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Contributors

Saint-Pierre, Bernardin de, 1737-1814.
Hunter, Henry, 1741-1802
Washington, George, 1732-1799
Thomas, Isaiah, 1749-1831
Thomas, Isaiah, Jun., 1773-1819
Worcester, Leonard, 1767-1846
Nancrede, Joseph, 1761-1841
Hill, Samuel, approximately 1766-1804
Rollinson, William, 1762-1842
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T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
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Surgeon General's Office

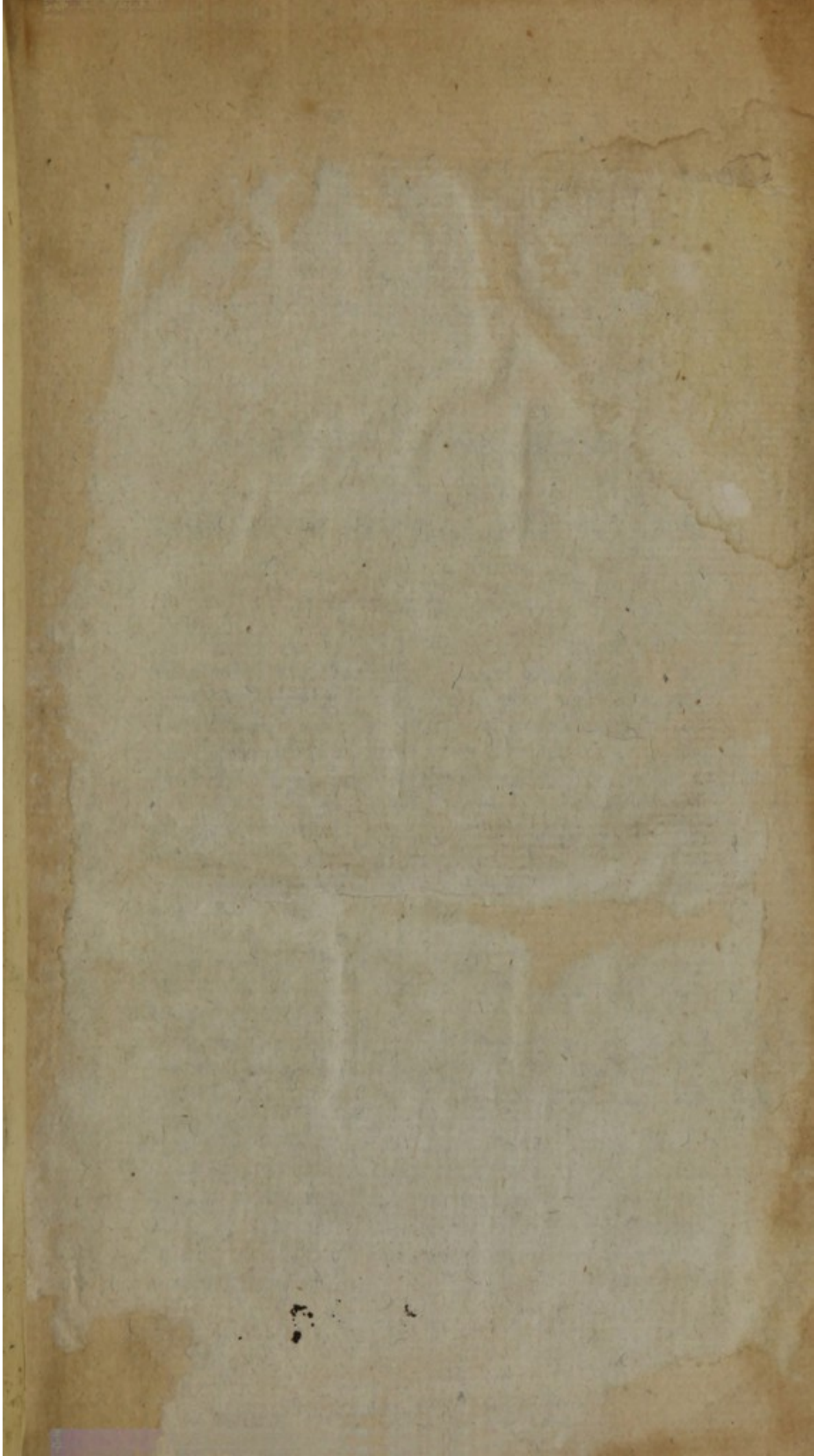
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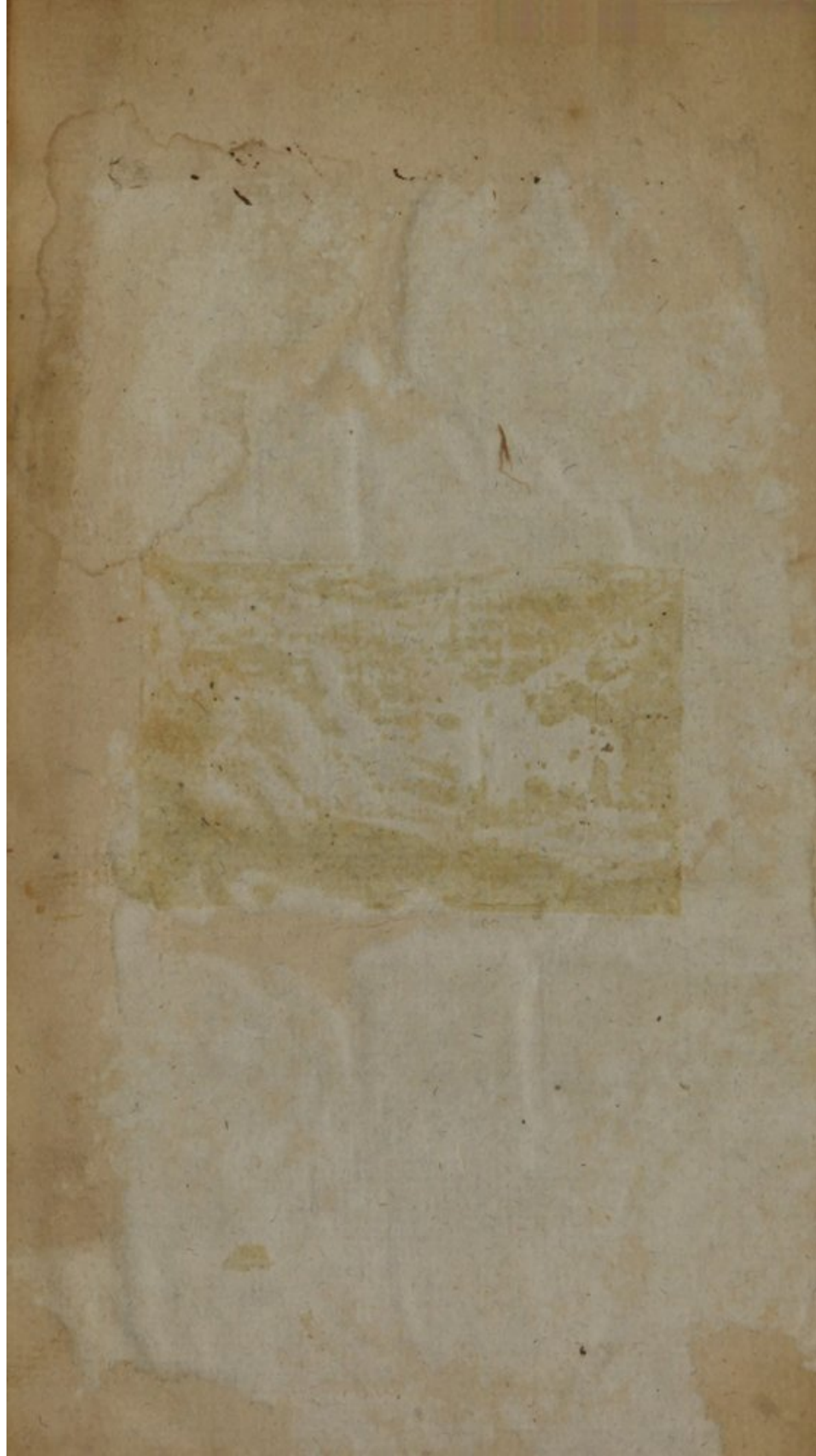
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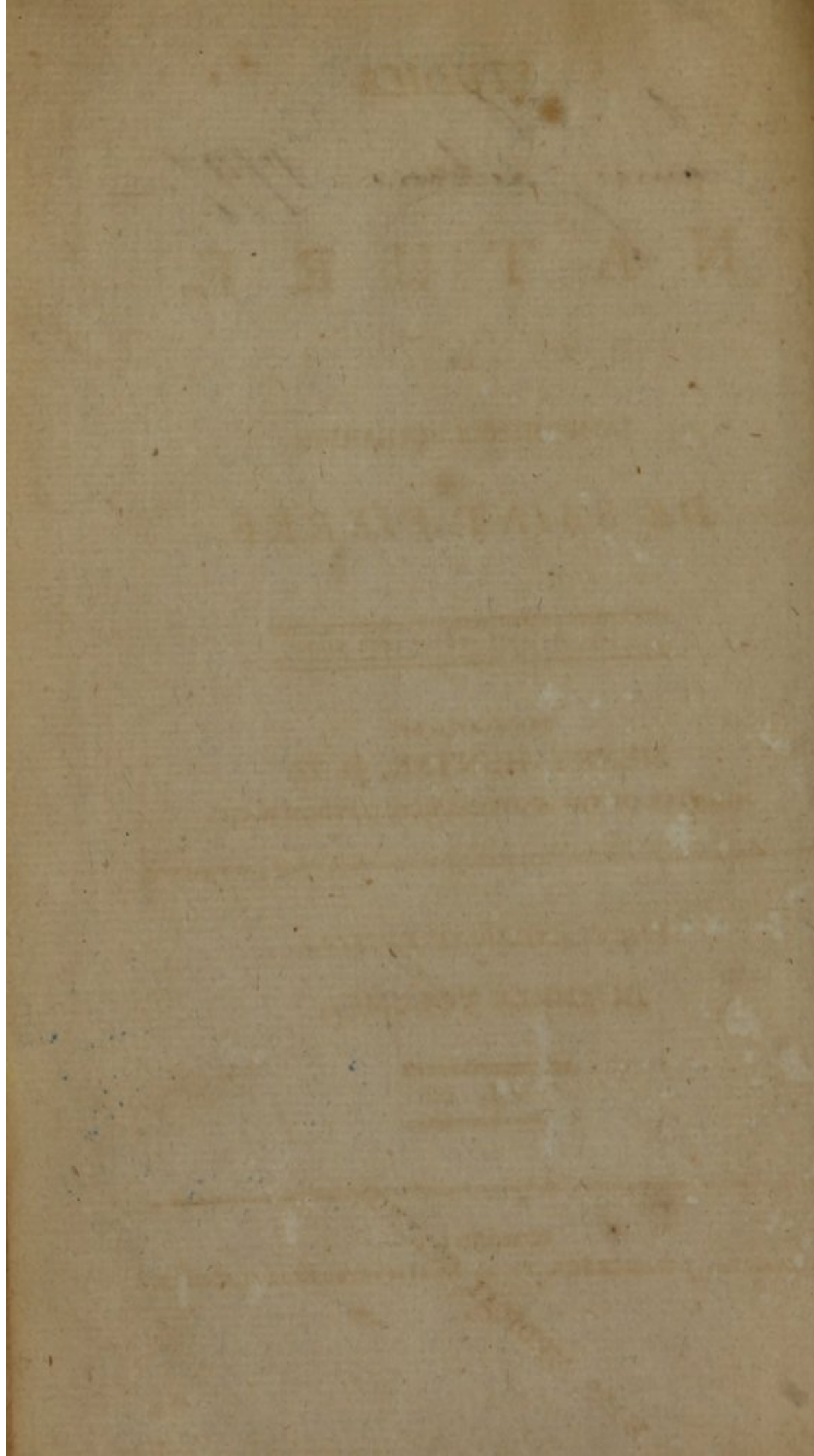
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STUDIES
OF
N A T U R E,

BY

JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN

DE SAINT PIERRE.

..... MISERIS SUCCURRERE DISCO.

TRANSLATED BY

HENRY HUNTER, D. D.

MINISTER OF THE SCOTS CHURCH, LONDON WALL.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. III.



Worcester

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MASS. MEDICAL COLLEGE
1897.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

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STUDIES
OF
N A T U R E.



SEQUEL OF STUDY THIRTEENTH.

OF PARIS.

IT has already been observed, that few Frenchmen are attached to the place of their birth. The greatest part of those who acquire fortune in foreign countries, on their return, settle at Paris. This, upon the whole, is no great injury to the State. The slighter their attachment to their Country, the easier it is to fix them at Paris. One single point of union is necessary to a great Nation. Every country, which has acquired celebrity by its patriotism, has likewise fixed the centre of it in their Capital, and frequently in some particular monument of that Capital; the Jews had theirs at Jerusalem, and its Temple; the Romans, theirs at Rome, and the Capitol; the Lacedemonians, theirs at Sparta, and in citizenship.

I am fond of Paris. Next to a rural situation, and a rural situation such as I like, I give Paris the preference to any thing I have ever seen in the World. I love that city, not only on account of its happy situation, because all the accommodations of human life are there collected, from its being the centre of all the powers of the kingdom, and for the other reasons, which made *Michael Montaigne* delight in it, but because it is the asylum and the refuge of the miserable. There it is that the provincial ambitions, prejudices, aversions, and tyrannies, are

lost and annihilated. There a man may live in obscurity and liberty. There it is possible to be poor without being despised. The afflicted person is there decoyed out of his misery, by the public gaiety ; and the feeble there feels himself strong in the strength of the multitude. Time was when, on the faith of our political Writers, I looked upon that city as too great. But I am now far from thinking that it is of sufficient extent, and sufficiently majestic, to be the Capital of a kingdom so flourishing.

I could wish that, our sea ports excepted, there were no city in France but Paris ; that our provinces were covered only with hamlets, and villages, and subdivided into small farms ; and that, as there is but one centre in the kingdom, there might likewise be but one Capital. Would to GOD it were that of all Europe, nay, of the whole Earth ; and that, as men of all Nations bring thither their industry, their passions, their wants, and their misfortunes, it should give them back, in fortune, in enjoyment, in virtues, and in sublime consolations, the reward of that asylum which they there resort to seek !

Of a truth, our mind, illuminated as it is, at this day, with such various knowledge, wants the nobly comprehensive grasp which distinguished our forefathers. Amidst their simple and Gothic manners, they entertained the idea, I believe, of rendering it the Capital of Europe. The traces of this design are visible in the names which most of their establishments bear : The Scottish College, the Irish, that of the Four Nations ; and in the foreign names of the Royal household troops. Behold that noble monument of antiquity, the church of Notre Dame, built more than six hundred years ago, at a time when Paris did not contain the fourth part of the inhabitants with which it is now peopled ; it is more vast, and more majestic than any thing of the kind which has been since reared. I could wish that this spirit of *Philip* the August, a Prince too little known in our frivolous age, might still preside over its establishments, and extend the use of them to all Nations. Not but that men of every Nation

are welcome there, for their money ; our enemies themselves may live quietly there, in the very midst of war, provided they are rich ; but, above all, I could wish to render her good and propitious to her own children. I do not know of any advantage which a Frenchman derives [from having been born within her walls, unless it be, when reduced to beggary, that of having it in his power to die in one of her hospitals. Rome bestowed very different privileges on her citizens ; the most wretched among them, there enjoyed privileges and honours, more ample than were communicated even to Kings, in alliance with the Republic.

It is pleasure which attracts the greatest part of strangers to Paris ; and if we trace those vain pleasures up to their source, we shall find that they proceed from the misery of the People, and from the easy rate at which it is there possible to procure girls of the town, spectacles, modish finery, and the other productions, which minister to luxury. These means have been highly extolled by modern politicians. I do not deny that they occasion a considerable influx of money into a country ; but, at the long run, neighbouring Nations imitate them ; the money of strangers disappears, but their debauched morals remain. See what Venice has come to, with her mirrors, her pomatums, her courtezans, her masquerades, and her carnival. The frivolous arts on which we now value ourselves, have been imported from Italy, whose feebleness and misery they this day constitute.

The noblest spectacle which any Government can exhibit, is that of a people laborious, industrious, and content. We are taught to be well read in books, in pictures, in algebra, in heraldry, and not in men. Connoisseurs are rapt with admiration at sight of a Savoyard's head, painted by *Greuze* ; but the Savoyard himself is at the corner of the street, speaking, walking, almost frozen to death, and no one minds him. That mother, with her children around her, forms a charming group ; the picture is invaluable : The originals are in a neighbouring

garret, without a farthing whereupon to subsist. Philosophers ! ye are transported with delight, and well you may, in contemplating the numerous families of birds, of fishes, and of quadrupeds, the instincts of which are so endlessly varied, and to which one and the same Sun communicates life. Examine the families of men, of which the inhabitants of the capital consist, and you would be disposed to say, that each of them had borrowed its manners, and its industry, from some species of animal ; so varied are their employments.

Walk out to yonder plain, at the entrance of the city ; behold that general officer mounted on his prancing courser : He is reviewing a body of troops : See, the heads, the shoulders, and the feet, of his soldiers, arranged in the same straight line ; the whole embodied corps has but one look, one movement. He makes a sign, and in an instant a thousand bayonets gleam in the air ; he makes another, and a thousand fires start from that rampart of iron. You would think, from their precision, that a single fire had issued from a single piece. He gallops round those smoke covered regiments, at the sound of drums and fifes, and you have the image of *Jupiter's* eagle, armed with the thunder, and hovering round Etna. A hundred paces from thence, there, is an insect among men. Look at that puny chimney sweeper, of the colour of soot, with his lantern, his cymbal, and his leathern greaves : He resembles a black beetle. Like the one which, in Surinam, is called the lantern bearer, he shines in the night, and moves to the sound of a cymbal. This child, those soldiers, and that general, are equally men ; and while birth, pride, and the demands of social life establish infinite differences among them, Religion places them on a level : She humbles the head of the mighty, by shewing them the vanity of their power ; and she raises up the head of the unfortunate, by disclosing to them the prospects of immortality : She thus brings back all men to the equality which Nature had established at their birth, and which the order of Society had disturbed.

Our Sybarites imagine they have exhausted every possible mode of enjoyment. Our moping, melancholy old men consider themselves as useless to the World; they no longer perceive any other perspective before them, but death. Ah! paradise and life are still upon the earth, for him who has the power of doing good.

Had I been blessed with but a moderate degree of fortune, I would have procured for myself an endless succession of new enjoyments. Paris should have become to me a second *Memphis*. Its immense population is far from being known to us. I would have had one small apartment, in one of its suburbs, adjoining to the great road; another at the opposite extremity, on the banks of the Seine, in a house shaded with willows and poplars; another in one of its most frequented streets; a fourth in the mansion of a gardener, surrounded with apricot trees, figs, coleworts, and lettuces; a fifth in the avenues of the city, in the heart of a vineyard, and so on.

It is an easy matter, undoubtedly, to find, every where, lodgings of this description, and at an easy rate; but it may not be so easy to find persons of probity for hosts and neighbours. There is, it must be admitted, much depravity among the lower orders; but there are various methods which may be employed to find out such as are good and honest: And with them I commence my researches after pleasure. A new *Diogenes*, I am set out in search of men. As I look only for the miserable, I have no occasion to use a lantern. I get up at day break, and step, to partake of a first mass, into a church still but half illuminated by the day light: There I find poor mechanics come to implore GOD's blessing on their day's labour. Piety, exalted above all respect to Man, is one assured proof of probity: Cheerful submission to labour is another. I perceive, in raw and rainy weather, a whole family squat on the ground, and weeding the plants of a garden*:

* Persons employed in the culture of vegetables are, in general, a better sort of people. Plants have their Theology impressed upon them. I one

Here, again, are good people. The night itself cannot conceal virtue. Toward midnight, the glimmering of a lamp announces to me, through the aperture of a garret, some poor widow prolonging her nocturnal industry, in order to bring up, by the fruits of it, her little ones who are sleeping around her. These shall be my neighbours and my hosts. I announce myself to them as a wayfaring man, as a stranger, who wishes to breathe a little in that vicinity. I beseech them to accommodate me with part of their habitation, or to look out for an apartment that will suit me, in the neighbourhood. I offer a good price, and am domesticated presently.

I am carefully on my guard, in the view of securing the attachment of those honest people, against giving them money for nothing, or by way of alms ; I know of means much more honourable to gain their friendship. I order a greater quantity of provision than is necessary for my own use, and the overplus turns to account in the family ; I reward the children for any little services which they render me : I carry the whole household, of a holiday, into the country, and sit down with them to dinner upon the grass ; the father and mother return to town in the evening, well refreshed, and loaded with a supply for the rest of the week. On the approach of Winter, I clothe the children with good woollen stuffs, and their little warmed limbs bless their benefactor, because my haughty, vainglorious bounty, has not frozen their heart. It is the godfather of their little brother who has made them a present of the clothes. The less closely you twist the bands of gratitude, the more firmly do they contract of themselves.

day, however, fell in with a husbandman who was an atheist. It is true, he had not picked up his opinions in the fields, but from books. He seemed to be exceedingly well satisfied with his attainments in knowledge. I could not help saying to him at parting : " You have really gained a mighty point, in employing the researches of your understanding, to render yourself miserable !"

In the hypothetical examples hereafter adduced, there is scarcely any one article of invention merely, except the good which I did not do,

I enjoy not only the pleasure of doing good, and of doing it in the best manner ; I have the farther pleasure of amusing and instructing myself. We admire in books the labours of the artisan ; but books rob us of half our pleasure, and of the gratitude which we owe them. They separate us from the People, and they impose upon us, by displaying the arts with excessive parade, and in false lights, as subjects for the theatre, and for the magic lantern. Besides, there is more knowledge in the head of an artisan than in his art, and more intelligence in his hands, than in the language of the Writer who translates him. Objects carry their own expression upon them : *Rem verba sequuntur* (words follow things.) The man of the commonalty has more than one way of observing and of feeling, which is not a matter of indifference. While the Philosopher rises as high into the clouds as he possibly can, the other keeps contentedly at the bottom of the valley, and beholds very different perspectives in the World. Calamity forms him at the length, as well as another man. His language purifies with years ; and I have frequently remarked, that there is very little difference, in point of accuracy, of perspicuity, and of simplicity, between the expressions of an aged peasant and of an old courtier. Time effaces from their several styles of language, and from their manners, the rusticity and the refinement, which Society had introduced. Old age, like infancy, reduces all men to a level, and gives them back to Nature.

In one of my encampments, I have a landlord who has made the tour of the Globe. He has been seaman, soldier, bucanier. He is sagacious as *Ulysses*, but more sincere. When I have placed him at table with me, and made him taste my wine, he gives me a relation of his adventures. He knows a multitude of anecdotes. How many times was he on the very point of making fortune, but failed ! He is a second *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*. The upshot of all is, he has got a good wife, and lives contented.

My landlord, in another of my stations, has lived a very different life ; he scarcely ever was beyond the walls of Paris, and but seldom beyond the precinct of his shop. But though he has not travelled over the World, he has not missed his share of calamity, by staying at home. He was very much at his ease ; he had laid up, by means of his honest savings, fifty good Louis d'or, when one night his wife and daughter thought proper to elope, carrying his treasure with them. He had almost died with vexation. Now, he says, he thinks no more about it ; and cries as he tells me the story. I compose his mind, by talking kindly to him ; I give him employment ; he tries to dissipate his chagrin by labour ; his industry is an amusement to me : I sometimes pass complete hours in looking at him, as he bores, and turns, pieces of oak as hard as ivory,

Now and then I stop in the middle of the city before the shop of a smith ; and then I am transformed into the Lacedemonian *Liches*, at Tegeum, attending to the processes of forging and hammering iron. The moment that the man perceives me attentive to his work, I will soon acquire his confidence. I am not, as *Liches* was, looking for the tomb of *Orestes** ; but I have occasion to employ the art of a smith : If not for myself, for the benefit of some one else. I order this honest fellow to manufacture for me some solid useful articles of household furniture, which I intend to bestow, as a monument to preserve my memory in some poor family. I wish, besides, to purchase the friendship of an artificer ; I am perfectly sure that the attention which he sees I pay to his work, will induce him to exert his utmost skill in executing it. I thus hit two marks with one stone. A rich man, in similar circumstances, would give alms, and confer no obligation on any one.

J. J. Rousseau told me a little anecdote of himself, relative to the subject in hand. " One day," said he, " I

* See *Herodotus*, book i.

“ happened to be at a village festival, in a gentleman’s
“ country seat, not far from Paris. After dinner, the
“ company betook themselves to walking up and down the
“ fair, and amused themselves with throwing pieces of
“ small money among the peasantry, to have the pleasure
“ of seeing them scramble and fight, in picking them up.
“ For my own part, following the bent of my solitary hu-
“ mour, I walked apart in another direction. I observed
“ a little girl selling apples, displayed on a flat basket,
“ which she carried before her. To no purpose did she
“ extol the excellence of her goods ; no customer appear-
“ ed to cheapen them. How much do you ask for all
“ your apples, said I to her ?—All my apples ? repli-
“ ed she, and at the same time began to reckon with her-
“ self. Threepence, Sir, said she. I take them at that
“ price, returned I, on condition you will go and distribute
“ them among these little Savoyards, whom you see there
“ below : This was instantly executed. The children were
“ quite transported with delight at this unexpected regale,
“ as was likewise the little merchant at bringing her wares
“ to so good a market. I should have conferred much
“ less pleasure on them had I given them the money. Ev-
“ ery one was satisfied, and no one humbled.” The great
art of doing good consists in doing it judiciously. Religion instructs us in this important secret, in recommending to us to do to others what we wish should be done to us.

I sometimes betake myself to the great road, like the ancient Patriarchs, to do the honours of the city to strangers who may happen to arrive. I recollect the time when I myself was a stranger in strange lands, and the kind reception I met with when far from home. I have frequently heard the nobility of Poland and Germany complain of our grandees. They allege, that French travellers of distinction are treated in these countries with unbounded hospitality and attention ; but that they, on visiting France, in their turn, are almost entirely neglected. They are invited to one dinner on their arrival, and to another

when preparing to depart : And this is the whole amount of our hospitality. For my own part, incapable of acquitting the obligations of this kind which I lie under to the Great of foreign countries, I repay them to their commonalty.

I perceive a German travelling on foot ; I accost him, I invite him to stop and take a little repose at my habitation. A good supper, and a glass of good wine, dispose him to communicate to me the occasion of his journey. He is an officer ; he has served in Prussia and in Russia ; he has been witness to the partition of Poland. I interrupt him to make my enquiries after Marechal Count *Munich*, the Generals *de Villebois* and *du Bosquet*, the Count *de Munchio*, my friend *M. de Taubenheim*, Prince *Xatorinski*, Field Marechal of the Polish Confederation, whose prisoner I once was. Most of them are dead, he tells me ; the rest are superannuated, and retired from all public employment. Oh ! how melancholy it is, I exclaim, to travel from one's country, and to make acquaintance with estimable men abroad, whom we are never to see more ! Oh ! how rapid a career is human life ! Happy the man who has it in his power to employ it in doing good ! My guest favours me with a short detail of his adventures : To these I pay the closest attention, from their resemblance to my own. His leading object was to deserve well of his fellow creatures, and he has been rewarded by them with calumny and persecution. He is under misfortunes ; he has come to France to put himself under the Queen's protection ; he hopes a great deal from her goodness. I confirm his hopes, by the idea which public opinion has conveyed to me of the character of that Princess, and by that which Nature has impressed on her physiognomy. I am pouring the balm of consolation, he tells me, into his heart. Full of emotion, he presses my hand. My cordial reception of him is a happy presage of the rest ; he could have met with nothing so friendly even in his own country. Oh ! what pungent sorrow may be

foothed to rest by a single word, and by the feeblest mark of benevolence !

I remember that one day I found, not far from the iron gate de Caillot, at the entrance into the Elysian Fields, a young woman sitting with a child in her lap, on the brink of a ditch. She was handsome, if that epithet may be applied to a female overwhelmed in melancholy. I walked into the sequestered alley where she had taken her station ; the moment that she perceived me, she looked the other way : Her timidity and modesty fixed my eyes on her. I remarked that she was very decently dressed, and wore very white linen ; but her gown and neck handkerchief were so completely darned over, that you would have said the spiders had spun the threads. I approached her with the respect which is due to the miserable ; I bowed to her, and she returned my salute with an air of gentility, but with reserve. I then endeavoured to engage her in conversation, by talking of the wind and the weather : Her replies consisted of monosyllables only. At length, I ventured to ask if she had come abroad for the pleasure of enjoying a walk in the country : Upon this she began to sob and weep, without uttering a single word. I sat down by her, and insisted, with all possible circumspection, that she would disclose to me the cause of her distress. She said to me : “ Sir, my husband has just been involved in a
“ bankruptcy at Paris, to the amount of five thousand li-
“ vres (£208 6s. 8d.) ; I have been giving him a convoy
“ as far as Neuilly : He is gone on foot, a journey of sixty
“ leagues hence, to try to recover a little money which is due
“ to us. I have given him my rings, and all my other little
“ trinkets, to defray the expense of his journey ; and all
“ that I have left in the world, to support myself and my
“ child, is a single shilling piece.”——“ What parish do you
“ belong to, Madam ?” said I. “ St. Eustache,” replied she. “ The Rector,” I subjoined, “ passes for a very char-
“ itable, good man.” “ Yes, Sir,” said she, “ but you
“ need not to be informed, that there is no charity in par-

"ishes for us miserable Jews." At these words, her tears began to flow more copiously, and she arose to go on her way. I tendered her a small pittance toward her present relief, which I besought her to accept, at least as a mark of my good will. She received it, and returned me more reverences and thanks, and loaded me with more benedictions, than if I had reestablished her husband's credit. How many delicious banquets might that man enjoy, who would thus lay out three or four hundred pounds a year!

My different establishments, scattered over the Capital and the vicinity, variegate my life most innocently and most agreeably. In Winter, I take up my residence in that which is exposed completely to the noon day sun; in Summer, I remove to that which has a northern aspect, and hangs over the cooling stream. At another time, I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of the Rue d'Artois, among piles of hewn stone, where I see palaces rising around me, pediments decorated with sphynxes, domes, kiosques. I take care never to enquire to whom they belong. Ignorance is the mother of pleasure and of admiration. I am in Egypt, at Babylon, in China. Today I sup under an acacia, and am in America: Tomorrow, I shall dine in the midst of a kitchen garden, under an arbour shaded with lilach; and I shall be in France.

But, I shall be asked, Is there nothing to be feared in such a style of living? May I meet the final period of my days, while engaged in the practice of virtue! I have heard many a history of persons who perished in hunting matches, in parties of pleasure, while travelling by land and by water; but never in performing acts of beneficence. Gold is a powerful commander of respect with the commonalty. I display wealth sufficient to secure their attention, but not enough to tempt any one to plunder me. Besides, the police of Paris is in excellent order. I am very circumspect in the choice of my hosts; and if I perceive that I have been mistaken in my selection, the rent of my lodgings is paid beforehand, and I return no more.

On this plan of life, I have not the least occasion for the incumbrances of furniture and servants. With what tender solicitude am I expected, in each of my habitations ! What satisfaction does my arrival inspire ! What attention and zeal do my entertainers express to outrun my wishes ! I enjoy among them the choicest blessings of Society, without feeling any of the inconveniences. No one sits down at my table to backbite his neighbour, and no one leaves it with a disposition to speak unkindly of me. I have no children ; but those of my landlady are more eager to please me than their own parents. I have no wife : The most sublime charm of love is to devise and accomplish the felicity of another. I assist in the formation of happy marriages, or in promoting the happiness of those which are already formed. I thus dissipate my personal languor, I put my passions upon the right scent, by proposing to them the noblest attainments at which they can aim, upon the earth. I have drawn nigh to the miserable with an intention to comfort them, and from them, perhaps, I shall derive consolation in my turn.

In this manner it is in your power to live, O ye great ones of the earth ! and thus might you multiply your fleeting days in the land through which you are merely travellers. Thus it is that you may learn to know men ; and form no longer, with your own Nation, a foreign race, a race of conquerors, living on the spoils of the country you have subdued. Thus it is, that, issuing from your palaces, encircled with a crowd of happy vassals, who are loading you with benedictions, you might present the image of the ancient Patricians, a name so dear to the Roman people. You are every day looking out for some new spectacle ; there is no one which possesses so much the charm of novelty as the happiness of Mankind. You wish for objects that are interesting : There is no one more interesting than the sight of the families of the poor peasantry, diffusing fruitfulness over your vast and solitary domains, or superannuated soldiers, who have deserved well of

their country, seeking refuge under the shadow of your wings. Your compatriots are surely much better than tragedy heroes, and more interesting than the shepherds of the comic opera.

The indigence of the commonalty is the first cause of the physical and moral maladies of the rich. It is the business of administration to provide a remedy. As to the maladies of the soul resulting from indigence, I could wish some palliatives, at least, might be found. For this purpose, I would have formed at Paris, some establishment similar to those which humane Physicians and sage Lawyers have there instituted, for remedying the ills of body and of fortune ; I mean dispensaries of consolation, to which an unfortunate wretch, secure of secrecy, nay, of remaining unknown, might resort to disclose the cause of his distress. We have, I grant, confessors and preachers, for whom the sublime function of comforting the miserable seems to be reserved. But confessors are not always of the same disposition with their penitents, especially when the penitent is poor, and not much known to them. Nay, there are many confessors who have neither the talents nor the experience requisite to the comforter of the afflicted. The point is not to pronounce absolution to the man who confesses his sins, but to assist him in bearing up under those of another, which lie much heavier upon him.

As to preachers, their sermons are usually too vague, and too injudiciously applied to the various necessities of their hearers. It would be of much more importance to the Public, if they would announce the subject of their intended discourses, rather than display the titles of their ecclesiastical dignities. They will declaim against avarice to a prodigal, or against profusion to a miser. They will expatiate on the dangers of ambition to a young man in love ; and on those of love to an ancient female devotee. They will inculcate the duty of giving alms on the persons who receive them ; and the virtue of humility on a poor water porter. There are some who preach repentance to

the unfortunate, who promise the joys of paradise to voluptuous courts, and who denounce the flames of hell against starving villages. I have known, in the country, a poor female peasant driven to madness, by a sermon of this cast. She believed herself to be in a state of damnation, and lay along speechless and motionless. We have no sermons calculated to cure languor, sorrow, scrupulousness of conscience, melancholy, chagrin, and so many other distempers which prey upon the soul. Besides, how many circumstances change, to every particular auditor, the nature of the pain which he endures, and render totally useless to him all the parade of a trim harangue. It is no easy matter to find out, in a soul wounded, and oppressed with timidity, the precise point of its grief, and to apply the balm and the hand of the good Samaritan to the sore. This is an art known only to minds endowed with sensibility, who have themselves suffered severely, and which is not always the attainment of those who are virtuous only.

The people feel the want of this consolation ; and finding no man to whom they can make application for it, they address themselves to stones. I have sometimes read, with an aching heart, in our churches, billets affixed by the wretched, to the corner of a pillar, in some obscure chapel. They represented the cases of unhappy women abused by their husbands ; of young people labouring under embarrassment : They solicited not the money of the compassionate, but their prayers. They were upon the point of sinking into despair. Their miseries were inconceivable. Ah ! if men who have themselves been acquainted with grief, of all conditions, would unite in presenting to the sons and daughters of affliction, their experience and their sensibility, more than one illustrious sufferer would come and draw from them those consolations, which all the preachers, and books, and philosophy in the World, are incapable to administer. All that the poor man needs, in many cases, in order to soothe his woe, is a person into whose ear he can pour out his complaint,

A Society, composed of men such as I have fondly imagined to myself, would undertake the important task of eradicating the vices and the prejudices of the populace. They would endeavour, for example, to apply a remedy to the barbarity which imposes such oppressive loads on the miserable horses, and cruelly abuses them in other respects, while every street of the city rings with the horrible oaths of their drivers. They would likewise employ their influence with the rich, to take pity, in their turn, upon the human race. You see, in the midst of excessive heats, the hewers of stone exposed to the meridian Sun, and to the burning reverberation of the white substance on which they labour. Hence these poor people are frequently seized with ardent fevers, and with disorders in the eyes, which issue in blindness. At other times, they have to encounter the long rains, and pinching cold of Winter, which bring on rheums and consumptions. Would it be a very costly precaution for a master builder, possessed of humanity, to rear in his work yard, a moveable shed of matting or straw, supported by poles, to serve as a shelter to his labourers? By means of a fabric so simple, they might be spared various maladies of body and of mind; for most of them, as I have observed, are, in this respect, actuated by a false point of honour; and have not the courage to employ a screen against the burning heat of the Sun, or against rainy weather, for fear of incurring the ridicule of their companions.

The people might further be inspired with a relish for morality, without the use of much expensive cookery. Nay, every appearance of disguise renders truth suspected by them. I have many a time seen plain mechanics shed tears at reading some of our good romances, or at the representation of a tragedy. They afterwards demanded, if the story which had thus affected them was really true; and on being informed that it was imaginary, they valued it no longer; they were vexed to think that they had thrown away their tears. The rich must have fiction, in order to

render morality palatable, and morality is unable to render fiction palatable to the poor ; because the poor man still expects his felicity from truth, and the rich hope for theirs, only from illusion.

The rich, however, stand in no less need than the populace, of moral affections. These are, as we have seen, the moving springs of all the human passions. To no purpose do they pretend to refer the plan of their felicity to physical objects ; they soon lose all taste for their castles, their pictures, their parks, when, instead of sentiment, they possess merely the sensations of them. This is so indubitably true, that if, under the pressure of their languor, a stranger happens to arrive to admire their luxury, all their powers of enjoyment are renovated. They seem to have consecrated their life to an indefinite voluptuousness ; but present to them a single ray of glory, in the very bosom of death itself, and they are immediately on the wing to overtake it. Offer them regiments, and they post away after immortality. It is the moral principle, therefore, which must be purified and directed in Man. It is not in vain, then, that Religion prescribes to us the practice of virtue, which is the moral sentiment by way of excellence, seeing it is the road to happiness, both in this World, and in that which is to come.

The Society of which I have been suggesting the idea, would farther extend its attentions, into the retreats of virtue itself. I have remarked that, about the age of forty five, a striking revolution takes place in most men, and, to acknowledge the truth, that it is then they degenerate, and become destitute of principle. At this period it is that women transform themselves into men, according to the expression of a celebrated Writer, in other words, that they become completely depraved. This fatal revolution is a consequence of the vices of our education, and of the manners of Society. Both of these present the prospect of human happiness, only toward the middle period of life, in the possession of fortune and of honours. When we

have painfully scrambled up this steep mountain, and reached its summit, about the middle of our course, we re-descend with our eyes turned back toward youth, because we have no perspective before us but death. Thus the career of life is divided into two parts, the one consisting of hopes, the other of recollections ; and we have laid hold of nothing, by the way, but illusions.

The first, at least, support us by feeding desire ; but the others overwhelm us, by inspiring regret only. This is the reason that old men are less susceptible of virtue than young people, though they talk much more about it, and that they are much more melancholy among us than among savage Nations. Had they been directed by Religion and Nature, they must have rejoiced in the approach of their latter end, as vessels just ready to enter the harbour. How much more wretched are those who, having devoted their youth to virtue, seduced by that treacherous commerce with the World, look backward, and regret the pleasures of youth, which they knew not how to prize ! The empty glare which encompasses the wicked, dazzles their eyes ; they feel their faith staggering, and they are ready to exclaim with *Brutus* : “ O Virtue ! thou art but an “ empty name.” Where shall we find books and preachers capable of restoring confidence to them in tempests, which have shaken even the saints ? They transfix the soul with secret wounds, and torment it with gnawing ulcers, which shrink from discovery. They are beyond all possibility of relief, except from a society of virtuous men, who have been themselves tried through all the combinations of human woe, and who, in default of the ineffectual arguments of reason, may bring them back to the sentiment of virtue, at least by that of their friendship.

There is in China, if I am not mistaken, an establishment similar to that which I am proposing. At least certain Travellers, and, among others, *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, make mention of a house of Mercy, which takes up and pleads the cause of the poor and the oppressed.

and which, in an infinite number of instances, goes forth to meet the calls of the miserable, much farther than our charitable Ladies do. The Emperor has bestowed the most distinguished privileges on its members ; and the Courts of Justice pay the utmost deference to their requests. Such a Society, employed in acting well, would merit, among us, at least, prerogatives as high as those whose attention is restricted to speaking well ; and by drawing forward into view the virtues of our own obscure citizens, would deserve, at the least, as highly of their Country, as those who do nothing but retail the sentences of the sages, or, what is not less common, the brilliant crimes, of Antiquity.

Scrupulous care ought to be taken not to give to such an association, the form of an Academy or Fraternity. Thanks to our mode of education, and to our manners, every thing that is reduced to form among us, corps, congregation, sect, party, is generally ambitious and intolerant. If the men which compose them draw nigh to a light, which they themselves have not kindled, it is to extinguish it ; if they touch upon the virtue of another, it is to blight it. Not that the greatest part of the members of those bodies are destitute of excellent qualities individually ; but their incorporation is good for nothing, for this reason simply, that it presents to them centres different from the common centre of Country. What is it that has rendered the word so dear to humanity, theatrical and vain ? What sense is now a days affixed to the term charity, the Greek name of which, *Χάρις*, signifies attraction, grace, loveliness ? Can any thing be more humiliating than our parochial charities, and than the humanity of our Philosophers ?

I leave this project to be unfolded and matured by some good man, who loves GOD and his fellow creatures, and who performs good actions, in the way that religion prescribes, without letting his left hand know what his right hand doth. Is it then a matter of so much difficulty to

do good ? Let us pursue the opposite scent to that which is followed by the ambitious and the malignant. They employ spies to furnish them with all the scandalous anecdotes of the day ; let us employ ours in discovering, and bringing to light, good works performed in secret. They advance to meet men in elevated situations, to range themselves under their standards, or to level them with the ground ; let us go forth in quest of virtuous men in obscurity, that we may make them our models. They are furnished with trumpets to proclaim their own actions, and to decry those of others ; let us conceal our own, and be the heralds of other mens' goodness. There is such a thing as refinement in vice ; let us carry virtue to perfection.

I am sensible that I may be apt to ramble a little too far. But should I have been so happy as to suggest a single good idea to one more enlightened than myself ; should I have contributed to prevent, some day in time to come, one poor wretch, in despair, from going to drown himself, or, in a fit of rage, from knocking out his enemy's brains, or, in the lethargy of languor, from going to squander his money and his health among loose women ; I shall not have scribbled over a piece of paper in vain.

Paris presents many a retreat to the miserable, known by the name of hospitals. May Heaven reward the charity of those who have founded them, and the still greater virtue of those persons of both sexes who superintend them ! But first, without adopting the exaggerated ideas of the populace, who are under the persuasion that these houses possess immense revenues, it is certain, that a person well known, and an adept in the science of public finance, having undertaken to furnish the plan of a receptacle for the sick, found, on calculation, that the expense of each of them would not exceed eight pence halfpenny a day : That they might be much better provided on these terms, and at an easier rate, than in the hospitals. For my own part, I am clearly of opinion, that these same pence, distributed day by day, in the house of a poor sick

man, would produce a still farther saving, by contributing to the support of his wife and children. A sick person of the commonalty has hardly need of any thing more than good broths ; his family might partly subsist on the meat of which they were made.

But hospitals are subject to many other inconveniences. Maladies of a particular character are there generated, frequently more dangerous than those which the sick carry in with them. They are sufficiently known, such especially as are denominated hospital fevers. Besides these, evils of a much more serious nature, those which affect morals, are there communicated. A person of extensive knowledge and experience has assured me, that most of the criminals who terminate their days on a gibbet, or in the galleys, are the spawn of hospitals. This amounts to what has been already asserted, that a corps, of whatever description, is always depraved, especially a corps of beggars. I could wish, therefore, that so far from collecting, and crowding together, the miserable, they might be provided for, under the inspection of their own relations, or entrusted to poor families, who would take care of them.

Public prisons are necessary ; but it is surely desirable that the unhappy creatures there immured, should be less miserable while under confinement. Justice, undoubtedly, in depriving them of liberty, proposes not only to punish, but to reform, their moral character. Excess of misery and evil communications can change it only from bad to worse. Experience farther demonstrates, that there it is the wicked acquire the perfection of depravity. One who went in only feeble and culpable, comes out an accomplished villain. As this subject has been treated profoundly by a celebrated Writer, I shall pursue it no farther. I shall only beg leave to observe, that there is no way but one to reform men, and that is to render them happier. How many who were living a life of criminality in Europe, have recovered their character in the West-india Islands, to which they were transported ! They are

become honest men there, because they have there found more liberty, and more happiness, than they enjoyed in their native country.

There is another class of Mankind still more worthy of compassion, because they are innocent: I mean persons deprived of the use of reason. They are shut up; and they seldom fail, of consequence, to become more insane than they were before. I shall, on this occasion, remark, that I do not believe there is through the whole extent of Asia, China however excepted, a single place of confinement for persons of this description. The Turks treat them with singular respect; whether it be that *Mahomet* himself was occasionally subject to mental derangement, or whether from a religious opinion they entertain, that as soon as a madman sets his foot into a house, the blessing of GOD enters it with him. They delay not a moment to set food before him, and caress him in the tenderest manner. There is not an instance known of their having injured any one. Our madmen, on the contrary, are mischievous, because they are miserable. As soon as one appears in the streets, the children, themselves already rendered miserable by their education, and delighted to find a human being, on whom they can vent their malignity with safety, pelt him with stones, and take pleasure in working him up into a rage. I must farther observe, that there are no madmen among savages; and that I could not wish for a better proof that their political constitution renders them more happy than polished Nations are, as mental derangement proceeds only from excessive chagrin.

The number of insane persons under confinement is, with us, enormously great. There is not a provincial town, of any considerable magnitude, but what contains an edifice destined to this use. Their treatment in these is surely an object of commiseration, and loudly calls for the attention of Government, considering that if after all they are no longer citizens, they are still men, and innocent men too. When I was pursuing my studies at Caen,

I recollect having seen, in the madman's ward, some shut up in dungeons, where they had not seen the light for fifteen years. I one evening accompanied into some of those dismal caverns, the good Curé de S. Martin, whose boarder I then was, and who had been called to perform the last duties of his office to one of those poor wretches, on the point of breathing his last. He was obliged, as well as I, to stop his nose all the time he was by the dying man; but the vapour which exhaled from his dunghill was so infectious, that my clothes retained the smell for more than two months, nay, my very linen, after having been repeatedly sent to the washing. I could quote traits of the mode of treatment of those miserable objects, which would excite horror. I shall relate only one, which is still fresh in my memory.

