more ſplendid by their union. Error ſhould give way to this generous concurrence.

Philoſophy is like a planet in the courſe of its orbit round the earth; it ought to enlighten ſucceſſively every point of the globe; ſometimes its rays ſhould be oblique, ſometimes perpendicular; but it ought, ſooner or later, to enlighten the moſt diſtant region, that they may receive its ſalutary influence.

Happy the ſtate whoſe leading men, poſſeſſed of philoſophical minds, countenance thoſe who endeavour to acquire it! For it ſeems, that in future the arts, the ſciences, and ſtate, will follow the fate of philoſophy; and

and we already ſee, that nations once without ſtudy or literature, inſenſibly begin to be poliſhed and improve; the greateſt part, even without thinking, from the ideas, the opinions, and the new lights, which philoſophy has ſpread; and even ſeveral claſſes of artiſans have found more advantage and leſs inconvenience in their labours from communication of philoſophical lights.

All vice originates from groſs ignorance; this old maxim deſerves to be continually repeated; we ſee the melancholy reſult of its truth in each page of hiſtory. Alas, poor human mind, thou wanteſt a helping hand to deſtroy thy dangerous ſuperſtitions; thou art every moment ready to fall into the worſt errors; thou haſt believed witchcraft, magic, judicial aſtrology, ſcholaſtic divinity, verſatile grace; and thy political miſtakes, no leſs monſtrous, raiſe the ſigh of pity for thy blindneſs!

Yet ſome may ſay, why ſhould we diſcourſe of the adminiſtration? Were it not better to impoſe abſolute ſilence upon ſuch matters? But where is the citizen who can indifferently look on when his country receives mortal ſtabs? How can one remain an idle ſpectator on the fate of that nation, of which individually he conſtitutes a part, when he ſees that in its birth which may one day produce ſome political error? Is it poſſible to perceive diſtinctly the right road, and not make ſome efforts to have it adopted by the ruling powers?

What would government gain to the common cauſe by metamorphoſing citizens into

inſenſible automatas? They would loſe all the qualifications that make them good ſubjects. Why ſhould not every one depoſit in the treaſury of public underſtanding all he knows, all he has learned, all he has ſtudied? It will undergo examination, and a ſalutary idea will be produced quite refined from the univerſal fermentation. Thus the ſtates where projects for the public good are publicly diſcuſſed, are the beſt governed.

Without a liberty, prudently allowed to the communication of thought, writers diſappear, and, conſequently, arts and ſciences; for their intimate connection is fully demonſtrated; and, certainly, artiſts being no longer enlightened by this claſs of men who revert to firſt principles, will become a ſpecies of automata, formed only for one routine of action.

On the other hand, poets and noveliſts will degenerate into formal phraſeologiſts, pitiful, trifling modifiers of words, effacing bold and manly ideas; they will weaken, and give a dangerous colouring to ſerious objects which intereſt mankind; in a word, in all their works nonſenſe will uſurp the place of reaſon.

GREECE.

WE have ſeen men of genius among arid ſands, in a barren ſoil, even in the midſt of ever-

everlaſting froſts; but men of genius are always exceptions to the natural order of things.

Let us not imitate thoſe pedants, who, the better to cenſure their cotemporaries, laviſh their praiſes on the Greeks alone; let us rather ſay, the moſt favourable climate for the fine arts ſeems to be that where the air is pure, the ſoil fertile, where the ſmiling face of nature exhibits grand poetic objects ready formed, where the moſt delicious fruits replace the ſlaughter of animals, which, in the long run, ſours the blood.

There a cool wholeſome food gives a kind of fluidity to the mind, which renders it flexible and inventive. Greece, happy in ſuch a climate, has produced the greateſt men of the greateſt genius.—Doubtleſs, in the midſt of ſuch ſoft, genial plains, is found that happy, uninterrupted kind of florid ſentiment which equally diſtinguiſhes the hiſtorian, the ſtatuary, the philoſopher, the architect, and poet. Was it not a Greek who made the Apollo of Belvidere? On your knees, ye prophane, and acknowledge it.

Oh, ſeat of the fine arts! what wilt thou gain by the deluge of ſoldiers and arms, with which two vaſt empires are ready to invade thee? When will the capital of Attica, which has even loſt its name, ariſe from its ruins? What a glorious deed for ſovereigns to give it back its liberty, its morals, its theatres? Its genius would then, undoubtedly, be renovated.

For my own part, my imagination gratified, and full of the hiſtory of this ſingular people, I contemplate the temple of Minerva, the place where Demoſthenes diſplayed his eloquence, Jupiter's cradle, the oracle of Delphos, the column where the names of the three hundred Spartans were engraved who died defending the Straits of Thermopylæ, the famous Portico, where philoſophy and poetry were in fraternity; I would wiſh to raiſe this nation that bears ſo great a name; I wiſh this Athens to be delivered from the ſtupid Ottoman yoke; I wiſh to found a colony whoſe genius might be analogous to that of the Athenians.

Alas! if the conquering ſword has ſo often mutilated the tree of liberty on the globe, might it not, under the direction of a generous hand, make this ancient tree flouriſh again? Its ruins, even, ſtill intereſt the world; every ſcientific mind would dart towards the point where genius had planted its moſt vigorous roots; ancient conquerors opened a large road to the torrent of barbariſm; the new, more enlightened, might repair the ravages of time, and command fortune, which decides the fate of empires.

What a change! St. George would fly from the temple of Theſeus; Greek monks would no longer enjoy the ſeats of Sophocles and Plato; the reſurrection of this people would be a benefit to learned Europe, and a grand epocha for the world. Shall we ever ſee it? Perhaps when a nurſery of republics has

ariſen

ariſen upon the continent of America, and from thence bids fair to ſpread, in time, over both hemiſpheres.

PERSEUS.

GREAT efforts have been made in all times to revive and render him intelligible. Perſeus, no doubt, had a reaſon in his age, for wrapping himſelf in myſterious obſcurity. Several modern writers have ſtudied obſcurity; that was affectation. Perſpicuity has the advantage of making a book ſpeak equally to all mankind; and every work, where the expreſſion is clear, will live longer than another which is more abſtruſe.

But the times, difference of cuſtoms, ſatirical ſtrokes, which have their ſeaſons, and depend on tranſient circumſtances, all may have conduced to make another ſeem obſcure who is only abſtract and nervous.

A certain *Lavatrie* dedicated a tranſlation of Perſeus to Boileau, who was extolled beyond meaſure in the dedication, and that critic conſented to patronize a verſion replete with miſconſtructions and inſipidity. Where was, then, the intractable ſeverity of the vindicator of taſte, who could neither forgive a Taſſo or a Quinault, and who imagined himſelf authoriſed to abuſe all the authors of his

day, in the name of Homer, Virgil, and Pindar.

Some maintain, that Perſeus did not affect obſcurity; that the diſtance of time only, and the ignorance of cuſtoms, is what cauſes ſome paſſages to be almoſt unintelligible to us; but that at Rome he was perfectly underſtood, and read with as much eaſe as we now find difficulty to underſtand him; that this author is not the only poet whoſe works have been obſcured by the revolution of ages, and that Boileau's two lines,

> PERSEUS obſcure in verſe, with fire intenſe,
> Attended leaſt to words, but moſt to ſenſe,

might be applied to that ſatiriſt himſelf, if the commentary on his writings did not accompany them to poſterity.

Others, on the contrary, pretend, that Perſeus, having formed a plan of attacking Nero, blended prudence with courage, and that he enjoyed the double ſatisfaction of wounding the tyrant, and laughing with impunity at the wounds he gave him; that, for this purpoſe, he had combined his images and expreſſions in ſuch a manner, that their keen poignancy ſhould be always diſguiſed, and the original not be able to ſee himſelf. He wrapped himſelf in voluntary darkneſs, certain of being underſtood by his readers, and relying on their hatred to find out the allegory; and that thus he had the glory of attacking the tyrant, and deceiving him by dying in his bed.

We

We ſhall readily embrace this opinion; as it is not uncommon in hiſtory to ſee a prince or a miniſter expoſed to the ſhafts of ſatire, while he alone cannot diſcover it, either through blindneſs or ſelf love.

Virtuous, literary men, who paſſionately love the public good, and are fortified in this rare ſentiment, have, at all times, deteſted tyranny, even though it did not oppreſs them, delighting to wound wicked princes with that invincible weapon which leaves perpetual ſcars; and we may readily conceive every writer during the reign of Nero muſt have felt the deepeſt and moſt lively indignation, and attacked the character of that vile emperor, as his guards protected his odious perſon againſt a revenge, which it would have been lawful but hazardous to accompliſh.

It was, then, impoſſible, that a poet ſo virtuous as Perſeus is repreſented, ſhould not employ the arms which were ſo familiar to him, and revenge at once his countrymen and liberty, of which he had a lively ſenſe. He had the precaution only to uſe an indirect ſatire, which could be perceived on one ſide while it remained unobſerved on the other. By this political addreſs his life was ſafe, and he, nevertheleſs, prepared materials for that hatred which ſoon overwhelmed the tyrant, and forced him to die by his own hands. He alſo ſkilfully deceived the brood of informers, and ſacrificed the prey in concert with his friends,

friends, at the ſhrine of virtue, without any danger to himſelf.

This boldneſs deſerves to be called courage, although it was thus concealed; for the leaſt ſhadow of light, interſperſed in the gloom of his verſe, would have coſt him his life; but he had the advantage of expoſing Nero during his life, and ſetting his imperial power at defiance; a pleaſure experienced only by ſtrong and ſenſible minds, that know how to appeal to the world for outrages committed againſt humanity.

It ſeems very probable, that ſeveral paſſages of Perſeus can only be applicable to Nero. The line,

"*Auriculas aſini Midas rex habet.*"

"King Midas has aſſes ears."

which has ſo often been repeated after him, is deciſive, and very poignant againſt an emperor who pretended to be the moſt eloquent man, the greateſt poet, and muſician, of his time; who, in a word, practiſed all the moſt monſtrous vices which ſtupidity and vanity could give birth to, and who wiſhed to cruſh mankind beneath the weight of his power, and of his ſenſeleſs arrogance.

TEMPLES.

ALL the ancient temples were gloomy, as if intended to diſpoſe the mind to the ſtate in which

which it ſhould be, when it preſumes to contemplate the Eternal and All-ruling Cauſe.—It ſhould, then, be environed with dread; and, as our thoughts are loſt in an impenetrable abyſs, it is neceſſary that he who meditates ſhould be ſurrounded with gloom.

Light is troubleſome when the ſoul enters into itſelf; night is neceſſary to immerſe us in thoſe religious ſentiments when the mind purſues the aſtoniſhing and immutable cauſe of all exiſtence.

There is nothing ſo majeſtic under the canopy of Heaven as a pontiff who, in the name of a large congregation, addreſſes the Eternal Being in canticles of praiſe and thankſgiving, and whoſe heart is as pure as the white garment which covers him.

We are told, with regard to the high prieſt Simon, the ſon of Ananias, that when he put on his robe of glory, and adorned himſelf with all the ornaments of his dignity to aſcend the holy altar, he ſeemed to add a luſtre to the holineſs and glory of his miniſtry.

I do not like to ſee a prieſt diveſted of exterior dignity; he damps every ſolemn idea in me; becauſe, as I am not an angel, I ſee only the mere mortal, therefore I would have him decorated.

A religion in its infancy has a mild, reſpectable, and beneficent aſpect; it is ſupported by juſtice, mercy, and goodneſs; but, when more advanced in years, it becomes intollerant and contentious; ſheds its own blood, perhaps, for its eſtabliſhment; and, to perpetuate

petuate its reign, it ſoon ſheds the blood of others; ſuperſtition and barbarity diſgrace its maturity. At this period, it draws deriſion on its tenets; it becomes ridiculous; impiety ſeizes the opportunity to confound the dogma with the morality, to undermine the foundation of the latter. Then is the time to bring worſhip to perfection by ſimplifying it, but always under ſolemn forms, and overturning all foreign props; or elſe it is the total ſubverſion of that ſame religion which is accompanied by the fundamental and conſoling principles.

When religion does not enlighten us in our real duties as men, it hurries us into ſtrange errors. It becomes no longer the rule of our conduct; it is we ourſelves who then accommodate religion to our own intereſt and ideas. A pernicious logic leads us aſtray, and madneſs hurries us on to perſecution. What will not our paſſions palliate? What will they not vindicate? What is there that man has not made a bad uſe of? The oftener a perſon approaches the altar the more he ought to dread becoming a fanatic, as he may become ſo unknown to himſelf. Perſecution does not conſiſt only in lighting fires; ſacerdotal executioners have attracted univerſal indignation; but there is a dark, prieſtly perſecution, which, wandering from the charity it recommends in the pulpit, indulges itſelf in calumny under the ſpecious veil of zeal and love of the goſpel.

SEMI-

SEMIRAMIS.

A Viſion.

I DREAMED that I was an Antiquarian, and had collected one of the fineſt cabinets in Europe. I had engaged more particularly in mummies, and purchaſed them from all quarters.

I had learned to diſtinguiſh the true Egyptian mummies from the counterfeits which the Jews make of Skeletons to deceive Europeans; by chewing a ſmall bit of the mummy, I knew how to diſtinguiſh the Egyptian ſkeleton from that of a malefactor put into an oven, afterwards embalmed, then wrapped round with bandages and hieroglyphics, and ſold by thoſe dextrous rogues who laugh at profoundly-learned men.

I was not the dupe of thoſe impoſtors; I almoſt knew, by the form of the head, thoſe ancient Egyptians, embalmed in a particular manner, who were anxious to tranſmit their dried forms to poſterity.

They were ranged in order in my cabinet, and I was delighted with the thought, that about three thouſand years ago they all could ſpeak; at a time when they little imagined they ſhould be taken out of their catacombs near Grand Cairo, to make a voyage to Europe, and come to Paris to ſatisfy my curioſity. "Here," ſaid I, "am I ſurrounded with

with the unburied dead, who never ſuſpected I ſhould one day have the ſole property of their bodies." — I enjoyed this idea, and walked to and fro amidſt thoſe embalmed bodies, who had no longer any names but ſuch as my fancy gave them.

One day reviewing my antique, black treaſury, I took up the head of a mummy, and viewing it attentively,—"Who art thou," ſaid I, ſoftly, "Who art thou?" The head moved in my hands on a ſudden, and ſaid,— "I am Semiramis." — "What thou? waſt thou ever handſome?" — "Yes, I once appeaſed a ſedition by expoſing my naked breaſts and diſhevelled hair." — "Didſt thou raiſe thoſe magnificent gardens ſo much extolled? — "I erected Babylon, and raiſed ſuperb ſtructures on the banks of the Tygris and Euphrates." — "Thou haſt done things truly extraordinary!" — "My reign was equal to any great prince's; I blended their talents with their courage." — "But as to your military expeditions?" — "I made ſeveral conqueſts in Ethiopia; I penetrated to the Indies." — "You were paſſionately fond of glory, Madam?" — "I was born for it." — "And thoſe little weakneſſes which hiſtory takes notice of?" — "No matter, the duty I owed the empire did not ſuffer for it; I made Aſſyria happy; I deſerved the honours of an Apotheoſis." — "Madam, all your ideas were elevated; I reſpect you much; but yet one thing gives me uneaſineſs; you were deſpotic." — "A woman is very properly placed

on

on a deſpotic throne."—"Why ſo, Madam?—"Becauſe the harſhneſs of ſuch a government is always ſoftened by the mildneſs natural to the ſex, and by that aſcendency which Heaven has granted to women. Pride does not bluſh to humble itſelf before them.—Then again, I was fond of the arts, and thoſe who cultivated them; they were not on a level with the reſt of my ſubjects."—"But did you refuſe, Madam, to give up the crown, of which you were only the truſtee, to your ſon Ninias?"—"The ſceptre I held was *no depoſit.*"—"Yet may I take the liberty to aſk you, did you really put your huſband Ninias to death?"—"No."—"Hiſtory ſays you did."—"Hiſtory lies."—"But Voltaire has wrote a tragedy upon the ſubject, and attributes remorſe to you on the occaſion."—"Tragedies romance."—"And the public voice alſo accuſes you."—"The public will be undeceived."—"When?"—"When the appointed day for the diſcovery arrives."——At theſe words the head became heavier; it ſlipt through my hands, and fell into the cheſt again.

THE FINE ARTS.

WHY do the lion, the tyger, the panther, that roar, tear, and deſtroy, enter into the moſt elevated compariſons in poetry, while the

the peaceful and domeſtic animals, ſuch as the ox, the aſs, the goat, the hog, give a ſhade of meanneſs to the fineſt lines? It is, becauſe thoſe animals which are ſubmiſſive and obedient to our will, awaken only paſſive ideas; whilſt the others, free and terrible in the foreſts, wild and furious, cruel and ſtrong, excite ideas of liberty, power, haughtineſs, and dominion, which make a ſtrong, forcible impreſſion on us in ſpite of us; and we the more willingly adopt thoſe ideas as carrying with them an air of grandeur.

When a writer wiſhes only to pleaſe a ſelect ſociety, he adopts their language, he pleaſes the ſuperficial mind; he is light, lively, briſk; he affects the locality of colouring admired in the ſaloon; beyond which he is ſeldom eſteemed, becauſe he wants elevation. But if the ſame poet ſhould deſcribe a battle, a voyage to the North or South Poles, or through frightful gloom of foreſts, the vaſtneſs of the objects might well impreſs him with a greatneſs of ſtyle, becauſe every thing that offers ſtrong deſcriptions has an irreſiſtible claim to our attention.

The fine arts are never ſo grand as when they aſſume a bold, impetuous, and energetic character; they are, then, infinitely more wonderful than when they receive the factitious poliſh which, compared to their primitive roughneſs, is as a dull quincunx to a magnificent foreſt. Certain arts even require a kind of *fierté*, if we may ſo call it. Michael Angelo anſwers my idea.

The

The ſublime is calculated to inſpire a kind of horror which is only felt by great minds. The *bold*, the *ſtriking*, is the only true poetry. The *elegant* is nothing more than verſification. Ye battles of Oſſian! ye gloomy ſcenes of Milton! thou *Inferno* of Danté! ye Night Thoughts of Young! Cleopatra ſwallowing the draught in preſence of her children! Zopirus expiring under the poniard of fanaticiſm! All you vaſt and melancholy objects, you recal the pictures my ſoul delights in!

I repeat, that ſublime ſubjects are dark and gloomy. The ſublime is negligent and unequal; the ſublime often purſues the ſame line, but then it carries it to an extraordinary length; the ſublime delights in tremendous and terrible ſcenes; it accompanies great diſaſters, calamities, and thoſe viſitations which cruſh mankind. Amidſt the horrors of peſtilence, the rage of battles, the burning of towns, and terrible earthquakes, it diſplays its images, and offers itſelf to the poet's pencil.

ANSON.

THERE are few paſſages in hiſtory ſo charming as one relative to Admiral Anſon, who, having landed on an iſland where the inhabitants fled from him, left them preſents on the ſea ſhore to make them amends for the terror which his appearance on their coaſts had occa-

occaſioned. — Compare this humane, this magnanimous action with the rage of Spaniards, murdering the unhappy Americans, and you muſt judge whether the Engliſhman did not ſeem a god compared to a herd of tygers.

This great example exhibits at length what was never yet ſeen, the miſſionaries of philoſophy embarking in coſmopolite ſhips, carrying into the South Sea the conſolatory arts, and diſplaying the zeal of humanity, inſtead of the political frenzy which embrued the globe in blood.

It is no longer ſelf intereſt, always confined in its views, that is the motive of their voyage; it is a truly philoſophical aſſociation, which will circulate human knowledge to the moſt diſtant regions, and will enrich growing ſocieties with thoſe uſeful and neceſſary inſtruments, the invention of poliſhed ſociety.

The happineſs of mankind will increaſe rapidly, and thoſe philoſophic voyages will haſten the maturity of ages. Arts, ſuddenly riſing among thoſe new nations, will be exempt from the inconveniences they are ſtill ſubject to amongſt us of the ruſt of our ancient barbariſm; the happineſs of thoſe people will be the effect of tranſplanting our ideas; the good ones only will be adopted; we ſhall impart to them our wiſdom; our follies will remain with us.

It is charming thus at once to conſider the elevation of the mind of man, and the weakneſs of his arm. He ſays, "Let us go to the extre-

extremities of the earth, and enrich with our arts a people without induſtry." He will meaſure and travel over the globe, while he does not even know himſelf; he will take in the paſt and future, whilſt his own exiſtence is rapid and tranſient; he will diffuſe himſelf, as it were, over every point of the earth, whilſt he is only a point himſelf.

PAIN.

IT appears, that pleaſure applies leſs to our nature than pain. We are too weak to bear it for any length of time. If we prolong an act of voluptuouſneſs, it will become tedious, toilſome, even grievous.—Pain has no other bounds but our own ſenſibility; lengthen out anguiſh, our exiſtence will rouſe itſelf entirely to combat it, and long will be the conteſt.