Some years ago, happening to pass through l'Aigle, a small town in Normandy, I strolled out about sunset, to enjoy a little fresh air. I perceived, on a rising ground, a convent most delightfully situated. A monk, who stood porter, invited me in to see the house. He conducted me through an immense court, in which the first thing that struck my eye, was a man of about forty years old, with half a hat on his head, who advanced directly upon me, saying, "Be so good as stab me to the heart; be so good as stab me to the heart." The monk, who was my guide, said to me, "Sir, don't be alarmed; he is a poor captain, who lost his reason, on account of an unmilitary preference that passed upon him in his regiment."

"This house, then," said I to him, "serves as a receptacle for lunatics?" "Yes," replied he, "I am Superior of it." He walked me from court to court, and conducted me into a small enclosure, in which were several little cells of mason work, and where we heard persons talking with a good deal of earnestness. There we found a canon in his shirt, with his shoulders quite exposed, conversing with a man of a fine figure, who was seated by a small table, in front of one of those little cells. The

monk went up to the poor canon, and, with his full strength, applied a blow of his fist to the wretch's naked shoulder, ordering him, at the same time, to turn out. His comrade instantly took up the monk, and emphatically said to him : " Man of blood, you are guilty of a very cruel action. Do not you see that this poor creature " has lost his reason ?" The monk, struck dumb for the moment, bit his lips, and threatened him with his eyes. But the other, without being disconcerted, said to him : " I know I am your victim ; you may do with me whatever you please." Then, addressing himself to me, he shewed me his two wrists, galled to the quick by the iron manacles with which he had been confined.

" You see, Sir," said he to me, " in what manner I am " treated !" I turned to the monk, with an expression of indignation at a conduct so barbarous. He coolly replied : " Oh ! I can put an end to all his fine reasoning in a moment." I addressed, however, a few words of consolation to the unfortunate man, who, looking at me with an air of confidence, said, " I think, Sir, I have seen you at S. " Hubert, at the house of M. the Marechal *de Broglie*." " You must be mistaken, Sir," replied I, " I never had " the honour of being at the Marechal *de Broglie*'s." Upon that he instituted a process of recollection, respecting the different places where he thought he had seen me, with circumstances so accurately detailed, and clothed with such appearances of probability, that the monk, nettled at his well merited reproaches, and at the good sense which he displayed, thought proper to interrupt his conversation, by introducing a discourse about marriage, the purchase of horses, and so on. The moment that the chord of his insanity was touched, his head was gone. On going out, the monk told me, that this poor lunatic was a man of very considerable birth. Some time afterward, I had the pleasure of being informed, that he had found means to escape from his prison, and had recovered the use of his reason.

A great many physical remedies are employed for the cure of madness ; and it frequently proceeds from a moral cause, for it is produced by chagrin. Might there not be a possibility to employ, for the restoration of reason to those disordered beings, means directly opposed to those which occasioned the loss of reason ; I mean, mirth, pleasure, and, above all, the pleasures of music ? We see, from the instance of *Saul*, and many others of a similar nature, what influence music possesses for reestablishing the harmony of the soul. With this ought to be united treatment the most gentle, and care to place the unhappy patients, when visited with paroxysms of rage, not under the restraint of fetters, but in an apartment matted round, where they could do no mischief, either to themselves or others. I am persuaded that, by employing such humane precautions, numbers might be restored, especially if they were under the charge of persons who had no interest in perpetuating their derangement ; as is but too frequently the case, with respect to families who are enjoying their estates, and houses of restraint, where a good board is paid for their detention. It would likewise be proper, in my opinion, to commit the care of men disordered in their understanding, to females, and that of females to men, on account of the mutual sympathy of the two sexes for each other.

I would not wish that there should be in the kingdom any one art, craft, or profession, but whose final retreat and recompense should be at Paris. Among the different classes of citizens who practise these, and of whom the greater part is little known in the capital, there is one, and that very numerous, which is not known at all there, though one of the most miserable, and that to which, of all others, the rich are under the strongest obligations ; I mean the seamen. These hardy and unpolished beings are the men, who go in quest of fuel to their voluptuousness to the very extremities of Asia, and who are continually exposing their lives upon our own coasts, in order to find

a supply of delicacies for their tables. Their conversation is at least as sprightly as that of our peasantry, and incomparably more interesting, from their manner of viewing objects, and from the singularity of the countries which they have visited in the course of their voyages. At the recital of their many formed disasters, and of the tempests which threatened them, while employed in conveying to you objects of enjoyment, from every region of the Globe, ye happy ones of the earth ! your own repose may be rendered more precious to you. By contrasts such as these, your felicity will be heightened.

I know not whether it was for the purpose of procuring for himself a pleasure of this nature, or to give an enlivening sea air to the park of Versailles, that *Louis XIV.* planted a colony of Venetian gondoliers on the great canal which fronts the palace. Their descendants subsist there to this day. This establishment, under a better direction, might have furnished a very desirable and useful retreat to our own seamen. But that great King, frequently misled by evil counsellors, almost always carried the sentiment of his own glory beyond his own people. What a contrast would these hardy sons of the waves, bedaubed with pitch, their wind and weather beaten faces, resembling sea calves, arrived some from Greenland, others from the coast of Guinea, have presented, with the marble statues, and verdant bowers of the park of Versailles ! *Louis XIV.* would oftener than once have derived from those blunt, honest fellows, more useful information, and more important truth, than either books, or even his marine officers of the highest rank, could have given him ; and, on the other hand, the novelty of their characteristic singularity, and that of their reflections on his own greatness, would have provided for him spectacles much more highly amusing than those which the wits of his Court devised for him at an enormous expense. Besides, what emulation would not the prospect of such preferments have kindled among our sailors ?

I ascribe the perfection of the English Marine, in part at least, simply to the influence of their Capital, and from its being incessantly under the eye of the Court. Were Paris a seaport, as London is, how many ingenious inventions, thrown away upon modes and operas, would be applied to the improvement of navigation ! Were sailors seen there even as currently as soldiers, a passion for the marine service would be more extensively diffused. The condition of the seaman, become more interesting to the Nation, and to its rulers, would be gradually meliorated ; and, at the same time, this would have a happy tendency to mitigate the brutal despotism of those who frequently maintain their authority over them, merely by dint of swearing and blows. It is a good, and an easily practicable piece of policy, to enfeeble vice, by bringing men nearer to each other, and by rendering them more happy. Our country gentlemen did not give over beating their hinds, till they saw that this useful part of Mankind had become interesting objects in books, and on the theatre.

Not that I wish for our seamen, an establishment similar to that of the *Hotel des Invalides*. I am charmed with the architecture of that monument, but I pity the condition of its inhabitants. Most of them are dissatisfied, and always murmuring, as any one may be convinced, who will take the trouble to converse with them : I do not believe there is any foundation for this ; but experience demonstrates, that men, formed into a corps, sooner or later, degenerate, and are always unhappy. It would be wiser to follow the Laws of Nature, and to associate them by families. I could wish that the practice of the English were observed and copied, by settling our superannuated seamen on the ferries of rivers, on board all those little barges which traverse Paris, and scatter them along the Seine, like tritons, to adorn the plains : We should see them stemming the tides of our rivers, in wherries under smack sails, luffing as they go ; and there they would introduce methods of Navigation more prompt, and

more commodious, than those hitherto known and practised.

As to those whom age, or wounds, may have totally disabled for service, they might be suitably accommodated and provided for, in an edifice similar to that which the English have reared at Greenwich, for the reception of their decayed seamen. But, to acknowledge the truth, the State, I am persuaded, would find it a much more economical plan, to allow them pensions, and that these very seamen would be much better disposed of in the bosom of their several families. This, however, need not prevent the raising, at Paris, a majestic and commodious monument, to serve as a retreat for those brave veterans. The capital sets little value upon them, because it knows them not ; but there are some among them who, by going over to the enemy, are capable of conducting a descent on our colonies, and even upon our own coasts. Desertion is as common among our mariners, as among our soldiers, and their desertion is a much greater loss to the State, because it requires more time to form them, and because their local knowledge is of much higher importance to an enemy than that of our cavaliers, or of our foot soldiers.

What I have now taken the liberty to suggest, on the subject of our seamen, might be extended to all the other estates of the kingdom, without exception. I could wish that there were not a single one but what had its centre at Paris, and which might not find there a place of refuge, a retreat, a little chapel. All these monuments of the different classes of citizens, which communicate life to the body politic, decorated with the attributes peculiar to each particular craft and profession, would there figure with perfect propriety, and with most powerful effect.

After having rendered the Capital a resort of happiness, and of improvement, to our own Nation, I would allure to it the men of foreign Nations, from every corner of the Globe. O ! ye Women, who regulate our destiny, how much ought you to contribute towards uniting Mankind,

in a City where your empire is unbounded ! In ministering to your pleasures, do men employ themselves over the face of the whole Earth. While you are engrossed wholly in enjoyment, the Laplander issues forth in the midst of storm and tempest, to pierce with his harpoon the enormous whale, whose beard is to serve for stuffing to your robes : A man of China puts into the oven the porcelain out of which you sip your coffee, while an Arabian of Moka is busied in gathering the berry for you : A young woman of Bengal, on the banks of the Ganges, is spinning your muslin, while a Russian, amidst the forests of Finland, is felling the tree which is to be converted into a mast for the vessel that is to bring it home to you.

The glory of a great Capital is to assemble, within its walls, the men of all Nations who contribute to its pleasures. I should like to see at Paris, the Samoïèdes, with their coats of sea calf skin, and their boots of sturgeon's hide ; and the black Iolofs, dressed in their waist attire, streaked with red and blue. I could wish to see there the beardless Indians of Peru, dressed in feathers from head to foot, strolling about undismayed, in our public squares, around the statues of our Kings, mingled with stately Spaniards, in whiskers, and short cloaks. It would give me pleasure to see the Dutch making a settlement on the thirsty ridges of Montmartre ; and, following the bent of their hydraulic inclination, like the beavers, find the means of there constructing canals filled with water ; while the inhabitants of the banks of the Oroonoko should live comfortably dry, suspended over the lands inundated by the Seine, amidst the foliage of willows and alder trees.

I could wish that Paris were as large, and of a population as much diversified as those ancient cities of Asia, such as Nineveh and Suza, whose extent was so vast, that it required three days to make the tour of them, and in which *Ahasuerus* beheld two hundred Nations bending be-

fore his throne. I could wish that every people on the face of the Earth kept up a correspondence with that city, as the members with the heart in the human body. What secrets did the Asiatics possess, to raise cities so vast and so populous? They are, in all respects, our elder brothers. They permitted all Nations to settle among them. Present men with liberty and happiness, and you will attract them from the ends of the Earth.

It would be much to the honour of his humanity, if some great Prince would propose this question to the discussion of Europe: Whether the happiness of a People did not depend upon that of its neighbours? The affirmative, clearly demonstrated, would level with the dust the contrary maxim, that of *Machiavel*, which has too long governed our European politics. It would be very easy to prove, in the first place, that a good understanding with her neighbours would enable her confidently to disband those land and naval forces, which are so burdensome to a Nation. It might be demonstrated, secondly, that every people has been a partaker in the blessings and the calamities of their neighbours, from the example of the Spaniards, who made the discovery of America, and have scattered the advantages, and the evils of it, over all the rest of Europe. This truth may be farther confirmed, from the prosperity and greatness attained by those Nations, who were at pains to conciliate the good will of their neighbours, as the Romans did, who extended farther and farther the privileges of citizenship, and thereby, in process of time, consolidated all the Nations of Italy into one single State. They would, undoubtedly, have formed but one single People of the whole Human Race, had not their barbarous custom of exacting the service of foreign slaves, counteracted a policy so humane. It might, finally, be made apparent, how miserable those Governments were, which, however well constituted internally, lived in a state of perpetual anxiety, always weak and divided, because they did not extend humanity beyond the bounds of their

own territory. Such were the ancient Greeks : Such is, in modern times, Persia, which is sunk into a state of extreme weakness, and into which it fell immediately after the brilliant reign of *Scha Abbas*, whose political maxim it was to surround himself with deserts ; his own country has, at length, become one, like those of his neighbours. Other examples, to the same purpose, might be found among the Powers of Asia, who receive the Law from handfuls of Europeans.

Henry IV. had formed the celestial project of engaging all Europe to live in peace ; but his project was not sufficiently extensive to support itself : War must have fallen upon Europe from the other quarters of the World. Our particular destinies are connected with those of Mankind. This is an homage which the Christian Religion justly challenges, and which it alone merits. Nature says to you, Love thyself alone ; domestic education says, Love your family ; the national, Love your country ; but Religion says, Love all Mankind, without exception. She is better acquainted with our interests, than our natural instinct is, or our parentage, or our politics. Human societies are not detached from each other, like those of animals. The bees of France are not in the least affected by the destruction of the hives in America. But the tears of Mankind, shed in the New World, cause streams of blood to flow in the ancient Continent ; and the war whoop of a Savage, on the bank of a lake, has oftener than once reechoed through Europe, and disturbed the repose of her Potentates. The Religion which condemns love of ourselves, and which enjoins the love of Mankind, is not self contradictory, as certain sophists have alleged ; she exacts the sacrifice of our passions only to direct them toward the general felicity ; and by inculcating upon us the obligation of loving all men, she furnishes us with the only real means of loving ourselves.

I could wish, therefore, that our political relations with all the Nations of the World, might be directed toward a

gracious reception of their subjects in the Capital of the kingdom. Were we to expend only a part of what we lay out on foreign communications, we should be no great losers. The Nations of Asia send no Consuls, nor Ministers, nor Ambassadors, out of the Country, unless in very extraordinary cases : And all the Nations of the Earth seek to them. It is not by sending Ambassadors, in great state, and at a vast expense, to neighbouring Nations, that we conciliate, or secure their friendship. In many cases, our ostentatious magnificence becomes a secret source of hatred and jealousy among their grandees. The point is, to give a kind reception to their subjects, properly so called, the weak, the persecuted, the miserable. Our French refugees were the men who conveyed part of our skill, and of our power, to Prussia, and to Holland. How many unseen relations of commerce, and of national benevolence, have been formed upon the foundation of such graciousness of reception ! An honest German, who retires into Austria, after having made a little fortune in France, is the means of sending to us a hundred of his compatriots, and disposes the whole canton, in which he settles, to wish us well. By bonds like these, national friendships are contracted, much better than by diplomatic treaties ; for the opinion of a Nation always determines that of the Prince.

After having rendered the city of men wonderfully happy, I would direct my attention to the embellishment and commodiousness of the city of stones. I would rear in it a multitude of useful monuments : I would extend along the houses, arcades as in Turin, and a raised pavement as in London, for the accommodation of foot passengers ; in the streets, where it was practicable, trees and canals, as in Holland, for the facility of carriage ; in the suburbs, caravansaries, as in the cities of the East, for the entertainment, at a moderate expense, of travellers from foreign lands ; toward the centre of the city, markets of vast extent, and surrounded with houses six or seven stories high,

for the reception of the poorer sort, who will soon be at a loss for a place where to lay their head. I would introduce a great deal of variety into their plans and decorations. In the circular surrounding space, I would dispose temples, halls of justice, public fountains ; the principal streets should terminate in them. These markets, shaded with trees, and divided into great compartments, should display, in the most beautiful order, all the gifts of *Flora*, of *Ceres*, and of *Pomona*. I would erect in the centre the statue of a good King ; for it is impossible to place it in a situation more honourable to his memory, than in the midst of the abundance enjoyed by his subjects.

I know of no one thing which conveys to me an idea more precise of the police of a city, and of the felicity of its inhabitants, than the sight of its markets. At Petersburg, every market is parcelled out into subdivisions, destined to the sale of a single species of merchandize. This arrangement pleases at first glance, but soon fatigues the eye by its uniformity. *Peter* the First was fond of regular forms, because they are favourable to despotism. For my own part, I should like to see the most perfect harmony prevailing among our merchants, and the most complete contrasts among their wares. By removing the rivalries which arise out of commerce in the same sort of goods, those jealousies, which are productive of so many quarrels, would be prevented. It would give me pleasure to behold Abundance there, pouring out the treasure of all her horns, pell mell ; pheasants, fresh cod, heath cocks, turbot, pot herbs, piles of oysters, oranges, wild ducks, flowers, and so on. Permission should be granted to expose to sale there, every species of goods whatever ; and this privilege alone would be sufficient to destroy various species of monopoly.

I would erect in the city but few temples ; these few, however, should be august, immense, with galleries on the outside and within, and capable of containing, on festival days, the third part of the population of Paris. The more

that temples are multiplied in a State, the more is Religion enfeebled. This has the appearance of a paradox; but look at Greece and Italy, covered with church towers, while Constantinople is crowded with Greek and Italian renegadoes. Independently of the political, and even religious, causes, which produce these national depravations, there is one which is founded in Nature, the effects of which we have already recognised in the weakness of the human mind. It is this, That affection diminishes, in proportion as it is divided among a variety of objects. The Jews, so astonishingly attached to their religion, had but one single temple, the recollection of which excites their regret to this day.

I would have amphitheatres constructed at Paris, like those at Rome, for the purpose of assembling the People, and of treating them, from time to time, with days of festivity. What a superb site for such an edifice is presented in the rising ground at the entrance into the Elysian Fields! How easy would it have been, to hollow it down to the level of the plain, in form of an amphitheatre, disposed into ascending rows of seats, covered with green turf simply, having its ridge crowned with great trees, exalted on an elevation of more than four score feet! What a magnificent spectacle would it have been, to behold an immense people ranged round and round, like one great family, eating, drinking, and rejoicing in the contemplation of their own felicity!

All these edifices should be constructed of stone; not in petty layers, according to our mode of building, but in huge blocks, such as the Ancients employed*, and as be-

* And such as Savages employ. Travellers are astonished when they survey, in Peru, the monuments of the ancient Incas, formed of vast irregular stones, perfectly fitted to each other. Their construction presents, at first sight, two great difficulties: How could the Indians have transported those huge masses of stone; and how did they contrive to adapt them so exactly to each other, notwithstanding their irregularity? Our men of Science have first supposed a machinery proper for the transportation of them; as if there could be any machine more powerful than the arms of a whole people exerting

comes a city that is to last forever. The streets, and the public squares, should be planted with great trees of various sorts. Trees are the real monuments of Nations. Time, which speedily impairs the Works of Man, only increases the beauty of those of Nature. It is to the trees, that our favourite walk, the Boulevards, is indebted for its principal charm. They delight the eye by their verdure; they elevate the soul to Heaven, by the loftiness of their stems; they communicate respect to the monuments which they shade, by the majesty of their forms. They contribute, more than we are aware of, to rivet our attachment to the places which we have inhabited. Our memory fixes on them, as on points of union, which have secret harmonies with the soul of Man. They possess a commanding influence over the events of our life, like those which rise by the shore of the Sea, and which frequently serve as a direction to the pilot.

themselves in concert. They next tell us, that the Indians gave them these irregular forms by dint of labour and industry. This is a downright insult to the common sense of Mankind. Was it not much easier to cut them into a regular, than into an irregular, shape? I myself was embarrassed in attempting a solution of this problem. At length, having read in the Memoirs of Don Ulloa, and likewise in some other travellers, that there are found in many places of Peru, beds of stone along the surface of the ground, separated by clefts and crevices, I presently comprehended the address of the ancient Peruvians. All they had to do was to remove, piece and piece, those horizontal layers of the quarries, and to place them in a perpendicular direction, by moving the detached pieces close to each other. Thus they had a wall ready made, which cost them nothing in the hewing. The natural genius is possessed of resources exceedingly simple, but far superiour to those of our arts. For example, the Savages of Canada had no cooking pots of metal, previous to the arrival of the Europeans. They had, however, found means to supply this want, by hollowing the trunk of a tree with fire. But how did they contrive to set it a boiling, so as to dress a whole ox, which they frequently did? I have applied to more than one pretended man of genius for a solution of this difficulty, but to no purpose. As to myself, I was long puzzled, I acknowledge, in devising a method by which water might be made to boil, in kettles made of wood, which were frequently large enough to contain several hundred gallons. Nothing, however, could be easier to Savages: They heated pebbles and flints till they were red hot, and cast them into the water in the pot, till it boiled. Consult *Champlain*.

I never see the linden tree, but I feel myself transported into Holland ; nor the fir, without representing to my imagination the forests of Russia. Trees frequently attach us to Country, when the other ties which united us to it are torn asunder. I have known more than one exile who, in old age, was brought back to his native village, by the recollection of the elm, under the shade of which he had danced when a boy. I have heard more than one inhabitant of the Isle of France sighing after his Country, under the shade of the banana, and who said to me : “ I should be perfectly tranquil where I am, could I but see a violet.” The trees of our natal soil have a farther, and most powerful attraction, when they are blended, as was the case among the Ancients, with some religious idea, or with the recollection of some distinguished personage. Whole Nations have attached their patriotism to this object. With what veneration did the Greeks contemplate, at Athens, the olive tree which *Minerva* had there caused to spring up, and, on Mount Olympus, the wild olive with which *Hercules* had been crowned ! *Plutarch* relates, that, when at Rome, the fig tree, under which *Romulus* and *Remus* had been suckled by a wolf, discovered signs of decay from a lack of moisture, the first person who perceived it, exclaimed, Water ! water ! and all the people, in consternation, flew with pots and pails full of water to refresh it. For my part, I am persuaded that, though we have already far degenerated from Nature, we could not without emotion behold the cherry tree of the forest, into which our good King *Henry IV.* clambered up, when he perceived the army of the Duke of *Mayenne* filing off to the bottom of the adjoining valley.

A city, were it built completely of marble, would have to me a melancholy appearance, unless I saw in it trees and verdure* : On the other hand, a landscape, were it

* Trees are, from their duration, the real monuments of Nations ; and they are, farther, their calendar, from the different seasons at which they send forth their leaves, their flowers, and their fruits. Savages have no other, and our

Arcadia, were it along the banks of the Alpheus, or did it present the swelling ridges of Mount Lyceum, would appear to me a wilderness, if I did not see in it, at least, one little cottage. The works of Nature, and those of Man, mutually embellish each other. The spirit of selfishness has destroyed among us a taste for Nature. Our peasantry see no beauty in our plains, but there where they see the return of their labour. I one day met, in the vicinity of the Abbey of la Trappe, on the flinty road of Notre Dame d'Apres, a countrywoman walking along, with two large loaves of bread under her arm. It was in the month of May; and the weather inexpressibly fine. "What a charming season it is!" said I to the good woman: "How beautiful are those apple trees in blossom! How sweetly these nightingales sing in the woods!".... "Ah!" replied she, "I don't mind nosegays, nor these little squallers! It is bread that we want." Indigence hardens the heart of the country people, and shuts their eyes. But the good folk of the town have no greater relish for Nature, because the love of gold regulates all their other appetites. If some of them set a value on the liberal arts, it is not because those arts imitate natural objects; it is from the price to which the hand of great masters raises their productions.

own peasantry make frequent use of it. I met one day, toward the end of Autumn, a country girl all in tears, looking about for a handkerchief which she had lost upon the great road. "Was your handkerchief very pretty?" said I to her. "Sir," replied she, "it was quite new; I bought it last bean time." It has long been my opinion, that if our historical epochs, so loudly trumpeted, were dated by those of Nature, nothing more would be wanting to mark their injustice, and expose them to ridicule. Were we to read, for example, in our books of History, that a Prince had caused part of his subjects to be massacred, to render Heaven propitious to him, precisely at the season when his kingdom was clothed with the plenty of harvest; or were we to read the relations of bloody engagements, and of the bombardment of cities, dated with the flowering of the violet, the first cream cheese making, the sheep marking season; Would any other contrast be necessary to render the perusal of such histories detestable? On the other hand, such dates would communicate immortal graces to the actions of good Princes, and would confound the blessings which they bestowed, with those of Heaven.

That man gives a thousand crowns for a picture of the country painted by *Lorrain*, who would not take the trouble to put his head out of the window to look at the real landscape : And there is another, who ostentatiously exhibits the bust of *Socrates* in his study, who would not receive that Philosopher into his house, were he in life, and who, perhaps, would not scruple to concur in adjudging him to death, were he under prosecution.

The taste of our Artists has been corrupted by that of our trades people. As they know that it is not Nature, but their own skill, which is prized, their great aim is to display themselves. Hence it is, that they introduce a profusion of rich accessories into most of our monuments, while they frequently omit altogether the principal object. They produce, for instance, as an embellishment for gardens, vases of marble, into which it is impossible to put any vegetable ; for apartments, urns and pitchers, into which you cannot pour any species of fluid ; for our cities, colonnades without palaces, gates in places where there are no walls, public squares fenced with barriers, to prevent the people from assembling in them. It is, they tell us, that the grass may be permitted to shoot. A fine project truly ! One of the heaviest curses which the ancients pronounced against their enemies was, that they might see the grass grow in their public places. If they wish to see verdure in ours, why do they not plant trees in them, which would give the people at once shade and shelter ? There are some who introduce into the trophies which ornament the town residences of our grandees, bows, arrows, catapults ; and who have carried the simplicity of the thing to such a height, as to plant on them Roman standards, inscribed with these characters, S. P. Q. R. This may be seen in the Palace de Bourbon. Posterity will be taught to believe, that the Romans were, in the eighteenth century, masters of our country. And in what estimation do we mean, vain as we are, that our memory should be held by them, if our monuments, our medals, our trophies,

our dramas, our inscriptions, continually hold out to them, strangers and antiquity ?

The Greeks and Romans were much more consistent. Never did they dream of constructing useless monuments. Their beautiful vases of alabaster and calcedony were employed, in festivals, for holding wine, or perfumes ; their peristyles always announced a palace ; their public places were destined only to the purpose of assembling the people. There they reared the statues of their great men, without enclosing them in rails of iron, in order that their images might still be within reach of the miserable, and be open to their invocation after death, as they themselves had been while they were alive. *Juvenal* speaks of a statue of bronze at Rome, the hands of which had been worn away by the kisses of the People. What glory to the memory of the person whom it represented ! Did it still exist, that mutilation would render it more precious than the *Venus de Medicis*, with its fine proportions.

Our populace, we are told, is destitute of patriotism. I can easily believe it, for every thing is done, that can be done, to destroy that principle in them. For example, on the pediment of the beautiful church which we are building in honour of Saint *Genevieve*, but which is too small, as all our modern monuments are, an adoration of the cross is represented. You see, indeed, the Patronesses of Paris in bas reliefs, under the peristyle, in the midst of Cardinals ; but would it not have been more in character, to exhibit to the People their humble Patronesses in her habit of shepherdes, in a little jacket and cornet, with her scrip, her crook, her dog, her sheep, her moulds for making cheese, and all the peculiarities of her age, and of her condition, on the pediment of the church dedicated to her memory ? To these might have been added a view of Paris, such as it was in her time. From the whole would have resulted contrasts, and objects of comparison of the most agreeable kind. The People, at sight of this rural scenery, would have called to memory the days of old. They would have conceived esteem

for the obscure virtues which are necessary to their happiness, and would have been stimulated to tread in the rough paths of glory which their lowly Patroness trod before them, whom it is now impossible for them to distinguish in her Grecian robes, and surrounded by Prelates.

Our Artists, in some cases, deviate so completely from the principal object, that they leave it out altogether. There was exhibited some years ago, in one of the workshops of the Louvre, a monument in honour of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, designed for the cathedral of the city of Sens. Every body flocked to see it, and came away in raptures of admiration. I went with the rest; and the first thing I looked for was the resemblance of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, to whose memory the monument had been erected. There was no such thing there, not even in medallions. You saw *Time* with his scythe, *Hymen* with urns, and all the threadbare ideas of allegory, which frequently is, by the way, the genius of those who have none. In order to complete the elucidation of the subject, there were on the panels of a species of altar, placed in the midst of this group of symbolical figures, long inscriptions in Latin, abundantly foreign to the memory of the great Prince who was the object of them. There, said I to myself, there is a fine national monument! Latin inscriptions for French readers, and pagan symbols for a cathedral! Had the Artist, whose chisel I in other respects admired, meant to display only his own talents, he ought to have recommended to his successor, to leave imperfect a small part of the base of that monument, which death prevented himself from finishing, and to engrave these words upon it: *COUSTOU morien faciebat.** This consonance of fortune would have united him to the royal monument, and would have given a deep impression to the reflections on the vanity of human things, which the sight of a tomb inspires.

* The work of *Coustou*, left unfinished by death.

Very few Artists catch the moral objects ; they aim only at the picturesque. “ Oh, what a fine subject for a *Belisarius* ! ” exclaim they, when the conversation happens to turn on one of our great men, reduced to distress. Nevertheless, the liberal arts are destined only to revive the memory of Virtue, and not Virtue to give employment to the fine Arts. I acknowledge, that the celebrity which they procure is a powerful incentive to prompt men to great actions, though, after all, it is not the true one ; but though it may not inspire the sentiment, it sometimes produces the acts. Now a days we go much farther. It is no longer the glory of virtue which associations and individuals endeavour to merit ; it is the honour of distributing it to others at which they aim. Heaven knows the strange confusion which results from this ! Women of very suspicious virtue, and kept mistresses, establish Rose feasts : They dispense premiums on virginity ! Opera girls crown our victorious Generals ! The *Mareschal de Saxe*, our Historians tell us, was crowned with laurels on the national theatre : As if the Nation had consisted of players, and as if its Senate were a theatre ! For my own part, I look on Virtue as so respectable, that nothing more would be wanting, but a single subject, in which it was eminently conspicuous, to overwhelm with ridicule those who dared to dispense to it such vain and contemptible honours. What stage dancing girl, for example, durst have had the impudence to crown the august forehead of *Turenne*, or that of *Fenelon*.

The French Academy would be much more successful, if it aimed at fixing, by the charms of eloquence, the attention of the Nation on our great men, did it attempt less, in the eulogiums which it pronounces, to panegyricize the dead, than to satirize the living. Besides, posterity will rely as little on the language of praise, as on that of censure. For, first, the very term eulogium is suspected of flattery : And farther, this species of eloquence characterizes nothing. In order to paint virtue, it is necessa-

ry to bring forward defects and vices, that conflict and triumph may be rendered conspicuous. The style employed in it is full of pomp and luxuriance. It is crowded with reflections, and paintings, foreign, very frequently, to the principal object. It resembles a Spanish horse; it prances about wonderfully, but never gets forward. This kind of eloquence, vague and indecisive as it is, suits no one great man in particular, because it may be applied, in general, to all those who have run the same career. If you only change a few proper names in the elogium of a General, you may comprehend in it all Generals, past and future. Besides, its bombast tone is so little adapted to the simple language of truth and virtue, that when a Writer means to introduce characteristical traits of his hero, that we may know at least of whom he is speaking, he is under the necessity of throwing them into notes, for fear of deranging his academical order.

Affuredly, had *Plutarch* written the elogium only of illustrious men, he would have had as few readers at this day as the Panegyric of *Trajan*, which cost the younger *Pliny* so many years labour. You will never find an academical elogium in the hands of one of the common People. You might see them, perhaps, turning over those of *Fontenelle*, and a few others, if the persons celebrated in them, had paid attention to the People while they lived. But the Nation takes pleasure in reading History.

As I was walking some time ago, toward the quarter of the Military School, I perceived at some distance, near a sand pit, a thick column of smoke. I bent my course that way, to see what produced it. I found, in a very solitary place, a good deal resembling that which *Shakespeare* makes the scene where the three witches appear to *Macbeth*, a poor and aged woman sitting upon a stone. She was deeply engaged in reading in an old book, close by a great pile of herbage, which she had set on fire. I first asked her for what purpose she was burning those herbs? She replied, that it was for the sake of the ashes,

which she gathered up and sold to the laundresses ; that for this end she bought of the gardeners the refuse plants of their grounds, and was waiting till they were entirely consumed, that she might carry off the ashes, because they were liable to be stolen in her absence. After having thus satisfied my curiosity, she returned to her book, and read on with deep attention. Eagerly desirous to know what book it was with which she filled up her hours of languor, I took the liberty to ask the title of it. " It is the Life of *M. de Turenne*," she replied. " Well, what do you think of him ?" said I. " Ah !" replied she, with emotion, " he was a very brave man, who suffered much uneasiness from a Minister of State, while he was alive !" I withdrew, filled with increased veneration for the memory of *M. de Turenne*, who served to console a poor old woman in distress. It is thus that the virtues of the lower classes of society support themselves on those of great men, as the feeble plants, which, to escape being trampled under foot, cling to the trunk of the oak.

OF NOBILITY.

The ancient Nations of Europe imagined, that the most powerful stimulus to the practice of virtue, was to ennoble the descendants of their virtuous citizens. They involved themselves, by this, in very great inconveniences. For, in rendering nobility hereditary, they precluded, to the rest of the citizens, the paths which lead to distinction. As it is the perpetual, exclusive, possession of a certain number of families, it ceases to be a national recompense, otherwise, a whole Nation would consist of Nobles at length ; which would produce a lethargy fatal to arts and handicrafts ; and this is actually the case in Spain, and in part of Italy.

Many other mischiefs necessarily result from hereditary noblesse, the principal of which is, the formation, in a

State, of two feveral Nations, which come, at laft, to have nothing in common between them ; patriotifm is annihilated, and both the one and the other haftens to a ftate of fubjection. Such has been, within our recollection, the fate of Hungary, of Bohemia, of Poland, and even of part of the provinces of our own kingdom, fuch as Britanny, where a Nobility, infufferably lofty, and multiplied beyond all bounds, formed a clafs abfolutely diftinct from the reft of the citizens. It is well worthy of being remarked, that thefe countries, though republican, though fo powerful, in the opinion of our political Writers, from the freedom of their conftitution, have been very eafily fubjected by defpotic Princes, who were the mafters, they tell us, of flaves only. The reafon is, that the People, in every country, prefer one Sovereign to a thoufand tyrants, and that their fate always decides the fate of their lordly oppreffors. The Romans foftened the unjuft and odious diftinctions which exifted between Patricians and Plebeians, by granting to thefe laft, privileges and employments of the higheft refpectability.

Means, in my opinion, ftill more effectual, were employed by that People, to bring the two claffes of citizens to a ftate of clofer approximation ; particularly the practice of adoption. How many great men ftarted up out of the mafs of the People, to merit this kind of recompense, as illuftrious as thofe which Country beftows, and ftill more addreffed to the heart ! Thus did the *Catos* and the *Scipios* diftinguifh themfelves, in hope of being ingrafted into Patrician families. Thus it was that the Plebeian *Agricola* obtained in marriage the daughter of *Augustus*. I do not know, but, perhaps, I am only betraying my own ignorance, that adoption ever was in ufe among us, unlefs it were between certain great Lords, who, from the failure of heirs of blood, were at a lofs how to difpofe of their vaft poffeffions when they died. I confider adoption as much preferable to Nobility conferred by the State. It might be the means of reviving illuftrious families, the

descendants of which are now languishing in the most abject poverty. It would endear the Nobility to the People, and the People to the Nobility. It would be proper that the privilege of bestowing the rights of adoption, should be rendered a species of recompense to the Noblesse themselves. Thus, for example, a poor man of family, who had distinguished himself, might be empowered to adopt one of the commonalty, who should acquire eminence. A man of birth would be on the look out for virtue among the People; and a virtuous man of the commonalty, would go in quest of a worthy Nobleman as a patron. Such political bonds of union appear to me more powerful, and more honourable, than mercenary matrimonial alliances, which, by uniting two individual citizens of different classes, frequently alienate their families. Nobility, thus acquired, would appear to me far preferable to that which public employments confer; for these, being entirely the purchase of so much money, from that very circumstance lose their respectability, and, consequently, degrade the Nobility attached to them.

But, taking it at the best, one disadvantage must ever adhere to hereditary Nobility, namely, the eventual excessive multiplication of persons of that description. A remedy for this has been attempted among us, by adjudging Nobility to various professions, such as maritime commerce. First of all, it may be made a question, Whether the spirit of commerce can be perfectly consistent with the honour of a gentleman? Besides, What commerce shall he carry on, who has got nothing! Must not a premium be paid to the merchant for admitting a young man into his counting house, to learn the first principles of trade? And where should so many poor men, of noble birth, find the means, who have not wherewithal to clothe their children? I have seen some of them, in Brittany, the descendants of the most ancient families of the province, so reduced, as to earn a livelihood by mowing down the hay of the peasantry for so much a day.

Would to GOD, that all conditions were nobilitated, the profession of agriculture in particular ! for it is that, above all others, of which every function is allied to virtue. In order to be a husbandman, there is no need to deceive, to flatter, to degrade one's self, to do violence to another. He is not indebted, for the profits of his labour, to the vices or the luxury of his age, but to the bounty of Heaven. He adheres to his Country, at least, by the little corner of it which he cultivates. If the condition of the husbandman were ennobled, a multitude of benefits, to the inhabitants of the kingdom, would result from it. Nay, it would be sufficient, if it were not considered as ignoble. But here is a resource which the State might employ, for the relief of the decayed Nobility. Most of the ancient feignories are purchased now a days, by persons who possess no other merit but that of having money ; so that the honours of those illustrious houses have fallen to the share of men who, to confess the truth, are hardly worthy of them. The King ought to purchase those lordships as often as they come to market ; reserve to himself the feignorial rights, with part of the lands, and form, of those small domains, civil and military benefices, to be bestowed as rewards on good officers, useful citizens, and noble and poor families, nearly as the Timariots are in Turkey.

OF AN ELYSIUM.

The hereditary transmission of Nobility is subject to a farther inconveniency ; namely this, Here is a man, who sets out with the virtues of a *Marius*, and finishes the career, loaded with all his vices. I am going to propose a mode of distinguishing superior worth, which shall not be liable to the dangers of inheritance, and of human inconstancy: It is to withhold the rewards of virtue till after death.

Death affixes the last seal to the memory of Man. It is well known of what weight the decisions were, which the Egyptians pronounced upon their citizens, after life was terminated. Then, too, it was, that the Romans sometimes exalted theirs to the rank of demigods, and sometimes threw them into the Tiber. The People, in default of priests and magistrates, still exercises, among us, a part of this priesthood. I have oftener than once stood still, of an evening, at sight of a magnificent funeral procession, not so much to admire the pomp of it, as to listen to the judgment pronounced by the populace on the high and puissant Prince, whose obsequies were celebrating. I have frequently heard the question asked, Was he a good master? Was he fond of his wife and children? Was he a friend to the poor? The People insist particularly on this last question; because, being continually influenced by the principal call of Nature, they distinguish, in the rich, hardly any other virtue than beneficence. I have often heard this reply given: "Oh! he never did good to any one: He was an unkind relation, and a harsh master." I have heard them say, at the interment of a Farmer General, who left behind him more than twelve millions of livres, (half a million sterling): "He drove away the country poor from the gate of his castle with fork and flail." On such occasions, you hear the spectators fall a swearing, and cursing the memory of the deceased. Such are, usually, the funeral orations of the rich, in the mouth of the populace. There is little doubt, that their decisions would produce consequences of a certain kind, were the police of Paris less strict than it is.

Death alone can ensure reputation, and nothing short of religion can consecrate it. Our grandees are abundantly aware of this. Hence the sumptuousness of their monuments, in our churches. It is not that the clergy make a point of their being interred there, as many imagine. The clergy would equally receive their perquisites, were the interment in the country: They would take care, and

very justly, to be well paid for such journies ; and they would be relieved from breathing, all the year round, in their stalls, the putrid exhalations of rotting carcases. The principal obstacle to this necessary reform in our police, proceeds from the great and the rich, who, seldom disposed to crowd the church in their life time, are eager for admission after their death, that the people may admire their superb *mausolea*, and their virtues portrayed in brass and marble. But, thanks to the allegorical representations of our Artists, and to the Latin inscriptions of our *Literati*, the People know nothing about the matter ; and the only reflection which they make, at sight of them, is, that all this must have cost an enormous sum of money ; and that such a vast quantity of copper might be converted, to advantage, into porridge pots.

Religion alone has the power of consecrating, in a manner that shall last, the memory of Virtue. The King of Prussia, who was so well acquainted with the great moving springs of politics, did not overlook this. As the Protestant Religion, which is the general profession of his kingdom, excludes from the churches the images of the Saints, he supplied their place with the portraits of the most distinguished officers who had fallen in his service. The first time I looked into the churches at Berlin, I was not a little astonished to see the walls adorned with the portraits of officers in their uniform. Beneath, there was an inscription indicating their names, their age, the place of their birth, and the battle in which they had been killed. There is likewise subjoined, if my recollection is accurate, a line or two of elogium. The military enthusiasm kindled by this sight is inconceivable.

Among us, there is not a monkish order so mean, as not to exhibit in their cloisters, and in their churches, the pictures of their great men, beyond all contradiction more respected, and better known, than those of the State. These subjects, always accompanied with picturesque and interesting circumstances, are the most powerful

means which they employ for attracting novices. The Carthusians already perceive, that the number of their novices is diminished, now that they have no longer, in their cloisters, the melancholy history of *S. Bruno*, painted, in a style so masterly, by *Le Sueur*. No one order of citizens prizes the portraits of men who have been useful only to the Nation, and to Mankind; printfellers alone sometimes display the images of them, filed on a string, and illuminated with blue and red. Thither the People resort to look for them among those of players and opera girls. We shall soon have, it is said, the exhibition of a museum at the Tuilleries; but that royal monument is consecrated rather to talents than to patriotism, and like so many others, it will, undoubtedly, be locked up from the People.

First of all, I would have it made a rule, that no citizen whatever should be interred in the church. *Xenophon* relates that *Cyrus*, the sovereign Lord of the greatest part of Asia, gave orders, at his death, that his body should be buried in the open country, under the trees, to the end that, said this great Prince, the elements of it might be quickly united to those of Nature, and contribute anew to the formation of her beautiful Works. This sentiment was worthy of the sublime soul of *Cyrus*. But tombs in every country, especially the tombs of great Kings, are the most endeared of all monuments to the Nations. The Savages consider those of their ancestors as titles to the possession of the lands which they inhabit. "This country is ours," say they, "the bones of our fathers are here laid to rest." When they are forced to quit it, they dig them up with tears, and carry them off with every token of respect.

The Turks erect their tombs by the side of the highways, as the Romans did. The Chinese make theirs enchanted spots. They place them in the vicinity of their cities, in grottos dug out of the side of hills; they decorate the entrance into them with pieces of architecture,

and plant before them, and all around, groves of cypress, and of firs, intermingled with trees which bear flowers and fruits. These spots inspire a profound and a delicious melancholy ; not only from the natural effect of their decoration, but from the moral sentiment excited in us by tombs, which are, as we have said in another place, monuments erected on the confines of two Worlds.

Our great ones, then, would lose nothing of the respect which they wish to attach to their memory, were they to be interred in public receptacles of the dead, adjoining to the Capital. A magnificent sepulchral chapel might be constructed in the midst of the burying ground, devoted solely to funeral obsequies, the celebration of which frequently disturbs the worship of GOD in parish churches. Artists might give full scope to their imagination, in the decorations of such a mausoleum ; and the temples of humility and truth would no longer be profaned, by the vanity and falsehood of monumental epitaphs.

While each citizen should be left at liberty to lodge himself, agreeably to his own fancy, in this last and lasting abode, I would have a large space selected, not far from Paris, to be consecrated by every solemnity of Religion, to be a general receptacle of the ashes of such as may have deserved well of their Country.

The services which may be rendered to our Country, are infinite in number, and very various in their nature. We hardly acknowledge any but what are of one and the same kind, derived from formidable qualities, such as valour. We revere that only which terrifies us. The tokens of our esteem are frequently testimonies of our weakness. We are brought up to sense of fear only, and not of gratitude. There is no modern Nation so insignificant, as not to have its *Alexander* and its *Cesar* to commemorate, but no one its *Bacchus* and its *Ceres*. The Ancients, as valiant, at least, as we are, thought incomparably better. *Plutarch* observes somewhere, that *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, who were mortals, attained the supreme rank of Gods, on ac-

count of the pure, universal, and lasting blessings which they had procured for Mankind ; but that *Hercules*, *Theseus*, and other Heroes, were raised only to the subordinate rank of demigods, because the services which they rendered to men, were transient, circumscribed, and contained a great mixture of evil.

I have often felt astonishment at our indifference about the memory of those of our Ancestors who introduced useful trees into the country, the fruits and shade of which are to this day so delicious. The names of those benefactors are, most of them, entirely unknown ; their benefits are, however, perpetuated to us from age to age. The Romans did not act in this manner. *Pliny* tells us, with no small degree of self complacency, that of the eight species of cherry known at Rome in his time, one was called the *Plinian*, after the name of one of his relations, to whom Italy was indebted for it. The other species of this very fruit bore, at Rome, the names of the most illustrious families, being denominated the Apronian, the Aëtian, the Cæcilian, the Julian. He informs us that it was *Lucullus* who, after the defeat of *Mithridates*, transplanted, from the kingdom of Pontus, the first cherry trees into Italy, from whence they were propagated, in less than a hundred and twenty years, all over Europe, England not excepted, which was then peopled with barbarians. They were, perhaps, the first means of the civilization of that Island, for the first laws always spring up out of agriculture : And for this very reason it is, that the Greeks gave to *Ceres* the name of *Legislatrix*.

Pliny, in another place, congratulates *Pompey* and *Vespasian* on having displayed, at Rome, the ebony tree, and that of the balm of Judea, in the midst of their triumphal processions, as if they had then triumphed, not only over the Nations, but over the very nature of their countries. Assuredly, if I entertained a wish to have my name perpetuated, I would much rather have it affixed to a fruit in France, than to an island in America. The People, in the

season of that fruit, would recal my memory with tokens of respect. My name, preserved in the baskets of the peasantry, would endure longer, than if it were engraved on columns of marble. I know of no monument, in the noble family of *Montmorenci*, more durable, and more endeared to the People, than the cherry which bears its name. The Good Henry, otherwise *lapathum*, which grows without culture in the midst of our plains, will confer a more lasting duration on the memory of *Henry IV*, than the statue of bronze placed on the Pont Neuf, though protected by an iron rail and a guard of soldiers. If the seeds, and the heifers, which *Louis XV*, by a natural movement of humanity, sent the Island of *Taïti*, should happen to multiply there, they will preserve his memory much longer, and render it much dearer, among the Nations of the South Sea, than the pitiful pyramid of bricks, which the fawning Academicians attempted to rear in honour of him at *Quito*, and, perhaps, than the statues erected to him in the heart of his own kingdom,

The benefit of a useful plant is, in my opinion, one of the most important services, which a citizen can render to his Country. Foreign plants unite us to the Nations from whence they come ; they convey to us a portion of their happiness, and of their genial Suns. The olive tree represents to me the happy climate of Greece, much better than the book of *Pausanias* ; and I find the gifts of *Minerva* more powerfully expressed in it, than upon medallions. Under a great chestnut in blossom, I feel myself laid to rest amidst the rich umbrage of America ; the perfume of a citron transports me to Arabia ; and I am an inhabitant of voluptuous Peru, whenever I inhale the emanations of the heliotrope.

I would begin, then, with erecting the first monuments of the public gratitude to those who have introduced among us the useful plants ; for this purpose, I would select one of the islands of the Seine, in the vicinity of Paris, to be converted into an Elysium. I would take, for

example, that one which is below the majestic bridge of Neuilly, and which, in a few years more, will actually be joined to the suburbs of Paris. I would extend my field of operation, by taking in that branch of the Seine which is not adapted to the purposes of navigation, and a large portion of the adjoining Continent. I would plant this extensive district with the trees, the shrubbery, and the herbage, with which France has been enriched for several ages past. There should be assembled the great Indian chestnut, the tulip tree, the mulberry, the acacia of America and of Asia; the pines of Virginia and Siberia; the bearspear of the Alps; the tulips of Calcedonia, and so on. The service tree of Canada, with its scarlet clusters; the *magnolia grandiflora* of America, which produces the largest and most odoriferous of flowers; The ever green thuia of China, which puts forth no apparent flower, should interlace their boughs, and form, here and there, enchanted groves.

Under their shade, and amidst carpets of variegated verdure, should be reared the monuments of those who transplanted them into France. We should behold, around the magnificent tomb of *Nicot*, Ambassador from France to the Court of Portugal, which is at present in the church of St. Paul, the famous tobacco plant spring up, called at first, after his name, *Nicotiana*, because he was the man who first diffused the knowledge of it over Europe. There is not a European Prince but what owes him a statue for that service, for there is not a vegetable in the World which has poured such sums into their treasuries, and so many agreeable illusions into the minds of their subjects. The *nepenthes* of *Homer* is not once to be compared to it. There might be engraved on a tablet of marble, adjoining to it, the name of the Flemish *Auger de Busbequius*, Ambassador from *Ferdinand* the First, King of the Romans, to the Porte, in other respects so estimable, from the charms of his epistolary correspondence; and this small monument might be placed under the shade

of the lilach, which he transported from Constantinople, and of which he made a present to Europe,* in 1562, The lucern of Media should there surround, with its shoots, the monument dedicated to the memory of the unknown husbandman, who first sowed it on our flinty hillocks, and who presented us with an article of pasture, in parched situations, which renovates itself at least four times a year. At sight of the solanum of America, which produces at its root the potatoe, the poorer part of the community would bless the name of the man who secured to them a species of aliment, which is not liable, like corn, to suffer by the inconstancy of the elements, and by the granaries of monopolizers. There too should be displayed, not without a lively interest, the urn of the unknown Traveller who adorned, to endless generations, the humble window of his obscure habitation, with the brilliant colours of *Aurora*, by transplanting thither the nun of Peru.†

On advancing into this delicious spot, we should behold, under domes and porticos, the ashes and the busts of those who, by the invention of useful arts, have taught us to avail ourselves of the productions of Nature, and who, by their genius, have spared us the necessity of long and painful labours. There would be no occasion for epitaphs. The figures of the implements employed in weaving of stockings; of those used in twisting of silk, and in the construction of the windmill, would be monumental inscriptions as august, and as expressive, on the tombs of their inventors, as the sphere inscribed in the cylinder on that of *Archimedes*. There might, one day, be traced the aërostatic globe, on the tomb of *Mongolfier*; but it would

* See *Matthiola* on *Dioscorides*.

† For my own part, I would contemplate the monument of that man, were it but a simple tile, with more respect than the superb mausolea which have been reared, in many places of Europe, and of America, in honour of the inhuman conquerors of Mexico and Peru. More Historians than one have given us their elogium; but divine Providence has done them justice. They all died a violent death, and most of them by the hand of the executioner.

be proper to know beforehand, whether that strange machine, which elevates men into the air, by means of fire, or gas, shall contribute to the happiness of Mankind ; for the name of the inventor of gunpowder himself, were we capable of tracing it, could not be admitted into the retreats of the benefactors of Humanity.

On approaching toward the centre of this Elysium, we should meet with monuments still more venerable, of those who, by their virtue, have transmitted to posterity, fruits far more delicious than those of the vegetables of Asia, and who have called into exercise the most sublime of all talents. There should be placed the monuments, and the statues of the generous *Duquesne*, who himself fitted out a squadron, at his sole expense, in the defence of his Country : Of the sage *Catinat*, equally tranquil in the mountains of Savoy, and in the humble retreat of St. Gratian ; and of the heroic Chevalier *d'Affas*, sacrificing himself by night, for the preservation of the French army, in the woods of Klosterkam.

There, should be the illustrious Writers, who inflamed their compatriots with the ardor of performing great actions. There we should see *Amyot*, leaning on the bust of *Plutarch* ; and Thou, who hast given, at once, the theory, and the example of virtue, divine Author of *Telemachus* ! we should revere thy ashes, and thy image, in an image of those Elysian Fields, which thy pencil has delineated in such glowing colours.

I would likewise give a place to the monuments of eminent women, for Virtue knows no distinction of sex : There should be reared the statues of those who, with all the charms of beauty, preferred a laborious and obscure life, to the vain delights of the World ; of matrons who reestablished order in a deranged family ; who, faithful to the memory of a husband, frequently chargeable with infidelity, preserved inviolate the conjugal vow, even after death had cancelled the obligation, and devoted youth to the education of the dear pledges of an union now no

more : And, finally, the venerable effigies of those who attained the highest pinnacle of distinction, by the very obscurity of their virtues. Thither should be transported the tomb of a Lady of Lamoignon, from the poor church of Saint Giles, where it remains unnoticed ; its affecting epitaph would render it still more worthy of occupying this honourable station, than the chisel of *Girardon*, whose master piece it is : In it we read that a design had been entertained to bury her body in another place ; but the poor of the parish, to whom she was a mother all her life long, carried it off by force, and deposited it in their church : They themselves would, undoubtedly, transport the remains of their benefactress, and resort to this hallowed spot, to display them to the public veneration.

Hic manus ob Patriam, pugnando vulnera passi ;
 Quique Sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat ;
 Quique pii Vates, & *Phæbo* digna locuti ;
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes ;
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

ÆNEID. BOOK VI.

* Thus imitated :

Here, Patriot bands, who for their Country bled ;
 Priests, who a life of purest virtue led :
 Here, Bards sublime, fraught with ethereal fire,
 Whose heavenly strains outvied *Apollo's* lyre :
 Divine Inventors of the useful Arts ;
 All those whose generous and expansive hearts,
 By goodness fought to purchase honest fame ;
 And, dying, left behind a deathless name.

Had *St. Pierre*, in the course of his travels, come over to this Island, and visited *Stowe*, he would have found his idea of an Elysium anticipated, and upon no mean scale, by the great Lord COVHAM, who has rendered every spot, of that terrestrial Paradise, sacred to the memory of departed excellence. What would have given our Author peculiar satisfaction, the Parish Church stands in the centre of the Garden ; hence the People have unrestrained access to it ; the monuments are, for the most part, patriotic, without regard to the distinctions of rank and fortune, except as allied to virtue ; and the best inscriptions are in plain English, and humble prose. In a beautifully solemn valley, watered by a silent stream, and shaded by the trees of the Country, stands the

“ Here inhabit the heroic bands who bled in fighting
 “ the battles of their Country ; the sacred ministers of re-
 “ ligion, whose life exhibited unfulfilled purity ; venerable
 “ bards, who uttered strains not unworthy of *Apollo* him-
 “ self ; and those, who, by the invention of useful arts,
 “ contributed to the comfort of human life ; all those, in

Temple of the British Worthies. The decorations, and the arrangements are simple : Only that there is mythological *Mercury* peeping over in the centre, to contemplate the immortal shades whom he has conducted to the Elysian Fields. Were I Marquis of BUCKINGHAM, the wing heeled God, with his caduceus, and Latin motto, should no longer disfigure the uniformity and simplicity of that enchanting scene ; and if *Charon's* old crazy barge, too, were sunk to the bottom, the place and the idea would be greatly improved.

To those who have never been at *Stowe*, it may not be unacceptable to read the Names ; and the characteristic Inscriptions, of this lovely retreat, consecrated to Patriot worth, exalted genius, and the love of the Human Race.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM,

Who, by the honourable profession of a Merchant, having enriched himself, and his Country, for carrying on the Commerce of the World, built the Royal Exchange.

IGNATIUS JONES,

Who, to adorn his Country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman Architecture.

JOHN MILTON,

Whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the World.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,

Whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of Man, all the mines of Fancy, all the stores of Nature ; and gave him power, beyond all other Writers, to move, astonish, and delight Mankind.

JOHN LOCKE,

Who, best of all Philosophers, understood the powers of the Human Mind ; the nature, end, and bounds of Civil Government ; and, with equal courage and sagacity, refuted the slavish systems of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, or the reason of Mankind.

“ a word, who, by deserving well of Mankind, have purchased for themselves a deathless name.”

There I would have, scattered about, monuments of every kind, and apportioned to the various degrees of merit : Obelisks, columns, pyramids, urns, bas reliefs, medallions,

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

Whom the God of Nature made to comprehend his Works : And, from simple principles, to discover the Laws never known before, and to explain the appearances, never understood, of this stupendous Universe.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, (LORD VERULAM.)

Who, by the strength and light of a superior genius, rejecting vain speculation, and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth, and improve Philosophy by the certain method of experiment.

KING ALFRED,

The mildest, justest, most beneficent of Kings ; who drove out the Danes, secured the Seas, protected Learning, established Juries, crushed Corruption, guarded Liberty, and was the Founder of the English Constitution.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,

The terror of Europe, the delight of England ; who preserved, unaltered, in the height of Glory and Fortune, his natural Gentleness and Modesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Who confounded the projects, and destroyed the Power that threatened to oppress the Liberties of Europe ; shook off the yoke of Ecclesiastical Tyranny ; restored Religion from the Corruptions of Popery ; and, by a wise, a moderate, and a popular Government, gave Wealth, Security and Respect to England.

KING WILLIAM III.

Who, by his Virtue and Constancy, having saved his Country from a foreign Master, by a bold and generous enterprise, preserved the Liberty and Religion of Great Britain.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

A valiant Soldier, and an able Statesman ; who, endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his Master, for the Honour of his Country, against the ambition of

statues, tablets, peristyles, domes ; I would not have them crowded together, as in a repository, but disposed with taste ; neither would I have them all of white marble, as if they came out of the same quarry ; but of marbles, and stones, of every colour. There would be no occasion, through the whole extent of this vast enclosure, which I suppose to be, at least, a mile and a half in diameter, for the application of the line, nor for digging up the ground, nor for grafts plots, nor for trees cut into shape, and fantastically trimmed, nor for any thing resembling what is to be seen in our gardens. For a similar reason, I would have no Latin inscriptions, nor mythological expressions, nor any thing that favoured of the Academy. Still less would I admit of dignities, or of honours, which call to remembrance the vain ideas of the world ; I would retrench from them all the qualities which are destroyed by death ; no importance should there be assigned but to good actions, which survive the man and the citizen, and which are the only titles that posterity cares for, and that GOD recompenses. The inscriptions upon them should be simple, and be naturally suggested by each particular subject. I would not set the living a talking uselessly to the dead, and to inanimate objects, as is the case in our epitaphs ; but the dead, and inanimate objects, should speak to the living, for their instruction, as among the An-

Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court, whose arms he had vanquished, and whose designs he opposed.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

Who, through many perils, was the first of Britons that adventured to sail round the Globe ; and carried into unknown Seas and Nations, the knowledge and glory of the English Name.

JOHN HAMPDEN,

Who, with great spirit, and consummate abilities, begun a noble opposition to an arbitrary Court, in defence of the Liberties of his Country ; supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the Field.

cients. These correspondencies of an invisible to a visible nature, of a time remote to the time present, convey to the soul the celestial extension of infinity, and are the source of the delight which ancient inscriptions inspire.

Thus, for example, on a rock planted amidst a tuft of strawberry plants of Chili, these words might be inscribed :

I WAS UNKNOWN TO EUROPE ;
 BUT,
 IN SUCH A YEAR,
 SUCH A PERSON, BORN IN SUCH A PLACE,
 TRANSPLANTED ME FROM
 THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS OF CHILI,
 AND NOW
 I BEAR FLOWERS AND FRUIT
 IN THE HAPPY CLIMATE OF FRANCE.

Underneath a bas relief of coloured marble, which should represent little children eating, drinking, and playing, the following inscription might appear :

WE WERE EXPOSED IN THE STREETS TO THE DOGS,
 TO FAMINE AND COLD ;
 SUCH A COMPASSIONATE FEMALE,
 OF SUCH A PLACE,
 LODGED US, CLOTHED US, AND FED US WITH THE MILK
 WHICH OUR OWN MOTHERS HAD DENIED.

At the foot of a statue of white marble, of a young and beautiful woman, sitting, and wiping her eyes, with symptoms of grief and joy :

I WAS ODIOUS
 IN
 THE SIGHT OF GOD AND MAN ;
 BUT,
 MELTED INTO PENITENCE,
I have made my Peace with Heaven by Contrition,
 AND HAVE
 REPAIRED THE MISCHIEF WHICH I HAD DONE TO MEN,
 BY
Befriending the Miserable.

Near this might be inscribed, under that of a young girl, in mean attire, employed with her distaff and spindle, and looking up to Heaven with rapture :

I HAVE LEARNED TO DESPISE
 THE VAIN DELIGHTS OF THE WORLD ;
 AND NOW
 I ENJOY HAPPINESS.

Of those monuments, some should exhibit no other eulogium, but the name simply : Such should be, for example, the tomb which contained the ashes of the Author of *Telemachus* ; or, at most, I would engrave on it the following words, so expressive of his affectionate and sublime character :

HE FULFILLED THE TWO GREAT PRECEPTS OF THE LAW :
 HE LOVED GOD AND MAN.

I have no need to suggest, that these inscriptions might be conceived in a much happier style than mine ; but I would insist upon this, that in the figures introduced, there should be displayed no air of insolence ; no dishevelled locks flying about in the wind, like those of the Angel sounding the resurrection trumpet, no theatrical grief, and no violent tossing of the robes, like the Magdalene of the Carmelites ; no mythological attributes, which con-

vey nothing instructive to the People. Every personage should there appear with his appropriate badge of distinction : There should be exhibited the sea cap of the sailor, the cornet of the nun, the stool of the Savoyard, pots for milk, and pots for soup.

These statues of virtuous citizens ought to be fully as respectable as those of the Gods of Paganism, and unquestionably more interesting than that of the antique grinder or gladiator. But it would be necessary that our Artists should study to convey, as the Ancients did, the characters of the soul in the attitude of the body, and in the traits of the countenance, such as penitence, hope, joy, sensibility, innocence. These are the peculiarities of Nature, which never vary, and which always please, whatever be the drapery. Nay, the more contemptible that the occupations and the garb of such personages are, the more sublime will appear the expression of charity, of humanity, of innocence, and of all their virtues. A young and beautiful female, labouring like *Penelope* at her web, and modestly dressed in a Grecian robe, with long plaits, would there, no doubt, present an object pleasing to every one : But I should think her a thousand times more interesting than the figure of *Penelope* herself, employed in the same labour, under the tatters of misfortune and misery.

There should be on those tombs, no skeletons, no bats wings, no Time with his scythe, no one of those terrifying attributes, with which our slavish education endeavours to inspire us with horror at the thought of death, that last benefit of Nature ; but we should contemplate on them symbols, which announce a happy and immortal life ; vessels, shattered by the tempest, arriving safe in port ; doves taking their flight toward Heaven, and the like.

The sacred effigies of virtuous citizens, crowned with flowers, with the characters of felicity, of peace, and of consolation, in their faces, should be arranged toward the centre of the island, around a vast mossy down, under the trees of the Country, such as stately beech trees, majestic

pinus, chestnut trees loaded with fruit. There, likewise, should be seen the vine wedded to the elm, and the apple tree of Normandy, clothed with fruit of all the variety of colours which flowers display. From the middle of that down should ascend a magnificent temple in form of a rotundo. It should be surrounded with a peristyle of majestic columns, as was formerly at Rome the *Moles Adriani*. But I could wish it to be much more spacious. On the frieze these words might appear :

TO
THE LOVE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In the centre, I would have an altar simple and unornamented, at which, on certain days of the year, divine service might be celebrated. No production of sculpture, nor of painting, no gold, nor jewels, should be deemed worthy of decorating the interior of this temple ; but sacred inscriptions should announce the kind of merit which there received the crown. All those who might repose within the precincts, undoubtedly would not be Saints. But over the principal gate, on a tablet of white marble, these divine words might meet the eye :

Her Sins, which are many, are forgiven ;

FOR

SHE LOVED MUCH.

On another part of the frieze, the following inscription, which unfolds the nature of our duties, might be displayed :

VIRTUE IS AN EFFORT MADE UPON OURSELVES,

FOR

THE GOOD OF MEN,

IN THE VIEW OF

PLEASING GOD ONLY.

To this might be subjoined the following, very much calculated to repress our ambitious emulations :

THE SMALLEST ACT
OF
VIRTUE IS OF MORE VALUE
THAN THE EXERCISE OF
THE GREATEST TALENTS.

On other tablets might be inscribed maxims of trust in the divine Providence, extracted from the Philosophers of all Nations ; such as the following, borrowed from the modern Persians :

WHEN AFFLICTION IS AT THE HEIGHT,
THEN
We are the most encouraged to look for Consolation.
THE NARROWEST PART OF THE DEFILE IS
AT
The Entrance of the Plain.*

And that other of the same country :

WHOEVER HAS CORDIALLY DEVOTED HIS SOUL
TO GOD,
HAS EFFECTUALLY SECURED HIMSELF AGAINST ALL THE ILLS
WHICH CAN BEFAL HIM,
BOTH IN THIS WORLD, AND IN THE NEXT.

There might be inserted some of a philosophic cast, on the vanity of human things, such as the following :

ESTIMATE EACH OF YOUR DAYS
By Pleasures, by Loves, by Treasures, and by Grandeurs ;
THE LAST WILL
ACCUSE THEM ALL OF VANITY.

* Chardin's Palace of Ispahan.

Or that other, which opens to us a perspective of the life to come :

HE WHO HAS PROVIDED

LIGHT FOR THE EYE OF MAN, SOUNDS FOR HIS EAR,
PERFUMES FOR HIS SMELL, AND FRUITS FOR HIS PALATE,
WILL FIND

The Means of One Day replenishing his Heart,
WHICH NOTHING HERE BELOW CAN SATISFY.

And that other, which inculcates Charity toward men from the motives of self interest :

WHEN A MAN STUDIES THE WORLD,

He prizes those only who possess Sagacity ;

BUT,

WHEN HE STUDIES HIMSELF,

He esteems only those who exercise Indulgence.

I would have the following inscribed round the cupola, in letters of antique bronze :

Mandatum novum do vobis, ut diligatis invicem sicut dilexi vos, ut et vos diligatis invicem.

JOAN. cap xiii. v. 34.

A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER; AS I HAVE LOVED YOU, THAT YE ALSO LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

In order to decorate this temple externally, with a becoming dignity, no ornament would be necessary, except those of Nature. The first rays of the rising, and the last of the setting Sun, would gild its cupola, towering above the forests : In the day time, the fires of the South, and by night, the lustre of the Moon, would trace its majestic shadow on the spreading down : The Seine would repeat

the reflexes of it in its flowing stream. In vain would the tempest rage around its enormous vault ; and when the hand of Time should have bronzed it with moss, the oaks of the Country should issue from its antique cornices, and the eagles of Heaven, hovering round and round, would resort thither to build their nests.

Neither talents, nor birth, nor gold, should constitute a title for claiming the honour of a monument in this patriotic and holy ground. But it will be asked, Who is to judge, and to decide, the merits of the persons whose ashes are to be there deposited ? The King alone should have the power of decision, and the People the privilege of reporting the cause. It should not be sufficient for a citizen, in order to his obtaining this kind of distinction, that he had cultivated a new plant in a hot house, or even in his garden ; but it should be requisite to have it naturalized in the open field, and the fruit of it carried for sale to the public market. It ought not to be deemed sufficient, that the model of an ingenious machine was preserved in the collection of an Artist, and approved by the Academy of Sciences ; it should be required to have the machine itself in the hands of the People, and converted to their use. It ought by no means to suffice, in order to establish the claim of a literary Work, that the prize had been adjudged to it by the French Academy ; but that it should be read by that class of men for whose use it was designed. Thus, for example, a patriotic *Ode* should be accounted good for nothing, unless it were sung about the streets by the common people. The merit of a naval or military Commander should be ascertained, not by the report of Gazettes, but by the suffrages of the sailors or soldiery.

The People, in truth, distinguish hardly any other virtue in the citizen except beneficence : They consult only their own leading want ; but their instinct, on this article, is conformable to the divine Law : For all the virtues terminate in that, even those which appear the most remote from it ; and supposing there were rich men who meant

to captivate their affections, by doing them good, that is precisely the feeling with which we propose to inspire them. They would fulfil their duties, and the lofty and the low conditions of humanity would be reduced to a state of approximation.

From an Institution of this kind would result the reestablishment of one of the Laws of Nature, of all others the most important to a Nation ; I mean an inexhaustible perspective of infinity, as necessary to the happiness of a whole Nation, as to that of an individual. Such is, as we have caught a glimpse in another place, the nature of the human mind ; if it perceives not infinity in its prospects, it falls back upon itself, and destroys itself by the exertion of its own powers. Rome presented to the patriotism of her citizens the conquest of the World : But that object was too limited. Her last victory would have proved the commencement of her ruin. The establishment which I am now proposing, is not subjected to this inconveniency. No object can possibly be proposed to Man more unbounded, and more profound, than that of his own latter end. There are no monuments more varied, and more agreeable, than those of virtue. Were there to be reared annually, in this Elysium, but a single tablet of the marble of Britanny, or of the granite of Auvergne, there would always be the means of keeping the People awake, by the spectacle of novelty. The provinces of the kingdom would dispute with the Capital, the privilege of introducing the monuments of their virtuous inhabitants.

What an august Tribunal might be formed, of Bishops eminent for their piety, of upright Magistrates, of celebrated Commanders of armies, to examine their several pretensions ! What memoirs might one day appear, proper to create an interest in the minds of the People, who see nothing in their library, but the sentences of death pronounced on illustrious criminals, or the lives of Saints, which are far above their sphere. How many new sub-

jects for our men of letters, who have nothing for it, but to trudge eternally over the beaten ground of the age of *Louis XIV*, or to prop up the reputation of the Greeks and Romans ! What curious anecdotes for our wealthy voluptuaries ! They pay a very high price for the History of an American insect, engraved in every possible manner, and studied through the microscope, minute by minute, in all the phases of its existence. They would not have less pleasure in studying the manners of a poor collier, bringing up his family virtuously in the forests, in the midst of smugglers and banditti ; or those of a wretched fisherman, who, in finding delicacies for their tables, is obliged to live, like a heron, in the midst of tempests.

I have no doubt that these monuments, executed with the taste which we are capable of displaying, would attract crowds of rich strangers to Paris. They resort hither already to live in it, they would then flock hither to die among us. They would endeavour to deserve well of a Nation become the arbiter of the virtues of Europe, and to acquire a last asylum, in the holy land of this Elysium ; where all virtuous and beneficent men would be reputed citizens. This establishment, which might be formed, undoubtedly, in a manner very superior to the feeble sketch which I have presented of it, would serve to bring the higher conditions of life into contact with the lower, much better than our churches themselves, into which avarice and ambition frequently introduce among the citizens, distinctions more humiliating, than are to be met with even in Society. It would allure foreigners to the Capital, by holding out to them the rights of a citizenship illustrious and immortal. It would unite, in a word, Religion to Patriotism, and Patriotism to Religion, the mutual bonds of which are on the point of being torn asunder.

It is not necessary for me to subjoin, that this establishment would be attended with no expense to the State. It might be reared, and kept up, by the revenue of some rich abbey, as it would be consecrated to Religion, and to the

rewards of virtue. There is no reason why it should become, like the monuments of modern Rome, and even like many of our own royal monuments, an object of filthy lucre to individuals, who sell the sight of them to the curious. Particular care would be taken not to exclude the People, because they are meanly habited; nor to hunt out of it, as we do from our public gardens, poor and honest artisans in jackets, while well dressed courtesans flaunt about with effrontery, in their great alleys. The lowest of the commonalty should have it in their power to enter, at all seasons. It is to you, O ye miserable of all conditions, that the sight of the friends of Humanity should of right appertain; and your patrons are henceforth no where but among the statues of virtuous men! There, a soldier, at sight of *Catinat*, would learn to endure calumny. There, a girl of the town, sick of her infamous profession, would, with a sigh, cast her eyes down to the ground, on beholding the statue of Modesty approached with honour and respect: But at sight of that of a female of her own condition, reclaimed to the paths of virtue, she would raise them toward Him who preferred repentance to innocence.

It may be objected to me, That our poorer sort would very soon spread destruction over all those monuments; and it must, indeed, be admitted, that they seldom fail to treat in this manner, those which do not interest them. There should, undoubtedly, be a police in this place; but the People respect monuments which are destined to their use. They commit ravages in a park, but do not wantonly destroy any thing in the open country. They would soon take the Elysium of their Country under their own protection, and watch over it with zeal much more ardent than that of Swiss, and military guards.

Besides, more than one method might be devised, to render that spot respectable and dear to them. It ought to be rendered an inviolable asylum to the unfortunate of every description; for example, to fathers who have in-

curred the debt of the month's nursing of a child ; and to those who have committed venial and inconsiderate faults ; it would be proper to prohibit any arrest taking place there, upon any one's person, except by an express warrant from the King, under his own signature. This likewise should be the place to which laborious families, out of employment, might be directed to address themselves. There ought to be a strict prohibition to make it a place of almsgiving, but an unbounded permission to do good in it. Persons of virtue, who understand how to distinguish, and to employ men, would resort thither in quest of proper objects, in whose behalf they might employ their credit ; others, in the view of putting respect on the memory of some illustrious personage, would give a repast, at the foot of his statue, to a family of poor people. The State would set the example of this, at certain favourite epochs, such as a festival in honour of the King's birth day. Provisions might then be distributed among the populace, not by tossing loaves at their heads, as in our public rejoicings ; but they might be classed, and made to sit down on the grass, in professional assemblages, round the statues of those who invented, improved, or perfected the several arts. Such repasts would have no resemblance to those which the rich sometimes give to the wretched, out of ceremony, and in which they respectfully wait upon their humble guests, with napkins under their arm. The persons who gave the entertainment should be obliged to sit down at table with their company, and to eat and drink with them. It would be needless to impose on them the task of washing the feet of the poor ; but they might be admonished of rendering to them a service of much more real importance, that of supplying them with shoes and stockings.

There the man of wealth would be instructed really to practise virtue, and the People to know it. The Nation would there learn their great duties, and be assisted in forming a just idea of true greatness. They would behold

the homage presented to the memory of virtuous men, and the offerings tendered to the DEITY, ultimately applied to the relief of the miserable.

Such repasts would recal to our remembrance the love feasts of the primitive Christians, and the Saturnalia of death, toward which every day is carrying us forward, and which, by speedily reducing us all to an estate of equality, will efface every other difference among us, except that of the good which we shall have done in life.

In the days of other times, in order to do honour to the memory of virtuous men, the faithful assembled in places consecrated by their actions, or by their sepulchres, on the brink of a fountain, or under the shade of a forest. Thither they had provisions carried, and invited those who had none, to come and partake with them. The same customs have been common to all religions. They still subsist in those of Asia. You find them prevailing among the ancient Greeks. When *Xenophon* had accomplished that famous retreat, by which he saved ten thousand of his compatriots, ravaging, as he went, the territory of Persia, he destined part of the booty thus obtained, to the founding of a chapel, in Greece, to the honour of *Diana*. He attached to it a certain revenue, which should annually supply with the amusement of the chace, and with a plentiful repast, all persons who should repair to it on a particular day.

OF THE CLERGY.

If our poor are sometimes partakers of some wretched ecclesiastical distribution, the relief which they thence derive, so far from delivering them out of their misery, only serves to continue them in it. What landed property, however, has been bequeathed to the Church, expressly for their benefit ! Why, then, are not the revenues dis-

tributed, in sums sufficiently large, to rescue annually from indigence, at least a certain number of families?

The Clergy allege, that they are the administrators of the goods of the poor: But the poor are neither idiots nor madmen, to stand in need of administrators: Besides, it is impossible to prove, by any one passage of either the Old or New Testament, that this charge pertained to the priesthood: If they really are the administrators of the poor, they have, then, no less than seven millions of persons, in the kingdom, in their temporal administration. I shall push this reflection no farther. It is a matter of unchangeable obligation to render to every one his due: The priests are, by divine right, the agents of the poor, but the King alone is the natural administrator.

As indigence is the principal cause of the vices of the People, opulence may, like it, produce, in its turn, irregularities in the Clergy. I shall not avail myself here of the reprehensions of St. *Jerome*, of St. *Bernard*, of St. *Augustin*, and of the other Fathers of the Church, to the Clergy of their times, and of the Countries in which they lived; wherein they predicted to them the total destruction of Religion, as a necessary consequence of their manners and of their riches. The prediction of several of them was speedily verified in Africa, in Asia, in Judea, and in the Grecian Empire, in which not only the religion, but the very civil government of those Nations, totally disappeared. The avidity of most ecclesiastics soon renders the functions of the Church suspicious: This is an argument which strikes all men. I believe witnesses, said *Pascal*, who brave death. This reasoning, however, must be admitted, not without many grains of allowance; but no objection can be offered to this: I distrust witnesses who are enriching themselves by their testimony. Religion, in truth, has proofs natural and supernatural, far superior to those which men are capable of furnishing it with. She is independent of our regularity, and of our irregularity; but our Country depends on these,

The World, at this day, looks on most priests with an eye of envy—Shall I say of hatred? But they are the children of their age, just like other men. The vices which are laid to their charge, belong partly to their Nation, partly to the times in which they live, to the political constitution of the State, and to their education. Ours are Frenchmen, like ourselves; they are our kinsmen, frequently sacrificed to our own fortune, through the ambition of our fathers. Were we charged with the performance of their duties, we should frequently acquit ourselves worse than they do. I know of none so painful, none so worthy of respect, as those of a good ecclesiastic.

I do not speak of those of a Bishop, who exercises a vigilant care over his diocese, who institutes judicious seminaries of instruction, who maintains regularity and peace in communities, who resists the wicked, and supports the weak, who is always ready to succour the miserable, and who, in this age of error, refutes the objections of the enemies of the faith, by his own virtues. He has his reward in the public esteem. It is possible to purchase, by painful labours, the glory of being a *Fenelon*, or a *Juigné*. I say nothing of those of a parish minister, which, from their importance, sometimes attract the attention of Kings; nor of those of a missionary, advancing to the crown of martyrdom. The conflicts of this last frequently endure but for a single day, and his glory is immortal. But I speak of those of a simple and obscure parish drudge, to whom no one pays any manner of attention. He is under the necessity, in the first place, of sacrificing the pleasures, and the liberty, of his juvenile days, to irksome and painful studies. He is obliged to support, all the days of his life, the exercise of continency, like a cumbersome cuirass, on a thousand occasions which endanger the loss of it. The World honours theatrical virtues only, and the victories of a single moment. But to combat, day after day, an enemy lodged within the fortrefs, and who makes his approaches under the disguise of a friend; to repel in-

cessantly, without a witness, without glory, without applause, the most impetuous of passions, and the gentlest of propensities—this is not easy.

Conflicts of another kind await him, from without. He is every day called upon to expose his life to the attack of epidemical distempers. He is obliged to confess, with his head on the same pillow, persons attacked with the small pox, with the putrid and the purple fever. This obscure fortitude appears to me very far superior to the courage of a soldier. The military man combats in the view of armies, animated with the noise of cannon and drums; he presents himself to the stroke of death as a hero. But the priest devotes himself to it as a victim. What fortune can this last promise himself from his labours? In many cases, a precarious subsistence at most! Besides, supposing him to have acquired wealth, he cannot transmit it to his descendants. He beholds all his temporal hopes ready to expire with him. What indemnification does he receive from men? To be called upon, many a time, to administer the consolations of Religion, to persons who do not believe it; to be the refuge of the poor, with nothing to give them; to be sometimes persecuted for his very virtues; to see his conflicts treated with contempt, his best intentioned actions misinterpreted into artifice, his virtues transformed into vices, his religion turned into ridicule. Such are the duties imposed, and such the recompense which the World bestows on the men whose lot it envies.

This is what I have assumed the courage to propose, for the happiness of the People, and of the principal orders of the State, in so far as I have been permitted to submit my ideas to the public eye. Many Philosophers and Politicians have declaimed against the disorders of Society, without troubling themselves to enquire into their causes, and still less into the remedies which might be applied. Those of the greatest ability have viewed our evils only in detail, and have recommended palliatives merely. Some have proscribed luxury; others give no quarter to celi-

bacy, and would load with the charge of a family, persons who have not the means of supplying their personal necessities. Some are for incarcerating all the beggars ; others would prohibit the wretched women of pleasure to appear in the streets. They would act in the manner which that physician does, who, in order to cure the pimples on the body of a person out of order, uses all his skill to force back the humours. Politicians, you apply the remedy to the head, because the pain is in the forehead ; but the mischief is in the nerves : It is for the heart you must provide a cure ; it is the People, whose health you must endeavour to restore.

Should some great Minister, animated with a noble ambition, to procure for us internal happiness, and to extend our power externally, have the courage to undertake a re-establishment of things, he must, in his course of procedure, imitate that of Nature. She acts, in every case, slowly, and by means of reactions. I repeat it, the cause of the prodigious power of gold, which has robbed the People at once of their morality, and of their subsistence, is in the venality of public employments. That of the beggary, which, at this day, extends to seven millions of subjects, consists in the enormous accumulation of landed and official property. That of female prostitution, is to be imputed, on the one hand, to extreme indigence ; and on the other, to the celibacy of two millions of men. The unprofitable superabundance of the idle and censorious burghers in our second and third rate cities, arises from the imposts which degrade the inhabitants of the country. The prejudices of the Nobility are kept alive by the resentments of those who want the advantage of birth ; and all these evils, and others innumerable, physical and intellectual, spring up out of the misery of the People. It is the indigence of the People which produces such swarms of players, courtesans, highwaymen, incendiaries, licentious scholars, calumniators, flatterers, hypocrites, mendicants, kept mistresses, quacks of all conditions, and that

infinite multitude of corrupted wretches, who, incapable of coming to any thing by their virtues, endeavour to procure bread and consideration by their vices. In vain will you oppose to these, plans of finance, projects of equalization of taxes and tithes, of ordinances of police, of arrests of Parliament; all your efforts will be fruitless. The indigence of the People is a mighty river, which is, every year, collecting an increase of strength, which is sweeping away before it every opposing mound, and which will issue in a total subversion of order and government.

To this physical cause of our distresses, must be added another, purely moral; I mean our education. I shall venture to suggest a few reflections on this subject, though it far exceeds my highest powers: But if it be the most important of our abuses, it appears to me, on the other hand, the most easily susceptible of reformation; and this reform appears to me so absolutely necessary, that, without it, all the rest goes for nothing.

STUDY FOURTEENTH.

OF EDUCATION.

"TO what higher object," says *Plutarch*,* "could *Nu-*
 " *ma* have directed his attention, than to the culture of
 " early infancy, and to uniformity in the treatment of
 " young persons ; in the view of preventing the col-
 " lision of different manners, and turbulency of spirit aris-
 " ing from diversity of nurture ? Thus he proposed to
 " harmonise the minds of men, in a state of maturity, from
 " their having been, in childhood, trained in the same hab-
 " its of order, and cast into the same mould of virtue.
 " This, independent of other advantages, greatly contrib-
 " uted, likewise, to the support of the Laws of *Lycurgus* ;
 " for respect to the oath, by which the Spartans had bound
 " themselves, must have produced a much more powerful
 " effect, from his having, by early instruction and nurture,
 " *died in the wool*, if I may use the expression, the morals
 " of the young, and made them suck in, with the milk
 " from their nurse's breast, the love of his Laws and In-
 " stitutions."

Here is a decision, which completely condemns our mode of education, by pronouncing the elogium of that of Sparta. I do not hesitate a single moment to ascribe to

* Comparison of *Numa* and *Lycurgus*,

our modern education, the restless, ambitious, spiteful, pragmatical, and intolerant spirit of most Europeans. The effects of it are visible in the miseries of the Nations. It is remarkable, that those which have been most agitated internally and externally, are precisely the Nations among which our boasted style of education has flourished the most. The truth of this may be ascertained, by stepping from country to country, from age to age. Politicians have imagined, that they could discern the cause of public misfortunes in the different forms of Government. But Turkey is quiet, and England is frequently in a state of agitation. All political forms are indifferent to the happiness of a State, as has been said, provided the People are happy. We might have added, and provided the children are so likewise.

The Philosopher *Lalouberé*, Envoy from *Louis XIV.* to Siam, says, in the account which he gives of his mission, that the Asiatics laugh us to scorn, when we boast to them of the excellence of the Christian Religion, as contributing to the happiness of States. They ask, on reading our Histories, How it is possible that our Religion should be so humane, while we wage war ten times more frequently than they do? What would they say, then, did they see among us our perpetual law suits, the malicious censoriousness and calumny of our societies, the jealousy of corps, the quarrels of the populace, the duels of the better sort, and our animosities of every kind, nothing similar to which is to be seen in Asia, in Africa, among the Tartars, or among Savages, on the testimony of missionaries themselves? For my own part, I discern the cause of all these particular and general disorders, in our ambitious education. When a man has drunk, from infancy upward, into the cup of ambition, the thirst of it cleaves to him all his life long, and it degenerates into a burning fever at the very feet of the altars.

It is not Religion, assuredly, which occasions this. I cannot explain how it comes to pass, that kingdoms, call-

ing themselves Christian, should have adopted ambition as the basis of public education. Independently of their political constitution, which forbids it to all those of their subjects who have not money, that is to the greatest part of them, there is no passion so uniformly condemned by Religion. We have observed, that there are but two passions in the heart of Man, love and ambition. Civil Laws denounce the severest punishment against the excesses of the first : They repress, as far as their power extends, the more violent emotions of it. Prostitution is branded with infamous penalties ; and, in some countries, adultery is punished even with death. But these same Laws meet the second more than half way ; they, every where, propose to it prizes, rewards, and honours. These opinions force their way, and exercise dominion, in cloisters themselves. It is a grievous scandal to a convent, if the amorous intrigues of a monk happen to take air ; but what elogiums are bestowed on those which procure him a cardinal's hat ! What raillery, imprecation, and malediction, are the portion of imprudent weakness ! What gentle and honourable epithets are applied to audacious craft ! Noble emulation, love of glory, spirit, intelligence, merit rewarded ; with how many glorious appellations do we palliate intrigue, flattery, simony, perfidy, and all the vices which walk, in all States, in the train of the ambitious !

This is the way in which the World forms its judgments ; but Religion, ever conformable to Nature, pronounces a very different decision on the characters of these two passions. JESUS invites the communications of the frail Samaritan woman, he pardons the adulterers, he absolves the female offender who bathed his feet with her tears ; but hear how he inveighs against the ambitious :—
 “ Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, for ye love the
 “ uppermost seats in the synagogues, and the chief places
 “ at feasts, and greetings in the markets, and to be called
 “ of men Rabbi ! Woe unto you, also, ye lawyers ; for
 “ ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye

“ yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers ! Woe unto you, lawyers, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge : Ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in, ye hindered* !” and so on. He declares to them that, notwithstanding their empty honours in this World, harlots should go before them into the kingdom of GOD. He cautions us, in many places, to be on our guard against them ; and intimates that we should know them by their fruits. In pronouncing decisions so different from ours, He judges our passions according to their natural adaptations. He pardons prostitution, which is in itself a vice, but which, after all, is a frailty only, relatively to the order of Society ; and He condemns, without mercy, the sin of ambition, as a crime which is contrary, at once, to the order of Society, and to that of Nature. The first involves the distress of only two guilty persons, but the second affects the happiness of Mankind.

To this our doctors reply, that the only object pursued in the education of children, is the inspiring them with a virtuous emulation. I do not believe there is such a thing in our Colleges, as exercises of virtue, unless it be to prescribe to the students, on this subject, certain themes, or amplifications. But a real ambition is taught, by engaging them to dispute the first place in their several classes, and to adopt a thousand intolerant systems. Accordingly, when they have once got the key of knowledge in their pocket, they resolutely determine, like their masters, to let no one enter but by their door.

Virtue and ambition are absolutely incompatible. The glory of ambition is to mount, and that of virtue is to descend. Observe how JESUS CHRIST reprimands his disciples, when they asked him who should be the first among them. He takes a little child, and places him in the midst : Not, surely, a child from our schools. Ah !

* Luke xi. 43, &c.

when He recommends to us the humility so suitable to our frail and miserable condition, it is because He did not consider that power, even supreme, was capable of constituting our happiness in this World ; and it is worthy of being remarked, that He did not confer the superiority over the rest on the disciple whom he loved the most ; but as a reward to the love of him who had been faithful unto death, He bequeathed to him, with his dying breath, his own mother as a legacy.

This pretended emulation, instilled into children, renders them, for life, intolerant, vainglorious, tremblingly alive to the slightest censure, or the meanest token of applause from an unknown person. They are trained to ambition, we are told, for their good, in order to their prospering in the World ; but the cupidity natural to the human mind is more than sufficient for the attainment of that object. Have merchants, mechanics, and all the lucrative professions, in other words, all the conditions of Society ; have they need of any other stimulus ? Were ambition to be instilled into the mind of only one child, destined, at length, to fill a station of high importance, this education, which is by no means exempted from inconveniences, would be adapted, at least, to the career which the young man had in prospect. But by infusing it into all, you give each individual as many opponents as he has got companions ; you render the whole unhappy, by means of each other. Those who are incapable of rising by their talents, endeavour to insinuate themselves into the good graces of their masters by flattery, and to supplant their equals by calumny. If these means succeed not, they conceive an aversion for the objects of their emulation, which, to their comrades, has all the value of applause, and becomes, to themselves, a perpetual source of depression, of chastisement, and of tears.

This is the reason that so many grown men endeavour to banish from their memory, the times and the objects of their early studies, though it be natural, to the heart of

Man, to recollect with delight the epochs of infancy. How many behold, in the maturity of life, the bowers of osiers, and the rustic canopies, which served for their infant sleeping and dining apartments, who could not look, without abhorrence, upon a *Turfelin* or a *Despauter* ! I have no doubt that those disgusts, of early education, extend a most baleful influence to that love with which we ought to be animated toward Religion, because its elements, in like manner, are displayed only through the medium of gloom, pride, and inhumanity.

The plan of most masters consists, above all, in composing the exterior of their pupils. They form, on the same model, a multitude of characters, which Nature had rendered essentially different. One will have his to be grave and stately, as if they were so many little presidents ; others, and they are the most numerous, wish to make theirs alert and lively. One of the great burdens of the lesson is, an incessant fillip of : " Come on, make haste, " don't be lazy." To this impulsion simply, I ascribe the general giddiness of our youth, and of which the Nation is accused. It is the impatience of the master which, in the first instance, produces the precipitancy of the scholars. It, afterwards, acquires strength, in the commerce of the World, from the impatience of the women. But, through the progress of human life, is not reflection of much higher importance than promptitude ? How many children are destined to fill situations which require seriousness and solemnity ? Is not reflection the basis of prudence, of temperance, of wisdom, and of most of the other moral qualities ? For my own part, I have always seen honest people abundantly tranquil, and rogues always alert.

There is, in this respect, a very perceptible difference, between two children, the one of whom has been educated in his Father's house, and the other, at a public school. The first is, beyond all contradiction, more polite, more ingenuous, less jealously disposed ; and, from this single circumstance, that he has been brought up without the de-

fire of excelling any one, and still less of surpassing himself, according to our great fashionable phraseology, but as destitute of common sense as many others of the kind. Is not a child, influenced by the emulation of the schools, under the necessity of renouncing it, from the very first step he makes in the World, if he means to be supportable to his equals, and to himself? If he proposes to himself no other object but his own advancement, Will he not be afflicted at the prosperity of another? Will he not, in the course of his progress, be liable to have his mind torn with the aversions, the jealousies, and the desires, which must deprave it, both physically and morally? Do not Philosophy and Religion impose on him the necessity, of exerting himself, every day of his life, to eradicate those faults of education? The World itself obliges him to mask their hideous aspect. Here is a fine perspective opened to human life, in which we are constrained to employ the half of our days, in destroying, with a thousand painful efforts, what had been raising up in the other, with so many tears, and so much parade.

We have borrowed those vices from the Greeks, without being aware, that they had contributed to their perpetual divisions, and to their final ruin. The greatest part, at least, of their exercises, had the good of their Country, as the leading object. If there were proposed among the Greeks, prizes for superiority in wrestling, in boxing, in throwing the quoit, in foot and chariot races, it was because such exercises had a reference to the art of war. If they had others established for the reward of superior eloquence, it was because that art served to maintain the interests of Country, from city to city, or in the general Assemblies of Greece. But to what purpose do we employ the tedious and painful study of dead languages, and of customs foreign to our Country? Most of our institutions, with relation to the Ancients, have a striking resemblance to the paradise of the Savages of America. Those good people imagine that, after death, the souls of their compa-

triotis migrate to a certain country, where they hunt down the souls of beavers with the souls of arrows, walking over the soul of snow with the soul of rackets, and that they dress the soul of their game in the soul of pots. We have, in like manner, the images of a Coliseum, where no spectacles are exhibited ; images of peristyles and public squares, in which we are not permitted to walk ; images of antique vases, in which it is impossible to put any liquor, but which contribute largely to our images of grandeur and patriotism. The real Greeks, and the real Romans, would believe themselves, among us, to be in the land of their shades. Happy for us, had we borrowed from them vain images only, and not naturalized in our Country their real evils, by transplanting thither the jealousies, the hatreds, and the vain emulations which rendered them miserable.

It was *Charlemagne*, we are told, who instituted our course of studies ; and some say it was in the view of dividing his subjects, and of giving them employment. He has succeeded in this to a miracle. Seven years devoted to *Humanity*, or *classical learning*, two to *Philosophy*, three to *Theology* : Twelve years of languor, of ambition, and of self conceit ; without taking into the account the years which well meaning parents double upon their children, to make sure work of it, as they allege. I ask whether, on emerging thence, a student is, according to the denomination of those respective branches of study, more *humane*, more of a *philosopher*, and *believes* more in GOD, than an honest peasant, who has not been taught to read ? What good purpose, then, does all this answer to the greatest part of Mankind ? What benefit do the majority derive from this irksome course, on mixing with the World, toward perfecting their own intelligence, and even toward purity of diction. We have seen, that the classical Authors themselves have borrowed their illumination only from Nature, and that those of our own Nation who have distinguished themselves the most, in literature and in the

sciences, such as *Descartes*, *Michael Montaigne*, *J. J. Rousseau*, and others, have succeeded only by deviating from the track which their models pursued, and frequently by pursuing the directly opposite path. Thus it was that *Descartes* attacked and subverted the philosophy of *Aristotle*: You would be tempted to say, that Eloquence and the Sciences are completely out of the province of our Gothic Institutions.