Obſerve a miſerable, aſthmatic man, who has thirty years ſtruggled with the privation of breath, and only reſpires in miſery. Caſt your eyes on a priſoner, who muſters up ſtrength enough to live forty years in a kind of tomb, where he daily ſtruggles againſt ſorrow, deſpair, and death!

The ingenious cruelty of tyrants has tormented their unhappy victims for a long time, and nature has ſo far countenanced their barbarity; but ſtill ſhe withſtands, and

ſeems

ſeems to rally all her ſtrength for ſuffering; but ſhe labours under the luxuries of the table, and the moſt exquiſite ſenſations, Patience, that divine virtue, comes to man's relief, and ſupports the unhappy ſufferer, till, by her aid, the weak and delicate being becomes a hero. *Let us learn*, ſays St. Paul, *to poſſeſs our minds in patience:*—A moſt ſublime expreſſion.

It is not the torture of the burning ſteel that we have only to dread. Sickneſs will produce a ſimilar effect; a man may ſuffer twenty-five years with the ſtone or the gout. The diſorders to which our bodies are ſubject are almoſt numberleſs. The mere recital of them is enough to make one tremble; and ſhould I endeavour to give the liſt, yet more would remain to be added.

Can we conceive the ſufferings of that unfortunate being, whoſe nerves, too tenſe or too relaxed, have loſt their equilibrium? His ſickly imagination extends and multiplies the effects of his natural diſorder; he experiences every poſſible kind of pain, a thouſand phantoms ſurround him, and he no longer feels ſtrength ſufficient to reſiſt thoſe violent diſeaſes; he throws himſelf at the feet of every empyric, and wiſhes every man he meets to be his phyſician; a gloomy melancholy poſſeſſes his mind; then farewel tears and laughter, in ſhort, farewel to all ſenſibility! The hours of his life are ſlow and grievous; literally, he can ſcarcely either live or die; yet he ſurvives this ſtate whoſe miſeries I only

ſketch,

ſketch, ſhuddering myſelf at the reflection on what ſuch a being muſt ſuffer.

It has been aſſerted, that ſome gloomy and melancholy temperaments do not feel pain beyond a certain degree, that ſtupor ſucceeds to convulſion.

Several naturaliſts hold that the preſſure of the air makes us ſuffer neceſſary pains which habitude alone diſguiſes from us. Dentiſts will have it, we are always troubled with the tooth ach.

And what is every want, but pain already begun? And what is it that want does not bring under ſubjection? The free inhabitant of the air, born to range and wander in ſpace uncontrouled and unfettered, obeys and deſcends at the voice of man; he drops from the higheſt ſummit on his wriſt, in ſearch of food; overpowered by the violence of his appetite, he is ſubjected to his will; again he aſcends the ſky, in obedience to the falconer's orders, who regulates his motions; the commanding ſignal that man makes to the bird of prey, is obeyed through want, and the hunger which torments the winged creature.

Pain is a hideous ſpectre, that watches over our preſervation. The whole human race wander with theſe two guides, Pain and Pleaſure.

But although ſo aſſiduous to enjoy pleaſure, we are much more ſo to avoid pain. Conſider a man in poſſeſſion of every thing which can pleaſe the mind and ſenſes; the leaſt hurt makes the charm vaniſh.—Bring muſicians;

offer amuſements to a man in a fit of the cholic; his ſufferings will, probably, only increaſe.

The clown, whoſe mind is little practiſed, bears up againſt pain, better than he who is civiliſed. The ſavage glories in ſetting it at defiance; he bears, without ſhrinking, the moſt cruel torments; he even laughs at his butchers. The Indian captive, bound to the ſtake at which he is to be burned, collects his whole ſtrength, and inſults the conqueror in his death ſong.

Voluptuouſneſs is found to ſink a man a great deal more; the fire of voluptuouſneſs often melts, as in a deſtructive crucible, the fineſt genius, and happieſt diſpoſition.

The love of pleaſure ſtifles the greateſt qualities; the great man often ſinks in the arms of a courteſan; ſhe annihilates him who would be the champion of the country or the luminary of his fellow citizens.

Some great men, it is true, have rouſed themſelves from the lethargy of pleaſure, as the Phœnix is repreſented to us riſing from its aſhes; but that rarely happens. Who can tell but thoſe great men would have been more illuſtrious, more celebrated, more uſeful, if they had not paid ſo great a tribute to effeminacy?

Pain is, therefore, leſs dangerous than the love of pleaſure, which degenerates into libertiniſm, and has made too great progreſs; for it extinguiſhes noble and manly virtues.

An auſtere life is, then, more ſuitable to man than an effeminate one; the firſt will enable

enable him to bear pain; courage and ſtrength will ſupport him; the other will deſtroy him.

Seneca thus expreſſes himſelf in his energetic and lofty ſtyle: "It is true, virtue carries ſome auſterity with it; but it fortifies the mind. Voluptuouſneſs is deceitful; where will you find it? In public places and taverns, &c. Where will you find the former? In temples, the ſenate, and cloſets of great writers."

PROSPERITY.

PROSPERITY is not dangerous merely as proſperity, but becauſe it habituates the mind to a kind of confidence, yet diſpoſes it to be caſt down on the firſt misfortune. It extinguiſhes by degrees, in the heart of man, firmneſs and conſtancy, and inſpires him with vanity, that diſorder ſo fatal and incurable, which deceives both ourſelves and others; it begets preſumption which miſrepreſents objects, and lays ſnares for thoſe who are under its dominion. Diverſified misfortune is more ſuitable to the ſtate of man; it teaches him to know himſelf, to ſeek reſources within himſelf; in a ſhort time it will lay open to him what he never would have known in the common courſe of events, or uninterrupted ſucceſs.

STASICRATES.

THIS man was a ſtatuary, who preſented himſelf before Alexander, being dreſſed in the Herculean ſtyle, leaning on a huge club, and covered with a lion's ſkin. After muſing ſome time, he ſaid, in an elevated tone: — "Oh, Prince! the whole world is filled with your exploits, it is the temple of your glory; your name is in every mouth; the eyes of all nations are fixed upon you; you muſt have a ſtatue of extraordinary dimenſion, anſwerable to your immenſity of power and grandeur. I will not leſſen it to the level of the reſt of mankind, whilſt you are amongſt them, equal to a god. From the higheſt mountain of Greece will I cut out your auguſt head. To Mount Athos, on the borders of Theſſaly, will I give a human form. You ſhall have one foot in the ſea, the other on land; your left hand ſhall pour forth a river, while your right ſupports a great city. A majeſtic foreſt will appear in the back ground, only as the flowing ringlets of your hair; and, when the ſun riſes, you ſhall ſeem to dart it from the gates of Aurora to the vaulted roof of Heaven. The power of time, and the ravages of ages, will not be able to deſtroy this monument, which, of itſelf will be one of the pillars of the world, and bidding defiance to the attacks of the elements, will be immortal. Who knows,

but

but hereafter, mortals, ſtruck with awe and reſpect, obſerving the traces of your conqueſts ſtill imprinted on earth, may conclude, that your ſtature equalled your prodigious courage, and that the conqueror of Greece, of Perſia, and India, had left his true picture in this Coloſſus? Then will the ſtatuary's happy chiſſel be applauded for having executed what will aſtoniſh the feeble conception of his rivals.

Alexander, ſmiling at this propoſal, replied: *What a poor idea, Staſicrates! only to cut out a block!* And the proud ſtatuary retired, confounded at this anſwer.

FRENCH POETRY.

THE public are ſo cloyed with French poetry, with which all our journals teem, that it would be neceſſary all our verſifiers, taking compaſſion on our long complaiſance, ſhould agree among themſelves not to write any for twenty-five years; — then, perhaps, we might again reliſh them; the poetic language would, at leaſt, have time to recover from its irkſome habits; probably, means might be found to ſubſtitute ſome other meaſure for our dull hemiſtichs, and to annihilate that eternal rhyming monotony, which makes the French verſification intolerable to an ear accuſtomed to Latin, Engliſh, or Italian poetry.

The young people who, with their heads full of their *Richelet*, mechanically verſify the proſe of our beſt authors, would ſtudy to think and expreſs their own thoughts, inſtead of torturing words which only bear teſtimony to the ſuperiority of proſe over our Gothic poetry.

But we muſt allow making verſes to lovers, as the fair ought not to be deprived of them; moreover, ſongs, ſonnets, madrigals, are quite neceſſary, being collateral preludes to the increaſe of children. Therefore, a pretty madrigal, flattering the charms of a young virgin, is worth a large ſomniferous poem, ſpun into twelve cantos, all in honour of charming Nature. Let us, then, ſuffer amorous ſonnets in favour of population.

Can there, then, be any poems in proſe? Could not this queſtion be aſked in other terms: —Whether the qualification of a poet is inſeparable from that of a verſifier? At preſent, we look on it as certain, a man may be a verſifier without being a poet: — witneſs the Abbé Deliſle —— A work which, though written in verſe, is without epiſode, without figures, without movement, without imagary, cannot be the work of a poet. But admit into proſe, genius, ſtrength, imagination, and variety, ſuch an author will be a poet without being a verſifier.

Horace, a very competent judge, gives a poet thoſe three great characterestics:

Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinor, atque os
Magna ſonaturum.

There

There is not a word about *verſe* here;—there are many verſes without poetry.

Is not Moliere a poet by invention, by his forcible and comic ſtrokes, by the delicacy of his expreſſion, which repreſent the object? Would French verſifiers obſtinately ſtick to their particular and ſtipulated language, and take it for the poetry of the ſurrounding nations? A deciſion of which they are capable, and would be very ridiculous, but perfectly ſuitable to the pretenſions of their fantaſtical works.

In the laſt age, certificates of immortality were ſcattered very profuſely. It was warranted to ſeveral authors, who only dealt in words without ideas. Eighty years have done juſtice on thoſe intruders into the temple of renown;—they are now expelled from it.—Let us wait eighty years more, and we may find juſtice executed on thoſe writers who, announcing themſelves as ſpecially eſtabliſhed to ſtop the progreſs of *bad taſte*, publiſh the dulleſt works of the age.

MORALITY.

IGNORANCE, without preliminary reflections, draws the boldeſt corrollaries on morality; and he who has read deeply, often loſes the vigour of inſtinct by the habit of reaſoning.

n-away negroes being condemned
ed, one was offered his life, pro-
would be the executioner of the
—he refuſed—he would rather die.—
after fixes on another of his ſlaves to
m the office, " Stay," ſaid he, until
epare myſelf." He retired to his hut, and cut off his wriſt with an ax. Returning to his maſter—*Now compel me* (ſaid he) *if you can, to hang my comrades.*

The Caribbee Indians ſeeing their enemies caſt away on their ſhoals, plunge into the ſea and ſave them from the waves, ſtretch them on the ſhore, take all manner of care of them. When they expect to die, the Indian chief ſays, " To-day you are our brethren, to-morrow you will be our enemies; then we will kill you; but now depart in peace."

Where is the ſacred portrait of Morality better found than in the midſt of flames, or in ſhipwrecks? There the friend will force his friend in to the boat, and will himſelf remain in the ſinking veſſel; there the neighbour ruſhes through the flames to ſave the child ſleeping in its cradle. Great calamities produce the moſt heroic and generous actions.

Who caſt themſelves into the ſea, or into a gulph, to ſave their fellow creatures? Men reputed rude and unpoliſhed. Inſtinct with them anticipates reaſon. Heroiſm forms no calculations; and the moſt aſtoniſhing, moſt incredible actions, are done by thoſe whom we look upon as the loweſt of human nature.

Woe

Woe to him who has not ſtood in want of the aſſiſtance of man! He contracts a hardneſs of heart which he calls a noble pride; he miſtakes faſtidiouſneſs for dignity; and a haughty deportment for a mark of nobility; he lives without knowing himſelf, and deſpiſes his fellow creature, without even ſuſpecting that ſuch a one may poſſeſs abilities which render him his ſuperior.

The greateſt among mankind does not know but he may be one day at the mercy of the meaneſt. This ſhould be a caution to thoſe in power to look on every man as a brother who may one day lend them a helping hand.

PLATO.

"THE univerſe is not the neceſſary and independent being," ſaid Plato; "you imagine, in hearing me ſpeak, that I have an intelligent ſoul. Look on the order of the univerſe, and you will conclude, there is a Supreme Intelligence.

"Can any thing proceed from nothing? Something exiſts; therefore, it has been created by a power which does not depend on any cauſe."

"The laws of motion," ſays Leibnitz, "which are not of abſolute geometrical neceſſity, but which are an effect of the choice

and wiſdom of God, theſe wonderful laws furniſh an aſtoniſhing proof of a free and intelligent being, againſt the abſolute and brutiſh ſyſtem of Spinoſa."

The world has been called a neceſſary mirrour wherein to view the exiſtence of God; every individual in the univerſe is alſo a mirrour, whether we conſider him as relative to himſelf, or his connection with others.—I think—therefore, I exiſt.—I exiſt—then there muſt be a God. In conſequence of the ſenſation of our own exiſtence, we muſt acknowledge the cauſe by which we exiſt; there is an undeniable connection between theſe two propoſitions.

Then neceſſarily there exiſts a ſole Being, who holds his exiſtence of himſelf alone.

"Even from the very idea we have of God," ſays Deſcartes, "he exiſts." The more I have dived into this thought, the more forcibly it has ſtruck me; for there are ſome truths ſo plain, that, being born with us, are no ſooner perceived than we think we never were ignorant of them.

There is not, properly ſpeaking, ſuch a being in exiſtence as an Atheiſt.—He has no demonſtration that there is not a God.

God is all he ſhould be; his eſſence is ſole and neceſſary; but a finite being can only attain ſucceſſively the plenitude of his exiſtence.

Man is by nature a finite being; it is, then, impoſſible he ſhould be perfectly happy; he muſt experience affliction and trouble.

Time

Time muſt develope his being, endued with ſentiment and intelligence; he may bring theſe to a ſtate of perfection, becauſe there is a progreſſion in all things. It is, doubtleſs, neceſſary he ſhould experience ſo many errors, ſo much weakneſs, ſo many misfortunes, to arrive at the end for which he was created. It is then he will be ſucceſſively admitted into regions full of order, harmony, and beauty.

READERS.

PERHAPS the reaſon that literature is not more diffuſed is, becauſe every one thinks he has a right to paſs his final judgement on it. There is no man who does not decide on a writer. — If all the literary opinions were printed, what ſingular deciſions we ſhould have!

Every reader, who takes a book in hand, ſits at his eaſe, on a tribunal, to pronounce his decree on the author he is about to read. He lectures him, he reprimands him; or he praiſes; he approves, he is pleaſed, if he thinks as he does; he grows angry when he contradicts his own private opinion, for this he eſteems almoſt a crime.

Nothing more flatters ſelf-love than to diſtribute thus according to one's inclination,

and without contradiction, judgement of fame or diſapprobation.

When the readers have decided on the *author*, they will paſs ſentence on the *man*; they will treat him as they do his book, take it up, lay it down, take it up again, interrogate him; they require ſuch aſſiduities from him as they would hardly exact from a man who had nothing to do. The magiſtrate, the military man, the man of the world, all would have him coincide with their reſpective ideas; he is no longer allowed to enjoy his own.—He muſt give an account of all he has written, and that before ſelf-intereſted men. They would gladly dive into his inmoſt thoughts to lecture him; every one is deſirous to tell him what he *ſhould* have ſaid. In a word, none can better ſee the evaſions of ſelf-love than the literary man, becauſe the exiſtence of the talents of the mind give a forcible ſpring to that paſſion.

If he is modeſt, he is taken at his word; but if he makes us ſenſible of his ſuperiority, he hurts and ſhocks us; if he is accurate in his reaſoning, he gives ſome kind of ladies the vapours; if he is ſilent, he is not entertaining; if witty, he takes too much liberty. No conduct is ſo difficult to be obſerved as that of the literary man. To which we may add, the ſilly diſcourſes, falſe reports, of which he is the object; and we ſhall find, if he is not poſſeſſed of that tranquil aſſurance which a ſteadineſs of character gives, he will pay dearly for his reputation.

But

But what ſhould attach the gratitude of readers to the men of letters is, that they give a great deal and receive but little in exchange. Can any one imagine he has paid ſufficiently for a book becauſe he has diſburſed a little money?

What a number of delicate ſenſations may one derive from reading a good work? Remember, then, you have all wept more or leſs, or have received ſome comforting or guiding idea, you never could have had without books. A poem, a drama, a novel, which repreſents virtue in lively colours, models the reader on the virtuous characters who act without his perceiving it; they become intereſting, and the author inculcates morality without ſeeming to mention it.—While he does not ſink into dry, tedious diſcuſſions, by the art of concealment in his work, he preſents us certain qualities of the mind, adorned with images, which make us adopt them. He cauſes us to love thoſe generous actions he extols; and the man who revolts at reflection, and is ſoured with dogmatic leſſons, cheriſhes the natural pencil that deſcribes the ſenſibility of the human heart, to inſtruct him in what perſonal intereſt moſt commonly repels. The author is attended to with pleaſure; and thus precepts of the moſt auſtere morality are eſtabliſhed without diſcovering the writer's aim.—*Pectora mollescunt.*

Every writer is, in a moſt ſolemn manner, and in preference to every other obligation, bound to juſtice. The infraction of juſtice is

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an injury done to mankind. For this reaſon, every author, worthy of the name, feels, in a manner, the wrong done to his fellow creature; he cannot bear it; he is the avenger of the public cauſe; and the oppreſſion under which his neighbour labours ought to become perſonal to him. He cannot refrain from raiſing his voice, and the moſt eſteemed author will always be foremoſt to interpoſe, with the greateſt vigour, in favour of the innate right of juſtice and humanity.

Whilſt envy, malice, ignorance, attack the moſt deſerving writers, they deſpiſe their blunted ſhafts, becauſe nothing can counterbalance univerſal fame. The ſuperiority of their reaſon holds up to them the approbation of ſenſible men now exiſting, and to exiſt in future; and they look for the reward of their labours in the improvement of their projects for the public good.

The man, diveſted of ſentiment, is weary of reading *Clariſſa*, whilſt another finds this moral work of ſuch magnitude, ſtill too ſhort. In proportion, as one has more wit, ingenuity, knowledge of mankind, and the human heart, one reliſhes Montaigne, La Fontaine, La Bruyere, and Richardſon. It is impoſſible for ſome people to have the leaſt feeling for beauties which ſtrike ſeveral others. A critic appears harſh and unjuſt; and this ariſes often from mere inſenſibility, becauſe you are above his ſphere; the extent of his talents being the meaſure of his judgement.

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There is ſtill ſomething more; it is not enough to be an enlightened man, a man of wit;—to reliſh ſome authors, one muſt alſo be an *honeſt* man.

There are a thouſand ſtrokes which diſplay themſelves only to the great and generous mind, to the feeling heart, which has a moral diſpoſition to virtue. Without this innate taſte, one is but a bad judge; there are ſo few good ones only, becauſe the waſpiſh men who read, moſt commonly look for faults, inſtead of feeling the beautiful and the ſublime paſſages.

Without probity, there can be no judicious reader. A profitable and virtuous book is ſometimes received like a decent man, that is, with coolneſs, and even with a kind of deriſion, eſpecially if he preſents himſelf in a circle compoſed of frivolous and corrupt people.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED that I was exceedingly rich; that my head being giddy with my good fortune, I had purchaſed my nobility; that I had added to it a fine ſpot of ground which gave me the title of Baron.

I immediately ordered my coat of arms to be placed on my doors, my windows, the chimnies of my caſtle, nay even on my ſervants'

vants' hats, ſtockings, and the ſhoes of my horſes; my wardrobe was not exempted, for I wiſhed the arms of M. Le Baron to be every where conſpicuous.

I purchaſed a library, for the purpoſe of having my arms put on each book, and lent them to my acquaintances, not caring to read them myſelf, becauſe of my opulence.

I ſent a Genealogiſt fifty thouſand crowns, who made me a deſcendant of Louis *the Groſs*, by the female line; and this genealogical table was hung up in the moſt conſpicuous part of the ſaloon.

Somebody having been ſo impertinent as to ſay at my table, that all mankind ſprang from the ſame ſtock, and that nobility ſhould be grounded on perſonal virtue, I maintained one muſt be born a gentleman to be any thing in this world; and although he was ſilent after this very *convincing* reply, becauſe he ate a great deal, I ordered my porter to mark him, that he might be refuſed admiſſion whenever he preſented himſelf.

Another viſitor having maintained, that if the Grand Signior took it in his head to be baptiſed, he would not be received a canon in any chapter in Germany, becauſe he could bring no proofs on his mother's ſide, I conceived a ſingular affection for him; as he repeatedly told me, I could prove eight ſuch deſcents from the table in my ſaloon.

This he repeated ſo often that I was perſuaded of it, and reſpected much a good-for-nothing

thing ſor that I had, becauſe he muſt have one degree of nobility more than myſelf.

The Baroneſs fainted whenever a plebeian was announced. She made me buy a liſt of *Nobility, a Book of Heraldry*, which ſhe conſulted night and morning; and, from her account, I plainly found, that her family was noble from the beginning of the world.

The ſubject of our daily converſation was, to find out who was the Prince in Europe moſt diſtinguiſhed for his nobility. Some crowned heads ſuffered in the ſcrutiny, and their diadems grew pale under the ſcrupulous eye of the Baroneſs; but, in return, ſhe conceived a moſt religious veneration for a petty prince, newly born, becauſe ſhe aſſerted, that, by re-uniting the blood of two illuſtrious houſes, he was more noble than either of them ſeparately.

When I uſed to repeat her words every where, ſhe received me graciouſly with a ſoft, raviſhing ſmile; for ſhe had long ſince convinced me, that the greateſt affection had been the ſole cauſe of her condeſcending to be the partner of my bed.

I hunted every day; and when it happened that an unfortunate country fellow killed a hare, I had him dragged to a dark dungeon, which I called a priſon, where the rats bit his feet. Nevertheleſs, I aſſiſted at high maſs, then invited the prieſt to dinner, who had preached on charity, and, during the time, highly extolled his affecting eloquence.

The Baroneſs hinted to me, that it was now and then neceſſary to cane a few peaſants, which I did, in order to keep up my rank. But one of thoſe fellows happening to meet me about ſix leagues from my caſtle, where there was no witneſs, made me feel, to ſome purpoſe, that the inequality of conditions is a mere chimæra;—a moſt deciſive argument, which I did not think proper to communicate to the Baroneſs;—indeed ſhe never could have been induced to admit its poſſibility.

I myſelf believed it to be a dream a fortnight after, or a delirium of the imagination, and continued to deſpiſe the long robe, and to cenſure the court, reſolving to lead an idle life, and never to ſerve the king unleſs I could firſt obtain a regiment.

I had one daughter, a great girl, very carefully educated by the Baroneſs. At ſix years old, ſhe gave the ſon of a preſident a box on the ear for offering to ſalute her at the concluſion of a minuet; after which ſhe nobly preſented him her hand to kiſs; which cauſed her mother to preſage the grandeſt alliance, conſidering the force of blood which ſhewed itſelf at ſo early a period.

The Baroneſs looked on *me* as a wandering monarch, who, at my birth, by a ſort of *luſus naturæ*, had miſſed a crown; and her tenderneſs ſometimes conſoled me, by repreſenting the cares, the toils, and uneaſineſs, inſeparable from royalty; yet ſhe held up to me one of my grand children, ſucceeding to ſome extinct branch;

branch; my genealogical tree was not to die away without bringing forth ſome buds of honour.

In the ecſtaſy cauſed by ſuch agreeable ideas, we frequently preſſed each other's hand tenderly, eſpecially when we muſed on the future dignity of our poſterity; and the Baroneſs, on riſing from thoſe converſations, totally taken up with the firſt virtue of princes, clemency, would generouſly deign to treat a peaſant as a man; for ſhe really was not, by nature, of a tyrannical diſpoſition.

As my daughter grew up, ſhe could name all the honourable pieces in their reſpective poſitions, and without confuſing them. She was an adept in heraldry; — her mother, viewing all plebeians as animals of the loweſt order, had no dread of her daughter's being ſeduced; all plebeians, like turkey cocks, might ſpeak to and accompany her; but a noble perſon muſt never converſe with her but in her mother's preſence, and at a proper diſtance.

Who could have foreſeen it? The ſon of the bailiff of the village got my daughter with child. — The Baroneſs, with diſhevelled locks, came to inform me of it; and, on ſeeing my genealogical tree cut off in this manner, I fell into ſuch a fit of ſurpriſe and rage, that I thought I ſhould have died with indignation; but it ſerved only to awaken me from my dream.

ON THE COMMON SAYING,

"That there is Nothing new."

GENIUS ſuffers the fate of deſpotiſm; every one bows down to it, but, at the ſame time, ſeeks to dethrone it. As genius, by its ſplendour and influence, deſtroys that ſentiment of equality ſo natural to all men, although its effects are gentle and uſeful to ſociety, yet common people are exaſperated at this ſuperiority, which ſeems to attribute to any man a ſeeming authority over his fellow creatures.

When one wiſhes to diſtinguiſh one's ſelf from the generality of mankind by a publication of new ideas, we every where hear repeated, with emphaſis, the maxim, *Nothing is new.—All is ſaid.—We knew that already.*

But it is not ſo. Certainly it is impoſſible but that the firſt features muſt have exiſted before the modern diſcovery; yet they diſplay their ingratitude to the inventor; though his invention could not be abſolutely unconnected, it muſt have proceeded from ſome known principles.

There are ſo many diſcoveries to be made before we can extract any truth from error, that the firſt eſſays, however imperfect, ſhould not be rejected. A mere glimmering has ſometimes led to the idea of poſſibility; and, from a conjectural thought at firſt, one has attained

attained to a probability; genius lays hold of it, and gives it that ray of light which ſhines in all minds.

The rage of maintaining that *all is ſaid*, is an act of injuſtice which tends to check the man who ſets out on a new career. Is it not after a thouſand private obſervations the natural philoſopher compoſes his work, *old* in ſome particulars, but *new* by the concatenation of ideas? Could he *create* all? What was in being, but yet unknown, was it not a nullity?

Every inventor's diſcovery has been diſputed; we are loſt in reſearches; we build on words void of ſenſe, and take more trouble to diſcover the pretended ſpirit of imitation, than to advert to the perſpicuity and conſequences of the new experiment.

In our times, the cry is againſt *paradox*, on the leaſt modification of our ideas. A paradox is not an erroneous and dangerous opinion; it is a truth, unknown to the vulgar; at leaſt the Greeks, and their interpreter, Cicero, have ſo defined it. And the authority of philoſophers, to whom alone it belongs to create ideas, and preſcribe the proper ſenſe of the words which expreſs them, is ſurely equivalent to that of people deſtitute of ideas, and who are inceſſantly altering their grammar.

Philoſophy has made us more enlightened, and, in general, milder and more ſociable; it has reſcued us from the perpetual illuſions of ſuperſtition, and its infinite train of attendant

tendant evils; it has produced uſeful books, whoſe benefits have ſpread over all nations. In fine, this pure light, which is daily increaſing, and will increaſe more, by the deſtruction of abſurd and cruel opinions will eſtabliſh true morality, as well as ſound policy.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"WHAT is this ALL?"—Thus a man often exclaims, during his life, at the wiſhed for moment of enjoyment, in the temple of fortune or fame, at the ſummit of grandeur.—"What is this ALL?"—The reaſon is, that every agreeable ſenſation vaniſhes the moment it viſits us; it is, becauſe deſire is the moſt delicious of all things, and that the firſt moment of enjoyment is that in which voluptuouſneſs becomes retrogade.

Empedocles aſſerts, that the inſtant we receive exiſtence, two Genii, ever enemies, and ever oppoſed, depart from different points, and alight on the ſame ſpot, to take poſſeſſion of our ſouls; the one infuſes chearfulneſs, joy, ſoft content; the other breathes into it fear, cares, anxiety: ſo that being made up of theſe different diſpoſitions, they govern us by turns, and from thence ariſe the inequalities which checquer our lives.

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In a certain point of view, this brilliant world fades; nothing more remains around us; we are ſurrounded, as it were, with phantoms; we deplore ourſelves and our cotemporaries.

The majeſty of the human race reſides in the grave; from thence proceed all thoſe names which recal to our remembrance great works and glorious actions. The living generation wears but a pitiful aſpect, in compariſon with the illuſtrious dead! Reputation will then be our inheritance when we are no more. Alas! even our virtue will not be our own until we have gone through this den of darkneſs;—then we ſhall no longer dread having it impaired by the reverſes of fortune, or the ſnares and example of the wicked.

In the mean time, the greateſt delight found in retirement is, thus to be out of the way of hearing the arrogant converſation of vice, or viewing wickedneſs in proſperity.

Boſſuet ſays, *We drag on to the grave the long chain of our deceitful hopes.* He is very right;—we are not happy, even in infancy, becauſe we do not know ourſelves and our ſenſations are merely mechanical.—As ſoon as reaſon unfolds itſelf, cruel maſters ſuddenly force it to anticipate futurity, and inſtruct us to forget the preſent.—When the heart begins to feel a tender ſenſibility, and to give itſelf up to that attracting and irreſiſtible charm, the powerful voice of nature; then the laws, morals, decency, prejudices, all combine to cruſh the tender heart, and prohibit

prohibit its innocent deſires. Love vainly appoints the hour of enjoyment; it is put off for the expectation of fortune, without which, it is ſuppoſed that happineſs cannot exiſt. — People make their calculations, and pleaſure ſwiftly flies away; — in the mean time, they only apprehend, in a confuſed manner, that youth is conſumed in ſpeculations which, even if accompanied with happineſs, have been purchaſed too dearly by the ſacrifice of the preſent hour. — At length fortune, ſo eagerly ſought, throws down one of her golden apples; it is taken up with avidity. It is very fine fruit, but it does not pleaſe the palate; it only flatters the eye; we ſigh, and wiſh to recover our early days, but they are no more. Objects ſtrike externally, but are neither moving nor affecting; they no longer draw from the eye the precious tear of tender ſenſibility.

The eſtabliſhed morals finiſh the work. — We are inceſſantly recalling the time paſt, and are no longer ourſelves. — We are ſurrounded with beings who call themſelves thoughtful and ſenſible, while there is a void in the heart and mind. — We have no leiſure for friendſhip. — Buſineſs, duties, decencies, fill up our time; and the ſecret diſcontent produced by this perpetual conſtraint effaces natural gaiety; the days of mirth and joy are gone for ever; the attacks of age are not neceſſary to make us ſenſible that life is on the decline; we live as if the ſoul did not belong to us; ſo ſenſibly do we feel its dependency, and that even to the manner of dragging our chain,

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every thing is preſcribed to us by laws we vainly combat by ridicule.—Nevertheleſs, they keep us in ſubjection to the laſt moment of our lives.

INFANCY.

WHY does a child engage us ſo much? Why does the moſt lively expreſſion ſoften his features? It is, on account of his weakneſs; nature has ſtampt on him a particular charm, which is even ſubſcribed to by ferocity.

What a delicious aſpect does the open countenance of an infant preſent! One does not then imagine, he may, perhaps, become a man, ſubject to mean, vile paſſions; we only view his innocence, his openneſs, his ſmiles; we return his careſſes; we feel ourſelves moved with his tranſports; it is an affecting being that awakens all the inſtinct of our ſenſibility. Even animals themſelves delight in children, and fondle about them to divert them; they ſeem, by their playful tricks, to endeavour to attract their notice, and draw an innocent ſhout of joy from infantine ſurpriſe.

You who have children, encourage them in mirth and innocent gaiety, if you love them; let them enjoy the pleaſures of their age, which are, alas! but too tranſitory. Years or death will ſoon ſweep away the pleaſure

they enjoy, which, to them, conſiſts in novelty. What avail threats or chaſtiſement for ſo ſlender an age? Obſerve the flexibility of an infant's body; is it formed for confinement or conſtraint? You want to impart your reaſon to him, and he is all inſtinct; you ſpeak to him, and he does not comprehend you; you reſtrain his amiable inclinations, to impreſs him with your reſerved deportment, with which your own vexations inſpire you; you will, in ſpite of nature, have him as unhappy as yourſelf. Leave to nature the care of organiſing his head; do not deſtroy her wiſe but ſlow operations — that is all is required of you.

Weak mother! are thoſe little ſlaves thou art ſo vain of having by thy ſide, obedient to thy motions, to be formed much like the model of the little dog at thy feet, and obey as punctually?

But what do I behold! Oh, ſtupidity! They want to force rudiments into the head of a poor child, who has ſcarcely begun to grow. You deſtroyers of the human underſtanding, who, with a ponderous hand, are about to ruin all its ſprings, deſiſt! Take care you do not ſtupify him. Rather give him the beſt of all leſſons; that is, do not teach him any thing you know.

The art of imparting ideas to another, to aſſimilate them to his capacity, to direct them to it, is an art much more difficult than people think; a man is a fool, only becauſe he has conceived *falſe* ideas; folly does not exclude

clude a *number* of them; but, when badly combined, they are hurtful, inſtead of being ſerviceable. The reaſon there are ſo many inſignificant men is, becauſe there are ſo many fooliſh maſters.

Let us not forget the time of infancy, as we ourſelves have paſſed it; let us caſt a look on thoſe firſt years of life; let us not permit them to be tormented by barbarians, or ſuffer them to transform innocent creatures into ſour ſluggiſh minds.

THE LAKE OF NANTUA.

AN attentive obſerver always of the variegated pictures nature offers, I have ſeen, I have obſerved ſeveral ſurpriſing ſituations; but the Lake of Nantua, incloſed between rocks of an unequal height, and irregular ſtructure, uniform on each ſide in their baſes and ſummits;—when I firſt ſaw it, it alike enchanted my eye and mind; I was ſurpriſed, affected, and felt an interior ſatisfaction; this only place, of which I had not then formed any idea, at this time ſurpaſſed all fiction.

One is at a loſs here to decide, whether the majeſtic prevails over rude nature; but the latter does not fatigue the eye. Theſe pictureſque beauties are bold, without harſhneſs, cloſe without confuſion; while the imagi-

nation, loſt in reverie, cannot employ itſelf better.

The viſta at the farther end, a moſt brilliant and majeſtic ſcene, preſents huge maſſes which ſeem to ſhut up the Lake, and oppoſe an inſurmountable barrier to it. The illuſion is ſo complete, that as you advance you think you will be obliged to return by the way that you came. To be convinced there is an opening, you muſt proceed. This optical miracle produces an unequal degree of admiration, pleaſure, and ſurpriſe. Variegated clouds ſeem to terminate the horizon, whilſt the ſmooth Lake forms a glaſs, whereon is reflected the moſt extraordinary landſcape that I ever beheld.

It is a ſight which my memory recals with the utmoſt pleaſure; I enjoy, with rapture, the wild image of this place, the real reſidence of poetic inſpiration; — I review thoſe ſhady ſhores, thoſe vallies, thoſe ſummits, thoſe wonderful rocks; and I know no place ſo proper to produce, at a rate ſo eaſy, ſomething full of grandeur and ſolemnity.

Here the man who never took a pencil in hand is captivated inſenſibly; — indeed one muſt be a ſhoemaker*, and born in the place, not to reliſh its aſtoniſhing beauties.

It exhibits a ſort of magic ſaloon, perhaps the moſt admirable in the world; and I ſhould be happy in exhibiting there a ſpectacle moſt

* The little town of Nantua is inhabited by ſhoemakers.

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marvellous, and full of deception, on one of the fine evenings in autumn.

If I were a prince I would give a ſort of *fête* there, ſuch as would be at once the moſt prodigious and enchanting.

Fires being diſtributed among the rocks, in ſituations the moſt ſtriking, I would place upon their ſummits a number of men, habited like giants, armed with huge maces, ſo as to appear the natives of thoſe mountains; and, at the ſame time, I picture to myſelf twenty young women, ſenſible and beautiful, ſuddenly tranſported from Paris to the banks of that Lake, to which they ſhould previouſly be utter ſtrangers.

On their arrival, my fireworks, ſpread at unequal diſtances, ſhould caſt their reflection on the dark verdure of the pines. My giants ſhould deſcend from their heights; fireworks ſhould be played off; the boats in the Lake, filled with fantaſtic figures, and there ſhould be ſpread pavilions. The Pariſian beauties ſhould be led from one ſcene of ſurpriſe into another. I could not but appear as a magician, who had conſtructed a double range of rocks, and ſeparated them by the Lake running in the middle. On perceiving a town with ſpires, riſing among theſe rugged rocks, the young beauties could conceive no otherwiſe than that I had raiſed theſe buildings; and thus would do credit to magic power.

I ſhould enjoy the awe or aſtoniſhment inſpired by the ſight of the moving ſhades, ſeen by the gleamings of the diſtant fires:—

The Lake would ſuddenly be changed into a ſort of flaming mirror. Echo would repeat the ſound, while the flaming caverns opened, and the noiſe of cymbals reſounded from the thickeſt part of the woods, and wandering ſpectres repreſented ſcenes almoſt dreadful to view. During the night, all would thus be terrible, ſolemn, and full of deception; but at the return of morning, the flames and phantoms diſappearing, proſpects beautiful, ſmiling, delicious, and voluptuous, would ſucceed on the verdant ſpot. There would no longer be exhibited the gloomy caverns of Lemnos, inhabited by gloomy Cyclops; theſe rugged rocks, which ſeemed before ſo barren and diſagreeable, would now pour forth their flowers and their pleaſing verdure, while groupes of ſhepherds appeared to lead on the animated dance. Yet, after all, I doubt whether the preceding night's ſpectacle would not be regretted.

How has it happened, that this Lake of Nantua has not been ſung by our poets? Have they not ſeen it? Whence do they compoſe their works?—The perſon who pulled me by the ſleeve, and obſerved, that it was time for us to return to our carriage, ſeemed to me almoſt as if he had ſpoken blaſphemy. At one ſentence, he deſtroyed all the enchanting *fête* which I had deſigned. It was a fatal blow to me.—The loſs was irreparable.

When I reviſit that ſpot, I will go alone. In ſolitude, I will contemplate that range of high rocks;—I will make their lofty ſummits

vibrate

vibrate by caſting a ſtone into the Lake ;—I ſhall enjoy, in thought, my magic ſcheme, and try whether the reality of objects will not, for once, yield to ſo luxuriant a fiction.

This ſolitude is ſo beautiful, ſo ſolemn, and ſo enchanting, that I am led to doubt, whether, in a place ſo awful and majeſtic, a robber could dare to draw his weapon. If ſo heinous a crime could be committed in ſuch a place, the ruffian muſt be an iſolated being; and I pronounce him worthy of a double death.

From this enchanting Lake of Nantua, whence my beauties could hardly think of extricating themſelves, without returning by the ſame way, I would conduct them to ſome leagues diſtance, and bring them to view the fall at Bellegarde. It is there that the Rhone loſes itſelf. The boldeſt might deſcend with me ; the others would ſurvey with trembling the depths where the river ingulphs and buries itſelf in the earth. Then, without giving them time to reflect on what they had ſeen, I would bring them back to Paris, and conduct them to the opera.

I am aſſured, that the imagination muſt dwell on ſuch majeſtic objects. They could no longer obſerve the ſcenery repreſenting rocks, foreſts, and torrents, without ſmiling at the imperfect imitation. For the ſpace of ſix months the manager of the machinery, in ſpite of all his talents, would appear equally audacious and ridiculous. This I myſelf

have experienced on my return to Paris, after viewing theſe grand proſpects. On my firſt viewing a ſcene that repreſented a foreſt-crowned mountain, with a cavern beneath it, I ſuddenly burſt into laughter, while thoſe who ſat near me, perceiving that I laughed alone, and not gueſſing at the cauſe, certainly took me for little better than an ideot.

CRITICS.

WHAT is it that the firſt of critics have done? They have ſearched for the rules of an art, in the works of the art; as if that art could give thoſe rules which conſtitute itſelf. Inſtead of tracing nature, that model ſo univerſal, fertile, and full of variety, they have eſtabliſhed an artiſt as the model of perfection; and thoſe who followed them have found themſelves, conſequently, confined within a narrow ſphere, as being reduced to imitate the works of another. Thus, a dull uniformity is diffuſed over the productions of ſucceeding writers. Poets are not exempt from this ſpirit of imitation. We may diſcover the traces of the ſame ſchool, as one recogniſes a certain deſcription of ſervants by their liveries.

Epic poems, tragedies, funeral orations, have all experienced the ſame fate. The critics are erroneous guides. What can be expected

pected but imperfection from a judgement that compares a thing with itſelf? Muſt it not be better to advert to nature itſelf, which is the origin of all beauty? The ſmalleſt object, when properly attended to, may throw out lights as all men can perceive; whereas theſe critical rules only hold out ſuch lights as deceive and diſtract the attention.

The critics, commentators, journaliſts, and writers of diſſertations, all the crowd of ſcholiaſts, who affect uſing the mouths of the dead, and make them utter the greateſt follies and impertinences, pretending to praiſe all that is ancient, and ſagely declaring war againſt all that is done at preſent, or ſhall be done in future, reſemble the owl, whoſe eyes are mournfully contracted at the appearance of the leaſt ray of light. They will cite what has been read a thouſand times;—they will talk about what they know;—they raiſe the cry againſt thoſe who make a mock of them, as if they were blaſphemers;—they are continually accumulating authorities, quite foreign, for they can diſcourſe but little, indeed, without them. We ſhould always laugh at their ſuperſtitious doſes, if it were always to be done, as conſtituting an idle dream, produced by thoſe who are the ſcourge of the arts, and certain aſſaſſins of genius.