I acknowledge, at the same time, that it is a fortunate circumstance for many children, who have wicked parents, that there are colleges; they are less miserable there than in the father's house. The faults of masters, being exposed to view, are in part repressed by the fear of public censure; but it is not so, as to those of their parents. For example, the pride of a man of letters is loquacious, and sometimes instructive; that of an ecclesiastic is clothed with dissimulation, but flattering; that of a man of family is lofty, but frank; that of a clown is insolent, but natural: But the pride of a warm tradesman is sullen and stupid; it is pride at its ease, pride in a night gown. As the cit is never contradicted, except it be by his wife, they unite their efforts to render their children unhappy, without so much as suspecting that they do so. Is it credible that, in a society, the men of which all moralists allow to be corrupted, in which the citizens maintain their ground only by the terror of the Laws, or by the fear which they have of each other, feeble and defenceless children should not be abandoned to the discretion of tyranny? Nothing can be conceived so ignorant, and so conceited, as the greatest part of tradesmen; among them it is that folly shoots out spreading and profound roots. You see a great many of this class, both men and women, dying of apoplectic fits, from a too sedentary mode of life; from eating beef, and swallowing strong broths, when they are out of order, without suspecting for a moment that such a regimen was pernicious. Nothing can be more wholesome, say they; they have always seen their Aunts do so.

Hence it is that a multitude of false remedies, and of ridiculous superstitions, maintain a reputation among them, long after they have been exploded in the World. In their cupboards is still carefully treasured up the *cassia*, a species of poison, as if it were an universal panacea. The regimen of their unfortunate children, resembles that which they employ where their own health is concerned ; they form them to melancholy habits ; all that they make them learn, up to the Gospel itself, is with the rod over their head ; they fix them in a sedentary posture all the day long, at an age when Nature is prompting them to stir about, for the purpose of expanding their form. Be good children, is the perpetual injunction ; and this goodness consists in never moving a limb. A woman of spirit, who was fond of children, took notice one day, at the house of a shopkeeper, in St. Dennis street, of a little boy and girl, who had a very serious air. "Your children are very grave," said she to the mother.... "Ah ! Madam," replied the sagacious shop dame, "it is not for want of whipping, if they "are not so."

Children rendered miserable in their sports, and in their studies, become hypocritical and reserved before their fathers and mothers. At length, however, they acquire stature. One night, the daughter puts on her cloak, under pretence of going to evening prayers, but it is to give her lover the meeting : By and by, her shapes divulge the secret ; she is driven from her father's house, and comes upon the town. Some fine morning, the son enlists for a foldier. The father and mother are ready to go distracted. We spared nothing, say they, to procure them the best of education : They had masters of every kind : Fools ! you forgot the essential point ; you forgot to teach them to love you.

They justify their tyranny by that cruel adage : *Children must be corrected ; human nature is corrupted.* They do not perceive that they themselves, by their excessive severity, stand chargeable with the corrup-

tion,* and that in every country where fathers are good, the children resemble them.

I could demonstrate, by a multitude of examples, that the depravation of our most notorious criminals, began with the cruelty of their education, from *Guillery* down to *Defrues*. But, to take leave, once for all, of this horrid

* To certain species of chastisement, I ascribe the physical and moral corruption, not only of children, and of several orders of monks, but of the Nation itself. You cannot move a step through the streets, without hearing nurses and mothers menacing their little charge with, *I shall give you a flogging*. I have never been in England, but I am persuaded, that the ferocity imputed to the English, must proceed from some such cause. I have indeed heard it affirmed, that punishment by the rod was more cruel, and more frequent, among them, than with us. See what is said on this subject by the illustrious Authors of the *Spectator*, a Work which has, beyond contradiction, greatly contributed to soften both their manners and ours. They reproach the English Nobility, for permitting this character of infamy to be impressed on their children. Consult, particularly, No. CLVII, of that Collection, which concludes thus: "I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe, who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy."

Government ought to proscribe this kind of chastisement, not only in the public schools, as Russia has done, but in convents, on shipboard, in private families, in boarding houses: It corrupts, at once, fathers, mothers, preceptors, and children. I could quote terrible reactions of it, did modesty permit. Is it not very astonishing, that men, in other respects, of a staid and serious exterior, should lay down, as the basis of a Christian education, the observance of gentleness, humanity, chastity; and punish timid and innocent children, with the most barbarous, and the most obscene of all chastisements? Our men of letters, who have been employed in reforming abuses, for more than a century past, have not attacked this, with the severity which it deserves. They do not pay sufficient attention to the miseries of the rising generation. It would be a question of right, the discussion of which were highly interesting and important, namely, Whether the State could permit the right of inflicting infamous punishment, to persons who have not the power of life and death? It is certain, that the infamy of a citizen produces reactions more dangerous to Society, than his own death merely. It is nothing at all, we are told, they are but children; but for this very reason, because they are children, every generous spirit is bound to protect them, and because every miserable child becomes a bad man.

At the same time, it is far from being my intention, in what I have said respecting masters in general, to render the profession odious. I only mean to suggest to them, that those chastisements, the practice of which they have

perspective, I conclude with a single reflection : Namely, if human nature were corrupted, as is alleged by those who arrogate to themselves the power of reforming it, children could not fail to add a new corruption, to that which they find already introduced into the World, upon their arrival in it. Human Society would, accordingly, speedily reach the term of its dissolution. But children, on the contrary, protract, and put off that fatal period, by the introduction of new and untainted souls. It requires a long apprenticeship to inspire them with a taste for our passions and extravagancies. New generations resemble the dews and the rains of Heaven, which refresh the waters of rivers, slackened in their course, and tending to corruption : Change the sources of a river, and you will change it in the stream ; change the education of a People, and you will change their character and their manners.

We shall hazard a few ideas on a subject of so much importance, and shall look for the indications of them in Nature. On examining the nest of a bird, we find in it, not only the nutriments which are most agreeable to the young, but, from the softness of the downs with which it is lined ; from its situation, whereby it is sheltered from the cold, from the rain, and from the wind ; and from a multitude of other precautions, it is easy to discern that those who constructed it, collected around their brood, all

borrowed from the corrupted Greeks of the Lower Empire, exercise an influence much more powerful than they are aware of, on the hatred which is borne to them, as well as to the other ministers of Religion, monks as well as the regular clergy, by a people more enlightened than in former times. After all, it must be granted, that masters treat their pupils as they themselves were treated. One set of miserable beings are employed in forming a new set, frequently without suspecting what they are doing. All I aim at present to establish is this, That man has been committed to his own foresight ; that all the ill which he does to his fellow creatures, recoils, sooner or later, upon himself. This reaction is the only counterpoise capable of bringing him back to humanity. All the Sciences are still in a state of infancy ; but that of rendering men happy has not, as yet, so much as seen the light, not even in China, whose politics are so far superior to ours.

the intelligence, and all the benevolence, of which they were capable. The father, too, sings at a little distance from their cradle, prompted rather, as I suppose, by the solitudes of paternal affection, than by those of conjugal love; for this last sentiment expires, in most, as soon as the process of hatching begins. If we were to examine, under the same aspect, the schools of the young of the human species, we should have a very indifferent idea of the affection of their parents. Rods, whips, stripes, cries, tears, are the first lessons given to human life: We have here and there, it is true, a glimpse of reward, amidst so many chastisements; but, symbol of what awaits them in Society, the pain is real, and the pleasure only imaginary.

It is worthy of being remarked that, of all the species of sensible beings, the human species is the only one, whose young are brought up, and instructed, by dint of blows. I would not wish for any other proof, of an original depravation of mankind. The European brood, in this respect, surpasses all the Nations of the Globe; as they likewise do in wickedness. We have already observed, on the testimony of missionaries themselves, with what gentleness Savages rear their children, and what affection the children bear to their parents in return.

The Arabs extend their humanity to the very horses; they never beat them; they manage them by means of kindness and caresses, and render them so docile, that there are no animals of the kind, in the whole World, once to be compared with them in beauty and in goodness. They do not fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitation, to which they come running the moment that they hear the sound of the master's voice. Those tractable animals resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without ever hurting them in the slightest degree. If the rider happens to fall while a coursing, his horse stands still instantly, and never stirs till he has mounted again. These people, by means of the irresistible influence of a mild ed-

ucation, have acquired the art of rendering their horses the first courfers of the universe.

It is impossible to read, without being melted into tears, what is related on this subject, by the virtuous Consul *d'Hervieux*, in his journey to Mount Lebanon. The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the Desert consisted of a most beautiful mare. The French Consul at Saïd offered to purchase her, with an intention to send her to his master *Louis XIV.* The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time ; but, at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum, which he named. The Consul, not daring, without instructions, to give so high a price, wrote to Versailles for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. *Louis XIV* gave orders to pay the money. The Consul immediately sent notice to the Arab, who soon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courser, and the gold which he had demanded was paid down to him. The Arab, covered with a miserable rug, dismounts, looks at the money ; then, turning his eyes to the mare, he sighs, and thus accosts her : “ To whom am I going to yield thee up ? To “ Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, “ who will render thee miserable : Return with me, my “ beauty, my darling, my jewel ! and rejoice the hearts “ of my children !” As he pronounced these words, he sprang upon her back, and scampered off toward the Desert.

If, with us, fathers beat their children, it is because they love them not ; if they send them abroad to nurse, as soon as they come into the World, it is because they love them not ; if they place them, as soon as they have acquired a little growth, in boarding schools and colleges, it is because they love them not ; if they procure for them situations out of their State, out of their Province, it is because they love them not : If they keep them at a distance from themselves, at every epoch of life, it must undoubtedly be, because they look upon them as their heirs.

I have been long enquiring into the cause of this unnatural sentiment, but not in our books ; for the Authors of these, in the view of paying court to fathers, who buy their Works, insist only on the duties of children ; and if, sometimes, they bring forward those of fathers, the discipline which they recommend to them, respecting their children, is so gloomy and severe, that it looks as if they were furnishing parents with new means of rendering themselves hateful to their offspring.

This parental apathy is to be imputed to the disorderly state of our manners, which has stifled among us all the sentiments of Nature. Among the Ancients, and even among Savages, the perspective of social life presented to them a series of employments, from infancy up to old age, which, among them, was the era of the higher magistracies, and of the priesthood. The hopes of their religion, at that period, interposed to terminate an honourable career, and concluded with rendering the plan of their life conformable to that of Nature. Thus it was that they always kept up in the soul of their citizens, that perspective of infinity which is so natural to the heart of Man. But venality, and debauched manners, having subverted, among us, the order of Nature, the only age of human existence which has preserved its rights, is that of youth and love. This is the epoch to which all the citizens direct their thoughts. Among the Ancients, the aged bare rule ; but with us, the young people assume the government. The old are constrained to retire from all public employment. Their dear children then pay them back the fruits of the education which they had received from them.

Hence, therefore, it comes to pass, that a father and mother restricting, with us, the epoch of their felicity to the middle period of life, cannot, without uneasiness, behold their children approaching toward it, just in proportion as they themselves are withdrawing from it. As their faith is almost, or altogether extinguished, Religion administers to them no consolation. They behold nothing but

death closing their perspective. This point of view renders them fullen, harsh, and, frequently, cruel. This is the reason that, with us, parents do not love their children, and that our old people affect so many frivolous tastes, to bring themselves nearer to a generation which is repelling them.

Another consequence of the same state of manners is, that we have nothing of the spirit of patriotism among us. The Ancients, on the contrary, had a great deal of it. They proposed to themselves a noble recompense in the present, but one still much more noble in the future. The Romans, for example, had oracles which promised to their City that she should become the Capital of the World, and she actually became so. Each citizen, in particular, flattered himself with the hope of exercising an influence over her destiny, and of presiding, one day, as a tutelary deity, over that of his own posterity. Their highest ambition was to see their own age honoured and distinguished above every other age of the Republic. Those, among us, who have any ambition that regards futurity, restrict it to the being themselves distinguished by the age in which they live, for their knowledge or their philosophy. In this, nearly, terminates our natural ambition, directed, as it is, by our mode of education.

The Ancients employed their thoughts in prognosticating the character and condition of their posterity; and we revolve what our Ancestors were. They looked forward, and we look backward. We are, in the State, like passengers embarked, against their will, on board a vessel; we look toward the poop, and not to the prow; to the land from which we are taking our departure, and not to that on which we hope to arrive. We collect, with avidity, Gothic manuscripts, monuments of chivalry, the medallions of *Childeric*; we pick up, with ardour, all the worn out fragments of the ancient fabric of our State vessel. We pursue them in a backward direction, as far as the eye can carry us. Nay, we extend this solicitude

about Antiquity, to monuments which are foreign to us ; to those of the Greeks and Romans. They are, like our own, the wrecks of their vessels, which have perished on the vast Ocean of Time, without being able to get forward to us. They would have been accompanying us, nay, they would have been outailing us, had skilful pilots always stood at the helm. It is still possible to distinguish them from their shattered fragments. From the simplicity of her construction, and the lightness of her frame, that must have been the Spartan Frigate. She was made to swim eternally ; but she had no bottom ; she was overtaken by a dreadful tempest ; and the Helots were incapable of restoring the equilibrium. From the loftiness of her quarter galleries, you there distinguish the remains of the mighty first rate of proud Rome. She was unable to support the weight of her unwieldy turrets ; her cumbersome and ponderous upper works overset her. The following inscriptions might be engraved on the different rocks against which they have made shipwreck :

LOVE OF CONQUEST.

Accumulation of Property. Venality of Employments.

AND, ABOVE ALL,

CONTEMPT OF THE PEOPLE.

The billows of Time still roar over their enormous wrecks, and separate from them detached planks, which they scatter among modern Nations, for their instruction. Those ruins seem to address them thus : “ We are the
 “ remains of the ancient government of the Tuscans, of
 “ Dardanus, and of the grandchildren of Numitor. The
 “ States which they have transmitted to their descendants
 “ still support Nations of Mankind ; but they no longer
 “ have the same languages, nor the same religions, nor the
 “ same civil dynasties. Divine Providence, in order to

“ save men from shipwreck, has drowned the pilots, and
“ dashed the ships to pieces.”

We admire, on the contrary, in our frivolous Sciences, their conquests, their vast and useless buildings, and all the monuments of their luxury, which are the very rocks on which they perished. See to what our studies, and our patriotism, are leading us. If posterity is taken up with the Ancients, it is because the Ancients laboured for posterity : But if we do nothing for ours, assuredly they will pay no attention to us. They will talk incessantly, as we do, about the Greeks and Romans, without wasting a single thought upon their fathers.

Instead of falling into raptures, over Greek and Roman Medallions, half devoured by the teeth of Time, would it not be fully as agreeable, and much more useful, to direct our views, and employ our conjectures, on the subject of our fresh, lively, plump children, and to try to discover, in their several inclinations, who are to be the future co-operators in the service of their Country ? Those who, in their childish sports, are fond of building, will one day rear her monuments. Among those who take delight in managing their boyish skirmishes, will be formed the *Epaminondas*es and the *Scipios* of future times. Those who are seated upon the grass, the calm spectators of the sports of their companions, will, in due time, become excellent Magistrates, and Philosophers, the complete masters of their own passions. Those who, in their restless course, love to withdraw from the rest, will be noted travellers, and founders of colonies, who shall carry the manners, and the language, of France, to the Savages of America, or into the interior of Africa itself.

If we are kind to our children, they will bless our memory ; they will transmit, unaltered, our customs, our fashions, our education, our government, and every thing that awakens the recollection of us, to the very latest posterity. We shall be to them beneficent deities, who have wrought their deliverance from Gothic barbarism. We should

gratify the innate taste of infinity, still better, by launching our thoughts into a futurity of two thousand years, than into a retrospect of the same distance. This manner of viewing, more conformable to our divine nature, would fix our benevolence on sensible objects which do exist, and which still are to exist.* We should secure to ourselves, as a support to an old age of sadness and neglect, the gratitude of the generation which is advancing to replace us ; and, by providing for their happiness and our own, we should combine all the means in our power, toward promoting the good of our Country.

In order to contribute my little mite toward so blessed a revolution, I shall hazard a few more hasty ideas. I proceed on the supposition, then, that I am empowered to employ usefully a part of the twelve years, which our young people waste at schools and colleges. I reduce the whole time of their education to three epochs, consisting of three years each. The first should commence at the age of seven years, as among the Lacedemonians, and even earlier : A child is susceptible of a patriotic education, as soon as he is able to speak, and to walk. The second

* There is a sublime character in the Works of the DIVINITY. They are not only perfect in themselves, but they are always in a progressive state toward perfection. We have suggested some thoughts respecting this Law, in speaking of the harmonies of plants. A young plant is of more value than the seed which produced it ; a tree bearing flowers and fruits is more valuable than the young plant ; finally, a tree is never more beautiful than when, declined into years, it is surrounded with a forest of young trees, sprouted up out of its seeds. The same thing holds good as to Man. The state of an embryo is superior to that of a nonentity ; that of infancy to the embryo : Adolescence is preferable to infancy ; and youth, the season of loves, more important than adolescence. Man, in a state of maturity, the head of a family, is preferable to a young man. The old age which encircles him with a numerous posterity ; which, from its experience, introduces him into the counsels of Nations ; which suspends in him the dominion of the passions, only to give more energy to that of reason : The old age which seems to rank him among superior beings, from the multiplied hopes which the practice of virtue, and the Laws of Providence, have bestowed upon him, is of more value, than all the other ages of life put together. I could wish it were so with the maturity of France, and that the age of *Louis XVI* might surpass all that have preceded it.

shall begin with the period of adolescence ; and the third end with it, toward the age of sixteen, an age when a young man may begin to be useful to his Country, and to assume a profession.

I would begin with disposing, in a central situation, in Paris, a magnificent edifice, constructed internally in form of a circular amphitheatre, divided into ascending rows. The masters, to be entrusted with the charge of the national education, should be stationed below, in the centre ; and above, I would have several rows of galleries, in order to multiply places for the auditors. On the outside, and quite round the building, I would have wide porticos, story above story, for the reception and accommodation of the People. On a pediment, over the grand entrance, these words might be inscribed :

NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

I have no need to mention, that as the children pass three years in each epoch of their education, one of these edifices would be requisite for the instruction of the generation of the year, which restricts to nine the number of monuments destined to the general education of the Capital.

Round each of these amphitheatres, there should be a great park, stored with the plants and trees of the Country, scattered about without artificial arrangement, as in the fields and the woods. We should there behold the primrose and the violet shining around the root of the oak ; the apple and pear tree blended with the elm and the beech. The bowers of innocence should be no less interesting than the tombs of virtue.

If I have expressed a wish, to have monuments raised to the glory of those by whom our climate has been enriched with exotic plants, it is not that I prefer these to the plants of our own Country, but it is in the view of

rendering to the memory of those citizens, a part of the gratitude which we owe to Nature. Besides, the most common plants in our plains, independent of their utility, are those which recal to us the most agreeable sensations : They do not transport us beyond seas, as foreign plants do ; but recal us home, and restore us to ourselves. The feathered sphere of the dandelion brings to my recollection the places where, seated on the grafs with children of my own age, we endeavoured to sweep off, by one whiff of breath, all its plumage, without leaving a single tuft behind. Fortune, in like manner, has blown upon us, and has scattered abroad our downy pinioned circles over the face of the whole earth. I call to remembrance, on seeing certain gramineous plants in the ear, the happy age when we conjugated on their alternate ramifications, the different tenses and moods of the verb *aimer* (to love). We trembled at hearing our companions finish, after all the various inflections, with, *je ne vous aime plus*, (I no longer love you). The finest flowers are not always those for which we conceive the highest affection. The moral sentiment determines, at the long run, all our physical tastes. The plants which seem to me the most unfortunate, are, at this day, those which awaken in me the most lively interest. I frequently fix my attention on a blade of grafs, at the top of an old wall, or on a scabious, tossed about by the winds in the middle of a plain. Oftener than once, at sight, in a foreign land, of an apple tree without flowers, and without fruit, have I exclaimed : " Ah ! " why has Fortune denied to thee, as she has done to me, " a little earth in thy native land ? "

The plants of our Country, recal the idea of it to us, wherever we may be, in a manner still more affecting than its monuments. I would spare no cost, therefore, to collect them around the children of the Nation. I would make their school a spot charming as their tender age, that when the injustice of their patrons, of their friends, of their relations, of fortune, may have crushed to pieces in their

hearts all the ties of Country, the place in which their childhood had enjoyed felicity, might be still their Capitol.

I would decorate it with pictures. Children, as well as the vulgar, prefer painting to sculpture, because this last presents to them too many beauties of convention. They do not love figures completely white, but with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, like their images in plaster. They are more struck with colours than with forms. I could wish to exhibit to them the portraits of our infant Kings. *Cyrus*, brought up with the children of his own age, formed them into heroes; ours should be educated, at least, with the images of our Sovereigns. They would assume, at sight of them, the first sentiments of the attachment which they owe to the Fathers of their Country.

I would present them with pictures after religious subjects; not such as are terrifying, and which are calculated to excite Man to repentance; but those which have a tendency to encourage innocence. Such would be that of the Virgin, holding the infant JESUS in her arms. Such would be that of JESUS himself in the midst of children, displaying in their attitudes, and in their features, the simplicity and the confidence of their age, and such as *Le Sueur* would have painted them. Beneath, there might be inscribed these words of JESUS CHRIST himself:

Sinite parvulos ad me venire.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME.

Were it necessary to represent, in this school, any act of justice, there might be a painting of the fruitless fig tree withering away at his command. It would exhibit the leaves of that tree curling up, its branches twisting, its bark cracking, and the whole plant, struck with terror, perishing under the malediction of the AUTHOR of Nature.

There might be inserted some simple and short inscription, from the Gospel, such as this:

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Or this :

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT ARE HEAVY LADEN,

AND

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

And that maxim already necessary to the infant mind :

VIRTUE CONSISTS

IN PREFERRING

THE PUBLIC GOOD TO OUR OWN.

And that other :

IN ORDER TO BE VIRTUOUS,

A MAN

Must resist his Propensities, his Inclinations, his Tastes,

AND MAINTAIN

An incessant Conflict with himself.

But there are inscriptions to which hardly any attention is paid, and the meaning of which is of much higher importance to children ; these are their own names. Their names are inscriptions, which they carry with them wherever they go. It is impossible to conceive the influence which they have upon their natural character. Our name is the first and the last possession which is at our own disposal ; it determines, from the days of infancy, our inclinations ; it employs our attention through life, nay, transports us beyond the grave. I have still a name left, is the reflection. It is a name that ennobles, or dishonours the earth. The rocks of Greece, and of Italy, are neither more ancient, nor more beautiful, than those of the other

parts of the World ; but we esteem them more, because they are dignified by more beautiful names. A medal is nothing but a bit of copper, frequently eaten with rust, but it acquires value from being decorated by an illustrious name.

I could wish, therefore, to have children distinguished by interesting names. A lad fathers himself upon his name. If it inclines toward any vice, or if it furnishes matter for ridicule, as many of ours do, his mind takes a bias from it. *Bayle* remarks, that a certain Inquisitor, named TORRE CREMADA, or the Burnt Tower, had, in his lifetime, condemned I know not how many heretics to the flames. A Cordelier, of the name of FEU ARDENT, (Ardent Flame) is said to have done as much. There is a farther absurdity, in giving children, destined to peaceful occupations, turbulent and ambitious names, such as those of *Alexander* and *Cesar*. It is still more dangerous to give them ridiculous names. I have seen poor boys so tormented on this account, by their companions, and even by their own parents, from the silly circumstance of a baptismal name, which implied some idea of simplicity and good nature, that they insensibly acquired from it an opposite character of malignity and ferociousness. Instances of this are numerous. Two of our most satirical Writers, in Theology and Poesy, were named, the one BLAISE *Pascal*, and the other COLIN *Boileau*. *Colin* implies nothing sarcastic, said his father. That one word infused the spirit of sarcasm into him. The audacious villany of *James CLEMENT*, took its birth, perhaps, from some jest that passed upon his name.

Government, therefore, ought to interpose in the business of giving names to children, as they have an influence so tremendous on the characters of the citizens. I could wish, likewise, that to their baptismal name might be added a surname of some family, rendered illustrious by virtue, as the Romans did ; this species of adoption would attach the little to the great, and the great to the

little. There were, at Rome, *Scipios* without number, in Plebeian families. We might revive, in like manner, among our commonalty, the names of our illustrious families, such as the *Fenelons*, the *Catinats*, the *Montausiers*, and the like.

I would not make use, in this school, of noisy bells, to announce the different exercises, but of the sound of flutes, of hautboys, and of bagpipes. Every thing they learned should be versified, and set to music. The influence of these two arts united is beyond all conception. I shall produce some examples of it, taken from the Legislation of a People, whose police was the best, perhaps, in the World ; I mean that of Sparta. Hear what *Plutarch* says on the subject, in his Life of *Lycurgus*. "*Lycurgus*, then, having taken leave of his Country," (to escape the calumnies which were the reward of his virtues) "directed his course, first, towards Candia, where "he studied the Cretan laws and government, and made "an acquaintance with the principal men of the Country. "Some of their laws he much approved, and resolved to "make use of them in his own Country ; others he re- "jected. Amongst the persons there, the most renowned "for ability and wisdom, in political affairs, was *Thales*, "whom *Lycurgus*, by repeated importunities, and assurances of friendship, at last persuaded to go over to Lacedemon. When he came thither, though he professed only to be a lyric poet, in reality he performed the part "of the ablest legislator. The very songs which he composed, were pathetic exhortations to obedience and concord ; and the sweetness of the music, and the cadence "of the verse, had so powerful, and so pleasing an effect, "upon the hearers, that they were insensibly softened and "civilized ; and, at last, renouncing their mutual feuds "and animosities, united in the love of humanity and "good order. So that it may truly be said, that *Thales* "prepared the way for *Lycurgus*, by disposing the People to receive his institutions."

Lycurgus farther introduced among them the use of music, in various species of exercise, and, among others, into the art of war*. “When their army was drawn up, and the enemy near, the King sacrificed a goat, commanded the soldiers to set their garlands upon their heads, and the musicians to play the tune of the Hymn to *Castor*, and he himself advancing forwards, began the Pæan, which served for a signal to fall on. It was at once a solemn and a terrible sight, to see them march on to the combat, cheerfully and sedately, without any disorder in their ranks, or discomposure in their minds, measuring their steps by the music of their flutes. Men in this temper were not likely to be possessed with fear, or transported with fury; but they proceeded with a deliberate valour, and confidence of success, as if some divinity had sensibly assisted them.”

Thus, considering the difference of modern Nations, music would serve to repress their courage, rather than to excite it; and they had no occasion, for that purpose, of bearskin caps, nor of brandy, nor of drums.

If music and poetry had so much power at Sparta, to recal corrupted men to the practice of virtue, and afterwards to govern them, What influence would they not have over our children in the age of innocence? Who could ever forget the sacred Laws of Morality, were they set to music, and in verses as enchanting as those of the *Devin du Village*? From similar institutions, there might be produced, among us, Poets as sublime as the sage *Thales*, or as *Tyrtaeus*, who composed the Hymn of *Castor*.

These arrangements being made for our children, the first branch of their education should be Religion. I would begin with talking to them about GOD, in the view of engaging them to fear and love Him, but to fear Him, without making Him an object of terror to them. Terrifying views of GOD generate superstition, and in-

* *Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.*

inspire horrible apprehensions of priests and of death. The first precept of Religion is to love GOD. *Love, and do what you will*, was the saying of a Saint. We are enjoined by Religion to love Him above all things. We are encouraged to address ourselves to Him as to a Father. If we are commanded to fear Him, it is only with a relation to the love which we owe Him ; because we ought to be afraid of offending the person whom we are bound to love. Besides, I am very far from thinking, that a child is incapable of having any idea of GOD before fourteen years of age, as has been advanced by a Writer whom, in other respects, I love. Do we not convey to the youngest children, sentiments of fear, and of aversion, for metaphysical objects, which have no existence ? Wherefore should they not be inspired with confidence and love for the Being who fills universal Nature with his beneficence ? Children have not the ideas of GOD such as are taught by systems of Theology and Philosophy ; but they are perfectly capable of having the sentiment of him, which, as we have seen, is the reason of Nature. This very sentiment has been exalted among them, during the time of the Crusades, to such a height of fervor, as to induce multitudes of them to assume the Cross for the conquest of the Holy Land. Would to God I had preserved the sentiment of the existence of the Supreme Being, and of his principal attributes, as pure as I had it in my earliest years ! It is the heart, still more than the understanding, that Religion demands. And which heart, I beseech you, is most filled with the DEITY, and the most agreeable in his sight ; that of the child who, elevated with the sentiment of Him, raises his innocent hands to Heaven, as he stammers out his prayer, or of the schoolman, who pretends to explain His Nature.

It is very easy to communicate to children ideas of GOD, and of virtue. The daisies springing up among the grass, the fruits suspended on the trees of their enclosure, should be their first lessons in Theology, and their first

exercifes of abſtinence, and of obedience to the Laws. Their minds might be fixed on the principal object of Religion, by the pure and ſimple recitation of the life of JESUS CHRIST in the Goſpel. They would learn in their Creed, all that they can know of the nature of GOD, and in the *Pater noſter*, every thing that they can aſk of Him.

It is worthy of remark, that of all the Sacred Books, there is no one which children take in with ſo much facility as the Goſpel. It would be proper to habituate them betimes, in a particular manner, to perform the actions which are there enjoined, without vain glory, and without any reſpect to human obſervation or applauſe. They ought to be trained up, therefore, in the habit of preventing each other in acts of friendſhip, in mutual deference, and in good offices of every kind.

All the children of citizens ſhould be admitted into this National School, without making a ſingle exception. I would inſiſt only on the moſt perfect cleanliness, were they, in other reſpects, dreſſed but in patches ſewed together. There you might ſee the child of a man of quality, attended by his governor, arrive in an equipage, and take his place by the ſide of a peaſant's child, leaning on his little ſtick, dreſſed in canvas, in the very middle of winter, and carrying, in a ſatchel, his little books, and his ſlice of brown bread, for the proviſion of the whole day. Thus they would both learn to know each other, before they came to be ſeparated for ever. The child of the rich man would be inſtructed to impart of his ſuperfluity, to him who is frequently deſtined to ſupport the affluent out of his own neceſſary pittance. Theſe children, of all ranks, crowned with flowers, and diſtributed into choirs, would aſſiſt in our public proceſſions. Their age, their order, their ſongs, and their innocence, would preſent, in theſe, a ſpectacle more auguſt, than the lackeys of the Great bearing the coats of arms of their maſters paſted to wax tapers, and beyond all contradiction, much more af-

fecting than the hedges of soldiers and bayonets with which, on such occasions, a God of Peace is encompassed.

In this school, children might be taught to read and to cipher. Ingenious men have, for this effect, contrived boards, and methods simple, prompt, and agreeable; but schoolmasters have been at great pains to render them useless, because they destroyed their empire, and made education proceed faster than was consistent with their emolument. If you wish children to learn quickly to read, put a sugar plum over each of their letters; they will soon have their alphabet by heart; and if you multiply or diminish the number of them, they will soon become arithmeticians. However that may be, they shall have profited wonderfully in this school of their Country, should they leave it without having learned to read, write, and cipher; but deeply penetrated with this one truth, that to read, write, and cipher, and all the Sciences in the World, are mere nothings; but that to be sincere, good, obliging; to love GOD and Man, is the only Science worthy of the human heart.

At the second era of education, which I suppose to be about the age of from ten to twelve, when their intellectual powers restlessly stir, and press forward, to the imitation of every thing that they see done by others, I would have them instructed in the means which men employ in making provision for the wants of Society. I would not pretend to teach them the five hundred and thirty arts and handicrafts which are carried on at Paris, but those only which are subservient to the first necessities of human life, such as agriculture, the different processes employed in making bread, the arts which, in the pride of our hearts, we denominate mechanical, such as those of spinning flax and hemp, of weaving these into cloth, and that of building houses. To these I would join the elements of the natural Sciences, in which those various handicrafts originated, the elements of Geometry, and the experiments of Natural Philosophy, which have invented nothing in this

respect, but which explain their processes with much pomp and parade.

I would, likewise, have them made acquainted with the liberal arts, such as those of drawing, of architecture, of fortification, not in the view of making painters of them, or architects, or engineers, but to shew them in what manner their habitation is constructed, and how their Country is defended. I would make them observe, as an antidote to the vanity which the Sciences inspire, that Man, amidst such a variety of arts and operations, has imagined no one thing; that he has imitated, in all his productions, either the skill of the animal creation, or the operations of Nature; that his industry is a testimony of the misery to which he is condemned, whereby he is laid under the necessity of maintaining an incessant conflict against the elements, against hunger and thirst, against his fellow men, and, what is most difficult of all, against himself. I would make them sensible of these relations of the truths of Religion, with those of Nature; and I would thus dispose them to love the class of useful men, who are continually providing for their wants.

I would always endeavour, in the course of this education, to make the exercises of the body go hand in hand with those of the mind. Accordingly, while they were acquiring the knowledge of the useful arts, I would have them taught Latin. I would not teach it them metaphysically and grammatically, as in our colleges, and which is forgotten much faster than it was attained; but they should learn it practically. Thus it is that the Polish peasantry acquire it, who speak it fluently all their life time, though they have never been at college. They speak it in a very intelligible manner, as I know by experience, having travelled through their Country. The use of that language has been, I imagine, propagated among them, by certain exiles from ancient Rome, perhaps *Ovid*, who was sent into banishment among the Sarmatians, their Ancestors, and for the memory of which Poet they still preserve the high-

est veneration. It is not, say our *Literati*, the Latin of *Cicero*. But what is that to the purpose? It is not because these peasants have not a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue, that they are incapable of speaking the language of *Cicero*; but because, being slaves, they do not understand the language of liberty. Our French peasants would not comprehend the best translations which could be made of that Author, were they the production even of the University. But a Savage of Canada would take them in perfectly, and better than many Professors of eloquence. It is the tone of soul of the person who listens, which gives the comprehension of the language of him who speaks. A project was once formed, I think under *Louis XIV*, of building a city, in which no language but Latin was to have been spoken. This must have inconceivably facilitated the study of that tongue; but the University, undoubtedly, would not have found its account in it. Whatever may be in this, I am well assured, that two years, at most, are sufficient for the children of the National School, to learn the Latin by practice, especially if, in the lectures which they attended, extracts were given from the lives of great men, French and Roman, written in good Latin, and afterwards well explained.

In the third period of Education, nearly about the age when the passions begin to take flight, I would shew, to ingenuous youth, the pure and gentle language of them, in the Eclogues and Georgics of *Virgil*; the philosophy of them, in some of the Odes of *Horace*; and pictures of their corruption, taken from *Tacitus* and *Suetonius*. I would finish the painting of the hideous excesses into which they plunge Mankind, by exhibiting passages from some Historians of the Lower Empire. I would make them remark how talents, taste, knowledge, and eloquence, sunk at once among the Ancients, together with manners and virtue. I would be very careful not to fatigue my pupils with reading of this sort; I would point out to them only the more poignant passages, in order to excite in them a

desire to know the rest. My aim should be, not to lead them through a course of *Virgil*, of *Horace*, and of *Tacitus*, but a real course of classical learning, by uniting in their studies whatever men of genius have considered as best adapted to the perfecting of human nature.

I would likewise have them practically instructed in the knowledge of the Greek tongue, which is on the point of going into total disuse among us. I would make them acquainted with *Homer*, *principium sapientiæ & fons*, (the original source of Wisdom) as *Horace*, with perfect propriety calls him; with *Herodotus*, the father of History; with some maxims from the sublime book of *Marcus Aurelius*. I would endeavour to make them sensible how, at all times, talents, virtues, great men, and States, flourished together, with confidence in the Divine Providence. But, in order to communicate greater weight to these eternal truths, I would intermingle with them, the enchanting studies of Nature, of which they had hitherto seen only some faint sketches in the greatest Writers.

I would make them remark the disposition of this Globe, suspended, in a most incomprehensible manner, upon nothing, with an infinite number of different Nations in motion over its solid, and over its liquid surface. I would point out to them, in each climate, the principal plants which are useful to human life; the animals which stand related to those plants, and to their soil, without extending farther. I would then shew them the human race, who alone, of all sensible beings, are universally dispersed, mutually to assist each other, and to gather, at once, all the productions of Nature. I would let them see, that the interests of Princes are not different from those of other men; and that those of every Nation are the same with the interests of their Princes. I would speak of the different Laws by which the Nations are governed; I would lead them to an acquaintance with those of their own Country, of which most of our citizens are entirely ignorant. I would give them an idea of the principal religions which divide the

Earth ; and I would demonstrate to them, how highly preferable Christianity is to all the political Laws, and to all the religions of the World, because it alone aims at the felicity of the whole human race. I would make them sensible, that it is the Christian Religion which prevents the different ranks of Society from dashing themselves to pieces by mutual collision, and which gives them equal powers of bearing up under the pressure of unequal weights. From these sublime considerations, the love of their Country would be kindled in those youthful hearts, and would acquire increasing ardor from the spectacle of her very calamities.

I would intermix these affecting speculations with exercises, useful, agreeable, and adapted to the vivacity of their time of life. I would have them taught to swim, not so much by way of security from danger, in the event of suffering shipwreck, as in the view of assisting persons, who may happen to be in that dreadful situation. Whatever particular advantage they might derive from their studies, I would never propose to them any other end, but the good of their fellow creatures. They would make a most wonderful progress in these, did they reap no other fruit except that of concord, and the love of Country.

In the beautiful season of the year, when the corn is reaped, about the beginning of September, I would lead them out into the country, embodied under various standards. I would present them with the image of war. I would make them lie on the grass, under the shade of forests : There, they should themselves prepare their own victuals ; they should learn to attack, and to defend a post, to cross a river by swimming ; they should learn the use of fire arms, and, at the same time, to practise the evolutions borrowed from the tactics of the Greeks, who are our masters in every branch of knowledge. I would bring into disrepute, by means of these military exercises, the taste for fencing, which renders the soldiery formidable only to citizens, an art useless, and even hurtful in war, repro-

bated by all great Commanders, and derogatory to courage, as *Philopæmen* alleged. "In my younger days," says *Michael Montaigne*, "the nobility disclaimed the "praise of being skilful fencers, as injurious to their "character, and learned that art by stealth, as a matter of "trick, inconsistent with real native valour*." This art, generated in the same society, of the hatred of the lower classes to the higher, who oppress them, is an importation from Italy, where the military art exists no longer. It is this which keeps up the spirit of duelling among us. We have not derived that spirit from the Nations of the North, as so many Writers have taken upon them to assert. Duels are hardly known in Russia and in Prussia; and altogether unknown to the Savages of the North. Italy is their native soil, as may be gathered from the most celebrated treatises on fencing, and from the terms of that art, which are Italian, as *tierce*, *quarte*. It has been naturalized among us, through the weakness and corruption of many women, who are far from being displeased with having a bully for a lover. To those moral causes, no doubt, we must ascribe that strange contradiction in our government, which prohibits duelling, and, at the same time, permits the public exercise of an art, which pretends to teach nothing else but how to fight duels†. The pupils trained in the National Schools should be taught to entertain a very different idea of courage; and in the course of their studies, they should perform a course of human life, in which they should be instructed in what man-

* *Essays of Michael Montaigne*. Book ii. chap. 27.

† Fencing masters tell us that their art expands the body, and teaches to walk gracefully. Dancing masters say the same thing of theirs. As a proof that they are mistaken, both these classes of gentlemen are readily distinguished by their affected manner of walking. A citizen ought to have neither the attitude nor the movements of a gladiator. But if the art of fencing be necessary, duelling ought to be permitted by public authority, in order to relieve persons of character from the cruel alternative of equally dishonouring themselves, by violating the Laws of the State and of Religion, or by observing them. In truth, worthless people art, among us, very much at their ease.

ner they ought one day to demean themselves toward a fellow citizen, and toward an enemy.

The season of youth would glide away agreeably and usefully, amidst such a number of employments. The mind and the body would expand at one and the same time. The natural talents, frequently unknown in most men, would manifest themselves at sight of the different objects which might be presented to them. More than one *Achilles* would feel his blood all on fire on beholding a sword : More than one *Vaucanson*, at the aspect of a piece of machinery, would begin to meditate on the means of organizing wood or brass.

The attainment of all this various knowledge, I shall be told, will require a very considerable quantity of time : But, if we take into consideration that which is squandered away in our colleges, in the tiresome repetitions of lessons ; in the grammatical decompositions and explications of the Latin tongue, which do not communicate to the scholar so much as facility in speaking it ; and in the dangerous competitions of a vain ambition, it is impossible not to admit that we have been proposing to make a much better use of it. The scholars, every day, scribble over, in them, as much paper as so many attorneys*, so much the more unprofitably, that, thanks to the printing of the books, the versions, or themes, of which they copy, they have no occasion for all this irksome labour. But on what should the Regents themselves employ their own time, if the pupils did not waste theirs ?

In the National Schools, every thing would go on after the academic manner of the Greek Philosophers. The

* I am persuaded, that if this plan of education, indigested as it is, were to be adopted, one of the greatest obstacles to the universal renovation of our knowledge and morals would be, not Regents, not academical Institutions, not University Privileges, not the square caps of Doctors. It would come from the Paper Merchants, one of whose principal branches of commerce would thereby be reduced to almost nothing. There might be devised happy and glorious compensations for the privileges of the Masters : But a money objection, in this venal age, seems to me absolutely unanswerable,

pupils should there pursue their studies, sometimes seated, sometimes standing ; sometimes in the fields, at other times in the amphitheatre, or in the park which surrounded it. There would be no occasion for either pen, or paper, or ink ; every one would bring with him only the classical book which might contain the subject of the lesson. I have had frequent experience that we forget what we commit to writing. That which I have conveyed to paper, I discharge from my memory, and very soon from my recollective faculty. I have become sensible of this with respect to complete Works, which I had fairly transcribed, and which appeared to me afterward as strange, as if they had been the production of a different hand from my own. This does not take place with regard to the impressions which the conversation of another leaves upon our mind, especially if it be accompanied with striking circumstances. The tone of voice, the gesture, the respect due to the orator, the reflections of the company, concur in engraving on the memory the words of a discourse, much better than writing does. I shall again quote, to this purpose, the authority of *Plutarch*, or rather that of *Lycurgus*.

“ But it is carefully to be remarked, that *Lycurgus* would never permit any one of his Laws to be committed to writing ; it is accordingly expressly enjoined by one of the special statutes, which he calls *νόμιμα* (oracular, *pacta conventa*, Institutes) that none of his Institutes shall be copied ; because whatever is of peculiar force and efficacy toward rendering a city happy and virtuous, it was his opinion, ought to be impressed by habitual culture on the hearts and manners of men, in order to make the characters indelible. Good will is more powerful than any other mode of constraint to which men can be subjected, for by means of it, every one becomes a Law unto himself*.”

* *Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.*

The heads of our young people should not, then, be oppressed, in the National Schools, with an unprofitable and prattling Science. Sometimes they should defend, among themselves, the cause of a citizen ; sometimes they should deliver their opinion respecting a public event. They should pursue the process of an art through its whole course. Their eloquence would be a real eloquence, and their knowledge real knowledge. They should employ their minds on no abstruse Science, in no useless research, which are usually the fruit of pride. In the studies which I propose, every thing should bring us back to Society, to Concord, to Religion, and to Nature.

I have no need to suggest, that these several Schools should be decorated correspondently to their use, and that the exterior of them all should serve as walking places and asylums to the People, especially during the long and gloomy days of Winter. There they should every day behold spectacles more proper to inspire them with virtuous sentiments, and with the love of their country, I do not say than those of the Boulevards, or than the dances of Vauxhall, but even than the tragedies of *Corneille*.

There should be among those young people, no such thing as reward, nor punishment, nor emulation, and, consequently, no envy. The only punishment there inflicted should be, to banish from the assembly the person who should disturb it, and even that only for a time proportioned to the fault of the offender : And, withal, this should rather be an act of justice than a punishment ; for I would have no manner of shame to attach to that exile. But, if you wish to form an idea of such an assembly, conceive, instead of our young collegians, pale, pensive, jealous, trembling about the fate of their unfortunate compositions, a multitude of young persons gay, content, attracted by pleasure to vast circular halls, in which are erected, here and there, the statues of the illustrious men of Antiquity, and of their own Country : Behold them all attentive to the master's lessons, assisting each other in com-

prehending them, in retaining them, and in replying to his unexpected questions. One tacitly suggests an answer to his neighbour : Another makes an excuse for the negligence of his absent comrade.

Represent to yourself the rapid progress of studies elucidated by intelligent masters, and drunk in by pupils who are mutually assisting each other in fixing the impression of them. Figure to yourself Science spreading among them, as the flame in a pile, all the pieces of which are nicely adjusted, communicates from one to another, till the whole becomes one blaze. Observe among them, instead of a vain emulation, union, benevolence, friendship, for an answer seasonably suggested, for an apology made in behalf of one absent by his comrades, and other little services rendered and repaid. The recollection of those early intimacies will farther unite them in the World, notwithstanding the prejudices of their various conditions.

At this tender age it is that gratitude and resentment become engraved, for the rest of life, as indelibly as the elements of Science and of Religion. It is not so in our colleges, where every scholar attempts to supplant his neighbour. I recollect that one exercise day, I found myself very much embarrassed, from having forgotten a Latin Author, out of which I had a page to translate. One of my neighbours obligingly offered to dictate to me the version which he had made from it. I accepted his services, with many expressions of acknowledgment. I accordingly copied his version, only changing a few words, that the Regent might not perceive it to be the same with my companion's ; but that which he had given me was only a false copy of his own, and was filled with blunders so extravagant, that the Regent was astonished at it, and could not believe it, at first, to be my production, for I was a tolerably good scholar. I have not lost the recollection of that act of perfidy, though, in truth, I have forgotten others much more cruel which I have encountered since that period ; but the first age of human life is the

season of resentments, and of grateful feelings, which are never to be effaced.

I recollect periods of time still more remote. When I went to school in frocks, I sometimes lost my books through heedlessness. I had a nurse named *Mary Talbot*, who bought me others with her own money, for fear of my being whipped at school. And, of a truth, the recollection of those petty services has remained so long, and so deeply imprinted on my heart, that I can truly affirm, no person in the World, my mother excepted, possessed my affection so uniformly, and so constantly. That good and poor creature frequently took a cordial interest in my useless projects for acquiring a fortune. I reckoned on repaying her with usury, in her old age, when she was in a manner destitute, the tender care which she took of my infancy ; but scarcely has it been in my power to give her some trifling and inadequate tokens of my good will. I relate these recollections, traces of which every one of my Readers probably possesses, somewhat similar, and still more interesting, relating to himself, and to his own childhood, to prove to what a degree the early season of life would be naturally the era of virtue and of gratitude, were it not frequently depraved among us, through the faultiness of our institutions.