It is not enough that we diſlike their ſatires, we ſhould alſo declare againſt their eulogiums. How inſolent are they when they diſperſe their praiſes! Like thoſe good pre-

lates who, with a ſerious air, anoint the ſovereigns, and place the diadems on their heads, as if the princes reigned by their authority—theſe have the pride to crown the literary monarchs.—They affect to confirm them on their thrones, aſſerting that they are the perſons who announce them, make them known to the univerſe, and eſtabliſh their doubtful rights. They impoſe on the vulgar reader with the words which they relate, and phraſes which they know not how to vary.—For example—"The arts are totally decayed,—taſte is quite loſt,—nature is exhauſted,—nobody can produce any thing like the works of the ancients,—the temple of Fame is ſhut, and its gates will be opened no more."—Let the man appear who ſhall prove the contrary to their ſenſes, and they will give him the lye direct.—They will ſtill repeat, that the works of the former age were greater, more illuſtrious, and more deſerving of our praiſe.

When Timanthes covered the face of Agamemnon with a veil at the ſacrifice, that was denominated a maſter-piece of art, which aroſe only from the artiſt's inability. Rubens, in later times, depicted on the ſame viſage the pains of child birth, and the joy of a mother;—the critics, in the ſame breath, praiſed this *Chef d'Œuvre* of the art, and extolled its errors.

It appears moſt neceſſary, to make diſcoveries in an art, that one ſhould not be intimately acquainted with it, but ſet out alone, rather than be conducted by the precepts and exam-

ples

ples of others. A new road may be opened while we advance without a guide; but we are likely to proceed in the beaten track, if we follow the example of our predeceſſors.—We ſee, thus, how methods and rules have ſpoiled, and continue ſtill to ſpoil even the moſt inventive geniuſes. When animated by the novelty of objects, and boldly relying on themſelves, men ſet out in a proper manner on their career; but in adopting a chart to regulate their journey, they ſee all objects in one dull point of view, and a ſombrous ſameneſs ariſes from this circumſtance. Inſtead of examining, they paſs the richeſt mines unnoticed. Inſtead of making their own reflections, they are contented to receive every thing from the hands of prejudice. They ought to control the taſte of the age; on the contrary, they obey it;—adopting the fooliſh authority of gray beards, they follow what, in other caſes, they would deſpiſe. The vulgar eſtimate the perfection of an art by the number of copyiſts; but this is a ſort of indigent abundance, a ſpecies of falſe riches, which ſuppreſſes the idea of acquiring ſuch as are real.

The farther men are advanced in life, the more do they become the ſlaves of habit.—The brain of a man, who has attained his eighth luſtre, is of a rigid modification. It is for the freedom and ardency of youth to point out a new path. Youth only can give proper weight to new ideas, and proſcribe the errors of another age.

THE LEARNED LADIES OF MOLIERE.

MOLIERE, in all his pieces, charges his portraits high; in that of the *Learned Ladies*, he has proceeded to exceſs of colouring. It ſhould ſeem, that he wiſhed to revenge himſelf on ſome *Coteries*, where it is probable that he had not been well treated, and not being able to enſure the ſuffrages of certain females, who claimed ſuperiority, he reſolved to ſacrifice them at the ſhrine of ridicule. But if he ought to be conſidered as acting properly in correcting thoſe women of his days, whoſe affection led them to adopt a motley aſſemblage of ſcientific words; it is certain, however, that he impeded the progreſs of ſuch as aimed at real inſtruction, and who were thus reſtrained by the fear of being eſteemed ſingular. Such have been the effects of that piece, which has, doubtleſs, proved more injurious than uſeful.

There are, indeed, ſo few women who think, to one man of that deſcription, as M. Diderot has well obſerved, that it cannot be of any ſervice to reduce the number of the latter. —Many have declined the deſire which they once entertained of ornamenting and cultivating their underſtanding, on account of the applauſe given to that verſe which ſays, that the knowledge of a woman ought not to extend beyond the bounds of her nurſery.— What is this but ſtrengthening that wretched

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and barbarous prejudice, not yet extinct in France, which teaches to regard the arts and ſciences as mere mechanical occupations.

Moliere, inſtead of combating this prejudice, we ſee, has furniſhed it with new weapons; and I think that piece of humour to be occaſioned by ſelf-love and its conſequent vengeance.

The ſcene of Vadius and Triſſotin is directed againſt literary people; and there are many verſes, particularly ſome which are put into the mouth of the Marquis, that tend to their humiliation.

Ignorant females, in the midſt of their inabilities, triumph, and ſeem to ſay, in making their remarks, "You ſee here how women are treated who take the road of learning. We will be careful not to give ourſelves to ſtudy."

Thus, females encourage themſelves; adopting with gravity the dull code of ceremonies, or running into a rage for play, which is not leſs inſupportable. Their erudition conſiſts in deciding upon new faſhions. They fall into ſcandal, the offſpring of idleneſs. The ſpirit of the age is full of cavilings about nothing. People give their daughters a frivolous education. Even thoſe of the moſt wealthy and opulent houſes employ themſelves only in trifling, and a kind of ſilly foppery takes place of good converſation.

Certainly the number of well-informed females is leſs in our days than it was in the preceding age. We ſee ſcarcely any but a woeful

woeful ſet of fantaſtic miſſes, whoſe converſation forms a ridiculous jargon, and who may literally be ſtyled *roſe-coloured geeſe.*

A lady who can diſpoſe of a thouſand crowns a year between her *maître d'hotel* and her jeweller, might certainly employ a part of that ſum in the improvement of aſtronomy, of philoſophy, chymiſtry, &c. who is prevented by the deſtructive portrait Moliere has drawn. Had he caſt the ſame ridicule on the men who abandon themſelves to the occult ſciences, he would have improved his age. Theſe are the wounds which genius gives to humanity when it liſtens to caprice, inſtead of taking in the whole, that is to ſay, the general good.

Women have as much wit, as much ſagacity as men; and as their ſedentary life would allow them long works and ſucceſs, they would add to man's happineſs by thinking with him.

Moliere has deſtroyed this new charm, by giving ſtrength to this barbarous opinion which condemns females to ignorance, and all its concomitant meanneſs. This authoriſed idleneſs, alſo depraves women's minds, and turns their prodigious activity even againſt ſociety, while, in our own time, we ſee ſwarming ſuch a heap of public and private epigrams, which impair candour and cordiality. Helvetius ſays, *the man of learning rails only to be revenged; he only does it ſlightly, and not for amuſement.*

FACI-

FACILITY.

I LIKE an eaſy genius. The ſtyle of ſuch has a gracefulneſs, a freedom, a certain ſtriking, but an animated air. They do not laborioufly conſume their time confined to a cloſet; they look around them, mix with the world, and there imbibe ſubjects for reflection. The moſt eſſential matters furniſh a crowd of ideas to their minds; they are not diffuſive on extraneous ſubjects, they hit rapidly on what ſhould pleaſe, they have the inſtinct of the art; and thoſe indefatigable labourers, who put the work twenty times in the loom, are patient workmen, to whom time, at length, brings ſome lucky chance, whilſt the others have the exterior eaſe and brilliancy of men of quality. La Fontaine and Voltaire's verſes, and Fenelon's proſe, reſemble a clear and copious ſtream, which flows with eaſe. What juſt reflection does not produce in an inſtant, it will not be able to effect in months; it is luminous and rapid; it compares and combines ſpeedily, or remains ſunk in the clouds that obſcure it.

TURENNE.

GREAT men are often unacquainted with ſmall matters. Turenne, after having gained ſeveral victories, learned, with difficulty, how to ſalute at the head of his regiment of infantry.

THE PAINTERS.

A Fable.

A MONKEY uſed the pencil;—as a ſtrict obſerver of nature, he drew the animals with a moſt ſcrupulous reſemblance. To the horſe he gave his free and noble bound, to the bear his clumſineſs, to the tyger his ferocious countenance, to the aſs his length of ears. The carnivorous animals, diſpleaſed with their pictures, not only refuſed to pay him, but he was alſo obliged to ſkreen himſelf from their reſentment.

A fox, more cunning, though not ſo ſkilful, ſaid to himſelf, "I will make an advantage of the folly of this faithful painter.—Surely it is not prudent to draw a true reſemblance of thoſe proud animals?—No—they wiſh to be flattered, and then they will pay well."

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The fox mixed his colours on a different pallet.—Notwithſtanding the lion's dreadful mane, he gave him a ſoftneſs of countenance; —he contracted his wide mouth, nay, he almoſt made his roaring majeſty appear to ſmile. —The leopard had no longer the cruel ſanguine eye in his drawing;—the bear became delicate; he retrenched the aſs's ears by one half, and gave the pig a light ſhape;—the wolf ſeemed gentle;—the birds of prey no longer had crooked beaks and ſharp talons.

In conſequence, thoſe haughty animals, charmed with their new forms, gave him both a patent and a penſion.

TAVERNIER.

THE famous Tavernier, having ſold the jewels he brought from India, mentioned, in the preſence of Louis the Fourteenth, his intention to purchaſe an eſtate in Switzerland. The king aſked him, why he would not purchaſe one in his kingdom? Tavernier replied, with uncommon ſimplicity, *Becauſe, ſire, I mean to have my eſtate in full poſſeſſion.*

I have ſeen the houſe he purchaſed at Aubonne, near the Lake of Geneva; I ſhould have obſerved, that houſe has the title of barony annexed to it.

As

As I viewed the barony, I ſaid to myſelf, "Why cannot I converſe with the man who, being for forty years poſſeſſed with a rage for travelling, made ſix voyages into Turkey, Perſia, and India, by every track that could be thought of, and who afterwards, in ſearch of the wreck of his fortune, ended his days at Moſcow, at the age of eighty-four!"—What a ſingular deſtiny.

I could have wiſhed to raiſe the ſhade of this celebrated traveller,—to demand, why, after having viſited Europe and Aſia, he, at length, came to reſide near the Lake of Geneva? On reflection, I believed I had hit on the reaſon. Tavernier had viewed the moſt charming climates on earth; the richeſt countries of Aſia, where ſpices, ſilks, perfumes, gold, diamonds, every thing flattering to the ſenſe and imagination of man, are found; but, at the ſame time, he had met with ſlavery, ignorance, barbariſm; he had obſerved thoſe countries, though ſo enchanting in deſcription, were not ſuitable to the civiliſed European who keeps up to his morals. He then wiſhed to end his days in a mild climate and a fertile ſoil, among an honeſt, free people.—All theſe requiſites he found at Aubonne. The natives, who were then a plain, hoſpitable people, received every ſtranger that came to ſettle among them as a brother, and vied with each other in making him partake of the advantages of their liberty. They are altered ſince; and I would not adviſe every traveller, who wiſhes to repoſe after his long fatigues,

fatigues, to ſeek the comforts of life in Switzerland rather than elſewhere.

Tavernier had carried the name of Louis the Fourteenth to the fartheſt part of Aſia, and Louis, always grateful for every thing which extended his glory, granted him letters of nobility, although he was a proteſtant.

Tavernier proved the guide to jewellers. What a combination, in ſocial order, is that which gives to a ſmall tranſparent pebble, intrinſically ſo uſeleſs to happineſs, or pleaſure even, ſo great a value! This appears more aſtoniſhing than the voyages of John Baptiſt Tavernier to Perſia, who was born at Paris, and ended his courſe at Moſcow, when he was more than eighty years old.

MONTESQIEU.

I REFLECT, with pleaſure, on the day on which the *Spirit of Laws* made its appearance. Thoſe females who had read the *Perſian Letters*, and the *Temple of Gnidos*, might well be aſtoniſhed when they could not finiſh half the firſt volume.

Monteſqieu deceived the French. It was curious enough, on this publication of his, to hear the judgement of Civilians, literary men, and the men of the world. There were, perhaps, not more than ten or a dozen philoſophers

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in France who were capable of deciding on the merit of this work.

The chapter on the Engliſh Conſtitution, and the Treatiſe on Exchange, had not thirty readers in Paris; and yet the diminutively ridiculous, preſumptive ſpirits, always in a hurry to write and judge, ſhot their bolt on a work they did not underſtand.

It was, in a manner, baniſhed from among the books of juriſprudence.

But when England had taught us, that Monteſqieu had, in an elevated manner, penetrated the ſpirit of legiſlatures, and the ends of legiſlation, that he had got into the ſanctuary of laws, that he had laid open the principal movements of the political machine, the nation ran into another extreme; they were ridiculous enough to admire, beyond meaſure, a book they did not yet underſtand.

It was the uncommon fate of the *Spirit of Laws* to be thus firſt looked upon with indifference, afterwards extolled enthuſiaſtically; then bought with eagerneſs, and yet to be read by a very ſmall number.

Certainly the *Spirit of Laws* has many errors, as well as ſome truths. The references to Grotius, Puffendorf, and other Civilians, are too frequent. The author ſometimes gives quotations inſtead of reaſoning; he diſguiſes, or ſlightly paſſes over things, which, in fact, he ſeems not to be thoroughly acquainted with; affects obſcurity when he is ſo clear in other places; but, take it all in all, it is the moſt

aſtoniſhing

aſtoniſhing book that has been produced in the eighteenth century.

He inſtructs us how to combine diſtant ideas; he eſtabliſhes ſyſtems until then unknown; he teaches us every political idea is a complicated idea; he determines the different conſtitutions of ſtates. This important book, little calculated for the people of France, was ſcattered amongſt them when they were ſeriouſly taken up with *Pantins*, and the comic opera, and were lulled into the greateſt indifference on the operations of their leading men.

Monteſquieu may be conſidered among us as the Deſcartes of politics. His ideas, which are controverted, and which have no foundation but in his own imagination, bear an elevated character; his thoughts have always ſomething abſtruſe, which require accurate diſquiſition, and exerciſe our judgement. He ſeems moſt commonly to converſe with a mind of a legiſlative caſt.

Whether we reaſon or talk nonſenſe in France at preſent, in regard of political matters, if the ſect of œconomiſts, who have tired us ſo much by publiſhing, in a bad ſtyle, their ſhallow ideas, it is to Monteſquieu we are indebted for the firſt impulſe. If, in companies, in coffee houſes, fine gentlemen, clerks, and even ſome women, utter the words, *democracy*, *ariſtocracy*, and *oligarchy*—it is by Monteſquieu they were firſt taught to liſp them.

LYCURGUS.

LYCURGUS.

THIS was a legiſlator, who ſearched deeply into the heart of man, who, with a bold hand, cut off every thing which appertains to the empire of imagination, that it might be only ſubſervient to primitive wants, excluding voluptuouſneſs, the better to guard againſt ſorrow; annihilating deſires, to ſnatch it from grief, uneaſineſs, and cares; while a courageous legiſlator, who made man rich by depriving him of all, who fortified him by tempering his mind with an auſtere diſcipline, who enlightened him by taking from him even the ſhadow of the empty ideas which perſecute weakneſs, who made him powerful by eſtabliſhing his courage on the baſis of perfect equality. Such a genius aſtoniſhes; it confounds our ideas; we muſt either rank him as a fool, or reverence him as a ſublime perſon!

If a ſtate could now be eſtabliſhed unconnected with any other, the firſt ſtep of a legiſlator, who would cut off the ſource of vice, ſhould be, after the example of Lycurgus, to annihilate the value of gold and ſilver. His code would be almoſt completed; for his people, in want of paſſions, would have only thoſe which are lawful, becauſe there would be no longer means of ſatisfying thoſe which were not.

What

What would a vicious man do then? What would he have to tempt with? With what could a man be corrupted? No exchange but would be too viſible; no exchange beyond the neceſſities of life; individuals and the ſtate alſo would, conſequently, become virtuous.

If ever a legiſlator could make laws which would be adopted by all the people, or, at leaſt, the greater number, thoſe laws would not be overturned by conqueſt; they would be eternal. We may conceive the poſſibility of this; but experience of the paſt places this pleaſing idea in the rank of reveries. Lycurgus had genius, and was, moreover, ſubtile. The conjugal flame was quenched at Lacedemon; how was it to be reſtored? By no longer ſuffering the men to ſee their wives but privately. The Lacedemonians, from languid huſbands, became fortunate lovers. Was not that a philoſophical ſtroke?

We have ſo far commended Lycurgus: but when we conſider he himſelf could not eſtabliſh the baſis of his ſociety but on the Helotes, whoſe ſituation reſembled that of our unhappy negroes, we no longer know what to think of thoſe ſo boaſted ancient governments.

Thoſe Helotes bore everyemblem of ſlavery; to which was added contempt, ſtill more inſupportable. Our negroes ſometimes execute pieces of Rameau's muſic; but theſe were reſtrained from ſinging verſes made by a Lacedemonian poet. Their maſters ſhamefully intoxicated them to exhibit the diſagree-

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able ſpectacle of brutiſh drunkenneſs. Even Plutarch relates, that in order to exerciſe their youth trained to arms, to fall on a ſudden on the enemy, and not miſs their aim, they uſed to ſend their warlike youths into the country to lie in ambuſh for the Helotes, whom it was conſidered as a merit to ſtab artfully, without being perceived by any one. Yet this terrible Lycurgus had raiſed a ſtatue to Laughter!

What are we, then, to think of Lycurgus? That his legiſlation offers a double countenance; the one raiſes our admiration, while the other makes us ſhrink back with horror.

TO THE HOMELY FEMALES.

IT is frequently ſaid, there goes a fine woman, and we ſcarcely ſee any thing but her face.—There are among thoſe reputed, homely beauties that do not ſtrike the ſight; therefore, we ſhould not blame an attachment. The moſt beautiful women are not thoſe only who inſpire the ſtrongeſt ſenſations. On barely ſeeing a woman, who can diſcover all the attractions ſhe poſſeſſes in a *tête-a-tête?* Can any one gueſs at the graces, the art, the reliſh of her careſſes? What animated beauties dart even from thoſe eyes which ſeem cold or abſent! Nay, the very ſmile which inflames one heart will glance lightly over another. This difference of taſte is the cauſe that all women find

find admirers, and that ſhe who ſeems the moſt unfortunate has no reaſon often to envy her who has the greateſt train of lovers, whoſe homage is not always confirmed in the ſhade of myſtery.

It is there the deceit of art often diſappears; it is there it often happens, that the haughty beauty has no longer the ſame perfections, while the rival ſhe diſdained, accumulates triumphs due to graces which are ſtrangers to the proud and vain.

If love, as Ninon De l'Enclos uſed to ſay, is a piece where the *interludes* are the longeſt, what can be more enchanting than to find in a paſſion, which ſometimes tends to humble man, that charming graceful reaſon which enlightens, inſtructs, and metamorphoſes the pleaſures of voluptuouſneſs into ſuch pure enjoyments as belong to the mind.

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

A FREE man is forced to take a muſket on his ſhoulder, and to fix on it the infernal bayonet:—he is dragged from his cottage, to train him to battles, which his ſoul abhors.—The ploughman quits his plough, the handy craftſman his workſhop, the young man deſerts the hymeneal altar, he abandons an infirm father, a miſtreſs, an afflicted family; he goes to ſwell the crowd of combatants, whoſe

hearts are gradually opened to licentiouſneſs, ferocity, and violence.

Here are a hundred thouſand oppoſed to as many of the oppoſite party; they draw near each other in a vaſt plain, which will ſoon be covered with blood. What a prodigious number of men, compacted againſt each other, ſpreading their moving phalanx, are ranged in combined order to put each other to death! Blind inſtruments, they ſilently await the ſignal; fierce, through duty, they are ready to deſtroy their fellow creatures, without reſentment or anger. They have ſold their blood at a mean price, and their commanders will ſet as little value on it.

The majeſtic ſun riſes, whoſe ſetting ſo many unhappy wretches will never behold. Alas! who would have expected ſuch a ſlaughter? The earth is covered with verdure, mild ſpring, with her azure veil, embraces the air; nature ſmiles, as a tender mother; the glorious ſun diffuſes his beneficent rays, which gild and mature the gifts of the Creator; all is calm, all is harmony in the univerſe. — Wretched mortals alone, agitated with gloomy frenzy, carry rage in their boſoms; they meet to ſlaughter each other on the verdant field. The armies approach, the promiſed harveſt is trodden under foot,—death flies.—What a horrible tumult! All nature groans in an inſtant with the fury of man.—Hark to the thundering noiſe of thoſe horrible inſtruments of human revenge! Emulous of, and more terrible than the thunderbolt, with

their

their roar they drown the plaintive groans of the dying; they repel ſoft pity, wiſhing to make a paſſage into the heart; a cloud of ſmoke from gunpowder ariſes towards the Heavens, as if to hide a collection of ſuch horrors. The fury of devils, the torments of hell, ſeem united in this ſpace. Tygers, bears, lions, impelled with voracious hunger, are not inſpired with ſuch atrocious and ill-founded cruelty. Behold theſe rivulets of blood: here twenty thouſand men are ſacrificed to the caprice of one; behold them fall one on another, nameleſs, unthought of, unregretted, in oblivion! as the north wind deſtroys the innumerable inſects which infeſt our fields.

Thus periſh theſe unhappy mortals; the ſkies reſound with their lamentations; trampled on by horſes, by their countrymen, whom they vainly implore, they expire a thouſand different ways, in the moſt horrible agonies; while others, yet more to be pitied, preſerving a remnant of life, and conſumed by thirſt, the moſt intollerable of all torments, cannot yet die; others, forgetting death, ſurround them, fall furiouſly on their mutilated comrades, and, without compaſſion or pity to their wounds, unmercifully ſtrip their mangled, trembling limbs.

Oh, God! Oh, Creator of the world! is this *man*? This the ſublime creature, endowed with a feeling heart, and with that noble countenance that ſmiles erect towards Heaven, who has ſuch conceptions, who

cheriſhes the ſoft emotions of pity and generous tranſports of benevolence, who can admire virtue and greatneſs, who can weep with ſenſibility.—Is it *his* hand that can erect the ſtandard of victory on heaps of carcaſſes with an odious triumphant joy! Brethren, let me deplore you, your crimes, and your unhappineſs. Where is the fruit of your victory? I ſee nothing but tears and blood. Where is your triumph? Plunder does not enrich; the tears of mankind will never make an individual happy; for what ambition ſweeps in its unbridled career, fleets from the uſurper's hand.

Avaunt, barbarians! go, triumph in the ranks of this vaſt ſcene of ſlaughter; fix your eyes on thoſe pale and livid countenances, where grief and rage are drawn in hideous colours; enjoy your cruel victory; wander over thoſe immenſe tombs; reckon the victims which you, like the infernal powers, have commanded Death to ſeize; light your fires of joy among thoſe deplorable remains; proceed, and dare in your canticles to call on that God who commanded you to love each other as brethren, *the God of hoſts!* What do I ſee! Your bloody hands eager to carry into the abode of the genius of hoſpitality, thoſe ſame men whom you have juſt now deprived of one half of life; you are laviſh of your cares, you bathe their wounds with tears; a ray of humanity gleams on thoſe bloody plains; are thoſe the ſame men? Shall I, then, conclude you to be *impious* or *inſenſate?*

BULLS.

BULLS.

THAT is a very extraordinary bull of Pope Leo X. wherein he declares all thoſe excommunicated who ſhould write any criticiſm againſt the poem of Arioſto.

We have ſeen Alexander VI., by his bull, give the American iſlands and continent to the King of Spain, and declare, that the inhabitants of the new world had no property in the land. Some Civilian writers have ſupported the validity of this bull, which is ſtill more aſtoniſhing than the pontiff's own donation.

When they cut the throat of a Cacique, or invaded his province, this bull, iſſued from Rome, was cited, and the uſurpation aſſumed the title of propriety. This act, by which a Pope, the head of a religion of diſintereſtedneſs, gave away a world and all its inhabitants, has never yet been repealed.

WISDOM.

MOST philoſophers have overloaded wiſdom with too rigorous a moral, and this has given riſe to ſubtile and contentious queſtions. The fineſt arguments are built upon falſe ſuppoſitions, when they raiſe us too much above,

or caſt us too much below our proper ſphere. At this rate, can one be wiſe without ceaſing to be a man? We wiſh to be happy;—can we be ſo in a perpetual conflict of ourſelves againſt ourſelves?

Wiſdom is an effuſion of the ſoul in its purity; it collects the qualities of the heart and mind, like a concave glaſs re-uniting the rays of the ſun.

Wiſe men certainly form a claſs diſtinct from all the reſt of mankind. Let us examine them cloſely, and we ſhall ſee they bear the failings of their fellow creatures, as they do the defects in his perſon; they are only ſhocked at vice when carried to an intolerable degree of exceſs. The propenſities of nature appear to them as inclinations only when reſtrained within their real value; that is to ſay, when they do not exceed the bounds preſcribed to them. The wiſe man readily forgives weakneſs in others, becauſe he is conſcious himſelf of being liable to the ſame.

Complacency and indulgence are due to ſociety—rudeneſs and harſhneſs are its ſcourges.

Critics, that are too ſevere, do more harm than good. Virtues ſupport themſelves by ſentiment; that ſentiment is extinguiſhed when it is thwarted by too much rigour.—Have any a right to exact from others what they have often ſo much difficulty to obtain for themſelves? And all is loſt if it ſhould be diſcovered that the conduct of thoſe moroſe men is diametrically oppoſite to their precepts.

We

We may leave the care of morality to ſound philoſophy, which watches over the ſocial duties and public decency.

The wiſe man knows the barrier which ſeparates the good from the bad qualities; he diſtruſts the modeſty which diſguiſes vanity, politeneſs which degenerates into falſehood, the mind which contains nothing more ſolid than wit, and the argumentative tone, which proceeds from a barrenneſs of underſtanding.

The declenſion from good to evil is almoſt inſenſible; a wiſe man alone obſerves the almoſt imperceptible ſhades which form the limits between the good and bad minds; but he conciliates himſelf with all the world, as much as reaſon and good ſenſe will permit.—He wiſhes to be the friend and brother of mankind in general; far from reſembling thoſe moroſe men, thoſe gloomy miſanthropes, full of contradictions, who are only attentive to the *defects* of human nature.

Superiority of rank, brilliancy of fortune, in him awake not either envy or cupidity; becauſe he calls to mind, that as we are all born, ſo all muſt die on an equality, the prince and the huſbandman. What happens in the ſhort interval which ſeparates thoſe two events, is of too ſmall conſequence or duration for the mind to ſet a vaſt value on it; and he is likely to be moſt unhappy who has accumulated many enjoyments! The ſmalleſt privation will become very bitter to him.

As ſtrong paſſions diſlodge wiſdom, we cannot too ſoon reſiſt their firſt attacks; the wiſe man leaves them only ſo much power as is neceſſary to give the mind a vibration ſufficent to rouſe its activity.

Reaſon does not diſapprove the ſoft paſſions to which nature, our common parent, has given birth, and which ſhe makes neceſſary. To live without deſires, to contemn agreeable ſenſations, to become impaſſible, all this is to renounce our ſtate of intelligence, to fall into that of an unconnected individual, ſtranger to all the advantages attached to the exercile of our faculties.

M. De Maupertuis has made a calculation of the amount of our pleaſures, compared with that of the pains which we ſuffer in life. He ſuppoſes he has diſcovered the pains to be greater than the pleaſures; but the ſolution of this problem depends much on the temperament, the character, the humour of each perſon in particular. To reſolve, in a general way, we ſhould rather think him in an error. Let us place to the account of our wants a ceſſation of evils, the remembrance of being delivered from them; to which may be added, happy events, and, above all, our *hopes*; and we ſhall ſee, that the number of pleaſures ſurpaſſes that of pains; but the ſatisfaction reſulting from all is, in a great meaſure, the effect of wiſdom.

Grief and affliction produce diſorders in our organs which affect the mind with a painful ſenſation; the wiſe man ſeeks for relief

lief by reflecting that their cauſe is not generally worthy the attention given to it. Deſpair is a dreadful ſurpriſe, againſt which he takes care to guard himſelf as againſt a fall from a precipice, with which he is threatened. It is in vain to ſay, it is not to be overcome,—that would be confeſſing, that he ſuffers himſelf to be led by inſtinct alone. All great agitations of the mind may be appeaſed, ſince we know their effect ceaſes with time, and their impetuoſity becomes calm of itſelf. That which appears impoſſible to a weak head is not very difficult to a rational one, where a man is intent to get rid of whatever diſturbs his happineſs and tranquillity.

ROMANCES.

ROMANCES, which are eſteemed as frivolous by ſome ſerious characters, but who are ſhort ſighted, are the moſt faithful hiſtory of the morals and cuſtoms of a nation. The Philoſopher, ſometimes diſdaining, and very juſtly, the hiſtorian who ſeeks to deceive him, goes to the romance writer to look for the virtues of a people, becauſe, whilſt the latter ſeems totally abandoned to his imagination, draws portraits much nearer the truth than thoſe fictions honoured with the name of hiſtory. The former fixes his arrogant attention on kings, on their particular enterpriſes, and on the vaſt dark operations of their po-

litics. The romance writer, leſs haughty, takes in the crowd of individuals, while he follows the national character. He could not but intereſt us, at the time he firſt made his appearance, by offering, under a tranſparent or allegorical veil, a real picture of facts and perſons. This picture ought to be very valuable to the obſerver of ancient and modern morals, who, knowing how to compare them together, will from thence extract new inductions on the important ſcience of the human heart.

The progreſs of our knowledge is another marked and conſequential advantage in the hiſtorical part of thoſe romances, becauſe they bear the ſtamp of the age in which they were compoſed; we may thereby ſee in what manner antique fables have travelled, and among what nations they were naturaliſed. The examination of this adoption is curious, and demonſtrates the aſcendency of the marvellous over the mind of man which ſeems to diſdain the rigid and ſerious air of truth itſelf.

The empire of Satire has, at all times, diffuſed itſelf from the throne to the tavern, as Juvenal well obſerved. There have ever been vices and follies to repreſs in all ſtates; and one might readily diſcover the greater or leſs degree of civil liberty that writers enjoyed, in proportion as they took care to diſguiſe or diſplay their comic or ſatirical pictures.

The genius of the compoſition, ſtamped on the different epochas, muſt be no leſs uſeful, on a compariſon, to throw ſome light on the unde-

undecided diſputes the changeable taſte of people give riſe to almoſt in every age. One might be able to diſcover how much the different cuſtoms of time and locality influence ideas and overpower opinions; an intereſting information, which the hiſtorian's pen ſeldom or never touches on, being totally taken up with that minute exactneſs concerning the date of battles, the births, the tranſient characters, and death of kings.

The romance writer ſees leſs of the matters of the world, but can obſerve better the diſpoſition of the nation; thoſe features attract his pencil, and vivify it in its full extent. Therefore, ſuch productions glow with animation and activity, whilſt a multitude of hiſtories preſent us only a kind of oſteology without motion or gracefulneſs.

To conclude, love, that univerſal ſentiment, as diverſified in its principle and its effects as the crowd who burn with its flames, is produced under all manner of forms in thoſe kind of works, and gives birth to all manner of events. The advantage reſulting from it is immortal, becauſe it is eſtabliſhed on the deep ſenſibility of man, on the conflicts he experiences, on the pleaſures he purſues, and that this propenſity is indeſtructible in the midſt of the ſhifting ſands raiſed by the ſtorms of politics.

There is yet another ſort of romance much cheriſhed by the philoſopher,—it is that which preſents us in ideal a plan of public and national felicity; conſoling viſion, which gives

us an obſcure glimmering, that mankind may one day place in one common ſtock the lights of their reaſon and the boldneſs of their minds, to counterbalance the evils of nature and the faults of their anceſtors. The philanthropiſt delights in diving into thoſe pleaſing though fantaſtical works. He dreads the moment when the viſion will diſappear, and he at leaſt, feels himſelf more diſpoſed to purſue his occupations in the career of life, by reflecting that he or his children may reap the fruits of thoſe moving and philoſophic ſketches.

I have no good opinion, I repeat it, of an author who, in his youth, has not compoſed a romance; by that alone he foretels a barreneſs of imagination, and a kind of ſterility. To compoſe a romance, wit, a converſation with the world, and a knowledge of the paſſions, are indiſpenſable requiſites, which our poets and tragic writers, levellers of words, are ſtrangers to.

A writer who has not known how to make a romance, does not appear to me to have entered the career of literature by the impulſe of genius.

EGOTISM.

A Viſion.

AS I ſlept, I fancied an apparition, clothed in white, took me by the hand.—Its hand was cold,

cold, ſo cold, I ſtruggled to diſengage myſelf, but the apparition, being ſtronger, dragged me on, and forced me to go through a long, very long, ſubterraneous vault, at the end of which was a very low and narrow entrance; I was obliged to ſtoop my head under this door; after creeping on my hands, I entered a very large place, but dark and doleful.

This immenſe and diſmal edifice was illuminated by three lamps, ſuſpended very high, which enlightened the vaults:—ſo that darkneſs prevailed over the light. On caſting my eyes downwards, I ſaw ſepulchres, urns, coffins, tombs, ranged againſt the walls, which encircled the vaſt outlines.

On a ſudden, a kind of bench roſe up in the middle of this capacious, empty hall; I ſaw a phantom dreſt in green cloth, and heard a crowd of people gathering about a door half open.

It was guarded by a form of low ſtature, with a large, heavy head, mean appearance, crooked nails, and full of ink; it ſnored as it ſpoke; a continual hickup evinced its digeſtion painful; on its forehead was wrote the word *finance*. On the other ſide, a timid, dry, and ſquinting form, which, notwithſtanding its lankneſs and wretchedneſs, aſſumed a bold countenance, held the ſecond fold of the door. On its right cheek, which it endeavoured to conceal, was written the word *reſource*.

They both opened the door to the crowd, who preſſed on, and ſhouldered each other; ſome

ſome with inflamed countenances, prodigious bellies, gouty legs, and apoplectic necks.—The others ſeemed lean, half ſtarved, with pale and wan countenances, lank wigs, and wretched muffs.

Immediately they all drew forth bags of money, ſome more, ſome leſs, and offered them up with joined hands to the phantom, demanding a piece of ſtamped parchment. Every one exclaimed,—*Follow me; I double my income; I ſhall live without working; I diſinherit every one belonging to me; I will live ſplendidly; I ſhall feed my horſes well, and will never marry.* An univerſal ſhouting, which yet was ſomething ſad and doleful, was heard from all ſides: *Me, me, me, and ſtill me; never any other but me!* This terrible *me* ſtunned the ears and minds of every one, and each repeated it with immoderate tranſport.

The moſt baſhful did not ſpeak aloud, but ſaid to themſelves, in a low tone, *What is another to me? One muſt live for one's ſelf; I live for myſelf, for myſelf alone*; and their lips, faithful interpreters of their hearts, inceſſantly repeated this monoſyllable, me.

The green phantom made a ſign, and then it was tried who ſhould be foremoſt. They poured out the gold and ſilver around his ſeat; it was ſoon heaped about him as high as his ſhoulders, although he was eight cubits high. He then aroſe, took a tenth part of this money, and threw it back to thoſe who had brought it to him: but as ſoon as he had diſperſed this metal, ſeveral individuals fell down

and

and died; then their neighbours coolly, and without ſhedding a tear, placed them in the ſepulchres which ſurrounded the hall.

The ſurvivors collected the money of the deceaſed, and threw it back in the heap, crying, *Me, me, me, nothing after me, as my predeceſſor ſaid and practiſed; let us follow his example!* They, at the ſame time, drew a ſmall phial, containing an elixir, which as they drank they ſaid, *This is to make me live a hundred years*, and take in the green phantom. What moſt aſtoniſhed me was, that being ſo eager to receive, they were ſtill more ſo to return it to the heap, which inceſſantly increaſed.

The phantom, turning himſelf on his heel twelve equal times, ſprinkled the multitude circularly with a rain of coin; he occaſionally ſtopped during this tranſaction, and endeavoured to gain the ſmalleſt ſpace of time, for he knew how to calculate the value of delay; but the impatient crowd exclaimed, *Ah, how long and cautious is the turn! Wretched I am to have been chriſtened Zachary inſtead of Abraham! Turn faſter then.*—The phantom, immovable to thoſe clamours, read, without emotion, a little book, *The Probability of Human Life*, with its particular commentary; a book which the multitude did not read, and would not have known how to read.

The money taken from the enormous maſs ſhowered down on the expecting crowd, which cleared away as they fell; one would drop down while the money was in the air; and his neighbour, charitably dragging him to the coffin

coffin, ſtumbled over his comrade, murmuring, *I have ſigned my receipt.*

Thus they reciprocally buried each other without a tear of ſincerity being ſhed. They ſearched the pockets of the dead, which were empty, and they execrated them. The money fallen at their feet, was taken up by the neareſt, but by a magical tendency always flew back to the phantom, ſo that he was at laſt left alone in the midſt of a prodigious heap of gold and ſilver.

I was the only one who remained alive in the hall; and the phantom darting at me a moſt horrible glance, ſaid, *Who art thou? What doſt thou here? Who brought thee here? Whom doſt thou want?—Why to enjoy, without parchment, the fruits of the earth, thoſe of the trees, and the rays of the ſun.* He was ſilent when he obſerved I had no demand on him; but ſeemed diſpleaſed to find me living among thoſe dead carcaſſes.

I contemplated this phantom with terror, when the green robe that covered it fell down to its heels. I ſaw a black ſkeleton, which ſuddenly mounted a horſe that was a ſkeleton alſo. I imagined I was again reading one of the myſterious verſes of the apocalypſe; I heard the frightful crackling of bones; neither horſe nor horſeman ſeemed to have acquired any great improvement amidſt this heap of money: they flew away, and were changed into thoſe fluid kind of vapours which aſcend to the cieling; they penetrated the ſtoney roof without opening it: nothing

remained

remained but a heap of boxes, filled with goernment warrants.

Suddenly a confuſed buzzing was heard; all the deceaſed, who had ſhouted during their life time, *Me, me, me*, raiſed themſelves, leaning their elbows on their tombs, and ſaid, caſting pale and repentant looks at each other, *My children, my nephews, my friends, forgotten!* They made ſome efforts to raiſe their voices, but could only murmur theſe words, in a weak and lamentable tone, *We played againſt Death, that dry and devouring ſkeleton. We played againſt Death! Death! He has won the game; Death has won the game! He has got all our money. Death! Me, me, me,—Death!*—And at thoſe words, they all fell back ſilently into their coffins.

Finding myſelf alone among thoſe plaintive ſhades, this murmuring, and yet more frightful ſilence, terror overpowered my ſenſes; a cold ſweat diſtilled over all my members; I ſhrieked out, and awoke immediately.

A MADRIGAL.

CUPID ſaid, ſmiling, to me t'other day,
"Good morrow, friend! To end your torment, view
Two choiceſt ſhafts of mine I here diſplay;
For CELIMENE one, and one for you."
"Thanks, pretty boy, (I cried) but I declare,
At preſent, one alone may well ſuffice:
Pierce but the breaſt of the *inhuman fair!*
Leave *her* to do the reſt with her bright eyes*."

* Thoſe are the author's firſt verſes.

ON TOPERS.

THE qualification of a toper has been reſpectable among many nations, becauſe it ſuppoſes a ſtrength of head very ſuitable to a general, a commander, or a military man.—Warlike nations have ſet a high value on this qualification, which depends on a good conſtitution. Cuſtoms which often ſeem ridiculous to us, always have a ground, when the examining eye traces them up to their origin.

It has been remarked, moreover, that wine drinkers were ſtronger, more courageous, more ingenious than others; and, in length of time, that opinion may have inſtituted the glory of being a toper, as neceſſarily being a pledge of victory.

At an entertainment Alexander gave to his captains, he propoſed a prize for thoſe who ſhould drink moſt;—Promachus, the hero of this revelry, gained a crown, but died three days after; and his death was followed by forty-one of thoſe who diſputed with him the glory of this ſingular conteſt.

The Turkiſh emperor Amurath IV. one day walked diſguiſed in a public ſquare, an amuſement he ſometimes took, to ſee and learn what he could never acquire within the incloſure of his palace. The ſultan, mingled in the crowd, met a common fellow who was drunk, and who, in his reeling gait, was like to throw the emperor down. This ſight being novel

to

to him, he required an explanation of the cauſe of intoxication. *Becri Muſtapha* (the name of the drunken man) ſeeing a man who had ſtopped to obſerve him, ſaid, *Go about your buſineſs, friend — I will not have any look at me.*—Princes generally diſcover themſelves.—*What ſayſt thou, wretch?* replied Amurath, *doſt thou not know I am the ſultan?* —*Thou the ſaltan? Why then I am Becri Muſtapha, do you underſtand? And if thou wilt ſell Conſtantinople to me, I will buy it of thee; thou wilt then be Becri Muſtapha, and I ſhall be ſultan.*—Amurath's ſurpriſe increaſed, particularly when they aſſured him, in a few hours the man's reaſon would return again; he commanded him to be taken to his palace, in order to obſerve his thoughts when memory might recal his converſation with the grand ſeignior.

He was left to ſleep, and evaporate the fumes of his wine, in an apartment in the ſeraglio. He awoke, in the greateſt aſtoniſhment. They related to him his adventure, and the promiſe he had made the ſultan. Terror ſucceeded his delirium; and knowing Amurath's diſpoſition, he already looked on himſelf as impaled; he recollected himſelf, however, and requeſted a bottle of wine, which was granted. He pretended to taſte it, but concealed it under his robe.

The emperor appeared, and putting him in mind of his offer, required the ſum he engaged to pay for Conſtantinople, according to promiſe. Becri Muſtapha, not in the leaſt diſcon-

diſconcerted, drew out his bottle, and replied to the emperor, *The invaluable price that purchaſes capitals is contained in this bottle.—Oh, moſt magnificent emperor, in this is encloſed the treaſure I enjoyed, and which ſurpaſſes, in value, all the thrones of the world. It is in your power to be as rich as I was yeſterday.*—*How ſo?* ſaid Amurath.—*By ſwallowing this divine liquor, which elevated me above kings.*

Amurath reſolved to taſte it; he drank, and the effect was ſpeedy in a head which received for the firſt time the juice of the grape. He became ſprightly, and to increaſe this delightful temper, he drank more, and got drunk. He only ſuffered a head ach the next day; which being diſſipated, he returned to the charge, and a freſh bottle made him experience charms preferable to his crown. Enchanted with this diſcovery, he would every day drink and get drunk with *Becri Muſtapha*, who became his favourite, and a man of great credit.