But, before we could pretend to establish these National Schools, we must have men formed to preside in them. I would not have them chosen from among those who are most powerfully recommended. The more recommendations they might have, the more would they be given to intrigue, and, consequently, the less would be their virtue. The enquiry made concerning them ought not to be, Is he a wit, a bright man, a Philosopher ? But, Is he fond of children ? Does he frequent the unfortunate rather than the great ? Is he a man of sensibility ? Does he possess virtue ? With persons of such a character, we should be furnished with masters proper for conducting the public education. Besides, I could wish to change the appella-

tion of Master and Doctor, as harsh and lofty. I would have their titles to import the friends of childhood, the fathers of the Country ; and these I would have expressed by beautiful Greek names, in order to unite to the respect due to their functions, the mysteriousness of their titles. Their condition, as being destined to form citizens for the Nation, should be, at least, as noble, and as distinguished, as that of the Squires who manage horses in the Courts of Princes. A titled magistrate should preside every day in each school. It would be very becoming, that the magistrates should cause to be trained up, under their own eyes, to justice, and to the Laws, the children whom they are one day to judge and to govern as men. Children, likewise, are citizens in miniature. A nobleman of the highest rank, and of the most eminent accomplishments, should have the general superintendence of these National Schools, more important, beyond all contradiction, than that of the studs of the kingdom ; and to the end that men of letters, given to low flattery, might not be tempted to insert in the public papers, the days on which he was to *vouchsafe* to make his visits to them, this sublime duty should have no revenue annexed to it, and the only honour that could possibly be claimed, should be that of presiding.

Would to GOD it were in my power to conciliate the education of women to that of men, as at Sparta ! But our manners forbid it. I do not believe, however, that there could be any great inconveniency in associating, in early life, the children of both sexes. Their society communicates mutual grace ; besides, the first elements of civil life, of religion, and of virtue, are the same for the one and for the other. This first epoch excepted, young women should learn nothing of what men ought to know ; not that they are to remain always in ignorance of it, but that they may receive instruction with increased pleasure, and one day find teachers in their lovers. There is this moral difference between man and woman, that the man

owes himself to his country, and the woman is devoted to the felicity of one man alone. A young woman will never attain this end, but by acquiring a relish for the employments suitable to her sex. To no purpose would you give her a complete course of the Sciences, and make her a Theologian or a Philosopher : A husband does not love to find either a rival or an instructor in his wife. Books and masters, with us, blight betimes, in a young female, virgin ignorance, that flower of the soul, which a lover takes such delight in gathering. They rob a husband of the most delicious charm of their union, of those intercommunications of amorous science, and native ignorance, so proper for filling up the long days of married life. They destroy those contrasts of character which Nature has established between the two sexes, in order to produce the most lovely of harmonies.

These natural contrasts are so necessary to love, that there is not a single female celebrated for the attachment with which she inspired her lovers, or her husband, who has been indebted for her empire to any other attractions than the amusements or the occupations peculiar to her sex, from the age of *Penelope* down to the present. We have them of all ranks, and of all characters, but not one of them learned. Such of them as have merited this description, have likewise been, almost all of them, unfortunate in love, from *Sappho* down to *Christina*, Queen of Sweden, and even still nearer to us. It should be, then, by the side of her mother, of her father, of her brothers and sisters, that a young woman ought to derive instruction respecting her future duties of mother and wife. In her father's house it is that she ought to learn a multitude of domestic arts, at this day unknown to our highly bred dames.

I have oftener than once, in the course of this Work, spoken in high terms of the felicity enjoyed in Holland ; however, as I only passed through that country, I have but a slight acquaintance with their domestic manners.

This much, nevertheless, I know, that the women there are constantly employed in household affairs, and that the most undisturbed concord reigns in families. But I enjoyed, at Berlin, an image of the charms which those manners, held in such contempt among us, are capable of diffusing over domestic life. A friend whom Providence raised up for me in that city, where I was an entire stranger, introduced me to a society of young ladies ; for, in Prussia, these assemblies are held, not in the apartments of the married women, but of their daughters. This custom is kept up in all the families which have not been corrupted by the manners of our French officers, who were prisoners there in the last war. It is customary, then, for the young ladies of the same society to invite each other, by turns, to assemblies, which they call coffee parties. They are generally kept on Thursdays. They go, accompanied by their mothers, to the apartments of her who has given the invitation. She treats them with creamed coffee, and every kind of pastry and comfits, prepared by her own hand. She presents them, in the very depth of Winter, with fruits of all sorts, preserved in sugar, in colours, in verdure, and in perfume, apparently as fresh as if they were hanging on the tree. She receives from her companions thousands of compliments, which she repays with interest.

But, by and by, she displays other talents. Sometimes she unrolls a large piece of tapestry, on which she labours night and day, and exhibits forests of willows, always green, which she herself has planted, and rivulets of mohair, which she has set a flowing with her needle. At other times, she weds her voice to the sounds of a harpsichord, and seems to have collected into her chamber all the songsters of the grove. She requests her companions to sing in their turn. Then it is you hear elogium upon elogium. The mothers, enraptured with delight, applaud themselves in secret, like *Niobe*, on the praises given to their daughters : *Pertentant gaudia pectus* : (The bosom

glows with joy.) Some officers, booted, and in their uniform, having slipped away by stealth from the exercises of the parade, step in to enjoy, amidst this lovely circle, some moments of delightful tranquillity ; and while each of the young females hopes to find in one of them her protector and her friend, each of the men sighs after the partner who is one day to soothe, by the charm of domestic talents, the rigour of military labours. I never saw any country, in which the youth of both sexes discovered greater purity of manners, and in which marriages were more happy.

There is no occasion, however, to have recourse to strangers, for proofs of the power of love over sanctity of manners. I ascribe the innocence of those of our own peasantry, and their fidelity in wedlock, to their being able, very early in life, to give themselves up to this honourable sentiment. It is love which renders them content with their painful lot : It even suspends the miseries of slavery. I have frequently seen, in the Isle of France, black people, after being exhausted by the fatigues of the day, set off, as the night approached, to visit their mistresses, at the distance of three or four leagues. They keep their assignation in the midst of the woods, at the foot of a rock, where they kindle a fire ; they dance together a great part of the night, to the sound of their *tamtam*, and return to their labour before day break, contented, full of vigour, and as fresh as those who have slept soundly all night long : Such is the power possessed by the moral affections, which combine with this sentiment, over the physical organization. The night of the lover diffuses a charm over the day of the slave.

We have, in Scripture, a very remarkable instance to this effect ; it is in the book of Genesis : “ *Jacob*,” it is there written, “ served seven years for *Rachel* ; and they “ seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to “ her*.” I am perfectly aware that our politicians, who

* Genesis, chap. xxix. ver. 20.

set no value on any thing but gold and titles, have no conception of all this ; but I am happy in being able to inform them, that no one ever better understood the Laws of Nature than the Authors of the Sacred Books, and that on the Laws of Nature only, can those of happily ordered Societies be established.

I could wish, therefore, that our young people might have it in their power to cultivate the sentiment of love, in the midst of their labours, as *Jacob* did. No matter at what age ; as soon as we are capable of feeling, we are capable of loving. Honourable love suspends pain, banishes languor, saves from prostitution, from the errors and the restlessness of celibacy : It fills life with a thousand delicious perspectives, by displaying, in futurity, the most desirable of unions : It augments, in the heart of two youthful lovers, a relish for study, and a taste for domestic employments. What pleasure must it afford a young man, transported with the science which he has derived from his masters, to repeat the lessons of it to the fair one whom he loves ! What delight to a young and timid female, to see herself distinguished amidst her companions, and to hear the value, and the graces, of her little skill and industry, exalted by the tongue of her lover !

A young man, destined one day to repress, on the tribunal, the injustice of men, is enchanted, amidst the labyrinths of Law, to behold his mistress embroidering for him, the flowers which are to decorate the asylum of their union, and to present him with an image of the beauties of Nature, of which the gloomy honours of his station are going to deprive him for life. Another, devoted to conduct the flame of war to the ends of the Earth, attaches himself to the gentle spirit of his female friend, and flatters himself with the thought that the mischief which he may do to mankind, shall be repaired by the blessings which she bestows on the miserable. Friendships multiply in families ; of the friend to the brother who introduces him, and of the brother to the sister. The kindred are

mutually attracted. The young folks form their manners ; and the happy perspectives which their union discloses, cherish in them the love of their several duties, and of virtue. Who knows but those unconstrained choices, those pure and tender ties, may fix that roving spirit, which some have supposed natural to women ? They would respect the bands which they themselves had formed. If, having become wives, they aim at pleasing every body, it is, perhaps, because, when they were single, they were not permitted to be in love with one.

If there is room to hope for a happy revolution in our Country, it is to be effected only by calling back the women to domestic manners. Whatever satire may have been levelled against them, they are less culpable than the men. They are chargeable with hardly any vices, except those which they receive from us ; and we have a great many from which they are free. As to those which are peculiar to themselves, it may be affirmed, that they have retarded our ruin, by balancing the vices of our political constitution. It is impossible to imagine what must have become of a state of Society abandoned to all the absurdities of our education, to all the prejudices of our various conditions, and to the ambitions of each contending party, had not the women crossed us upon the road. Our History presents only the disputes of monks with monks, of doctors with doctors, of grandees with grandees, of nobles with the base born ; while crafty politicians gradually lay hold of all our possessions. But for the women, all these parties would have made a desert of the State, and led the commonalty, to the very last man, to the slaughter, or to market, a piece of advice which was actually given not many years ago. Ages have elapsed, in which we should all have been Cordeliers, born and dying encircled with the cord of *St. Francis* ; in others, all would have taken to the road in the character of knights errant, rambling over hill and dale with lance in hand ; in others, all penitents, parading through the streets of our cities, in solemn pro-

cessions, and whipping ourselves to some purpose ; in others, *quisquis* or *quamquam* of the University.

The women, thrown out of their natural state, by our unjust manners, turn every thing upside down, laugh at every thing, destroy every thing, the great fortunes, the pretensions of pride, and the prejudices of opinion. Women have only one passion, which is love, and this passion has only one object ; whereas men refer every thing to ambition, which has thousands. Whatever be the irregularities of women, they are always nearer to Nature than we are, because their ruling passion is incessantly impelling them in that direction, whereas ours, on the contrary, is betraying us into endless deviations. A Provincial, and even a Parisian, tradesman, hardly behaves with kindness to his children, when they are somewhat grown up ; but he bends with profound reverence before those of strangers, provided they are rich, or of high quality : His wife, on the contrary, is regulated in her behaviour to them by their figure. If they are homely, she neglects them ; but she will care for a peasant's child, if it is beautiful ; she will pay more respect to a low born man with gray hairs, and a venerable head, than to a counsellor without a beard. Women attend only to the advantages which are the gift of Nature, and men only to those of fortune. Thus the women, amidst all their irregularities, still bring us back to Nature, while we, with our affectation of superior wisdom, are in a constant tendency to deviation from her.

I admit, at the same time, that they have prevented the general calamity only by introducing among us an infinite number of particular evils. Alas ! as well as ourselves, they never will find happiness except in the practice of virtue. In all countries where the empire of virtue is at an end, they are most miserable. They were formerly exceedingly happy in the virtuous Republics of Greece and of Italy : There they decided the fate of States : At this day, reduced to the condition of slaves, in those very countries, the greatest part of them are under the necessity of

submitting to prostitution for the sake of a livelihood. Ours ought not to despair of us. They possess over Man an empire absolutely inalienable* ; we know them only under the appellation of the sex, to which we have given the epithet of fair by way of excellence. But how many other descriptive epithets, still more interesting, might be added to this, such as those of nutritive, consolatory ! They receive us on our entrance into life, and they close our eyes when we die. It is not to beauty, but to Religion, that our women are indebted for the greatest part of their influence ; the same Frenchman who, in Paris, sighs at the feet of his mistress, holds her in fetters, and under the discipline of the whip, in St. Domingo. Our Religion alone of all, contemplates the conjugal union in the order of Nature : It is the only Religion, on the face of the Earth, which presents woman to man as a companion ; every other abandons her to him as a slave. To Religion alone do our women owe the liberty which they enjoy in Europe ; and from the liberty of the women it is that the liberty of Nations has flowed, accompanied with the proscription of a multitude of inhuman usages, which have been diffused over all the other parts of the World, such as slavery, seragios, and eunuchs. O charming sex ! it is in your virtue that your power consists....Save your Country, by recalling to the love of domestic manners your

* It deserves to be remarked, that most of the names of the objects of Nature, of morals, and of metaphysics, are feminine, especially in the French language. It would afford matter of curious research, to enquire, whether masculine names have been given by the women, and feminine names by the men, to objects which are most particularly subservient to the uses of each sex ; or whether the first have been made of the masculine gender, because they presented characters of energy and force, and the second of the feminine gender, because they displayed characters of grace and loveliness. I am persuaded, that the men having given names to the objects of nature, in general, have lavished feminine designations upon them, from that secret propensity which attracts them toward the sex : This observation is supported by the names assigned to the heavenly Constellations, to the four quarters of the Globe, to by far the greatest part of rivers, kingdoms, fruits, trees, virtues, and so on.

lovers and your husbands, from a display of your gentle occupations : You would restore Society at large to a sense of duty, if each of you brings back one single man to the order of Nature. Envy not the other sex their authority, their magistracies, their talents, their vain glory ; but in the midst of your weakness, surrounded with your wools and your silks, give thanks to the AUTHOR of Nature, for having conferred on you alone, the power of being always good and beneficent.

RECAPITULATION.

I HAVE presented, from the beginning of this Work, the different paths of Nature which I proposed to pursue, on purpose to form to myself an idea of the order which governs the World. I brought forward, in the first place, the objections which have, in all ages, been raised against a Providence ; I have exhibited them as applied to the several kingdoms of Nature, one after another ; which furnished me with an opportunity, in refuting them, of displaying views entirely new, respecting the disposition, and the use, of the different parts of this Globe : I have, accordingly, referred the direction of the chains of Mountains, on the Continents, to the regular Winds which blow over the Ocean ; the position of Islands, to the confluence of its Currents, or of those of Rivers ; the constant supply of fuel to Volcanos, to the bituminous deposits on its shores ; the Currents of the Sea, and the movements of the Tides, to the alternate effusions of the Polar Ices.

In the next place, I have refuted, in order, the other objections raised on the subject of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, by demonstrating, that these kingdoms were no more governed by mechanical Laws than the fossil kingdom is. I have farther demonstrated, that the greatest part of the ills which oppress the human race, are to be ascribed to the defects of our political Institutions, and not to those of Nature ; that Man is the only Being who is

abandoned to his own Providence, as a punishment for some original transgression; but that the same DEITY who had given him up to the direction of his own intelligence, still watched over his destination; that he caused to recoil on the Governors of the Nations the miseries with which they overwhelm the little and the weak; and I have demonstrated the action of a Divine Providence from the very calamities of the Human Race. Such is the subject of my first Part.

In the opening of my second, I have attacked the principles of our Sciences, by evincing, that they mislead us, either by the boldness of those same principles, from whence they would soar up to the nature of the elements which elude their grasp, or, by the insufficiency of their methods, which is capable of catching only one Law of Nature at once, because of the weakness of our understanding, and of the vanity inspired by our education, whereby we are betrayed into the belief, that the little paths in which we tread, are the only roads leading to knowledge. Thus it is that the natural Sciences, and even the political, which are results from them, having been, with us, separated from each other, each one, in particular, has formed, if I may use the expression, a lane, without a thoroughfare, of the road by which it entered. Thus it is that the physical causes have, at the long run, made us lose sight of intellectual ends in the order of Nature, as financial causes have stripped us of the hopes of Religion, and of Virtue, in the social order.

I afterwards set out in quest of a faculty better adapted to the discovery of truth than our reason, which, after all, is nothing but our personal interest merely. I flatter myself I have found it in that sublime instinct called *sentiment*, which is in us the expression of natural Laws, and which is invariable among all nations. By means of it, I have observed the Laws of Nature, not by tracing them up to their principles, which are known to GOD only, but by descending into their results, which are destined to the

use of Man. I have had the felicity, in pursuance of this track, to perceive certain principles of the correspondencies, and of the harmonies, which govern the World.

I cannot entertain a shadow of doubt, that it was by proceeding in this same track, the ancient Egyptians distinguished themselves so highly for their attainments in natural knowledge, which they carried incomparably farther than we have done. They studied Nature in Nature herself, and not by piecemeal, and with machines. Hence they formed a most wonderful Science, of just celebrity all over the Globe, under the name of Magic. The elements of this Science are now unknown; the name of it alone is all that remains, and is, at this day, given to operations, the most stupid in which the error and depravity of the human heart can be employed. This was not the character of the Magic of the ancient Egyptians, so much celebrated by the most respectable Authors of Antiquity, and by the Sacred Books themselves. These were the principles of correspondence and of harmony, which *Pythagoras* derived from their stores, which he imported into Europe, and which there became the sources of the various branches of Philosophy that appeared after his time, nay, the source of the Arts likewise, which did not begin to flourish there till that period; for the Arts are only imitations of the processes of Nature.

Though my incapacity is very great, these harmonic principles are so luminous, that they have presented to me, not only dispositions of the Globe entirely new; but they have, besides, furnished me with the means of distinguishing the characters of plants on the first inspection, so as to be able to say, at once, This is a native of the mountains, That is an inhabitant of the shores. By them, I have demonstrated the use of the leaves of plants, and have determined by the nautical, or volatile forms of their grains, the relations which they have to the places where they are destined to grow. I have observed that the *corollæ* of their flowers had relations, positive or negative, to the rays

of the Sun, according to the difference of Latitude, and to the points of elevation at which they are to blow. I have afterwards remarked the charming contrasts of their leaves, of their flowers, of their fruits, and of their stems, with the soil and the sky in which they grow, and those which they form from genus to genus, being, if I may say so, grouped by pairs. Finally, I have indicated the relations in which they stand to animals, and to Man; to such a degree, that, I am confident to affirm, I have demonstrated, there is not a single shade of colour impressed by chance, through the whole extent of Nature.

By prosecuting these views, I have supplied the means of forming complete chapters of Natural History, from having evinced, that each plant was the centre of the existence of an infinite number of animals, which possess correspondencies with it, to us still unknown. Their harmonies might, undoubtedly, be extended much farther; for, many plants seem to have relations not only to the Sun, but to different constellations. It is not always such an elevation of the Sun above the Horizon which elicits the vegetative powers of plants. Such a one flourishes in the Spring, which would not put out the smallest leaf in Autumn, though it might then undergo the same degree of heat. The same thing is observable with respect to their seeds, which germinate and shoot at one season, and not at another, though the temperature may be the same.

These celestial relations were known to the ancient Philosophy of the Egyptians, and of *Pythagoras*. We find many observations on this subject in *Pliny*; when he says, for example, that toward the rising of the Pleiades, the olive trees and vines conceive their fruit; and, after *Virgil*, that wheat ought to be sown immediately on the retiring of this constellation; and lentils on that of Boötes; that reeds and willows should be planted, when the constellation of the Lyre is setting. It was after these relations, the causes of which are unknown to us, that *Linnaeus* formed, with the flowers of plants, a botanical almanac,

of which *Pliny* suggested the first idea to the husbandmen of his time*. But we have indicated vegetable harmonies still more interesting, by demonstrating, that the time of the expansion of every plant, of its flowering, and of the maturity of its fruit, was connected with the expansions, and the necessities, of the animal creation, and especially with those of Man. There is not a single one but what possesses relations of utility to us, direct or indirect : But this immense and mysterious part of the History of Man will, perhaps, never be known, except to the Angels.

My third Part, presents the application of these harmonic principles to the nature of Man himself. In it I have shewn, That he is formed of two powers, the one physical, and the other intellectual, which affect him perpetually with two contrary sentiments, the one of which is that of his misery, and the other that of his excellence. I have demonstrated, that these two powers were most happily gratified in the different periods of the passions, of the ages, and of the occupations to which Nature has destined Man, such as agriculture, marriage, the settlement of posterity, Religion.

I have dwelt, principally, on the affections of the intellectual power, by rendering it apparent, that every thing which has the semblance of delicious and transporting in our pleasures, arose from the sentiment of infinity, or of some other attribute of DEITY, which discovered itself to us, as the termination of our perspective. I have demonstrated, on the contrary, that the source of our miseries, and of our errors, might be traced up to this, That, in the social state, we frequently cross those natural sentiments, by the prejudices of education and of society : So that, in many cases, we make the sentiment of infinity to bear upon the transient objects of this World, and that of our frailty and misery, upon the immortal plans of Nature. I have only glanced at this rich and sublime sub-

* Consult his Natural History, Book xviii. chap. 28.

ject ; but I assert with confidence, that by pursuing this track simply, I have sufficiently proved the necessity of virtue, and that I have indicated its real source, not where our modern Philosophers seek for it, namely, in our political institutions, which are often diametrically opposite to it, but in the natural state of Man, and in his own heart.

I have afterwards applied, with what ability I possess, the action of these two powers to the happiness of Society, by shewing, first, that most of the ills we endure are only social reactions, all of which have their grand origin, in overgrown property, in employments, in honors, in money, and in land. I have proved that those enormous properties produce the physical and moral indigence of a Nation ; that this indigence generated, in its turn, swarms of debauched men, who employed all the resources of craft and industry to make the rich refund the portion which their necessities demand ; that celibacy, and the disquietudes with which it is attended, were, in a great many citizens, the effects of that state of penury and anguish to which they found themselves reduced ; and that their celibacy produced, by repercussion, the prostitution of women of the town, because every man who abstains from marriage, whether voluntarily or from necessity, devotes a young woman to a single life, or to prostitution. This effect necessarily results from one of the harmonic Laws of Nature, as every man comes into the World, and goes out of it, with his female, or, what amounts to the same thing, the males and females of the human species are born and die in equal numbers. From these principles I have deduced a variety of important consequences.

I have, finally, demonstrated, That no inconsiderable part of our physical and moral maladies proceeded from the chastisements, the rewards, and the vanity of our education.

I have hazarded sundry conjectures, in the view of furnishing to the People abundant means of subsistence and of population, and of reanimating in them the spirit of

Religion and of Patriotism, by presenting them with certain perspectives of infinity, without which the felicity of a Nation, like that of an individual, is negative, and quickly exhausted, were we to form plans, in other respects, the most advantageous, of finance, of commerce, and of agriculture. Provision must be made, at once, for Man, as an animal, and as an intelligent being. I have terminated those different projects, by presenting the sketch of a National Education, without which it is impossible to have any species of Legislation, or of Patriotism, that shall be of long duration. I have endeavoured to unfold in it, at once, the two powers, physical and intellectual, of Man, and to direct them toward the love of Country and Religion.

I must, no doubt, have frequently gone astray in pursuing paths so new, and so intricate. I must have, many a time, sunk far below my subject, from the construction of my plans, from my inexperience, from the very embarrassment of my style ; but, I repeat it, provided my ideas shall suggest superior conceptions to others, I am well satisfied. At the same time, if calamity be the road to Truth, I have not been destitute of means to direct me toward her. The disorders of which I have frequently been the witness, and the victim, have suggested to me ideas of order. I have sometimes found upon my road, great personages of high repute, and men belonging to respectable bodies, who had the words Country and Humanity continually in their mouth. I associated with them, in the view of deriving illumination from their intelligence, and of putting myself under the protection of their virtues ; but I discovered them to be intriguers merely, who had no other object in view but their personal fortune, and who began to persecute me the moment that they perceived I was not a proper person to be either the agent of their pleasures or the trumpeter of their ambition. I then went over to the side of their enemies, promising myself to find among them the love of truth, and of the public good ; but however

diversified our sects, our parties, and our corps, may be, I every where met the same men, only clothed in different garbs. As soon as the one or the other found that I refused to enlist as a partisan, he calumniated me, after the perfidious manner of the age, that is, by pronouncing my panegyric. The times we live in are highly extolled; but, if we have on the throne a Prince who emulates *Marcus Aurelius*, the age rivals that of *Tiberius*.

Were I to publish the memoirs of my own life*, I could wish for no stronger proof of the contempt which the glo-

* It would be, I acknowledge, after all, a matter of very small importance; but however retired, at this day, my condition of life may be, it has been interwoven with revolutions of high moment. I presented, on the subject of Poland, a very circumstantial memoir to the Office for Foreign Affairs, in which I predicted its partition by the neighbouring Powers, several years before it was actually accomplished. The only mistake I committed was in going on the supposition, that the partitioning Powers would lay hold of it entirely; and I am astonished to this hour that they did not. This memoir, however, has been of no utility either to that country or to myself, though I had exposed myself to very great risks in it, by throwing myself, when I quitted the Russian service, into the party of the Polish Republicans, then under the protection of France and Austria. I was there taken prisoner in 1765, as I was going, with the approbation of the Ambassador of the Empire, and of the French Minister at Warsaw, to join the army commanded by Prince *Radjivil*. This misfortune befel me about three miles from Warsaw, through the indiscretion of my guide. I was carried back to that city, put in prison and threatened with being delivered up to the Russians, whose service I had just quitted, unless I acknowledged that the Ambassador of the Court of Vienna, and the Minister of France, had concurred in recommending this step to me. Though I had every thing to fear on the part of Russia, and had it in my power to involve in my disgrace, two personages in illustrious situations, and, consequently, to render it more conspicuous, I persisted in taking the whole upon myself. I likewise did my utmost to exculpate the guide, to whom I had given time to burn the dispatches with which he was entrusted, by keeping back, with my pistol in my hand, the Houlands, who had just surprised us, by night, in the post house, where we made our first encampment, in the midst of the woods.

I never had the least shadow of recompense for either of these two pieces of service, which cost me a great deal of both time and money. Nay, it is not very long since I was actually in debt, for part of the expense of my journey, to my friend M. *Hennin* then Minister of France at Warsaw, now First Commissary for Foreign Affairs at Versailles, and who has given himself much fruitless trouble on the subject. Undoubtedly, had M. the Count *de*

ry of this World merits, than to hold up to view the persons who are the objects of it. At the time when, unconscious of having committed the slightest injury to any one, after an infinity of fruitless voyages, services, and labours, I was preparing, in solitude, these last fruits of my experience and application, my secret enemies, that is, the men under whom I scorned to enlist as a partisan, found means to intercept a gratuity which I annually received from the beneficence of my Sovereign. It was the only source of subsistence to myself, and the only means I enjoyed of assist-

Vergennes been at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, I should have been suitably rewarded, as he has procured for me some slight gratuities. I stand, however, to this hour, indebted to the amount of more than four thousand livres (£166 13s. 4d. sterl.) on that account, to different friends in Russia, Poland, and Germany.

I have not been more fortunate in the Isle of France, to which I was sent Captain Engineer of the Colony; for, in the first place, I was persecuted by the ordinary Engineers, who were stationed there, because I did not belong to their corps. I had been dispatched to that Country, as to a situation favourable to making a fortune, and I must have run considerably in debt, had I not submitted to live on herbs. I pass over in silence all the particular distresses I had there to undergo. I shall only say, that I endeavoured to dissipate the mortification which they cost me, by employing my mind on the subject of the ills which oppressed the island in general. It was entirely in the view of remedying these, that I published, on my return from thence, in 1773, my *Voyage to the Isle of France*. I considered myself, first, as rendering an essential service to my Country, by making it apparent, that this island, which is kept filled with troops, was, in no respect, proper for being the staple, or the citadel of our commerce with India, from which it is more than fifteen hundred leagues distant. This I have even proved by the events of preceding wars, in which Pondicherry has always been taken from us, though the Isle of France was crowded with soldiers. The late war has confirmed anew the truth of my observations. For these services, as well as for many others, I have received no other recompense save indirect persecutions, and calumnies, on the part of the inhabitants of that island, whom I reprehended for their barbarity to their slaves. I have not even received an adequate indemnification for a species of shipwreck I underwent, on my return, at the Island of Bourbon, nor for the smallness of my appointments, which were not up to the half of those of the ordinary Engineers of my rank. I am well assured, that, under a Marine Minister, as intelligent, and as equitable as M. the *Mareschal de Castries*, I should have reaped some part of the fruit of my literary and military services.

ing my family. To this catastrophe were added the loss of health, and domestic calamities, which baffle all the powers of description. I have hastened, therefore, to gather the fruit, though still immature, of the tree which I had cultivated with such unwearied perseverance, before it was torn up by the tempest.

But, I bear no malice to any one of my persecutors. If I am, one day, laid under the necessity of exposing to the light their secret practices against me, it shall only be in the view of justifying my own conduct. In other respects, I am under obligation to them. Their persecution has proved the cause of my repose. To their disdainful ambition I am indebted for a liberty, which I prize far above their greatness. To them I owe the delicious studies to which I have devoted my attention. Providence has not abandoned me, though they have. It has raised up friends, who have served me, as opportunity offered, with my Prince ; and others will arise to recommend me to his favor, when it may be necessary. Had I reposed in GOD that confidence which I put in men, I should have always enjoyed undisturbed tranquillity : The proofs of his Providence, as affecting myself, in the past, ought to set my heart at rest about futurity. But, from a fault of education, the opinions of men still exercise too much dominion over me. By their fears, and not my own, is my mind disturbed. Nevertheless, I sometimes say to myself, Wherefore be embarrassed about what is to come ? Before you came into the World, were you disquieted with anxious thoughts about the manner in which your members were to be combined, and your nerves and your bones to expand ? When, in process of time, you emerged into light, did you study optics, in order to know how you were to perceive objects ; and anatomy, in order to learn how to move about your body, and how to promote its growth ? These operations of Nature, far superior to those of men, have taken place in you, without your knowledge, and without any interference of your

own. If you disquieted not yourself about being born, Wherefore should you, about living, and Wherefore, about dying? Are you not always in the same hand?

Other sentiments, however, natural to the mind of Man, have filled me with dejection. For example, Not to have acquired, after so many peregrinations and exertions, one little rural spot, in which I could, in the bosom of repose, have arranged my observations on Nature, to me of all others the most amiable and interesting under the Sun. I have another source of regret, still more depressing, namely, the misfortune of not having attached to my lot a female mate, simple, gentle, sensible, and pious, who, much better than Philosophy, would have soothed my solitudes, and who, by bringing me children like herself, would have provided me with a posterity, incomparably more dear than a vain reputation. I had found this retreat, and this rare felicity, in Russia, in the midst of honourable employment; but I renounced all these advantages, to go in quest, at the instigation of Ministers, of employment, in my native Country, where I had nothing similar, after which to aspire. Nevertheless, I am enabled to say, that my particular studies have repaired the first privation, in procuring for me the enjoyment not only of a small spot of ground, but of all the harmonies diffused over the vast garden of Nature. An estimable partner for life cannot be so easily replaced; but if I have reason to flatter myself that this Work is contributing to multiply marriages, to render them more happy, and to soften the education of children, I shall consider my own family as perpetuated in them, and I shall look on the wives and children of my Country, as, in some sense, mine.

Nothing is durable, virtue alone excepted. Personal beauty passes quickly away; fortune inspires extravagant inclinations; grandeur fatigues; reputation is uncertain; talents, nay, genius itself, are liable to be impaired: But virtue is ever beautiful, ever diversified, ever equal, and

ever vigorous, because it is resigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life.

Happy then, happy beyond conception, if I have been enabled to contribute one feeble effort toward redressing some of the evils which oppress my Country, and to open to it some new prospect of felicity ! Happy, if I have been enabled to wipe away, on the one hand, the tears of some unfortunate wretch, and to recal, on the other, men misled by the intoxication of pleasure, to the DIVINITY, toward whom Nature, the times, our personal miseries, and our secret affections, are attracting us with so much impetuosity !

I have a presentiment of some favourable approaching revolution. If it does take place, to the influence of literature we shall be indebted for it. In modern times, learning produces little solid benefit to the persons who cultivate it ; nevertheless, it directs every thing. I do not speak of the influence which letters possess, all the Globe over, under the government of books. Asia is governed by the maxims of *Confucius*, the Korans, the Bets, the Vidams, and the rest ; but, in Europe, *Orpheus* was the first who associated its inhabitants, and allured them out of barbarism by his divine poesy. The genius of *Homer*, afterwards, produced the legislations and the religions of Greece. He animated *Alexander*, and sent him forth on the conquest of Asia. He extended his influence to the Romans, who traced upward, in his sublime poetical effusions, the genealogy of the founder, and of the sovereigns of their Empire, as the Greeks had found in him the rudiments of their Republics, and of their Laws. His august shade still presides over the poetry, the liberal Arts, the Academies, and the Monuments of Europe : Such is the power over the human mind, exercised by the perspectives of DEITY which he has presented to it ! Thus, the Word which created the World still governs it ; but when it had descended itself from Heaven, and had shewn to Man the road to happiness in Virtue alone, a light

more pure than that which had shed a lustre over the islands of Greece, illuminated the forests of Gaul. The Savages, who inhabited them, would have been the happiest of Mankind, had they enjoyed liberty ; but they were subjected to tyrants, and those tyrants plunged them back into a sacred barbarism, by presenting to them phantoms so much the more tremendous, that the objects of their confidence were transformed into those of their terror.

The cause of human felicity, and of Religion herself, was on the brink of desperation, when two men of letters, *Rabelais*, and *Michael Cervantes*, arose, the one in France and the other in Spain, and shook, at once, the foundations of monastic power* and that of chivalry. In levelling these two Colossuses to the ground, they employed no other weapons but ridicule, that natural contrast of human terror. Like to children, the Nations of Europe laughed, and resumed their courage : They no longer felt any other impulsions toward happiness, but those which their Princes chose to give them, if their Princes had then been capable of communicating such impulsion. The *Telemachus* made its appearance, and that Book brought Europe back to the harmonies of Nature. It produced a wonderful revolution in Politics. It recalled Nations and their Sovereigns to the useful arts, to commerce, to agriculture, and, above all, to the sentiment of DEITY. That Work united, to the imagination of *Homer* the wisdom of *Confucius*. It was translated into all the languages

* God forbid that I should be thought to insinuate an investive against persons, or orders, truly religious. Supposing them to possess no higher merit in this life, than that of passing it without doing mischief, they would be respectable in the eyes of infidelity itself. The persons here exposed are not men really pious, who have renounced the World, in order to cherish, without interruption, the spirit of Religion : But those who have assumed a habit consecrated by Religion, to procure for themselves the riches and the honours of this World ; those against whom St. *Jerome* thundered so vehemently to no purpose, and who have verified his prediction in Palestine and in Egypt, in bringing Religion into discredit, by the profligacy of their manners, by their avarice, and their ambition.

of Europe. It was not in France that it excited the highest admiration : There are whole Provinces in England, where it is still one of the books in which children are taught to read. When the English entered the Cambrais, with the allied army, they wished to carry the Author, who was living there in a state of retirement from the Court, into their camp, to do him the honours of a military festival ; but his modesty declined that triumph : He concealed himself. I shall add but one trait to his elogium : He was the only man living of whom *Louis XIV* was jealous : And he had reason to be so ; for while he was exerting himself to excite the terror, and purchase the admiration of Europe, by his armies, his conquests, his banquets, his buildings, and his magnificence, *Fenelon* was commanding the adoration of the whole World by a Book*.

* It is absurd to institute a comparison between *Bossuet* and *Fenelon* : I am not capable of appraising their several merits, but I cannot help considering the second as highly preferable to his rival. He fulfilled, in my apprehension, the two great precepts of the Law : HE LOVED GOD AND MEN.

The Reader will, perhaps, not be displeased at being told what *J. J. Rousseau* thought of this great man. Having, one day, set out with him on a walking excursion to Mount Valerien, when we had reached the summit of the mountain, it was resolved to ask a dinner of its hermits, for payment. We arrived at their habitation a little before they sat down to table, and while they were still at Church. *J. J. Rousseau* proposed to me to step in, and offer up our devotions. The hermits were, at that time, reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayer to God, in a little chapel, and as the hermits were proceeding toward their refectory, *Rousseau* said to me, with his heart overflowing : " At this moment I experience what is said in the Gospel : *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a sentiment of peace and of felicity which penetrates the soul." I replied : " If *Fenelon* had lived, you would have been a Catholic." He exclaimed in an ecstasy, and with tears in his eyes : " O ! if *Fenelon* were in life, I would struggle to get into his service as a lackey, in hope of meriting the place of his valet de chambre."

Having picked up, some time ago, on the Pont Neuf, one of those little urns which the Italians sell about the streets for a few halfpence a piece, the idea struck me of converting it, as a decoration of my solitude, into a monument

Many learned men, inspired by his genius, have changed among us the spirit of the Government, and the public manners. To their Writings we are indebted for the abolition of many barbarous customs, such as that of punishing capitally the pretended crime of witchcraft ; the

sacred to the memory of *John James* and of *Fenelon*, after the manner of those which the Chinese set up to the memory of *Confucius*. As there are two little scutcheons on this urn, I wrote on the one these words, J. J. ROUSSEAU ; and on the other F. FENELON. I then placed it in an angle of my cabinet, about six feet from the floor, and close by it, the following inscription.

D. M.

A la gloire durable & pure
De ceux dont le génie éclaira les vertus,
Combattit à la fois l'erreur & les abus,
Et tenta d'amener le siècle à la Nature.
Aux JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAUX, aux FRANÇOIS FENELONS
J'ai dédié ce monument d'argile
Que j'ai consacré par leur noms
Plus augustes que ceux de CESAR & d'ACHILLE.
Ils ne sont point fameux par nos malheurs :
Ils n'ont point, pauvres laboureurs
Ravi vos bœufs, ni vos javelles ;
Bergères, vos amans ; nourissons, vos mamelles ;
Rois, les états où vous régnex :
Mais vous les comblerez de gloire,
Si vous donnez a leur mémoire
Les pleurs qu'ils vous ont épargnés.

To the pure and unfading glory,
Of the men whose virtues were illumined by genius ;
Who set their faces against error and depravity,
And laboured to bring Mankind back to Nature :
To the ROUSSEAUS and the FENELONS of the Human Race,
I dedicate this humble monument of clay,
And inscribe it with their names,
Far more august than those of CESAR and ACHILLES.
They purchased not fame by spreading devastation ;
They did not, O ye poor husbandmen,
Seize your oxen, and plunder your barns ;
Nor, shepherdesses, carry off your lovers, nor, sucklings, your teats ;
Nor, Kings, did they ravage your domains ;
But their glory will be complete,
If on their memory you bestow
The tears which they have spared you.

application of the rack to all criminals without distinction ; the remains of feudal slavery ; the practice of wearing swords in the bosom of cities, in times of profound peace, and many others. To them we owe the return of the tastes, and of the duties, of Nature, or, at least, their images. They have restored to many infants the breasts of their mothers, and to the rich a relish for the country, which induces them, now a days, to quit the centre of cities, and to take up their habitation in the suburbs. They have inspired the whole Nation with a taste for agriculture, which is degenerated, as usual, into fanaticism, since it became a spirit of corps. They have the honour of bringing back the noblesse to the commonalty, toward whom, it must be confessed, they had, already made some steps of approximation, by their alliances with finance ; they have recalled that order to their peculiar duties by those of humanity. They have directed all the powers of the State, the women themselves not excepted, toward patriotic objects, by arraying them in attractive ornaments and flowers.

O ye men of letters ! without you the rich man would have no manner of intellectual enjoyment ; his opulence and his dignities would be a burthen to him. You alone restore to us the rights of our nature, and of DEITY.

Wherever you appear, in the military, in the clergy, in the laws, and in the arts, the divine Intelligence unveils itself, and the human heart breathes a sigh. You are at once the eyes and the light of the Nations. We should be, perhaps, at this hour, much nearer to happiness, if several of your number, intent on pleasing the multitude, had not misled them by flattering their passions, and by mistaking their deceitful voices for those of human nature.

See how these passions have misled yourselves, from your having come too closely into contact with men ! It is in solitude, and living together in unity, that your talents communicate mutual intellectual light. Call to remembrance the times when the *La Fontaines*, the *Boileaus*,

the *Racines*, the *Molieres*, lived with one another. What is, at this day, your destiny? That World, whose passions you are flattering, arms you against each other. It turns you out to a strife of glory, as the Romans exposed the wretched, to wild beasts. Your holy lists are become the amphitheatres of gladiators. You are, without being conscious of it, the mere instruments of the ambition of corps. It is by means of your talents that their leaders procure for themselves dignities and riches, while you are suffered to remain in obscurity and indigence. Think of the glory of men of letters, among the Nations who were emerging out of barbarism; they presented virtue to Mankind, and were exalted into the rank of their Gods. Think of their degradation among Nations sunk into corruption: They flattered their passions, and became the victims of them. In the decline of the Roman Empire, letters were no longer cultivated, except by a few enfranchised Greeks. Suffer the herd to run at the heels of the rich and the voluptuous. What do you propose to yourselves in the sacred career of letters, except to march on, under the protection of *Minerva*? What respect would the World shew you, were you not covered by her immortal *Egis*? It would trample you under foot. Suffer it to be deceived by those who are mean enough to be its worshippers; repose your confidence in Heaven, whose support will search and find you out wherever you may be.

The vine, one day, complained to Heaven, with tears, of the severity of her destiny. She envied the condition of the reed. "I am planted," said she, "amidst parched rocks, and am obliged to produce fruits replenished with juice; whereas, in the bottom of that valley, the reed, which bears nothing but a dry shag, grows at her ease by the brink of the waters." A voice from Heaven replied: "Complain not, O vine! at thy lot. Autumn is coming on, when the reed will perish, without honour, on the border of the marshes; but the rain of the skies will go in quest of thee in the mountain, and thy juices,

“matured on the rock, shall one day serve to cheer the heart of God and Man.”

We have, farther, a considerable ground of hope of reformation, in the affection which we bear to our Kings. With us, the love of Country is one and the same thing with the love of our Prince. This is the only bond which unites us, and which, oftener than once, has prevented our falling to pieces. On the other hand, Nations are the real monuments of Kings. All those monuments of stone, by which so many Princes have dreamt of immortalizing their names, frequently served only to render them detestable. *Pliny* tells us, that the Egyptians of his time cursed the memory of the Kings of Egypt, who had built the pyramids; and, besides, their names had sunk into oblivion. The modern Egyptians allege, that they were raised by the Devil, undoubtedly from the sentiment of the distress which rearing those edifices must have cost Mankind. Our own People frequently ascribes the same origin to our ancient bridges, and to the great roads cut through rocks, whose summits are lost in the clouds. To no purpose are medals struck for their use; they understand nothing about emblems and inscriptions. But it is the heart of Man, on which the impression ought to be made, by means of benefits conferred; the stamp there imprinted is never to be effaced. The People have lost the memory of their Monarchs who presided in councils, but they cherish, to this day, the remembrance of those of them who supped with millers.

The affection of the People fixes on one single quality in their Prince; it is his popularity: For it is from this that all the virtues flow, of which they stand in need. A single act of justice, dispensed unexpectedly, and without ostentation, to a poor widow, to a collier, fills them with admiration and delight. They look upon their Prince as a God, whose Providence is at all times, and in every place, upon the watch: And they are in the right; for a single interposition of this nature, well timed, has a ten-

dency to keep every oppressor in awe, and enlivens all the oppressed with hope. In our days, venality and pride have reared, between the People and their Sovereign, a thousand impenetrable walls of gold, of iron, and of lead. The People can no longer advance toward their Prince, but the Prince has it still in his power to descend toward the People. Our Kings have been prepossessed, on this subject, with groundless fears and prejudices. It is singularly remarkable, nevertheless, that, among the great number of Princes of all Nations, who have fallen the victims of different factions, not a single one ever perished, when employed in acts of goodness, walking about on foot, and *incognito*; but all of them, either riding in their coaches, or at table in the bosom of pleasure, or in their court, surrounded by their guards, and in the very centre of their power.

We see, at this hour, the Emperor and the King of Prussia, in a carriage simply, with one or two domestics, and no guards, traversing their scattered dominions, though peopled in part with strangers and conquered Nations. The great men, and the most illustrious Princes of Antiquity, such as *Scipio*, *Germanicus*, *Marcus Aurelius*, travelled without any retinue, on horseback, and frequently on foot. How many provinces of his kingdom, in an age of trouble and faction, were thus travelled over by our great *Henry IV*?

A King, in his States, ought to be like the Sun over the Earth, on which there is not one single little plant but what receives, in its turn, the influence of his rays. Of the knowledge of how many important truths are our Kings deprived, by the prejudices of courtiers? What pleasures do they lose from their sedentary mode of life! I do not speak of those of grandeur, when they see, on their approach, Nations flocking together, in millions, along the highways; the ramparts of cities set on fire with the thunder of artillery, and squadrons issuing out of their sea ports, and covering the face of the Ocean.

with flags and flame. I believe they are weary of the pleasures of glory. But I can believe them sensible to those of humanity, of which they are perpetually deprived. They are for ever constrained to be Kings, and never permitted to be Men. What delight might it not procure them to spread a veil over their greatness, like the Gods, and to make their appearance in the midst of a virtuous family, like *Jupiter*, at the fire side of *Philemon* and *Baucis* ! How little would it cost them to make happy people every day of their lives ! In many cases, what they lavish on a single family of courtiers, would supply the means of happiness to a whole Province. On many occasions, their appearance merely, would overawe all the tyrants of the district, and console all the miserable. They would be considered as omnipresent, when they were not known as confined to a particular spot. One confidential friend, a few hardy servants, would be sufficient to bring within their reach all the pleasures of travelling from place to place, and to screen them from all the inconveniencies of it.

They have it in their power to vary the seasons as they will, without stirring out of the kingdom, and to extend their pleasures to the utmost extent of their authority. Instead of inhabiting country residences on the banks of the Seine, or amidst the rocks of Fontainebleau, they might have them on the shores of the Ocean, and at the bottom of the Pyrenees. It depends altogether on themselves, to pass the burning heats of Summer, embosomed in the mountains of Dauphiné, and encompassed with a horizon of snow ; the Winter in Provence, under olive trees and verdant oaks ; the Autumn, in the ever green meadows, and amidst the apple orchards, of fertile Normandy. They would every day behold arriving on the shores of France, the seafaring men of all Nations, British, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, all exhibiting the peculiarities and the manners of their several countries. Our Kings have in their palaces, comedies, libraries, hothouses, cabinets

of Natural History ; but all these collections are only vain images of Men and of Nature. They possess no gardens more worthy of them than their kingdoms, and no libraries so fraught with instruction as their own subjects*.

Ah ! if it be possible for one single man to constitute, on this earth, the hope of the Human Race, that Man is a King of France. He reigns over his People by love, his People over the rest of Europe by manners, Europe over the rest of the Globe by power. Nothing prevents his doing good when he pleases. It is in his power, notwithstanding the venality of employments, to humble

* Here, undoubtedly, the Volume ought to have closed. It is no inconsiderable mortification to me, that my duty, as a Translator, permitted me not to retrench the piece of extravagance which follows. In justice to myself, however, I transmit it to the British Public, with an explicit disavowal of its spirit, of its style, of its sentiments, and of its object. I can excuse the rapturous vanity of a Frenchman, when his Prince, or when his Republic is the theme ; I can not only excuse, but likewise commend, the effusions of a grateful heart, filled with the idea of a kingly benefactor ; I can excuse the self complacency of an Author contemplating the probable success and influence of a good Book, his own production ; nay, I can make allowance for a good Catholic, exalting a Saint upon Earth into an Intercessor in Heaven : But who can forbear smiling, or rather weeping, at the airy visions of a returning golden age, on the very eve of an explosion of the age of iron, clothed in every circumstance of horror ? Who but must be kindled into indignation, at seeing genius degraded into a servile minister of fulsome adulation, to the vilest of women ? Who but must deride the pretensions so frequently advanced, by the wise and by the unwise, and as frequently exposed, to the gift of predicting future events ?

In Latin, the same word, *Vates*, denotes both Poet and Prophet ; and the two characters are by no means incompatible. Our Author is no mean Poet, he is a first rate Naturalist, he is an eloquent Writer, and, what is above all, he is a good and estimable Man ; but events have demonstrated, that he is but a wretched Prophet. A few short years have scattered his fond prognostics "into air, thin air." He makes it one of the glories of the reign of *Louis XVI.*, that he "supported the oppressed Americans." Whatever political sagacity might have dictated, or predicted, at the time, respecting his interference in the dispute between Great Britain and her American Colonies, the issue has demonstrated that this interference was injudicious and impolitic, as far as he was personally concerned. The support which he gave to *oppressed* America, laid an accumulated weight on *oppressed* France, and precipitated that Revolution, which, by progressive steps, abridged his power, annihilated

haughty vice, and to exalt lowly virtue. It is, farther, in his power, to descend toward his subjects, or to bid them rise toward him. Many Kings have repented that they had placed their confidence in treasures, in allies, in corps, and in grandees ; but no one that he had trusted in his People and in GOD. Thus reigned the popular *Charles V*, and the *St. Louises*. Thus you shall one day have reigned, O *Louis XVI* ! You have, from your very first advances to the throne, given laws for the reestablishment of manners ; and, what was still more difficult, you have exhibited the example, in the midst of a French Court. You have destroyed the remains of feudal slavery, mitigated the hardships endured by unfortunate prisoners, as well as the severity of civil and military punishments ; you have given to the inhabitants of certain provinces the liberty of assessing themselves to the public imposts, remitted to the Nation the dues of your accession to the Crown, secured to the poor seaman a part of the fruits of war, and restored to men of letters the natural privilege of reaping those of their labours.

While, with one hand, you were assisting and relieving the wretched part of the Nation, with the other, you raised statues to its illustrious men of ages past, and you supported the oppressed Americans. Certain wise men, who are about your person, and, what is still more potent than their wisdom, the charms and the sensibility of your august Consort, have rendered the path of virtue easy to you. O great King ! if you proceed with constancy in the

his splendor, hurled him from his throne, subjected his neck to the axe, and blasted the prospects of his Family. Here was one of the fearful reactions of a righteous Providence.

The nauseous eulogium pronounced on the *charms and sensibility of his august Consort*, is still more intolerable. It is notorious to all Europe, that the lewdness, the pride, the prodigality, the ambition, the resentments, of that bad woman, filled up the measure of moral depravity among the higher orders in France ; embroiled the two hemispheres of the Globe in the horrors of war ; and ruined her Country, ruined her Husband, ruined Herself, ruined her Posterity. Another of the reactions of a righteous Providence !

H. H.

rough paths of-virtue, your name will one day be invoked by the miserable of all Nations. It will preside over their destinies even during the life of their own Sovereigns. They will present it as a barrier to oppose their tyrants, and as a model to their good Kings. It will be revered from the rising to the setting of the Sun, like that of the *Tituses*, and of the *Antoninuses*. When the Nations which now cover the Earth shall be no more, your name shall still live, and shall flourish with a glory ever new. The Majesty of ages shall increase its venerability, and posterity the most remote, shall envy us the felicity of having lived under your government.

I, Sire, am nothing. I may have been the victim of public calamities, and remain ignorant of the causes. I may have spoken of the means of remedying them, without knowing the power and the resources of mighty Kings. But if you render us better and more happy, the *Tacituses* of future times will study, from you, the art of reforming and governing men in a difficult age. Other *Fenelons* will one day speak of France, under your reign, as of happy Egypt under that of *Sesostris*. Whilst you are then receiving upon Earth, the invariable homage of men, you will be their mediator with DEITY, of whom you shall have been among us, the most lively image. Ah ! if it were possible that we should lose the sentiment of his existence from the corruption of those who ought to be our patterns, from the disorder of our passions, from the wanderings of our own understanding, from the multiplied ills of humanity ; O King ! it would be still glorious for you to preserve the love of order in the midst of the general disorder. Nations, abandoned to the will of lawless tyrants, would flock together for refuge to the foot of your throne, and would come to seek, in you, the God whom they no longer perceived in Nature.

ADVERTISEMENT

RESPECTING

THIS ADDITIONAL VOLUME OF MY WORK.*

WHILE I was preparing for a republication of this Work, I received, on the subject of it, advices, criticisms, and compliments.

The advices related to its form. I have constantly adhered to that of 12mo. in these three successive editions, because it is more commodious, an easier purchase to the Reader, and more beneficial to the Author, because Pirates find less profit in counterfeiting it. The fashionable world, however, signified a preference in favour of an 8vo. as being more genteel, and because the page, having a broader margin, and admitting of a larger space between the lines, the impression would be more beautiful. Men of letters expressed a wish to have an Edition of the Book in 4to. because, being in a larger type, it would be more pleasant to read, and the plates might then be engraved on a larger scale. In a word, I was expecting a solicitation, from some of the *Literati*, to aspire after the honours of a Folio, when an amiable Lady proposed to me, very seriously, to give an Edition in 18vo. "on purpose," said she, with an inimitable grace, "that I may never go without it in my pocket."

* The last British Edition of this work was printed in five Volumes 8vo. the whole of which are now comprised in three. Former British Editions contained only four Volumes: The remainder of *this* Volume being added to the last London Edition made a fifth Volume.

I feel myself so highly honoured by the good opinion of the Ladies, that I know not whether my vanity would not be more agreeably flattered with being in their pockets in the size of an 18vo. than in that of a huge atlas, in the library of the Louvre. This species of *incognito* has, besides, an inexpressible somewhat in it which is singularly grateful to me. In the agreeable perplexity to which I am reduced, and under an impossibility of giving four new Editions at once, to gratify the taste of all my Readers, a thought struck me, of inviting those of them who dislike the 12mo. size, to send their instructions, free of postage, to my Booksellers, containing simply their address, and the form which they prefer. I shall then be determined by the plurality of suffrages; and as soon as I shall have five hundred of them in favour of an Octavo or a Quarto, I shall publish it by subscription, on a fine paper, with new plates drawn and engraved by Artists of the first ability. But if there be only two hundred and fifty voices in favour of the Decimo octavo, I will give the preference to this size; for I have always estimated the suffrage of one Lady as equal, at least, to those of two Gentlemen.

Some men of the world have inquired, whether I intended to make any additions to this Edition; and, in this case, desired me to give a detached supplement, for the accommodation of those who have purchased the preceding Editions, alleging that Authors, who acted otherwise, defrauded the Public.

An Author who is difficult to please with his own performance, which I acknowledge to be the case with myself, and who is frequently called upon to review it, is sometimes reduced to the necessity of making a few slight additions, in order to elucidate passages which may seem to labour under some obscurity. He is obliged, at least, to change some things in the notices, which must needs vary in every different Edition, without admitting the possibility of giving these variations, in a detached supplement, so as to excite any interest. But, on the supposi-

tion of his thereby defrauding a part of the Public of some part of his performance, I ask, Whether the Public, as a body, does not defraud him more completely, by purchasing, without any scruple, the spurious Editions of his Work? The only method which an Author can employ to bring these into discredit, is to add something new, to every genuine new Edition.

These piracies have done, and are still doing, me inconceivable mischief. I do not speak of those of my first Edition, with which the southern provinces of France have been filled*; but scarcely had the second appeared, when it was counterfeited, with its additions, approbations, privilege, nay, with the very titles containing the address of my booksellers. Other plunderers have had the audacity to announce, in the catalogue of books of Leipzig fair, for the month of October 1787, an Edition of my *Studies of Nature*, published at Lyons, by *Pieffre* and *de la Moliere*, though I never had any thing printed except at Paris. A new Edition of the Work has just been published at Bruffels, in four volumes. A Gentleman, with whom my Printer is acquainted, saw at London, in the month of September last, four different Editions of it, without being able to procure the genuine one.

* *M. Marin*, superintendent of the press at Marseilles, seized a whole bale of those counterfeits, about a year and a half ago, which, in defiance of all his remonstrances, was confiscated to the benefit of the Syndical Chamber of that city, and not, as justice required, to mine. *M. de Chassel*, superintendent of the press at Nancy, stopped there, about six months ago, some spurious copies of my second Edition, which *M. Vidaud de la Tour* took care to remit to me, conformably to the decision of *M. de Lamoignon*, keeper of the seals. The Pirate had only retrenched, in the advertisement, what I there said of the beauty of the characters of my second Edition, similar to those of the present, because the pitifulness of his own, would presently have detected the fraud. I have now reason to expect, from the vigilance of *M. Vidaud de la Tour*, whose zeal for the interests of literary property so well supports the justice of *M. de Lamoignon*, a name so dear to the republic of letters, that we shall see at length repressed, in the kingdom, the plundering committed by literary pirates, in defiance of Royal authority, and so injurious to the interest of Authors, especially of such as have no other property except their Works.

It may, however, be very easily distinguished by the beauty of its characters, from all the spurious Editions, which, besides, can never be any thing more than bad copies of an original Edition, revised and corrected by my own hand, with all the attention of which I am capable. All this has not prevented the Public from welcoming them with avidity. After all, the point to be aimed at, is not to have no ground of complaint against Mankind, but to take care that the World have no just ground of complaint against us.

Supposing it were not a matter of conscience with me, to practise justice toward every individual, I am under too many obligations to the Public, not to study their gratification, to the utmost of my ability. I have never enjoyed any other steady declaration in my favour, but that of the public voice. On the other hand, if the importance of the errors which I have ventured to attack, and my personal circumstances, are taken into consideration, I have the presumption to hope that the generosity of the Public will, one day, rank me with the few in number, who have devoted themselves to the interests of humanity, at the expense of their own fortune.

I shall not begin, at these years, to deviate from the principles which have governed my life. I am going to insert here, therefore, some reflections, which would, perhaps, have come in more properly, in the advertisement prefixed to this third Edition; but I transfer them to this place, that those who are disposed to purchase the fifth volume separately, may be informed of every thing which I have thought it necessary to add, without being obliged to buy the other four. I would have, in like manner, annexed the additions which I made to my first Edition, on the subject of the elongation of the Poles, and of the Currents of the Atlantic Ocean, had not these additions been too considerable in bulk. But if I do not introduce them here, word for word, I repeat at least the sense of them; and to these I subjoin new proofs, which demonstrate the certainty of those important truths.

I have first corrected, in the titles of this third Edition, an error which had slipped into those of the other two. It is indeed a matter of the last indifference to my Readers, being no more than a transposition of my baptismal names; but it has given occasion to some mistakes.

I do not recollect my having added any thing to the text, except a single observation respecting the counter currents of the Ohio, which I have inserted in the first volume of this third Edition. But it is of considerable importance, for it constitutes one proof more in favour of the explanation which I have given of the tides.

The Reader will please to remember, that I explain the direction of our tides in Summer, toward the north, from the counter currents, of the general Current, of the Atlantic Ocean, which, at that season, descends from our Pole, the ices of which are partly melted by the action of the Sun which warms it during six months. I supposed that this general Current, which then runs toward the South, being confined by the projection of Cape Saint Augustine in America, and by the entrance of the Gulf of Guinea in Africa, produced on each side counter currents which give us our tides, reascending to the north along our coasts. These counter currents actually exist in these same places, and are always produced on the two sides of a strait through which a current forces itself. But I had no need to suppose the reactions of Cape Saint Augustine and of the entrance of the Gulf of Guinea, in order to make our tides reascend a very great way toward the North. The simple action of the general Current of the Atlantic, which descends from the North Pole and rushes toward the South, displacing by its impetuosity a vast mass of water, which it repels to the right and to the left, is sufficient to produce, through the whole length of its course, those lateral reactions which occasion our tides, and make them flow to the North.

I had quoted, on this subject, two observations, the first of which is level to every capacity. It is that of a source

which, on discharging itself into a bason, produces at the sides of that bason, a backward motion or counter current, which carries straws and other floating substances up toward the source.

The second observation is extracted from the History of New France by Father *Charlevoix*. He tells us that, though the wind was contrary, he sailed at the rate of eight good leagues a day up lake Michigan, against its general Current, with the assistance of its lateral counter currents.

But *M. de Crevecoeur*, Author of the Letters of an American Farmer, goes still farther; for he assures us, (*Vol. III. page 433*) that in sailing up the Ohio, along its banks, he made 422 miles in fourteen days, which amounts to more than six leagues a day, "with the assistance," says he, "of the counter currents, which have always a velocity equal to the principal Current." This is the only observation which I have added, on account of its importance, and out of the respect which I bear to its Author.

Thus the general effect of the tides is placed in the clearest light, by the instance of the lateral counter currents of our basons, into which sources discharge themselves, by those of the lakes which receive rivers, and by those of rivers themselves, notwithstanding their considerable declivities, without any necessity for a particular strait, to produce those reactions along the whole extent of their shores, though straits considerably increase these same counter currents, or eddies.

The course of our tides toward the North in Winter, it must be admitted, cannot be explained as an effect of the lateral counter currents of the Atlantic Ocean, which descends from the North, for at that season its general Current comes from the South Pole, the ices of which are then in fusion by the heat of the Sun. But the course of those tides toward the North, may be conceived still more easily, from the direct effect of the general Current of the

South Pole, which runs straight North. In this direction, that southern Current passes, almost throughout, from a wider space into a narrower, being confined, first of all, between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, and forcing its way upward, into the very bays and mediterraneans of the North, it carries before it, at once, the whole mass of the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, without permitting a single column of them to escape, to the right or to the left. At the same time, should it meet on its road, a Cape or Strait opposing its course, there can be no doubt that it would there form a lateral counter current, or tides, which would run in the opposite direction. This, accordingly, is the actual effect which it produces at Cape Saint Augustine in America, and above the Gulf of Guinea, toward the tenth degree of northern Latitude, in Africa; that is, at the two places where these two parts of the Globe approach the nearest: For in the Summer of the South Pole, the Currents and the tides, so far from bearing northward below these two points, return to the south on the American side, and run eastward on the African side, the whole length of the Gulf of Guinea, in contradiction to all the Laws of the Lunar System.

I could fill a Volume with new proofs, in support of the alternate fusion of the polar ices, and of the elongation of the Earth at the Poles, which are consequences of each other; but I have produced, in the preceding Volumes of this Work, more than were necessary to establish the certainty of these truths. The very silence of Academies, respecting objects of such high importance, is a demonstration that they have no objection to start against my hypothesis. Had I been in the wrong, in refuting the unaccountable error which led them to conclude that the Earth was flattened at the Poles, from geometrical operations, which evidently demonstrate it to be lengthened, Journals, most of which are at their disposal, would not have been wanting, to repress the voice of a solitary individual. I have met with but a single one who has had the

hardiness to support me with a suffrage. Among so many literary Potentates, who dispute with each other the Empire of opinion, and who traverse that stormy ocean, determined to sink to the bottom all who refuse to serve under their banner, a foreign Journalist has hoisted, in my favour, the flag of insurrection. It is that of Deux Ponts which I mean, conformably to my usual custom of acknowledging publicly the particular services done me; though the one in question was rather a tribute presented to truth, than a compliment paid to me, who am personally unknown to that Writer, but whom I highly honour for his impartiality.

On the other hand, if Academics have not come forward to explain themselves, we must take into consideration the embarrassment to which they felt themselves reduced, that of retracting publicly a conclusion geometrically false, but rendered venerable by age, and universally propagated. They could not adopt my results without condemning their own; and it was impossible for them to condemn mine, because they were supported by actual operations performed by themselves. I myself have been no less embarrassed, when, on publishing my observations, I found myself reduced to the alternative of choosing between their esteem and their friendship; but I followed the impulse of the sentiment of truth, which ought to absorb every political consideration. The interest of my reputation, I confess, claimed some small share, in deciding the point, but it was very small indeed. Public utility has been my leading object. I have employed neither ridicule nor enthusiasm, against men of celebrity detected in an error. I am not elevated into a state of intoxication on the score of my Reason. I approached them as I would have done to Plato laid asleep on the brink of a precipice; fearing the moment of their awaking, and still more the prolongation of their slumbers. I have not imputed their blindness to any want of light, an insinuation to which the learned are so sensibly alive; but to the

glare of systems, and especially, to the influence of education, and the power of moral habits, which cloud our reason with so many prejudices. I have given, in the advertisement to my first Volume, the origin of this error, which was first broached by *Newton*, and the geometrical refutation of it, in the explanation of the plates at the head of that Volume.

I have reason to apprehend that my moderation and candor have not been imitated. There appeared on the 21st of last November, in the *Paris Journal*, a very severe anonymous criticism of the *STUDIES OF NATURE*. It sets out, indeed, with a general commendation of that Work; but it attempts to destroy, in detail, all the good which the public voice seems to have extorted from it. These strictures had been preceded, a little while before, by certain other anonymous letters, in which my Book was not mentioned by name, but a cold and subtle poison was sprinkled over it, without any seeming design, very much calculated to produce its effect at the long run. I was not a little surprised to find this masked battery opened by an unknown adversary upon me; for I was conscious of having endeavoured to deserve well of all mankind, and could not imagine that I stood in any one's way. But on being informed that several of my friends had, to no purpose, presented to the *Journal of Paris*, copies of verses, and prose strictures, in my vindication; that long before this they had rejected some small literary pieces, in which I was mentioned to advantage, I became convinced that a party had been there formed against me. Upon this, I had recourse to the *General Journal of France*, the impartial Compiler of which had the goodness to insert my defence and remonstrance, in his paper of the 29th November, No. 143.

Here, then, is a copy of my reply to the critic who thought proper to employ concealment and sarcasm against physical truths, and who assumed, in making his attack upon me, the post of the coward, and the arms of the ruffian.

To the Compiler of the Journal General of France:

S I R,

“ A WRITER who conceals himself under the description of a *Solitary of the Pyrenées*, jealous, I suppose, of the gracious reception bestowed by the Public on my *Studies of Nature*, has got inserted into the Journal of Paris, of yesterday the 21st, a very ill natured criticism of that Work.

“ He seems to have taken particular offence at my having presumed to accuse the Academicians of an error, in concluding from the increase of quantity in the degrees of Latitude toward the Poles, that the Earth was flattened there ; at my attributing the cause of the tides to the melting of the polar ices, &c.....In order to weaken the force of my results, he exhibits them without the proofs. He carefully keeps out of sight my demonstration of the fact, so simple and so evident, by which I have made it to appear that when the degrees of an arch of a circle lengthen, the arch of the circle itself likewise lengthens, and does not become flat. This is demonstrable from the poles of an egg, as well as from those of the Globe. He has not told, that the ices of each pole, having a circumference of from five to six thousand leagues, in their winter, and only from two to three thousand in their summer, I had good ground for concluding, from their alternate fusions, all the movements of the Seas. He has not said a single word of the multitude of proofs geometrical, nautical, geographical, botanical, and even academical, by which I have supported these new and important truths. I leave it to my Readers to judge how far they are solid.

“ As it is evident that this anonymous Writer has observed Nature only in Systematic books ; that he opposes names merely, to facts ; and authorities, to rea-

“ Sons ; that he there considers as decidedly certain, what I
 “ have completely refuted ; that he makes me to say in
 “ his critique what I never did say ; that such criticism
 “ is within the reach of every superficial, idle, and dishon-
 “ est man, who can hold a pen ; that neither my health,
 “ my time, nor my taste, permit me to confute such spe-
 “ cies of dissertation, even had the author the manliness
 “ to shew himself : I declare, therefore, that in future, I
 “ will not deign to repel such attacks, especially on the
 “ field of the public papers.

“ At the same time, if there be any friend of truth who
 “ shall discover errors in my Book, which undoubtedly,
 “ may easily be done, and who shall have so much friend-
 “ ship for me, as address himself directly to me, I will
 “ take care to have them corrected, and will openly ac-
 “ knowledge the obligation in terms of the highest respect ;
 “ because, like that man, I aim at nothing but truth, and
 “ honour those only who love it.

“ I stand, Sir, quite alone. As I belong to no party,
 “ I have no one literary Journal at my disposal. It is
 “ long since I knew by experience, that I had not the
 “ credit to get any thing inserted in that of Paris, even in
 “ the service of the miserable. Permit me to entreat you,
 “ then, to find a place in your impartial paper, for this
 “ my present reply, accompanied with my solemn protes-
 “ tation of silence for the future.

“ One word more ; while I complain of the anonymous
 “ critic, who has attacked my Work with so much acri-
 “ mony, I feel myself obliged to acknowledge that he has
 “ pronounced an excessively fulsome elogium on my style.
 “ I know not, however, which way to account for it ; but
 “ I feel myself still more humbled by his praise than irri-
 “ tated by his satire.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ *Signed,*

“ DE SAINT PIERRE.

“ Paris, Nov. 22, 1787.”

The anonymous Reviewer promised to enter more minutely into an examination of my Book in some following sheets of the Paris Journal ; but the Public having expressed some displeasure at seeing me attacked rather indecently, on a field to which my friends had no access, the Editor of that Journal, willing to make a show of impartiality, soon after published a fragment of an epistle in verse, intended to do me honour. This elogium is likewise the production of an anonymous Author ; for the virtuous conceal themselves to do good, as the malignant to do mischief. The verses detached from the piece, and which contain my panegyric, are exceedingly beautiful ; but there are some others in the rest of the epistle, in my opinion, still more beautiful. I would have expatiated much more cordially in praise of them, had they not gone much too far in praise of me. Nevertheless, gratitude constrains me to say, that they are the production of Mr. *Theressé*, Counsellor at Law, who favoured me a year ago, in the month of January, with this particular testimony of his friendship, and of his superior talents.

Let us return to the point in which the Academicians are principally interested. In order to acquire conviction that the Poles of the Earth are drawn out lengthwise, there is not the least occasion for solving some transcendent geometrical problem, hedged round and round with equations, such as the quadrature of the circle ; it is sufficient to possess the most trivial notions of geometry and of physics. Before I proceed to collect the proofs which have already been produced, and to confirm these by the production of others altogether new, I beg leave to say a word or two on the means which may be employed for ascertaining the truth, as much for the sake of my own instruction, as for that of my critics.

We are in the bosom of ignorance, like mariners in the midst of a sea without shores. We perceive in it, here and there, some truths scattered about like islands. In order to hit, and to distinguish, islands in the open Sea, it

is not sufficient to know their distance from the North, or to the East. Their Latitude gives one complete circle, and their Longitude another ; but the intersection of these two measurements determines precisely the place where they are. We are capable of ascertaining truth, in like manner, only by considering it under a variety of relations. For this reason it is, that an object which it is in our power to subject to the examination of all our senses, is much better known to us than an object to which we can apply the test of but one. Thus, we have a much more exact knowledge of a tree than of a star, because we both see and touch the tree : The flower of the tree affords us still more knowledge of it than the trunk, because we can farther apply to it the test of smelling ; and finally, our observations multiply, when we examine it by the fruit, because we can now call in the evidence of the taste, and have the combined information of four senses at once. As to objects toward which we are able to direct but one of our organs, say that of vision, we can acquire the knowledge of these only by considering them under different aspects. That tower in the horrizon, you say, is blue, small and round. You approach it, and find it to be white, lofty and angular. Upon this you conclude it to be square : But on walking round it, you see that it is pentagonal. You judge it to be impossible to ascertain its height without the help of an instrument, for it is of a prodigious elevation. Take an accessible object of comparison, that of your own height, and the length of your shadow, and you will find the self same relation between these, as between the shadow of the tower and its elevation, which you deemed to be inaccessible.

Thus the knowledge of any one truth is to be acquired only by considering it under different relations. This is the reason why GOD alone is really intelligent, because He alone knows all the relations which exist among all beings ; and farther, why GOD alone is the most universally known of all beings, because the relations which He

has established among things, manifest Him in all his Works.

All truths run into one another, like the links of a chain. We acquire the knowledge of them only by comparing them to each other. Had our Academicians made the proper use of this principle, they must have discovered that the flattening of the Poles was an error. They had only to apply the consequences of this doctrine to the distribution of the Seas. If the Poles are flattened, their radii being the shortest of the Globe, all the Seas must press thitherward, as being the most depressed place of the Earth : On the other hand, if the Equator were the most elevated, all the Seas must retire from it, and the Torrid Zone would present, through its whole circumference, a Zone of dry land, of six leagues and a half of elevation, at its centre ; as the radius of the Globe, at the Equator, exceeds, by that quantity, the radius at the Poles, according to the Academicians.

Now the configuration of the Globe presents us with precisely the contrary of all this : For the most extensive and the most profound Seas are directly over the Equator ; and, on the side of our Pole, the land stretches prodigiously forward to the North, and the Seas which it contains are only mediterraneans, filled with high lands.

The South Pole is indeed, surrounded by a vast Ocean ; but as Captain *Cook* could get no nearer to it than a distance of 475 leagues, we are entirely ignorant whether there be any land in its vicinity. Besides, it is probable, as I have said elsewhere, that Nature, which contrasts and balances all things, has compensated the elevation in territory of the North Pole, by an equivalent elevation in ice, on the South Pole. *Cook* found, in fact, the icy cupola of the South Pole, much more extensive, and more elevated, than that which covers the North Pole, and he is against instituting any manner of comparison on the subject. Hear what he says, in describing one of its solid extremities, which prevented his penetrating beyond

the 71st degree of South Latitude, and resembled a chain of mountains, rising one above another, and losing themselves in the clouds. "There never were seen, in my opinion, mountains of ice such as these, in the Seas of Greenland; at least I have never read or heard of the like: No comparison, therefore, can be stated between the ices of the North, and those of the Latitudes which I am mentioning." (*Cook's Voyages*, January, 1774.)

This prodigious elevation of ices, of which *Cook* saw but one extremity, may, therefore, be a counterpoise to the elevation of territory on the North Pole, established by the learned labours of the Academicians themselves. But though the frozen Seas of the South Pole may repel the operations of Geometry, we shall see presently, by two authentic observations, that the fluid Seas which surround it, are more elevated than those at the Equator, and are at the same level with those of the North Pole.

Let us now proceed to verify the elongation of the Poles, by the very method which has been made to serve for a demonstration of their being flattened. This last hypothesis has acquired a new degree of error, from its application to the distribution of land and water upon the Globe; that of the elongation of the Poles, is going to acquire new degrees of evidence, by its extension to the different harmonies of Nature.

Let us collect, for this purpose, the proofs which lie scattered about in the preceding Volumes. Some of them are geometrical, some geographical, some atmospheric, some nautical, and some astronomical.

I. The first proof, of the elongation of the Earth at the Poles, is geometrical. I have inserted it in the explanation of the plates, at the beginning of Volume First; it alone is sufficient to set the truth in question in the clearest light of evidence. There was no occasion even for a figure in order to this. It is very easy to conceive that if, in a circle, the degrees of a portion of this circle lengthen, the whole portion containing these degrees, must like-

wife lengthen. Now, the degrees of the Meridian *do* lengthen under the polar Circle, as they are greater there than under the Equator, according to the Academicians ; therefore the polar arch of the Meridian, or, which is the same thing, the polar curve lengthens also. I have already employed this argument, to which no reply can be given, to prove that the polar curve was not flattened ; I can easily employ it likewise to prove that it is lengthened out.

II. The second proof of the elongation of the Earth at the Poles is atmospheric. It is well known that the height of the Atmosphere diminishes, in proportion as we ascend upon a mountain. Now this height diminishes likewise, in proportion as we advance toward the Pole. I am furnished, on this subject, with two barometrical experiments. The first for the Northern Hemisphere ; and the second for the Southern Hemisphere. The mercury in the Barometer, at Paris, sinks one line, at the height of eleven fathom ; and it sinks likewise one line in Sweden, on an elevation of only ten fathom, one foot, six inches, and four lines. The Atmosphere of Sweden, therefore, is lower, or, what amounts to the very same thing, its Continent is more elevated than the Land at Paris. The Earth, therefore, lengthens out as you proceed northward. This experiment, and its consequences, cannot be rejected by the Academicians ; for they are extracted from the History of the Academy of Sciences, year 1712, page 4. Consult the Explanation of the plates, Atlantic Hemisphere, beginning of Vol. I.

III. The second experiment, to prove the lowering of the Atmosphere at the Poles, was made toward the South Pole. It consists of a series of barometrical observations taken, from day to day, in the Southern Hemisphere, by Captain *Cook*, during the years 1773, 1774, and 1775, from which we see, that the mercury scarcely ever rose higher than 29 inches English, beyond the 60th degree of South Latitude, and mounted almost always to 30 inches,

and even higher, in the vicinity of the Torrid Zone, which is a proof that the barometer falls as you advance toward the South Pole, as well as toward the North Pole, and that, consequently, both are elongated.

The Table of these barometrical observations may be consulted ; it is given at the end of Captain *Cook's* second Voyage. Those of the same kind, which have been collected in the following Voyage, exhibit no regular difference from each other, whatever be the Latitude of the vessel ; which is a proof of their inaccuracy, occasioned, most probably, by the irregularity which must have arisen from the successive death of the observers ; namely, of the intelligent *Anderson*, surgeon of the ship, and *Cook's* particular friend ; of that great man himself ; and of Captain *Clerke* his successor ; and, perhaps, likewise from a zealous partizan of *Newton*, who might have been disposed to throw a cloud over facts so contrary to his system of the flattening of the Poles.

IV. The fourth proof of the elongation of the Poles, is nautical. It consists of six experiments of three different species. The two first experiments are taken from the annual descent of the ices of each Pole toward the Line ; the two second, from the Currents which descend from the Poles during their Summer ; and the two last, from the rapidity and the extent of these same Currents, which perform the tour of the Globe alternately during six months : Three are for the North Pole, and three for the South Pole.

The first experiment, that deduced from the descent of the ices of the North Pole, is detailed in the First Volume of this Work, Study Fourth. I have there quoted the testimonies of the most celebrated Navigators of the North ; particularly of *Ellis* of England, of *Linschotten* and *Barents* of Holland, of *Martens* of Hamburg, and of *Denis* the French Governor of Canada, who attest, that these ices are of a prodigious height, and that they are frequently met with in the spring, in temperate Latitudes.

Denis assures us, that they are loftier than the turrets of Notre Dame, that they sometimes form floating chains of more than a day's sailing, and that they run aground as far south as the great bank of Newfoundland. The most northerly part of this bank hardly extends beyond the fiftieth degree ; and mariners engaged in the whale fishery, do not fall in with the solid ices, in summer, till they approach the 75th degree. But on the supposition that those solid ices extend, in winter, from the Pole to the 65th degree, the floating ices detached from the icy Continent, perform a course of 375 leagues, in the two first months of spring. It is not the wind which drives them southward, for the fishing vessels which meet them have frequently fair winds ; variable winds would carry them indifferently to the North, to the East, or to the West : But it is the Current, from the North, which carries them constantly, every year, toward the Line, because the Pole, from which they take their departure, is more elevated.

V. The second experiment, of the same kind, for the South Pole, is extracted from Captain *Cook's* Voyage, the 10th December, 1772. "The 10th December, 8 o'clock "in the morning, we discovered ices to our Northwest;" to which Mr. *Forster* adds : "And about two leagues to "windward, another mass, which resembled a point of "white land. In the afternoon, we passed close by a "third, which was cubical, and was two thousand feet "long, two hundred feet broad, and, at least, two hundred feet in height." *Cook* was then in the 51st degree of south Latitude, and two degrees west Longitude from the Cape of Good Hope. He saw a great many more, up to the 17th January, 1773 ; but being at that epocha, in the Latitude of 65 degrees, 15 minutes, south, he was stopped by a bank of broken ice, which prevented his going farther southward. Thus, on the supposition that the first ice with which he found himself entangled on the 10th of December, had taken its departure from that

point on the 10th of October, the season at which it is supposed that the action of the Sun has begun to dissolve the ices of the South Pole, it must have advanced at least 14 degrees, that is 350 leagues, toward the Line, in two months : That is, must have travelled nearly the same distance, in the same space of time, with the ices which descend from the North Pole. The South Pole, therefore, as well as the North Pole, is more elevated than the Equator, seeing its ices descend toward the Torrid Zone.

VI. The third nautical experiment, demonstrative of the elongation of the North Pole, is deduced from its Currents themselves, which issue directly from the bays, and the straits of the North, with the rapidity of sluices.

I have quoted, to this purpose, the same Navigators of the North ; *Linschotten* and *Barents*, employed by the States of Holland, to discover a Northwest passage to China ; and *Ellis*, entrusted with a commission from England, to attempt a Northeast passage to the South Sea, through the bottom of Hudson's Bay. They have discovered at the extremity of those Northern Seas, Currents which issued from bays and straits, running at the rate of from eight to ten leagues an hour, hurrying along with them an infinite multitude of floating icy promontories, and of tumultuous tides, which, as well as the Currents, precipitated themselves directly from the North, from the Northeast, or from the Northwest, according as the land lay. In conformity to those invariable and multiplied facts, I myself have derived complete conviction, that the fusion of the polar ices was the second cause of the movement of the Seas ; that the Sun was the primary cause ; and on this I founded my theory of the tides. See Vol. I, Explanation of the Plates, Atlantic Hemisphere.

VII. The Currents of the South Sea, in like manner, have their source in the ices of the South Pole. Hear what *Cook* says on the subject, in his Journal, January, 1774. " Indeed the majority of us were of opinion, that this ice extended to the Pole ; or that it might possibly

“ join some land, to which it has adhered, from the earliest times ; That to the South of this parallel, are formed all the ices which we found here and there to the North ; that they are afterwards detached by violent gusts of wind, or by other causes, and thrown to the North by the Currents, which, in high Latitudes, we always observed to bear in that direction.”

This fourth nautical experiment, accordingly, proves that the South Pole is elongated, as well as the North Pole ; for if both were flattened, the Currents would set in towards them, instead of flowing toward the Line.

Those Southern Currents, are not so violent at their source as the Northern, because they are not, like them, collected in bays, and afterwards disgorged by straits ; but we shall see presently that they extend quite as far.

VIII. The fifth nautical proof of the elevation of the Poles above the Horizon of all Seas, is founded on the rapidity and the length of their Currents, which perform the tour of the Globe. The Reader may consult, on this subject, the extent of my researches, and of my proofs, at the beginning of my first Volume, in the explanation of the plate, Atlantic Hemisphere. I quoted, first, the Current of the Indian Ocean, which flows six months toward the East, and six months toward the West, according to the testimony of all the Navigators of India. I have demonstrated that this alternate and half yearly Current cannot possibly be ascribed, in any one respect, to the course of the Moon and of the Sun, which uniformly move from East to West, but to the combined heat of those luminaries, which melt, for six months alternately, the ices of each Pole.

I have afterwards adduced two very curious observations, in proof of the existence of a similar alternate and half yearly Current in the Atlantic Ocean, in which, till now, no such thing had been suspected. The first is that of *Rennefort*, who found, in the month of July 1666, on leaving the Azores, the Sea covered with the wrecks of a

naval engagement, which had taken place nine days before, between the English and Dutch, off Ostend. These wrecks had been carried along, in nine days, more than 275 leagues to the South, which is considerably above 30 leagues a day: And this is a fifth nautical experiment, which proves, from the rapidity of the Currents of the North, the considerable elevation of that Pole above the Horizon of the Seas.

IX. My sixth nautical experiment demonstrates particularly the elevation of the South Pole, from the extent of its Currents, which, in winter, force their way up to the extremities of the Atlantic. It is the observation of Mr. *Pennant*, the celebrated English Naturalist, who relates, that the Sea threw on the coasts of Scotland, the mast of the *Tilbury* man of war, which was burnt in the road of Jamaica; and that they every year pick up on the shores of the northern isles, the seeds of plants which grow nowhere but in Jamaica. *Cook* likewise assures us, in the *Journal of his Voyages*, as an undoubted fact, that there are found, every year, on the coast of Iceland, in great quantities, large flat and round seeds called the *oxeye*, which grow only in America.

X. and XI. The astronomical proofs, of the elongation of the Poles, are three in number. The two first are Lunar. I mean the twofold observation of *Tycho Brhaë* and of *Kepler*, who saw, in central eclipses of the Moon, the shadow of the Earth lengthened at the Poles. I have quoted it Vol. I, Study IV. It is impossible to oppose any thing to the ocular testimony of two Astronomers of such high reputation, whose calculations, so far from being favoured, were deranged, by their observations.

XII. The third astronomical proof, of the elongation of the Poles, is Solar, and respects the North Pole. It is the observation of *Barents*, who perceived, in *Nova Zembla*, in the 76th degree of North Latitude, the Sun in the Horizon, fifteen days sooner than he expected. The Sun, in this case, was two degrees and a half more elevated

than he ought to have been. Allowing one degree for the refraction of the Atmosphere, in winter, at the 76th degree of North Latitude, or even a degree and a half, which is a very considerable concession, there would remain one degree at least, for the extraordinary elevation of the Observer, above the Horizon of Nova Zembla. I have, on this occasion, detected another mistake of the Academician *Bouguer*, who fixes the greatest refraction of the Sun at no more than 34 minutes, for all climates. It is easy to see that I do not avail myself of all the advantages given me by the Gentlemen whose opinions I am combating. See Vol. I, Explanation of the plate, Atlantic Hemisphere.

All these twelve proofs, deduced from the different harmonies of Nature, mutually concur in demonstrating that the Poles are elongated. They are supported by a multitude of facts, the number of which it were easy for me to increase; whereas the Academicians are unable to apply to any one phenomenon of the Earth, of the Sea, or of the Atmosphere, their result of the flattening of the Poles, without instantly discovering it to be a mistake. Besides, Geometry alone is sufficient to convince them of it.

They have, I admit, made the vibrations of the pendulum to quadrate with it; but that experiment is liable to a thousand errors. It is, at least, as much to be suspected as that of the burning mirror, which has served them as a foundation to conclude that the rays of the Moon had no heat; whereas the contrary has been proved both at Rome and at Paris, by professors of Physics. The pendulum lengthens by heat, and contracts by cold. It is very difficult to counterbalance its variations, by an assemblage of rods of different metals. On the other hand, it is very easy for men, prejudiced from infancy by the doctrine of attraction, to make a mistake of some lines in favour of it. Besides, all these petty methods of Physics, subject to so many misreckonings, can in no respect whatever contradict the elongation of the Poles of the Earth,

of which Nature exhibits the same results on the Sea, in the Air, and in the Heavens.

The elongation of the Poles being demonstrated, the Current of the Seas and of the tides follows as a natural consequence. Many persons observing a coincidence, between our tides, and the phases of the Moon, of the same increases and diminutions, have concluded as certain, that this luminary, by means of her attraction, is the first moving principle of those phenomena : But these coincidences exist only in one part of the Atlantic Ocean. They proceed, not from the attraction of the Moon acting upon the Seas, but from her heat, reflected from the Sun on the polar ices, the effusions of which she increases, conformably to certain Laws peculiar to our Continents. Every where else, the number, the variety, the duration, the regularity and the irregularity of the tides, have no relation whatever to the phases of the Moon, and coincide, on the contrary, with the effects of the Sun on the polar ices, and the configuration of the Poles of the Earth. This we are now going to demonstrate, by employing the same principle of comparison which has enabled us to refute the error of the Academicians respecting the flattening of the Poles, and to prove the truth of my theory respecting their elongation.

If the Moon acted, by her attraction on the tides of the Ocean, she would extend the influence of it to mediterranean seas and lakes. But, this is not the case, as mediterranean seas and lakes have no tides, at least, no lunar tides ; for we have observed that the lakes, situated at the foot of icy mountains, have, in Summer, solar tides, or a flux like the Ocean. Such is the lake of Geneva, which has a regular afternoon's flux. This coincidence of the flux of lakes in the vicinity of icy mountains, with the heat of the Sun, gives, at once, a high degree of probability to my theory of the tides ; and, on the contrary, the disagreement of those same fluxes with the phases of the Moon, as well as the tranquillity of mediterraneans, when

that star passes over their meridian, render, at first sight, her attraction more liable to suspicion. But we shall see presently, that in the vast Ocean itself, the greatest part of the tides have no manner of relation either to her attraction or to her course.

I have already quoted, in the explanation of the plates, the Navigator *Dampier*, who informs us, that the highest tide which he observed, on the coasts of New Holland, did not take place till three days after the full Moon. He affirms, as well as all the Navigators of the South, that the tides rise very little, between the Tropics, and that they are, at most, from four to five feet high, in the East Indies, and a foot and a half only, on the coasts of the South Sea.

Let me now be permitted to ask, Why those tides between the Tropics, are so feeble, and so much retarded, under the direct influence of the Moon? Wherefore the Moon, by her attraction, gives us two tides every twenty four hours, in our Atlantic Ocean, while she produces but one in many places of the South Sea, which is incomparably broader? Wherefore there are, in that same South Sea, diurnal and semidiurnal tides, that is of twelve hours and of six hours? Wherefore the greatest part of the tides take place there constantly at the same hours, and rise to a regular height almost all the year round, whatever may be the irregularities of the phases of the Moon? Why there are some which rise at the quadratures, just as at the full and new Moons? Wherefore are they always stronger in proportion as you approach the Poles, and frequently set in towards the Line, contrary to the pretended principle of their impulsion?

These problems, which it is impossible to solve by the theory of the Moon's attraction at the Equator, are of easy solution, on the hypothesis of the alternate action of the Sun's heat on the ices of the two Poles.

I am going, first, to prove this diversity of the tides, even from the testimony of *Newton's* compatriots, and

zealous partisans of his system. My witnesses are no obscure men; they are persons of science, naval officers of the King of Great Britain, selected, one after another, by the voice of their Nation, and the appointment of their Prince, to perform the tour of the Globe, and to derive from their observations, information of importance to the study of Nature. They are men of no less note than Captains *Byron*, *Carteret*, *Cook*, *Clerke*, and the astronomer *Mr. Wales*. To these I shall subjoin the testimony of *Newton* himself. Let us, first of all examine what they relate respecting the tides of the southern part of the South Sea.

In the road of the island of *Massafuero*, in 33 degrees, 46 minutes, of South Latitude, and 80 degrees, 22 minutes, West Longitude, from the Meridian of London..... "The Sea runs twelve hours to the North, and then flows "back twelve hours to the South." (Captain *Byron*, April, 1765.)

As the island of *Massafuero* is in the southern part of the South Sea, its tides, which set in to the North in April, run, therefore, toward the Line, in contradiction to the Lunar System: Besides, its tides are of twelve hours duration; another difficulty.

At English Creek, on the coast of New Britain, about the 5th degree of South Latitude, and 152 degrees of Longitude, "The tide has a flux and reflux once in twenty four hours." (Captain *Carteret*, August, 1767.)

At the Bay of the Isles, in New Zealand, toward 34 degrees, 59 minutes of South Latitude, and 185 degrees, 36 minutes, West Longitude: "From the observations "which I have been able to make on the coast, relatively "to the tides, it appears, that the flood sets in from the "South." (Captain *Cook*, December, 1769.)

Here are still tides in the open Seas which run toward the Line, against the impulsion of the Moon. They descended, at that season, to New Zealand, from the South Pole, the Currents of which were then in a state of activ-

ity, for it was the Summer of that Pole, being the month of December. Those of Massafuero, though observed in the month of April, by Captain *Byron*, had likewise the same origin, because the Currents of the North Pole, which do not commence till toward the end of March, at the time of our vernal Equinox, had not as yet begun to check the influence of the South Pole, in the Southern Hemisphere.

At the mouth of River Endeavour, in New Holland, 15 degrees, 26 minutes of South Latitude, and 214 degrees, 42 minutes West Longitude, where Captain *Cook* refitted his vessel, after having run aground : “ Neither
“ the flood tide, nor the ebb, were considerable, except
“ once in twenty four hours, just as we found it while
“ we were fast upon the rock.” (Captain *Cook*, June, 1770.)

At the entrance of Christmas harbour, in Kerguelen's Land, about 48 degrees, 29 minutes South Latitude, and 68 degrees, 42 minutes, East Longitude ; “ While we
“ were lying at anchor, we observed that the flood tide
“ came from the Southeast, running two knots, at least,
“ in an hour.” (Captain *Cook*, December, 1776.

Here, accordingly, is another tide which descended directly from the South Pole. It appears that this tide was regular and diurnal, that is, a tide of twelve hours ; for *Cook* adds, a few pages afterwards : “ It is high water
“ here, at the full and change days, about ten o'clock ;
“ and the tide rises and falls about four feet.”

In the islands of O Taïti, in 17 degrees, 29 minutes, South Latitude, and 149 degrees, 35 minutes Longitude ; and of Ulietea, in 16 degrees, 45 minutes, South Latitude : “ Some observations were also made on the tide ;
“ particularly at Otaheite and Ulietea ; with a view of as-
“ certaining its greatest rise at the first place. When we
“ were there, in my second voyage, Mr. *Wales* thought
“ he had discovered, that it rose higher than I had observ-
“ ed it to do, when I first visited Otaheite in 1769. But

“ the observations we now made proved that it did not ;
 “ that is, that it never rose higher than twelve or fourteen
 “ inches at most. And it was observed, to be high water
 “ nearly at noon, as well at the quadratures, as at the full and
 “ change of the Moon.” (Captain *Cook*, December, 1777.)

Cook gives, in this place of his Journal, a table of the tides in those islands, from the first up to the twenty sixth of November ; from which it is evident that they had but one tide a day, and this, during the whole course of the month, was at its mean height, between eleven and one o'clock. It is, accordingly, evident, that tides so regular, at epochs of the Moon so different, could have no relation whatever to the phases of that luminary.

Cook was at Taïti, in 1769, in the month of July, that is, in the winter of the South Pole : He was there a second time, in 1777, in the month of December, that is, in its summer : It is accordingly possible, that the effusions of this Pole, being then more copious and nearer to Taïti, than those of the North Pole, the tides might be stronger in that island, in the month of December, than in July, and that Mr. *Wales*, the Astronomer, was in the right.

Let us now observe the effects of the tides, in the northern part of the South Sea.