Switzerland, next to Germany, is the country where they drink moſt; the qualification of a toper is ſtill much eſteemed in ſeveral cantons.

The Swiſs ſtill remember, with admiration, a French ambaſſador, who, being recalled, was taking leave of the deputies of the cantons—"My lord," ſaid one of them, "you muſt not leave us without drinking the *ſtirrup draught.*"—"The *ſtirrup draught*," replied the ambaſſador, "ſhould be drank out of a boot;" and, drawing off one of his own, cauſed it to be filled, drank it at a draught, then putting

it

it on, mounted his horſe, leaving a whole nation tranſported at the ſight of an action for ever memorable in the Helvetic annals.

EPITHALAMIUM.

"STREW the turf with flowers, make me a bed of odoriferous roſes and refreſhing lilies; I will recline my head on tufts of jaſmine, lilies of the valley and tuberoſes, for I languiſh with love.

"Tell me, ye virgins, who feed your flocks on thoſe flowery hillocks, have you ſeen the love of my heart paſs this way?

"Daughter of cities, who is the love of your heart? By what features can we diſcover him you love?—

"My love is amidſt the ſhepherds of this hamlet as a lily in the field of humble daiſies. His hair falls in ringlets on his ſhoulders; his eyes ſparkle with love; a ſmile is on his lips; his walk is majeſtic; he ſpeaks mild words; his careſſes are intoxicating; on his vermillion lips voluptuouſneſs reſides; in the preſſure of his arms repoſes love.

"The whole day have I ſought my love; I have ſought, and have not found him. Ye ſpacious woods, give back my love! I have ran over the vallies, the higheſt mountains; travellers have inſulted my reſtleſs tenderneſs; they have plunged my weak heart in ſorrow.

They

They ſaid to me, 'the lover you follow flies from you; he ſhuns your love, the higheſt mountains, the moſt rugged rocks, ſeparate him from you.'

"But who is he deſcending from yon high mountain? His countenance, full of fire, reſembles the ſun; his humid eyes and cheeks, covered with tears, are like our fields, when moiſtened with the nightly dew. Ye loves, fly to meet him! Ye Zephyrs, waft him the coolneſs of theſe waters; perfume the air before him with the mild odour of thoſe flowers, and let a torrent of ſweets flow towards him from thoſe fragrant plants.

"Come, my beloved, reſt thy tender head in the boſom of thy love; come; I will ſtroke the down on thy chin, and the carnation on thy cheeks, with my ſoft hand; I will baniſh from thy mind care and ſorrow; my lips ſhall kiſs away the tender tears that fall down thy face. Inſenſible creature, thou ſeemeſt to ſcorn my atractions! Although my face is black, it is the heat of the ſun has ſcorched it, and my breaſts are as white as the clouds at noon; my boſom is as white as the tops of the higheſt mountains always covered with ſnow; my cheeks are round, my eyes are full of love, as well as my heart; my ſtature is like the ſtem of a young olive tree; I am ever ſprightly and active; and when I ſee thee I bound in the fields like a kid of two months old.

"I hear ſoft Zephyrus murmuring among the leaves. What a delicious perfume exhales

in

in this place! I think I ſmell the breath of my well beloved, more grateful to me than milk and honey. Yes, it is he! Oh, exquiſite joy! I have found him, him whom my heart loves! Thoſe who were jealous of my happineſs deceived me. I have found him, and never more will I leave him!—Take care, ſhepherdeſſes, do not awake my love, who ſleeps among thoſe trees during the heat of the day; take care you don't awake him. I have again found him my heart loves. The turtle now begins her ſong of love.—Awake, my dear lover, come to my arms, intoxicate thyſelf with delight;—come, we will ramble together over this charming country; we will gather the vine buds, and the bloſſoms which begin to whiten the tops of the apple trees: we ſhall find a delicious coolneſs under their ſhade, we ſhall ſit down on the graſs, growing at our feet; thou ſhalt recline thy head on my boſom; my lips ſhall breathe my ſoul on thy lips, and my mouth blow into thee the fire of my love."—

This piece of great antiquity, out of which I have collected ſome extracts, is a lyric work, taken by ſome of the learned for an epithalamium. There is a dialogue with choruſſes to it;—it is attributed to Solomon. It is love, in its full energy;—nevertheleſs Solomon wrote *Eccleſiaſticus*.

But this moſt valuable tract has been handed down to us ſo disfigured, that we now can only come at the intention. Like a temple, muti-

mutilated by the hand of time, of which the architect alone can perceive the form which is wanting, and his imagination is obliged to reconſtruct; and diſcovers the height of the columns by a ſtrict ſurvey of the fallen baſes and capitals.

Voltaire, who ever was an enemy to ſimplicity, and ſcattering his pernicious ſpirit among the beauties of antiquity, has made a verſion of this epithalamium, where every word is a ſhocking miſconſtruction. He makes the ſpouſe ſay literally thus:

Oh, my faithful companions!
Behold my *cruel* fears,
Bring relief to my ſorrows;
Tell me what country
Or what land is honoured
With the object of my flame,
What God has ſeparated him from me.

What land is honoured! This expreſſion is very extraordinary; it is a modern idea. The ſpouſe continues ſpeaking of her lover:

Under ſuch a form,
Deſcend from the higheſt Heavens
The maſters of nature,
Miniſters of the King of Heaven.

What a poetical jumble! There is not a word of all this in the original. The Salamite again ſays, in Voltaire's ſtyle:

Do not imagine I ſhall endure
A new ſeparation;
The abſence of a ſingle moment
Is a moment of perjury.

Here

Here is a pretty madrigal! of which Soloman never had any idea. What a falſe taſte! The original, in two lines, ſays more than all this verſification, replete with vicious colouring. Turn to the original, and you will obſerve, reader, that Voltaire did not know how to read what he read, and that he ever compoſed with that factitious ſpirit ſo much cheriſhed in his age, but whoſe merit will diſappear with it.

He has even inſerted, in his verſion of this monument of antiquity, ſome of thoſe ſorry jeſts with which he was ſo familiariſed. He makes the ſpouſe ſay:

> The rigorous ſeverity of my parents
> Commanded me to take great care of my vine.
> I deliver'd it up to the maſter of my heart,
> The vintager was well worthy of it.

Thoſe lines, which would make a figure in a merry tale, appear very ridiculous, when compared with the ſoft, natural, ſentimental expreſſion, the author has given to the lover and the ſpouſe, which deeply penetrates the moſt ſenſible heart.

OPULENCE.

A Viſion.

I FOUND myſelf in a chemical laboratory. A little pale man, attentively thoughtful, was

placed near a furnace, on which a copper veſſel was fixed, the reverberation of the fire illuminated his wan face; his hair was briſtled, his beard long and negligent; a glaſs maſk covered his face, and he wore a dirty apron.—The moment he ſaw me, he put his finger to his mouth.

I was ſilent.—He blew the fire for ſome ſhort time, and, ſuddenly looking up, ſhewed me a black, ſtormy cloud; he liſtened, and ſaid, *It thunders; good!* Joy ſhone on his gloomy countenance. *Here is a ſtorm*, added he, *let us go out.*

A flaſh of lightning ſucceeded; he took me by the hand,—*What a happy event this is! The thunder will roar, and, perhaps—let us go into the open air.* He ſeemed inclined to meet the ſtorm; went to a little riſing ground; and held out his arms to a man who was coming at a diſtance. The man who ſaw him, made him a ſign, and ran towards us. Inſtantly a flaſh of fire fell from the clouds on the man, who ran and conſumed him like phoſphorus. The chemiſt gave a ſhout of joy, ran to the ſpot where the fire from Heaven had diſſolved this human body; he ſtopped, and picked up a ſmall triangular ſtone, and, riſing up, cried out, *We no longer want any thing; here is the philoſopher's ſtone.*—"And, pray, how is it there more than elſewhere?"—"Oh," replied he, "for theſe forty years have I been watching the thunder; this great work, which has been ſo long ſought, could not be perfected but by the ſudden and inſtantaneous diſſolution

tion of a man; the thunderbolt only is capable of melting this precious matter."

He put this philoſopher's ſtone into my hand, and whilſt he was making geſticulations expreſſive of the diverſe emotions of his ſoul, a ſecond clap of thunder came more terrible than the firſt, and diſſolved him alſo. I was not tempted to go to the ſpot to find a ſecond ſtone, doubtleſs, in greater perfection, as the man who furniſhed the materials was a philoſopher. I made my eſcape very precipitately, with the prize, which I inherited by ſo extraordinary an accident.

I ſettled in a large city, where I hired a ſpacious garret, purchaſed the entire ſhop of a brazier, and, that ſame night, having ſecured the door, transformed all the copper pots into pure gold; I broke, or rather ſawed them, and, with thoſe precious fragrants, in a ſhort time, accumulated prodigious wealth.

Then I was courted by every one; purchaſed an hotel, magnificent carriages, diſtinguiſhed by the pliancy of their ſprings.—The women ſaid, I was not to be equalled, and the little ſenſe I had ſoon became genius.

I was a batchelor, and they all vied who ſhould marry me; for this purpoſe, every artifice was employed; praiſes were laviſhed, and compliments without end. In the midſt of all thoſe ambitious, coquettiſh ladies, who ſought my alliance, and who diſplayed the whole artillery of ſighs and artificial graces, I choſe a young girl, of an open diſpoſition

and countenance, who had neither addreſſed me by a word or a look.

My marriage was celebrated with great pomp and magnificence, and I was happy to have choſen, among this great number of girls, her who ſeemed the moſt modeſt and baſhful.

A Genealogiſt diſcovered, one of my anceſtors killed at the battle of Ceriſole, and honoured me with an eſcutcheon of three pales, flaming in a field *d'or*. As to my wife, ſhe was made a deſcendant from Froila the Firſt, fourth king of Aſturias.

One night, as I lay in a moſt magnificent bed with her, contemplating the richneſs of my furniture, a crowd of Vampires entered the room, and began to unfurniſh my apartment. In vain did I make ſigns to them to deſiſt; tney carried every thing away, making many low bows. Every one of my people, calling me *my lord*, carried away ſome of my effects, black gowns, red gowns; a thouſand people I knew nothing of, came and claimed their ſhares, and each took poſſeſſion of what belonged to me: they ſhowed me papers, which had the virtue of carrying off, before my eyes, all my movables. I even ſaw the little box, which contained my ſtone, taken; it was ſeized by the figure of a man, who held in his hand a wand, and called out *Juſtice!*

Then I turned to my dearly beloved, and, in the effuſion of my ſoul, ſaid to her, "The Vampires have ſtripped me of all I had; but ſtill

ſtill I have *thee.*" She wept—I thought it proceeded from tenderneſs; but my wife ſo mild, ſo open, ſprang from my arms, ran over the apartment with the looks and geſture of a fury, and, ſeeing it was ſtript, ſeized on a purſe the Vampires had forgot in one of my waiſtcoat pockets, came to me, and, applying a vigorous ſtroke to my cheek, diſappeared.

Stunned with this ſcene, I got up in bed, in order to run after my wife, for I loved her. I had grown fat from living well; but a little Vampire, thinner ſtill than the others, ſprang upon me, and began to ſuck me alive. He ſwelled on my body as I grew lank; he dried me up from head to foot, gorging himſelf with my blood, and I became ſo light, that the wind carried me off my magnificent bed with rich curtains through the window. I floated ſome time in the air, and fell on a rock, which fortunately awoke me.

HISTORY.

THE character of an hiſtorian is a glaſs that reflects a different colour on objects; thus too ſcrupulous a nicety in the ſearch of truth is morally impoſſible. The ſame facts are related with circumſtances which pervert them by different authors.

I will, therefore, take upon me to believe, it is not abſolutely hiſtoric truth which is the

greateſt eſſential. That which concerns me moſt in hiſtory, is to ſee, in full diſplay, the ſpring of human paſſions, the weak ſide of thoſe who are ſtyled the maſters of the earth, the folly of thoſe great enterpriſes which ſeem to flatter national pride, and deceive it. That which concerns me, is to ſee ambition puniſhed, tyrants periſh by a violent and ſudden death, great criminals brought to puniſhment. That which concerns me is, not to be informed preciſely what ſuch a man thought, but what he *might* have thought, in ſuch a circumſtance. In this ſenſe, the hiſtorian's reflections are often more valuable than even the facts. A particular diſcuſſion of uſeleſs events will put me to ſleep. A large and magnificent deſcription of a reign, although a little romantic, will powerfully attract my ideas. The hiſtorian who ſaid, when he was reproached for having exceeded the truth, *it is a great deal better ſo*, gave the philoſophic anſwer, "Not that I would, by any means, encourage falſities; but I totally reject thoſe puerile inquiries which only make us loſe our precious time. Away with thoſe minutiæ, which are honoured with the name of diſſertations."

Quintus Curtius has uſed great invention in the hiſtory of Alexander; but what is that to me? I, nevertheleſs, ſee the folly of conqueſt with which this deſtructive man was poſſeſſed; and can ſmile, notwithſtanding, on ſeeing him arrogate divinity, and end with being the dupe of his own imagination; I

deſpiſe

deſpiſe him as much in the fury of his rage, in the ſhameful exceſſes he plunges into, when I ſee this conqueror, the ſlave of a courtezan, ſet fire to Perſepolis at her demand, totally abandoned to the moſt infamous paſſions, and exceeding in debauchery thoſe effeminate people he had overcome. From ſuch a lecture I draw a moral reflection, which exhibits falſe glory, and teaches me to diſtinguiſh it from the true.

Homer is a liar alſo; but the diſputes among kings, the miſeries of the people, victims to their quarrels, are, nevertheleſs, characteriſed in their true features. The converſation men adapt to their gods gives me reflection; I perceive how readily they make the inhabitants of Heaven intervene, to make them witneſſes and tutelary preſidents of the murders they commit; I ſee the paſſions ſanctify every thing which flatters them; and Homer, in this point of view, inſtructs me as much as Tacitus.

He inceſſantly dived to diſcover the principal motions of his actors; he imparts his mind and ſpirit to thoſe whoſe actions he deſcribes. The Tacituſes are too ſcarce for me to ſuppoſe ſuch profound penetration in the emperors he deſcribed; but I ſee what, perhaps, Tacitus might have done in their ſituation, what others may do from his inſtructions, or, at leaſt, what they may do. I would rather, for inſtance, be convinced of that idea, than know preciſely, whether ſuch an emperor had a great appetite, or

whether he was ſober, if his face was long or oval, the time of his levée or his couchée. There are ſome rough truths, which only attract the reader's eye; there are ſome extraneous ſtrokes, which make him think.

INDOLENCE.

THIS is no longer the age when the man who wiſhed to arrive at perfection in an art or ſcience, would ſpend half his life in ſtudying it, and the other half in putting it in practice. We no longer ſee learned men waſting twenty years over books, meditating by the light of their lamps; collecting and combining ideas; handling and handling a hundred times over their ſubject, to produce at length four volumes *in folio* in ſome of the abſtruſe ſciences. It is true thoſe four volumes were moſt commonly a heap of abſurdities; but here I do not mean to ſpeak of, or call in queſtion, the rectitude of the mind, I only mean to ſpeak of the patient ſtrength and laborious genius of our predeceſſors.

Now, little is done; the world is engaged in trifles, and are pleaſed with the trifling works; the painter draws little ſketches; a ſong, a little tale in verſe, a pamphlet on the converſation of the day, form a man of letters; a comedy of five acts is conſidered as an extraordinary effort.

Ours

Ours is the age of ſloth; every great compoſition makes one ſhudder; one dares not even contemplate it in idea. A poet, who neglects his talent, excuſes his idle ſupineneſs by ſaying, he has a reſpect for the public, and ſoon expects his diſſipation ſhould be honoured. A writer, who would be entitled, and has a capacity, contents himſelf with writing a pamphlet, to which he conſigns his whole knowledge, contemning what he might acquire; he will tell you, his readers, ſtill more indolent, never read two entire volumes, and that, in this faſhionable world, where ſo much is ſaid, there is no time for reading.

If, among this diſſipated and indolent people, now and then a man of vigorous mind is found, who, exact to his ſtudy, produces ſeveral volumes, his copiouſneſs is imputed to him as a crime; academicians, who dine and ſit to digeſt, men who kill time, are aſtoniſhed at his readineſs. Where does he find leiſure?

Phillip of Macedon, at a feaſt which was continued far on in the night, ſaid as much of a great tragic writer. A courtier, in a merry mood, ventured to reply, *He takes exactly the time we employ in drinking and revelling.*

The greateſt crime of luxury in great cities is to rob the handy craftſman, the artiſt, the man of letters, of a great portion of their exiſtence; luxury fills the head with trifling things, it interrupts work, cramps genius, and prevents it from being great and uſeful; it blunts the activity of the mind, deſtroys the

ſpring which grows by action. It creates the puerile formalities of ſociety, invents games, circles, makes amuſement the eſſential object to which every thing is relative; which, in a word, reduces the life of a man to a few days.

But the lazy man ſoon falls into a ſtate of inquietude; he experiences an inſupportable *vacuum*, a real torment, more intolerable, perhaps, than natural anguiſh, to which the laborious man is ever a ſtranger, who always ſees in perſpective more work than is neceſſary to fill up his time.

Every one knows the ſtory of the ſlothful man, who cried out in his chamber as if he was expiring; the frightened people of the houſe flew to his aſſiſtance; burſt open the door, and behold, he was alone, ſtretched on a chair. — *What's the matter?* ſaid they. — *What's the matter, my friends? Alas! I don't know what to do with myſelf.*

What a burden is time to ſome people! How it ſlides away for the noble children of the arts! They are ever quarrelling with the winged old man, and are obliged to lock themſelves up to avoid thoſe troubleſome writers, who, fatigued with their leiſure, come to tell you literally, *Rid me of my time!*

LUCAN.

LUCAN.

A SERIOUS poet, full of energy and thought, has drawn the portraits of ſome great men, which was more difficult than depicting the gods.

Original and daring, he has tranſmitted, in his ſtyle, the noble ardour with which his heart was filled. The boldneſs of expreſſion, its force and preciſion, announce his genius independent; he wrote againſt tyranny, and it was during the reign of Nero. The exaggerated praiſes he beſtows on him is the moſt keen irony: Nero himſelf was not its dupe, and the poet died a violent death at the age of twenty-ſeven.

Roman virtue tranſported his ſoul; and heroic paſſion for liberty gave birth to that manly diction, which, as it was ſaid, made him appear among the poets of his days, as a fiery and unruly courſer among a parcel of rigs.

Cæſar's great virtues did not over awe him; he views him every where as the oppreſſor of his country, laying the foundation of the monſtrous, and moſt inſulting deſpotiſm, that weighed down a great and victorious nation. He gives a kind of worſhip to the unfortunate defender of the public cauſe, to Pompey, whoſe moderation, age, and mildneſs of character made him equally averſe to all attempts on the Roman liberty.

This bold and vigorous poet, deſcribing the civil war which armed Cæſar and Pompey, was wholly poſſeſſed with the greateſt political event which happened in the old world. The choice of the ſubject is not of a common genius; and when one reflects it was a young man who made Cato, Pompey, and Cæſar ſpeak, our aſtoniſhment increaſes.

His greateſt glory does not conſiſt in being tranſlated, but in having been ſtudied by the great Corneille, who has interſperſed in his works ſeveral extracts from the Pharſalia.

MAHOMET.

A Viſion.

I WAS on the ſea ſhore, delighted in contemplating thoſe frothy, bellowing ſurges which daſh themſelves on a grain of ſand; they crowd impetuouſly, as if they would ſwallow up the earth; but retire before that finger, which ſeems to have written on the imperceptible limits, *No farther ſhalt thou go.*

An oyſter was left on the ſhore, about half a foot from the water; the angry white billow could not recover it. It quietly opened its ſhell to the rays of the ſun, as if to quench its thirſt. I obſerved ſomething ſhining within it; I opened it, and ſaw that which attracted

ted my eyes with its ſplendour was a little gold bell; the clapper was pearl, and the pearl was covered with exceeding ſmall characters. I took up the microſcope to decypher them, and read, with aſtoniſhment, thoſe words,—*Thou mayſt raiſe from the dead whatever ſhade thou pleaſeſt.*—I exclaimed, Thanks to the donor of this gift! and rang the bell.

On a ſudden, the moſt dazzling ſight appeared to me;—an immenſe ray of the ſun came down from that orb in a right line to my feet; and an angel, ſliding rapidly on this radiant ladder, and eclipſing its brigheſt colours, ſtood before me.

I proſtrated myſelf, hiding my face with my hands; but a ſoft, majeſtic voice called me, raiſed my head, and I then ſaw a beautiful young man. His fair hair flowed gracefully on his ſhoulders, an azure fillet bound his forehead; his robe, of a dazzling brightneſs, was tucked in a golden belt. "He who exiſted before time, who weighed the ocean in the palm of his hand," ſaid he, "has vouchſafed to ſend me to thee, and I will ſatisfy thy demands."