At the entrance of Nootka, on the coast of America, in 49 degrees, 36 minutes, of North Latitude, and 233 degrees, 17 minutes, East Longitude : “ It is high water on
 “ the days of the new and full Moon, at 12 hours, 20
 “ minutes. The perpendicular rise and fall, eight feet
 “ nine inches ; which is to be understood of the day
 “ tides, and those which happen two or three days after
 “ the full and new Moon. The night tides, at this time,
 “ rise near two feet higher. This was very conspicuous
 “ during the spring tide of the full Moon, which happen-
 “ ed soon after our arrival ; and it was obvious, that it
 “ would be the same in those of the new Moon, though
 “ we did not remain here long enough to see the whole
 “ of its effect.” (Captain *Cook*, April, 1778.)

Here, then, are two tides a day, or semi diurnal, on the other side of our Hemisphere, as in our own ; whereas it appears that there is only one in the southern Hemisphere, that is, in the South Sea only. Farther, those semi diurnal tides differ from ours, in this, that they take place at the same hour, and that they exhibit no sensible rise till the second or third day after the full Moon. We shall presently unfold the reason of these phenomena, which are totally inexplicable on the hypothesis of the Lunar System.

We shall see, in the two following observations, those northern tides of the South Sea, remarked in April, becoming, in higher Latitudes, on the same coast, stronger in May, and still stronger in June, which cannot, in any respect, be referred to the course of the Moon, which passes then into the southern Hemisphere, but to the course of the Sun, which passes into the northern Hemisphere, and proceeds to warm, more and more, the ices of the North Pole, the fusion of which increases, in proportion as the heat of the star of day increases. Besides, the direction of those tides of the North toward the Line, and other circumstances, will constitute a complete confirmation that they derive their origin from the Pole.

At the entrance of Cook's River, on the coast of America, toward 57 degrees, and 51 minutes, North Latitude :
“ Here was a strong tide setting to the Southward out of
“ the inlet. It was the ebb, and ran between three and
“ four knots in an hour ; and it was low water at ten
“ o'clock. A good deal of sea weed, and some drift
“ wood, were carried out with the tide. The water too
“ had become thick like that in rivers ; but we were en-
“ couraged to proceed by finding it as salt at low water as
“ the ocean. The strength of the flood tide was three
“ knots ; and the stream ran up till four in the afternoon.”
(Captain Cook, May, 1778.)

By *knots*, the sailors mean the divisions of the log rope ; and by *log*, a small piece of wood which they throw into

the Sea tied to a rope, for measuring the course of a vessel. When in one minute, three divisions, or knots, of the rope run out from the ship, they conclude that the vessel, or the current, is making three miles an hour, or one league.

On sailing up the same inlet, at a place where it was only four leagues broad : " Through this channel ran a prodigious tide. It looked frightful to us, who could not tell whether the agitation of the water was occasioned by the stream, or by the breaking of the waves against rocks or sands.....Here we lay during the ebb, which ran near five knots in the hour (one league two thirds.) Until we got thus far, the water had retained the same degree of saltness at low, as at high water ; and at both periods, was as salt as that in the Ocean. But now the marks of a River displayed themselves. The water taken up this ebb, when at the lowest, was found to be very considerably fresher, than any we had hitherto tasted ; infomuch that I was convinced we were in a large river, and not in a strait, communicating with the Northern Seas." (Captain *Cook*, 30th May, 1778.)

What *Cook* calls the inlet, to which the name of *Cook's* great River has since been given, is, from its course, and its brackish waters, neither a strait, nor a river, but a real northern sluice, through which the effusions of the polar ices are discharged into the Ocean. We find others of the same kind at the bottom of Hudson's Bay. *Ellis* was mistaken in these, in taking them for straits which had a communication from the Northern Ocean to the South Sea. It was in the view of dissipating the doubts which had remained on this subject, that *Cook* attempted the same investigation, to the north of the coasts of California.

Continuation of the discovery of the interior of the Inlet, or *Cook's* great River : " After we had entered the Bay, the flood set strong into the river Turnagain ; and ebb came out with still greater force ; the water falling, while we lay at anchor, twenty feet upon a perpendicular." (Captain *Cook*, June, 1778.)

That which *Cook* calls the ebb, or the reflux, appears to me to be the flood, or the flux itself, for it was more tumultuous, and more rapid than what he calls the flux ; for the reaction never can be more powerful than the action. The falling tide, even in our rivers, is never so strong as the rising tide. This last generally produces a bar at the mouth of the stream, which the other does not.

Cook, prepossessed in favour of the prevailing opinion, that the cause of the tides is between the Tropics, could not assume the resolution to consider this flood, which came from the interior of the land, as a real tide. Nevertheless, in the opposite part of that same Continent, I mean, at the bottom of Hudson's Bay, the flood, or the tide, comes from the West, that is, from the interior of the country.

The following is what we find related, on this subject, in the Introduction to *Cook's* third Voyage. " Middleton, who commanded the expedition in 1741 and 1742, " into Hudson's Bay, had proceeded farther North than " any of his predecessors in that navigation. He had, between the latitude of 65° and 66°, found a very considerable inlet running Westward, into which he entered " with his ships ; and, after repeated trials of the tides, " and endeavours to discover the nature and course of the " opening, for three weeks successively, he found the " flood constantly to come from the Eastward, and that " it was a large river he had got into, to which he gave " the name of *Wager* River.

" The accuracy, or rather the fidelity of this report was " denied by Mr. Dobbs, who contended that this opening " is a Strait, and not a fresh water river, and that Middleton, if he had examined it properly, would have found a " passage through it to the Western American Ocean. " The failure of this Voyage, therefore, only served to " furnish our zealous advocate for the discovery with " new arguments for attempting it once more ; and he " had the good fortune, after getting the reward of twen-

“ ty thousand pounds established by act of parliament, to
“ prevail upon a society of Gentlemen and Merchants to
“ fit out the Dobbs and California ; which ships it was
“ hoped, would be able to find their way into the Pacific
“ Ocean, by the very opening which Middleton’s voyage
“ had pointed out, and which he was believed to have
“ misrepresented.

“ This renovation of hope only produced fresh disap-
“ pointment. For it is well known, that the Voyage of
“ the Dobbs and California*, instead of confuting, strong-
“ ly confirmed all that Middleton had asserted. The sup-
“ posed strait was found to be nothing more than a fresh
“ water river, and its utmost Western navigable bounda-
“ ries were now ascertained, by accurate examination.”

Wager’s river, accordingly, produces a real tide from the West, because it is one of the sluices which open from the North into the Atlantic Ocean : It is evident, therefore, that *Cook’s* great River produces, on its side, a real tide from the East, because it is likewise one of the sluices of the North into the South Sea.

Besides, the height and the tumult of those tides of *Cook’s* great River, similar to those of the bottom of *Hudson’s* Bay, of *Waigat’s* Strait, &c. the diminution of their saltness, their general direction toward the Line, prove that they are formed in Summer, in the North of the South Sea, as well as in the North of the Atlantic Ocean, from the fusion of the ices of the North Pole.

In the sequel of *Cook’s* Voyage, finished by Captain *Clerke*, we shall find two other observations, respecting the tides, which the Lunar System is equally incapable of accounting for.

At the English observatory, Sandwich Islands, in the bay of *Karakakoo*, in 19 degrees, 28 minutes, North Latitude, and 204 degrees East Longitude, “ The tides are

* Mr. *Ellis* embarked in the Voyage, and he it is who wrote the relation of it, which I have repeatedly quoted.

“ very regular, flowing and ebbing six hours each. The
 “ flood comes from the Eastward ; and it is high water,
 “ at the full and change of the Moon, forty five minutes
 “ past three, apparent time.” (Captain *Clerke*, March, 1779.)

At St. Peter and St. Paul’s town, in Kamchatka, in 53
 degrees, 38 minutes, North Latitude, and 158 degrees, 43
 minutes, East Longitude, “ it was high water, on the full
 “ and change of the Moon, at thirty six minutes past four,
 “ and the greatest rise was five feet eight inches. The
 “ tides were very regular every twelve hours.” (Cap-
 tain *Clerke*, October, 1779.)

Captain *Clerke*, prejudiced, as well as *Cook*, in favour of
 the system of the Moon’s attraction, in the Torrid Zone,
 strains, to no purpose, to refer to the irregular phases of
 that star, the tides which take place at regular hours in
 the South Sea, as well as their other phenomena. Mr.
Wales, the Astronomer, who accompanied *Cook* on his sec-
 ond Voyage, is obliged to acknowledge, on this subject,
 the defectiveness of *Newton*’s theory. Hear what he says
 of it, in an extract inserted in the general Introduction to
Cook’s last Voyage : “ The number of places, at which
 “ the rise and times of flowing of tides have been observ-
 “ ed, in these voyages, is very great ; and hence an im-
 “ portant article of useful knowledge is afforded. In
 “ these observations, some very curious, and even unex-
 “ pected circumstances have offered themselves to our
 “ consideration. It will be sufficient to instance the ex-
 “ ceedingly small height to which the tide rises, in the
 “ middle of the great Pacific Ocean ; where it falls short
 “ two thirds, at least, of what might have been expected
 “ from theory and calculation.”

The partisans of the Newtonian System would find
 themselves reduced to very great embarrassment, were
 they called upon to explain, in a satisfying manner, first,
 Why there are, daily, two tides of six hours, in the At-
 lantic Ocean ? then, Why there is but one of twelve
 hours, in the southern part of the South Sea, as at the

island of Taïti, on the coast of New Holland, on that of New Britain, at the island of Massafuero, &c. ? Why, on the other hand, in the northern part of that very same South Sea, the two tides of six hours reappear every day equal, at the Sandwich islands ; unequal on the coast of America, at the entrance of Nootka ; and toward the same Latitude, reduced to a single tide of twelve hours, on the coast of Asia, at Kamchatka ?

I could quote others still more extraordinary. On account of those strongly marked, and very numerous dissonances, of the course of the tides, with that of the Moon, with a small number of which only, however, *Newton* was acquainted, he himself was constrained to admit, as I have mentioned in another place, “ that there must be, in the “ periodical return of the tides, some other mixt cause, “ hitherto unknown.” (*Newton's Philosophy*, Chap. 18.)

This other cause hitherto unknown, is the fusion of the polar ices, which consist of a circumference of from five to six thousand leagues, in their Winter, and from two to three thousand, at most, in their Summer. Those ices, by flowing alternately into the bosom of the Seas, produce all their various phenomena. If, in our Summer, there be two tides a day in the Atlantic Ocean, it is because of the alternate divergent effusions of the two Continents, the old and the new, which approach toward the North, whereof the one pours out by day, and the other by night, the waters from the ice, which the Sun melts on the East and on the West side of the Pole he encompasses every day with his fires, and thaws for six months together. If there be a retardation of 22 minutes of one tide, from that which succeeds it, it is because the cupola of the polar ices, in fusion, daily diminishes, and because its effluxes are retarded by the sinuosities of the Atlantic channel. If, in our Winter, there are likewise two tides, undergoing a daily retardation on our coasts, it is because the effluxes of the South Pole, entering into the channel of the Atlantic, likewise undergo two divergent impulsions at its

mouth ; the one in America, at Cape Horn, and the other in Africa, at the Cape of Good Hope. These two alternate divergent effusions of the Currents of the South Pole, if I am not mistaken, is the very circumstance that renders these two Capes, which receive their first impulsion, so tempestuous, and the doubling of them so difficult, during the Summer of that Pole, to vessels going out of the Atlantic Ocean ; for then they meet in the teeth the Currents which are descending from the South Pole. For this reason it is, that they find it extremely difficult to double the Cape of Good Hope, during the months of November, December, January, February, and March, on Voyages to India, and that, on the contrary, they pass it with ease in our summer months, because they are then assisted by the Currents of the North Pole, which waft them out of the Atlantic. They experience the contrary of this on their return from India, during our winter months.

I am induced, from these considerations, to believe that vessels on their way to the South Sea, would encounter fewer obstacles in doubling Cape Horn, during its Winter than during its Summer ; for they would not be then driven back into the Atlantic by the Currents of the South Pole, and they would be assisted, on the contrary, in getting out of it, by those of the North Pole. I could support this conjecture by the experience of many Navigators. That of Admiral *Anson* will perhaps be adduced as an objection ; but he doubled this Cape only in the months of March and April, which are, besides, two of the most tempestuous months of the year, because of the general revolution of the Atmosphere, and of the Ocean, which takes place at the Equinox, when the Sun passes from the one Hemisphere to the other.

Let us now explain, upon the same principles, why the tides of the South Sea do not resemble those of the Atlantic Ocean. The South Pole has not, as the North Pole has, a double Continent, which separates into two the di-

vergent effusions, which the Sun daily sets a flowing from its ices. Nay it has no Continent whatever: It has, consequently, no channel, in passing through which its effluxes should be retarded. Its effusions, accordingly, flow directly into the vast Southern Ocean, forming, on the half of that Pole, a series of divergent emanations which perform the tour of it in twenty four hours, like the rays of the Sun. When a bundle of these effusions falls upon an island, it produces there a tide of twelve hours, that is, of the same duration with that which the Sun employs in heating the icy cupola, through which the Meridian of that island passes. Such are the tides of the Islands of Taïti, of Massafuero, of New Holland, of New Britain, &c. Each of these tides lasts as long as the course of the Sun above the Horizon, and is regular like his course. Thus, while the Sun is heating, for twelve hours together, with his vertical fires, the southern islands of the South Sea, he cools them by a tide of twelve hours, which he extracts out of the ices of the South Pole, by his horizontal fires. Contrary effects frequently proceed from the same cause. This order of tides is by no mean the same in the northern part of the South Sea. In that opposite part of our Hemisphere, the two Continents still approach toward the North. They pour, therefore, by turns, in Summer, into the channel which separates them, the two semidiurnal effusions of their Pole, and there they collect, by turns in Winter, those of the South Pole, which produces two tides a day, as in the Atlantic Ocean. But as this channel, formed to the north of the South Sea, by the two Continents, is extremely widened to below the 55th degree of North Latitude, or rather, as it ceases to exist by the almost sudden retreating of the American and the Asiatic Continents, which go off divergently to the East and to the West, it comes to pass, that those places only, which are situated in the point of divergence of the northern part of these two Continents, experience two tides a day. Such are the Sandwich Islands, situated precisely

in the confluence of these two Currents at proportional distances from America and from Asia, toward the 21st degree of North Latitude. When this place is more exposed to the Current of the one Continent, than to that of the other, its two semidiurnal tides are unequal, as at the entrance of Nootka, on the coast of America; but when it is completely out of the influence of the one, and entirely under that of the other, it receives only one tide a day, as at Kamchatka, on the coast of Asia, and this tide is then of twelve hours, as the action of the Sun on the half of the Pole, the effusions of which, in this case, undergo no division.

Hence it is evident, that two harbours may be situated in the same Sea, and under the same parallel, and have, the one two tides a day, and the other only one, and that the duration of those tides, whether double or single, whether double equal, or double unequal, whether regular or retarded, is always of twelve hours, every twenty four hours; that is, precisely the time which the Sun employs in heating that half of the polar cupola from which they flow; which cannot possibly be referred to the unequal course of the Sun between the Tropics, and still much less to that of the Moon, which is frequently but a few hours above the Horizon of such harbour.

I have established, then, by facts simple, clear, and numerous, the disagreement of the tides in most Seas, with the pretended action of the Moon on the Equator, and, on the contrary, their perfect coincidence with the action of the Sun on the ices of the Poles.

I beg the Reader's pardon, but the importance of those truths obliges me to recapitulate them.

1st. The attraction of the Moon, as acting on the waters of the Ocean, is contradicted by the insensibility to her influence of mediterraneans and lakes, which never undergo any motion when that luminary passes over their Meridian, and even over their Zenith. On the contrary, the action of the heat of the Sun, which extracts from the ices of

the Poles, the Currents and the Tides of the Ocean, is ascertained by his influence on the icy mountains, out of which issue, in Summer, currents and fluxes which produce real tides in the lakes which are at their feet, as is visible in the lake of Geneva, situated at the bottom of the Rhetian Alps. The Seas are the lakes of the Globe, and the Poles are the Alps of it.

2dly. The pretended attraction of the Moon on the Ocean is totally inapplicable either to the two tides of six hours, or semidiurnal, of the Atlantic Ocean, because that star passes daily only over its Zenith; and equally so to the tide of twelve hours, or diurnal, of the southern part of the South Sea, because it passes, every day, over both the Zenith and Nadir of that vast Ocean; and to the tides whether semidiurnal or diurnal of the northern part of that same Ocean, and to the variety of its tides, which here increase at the full* and new Moons, and there, several days after, which here increase at the quadratures, and there diminish; and to their uniform equality at other places; and to the direction of those which go toward the Line, and to their elevation, which increases toward the Poles, and diminishes under the very Zone of lunar attraction, that is, under the Equator. On the contrary, the action of the heat of the Sun, on the Poles of the World, perfectly explains the superior height of the tides, near the Poles, and their depression, near the Equator; their divergence from the Pole whence they flow, and their perfect concordance with the Continents from which they descend; being double in twenty four hours, when

* I am of opinion, with Pliny, that the Moon by her heat dissolves ice and snow. Accordingly, when she is at the full, she must contribute to the fusion of the polar ices, and consequently to the rising of the tides. But, if these increase upon our coasts at the new Moon likewise, I think that those superabundant meltings have also been occasioned by the full Moon, and are retarded in their course by some particular configuration of one of the two Continents. At any rate, this difficulty is not of harder solution, on my theory, than on that of attraction, which, in other respects, is incapable of explaining the greatest part of the nautical phenomena that I have just related.

the Hemisphere which emits them, or which receives them, is separated into two Continents ; double and unequal, when the divergency of the two Continents is unequal ; simple and singular, when there is only one Continent which emits them, or when there is no Continent at all.

3dly. The attraction of the Moon, which goes always from East to West, cannot in any respect be applied to the course of the Indian Ocean, which flows for six months toward the East, and six months toward the West ; nor to the course of the Atlantic Ocean, which flows six months to the North, and six months to the South. On the contrary, the action of the half yearly and alternate heat of the Sun, around each Pole, covered with a Sea of ice, of five or six thousand leagues circumference, in Winter, and of two or three thousand in Summer, is in perfect accord with the half yearly and alternate Current which descends from this Pole, in its flux toward the opposite Pole, conformably to the direction of the Continents, and of the Archipelagoes, which serve as shores to it.

On this subject I beg leave to observe, that though the South Sea does not appear to present any channel to the course of the polar effluxes, from the vast divergence of America and Asia, we may, however, catch a glance of one, sensibly formed by the projection of its Archipelagoes, which are in correspondence with the two Continents. By means of this channel it is, that the Sandwich Islands, which are situated in the northern part of the South Sea, toward the 21st degree of Latitude, have two tides a day, from the divergent position of America and of Asia, though the strait, which separates these two Continents, be in the 65th degree of North Latitude. Not that those islands and this strait of the North are exactly under the same Meridian ; but the Sandwich islands are placed on a curve, corresponding to the sinuous curve of America, and whose origin would be at the strait of the North. That curve might be prolonged to the most remote Archipelagoes of the South Sea, which are visited

with two tides a day ; and it would there express the Current formed by the divergent separation of America and Asia, as has been said in another place. All islands are in the midst of currents. On looking, therefore, at the South Pole of the Globe, with a bird's eye view, we should see a succession of Archipelagoes, dispersed in a spiral line all the way to the Northern Hemisphere, which indicates the Current of the South Sea, just as the projection of the two Continents, on the side of the North Pole, indicates the Current of the Atlantic. Thus the course of the Seas, from the one Pole to the other, is in a spiral line round the Globe, like the course of the Sun from the one Tropic to the other.

This perception adds a new degree of probability to the correspondence of the movements of the Sea with those of the Sun. I do not mean to assert that the chain of Archipelagoes, which project in a spiral direction in the South Sea, is not interrupted in some places ; but those interruptions, in my apprehension, proceed only from the imperfection of our discoveries. We might, if I am not mistaken, extend them much farther, by guiding ourselves in the discovery of the unknown islands of that Sea, upon the projection of the islands which are already known. Such voyages ought not to be made, in a direct progress from the Line toward the Pole, or by describing the same parallel round the Globe, as the practice has been ; but by pursuing the spiral direction, of which I have been speaking, and which is sufficiently indicated by the general Current itself of the Ocean. Particular care ought to be taken to observe the nautical fruits which the alternate Current of the Seas never fails to waft from one island to another, frequently at prodigious distances. It was by those simple and natural means, that the ancient Nations, of the South of Asia, discovered so many islands in the South Sea, where their manners, and their language are distinguishable to this day. Thus, by abandoning themselves to Nature, who frequently seconds us much better

than our own skill, they landed, without the help of chart or instrument, on a multitude of islands, of which they had never so much as heard the names.

I have indicated, in the beginning of the first Volume, those simple methods of discovery and of communication between maritime Nations. It is in the explanation of the plates, where I am speaking of the Atlantic Hemisphere, and on the subject of *Christopher Columbus*, who, on the point of perishing at sea, on his first return from America, put the relation of his discovery in a cask, which he committed to the waves, in the hope that it might be cast on some shore. On that occasion I observed, that "a simple glass bottle might preserve such a deposit for ages, on the surface of the Ocean, and convey it oftener than once, from the one Pole to the other." This experiment has just been realized, in part, on the coasts of Europe*. The account of it is given in the *Mercury of France*, of Saturday 12th January, 1788, No. 2, pages 84 and 85, political part.

* I would recommend it to Navigators, who take an interest in the progress of natural knowledge, frequently to repeat this experiment, which is so easy, and attended with so little expense. There is no place where empty bottles are more common, and of less use, than on board a ship. On leaving port, there are a great number of bottles filled with wine, beer, cider, and spirits, the great part of which are emptied in the course of a few weeks, without the means of filling them again, during the whole voyage. In the view of committing some of them to the sea, there might be fitted to them, perpendicularly, a little mast with a bit of cloth, or tuft of white feathers at the top. This signal would detach it from the azure ground of the Sea, and render it perceptible a great way off. It would be proper to case it round with cordage, to prevent its being broken, on reaching a shore, to which the Currents and the Tides would infallibly carry it, sooner or later. Essays of this sort will appear mere children's play to our men of science, but they may be matters of the last importance to sea faring people. They may serve to indicate to them the direction and the velocity of the Currents, in a manner much more infallible, and of far greater extent, than the log which is thrown, on board of ships, or than the little boats which are set a floating. This last method, though frequently employed by the illustrious *Cook*, never could give any thing more than the relative velocity of the boat and of the ship, and not the intrinsic velocity of the Current. Finally, such essays, ex-

“ In the month of May of this year, some fishermen of
 “ Arromanches, near Bayeux, found at Sea a small bottle
 “ well corked up. Impatient to know what it might con-
 “ tain, they broke it ; it was a letter, the address of which
 “ they could not read, conceived in the English Language.
 “ They carried it to the Judge of the Admiralty, who had

posed to hazard as they are, may be employed by mariners at Sea, to convey intelligence of themselves to their friends, at immense distances from land, as is evident in the experiment of the Bay of Biscay, and to obtain assistance from them, should they have the misfortune to be shipwrecked on some desert island.

We do not repose sufficient confidence in Nature. We might employ, preferably to bottles, some of the trajectiles which she uses, in different climates, to keep up the chain of her correspondences all over the Globe. One of the most widely diffused over the tropical Seas, is the cocoa. This fruit frequently sails to shores five or six hundred leagues distant from that on which it grew. Nature formed it for crossing the Ocean. It is of an oblong, triangular, keel shaped form, so that it floats away on one of its angles, as on a keel, and passing through the straits of rocks, it runs ashore at length on the strand, where it quickly germinates. It is fortified against the shock of driving aground by a case called *caire*, which is an inch or two thick over the circumference of the fruit, and three or four at its pointed extremity, which may be considered as its prow, with so much the more reason, that the other extremity is flattened like a poop. This *caire* or husk, is covered, externally, with a smooth and coriaceous membrane, on which characters might be traced ; and it is formed, internally, of filaments interlaced, and mixed with a powder, resembling saw dust. By means of this elastic cover, the cocoa may be darted, by the violence of the billows, upon rocks, without receiving any injury. Farther, its interior shell consists of a matter more flexible than stone, and harder than wood, impenetrable to water, where it may remain a long time, without rotting ; this is the case with its husk likewise, of which the Indians, for this very reason, make excellent cordage for shipping. The shell of the cocoa nut is so very hard, that the germ never could force its way out, had not Nature contrived, in its pointed extremity, where the *caire* is strongest, three small holes, covered with a simple pellicle.

There are, besides, a great many other bulky vegetables, which the Currents of the Ocean convey to prodigious distances, such as the firs and the birches of the North, the double cocoas of the Sechelles islands, the bamboos of the Ganges, the great bulrushes of the Cape of Good Hope, &c. It would be very easy to write on their stems with a sharp pointed shell, and to render them distinguishable at Sea, by some apparent signal.

Similar resources might be found among amphibious animals, such as tortoises, which transport themselves to inconceivable distances, by means of the Currents. I have read somewhere in the History of China, that one of its an-

“ it deposited in his registry. The inscription announcing that it belonged to an English Lady, he took pains to inform himself whether such a person existed, and employed the methods which prudence dictated, to have the letter safely conveyed to her. The husband of that Lady, a man of letters well known in his own country, by several valuable literary productions, has just written in return ; and after expressing his gratitude to the Judge, in very strong terms, informs him that the letter in question was from a brother of his wife’s, on his way to India. He wished to communicate to his sister some intelligence respecting himself. A vessel which he had seen in the Bay of Biscay, and which seemed to be proceeding for England, had suggested the idea of it. He was in hopes that it might be in his power to get his letter put on board of her, but she having altered her course, the thought struck him of putting it into a bottle, and of throwing it into the Sea.”

At length, the journals*, by good fortune, step in to support my theory.

ancient Kings, accompanied by a crowd of people, one day beheld a tortoise emerge from the Sea, on the back of which were inscribed the Laws, which, at this day, constitute the basis of the Chinese government. It is probable that this Legislator had availed himself of the moment, when this tortoise came on shore, according to custom, to look out for a place where to lay her eggs, to write upon her back the Laws which he wished to establish ; and that he, in like manner, took advantage of the day following this arrangement, when that animal never fails to return to the same place, to deposit her eggs, to impress on a simple People, a respect for Laws which issued out of the bosom of the Ocean, and at sight of the wonderful tablets on which they were inscribed.

Sea birds might, farther, furnish more expeditious methods of communication, in as much as their flight is very rapid, and that they were so familiar on the desert shores, that you may take them by the hand, as I know from my own experience on the island of Ascension. There might be affixed to them, together with a letter of information, some remarkable signal ; and choice might be made, in preference, of such birds as arrive regularly at different seasons, and which frequent particular shores, nay of the land birds of passage, such as the woodpigeon.

* While this advertisement was printing, the Journal of Paris published, without my knowledge, an extract of my letter to the Editor of the General

In the view of procuring for a fact of so much importance, all the authenticity of which it is susceptible, I wrote to a Lady of my friends, in Normandy, who cultivates the study of Nature with singular taste, in the bosom of her own family, entreating her to apply to the Judge of the Admiralty, for certain articles of information from England, for which I had occasion. I even delayed, in expectation of her answer, the printing off this sheet, for almost six weeks. The following are the particulars, which the Judge of the Admiralty of Arromanches had the politeness to communicate to her, and which she was so good as to convey to me, this 24th of February 1788.

“ The bottle was found two leagues off at sea, to the
 “ right of the parish of Arromanches, which is itself two
 “ leagues distant, to the Northeast from the city of Bay-
 “ eux, on the 9th of May 1787, and deposited in the
 “ Registry of the Admiralty, the 10th of the same
 “ month.

“ Mr. *Elphinston*, the husband of the Lady to whom
 “ the letter was addressed intimates, that he cannot pretend
 “ to affirm whether it was the author of the letter who
 “ bottled it up, in the Bay of Biscay, the 17th of August
 “ 1786, Latitude 45 degrees, 10 minutes, North, Longi-
 “ tude 10 degrees, 56 minutes, West, as it is dated ; or
 “ whether some person on board the vessel which passed
 “ them, committed it the waves.

“ The vessel's name was *Nacket*, and the one on her
 “ voyage to Bengal was called the *Intelligence*, command-
 “ ed by Captain *Linston*.

Journal of France, in answer to my anonymous Critic. This instance of candor discovers, on the part of the Compilers, a much higher degree of impartiality with respect to me, than I supposed. It is worthy of men of letters, who possess an influence over the public opinion, and who do not wish to incur the reproach, which they themselves sometimes impute, with such good reason, to the corps who formerly opposed the discoveries that militated against their systems. I take this opportunity of doing justice to the impartiality of the Gentlemen Compilers of the Journal of Paris, as I always did to their talents.

“ The names of the fishermen are *Charles le Romain*,
 “ master of the boat ; *Nicholas Fresnel*, *Jean Baptiste le*
 “ *Bas*, and *Charles l'Ami*, mariners, all of the parish of
 “ Arromanches.

“ Signed,
 “ PHILIPPE DE DELLEVILLE.”

The parish of Arromanches is about 1 degree West Longitude from the Meridian of Greenwich, and in 49 degrees, 5 minutes, North Latitude. Accordingly the bottle thrown into the Sea in 10 degrees, 56 minutes, West Longitude, and 45 degrees, 10 minutes, North Latitude, floated nearly 10 degrees of Longitude, which, in that parallel, at the rate of about 17 leagues to a degree, make 170 degrees toward the East. Again, it advanced 4 degrees northward, having been picked up two leagues to the North of Arromanches, that is, in 49 degrees, 10 minutes Latitude, which makes 100 leagues toward the North, and in whole, 270 leagues. It employed 266 days in performing this route, from the 17th August 1786 to the 9th of May 1787, which is less than a league a day. This velocity, undoubtedly, is not to be compared to that with which the wrecks of the battle of Ostend descended to the Azores, at the rate of more than 35 leagues a day, as has been related in the beginning of Vol. I. The Reader might be disposed to call in question the accuracy of *Rennefort's* observation, and at the same time, the consequence which I have deduced from it, to demonstrate the velocity of the general Current of the Ocean, had I not elsewhere proved it by many other nautical facts, and were not the Journals of Navigators filled with similar experiences, which attest, that the Currents and Tides frequently carry vessels along, at the rate of three and four miles an hour, nay run with the rapidity of fluices, making from eight to ten leagues an hour, in straits contiguous to the polar ices in fusion, conformably to the testimony of *Ellis*, of *Linschotten*, and of *Barents*. But

I venture to affirm, that the slowness with which the letter, thrown overboard in the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, arrived on the coasts of Normandy, is a new proof of the existence and of the velocity of the alternate and half yearly Current of the Atlantic Ocean hitherto unknown, which I have assimilated to that of the Indian Ocean, and ascribed to the same cause.

It may be ascertained, by pricking the chart, that the place where the Englishman's bottle was tossed into the Sea, is more than 80 leagues from the Continent, and precisely in the direction of the middle of the opening of the British Channel, through which passes one arm of the general Current of the Atlantic, which carried, in Summer, the wrecks of the battle of Ostend as far as the Azores. Now, this Current was likewise bearing southward, when the English traveller committed to it a letter for his friends in the North, for it was the 17th of August, that is, in the Summer of our Pole, when the fusion of its ices is flowing southward. This bottle, therefore, sailed toward the Azores, and, undoubtedly, far beyond them, during the remainder of the month of August, and the whole month of September, till the equinoctial revolution, which sends backward the course of the Atlantic, by the effusions of the South Pole, began to waft it again to the North.

Its return, therefore, is to be calculated only from the month of October, when I suppose it to be in the vicinity of the Line, the calms of which may have stopped it, till it felt the influence of the South Pole, which does not acquire activity, in our Hemisphere, till toward the month of December. At that epoch, the course of the Atlantic, which goes to the North, being the same with that of our tides, it might have been brought near our shores, and there exposed to many retardations, by the disgorging of the rivers which crossed its course, as they threw themselves into the Sea, but chiefly by the reaction of the tides: For if their flux sets in toward the North, their reflux carries back to the South.

It is of essential importance, therefore, to make experiments of this kind in the open Sea, and especially to pay attention to the direction of the Current of the Ocean, for fear of conveying southward intelligence designed for the North. At the season when that Current is not favourable, advantage might be taken of the tides, which frequently run in the contrary direction ; but as I have just observed, there is this great inconveniency, that if their flux sets in northward, their reflux carries back again toward the South.

The tides have, in their very flux and reflux, a perfect consonance with the general Currents of the Ocean, and the course of the Sun. They flow during twelve hours in one day, whether they be divided into two tides of six hours, by the projection of the two Continents, as in the northern Hemisphere ; or whether they flow for twelve hours uninterruptedly, as in the southern Hemisphere : Just as the general Current of one Pole flows six months of the year. Accordingly, the tides, which consist of twelve hours, in all cases, are of a duration precisely equal to that which the Sun employs in warming the half of the polar Hemisphere from which they flow, that is one half day ; as the general Current which issues from that Pole, flows precisely during the same time that the Sun warms that whole Hemisphere, namely, during half the year. But as the tides, which are only the polar effusions of half a day, have reflexes equal to their flux, that is, of twelve hours, in like manner, the general Currents, which are the half yearly effusions of a whole Pole, have reflexes equal to their flux, that is of six months, when the Sun puts those of the opposite Pole in a state of activity.

Did time and room permit, I could shew how those same general Currents, which are the secondary moving principles of the tides, carry our Navigators sometimes faster, and sometimes slower than their calculation, according to the season of each Pole. I could find a multitude of proofs of this in Voyages round the World,

among others, in Captain *Cook's* second and third Voyages. These Currents frequently interpose obstacles almost insurmountable to vessels making the land. For example, when *Cook* left the island of Taïti, in December 1777, on his way to make discoveries toward the North, he discovered the Sandwich islands in pursuing that course, where he landed without any difficulty, because the Current of the South Pole was in his favour; but when he returned from the North, and wished to take in necessary refreshments at those very islands, he found the Current from the South so adverse, at the same season, that though he came within sight of them on the 26th of November 1778, it took him more than six weeks tacking about, before he could find proper anchoring ground, and could not get to his moorings, till the 17th January 1779. Accordingly, the right season for landing on islands which are of a higher Latitude than that from whence the departure is taken, is the Winter of its Hemisphere, as is evident from the example of his return to the same islands. I could multiply facts in support of a theory so important to Navigation, were I not apprehensive of encroaching on the patience of the Reader. I have the confidence, then, to flatter myself with having placed in the clearest light, the coincidence of the movements of the Ocean with those of the Sun, and their disagreement with the phases of the Moon.

I could produce more than one objection against the system of attraction itself, on which *Newton* accounts for the motion of the planets in the Heavens. Not that I deny, in general, the Law of attraction, of which we see the effects on the Earth, in the gravity of bodies, and in magnetism; but I do not find that the application which has been made of it, by *Newton*, and his partisans, to the course of the planets, is accurate. According to *Newton*, the Sun and the Planets reciprocally attract each other with a force which is in the direct proportion of their masses, and the inverse proportion of the square of their

distance. A second force blends itself with attraction, to preserve the planets in their orbits. From these combined forces their results an ellipse, for the curve described by each planet. This curve is continually undergoing alteration, by the action exercised by the Planets over each other. By means of this theory, the course of those stars is traced in the Heavens, with the utmost precision, according to the Newtonians. The course of the Moon alone had appeared refractory to it; but, to employ the terms used in an Introduction to the study of Astronomy, an extract of which was given in the Mercury of the 1st December, 1787, No. 48. "This satelite, which the celebrated *Halley* called an obstinate star, *Sidus pertinax*, "on account of the great difficulty of calculating the irregularities of her course, has been, at last, reduced to "subjection, by the ingenious methods of Messrs. *Clair-ault*, *Euler*, *D'alembert*, *de la Grange*, and *de la Place*."

Here, then, are the most refractory stars subjected to the Laws of attraction. I have but one little objection to make against this domination, and the learned methods, which have subdued the Moon's course. How comes it, that the reciprocal attractions of the planets should have been calculated with so much precision, by our Astronomers, and that they should have so exactly weighed the masses of them, when the Planet discovered a few years ago, by *Herschel*, had not as yet been put into their scales? Does this Planet, then, attract nothing, and does it feel itself no attraction?

God forbid that I should mean to injure the reputation of *Newton*, and of the ingenious Inquirers who have followed his steps. If, on the one hand, they have betrayed us into some errors, they have contributed, on the other, to enlarge the field of human knowledge. Had *Newton* never invented any thing except his telescope, we should have been under inexpressible obligations to him. He has extended to Man the sphere of the Universe, and the sentiment of the infinity of GOD. Others have diffused,

through all ranks of Society, a taste for the study of Nature, by the superb pictures which they have exhibited of her. While I was detecting their mistakes, I respected their virtues, their talents, their discoveries, and their painful labours. Men equally celebrated, such as *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Descartes*, and many others, had, like them, given currency to great errors.....The Philosophy of *Aristotle* alone had been, for ages, the most insurmountable obstacle to the investigation of truth. Let us never forget that the Republic of Letters, ought to be in reality a Republic, which acknowledges no other authority but that of Reason. Besides, Nature has placed each of us in the World, to keep up an immediate correspondence with herself. Her intelligence irradiates all minds, as her Sun illuminates all eyes. To study her Works only in systems, is to observe them merely with the eyes of another person.

It was not my intention, then, to exalt myself on the ruins of any one. I do not wish to rear my own pedestal. A grassy turf is elevation sufficient to him who aspires no longer after any thing but repose. Did I possess the courage to present, myself, the History of the weakness of my own mind, it would awaken the compassion of those whose envy I may have perhaps provoked. Of how many errors, from infancy upward, have I been the dupe ! By how many false perceptions, ill founded contempts, mistaken estimations, treacherous friendships, have I practised illusion upon myself ! Those prejudices were not adopted by me on the faith of another only, but on my own. It is not my ambition to attract admirers, but to secure indulgent friends. I prize much more highly the man who bears with my infirmities, than I do him who exaggerates my puny virtues. The one supports me in my weakness, and the other supports himself on my strength ; the one loves me in my poverty, and the other adheres to me in my pretended affluence. Time was when I sought for friends among the men of the world ; but of these I

hardly found any except persons who expected from you unbounded complaisance ; protectors, who lie heavy upon you, instead of sustaining your weight, and who attempt to crush you, if you presume to assert your own liberty. At present, I wish for no friends but among those whose souls are simple, candid, gentle, innocent, and endowed with sensibility. They interest me much more, if ignorant rather than learned, suffering rather than prosperous, in cottages rather than in palaces. They are the persons for whom I composed my book, and they are the persons who have made its fortune. They have done me more good than I wished to them, for their repose. I have administered to them some consolations ; and, in return, they have conferred on me a tribute of glory. I have presented to them only the perspectives of hope ; and they, with emulous zeal, have strained to accumulate upon me a thousand real benefits. My mind was engrossed only with the ills which they endure ; and they have restlessly promoted my happiness. It is in the view of acquitting some part of the obligations under which I lie to them, in my turn, that I have composed this additional Volume. May it merit for me, anew, suffrages so pure, so unbiassed, and so affecting ! They are the alone object of my wishes. Ambition disdains them, because they are not possessed of power ; but time will one day respect them, because intrigue can neither give nor destroy them.

This Volume consists of two Histories, of which I give some account in the particular advertisements which precede them. They are followed by numerous and long Notes, which sometimes deviate from their Text. But every thing is in union with every thing, in Nature, and Studies admit of universal collection. I am, accordingly, indebted to the Title of my Book, for the advantage, which is far from being inconsiderable to talents feeble and variable like mine, of going which way I please, of attaining where I can, and of stopping short when I feel my strength fail.

Some persons to whom I read the Piece entitled THE GAULS, expressed a wish that I would not publish it, till the Work, of which it is a part, should be completed : But I am uncertain whether I ever shall enjoy leisure to execute it, and whether this species of antique composition is likely to please the taste of the present age. It is, I admit, only a fragment ; but such as it is, it constitutes a complete Work, for it presents an entire picture of the manners of our Ancestors, during the domination of the Druids. Besides, in the most finished labours of Man, What is to be found but fragments ? The History of a King is only a fragment of the History of his Dynasty ; that of his Dynasty, a fragment of the History of his Kingdom ; that of his Kingdom, a fragment of the History of the Human race ; which is itself merely a fragment of the History of the beings which inhabit the Globe ; the universal History of which would be nothing, after all, but a very short Chapter of the History of the innumerable Stars which revolve over our heads, at distances which bid defiance to all the powers of Calculation.

PAUL
AND
VIRGINIA.

THE VIRGINIA

PAUL
AND
VIRGINIA

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE proposed to myself an object of no mean importance, in composing this little Work. I have endeavoured to paint, in it, a soil, and vegetables, different from those of Europe. Our Poets have long enough composed their lovers to rest, on the banks of the rivulets, in the flowery meads, and under the foliage of the beech tree. My wish is to seat mine on the shore of the Sea, at the foot of rocks, under the shade of cocoa trees, bananas, and citrons in blossom. Nothing is wanting to the other Hemisphere of the Globe, but a *Theocritus*, or a *Virgil*, in order to our having pictures, at least, as interesting as those of our own Country.

I am aware, that travellers, of exquisite taste, have presented us with enchanting descriptions of several of the islands of the South Sea ; but the manners of their inhabitants, and still more, those of the Europeans which frequent them, frequently mar the landscapes. It was my desire to blend with the beauty of Nature, between the Tropics, the moral beauty of a small Society. It was likewise my purpose, to place in a striking light certain truths of high moment, and this one in particular : That human happiness consists in living conformably to Nature and Virtue.

It was not necessary for me, however, to compose a romance, in order to exhibit a representation of happy families. I declare, in the most solemn manner, that those which I am going to display, have actually existed, and that their History is strictly true, as to the principal events of it. They were authentically certified to me by many respectable Planters, with whom I was acquainted, in the

Isle of France. I have connected with them only a few indifferent circumstances ; but which, being personal to myself, have, on that very account, the same merit of reality.

When I had formed, some years ago, a very imperfect sketch of this species of Pastoral, I besought a fine Lady, who lived very much in the Great World, and certain grave personages, who mingle very little with it, to hear it read over, in order to acquire some presentiment of the effect which it might produce on Readers of a character so very different : I had the satisfaction of observing, that it melted them all into tears. This was the only judgment which I could form on the matter, as, indeed, it was all that I wished to know. But, as a great vice frequently walks in the train of mediocrity of talents, this success inspired me with the vanity of giving to my Work the title of, *A Picture of Nature*. Happily for me, I recollected to what a degree the nature of the climate in which I received my birth was strange to me ; to what a degree, in countries where I have contemplated the productions of Nature merely as a passenger, she is rich, various, lovely, magnificent, mysterious ; and to what a degree, I am destitute of sagacity, of taste, and of expression, to know, and to paint her. On this I checked my vanity, and came to myself again. I have therefore comprehended this feeble essay under the name, and placed it in the train of my *Studies of Nature*, to which the Public has granted a reception so gracious, in order that this title, recalling to them my incapacity, may likewise preserve an everlasting recollection of their own indulgence.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ON the eastern declivity of the mountain which rises behind Port Louis, in the Isle of France, are still to be seen, on a spot of ground formerly cultivated, the ruins of two little cottages. They are situated almost in the middle of a basin, formed by enormous rocks, which has only one opening turned toward the North. From that opening, you perceive, on the left, the mountain known by the name of Mount Discovery, from which signals are repeated, of vessels steering for the island ; and, at the bottom of this mountain, the city of Port Louis ; to the right, the road which leads from Port Louis to the quarter of Pamplémouffes ; afterwards the church of that name, which rises, with its avenues of bamboos, in the middle of a great plain ; and, beyond it, a forest which extends to the farthest extremities of the island. You have, in front, on the brink of the Sea, a view of Tombay ; a little to the right, Cape Misfortune, and beyond that, the boundless Ocean, in which appear, on a level with the water's edge, some uninhabited little isles, among others Mire Point, which resembles a bastion in the midst of the waves.

At the entrance of this basin, from whence so many objects are distinguishable, the echos of the mountain incessantly repeat the noise of the winds which agitate the neighbouring forests, and the roaring of the billows, which break at a distance, upon the shallows ; but at the very foot of the cottages, no noise is any longer to be heard, and nothing to be seen around, except great rocks, as steep as the wall of a house. Tufts of trees grow at their bases, in their clefts, and up to their very summits, on which

the clouds settle. The rains which are attracted by their peaks, frequently paint the colours of the rainbow on their green and dusky sides, and constantly supply, at the bottom, the sources of which the small river of the *Lataniers* is formed. A profound silence reigns through this enclosure, where all is peace; the air, the waters, and the light. Scarcely does the echo there repeat the murmuring sound of the palmists, which grow on their elevated stalks, and whose long arrow formed branches are seen always balanced by the winds. A mild light illuminates the cavity of this basin, into which the rays of the Sun descend only at noon day; but, from the dawning of Aurora, they strike upon the brim of it, the peaks of which, rising above the shadows of the mountain, present the appearance of gold and purple on the azure of the Heavens.

I took pleasure in retiring to this place, where you can enjoy, at once, an unbounded prospect, and a profound solitude. One day, as I was sitting by the platform of these cottages, and contemplating their ruins, a man considerably advanced into the vale of years, happened to pass that way. He was dressed, conformably to the custom of the ancient inhabitants, in a short jacket and long trowsers.

He walked barefooted, and supported himself on a staff of ebony wood. His hair was completely white, his physiognomy simple and majestic. I saluted him respectfully. He returned my salute, and having eyed me for a moment, he approached, and sat down on the hillock where I had taken my station. Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I took the liberty of addressing him in these words: "Can you inform me, Father, to whom these two cottages belonged?" "My son," replied he, "these ruins, and that now neglected spot of ground, were inhabited, about twenty years ago, by two families, which there found the means of happiness. Their history is affecting: But in this island, situated on the road to India, What European will deign to take an interest in the destiny of a few obscure individuals? Nay, who would submit to

“live here, though in happiness and content, if poor and
“unknown? Men are desirous of knowing only the his-
“tory of the Great, and of Kings, which is of no use to
“any one.” “Father,” replied I, “it is easy to discern
“from your air, and your style of conversation, that you
“must have acquired very extensive experience. If your
“leisure permits, have the goodness to relate to me, I be-
“seech you, what you know of the ancient inhabitants of
“this desert; and be assured, that there is no man, how-
“ever depraved by the prejudices of the World, but who
“loves to hear of the felicity which Nature and Virtue
“bestow.” Upon this, like one who is trying to recol-
lect certain particular circumstances, after having applied
his hands for some time to his forehead, the old man relat-
ed what follows.