Now a round temple, of entire alabaſter, was, in the twinkling of an eye, raiſed about me: I heard a voice call out, *Name, then, among the children of men, and who await the ſplendour of the eternal day, name him thou would wiſh to ſee.* —— Several names crowded on my memory; Seſoſtris, Abraham, Alexander, Cæſar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, &c.

&c. when, in my confuſion, I called out loud, *Mahomet* ? I wanted to ſay—

His ſhade aroſe from the pavement of the temple, and contemplating at leiſure the founder of the Muſſulman power and religion, the conqueror of Mecca and Arabia, and the fortunate huſband of ſo many fine women. He had an air of authority, a majeſtic countenance, piercing eyes. *How cameſt thou*, ſaid I, *to erect thyſelf into a prophet? Why haſt thou deceived mankind?* Mahomet caſt a look at me which, by its grandeur, diſconcerted me. He was ſilent, but his ſilence expreſſed majeſtic contempt. Under his arm he had a *book*, and under his foot a *ſcymitar*, as if aſhamed to have uſed it. But his *book* ſeemed dear to him; a luminous ray proceeded from it, and I could obſerve this book was full of the God whoſe power and glory he ſo worthily announced.

I reſumed, *Why didſt thou abuſe the credulity of thy countrymen? Why didſt thou feign revelations?*—While I was ſpeaking thus, I was near a high pillar of Jaſper, and from this pillar iſſued a voice, expreſſing thoſe words:

"Do not accuſe a great man, revered by one part of the world, and who deſtroyed idolatry. Doſt thou know how to read what he wrote? Poetic calumny has mounted the ſtage of one nation, has loaded him with imaginary crimes; but can it contend againſt the univerſal reſpect of the people, and their ancient gratitude! Thoſe ſtill-living precepts, which

which are ſpread over a great part of the globe, were founded on great underſtanding. For ſuch a legiſlator, foreſeeing man, would always reject the authority of a man his fellow creature and equal, brought down from Heaven the orders he wiſhed to ſignify to the earth. Do not then blame him; do not call him *cheat* and *impoſtor*, becauſe there are wiſe and uſeful laws which are the expreſſion of the divine will, becauſe no prejudice is intended to man when he is informed of his real duties, becauſe the whole world offering the conviction of a power which has eſtabliſhed the moral as well as the phyſical laws, the great man becomes the herald, the enlightened interpretor, of thoſe divine laws; he reveals them in a language relative to their majeſty; he gives a religious foundation to the civil policy, a neceſſary and ſacred baſis; his right is in the grandeur and purity of his cauſe.

"If ancient legiſlators have mingled reveries or fables with important and ſublime truths, it was, perhaps, the only means to make thoſe palatable. Times, circumſtances, the human mind, always fond of the marvellous, every thing may have compelled the legiſlator to blend worſhip with morality; the one was the body, and ſuſceptible of being modified without danger, the other the ſoul of his policy.

"Will you, then, rank, ye ſhort-ſighted, weak obſervers, will you ungratefully rank among *impoſtors* ſeveral enlightened benefac-

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tors to mankind, becauſe they have commiſerated their weakneſs, and have left them ſome inevitable errors, in order to make them more readily adopt new lights and new virtues?

"Thoſe errors were not of their production, but long before them were the confuſed work of a blind multitude; a religion merely metaphyſical would not have been underſtood then, nor even now.

"Be more equitable, weak mortals; return your thanks to thoſe who firſt taught you the idea of a Divinity, that obſerves all our actions, and will puniſh or reward them; who have inſtituted feſtivals, which reunite mankind; who have prohibited murder, robbery, and injuſtice; who have taught the immortality of the ſoul, ſublime and conſolatory tenet! who have eſtabliſhed the burial of the dead; who have recommended charity, reſpect for parents, the fidelity of women, and a lawful ſubordination; who have rendered thoſe precepts dear; who have, in a word, planned the moral code, to which, in our days, nothing can be added, and which, more than any other ſciences, carries the ſtamp of unity, the image of the Eternal Will.

"It would be difficult, even in our days, to decide how far a man, who would wiſh to inculcate his opinions in the mind of a new people, ſhould make uſe of the aid of enthuſiaſm and the marvellous. The way would be long and uncertain, if he ſhould proceed by means of conviction; but if he forcibly ſtruck the imagi-

imagination, he would ſuddenly cauſe an uſeful revolution. And, pray tell me, who would not now forgive a modern legiſlator a little innocent deceit, that ſhould ſucceed in making an ignorant, barbarous, and ſuperſtitious people adopt wiſe, reaſonable, and beneficial laws?"

The voice having ended, Mahomet, who was ſtill ſilent and motionleſs, contempt ſtrongly marked on his countenance, waved his hand with an air of ſuperiority, and deſcended again with majeſtic ſerenity.—Immediately the temple and its dome fell down on my head.

I awoke, reſolved to ſend to my neighbour, Doctor Lavater, a great phyſiognomiſt, the armed *profile* of the prophet, of the author of the Koran. Great men anciently were authors, and ſometimes ſovereigns.—Oh, my brethren, what fine times were theſe!

THE POLITICIAN.

IN the common acceptation of the word, a politician is a man of artifice, whoſe motions are cloaked and intricate, ſkilfully employing ſtratagem and diſſimulation, has complicated ideas, and ſome little hatreds:—in this point of view, the politician has been conſidered unfavourably.

But

But in the more general and rational acceptation, the politician, inſtead of being ſwayed by oblique and trifling motives, or particular reſentment, is the man who views things in a large compaſs, diſcovers reſources totally unknown to others, the true diſorder of the empire, and the remedies neceſſary to be applied, who knows how to calculate the degrees of reſiſtance and poſſibility, is not imprudently ſtubborn, and can reaſonably give way; who, in a word, lays hold of the preciſe time when he can boldly ſpring forward.

He is a man who, with a glance, can take a comprehenſive view of a ſtate, great or ſmall, knows its fort and feeble, and never hazards it againſt another without having foreſeen the double effect of the ſhock. He muſt be both bold and timid, reſerved and condeſcending, impetuous and cool; his mind muſt be compoſed of different elements, for it ſhould have ever preſent all the ſprings he can put in motion; ſtrong inclinations ſhould never appear in his actions, becauſe he ſhould, beforehand, have proportioned a part of the phyſical power, the great law which exiſts in politics, and which, netwithſtanding, ſhould moſt commonly be ſubordinate to moral laws.

This policy, like the moſt exalted geometry, is founded on the moſt ſimple principles; but the whole conſiſts in knowing how to deduce the conſequences; the character of a people alters the relative powers, deſtroys the aſſemblage and harmony of the ſyſtem, which ſeems admirable on paper.

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The politician would never make falſe combinations but for the great variety of national characters; he muſt, therefore, make it a particular ſtudy to know every thing unaccountable and oppoſite which the degrees of latitude place in the minds of men.

This is the great difficulty of his art. Inſtead of inadequare craft and artifice, he will raiſe his plans on the character of a people taken at large.

As ſoon as he is in poſſeſſion of a true knowledge of their morals, he will obtain a power over them which a conqueror could not promiſe himſelf.

He lays waſte every thing, like a torrent, and paſſes on: the bloody topics of victory are always dearly purchaſed; the conqueror is often far from reaping its fruits; he graſps nothing unleſs the politician comes to his aid; it is he that muſt preſerve and eſtabliſh the conqueſt.

The greateſt, the moſt formidable power, may be undone by a ſkilful politician, who, by protecting a neighbouring weak ſtate, will know how to deprive his rival, almoſt without his knowledge, of the ſecret and vital powers which conſtitute his flouriſhing ſituation.

Thus our prudent and politic Charles the Fifth, without going out of his cloſet, found means to recover every thing he had loſt by the battle of Poitiers and his father's captivity. Again, ſee Fabius harraſſing Hannibal's ſucceſſes, and rendering them abortive with an

inactive army. And Coligny, one of the moſt unfortunate of generals, triumphing by laying down his arms, and ſhining after defeats. Behold the genius of Lord Chatham, not long ſince ſo terrible to France.

Several ſciences are mere curioſities; politics, which make one vaſt ſtate a great and well-fixed machine, properly organized, and an animated, ſupple, and lively body of all the citizens, ſurpaſſes all others by its general and immediate utility; the profundity of its ſpeculations are calculated to intereſt ſenſibly the ſuperior genius. How glorious and ſatisfactory to be engaged in the happineſs of the public, to compriſe in his enlarged mind the welfare of his country and humanity. He ſhould no longer have any other deſire but glory, that immortal glory which accompanies the generous names of thoſe who have cauſed order and peace to rule among men, given a diſplay to arts and ſciences, and rewards to great actions.

The political genius is the moſt uncommon of any; it requires an aſſemblage of views, a fecundity of means; for politics are, in their nature, fluctuating: the matter ought frequently to ſucceed the principle, and ſupply its place; without which every thing would become vague and illuſory.

There are circumſtances where the moſt part of political queſtions, reduced to their principle, are inſolvable; they are loſt in metaphyſics. The rights of the people and thoſe of kings never agree ſo well together

as

as in ſilence; and this ſcience has, like all the others, its equivocal lights, and its doubtful days.

It is ridiculous in modern writers to talk of antient conſtitutions, and propoſe them for models, whilſt the uſe of gunpowder, machines, the mariners compaſs, tactics, arts, in a word, Chriſtianity, muſt have altered every thing. What relation is there between Lacedæmon and Paris? What would Lycurgus ſay were he conveyed to Verſailles?

Politics are changeably in their nature, and ought to vary like the kalendar. One who can readily conceive a ſtate in ſuch a ſituation, muſt, and ought, ſometimes to change its religious and political laws on a ſudden, as we have ſeen; in the Reformation the received principles were aboliſhed, annihilated, as they ought, with an impetuous deciſion.

A ſimple, uniform, extenſive, univerſal law, does not ſeem ſuitable to ſo complicated a machine; projects are fertile, but the proportionable means are not ſo eaſily to be found. The political motion being variable, without end, dogmatic principles are the ſummit of error: every thing mutually balances itſelf; and to wiſh to ſcatter ideas merely moral among ſo many natural ideas, is a proof of a want of knowledge of hiſtory, mankind, and their paſſions.

Politics were looked upon, during ſeveral ages, as forming a ſcience which could not be handled but by a claſs of men called *ſtateſmen*; but now, each individual, who can reaſon

reaſon and calculate, may read in the cabinets of all the potentates in Enrope; they are all laid open. There are no more ſecret enterpriſes; the power of empires has been eſtimated, and the moſt myſterious ſprings may be brought back to a fixed point. If there is any obſcurity in ſecondary cauſes, the firſt are eaſily diſcovered.

Thoſe who adminiſter for ſtates, are afterwards governed themſelves by the *infinitely ſmall.* It is in conſequence of a number of ideas ſcattered in public by obſcure beings, the ſtateſman compoſes his ſyſtem; he can only ſtrengthen it by his choice of men, and in that conſiſts the greateſt art of government. One man alone, let his genius be ever ſo great, cannot at once delineate the whole, and purſue the particulars, watch over the glory of the exterior, and eſtabliſh the interior felicity, conciliate grand operations with the œconomy of the treaſury; he muſt look for the true capacity, and confide the execution of his plans to it.

The great art of a politician conſiſts in the choice of men.

INDE-

INDEPENDENCE.

ABSOLUTE independence is one of the greateſt chimeras in the world. Man is a weak being, dependent on every thing around him; he is only ſtrong when united in ſociety; but then he is under the ſubjection of his fellow creatures; he muſt purchaſe, by the ſacrifice of a portion of his liberty, the new ſtrength he acquires—the greateſt ſecurity which he enjoys. His wants will be more readily ſatisfied; his exiſtence will be better aſcertained; his mind will unfold; the circle of his knowledge will be enlarged; but he muſt pay a tribute to power:—it is from the mutual dependence of citizens the true ſpirit of liberty ariſes.

Each thinks he is made a ſacrifice to the intereſt of others, and no one reflects on the advantages he receives for the ſhare of liberty he has ſacrificed.

Inequality is an inevitable conſequence of the ſocial body; arts and induſtry compel the labours and humiliation of the other claſſes; it is this inequality which is the vivifying breath of the ſociety at large; it rouſes the minds, encourages talents, ſets all hands in motion, points the way to acquire conveniencies and riches.

When a man has a competency (I do not ſay riches) it is the better. The declamations of moraliſts, the reaſonings of philoſophers, do not conſtitute the genius of a nation; it muſt

be

be taken at the point it is in. The ſecurity of actual property is the fundamental baſis, without which every thing is wavering.

Let the redreſs for this inequality be afterwards brought forward. Let circulation be augmented; leave to commerce the care of bringing every thing back to its natural order; this will compaſs it; its activity diſburdened of all conſtraint, will ſupply the place of a multitude of abſurd regulations; every one being ſole proprietor of his own induſtry, will ſoon diſengage himſelf from the too heavy burden of the ſuperior claſſes; he will obtain the enjoyments ſuitable to his rank; he will be free amidſt the inequality of ſtation; he will not envy others. But if the government conſiders itſelf as abſolute over the goods and talents of its citizens, this brings on a general diſcouragement, diſplays the inequality of property, makes it odious, divides each claſs from the ſtate, who ſhould forget their reſpective ſituations, by inceſſantly having in view a reproduction of riches and enjoyments.

The richeſt man, as well as the pooreſt, has yet a ſomething left to wiſh for; and it is from this fertile deſire that all the labours which the productions of nature and art ſpread every where muſt ariſe.

Let exchequer avarice, with its everlaſting whims, aboliſh vexations, excluſions, and prohibitions of all kinds, and whatever is grievous in the inequality of fortunes will vaniſh, every acre of land will receive its full value, every man will diſplay his genius, every hand will

will be employed; and every one will be ſatisfied in his ſphere, although their degrees are unequal.

It is never a great property that diſtreſſes the eye of the poor man, but his inability, through erroneous laws, of having any property.

MONTGOLFIER's BALLOON.

EVERY one has heard of Dedalus the Athenian, who fixed wings to his ſon Icarus; but, as the cement was formed with wax, they melted with the rays of the ſun. Simon the magician alſo, who, in preſence of the Roman people, roſe very high; but a Chriſtian apoſtle made him fall, and he broke his neck. We have likewiſe heard of Perſeus, of Bellerophon, who fought the Chimera; the fiery car of Elias, who, on mounting, dropt his mantle, which his diſciple Eliza picked up; of the flying chariot of Medea, who fled after ſlaughtering her children; of Mercury, with wings at his heels; of the flying horſe, who ſhared with Jupiter's eagle the tremendous office of carrying his thunder and lightning.

Writers have informed us, that Appolonius, of Thyana, made a voyage of three hundred leagues in the air, as he was ſeen on the ſame day, in two places, at that diſtance from each other.

In the reign of Nero, a man raiſed himſelf very high—hiſtory ſays four hundred feet: he fell and was killed; his blood ſprinkled the emperor.—*vide* Suetonius.

John Baptiſt Danté, of Perouſe, flew and broke his leg. Companella mentions an inhabitant of Calabria, who attempted a real flight, and paid dearly for his raſh enterpriſe.

Had the antients, who have handed down to us the firſt aërial voyages, diſcovered the inflammable gas which renders the balloon in which it is contained lighter than the atmoſpheric air, could not chance, which gives riſe to great diſcoveries, and which afterwards are buried with the people, repreſent the ſame fact at very diſtant periods? All thoſe aſcending deities, with which mythology is replete, who flew in the ſkies, and ſwifter than the clouds, did they not imitate intelligent chemiſts who had found out what Montgolfier has lately met with?

We paid no attention to Homer's divinities, walking in the void ſpace of air; to the Pallas deſcending from Olympus, and ſtopping the impetuous Achilles by his fair hair; to the Juno, with blue-gray eyes, hiding in a cloud; to the meſſenger Iris; to the chariot of Venus, drawn by two doves: every thing, in ſhort, returns to us from antiquity, even to the *ſinging of ſwans*, which we laughed at. The ſwans of Chantilly will tell us, we ſhould be circumſpect when, without any knowledge of the part, we tax the ancients with being

ignorant

ignorant of philoſophy. We ſhall, perhaps, return to the philoſophy of the ancients.

Behold man has juſt now ſubdued the element which ſeemed forbidden to him; he has met the eagle in his flight, and he now ſhares his empire. Nothing more is wanting but to hear a capacin friar preach in the pulpit againſt Montgolfier.

There has been ſome unhappy experiments about forty years ago;—M. De B***** was ſeen fixing wings on himſelf on the top of a turret on the quay of the Theatins; he had ornamented his ſervant's ſhoulders with the ſame kind of wings, and ſolicited him much to ſet off before him; but the ſervant anſwered, *it was his duty to follow his maſter.* The Marquis De B***** reliſhed this reaſon, darted away without his ſervant, whirled round a few fathoms, and broke his thigh, falling about forty yards on a boat full of waſherwomen.

M. Blanchard invented a very heavy machine, to which he gave the name of the *flying boat*, and, depending on powers merely mechanical, had promiſed us to ſet out from St. Germain-en-laye, and come down in the Eliſian fields, oppoſite the Thuileries. This ſame M. Blanchard, notwithſtanding his advertiſements, did not keep his word. I ſhall not now ſay any more of the Prebend of Etampes.

Thoſe high-flying gentry met with opponents among the incredulous and the ſcoffers; people who never imagined how far philoſophical poſſibility might be puſhed, entrenched in their dull, deriding ſcepticiſm which re-

jects every thing unknown *, were far from acknowledging that man could, either by accident or ſtudy, diſcover new prodigies.

Ariſtotle, Bacon, Deſcartes, Galileo, Newton, all the philoſophers of Europe, warming themſelves before their fires, had ſeen the ſmoke ariſe; none of them ever divined, that by confining this ſmoke in a balloon it would readily riſe into the air, and that, by augmenting its volume, the chain of weight would be broken.

M. Montgolfier is the firſt who hit on what every one might have diſcovered in his chimney corner. The more ſimple the thing, the more it eludes the inquiſitive mind; and thus we are ſurrounded with phœnomena to which cuſtom makes us inſenſible; for, notwithſtanding our ſagacity, cuſtom makes us abſent to what ſurrounds us; and nothing ſo difficult as to ſee clearly what is conſtantly in our view.

The Marquis D'Arlande and M. Pilatre De Rozier, were the firſt who had the reſolution to ſeat themſelves in this aſcending and abandoned globe; they travelled thus, in the expanſe of air, above the city of Paris.

* There is an unknown philoſophy, which ſyſtematic philoſophers reject; but, nevertheleſs, it exiſts: the grand philoſophy is the unknown philoſophy. In the ſame manner as empirics perform greater cures than phyſicians, ſo philoſophers, not dignified with experimental pulpits, have knowledge which ſlips from thoſe commiſſioners; it is not magic, it is ſtill philoſophy.

This

This wonderful diſcovery muſt have commanded univerſal admiration, and even rouzed the vulgar, on whom nothing philoſophical commonly makes an impreſſion, and to whom all the miracles of nature are loſt; they awoke from their apathy; they expreſſed their curioſity, their aſtoniſhment, and ſhewed they were intereſted; great and ſmall extolled in uniſon.

M. Charles and Roberts, endowed with enlightened and ſerene intrepidity, ſoon gave us a very new, and, until then, incredible ſpectacle. Never was a philoſophical lecture ever given before a more numerous and ſolemn auditory. The effect, although the conſequence of a ſimple and certain principle, was unknown to man, and a ſtranger to his hiſtory.

Now, if thoſe who lived in paſt ages were to riſe at the inſtant thoſe *aërial navigators* were mounting ſo majeſtically into the air, they would not have believed their eyes, or would have thought they ſaw ſome god returning home from earth.

This diſcovery will certainly be of utility on many occaſions; but was it only a mere curioſity, this *aſſumption* would always be a brilliant and beautiful experiment. It is pleaſing, at leaſt, to be able to quit this earth while alive, where we crawl, and to travel ſome hours in the air with ſo much rapidity.

M. Charles aſſures us, that at a certain height, in a ſubtile air, he felt an hilarity un-

known to us who creep in our plains.—I believe him; for, in my neighbourhood, I exalt myſelf only about ſix hundred feet, and feel myſelf quite another being.

Montgolfier's balloon is a plank launched on the ocean; it is a tree hollowed into a canoe; the plank and canoe are metamorphoſed into ſhips which have ſailed round the world, conveying mankind through tremendous ſeas, ſetting hurricanes and tempeſts at defiance. And we know how Horace, who lived much nearer that diſcovery than we do, called thoſe who dared the foaming billows,

Audax Japeti genus, &c.

The principal agent of this aſcenſion is diſcovered; the French nation has all the honour of the diſcovery, and the Engliſhman is jealous: he wanted to retort in epigrams; he was again foiled there. The Royal Society of London (notwithſtanding the reſpect I owe them) had not common ſenſe on this occaſion. —Jealouſy, mere jealouſy;—I am ſorry for them.

This diſcovery will immortaliſe the preſent reign. Four thouſand years hence it will be ſaid, *flying men* firſt made their appearance in the reign of Lewis the XVI., and he preſented the emperor of China with twelve aeroſtatic balloons.

What a judicious preſent! How much will the Chineſe emperor be aſtoniſhed at the French genius! he will ſcarce believe his eyes.

Let

Let us now leave human induſtry to itſelf; it will torture this new diſcovery; handle it in all manner of ways, and run over the whole courſe of poſſibilities.

Neighbouring nations will wiſh, at leaſt, to obtain a ſecondary glory; and this balloon, already ſo curious, will teach mankind they ſhould never deſpair of their powers, that their underſtanding is given them to dive into all the ſecrets of nature, and that they may appropriate them for their wants or their luxury.

Who will ſet bounds to man's ſagacity, and to the knowledge which time, chance, and meditation, can lead him to? Who knows the full capacity of the mind of man, this being who ſeems ſo weak?

Let us ſcrutiniſe, analiſe, and ſearch; the moſt important truths lie dormant under our hands: let us ſtrike, interrogate every thing around us; let us examine compariſons, analogies, even to the infinitely minute; there, perhaps, is the grand ſecret. The fiſh in the water mounts, riſes, ſinks, turns, without any ſupporter, in his proper element, becauſe he makes himſelf lighter than water, by means of the bladder in his body, which he contracts and dilates at will. Man has made his bladder, and has diſplayed it over his head, and this artificial bladder has ſucceeded completely *.

Now,

* A globe of laminated copper would, perhaps, prevent the ſudden rents and conflagration, always to be dreaded;

Now, when I look up to the firmament, I view the moon as I would an aeroſtatic balloon; this ſatellite certainly floats by the ſame laws as Montgolfier's balloon; the planets are hollow globes filled with a particular gas, perhaps ſixty times lighter than air; it is ſuch a gas we want to diſcover. How powerful and active ſhould we then be!

Our globe, poiſed in the void ſpace, viſibly conceals a *central fire* which eſcapes; it will float as long as the thick covering retains its gaſſy fluid. I now explain a multitude of phœnomena never yet explained, ſuch as volcanos, tempeſts, earthquakes, variation of climates; it is the waſte of inflammable air, it is the external ſtruggle of the gas and the atmoſpheric air; the equator is ſwelled whilſt the poles are flattened; the frame of the balloon is in the poles; it is the unavoidable effect of the igneous matter which ſwells our globe at the equator; it has drove from the bowels of the earth all extraneous bodies; it has eſtabliſhed the *fluid* cauſe, which ſuſpends the world in air, which ſupports it on nothing; every planet is an aeroſtatic balloon. I maintain it,—what do I ſay! Every ſtar, every ſun, ſo many hollow globes, balloons! All balloons! which confine the gas contained within them. There is one only law for the little fiſh and the heavy Saturn.

the bladder, being more compact, would be endowed with a reſiſtance which would require other combinations, and would have a more aſtoniſhing effect.

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The aſcenſion of Montgolfier's globe has given me an idea of a new philoſophical ſyſtem, more rational, I think, than any of the former, and which explains all the critical points of nature. Our globe, floating in ether, is an aeroſtatic balloon, and then all is clearly explained; the conſequences were lucid and fruitful. When the covering ſhall be rent, it will periſh by fire.—*Et ſæculum per ignem.*

This day I pull down Deſcartes and Newton, and could write a volume on this ſubject, full of *calculations*, but eſpecially of evidence, if I had not a *play* to write.

Incredulous minds, you grave illiterarians, grovel in your barren negations; man comes maſter of the elements. The moſt enormous weights will riſe from the abyſs; they will viſit the ſummit of *Teneriffe*. But that is a trifle; they will, doubtleſs, one of theſe days, take a firſt-rate man of war, loading, rigging, and crew, and carry her, with a good pair of pinchers, without average, into the Red Sea, which will ſave a long round for an Eaſt-India voyage.

Why, in a hundred years hence, ſhould they not ſpeak of an aeroſtatic balloon as we do at preſent of a horſe and pair of boots to go a journey on land? As to the moſt certain and ſimple manner of directing, at will, the aeroſtatic balloon horizontally, five-and-twenty years will be ſufficient to find that out. We ſhall, above all, ſtudy the mechaniſm of the body and wings of birds, who ſupport themſelves

ſelves by their organic force, and we ſhould make a fine equipage of it.

An Engliſhman has aſſerted, that birds, called birds of paſſage, retire into the globe of the moon when they diſappear from our climate. Certainly they take their flight on high when they leave us, and riſe perpendicularly; they deſcend from on high when they return. If this hypotheſis ſeems rather bold, it appears, at leaſt, man may reſpire at a certain height, ſince thoſe birds live in the moſt ſubtile air.

Until the next voyage to the moon happens, our labours will unfold, in a peculiar manner, the knowledge of aſtronomy, the air, meteors, geography, &c. Our aeroſtatic balloons will be our obſervatories, our celeſtial towers, from whence we ſhall diſcover the grand effects of nature; and all this proceeding from a trifling principle in chymiſtry. But let not frivoloufneſs forget my *ſyſtem*; let the geometricians work upon it, I give it up to them. The earth, I repeat it, is a *Montgolfier balloon*; behold the true ſyſtem of the world, at length diſcovered, and I am tempted to exclaim, as Archimedes did, *I have diſcovered it.*

One word more of a thought has ſtruck me. The art of travelling freely in air being known, the grand point would be to keep one's ſelf ſtationary in the atmoſphere againſt the directing motion which attracts it with the earth, to caſt anchor, as one may ſay, about fifteen hundred fathom above our towers and ſteeples. Thus our new argonauts, by quietly letting the

earth

earth turn under their feet, might, without moving, find themſelves over Pekin, come down, compliment the Chineſe emperor, on the part of the king of France, re-aſcend, and return ſome hours after and give Lewis XVI. an account of his Tartaro-Chineſe majeſty's ſtate of health, whom God long preſerve, for having ſo worthily puniſhed thoſe extortioning Mandarins who harraſſed the poor people planting their rice on the *great aeroſtatic balloon* near the 54th minute of the 39th degree.

No accident has as yet happened to thoſe flying men; may hiſtory never ſay of any of them, *ſuo ſepultus eſt triompho!* The balloon of Lyons carried ſeven perſons *, and this aërial chariot roſe 3132 feet.

Several experiments have been made in many towns, and every where the people, overjoyed at this new ſpectacle, ſhouted with amaze, lifted their hands towards Heaven with aſtoniſhment, laughed with joy, cried with fear, manifeſted, after their manner, their admiration, and the extraordinary emotions with which their minds were ſo deeply agitated.

* Thoſe perſons were M. M. Montgolfier the elder, Pilatre De Rozier, Prince Charles, eldeſt ſon of the Prince De Ligne, the Count De La Porte D'Anglefort, Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry, and Knight of St. Lewis, the Count De Laurenein, Knight of St. Lewis, the Count De Dampierre, an officer in the French guards, and M. Fontaine, a very zealous co-operator.

And, indeed, what a prodigy to ſee ſuch an immenſe pyramid riſing with a majeſtic flight above the atmoſphere, and drawing with its weight and bulk intrepid philoſophers, ſaluting a hundred and fifty thouſand men aſſembled together, and throwing them their hats calmly and ſerenely.

There has been one juſt let off at Neuchatel, under my window, the 24th January, his Pruſſian majeſty's birth day, in honour of that monarch. They had wrote upon it, *To Frederick.*

A king more kingly never was crown'd. MAROT.

It roſe to a majeſtic height in preſence of the Alps.

Could not an European legiſlator, caſt amongſt a nation of ſavages, one day or other make the aeroſtatic machine very uſeful to his deſigns, give laws from the clouds to wandering tribes, and thus bring about great matters with the ſimple apparatus of this wonderful globe?

And as for us, let us deſtroy our courſes of philoſophical ſyſtems. Ye profeſſors, adopt mine; every ſtar, every planet, carries its proportion of gas; this fluid ether is the only counter poiſe to all celeſtial bodies. That is their baſis, ſo vainly ſought for until our days. Bodies have no longer any weight when animated by this gaſſy fluid; and the hand of nature ſports with the planets by this power alone, juſt as we play with thoſe round or ſpherical balloons, the object of our amuſe-

amuſement; the form is almoſt as nothing, when the gas is powerful:—a new analogy with the form of planetary bodies.

A ſorrowful reflection damps the pleaſure this new order of things inſpires. There is ſome danger attending thoſe intrepid philoſophers who will attempt to open the road to the ſkies; but every ſtate has its hazards and dangers.

If ſo many men have laviſhed their lives for doubtful advantages, let us leave thoſe noble and generous children of the arts, to do for aërial navigation as the ancients have done as much for maritime navigation.

Has there not been ſhipwrecks, and have not thoſe ſhipwrecks taught poſterity to baffle the wind and ſhoals? If man will encounter the boiſterous waves, why not alſo brave the whirlwinds of the air? Thoſe two elements belong to him, as nature has given him means to ſubdue them. This right precedes all laws; he is not more raſh in attempting a bold flight than in firſt daring the unruly ocean. The aërial car is every whit as ſecure as the firſt little bark.

It is, moreover, uſeful in politics, and glorious for a nation, to exhibit men to the univerſe, men not ſo attached to life as to dread death, when the buſineſs is to remove the bounds of human power and induſtry. Let us not ſet limits to the empire of Genius, let us leave it to ſhine on mankind; it is their true ſun.

It was ſaid to be intended, *malefactors* ſhould make the firſt eſſay of the aeroſtatic machine This idea was groveling, mean, and pitiful; the ſciences will he purchaſed by thoſe who are worthy of vanquiſhing them.

It was the province of citizens, diſtinguiſhed by their nobility and courage, who ſet this great example. He who ſerves his country well, knows how to ſerve human nature. I dare believe there is an intimate connection between thoſe two virtues; that they ought never to be ſeparated, nor oppoſed againſt each other. The nation would be the loſer; one muſt learn to brave death. What is life when it is ſacrificed to the utility and gratitude of future ages? Where is the man who does not riſk his life in the moſt common occurrences of ſociety? It ought not even to be allowed to any but the philoſopher, the military, and the literary men, thus to elevate themſelves and flit over our heads;—this horizon ſeems to be made for them only.

The year 1783 has been the year of wonders; water has been made with air, and air with water; the formation of ſnow and hoar froſt has been imitated; it has been ſhewn in what manner the leaf of a tree perſpires; the electricity of vegetables has been learnedly diſcuſſed; the philoſopher, known by the name of *Comus*, has ſubdued the electric fluid, and has applied it, with great ſucceſs, in the cure of many diſorders; the Abbé Spallanzani has publiſhed his new experiments on digeſtion, and has let thoſe on generation

neration eſcape, not leſs novel, and ſtill more aſtoniſhing; ſkilful ſpeculators have made ingenious reſearches and delicate experiments on the hygroſcope; Wright, the Engliſhman, has walked under water; and if the hope of a diphlogiſtic air is realiſed, we ſhall be enabled to reach the bottom of the ſea, and recover from thence the riches its greedy boſom has plundered from us.

The method of grafting old vines is alſo found out, which has many advantages. There is likewiſe in the ſtalk of the marſh mallow, a kind of thread, ſofter than hemp, and ſtronger than flax.

Meſmer, furniſhed with a new medicine which puzzles the faculty, again comes on the ſtage. By a moſt aſtoniſhing trick of Acouſtics, he makes a puppet ſpeak in our hands. An ingenious philoſopher, and who has truly the air of a magician, has laid open to us the progreſſive increaſe of vegetation.

In an unknown corner, but which will be renowned by this diſcovery, the doctrine of *aſſimilating ferments* has begun to appear. Water may be changed into vinegar, wine, liquors of all kinds, without paſſing through the retort, or by the ſlow extraction of vegetables. The metamorphoſis is done almoſt inſtantaneouſly, by the great law, *aut ſuporat aut ſuperatur*; *ubi virus, ibi virtus.* Who will comprehend the value of thoſe words? This diſcovery, as yet in embrio, will, I dare ſay, cauſe a revolution in chemiſtry.

Another

Another phœnomenon of the ſame year, is the *brazen heads* imitating the human voice, articulating and pronouncing words and phraſes as we do. If the ancients had formed any ſuch, which could have been handed down to us, there would be no dead languages; they would have lived in thoſe brazen mouths, and they would have delivered to the moſt remote generations all their ſounds and accents; and we ſhould know how the Greek and Latin was ſpoken.

You who traverſe the expanſive ocean, no longer dread the crueleſt of all evils, the want of water: ſalt water is become potable by a ſpeedy and eaſy method.

Add alſo to the prodigy of aërial navigation, the extraordinary events of the year, which gave it birth; the earthquakes which deſtroyed Meſſina, and ſhook Calabria, the volcanoes of Iceland; the peace which has founded in America an immenſe ſtate, compoſed of ſeveral ſtates, which will grow, extend themſelves, and exhibit to the reſt of the world the inviting ſtandard of liberty; the creſcent, alarmed at the preparations of two powers who, re-uniting their forces, ſeem ready to ſtrike a blow which already holds Europe attentive and in ſuſpenſe, and perplexes the politics of ſurrounding nations; the particular criſis of the Engliſh government, the indetermined ſituation of Holland, the city of Dantzick blocked up and deſerted by every one, the deaths of celebrated mathematicians; in a word, a kind of commo-

tion raiſed in every mind which diſpoſes them to the moſt ardous enterpriſes and uncommon events: every thing combines to rank the year 1783 among the moſt remarkable, for aſtoniſhing facts.

Age of Auguſtus, age of Medicis, age of Lewis XIV. ſo extolled for painters, ſculptors, orators, architects, and poets, you may diſappear before an age already ſtamped with ſo many memorable epochas! The impatient genius of my cotemporaries, claiming its natural freedom, demands a diſplay; it will model the world, notwithſtanding all the oſtacles of dull and narrow minds, will ſilence ſlanderers, and be uſeful even to thoſe gloomy, pitiful, envious, jealous, and wicked characters, who delight in putting a ſtop to the progreſs of ſcience; they wiſh the preſent reign, as it protects and rewards the arts, ſhould be illuſtrated by the moſt brilliant diſcoveries, and for ever celebrated in the memory of man.

What will not be related a thouſand years hence of the tranſient actions of the preſent generation? The glorious conqueſts of genius and the arts over the dark and ſilent pages of the book of nature: the Eternal has opened it to us, let us learn to read in it.—Oh philoſophy! Oh chemiſtry! Oh ye kings, protect thoſe important ſciences.

MY WINDOW.

IT is neceſſary for a writer to chuſe an agreeable ſituation, a point of view that at once intereſts his eye and his imagination. Chance aſſiſted me more than the moſt inquiſitive choice; my window preſents, in perſpective, the moſt magnificent pictures of nature, and its grand monuments. An immenſe horizon is in my view, and the majeſtic chain of the Alps girds the outlines.

I ſee thoſe mountains of unequal ſtructure, thoſe perpetual repoſitories of ſnow and hoar froſt, thoſe ſtupendous rocks, which the eye views, growing and mounting towards the Heavens, from whence torrents roll down, and form rivers which diſcharge themſelves in both ſeas. I ſee thoſe antique mountains, evidences of the firſt days of the world; here are the inacceſſable rocks Hannibal paſt when he ſtruck the Roman eagles with aſtoniſhment. What a ſuperb pile of awful ruins! Heaps of ice give a reſplendence to the ſummits of thoſe lofty mountains; the eye can ſcarcely diſtinguiſh them from the clouds, and the imagination can hardly conceive any human beings beyond thoſe gigantic maſſes.

Behind the mountains du Valais, which form the firſt range, I ſee the brilliant ſpires of the Alps, the white mountain in the fullneſs of majeſty, mount Sixtus, the Shrekhorn, and farther towards the eaſt, the Grinden-

wald

wald and the St. Gothard. Other more diſtant heights, but of no leſs reſpectable aſpect, mingle in the diſtance with a ſerene and boundleſs ſky; thoſe variegated maſſes ſtrike the contemplative eye with a mixture of ſurpriſe, admiration, and reſpect.

For me the riſing ſun gilds thoſe lofty mountains; for me, at his ſetting, they are illumined with a lively fiery red: thoſe ſharp tops, darting in the Heavens, are ſo many priſms where all manner of colours intermix. I enjoy this magnificent horizon; and although I lead an idle life at home, my eye travels far over this extenſive ſpace.

Each inſtant ſupplies me a new enjoyment of proſpect. With the aſſiſtance of a teleſcope, I penetrate the deep vallies which divide the Alps; it riſes to their icy, radient tops; it brings near me thoſe coloſſal figures, both beautiful and tremendous; it there purſues the lightning; it hovers over thoſe republican cantons where happy herdſmen dwell in a barren, but free ſoil.

It is there, I muſt inform you, you delicate citizens! it is there the uſe of bread is almoſt unknown, that whole families have never taſted it, and that ſome look upon it as a food too dearly purchaſed, and others as a dainty uſeleſs to man. Thoſe milk ſops tread under foot rich mines unwrought; and with them gold is not diſturbed.

What a multitude of reflections has my window given me! Of all the windows in the world, it is the one that preſents the moſt exten-

extenſive and moſt pictureſque proſpect. What words can expreſs a ſight which is, at once, intereſting to philoſophy and morality, that time does not prey upon, and teaches us to fly from tumult, the luxury of cities, ſo wretched when compared with the rude magnificence of nature.

This picture, whoſe colours vary inceſſantly, would be too vaſt, if ſome nearer mountains, on the right, and whoſe ſize diminiſhes as they ſpread farther off, did not form a kind of frame ſo as to make me ſenſible of the declenſion. It would be too ſtill if the beautiful lake of Neuchatel did not occupy the center; its frothy bounding waves, which reſound eight months in the year, animate this rich perſpective, adds ſolemnity to the night, and lulls my firſt ſlumbers. This reſounding lake forms an harmony very ſuitable to the pleaſure of the view.

How beautiful is it again, when its ſmooth ſurface reflects the brilliant light of the moon! All its rays are there collected. — Ah, what charms are felt on thy borders in a deep ſilent night in ſummer! It is then the mind ſinks in profound melancholy, and the ideas which ariſe overpower us, and extract tears.

Thoſe who have travelled in Switzerland ſtill admire the proſpect from my window. I am not in the midſt of a waſte extent of country, nor encloſed among hills; my reſidence is on the brow of a hill, and from thence I contemplate the lake, its oppoſite ſhore, the verdant woods that ſurround it, the mountains

tains which riſe in the figure of an amphitheatre; in a word, the proud Alps, and their refulgent ice; a ſight with which my eye is never ſatiated, and which, being at a convenient diſtance, ſhews me without dazzling or fatiguing my ſight, all the modifications of light.

I neither ſee rocks diſmantled nor tumbled, peaks, horrible precipices, gulphs, excavations, ice houſes, nor rent ſummits, none of thoſe ſublime horrors nature brought forth in its convulſions; I ſee nothing but the argent pyramids of thoſe immenſe blocks, their ſplendid colours, and majeſtic irregularity.

When ſtorms come to take poſſeſſion of thoſe grand thrones, I ſee the ſparkling lightning dart from the dark black clouds: but it rages far from me; the air liſts rather than hears the rumbling roar of thunder, and the elements ſeem to contend and rowl their fiery waves on thoſe proud heights, and inflame their cryſtal tops, only to attract and enchant my view.

At foot is a little town where literary diſcord never entered, for I am the only one who can hold a pen. They have put the literature of *St. Germain's Suburbs*, and that of the *Suburb St. Honoré**, in uniſon, for they do not read Pariſian pamphlets. Muſic is the only art they cultivate. They have prepared for

* *The literature of the Suburb of St. Germain*, and the *literature of the Suburb St. Honoré*, is a curious chapter I omitted in the *Deſcription of Paris*. I beg pardon of the numerous purchaſers of that work; it is an omiſſion I will rectify as ſoon as I poſſibly can!

the

the preſiding god of the vine, who is much cheriſhed among thoſe people, ſubterranean aſylums cut in the rock. Monſtrous tuns in height are filled with pure and wholeſome wine. The people are quiet, and attached to their government, independent of every one: the penal laws are mild; but excluſive duties deſtroy induſtry, which would ſpring up, and cramp its local advantages. They are not yet acquainted with procreative views.

The people of this town are naturally witty, but too much inclined to think cultivation unneceſſary. Their characteriſtic is dexterity without much ingenuity; their morals are peculiarly blended. This motley people, neither Swiſs nor French, are ſituated on the confines of France and Switzerland.

Proteſtantiſm has baniſhed ſuperſtition, and inoculation the ravages of the ſmall-pox. The young people are lively and bloomy, and their balls exhibit more beauties than are proportionably met with in other places.

Here my whole time is my own, no one ever deprives me of the ſmalleſt portion; I enjoy every inſtant of my exiſtence; my leiſure hours are complete; no diſtraction diſturbs my ſtudies; I paſs my lonely hours with infinite ſatisfaction; I here regret the days are not trebled: I am not in an abſolute ſolitude, I am not in a noiſy town; I do not deſire any approbation;—in a word, I write in a free country, and under the protecting hand of a great king, who is himſelf a great writer.

THE END.

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Semi-

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