In the year 1735, a young man of Normandy, called
De la Tour, after having, to no purpose, solicited employ-
ment in France, and assistance from his family, determin-
ed to come to this island, in the view of making his for-
tune. He brought along with him a young wife, whom
he passionately loved, and who returned his affection with
mutual ardor. She was descended from an ancient and
opulent family of her Province; but he had married her
privately, and without a portion, because her relations op-
posed their union, on account of the obscurity of his birth.
He left her at Port Louis, in this island, and embarked
for Madagascar, in the hope of there purchasing some ne-
groes, and of immediately returning to this place, for the
purpose of fixing his residence in it. He disembarked at
Madagascar during the dangerous season, which com-
mences about the middle of October, and, soon after his
arrival, died of the pestilential fever, which rages there
for six months of the year, and which always will pre-
vent European Nations from forming settlements on that
Island.

The effects which he had carried with him were embez-
zled after his death, as generally happens to those who die

in foreign countries. His wife, who remained in the Isle of France, found herself a widow, pregnant, and destitute of every earthly resource, except a negro woman, in a country where she was entirely unknown. Being unwilling to solicit assistance from any man, after the death of him who was the sole object of her affection, her misfortunes gave her courage. She resolved to cultivate, with the help of her slave, a small spot of ground, in order to procure the means of subsistence.

In an island almost a desert, the soil of which was unappropriated, she did not choose the most fertile district of the country, nor that which was the most favourable for commerce ; but looking about for some sequestered cove of the mountain, some hidden asylum, where she might live secluded and unknown, she found her way from the city to these rocks, into which she flunk as into a nest. It is an instinct common to all beings possessed of sensibility, under the pressure of calamity, to seek shelter in places the wildest and the most deserted ; as if rocks were bulwarks against misfortune, or, as if the calmness of Nature could compose the troubles of the soul. But Providence, which comes to our relief, when we aim only at necessary comforts, had in store for Madame *de la Tour*, a blessing which neither riches nor grandeur can purchase ; and that blessing was a friend.

In this place, for a year past, had resided, a sprightly, good, and sensible woman, called *Margaret*. She was born in Brittany, of a plain family of peasants, by whom she was beloved, and who would have rendered her happy, had she not been weak enough to repose confidence in the professions of love, of a man of family in the neighbourhood, who had promised to marry her ; but who, having gratified his passion, abandoned her, and even refused to secure to her the means of subsistence for the child, with which he had left her pregnant. She immediately resolved, forever to quit the village where she was born, and to conceal her fault in the Colonies, far from her

country, where she had lost the only dowry of a poor and honest young woman, reputation. An old black fellow, whom she had purchased with a poor borrowed purse, cultivated, with her, a small corner of this district.

Madame *de la Tour*, attended by her black woman, found *Margaret* in this place, who was suckling her child. She was delighted to meet with a female, in a situation which she accounted similar to her own. She unfolded, in a few words, her former condition, and her present wants. *Margaret*, on hearing Madame *de la Tour*'s story, was moved with compassion, and, wishing to merit her confidence rather than her esteem, she confessed to her, without reserve, the imprudence of which she had been guilty : " For my part," said she, " I have merited my destiny ; but you, Madam... .., virtuous and unfortunate !" Here, with tears in her eyes, she tendered to the stranger the accommodations of her cottage, and her friendship. Madame *de la Tour*, deeply affected with a reception so tender, folded her in her arms, exclaiming, " I see that GOD is going to put an end to my sufferings, since he has inspired you with sentiments of greater kindness to me, an entire stranger, than I ever received from my own relations."

I had the felicity of *Margaret*'s acquaintance ; and, though I live at the distance of a league and a half from hence, in the woods, behind the long mountain, I looked upon myself as her neighbour. In the cities of Europe, a street, a simple partition, separates the members of the same family for years ; but in the new Colonies, we consider as neighbours, those who are only separated from us by woods and by mountains. At that time particularly, when this island had little commerce with India, neighbourhood alone was a title to friendship, and hospitality to strangers was considered as a duty, and a pleasure.

As soon as I learnt that my neighbour had got a companion, I went to see her, in order to offer to both all the assistance in my power. I found in Madame *de la Tour* a

person of a very interesting figure ; majestic, and melancholy. She was then very near her time. I said to these two ladies, that it would be better for the sake of the interests of their children, and especially to prevent the establishment of any other inhabitant, to divide between them the territory of this basin, which contains about twenty acres. They entrusted me with making this division ; I formed it into two portions, nearly equal. The one contained the upper part of that enclosure, from yonder point of the rock, covered with clouds, from whence issues the source of the river of the *Lataniers*, to that steep opening which you see at the top of the mountain, and which is called the Embrafure, because it actually resembles the parapet of a battery. The bottom of this spot of ground is so filled with rocks and gutters, that it is scarcely possible to walk along. It, nevertheless, produces large trees, and abounds with fountains and little rivulets. In the other portion, I comprised all the lower part of the enclosure, which extends along the river of the *Lataniers*, to the opening where we now are, from whence that river begins to flow between two hills toward the Sea. You there see some stripes of meadow ground, and a soil tolerably smooth and level, but which is very little better than the other ; for in the rainy season it is marshy, and in drought, stiff as lead. When you wish, in that case, to open a trench, you are obliged to cut it with the hatchet.

After having made these two divisions, I persuaded the ladies to settle their respective possessions by casting lots. The upper part fell to the share of Madame *de la Tour*, and the lower to *Margaret*. They were both perfectly satisfied ; but requested me not to separate their habitation, “in order,” said they to me, “that we may always have it in our power to see, to converse with, and to assist each other.” It was necessary, however, that each of them should have a separate retreat. The cottage of *Margaret* was built in the middle of the basin, exactly

upon the boundary of her domain. I built close to it, upon that of *Madame de la Tour*, another cottage ; so that these two friends were, at once, in the vicinity of each other, and on the property of their families. I myself cut palifadoes in the mountain, and brought the leaves of the *Latanier* from the sea side, to construct these two cottages, which now, no longer present either door or roof. Alas ! their still remains but too much for my recollection. Time, which destroys, with so much rapidity, the monuments of empires, seems to respect, in these deserts, those of friendship, in order to perpetuate my affliction to the last hour of my life.

Scarcely was the second of the cottages completed, when *Madame de la Tour* was delivered of a daughter. I had been the godfather of *Margaret's* child, who was called *Paul*. *Madame de la Tour* begged me to name her daughter also, in conjunction with her friend, who gave her the name of *Virginia*. "She will be virtuous," said she, "and she will be happy : I knew calamity only in "ceasing to be virtuous."

When *Madame de la Tour* was recovered of her lying in, these two little habitations began to wear the appearance of comfort, with the assistance of the labour which I occasionally bestowed upon them, but particularly, by the assiduous labour of their slaves : That of *Margaret*, called *Domingo*, was an Iolof Black, still robust, though rather advanced in life. He possessed the advantage of experience, and good natural sense. He cultivated, without distinction, on the two districts, the soil which appeared to him the most fertile, and there he sowed the seeds which he thought would thrive the best in it. He sowed small millet and Indian corn, in places where the soil was of an inferior quality, and a little wheat where the ground was good. In marshy places, he sowed rice, and at the foot of the rocks were raised *Giraumonts*, gourds, and cucumbers, which delight in climbing up their sides : In dry places, he planted potatoes, which there acquire fin-

gular sweetness ; cotton trees on heights, sugar canes on strong land ; coffee plants on the hills, where their grains are small, but of an excellent quality ; along the river, and around the cottages, he planted bananas, which, all the year round, produce large supplies of fruit, and form a beautiful shelter ; and, in a word, some plants of tobacco, to soothe his own cares, and those of his good mistresses. He went to cut wood for fuel in the mountain, and broke down pieces of rock, here and there, in the plantation, to smooth the roads. He performed all these labours with intelligence and activity, because he performed them with zeal. He was very much attached to *Margaret*, and not much less so to *Madame de la Tour*, whose slave he had married at the birth of *Virginia*. He passionately loved his wife, whose name was *Mary*. She was a native of Madagascar, from whence she had brought some degree of skill, particularly, the art of making baskets, and stuffs called *pagnes*, with the grass which grows in the woods. She was clever, cleanly, and, what was above all, incorruptibly faithful. Her employment was to prepare the victuals, to take care of some poultry, and to go occasionally to Port Louis, to sell the superfluity of the two plantations ; this, however was very inconsiderable. If to these, you add two goats, brought up with the children, and a great dog, that watched the dwellings during the night, you will have an idea of all the possessions, and of all the domestic economy, of these two little farms.

As for the two friends, they spun cotton from morning till night. This employment was sufficient to maintain themselves and their families ; but, in other respects, they were so ill provided with foreign commodities, that they walked bare footed when at home, and never wore shoes except on Sundays, when they went to mass, early in the morning, to the church of Pamplemousses, which you see in the bottom. It is, nevertheless, much farther than to Port Louis ; but they seldom visited the city, for fear of being treated with contempt, because they were dressed in

the coarse blue linen cloth of Bengal, which is worn by slaves. After all, Is public respectability half so valuable as domestic felicity? If these ladies were exposed to a little suffering when abroad, they returned home with so much more additional satisfaction. No sooner had *Mary* and *Domingo* perceived them from this eminence, on the road from Pamplémouffes, than they flew to the bottom of the mountain, in order to assist them in reascending it. They read in the eyes of their slaves, the joy which they felt at seeing them again. They found in their habitation, cleanliness and freedom, blessings which they owed entirely to their own industry, and servants animated with zeal and affection. As for themselves, united by the same wants, having experienced evils almost similar, giving to each other the tender names of friend, companion, and sister, they had but one will, one interest, one table. They had every thing in common. And if it sometimes happened, that former sentiments, more ardent than those of friendship, were rekindled in their bosoms, a pure and undefiled Religion, assisted by chaste manners, directed them toward another life, like the flame which flies off to Heaven, when it ceases to find nourishment on the Earth.

The duties of nature were still an additional source of happiness to their society. Their mutual friendship redoubled at the sight of their children, the fruits of a love equally unfortunate. They took delight to put them into the same bath, and to lay them to sleep in the same cradle. They frequently exchanged their milk to the children. "My friend," said *Madame de la Tour*, "each of us will have two children, and each of our children will have two mothers." Like two buds which remain upon two trees of the same species, all the branches of which have been broken by the tempest, produce fruits more delicious, if each of them, detached from the maternal stock, is grafted on the neighbouring stem; thus, these two little children, deprived of their relations, were filled with sentiments toward each other, more tender than those of

son and daughter, of brother and sister, when they were exchanged at the breast, by the two friends who had given them being. Already their mothers talked of their marriage, though they were yet in the cradle, and this prospect of conjugal felicity, with which they soothed their own woes to peace, frequently terminated in a flood of tears; the one, recollecting the miseries which she had suffered from having neglected the forms of marriage, and the other, from having submitted to its laws; the one, from having been raised above her condition; and the other, from having descended below hers; but they consoled themselves with the thought, that the day would come, when their children, more fortunate than themselves, would enjoy, at once, far from the cruel prejudices of Europe, the pleasures of love, and the happiness of equality.

Nothing, indeed, was to be compared with the attachment which the babes already testified for each other: If *Paul* happened to complain, they shewed *Virginia* to him; at the sight of her, he smiled, and was pacified. If *Virginia* suffered, you were informed of it by the lamentations of *Paul*; but this amiable child immediately concealed her pain, that her sufferings might not distress him. I never arrived here, that I did not see them both, entirely naked, according to the custom of the country, scarcely able to walk, holding each other by the hands, and under the arms, as the constellation of the Twins is represented. Night itself had not the power of separating them; it frequently surprised them, laid in the same cradle, cheek joined to cheek, bosom to bosom, their hands mutually passed around each other's neck, and asleep in one another's arms.

When they were able to speak, the first names which they learnt to pronounce were those of brother and sister. Infancy, which bestows caresses more tender, knows of no names more sweet. Their education only served to redouble their friendship, by directing it toward their recip-

rocal wants. Very soon, every thing that concerned domestic economy, cleanliness, the care of preparing a rural repast, became the province of *Virginia*, and her labours were always followed by the praises and caresses of *Paul*. As for him, ever in motion, he digged in the garden with *Domingo*, or with a little hatchet in his hand, followed him into the woods, and if, in these rambles, a beautiful flower, a delicious fruit, or a nest of birds, came in his way, though at the top of the highest tree, he scaled it, to bring them to his sister.

When you chanced to meet the one of them, you might be certain the other was not far off. One day that I was descending from the summit of this mountain, I perceived *Virginia* at the extremity of the garden ; she was running toward the house, her head covered with her petticoat, which she had raised behind, to shelter her from a deluge of rain. At a distance, I thought she had been alone ; and having advanced, in order to assist her, I perceived that she held *Paul* by the arm, who was almost enveloped in the same covering ; both of them delighted at finding themselves sheltered together under an umbrella of their own invention. These two charming heads, wrapt up in the swelling petticoat, reminded me of the children of *Leda*, enclosed in the same shell.

All their study was to please, and to assist each other ; in every other respect, they were as ignorant as Creoles, and neither knew how to read or write. They did not disturb themselves about what had happened in former times, and at a distance from them ; their curiosity did not extend beyond that mountain. They believed that the World ended at the extremity of their island, and they could not form an idea of any thing beautiful where they were not. Their mutual affection, and that of their mothers, engaged every feeling of their hearts : Never had useless science caused their tears to flow : Never had the lessons of a gloomy morality oppressed them with languor. They knew not that it was unlawful to steal, every thing

with them being in common ; nor to be intemperate, having always at command, plenty of simple food ; nor to utter falsehood, having no truths that it was necessary to conceal. They had never been terrified with the idea, that GOD has in reserve dreadful punishments for ungrateful children ; with them, filial duty was born of maternal affection. They had been taught no other religion than that which instructs us to love one another ; and, if they did not offer up long prayers at church, wherever they were, in the house, in the fields, or in the woods, they raised toward Heaven innocent hands and pure hearts, filled with the love of their parents.

Thus passed their early infancy, like a beautiful dawn, which seems to promise a still more beautiful day. They, already, divided with their mothers the cares of the household : As soon as the crowing of the cock announced the return of *Aurora*, *Virginia* rose, went to draw water at a neighbouring fountain, and returned to the house to prepare breakfast : Soon after, when the sun had gilded the peaks of that enclosure, *Margaret* and her son went to the dwelling of *Madame de la Tour*, where they immediately began a prayer, which was followed by their first repast : This they frequently partook of, before the door, seated on the grass, under a bower of bananas, which furnished them, at the same time, with ready prepared food, in their substantial fruit, and table linen in their long and glittering leaves.

Wholesome and plentiful nourishment rapidly expanded the bodies of these young people, and a mild education painted in their physiognomies, the purity and contentment of their souls. *Virginia* was only twelve years old ; already her person was more than half formed ; a large quantity of beautiful flaxen hair ornamented her head ; her blue eyes and coral lips shone, with the mildest lustre, on the bloom of her countenance : They always smiled in concert when she spoke ; but when she was silent, their natural obliquity toward Heaven gave them an ex-

pression of extreme sensibility, and even a slight tendency to melancholy. As for *Paul*, you might already see in him, the character of a man, possessing all the graces of youth ; his figure was taller than that of *Virginia*, his complexion darker, and his nose more aquiline : His eyes, which were black, would have possessed a certain degree of haughtiness, if the long eye lashes which surrounded them, and which resembled the fine strokes of a pencil, had not given them the greatest sweetness. Though he was almost continually in motion, the moment his sister appeared, he became tranquil, and seated himself beside her ; their meal frequently passed without a word being uttered : Their silence, the simplicity of their attitudes, the beauty of their naked feet, would have tempted you to believe, that you beheld an antique groupe of white marble, representing the children of *Niobe* ; But, when you beheld their looks, which seemed desirous to meet each other, their smiles returned with smiles still sweeter, you would have taken them for those children of Heaven, those blessed spirits, whose nature is love ; and who have no need of thought to make their feelings known, nor of words to express their affection.

In the mean time, Madame *de la Tour*, perceiving that her daughter advanced in life, with so many charms, felt her uneasiness increase with her tenderness : She used to say sometimes to me, “ If I should chance to die, what “ would become of *Virginia*, dowerless as she is ? ”

She had an aunt in France, a woman of quality, rich, old, and a devotee, who had refused her assistance, in a manner so unfeeling, when she married *De la Tour*, that she resolved never to have recourse to her again, to whatever extremity she might be reduced. But, now that she was become a mother, she no longer dreaded the shame of a refusal : She acquainted her aunt with the unexpected death of her husband, the birth of her daughter, and the embarrassment of her affairs ; destitute of support, and burdened with a child. She, however, received no an-

fewer ; but, being a woman of exalted character, she no longer feared humiliation, nor to expose herself to the reproaches of her relation, who had never forgiven her, for having married a man of low birth, though virtuous. She continued, therefore, to write to her aunt, by every opportunity, in the hope of raising in her breast, some favourable emotions toward *Virginia* : Many years, however, elapsed, before she received from her any token of remembrance.

At length, in the year 1746, on the arrival of *M. de la Bourdonaye*, Madame *de la Tour* was informed that their new Governour had a letter to deliver to her from her aunt. She immediately ran to Port Louis, for this once, entirely indifferent about appearing in her coarse habit ; maternal love raising her above respect to the World. *M. de la Bourdonaye* delivered her aunt's letter, which insinuated that she merited her condition, for having married an adventurer, a libertine ; that the passions always carried their punishment along with them ; that the untimely death of her husband was a just chastisement of GOD ; that she had done well to remain in the West India Islands, instead of dishonouring her family, by returning to France ; and that, after all, she was in an excellent country, where every body made fortunes, except the idle. After having thus reproached her, she concluded with making her own elogium ; to avoid, she said, the almost inevitable evils which attend matrimony, she had always refused to marry : The truth was, that, being very ambitious, she had refused to unite herself to any except a man of rank ; but, although she was very rich, and that, at Court, every thing is a matter of indifference, fortune excepted, yet no person was found, willing to form an alliance with a woman, homely to the last degree, and, at the same time, possessed of a most unfeeling heart.

She added, by way of postscript, that every thing considered, she had strongly recommended her to *M. de la Bourdonaye* : She had, indeed, recommended her, but,

conformably to a custom but too prevalent at this day, which renders a protector more to be dreaded than a declared enemy, in order to justify to the Governor, her severity to her niece, in feigning to pity, she had calumniated her.

Madame *de la Tour*, who could not be seen by the most indifferent person, without interest and respect, was received with the greatest coolness by M. *de la Bourdonaye*, already prejudiced against her. To the account which she gave, of her own situation, and that of her daughter, he answered only by harsh monosyllables ; “ I shall enquire....” “ we shall see,”....“ in time,”....“ there are many unhappy people,”....“ why offend so respectable an aunt ?”....“ you are certainly to blame.”

Madame *de la Tour* returned to the plantation, her heart oppressed with grief, and full of bitterness ; on her arrival she sat down, threw her aunt's letter on the table, and said to her friend, “ Behold the fruits of eleven years patience.” But as no one of the society knew how to read, except Madame *de la Tour*, she took up the letter again, and read it to all the family. Scarcely had she concluded, than Margaret said to her with vivacity, “ What need have we of thy relations ? Has God forsaken us ? He only is our father : Have we not lived happily until this day ? Why, then, should you afflict yourself ? You have no fortitude.” Perceiving that Madame *de la Tour* was much affected, she threw herself on her bosom, folded her in her arms, and exclaimed, “ My dear friend, my dear friend !” Her own sobs quite choked her voice. At this sight, *Virginia*, melting into tears, alternately pressed the hands of her mother, and of Margaret, to her lips, and to her heart ; whilst *Paul*, his eyes inflamed with rage, exclaimed aloud, clenched his fists, stamped with his feet, not knowing how to vent his rage. At the noise which he made, *Domingo* and *Mary* ran in, and nothing but exclamations of distress were heard in the cottage : “ Ah Madame !”.....“ My good mistress !”.....

"My dear mother!".... "Do not distress yourself." Such tender marks of affection, soon dissipated the anguish of Madame de la Tour: She embraced *Paul* and *Virginia*, and said to them, with a look of satisfaction, "My dear children, you are the cause of my tears, but you are also the source of all the happiness I enjoy: Oh, my children, misfortune attacks me only from afar, felicity is ever around me." *Paul* and *Virginia* did not comprehend what she said, but as soon as they saw that she was composed, they smiled, and caressed her. Thus was peace restored, and the past scene was only like a stormy cloud in the midst of Summer.

The good dispositions of these children were unfolding themselves from day to day. One Sunday, about sunrise, their mothers having gone to the first mass, at the church of Pamplemousses, a fugitive negro woman made her appearance, under the bananas which surrounded their plantation. She was as meagre as a skeleton, and without a bit of clothing, except a shred of tattered canvass about her loins. She threw herself at *Virginia's* feet, who was preparing the family breakfast, and thus addressed her: "My dear young lady, take pity on a miserable runaway slave: For more than a month past, I have been wandering about these mountains, half dead with famine, and frequently pursued by the huntsmen and their dogs. I have fled from my master, who is a wealthy planter on the black river: He has treated me in the manner you see." She then shewed her body, deeply furrowed by the strokes of the whip which she had received. She added, "I had thoughts of drowning myself, but knowing that you lived here, I thus reflected; Perhaps there are still some good white people in this country, I must not die yet." *Virginia*, much affected, replied, "Take comfort, unfortunate creature! eat, eat." Upon which, she gave her the breakfast which she had prepared for the family. The slave, in a few moments, devoured the whole of it. *Virginia*, seeing her refreshed, said to her: "Poor

"wretch ! I have a great desire to go to your master, and
"implore your pardon : At the sight of you, he must be
"touched with compassion : Will you conduct me to
"him ?".... "Angel of God !" replied the negress, " I
"will follow you wherever you lead me." *Virginia*
called her brother, and begged him to accompany her :
The fugitive slave conducted them, by narrow paths, to
the middle of the woods, across high mountains, over
which they scrambled with difficulty, and great rivers,
which they forded. At length, toward the middle of
the day, they arrived at the bottom of a mountain on
the banks of the Black River. They there perceived a
well built house, considerable plantations, and a great
number of slaves engaged in different occupations. Their
master was walking in the midst of them, with a pipe in his
mouth, and a ratan in his hand. He was a very tall, lean
man, of an olive complexion, with his eyes sunk in his
head, and his eyebrows black, and meeting each other.
Virginia, quite petrified, holding *Paul* by the arm, ap-
proached the master, and entreated him, for the love of
GOD, to pardon his slave, who was a few paces behind
them. The master, at first, did not pay much attention
to these two children, who were but meanly clad ; when,
however, he had remarked the elegant form of *Virginia*, her
beautiful flaxen hair, which appeared from under a blue
hood, and when he had heard the sweet tones of her voice,
which trembled, as well as her body, while she implored
his forgiveness, he took the pipe from his mouth, and,
raising his ratan toward Heaven, declared, with a terrible
oath, that he would pardon his slave, not for the love of
GOD, but for the love of her. *Virginia* immediately
made a sign for the slave to advance toward her master,
and then ran away, while *Paul* followed her.

They scrambled, together, up the steep declivity of the
mountain, by which they had descended in the morning,
and having arrived at its summit, they seated themselves
under a tree, exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst.

They had travelled from the rising of the Sun, more than five leagues, without having tasted food : *Paul* addressed *Virginia* thus : " Sister, it is past midday ; you are hungry, you are thirsty ; we shall find no refreshment here ; let us again descend the mountain, and request the master of the slave to give us something to eat." " Oh, no ! my friend," replied *Virginia*, " he has terrified me too much already : Do you not remember what mamma has often said ; *The bread of the wicked fills the mouth with gravel ?*" " What shall we do then ?" said *Paul* : " These trees produce only bad fruits : " There is not so much as a tamarind, or a lemon, to refresh you." " God will have pity on us," returned *Virginia*, " he hears the voices of the little birds, which call to him for food." Scarcely had she pronounced these words, when they heard the bubbling of a fountain, which fell from a neighbouring rock : They immediately ran to it, and after having quenched their thirst with water, more clear than the crystal, they gathered, and ate a few of the cresses which grew upon its banks. As they were anxiously looking about, from side to side, to see if they could not find some more substantial food, *Virginia* perceived, among the trees of the forest, a young palm tree. The colewort, which is inclosed in the leaves that grow on the top of this tree, is very good to eat ; but though its trunk was not thicker than a man's leg, it was more than sixty feet high. The wood of this tree, indeed, is only formed of a bundle of filaments, but its pith is so hard, that it resists the edge of the keenest hatchet, and *Paul* had not so much as a knife. The idea occurred to him, of setting fire to the palm tree, but here again he was at a loss ; he had no steel ; and besides, in this island, so covered with rock, I do not believe that a single flint stone is to be found. Necessity produces industry, and the most useful inventions are frequently to be ascribed to the most miserable of mankind. *Paul* resolved to kindle a fire in the same manner that the blacks do. With the

sharp point of a stone, he bored a little hole in the branch of a tree that was very dry, which he mastered by pressing it under his feet : He then, with the edge of this stone, made a point to another branch, equally dry, but of a different species of wood. Afterwards, he applied this piece of pointed wood to the little hole of the branch which was under his feet, and spinning it round, with great rapidity, between his hands, as you trundle round the mill with which chocolate is frothed up, in a few moments, he saw smoke and sparks issue from the point of contact. He, then, gathered together some dry herbage, and other branches of trees, and applied the fire to the root of the palm tree, which presently fell with a terrible crash. The fire likewise assisted him in peeling off from the colewort its long, ligneous, and prickly leaves. *Virginia* and he ate a part of this cabbage raw, and the other part dressed upon the ashes, and found them equally favourable. They enjoyed this frugal repast with the highest satisfaction, from the recollection of the good action which they had performed in the morning ; but their joy was greatly damped, by the uneasiness, which they had not a doubt their long absence must have occasioned to their parents. *Virginia* recurred frequently to this subject, while *Paul*, who now felt his strength restored, assured her, that it would not be long before they got home, to quiet the anxiety of their mothers.

After dinner, they found themselves much embarrassed, for they had no longer a guide to direct them homewards. *Paul*, who was disconcerted at nothing, said to *Virginia*, " Our cottage looks toward the noonday Sun, we must, therefore, pass as we did this morning, over that mountain which you see below, with its three peaks. Come, let us walk on, my friend." This mountain is called that of the Three Paps*, because its three peaks have that

* There are many mountains, the summits of which are rounded into the form of a woman's breast, and bear that name in all languages. They are, indeed, real paps ; for from them issue multitudes of brooks and rivers,

form. They descended, then, the gloomy declivity of the Black River, toward the north, and arrived, after an hour's walking, at the banks of a considerable river, which barred their progress. That large portion of the island, entirely covered with forests, is so little known, even at this day, that many of its rivers and mountains are still without a name. The river, upon the banks of which they were, flows impetuously over a bed of rocks. The noise of its waters terrified *Virginia*; she durst not venture to put her feet into it, for the purpose of fording over. *Paul*, upon this, took *Virginia* on his back; and, thus laden, passed over the slippery rocks of the river, in spite of the tumult of the waves. "Be not afraid," said he to her; "I feel my strength renewed, having the charge of you. If the planter of the Black River had refused to your entreaties the pardon of his slave, I should have fought with him." "How!" exclaimed *Virginia*, "with that man, so large, and so wicked? To what have I exposed you? My GOD! how difficult a thing it is to act properly! Evil alone is performed with facility!"

When *Paul* had arrived on the farther side, he was desirous of continuing the journey, laden as he was with the weight of his sister, and he flattered himself that he should be able thus to ascend the mountain of the Three Paps, which he saw before him, at the distance of a league and a half, under the same burden with which he had crossed the river; but his strength very soon failed him, and he was obliged to set her on the ground, and repose himself by her side. *Virginia* then said to him, "Brother, the day is declining fast; you have still some strength remaining, and mine entirely fails; suffer me to remain here,

which diffuse abundance over the face of the Earth. They are the sources of the principal streams which water it, and furnish them with a constant supply, by continually attracting the clouds around the peak of the rock, which overtops them at the centre, like a nipple. We have indicated those wonderful provisions of Nature, in the preceding Studies.

“and do you return alone to our cottage, to restore tranquillity to our mothers.” “Oh no!” said *Paul*, “I will never leave you. If the night should surprise us in these woods, I will light a fire, I will fell these palm trees, you shall eat the colewort, and I will make of its leaves an ajoupa to shelter you.” *Virginia*, however, being a little revived, gathered, from the trunk of an old tree which grew upon the edge of the river, long leaves of the scolopendra, which hung down from its boughs. She made of these, a species of sandals, which she put on her feet; for they were wounded to bleeding, by the sharp stones which covered the road; for, in her eagerness to do good, she had forgotten to put on her shoes. Feeling herself relieved by the freshness of these leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo, and proceeded on her journey, resting one hand on this reed, and the other on her brother. They thus walked slowly on through the woods; but the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, soon made them lose sight of the mountain of the Three Paps, to which they were directing their course, and even of the Sun, which was near setting. After some time, they strayed, without perceiving it, from the beaten path which they had hitherto pursued, and found themselves in a labyrinth of trees of lianes, and of rocks which had no outlet.

Paul made *Virginia* sit down, and ran about quite distracted, in quest of a road that would lead them out of this maze, but he fatigued himself in vain. He scrambled to the top of a large tree, with the hope of discovering, at least, the mountain of the Three Paps, but he could perceive nothing around him, except the summits of trees, some of which were gilded by the last rays of the setting Sun. In the mean time, the shadow of the mountains had already covered the forests in the valleys; the wind was hushed, as it usually is at the setting of the Sun; a profound silence reigned in these solitudes, and no other sound was to be heard, but the braying of the deer, which

came to seek a place of repose, for the night, in these wild retreats. *Paul*, in the hope that some huntsman might hear his voice, then called out with all his might ; " Come, come to the relief of *Virginia* : " But the only answer he received was from the solitary echoes of the forest, which repeated, at intervals, "*Virginia ! Virginia !*"

Paul, at length, descended from the tree, oppressed with fatigue and vexation ; he meditated on the means of passing the night in this place ; but there was neither fountain, nor palm tree, to be found in it ; nor even so much as branches of dry wood, proper to kindle a fire. He then felt, from experience, the inefficacy of his resources, and began to weep. *Virginia* said to him, " Do not distress yourself, my friend, if you would not wish to see me overwhelmed with grief. It is I who am the cause of all your sufferings, and of those which our mothers now endure. We should do nothing without consulting our parents, not even what is right. Oh ! I have been very imprudent !" Upon saying which, she burst into tears. In the mean time, she said to *Paul*, " Let us pray to GOD, my brother, and he will take compassion on us." Scarcely had they finished their prayer, than they heard a dog bark. " It is," said *Paul*, " the dog of some huntsman, who comes of an evening to kill the deer in their retreat." A short time after, the barking of the dog redoubled. " I have an idea," said *Virginia*, " that it is *Fidèle*, our cottage dog ; yes, I recollect his voice : Is it possible that we should be so near our journey's end, and at the foot of our mountain ?" In truth, a moment afterwards, *Fidèle* was at their feet, barking, howling, groaning, and loading them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprise, they perceived *Domingo*, who was running toward them. At the sight of this worthy negro, who wept with joy, they also shed tears, without being able to say one word. When *Domingo* had a little recovered himself : " Oh, my young masters," said he to them, " what distresses your

“ mothers are in ! how astonished they were at not find-
 “ ing you, on their return from mass, whither I had ac-
 “ companied them ! *Mary*, who was at work in a corner
 “ of the plantation, could not tell whither you were gone :
 “ I wandered about the plantation, not knowing myself
 “ where to seek you : At length, I took the old clothes,
 “ which you used to wear* ; I made *Fidèle* smell to them,
 “ and, as if the poor animal had understood me, he imme-
 “ diately set off to trace your steps. He conducted me,
 “ always wagging his tail, to the Black River. There, I
 “ was informed by a planter, that you had brought a fugi-
 “ tive slave back to him, and that he had pardoned her at
 “ your intercession. But what a pardon ! he shewed her
 “ to me, fastened, with a chain round her foot, to a log
 “ of wood, and an iron collar, with three rings, round
 “ her neck. From thence, *Fidèle*, following the scent,
 “ conducted me to the Mount of the Black River, where
 “ he again stopped, and barked as loud as he was able.
 “ It was on the brink of a fountain, near a palm tree,
 “ which had been levelled, and a fire not quite extin-
 “ guished : At length, he conducted me to this place.
 “ We are at the foot of the mountain of the Three Paps,
 “ and it is still four good leagues from our dwelling.
 “ Come on, eat, and recruit your strength.” He then
 presented to them a cake, some fruit, and a large gourd
 bottle filled with a liquor compounded of water, wine,
 lemon juice, sugar and nutmeg, which their mothers had
 prepared to strengthen and revive them. *Virginia* sighed
 at the recollection of the poor slave, and at the distress of
 their mothers. She repeated several times, “ Oh, how dif-
 “ ficult it is to do good !”

While *Paul* and she were refreshing themselves, *Do-
 mingo* lighted a fire, and looking about among the rocks
 for a crooked billet, which we call round wood, and

* This trait of sagacity in the black *Domingo*, and his dog *Fidèle*, very much
 resembles that of the savage *Tewenissa*, and his dog *Oniah*, mentioned by *M.
 de Crevecoeur*, in his humane Work, entitled, *Letters of an American Farmer*.

which burns even in the sap, throwing out a very bright flame; he made a flambeau of it, and set it a burning; for it was now quite dark. But he had to encounter a much greater difficulty; when all was ready for proceeding forward, *Paul* and *Virginia* were absolutely incapable of walking any farther; their feet being swelled, and raw all over. *Domingo* was completely puzzled; he could not determine whether it would be more advisable for him to ramble about in quest of assistance, or to prepare for passing the night with them, where they were. "Whither has the time fled," said he to them, "when I carried you both at once in my arms? But now, you are increased in stature, and I am old." While he was reduced to this state of perplexity, a company of runaway negroes appeared, about twenty paces distant. The leader of the troop, approaching *Paul* and *Virginia*, thus addressed them: "Good little Whites, be not afraid: We saw you this morning passing along, in company with a negroes of the Black River; you were going to solicit her pardon of a cruel master; out of gratitude we will carry you home upon our shoulders." Upon this he made a sign, and four of the stoutest black fellows immediately formed a litter, with boughs of trees and lianes, placed *Paul* and *Virginia* upon it, hoisted them upon their shoulders, and *Domingo* marching before them with his flambeau, they took the road, amidst the joyful acclamations of the whole company, who loaded them with benedictions. *Virginia*, quite overcome, whispered to *Paul*: "Oh, my dear friend! God never permits a good action to go unrewarded."

About midnight, they arrived at the bottom of their own mountain, the ridges of which were illumined with various fires. Scarcely had they got to the top, when they heard voices calling aloud: "Is it you, my children?" The blacks and they replied together: "Yes, yes, here we are!" and presently they perceived their mothers and *Mary* coming to meet them, with flaming

torches. "Unhappy children!" exclaimed *Madame de la Tour*, "Whence come you? Into what agonies have you thrown us!" "We come," replied *Virginia*, "from the Black River, whither we went this morning to implore the pardon of a poor fugitive negress, to whom I likewise gave the family breakfast, for she was just perishing with hunger; and here, the black runaways have carried us home again." *Madame de la Tour* tenderly embraced her daughter, utterly deprived of the power of speech; and *Virginia*, who felt her own face moistened with her mother's tears, said to her: "How you repay me for all that I have suffered!" *Margaret*, transported with delight, locked *Paul* in her arms, saying, "And thou too, my son, thou hast performed a good action!" Being arrived at their cottage, with the children, they gave a plentiful supper to the black guides, who returned to the woods, with a thousand good wishes for their prosperity.

Every succeeding day was, to these families, a day of happiness and tranquillity. They were strangers to the torments of envy and of ambition. They coveted not, from abroad, that vain reputation which is purchased by intrigue, and which the breath of calumny destroys. It was sufficient for them to be in the place of witness and of judge to each other. In this island, where, as in all the European Colonies, no curiosity is expressed, except in hunting after malicious anecdotes, their virtues, nay, their very names, were unknown. Only, when a passenger happened to ask, on the road to Pamplemoasses, of one of the inhabitants of the plain: "Who lives in yonder cottages on the top of the hill?" the answer returned, without pretending to any farther knowledge of them, was, "They are good people." Thus the violets, from under the prickly shrubbery, exhale at a distance their fragrant perfume, though they remain unseen.

They had banished from their conversation the practice of evil speaking, which, under an appearance of justice,

necessarily disposes the heart to hatred, or to falsehood; for it is impossible to refrain from hating men, if we believe them to be wicked; and to live with the wicked, unless you conceal your hatred of them, under false appearances of benevolence. Evil speaking, accordingly, lays us under the necessity of being upon bad terms with others, or with ourselves. But without sitting in judgment on men, in particular, they entertained one another, only in devising the means of doing good to all in general; and, though they possessed not the power, they had an invariable disposition this way, which animated them with a benevolence at all times ready to extend itself in an outward direction. By living, therefore, in solitude, so far from degenerating into savages, they had become more humane. If the scandalous history of Society did not supply them with matter of conversation, that of Nature replenished their hearts with transports of wonder and delight. They contemplated, with rapture, the power of that Providence which, by their hands, had diffused amidst these barren rocks abundance, gracefulness, pleasures pure, simple, and perpetually renewing themselves.

Paul, at the age of twelve, more vigorous, and more intelligent, than Europeans, in general, are at fifteen, had embellished what the Negro *Domingo* only cultivated. He went with him to the adjoining woods, to take up by the roots the young plants of lemon and orange trees, of the tamarinds, whose round head is of such a beautiful green, and of the *attier*, whose fruit is stored with a sugary cream, which emits the perfume of the orange flower. He planted these trees, after they had attained a considerable stature, all around this enclosure. He had there sown the grains of such trees as, from the second year, and upward, bear flowers, or fruits, as the *agathis*, from which depend circularly, like the crystal pendants of a lustre, long clusters of white flowers; the Persian lilach, which raises straight into the air its gray, flaxen girandoles; the *papayer*, whose branchless trunk, formed like

a column, bristled all over with green melons, carries aloft a chapter of broad leaves, resembling those of the fig tree.

He had likewise planted in it the kernels and the nuts of the *badamier*, of the mango, of the *avocatier*, of the *goyavier*, of the *jacqs*, and of the jamrose. Most of these trees already yielded to their young master, both shade and fruit. His industrious hand had diffused fecundity even over the most sterile spot of the enclosure. Aloës of various kinds, the raquet, loaded with yellow flowers striped with red, the prickly tapers, arose on the dusky summits of the rocks, and seemed desirous of mounting up to the *lianes*, garnished with blue, or scarlet flowers, which hung down here and there, along the precipices of the mountain.

He had disposed these vegetables in such a manner, that you could enjoy the sight of them, by a single glance of the eye. He had planted in the middle of the basin, the herbage, which grows to no great height, after that the shrubbery, then the trees of small stature, and last of all the great trees, which garnished its circumference; so that this vast enclosure appeared, from its centre, like an amphitheatre of verdure, of fruits, and flowers, containing pot herbs, stripes of meadow ground, and fields of rice and corn. But in subjecting thus the vegetable kingdom to his plan, he had not deviated from the plans of Nature. Directed by the indications which she vouchsafes to give, he had placed in elevated situations, the plants whose seeds are volatile, and by the side of the waters those whose grains are adapted to floating. Thus, each vegetable grew in its proper site, and each site received from its vegetable its natural dress. The streams, which descended from the summit of these rocks, formed below in the valley, here, fountains, there, broad and capacious mirrors, which reflected, in the midst of the verdure, the trees in bloom, the rocks, and the azure of the Heavens.

Notwithstanding the great irregularity of the soil, all these plantations were, for the most part, as accessible to

the foot as to the eye. In truth, we all assisted him, with our advice, and with our exertions, in order to accomplish his purpose. He had traced a path which winded round the basin, and of which several ramifications converged from the circumference to meet at the centre. He had availed himself of the most rugged places of his domain, and united, by a harmony the most delicious, facility of walking with the asperity of the soil, and domestic with forest trees. Of that enormous quantity of rolling stones, which now obstruct these roads, as well as mar the greatest part of the surface of this island, he had formed in various places, huge pyramids, in the layers of which he had mixed with earth, and the roots of rose trees, the *poincillade*, and other shrubs, which take pleasure in the rocks. In a very short time, these gloomy and inanimate piles were covered with verdure, or with the dazzling lustre of the most beautiful flowers. The cavities worn by the torrent in the sides of the mountain, bordered with aged trees inclined toward each other, formed arched subterraneans, inaccessible to the heat, to which they retired for coolness, during the sultry ardor of the meridian Sun. A narrow path conducted into a thicket of wild trees, at the centre of which grew, sheltered from the winds, a household tree, loaded with fruit. There, was a corn field whitening to the harvest ; here, an orchard. Through this avenue, you could see the houses ; through that, the inaccessible summits of the mountain. Under a tufted grove of *tatamaques*, interlaced with *lianes*, no one object was distinguishable, even in the brightness of noon-day. On the point of that great rock adjoining, which juts out of the mountain, you could discern all those contained within the enclosure, with the Sea at a distance, on which sometimes appeared a vessel arriving from Europe, or returning thither. On this rock it was that the two families assembled of an evening, and enjoyed, in silence, the coolness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, the bubbling of the fountains, and the last harmonies of light and shade.

Nothing could be more agreeable than the names imposed on the greatest part of the charming retreats of this labyrinth. The rock of which I have just now been speaking, from whence they could discern my approach, at a considerable distance, was called FRIENDSHIP'S DISCOVERY. *Paul* and *Virginia*, in their sportiveness, had planted a bamboo upon it, on the summit of which they hoisted a small white handkerchief, as a signal of my arrival, as soon as they perceived me ; in imitation of the flag which is displayed on the neighbouring mountain, on seeing a vessel at Sea. I took a fancy to engrave an inscription on the stem of this reed. Whatever pleasure I may have enjoyed in the course of my travels, in contemplating a statue, or a monument of Antiquity, I have enjoyed still more in perusing a well conceived inscription. It seems to me, in that case, as if a human voice issued out of the stone, made itself audible through the mighty void of ages, and, addressing itself to Man, in the midst of deserts, told him that he was not alone ; and that other men, in these very places, had felt, thought and suffered, like himself. Should it happen to be the inscription of some ancient Nation, which subsists no longer, it conveys our soul into the regions of infinity, and communicates to it the sentiment of its own immortality, by shewing, that a thought has outlived the ruins even of an Empire.

I inscribed, then, on the little mast which carried the flag of *Paul* and *Virginia*, these verses of *Horace* ;

.....Fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat Pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter lapyga*.

“ May the brothers of *Helen*, stars radiant like yourselves,
“ and may the Ruler of the winds, direct your course ;

* Thus imitated :

May *Helen's* brothers, stars so bright,
And *Æolus* guide your course aright,
That, safe from every ruder gale,
Zephyrs alone may swell the sail.

“ binding up every ruder blast, and filling your sails only
 “ with the breath of the Zephyr.”

I engraved the following line, from *Virgil*, on the rind of a *tatamaque*, under the shade of which *Paul* sometimes sat down, to contemplate, from afar, the agitated Ocean :

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes !

“ Happy, too, is he, in knowing no deities but those
 who make the plains their care !”

And that other, over the door of Madame *de la Tour*'s cottage, which was the place of general rendezvous :

At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.

“ Peace undisturbed, and hearts devoid of guile.”

But *Virginia* did not approve of my Latin ; she said, that the inscription, which I had placed below her weathercock, was too long and too learned. I should have rather preferred this, added she : ALWAYS AGITATED, BUT EVER CONSTANT. That device, replied I, is still better adapted to virtue. My observation excited a blush in her cheek.

These happy families extended their benevolent dispositions to all that surrounded them. They bestowed the most tender appellations on objects apparently the most indifferent. To an enclosure of orange trees, and bananas, planted in form of a circle, round a portion of mossy ground, in the middle of which *Paul* and *Virginia* sometimes used to dance, they gave the name of THE CONCORD. An ancient tree, under the shade of which Madame *de la Tour* and *Margaret* related, to each other, their misfortunes, was called, THE TEARS WIPED AWAY. They gave the names of BRITTANY and NORMANDY to small spots of ground, where they had planted corn, strawberries, and pease. *Domingo* and *Mary*, wishing, after the example of their mistresses, to call to remembrance the places of their birth in Africa, denominated two pieces of ground, where that grass grew of which they made bas-

kets, and where they had planted a great gourd, ANGOLA and FOULLEPOINTE. Thus, by these productions of their own climates, these exiled families cherished fond ideas of their native country, and soothed their sorrows in a foreign land. Alas ! I have seen the trees, the fountains, the rocks, of this spot, now so changed, animated by a thousand charming appellations ; but in their present state, like a Grecian plain, they only present to view, ruins, and heart affecting inscriptions.

Of the whole enclosure, however, no spot was more agreeable than that which went by the name of VIRGINIA'S REST. At the foot of the rock, named, THE DISCOVERY OF FRIENDSHIP, is a hollow place, whence issues a fountain, which forms, from its source, a little lake, in the middle of a meadow of fine grass. When *Margaret* had brought *Paul* into the World, I made her a present of an Indian cocoa nut, which had been given me. She planted this fruit on the borders of the lake, intending that the tree which it should produce, might serve, one day, as the epocha of her son's birth. *Madame de la Tour*, after her example, planted another there likewise, with a similar intention, as soon as she was delivered of *Virginia*. From these nuts grew two cocoa trees, which formed the whole archives of the two families ; one was called the tree of *Paul*, the other that of *Virginia*. They both grew in the same proportion as their young master and mistress, of a height rather unequal, but which surpassed, at the end of twelve years, that of the cottages. Already they interwove their branches, and dropped their young clusters of cocoas, over the basin of the fountain.

This plantation excepted, they had left the cavity of the rock just as Nature had adorned it. On its brown and humid sides, radiated, in green and dusky stars, large plants of maidenhair, and tufts of the scolopendra, suspended like long ribands of a greenish purple, waved at the pleasure of the winds. Near to that, grew long stripes of the periwinkle, the flowers of which nearly resemble those of

the red gillyflower, and pimentos, whose blood coloured husks are brighter than coral. Round about these, the plants of balm, with their leaves resembling a heart, and the basilicons, with a carnation smell, exhaled the sweetest of perfumes. From the summit of the rugged precipices of the mountain hung the *lianes*, like floating drapery, which formed, on the sides of the rocks, large festoons of verdure. The sea birds, attracted by these peaceful retreats, flocked thither to pass the night. At sunset, you might see the rook and the sea lark fly along the shore of the Sea ; and, high in the air, the black frigate and the white bird of the tropics, which abandon, together with the orb of day, the solitudes of the Indian Ocean.

Virginia delighted to repose herself on the borders of this fountain, decorated with a pomp, at once magnificent and wild. Thither did she often resort, to wash the linen of the family, under the shade of the two cocoa trees ; and sometimes she led her goats to pasture there. While she prepared cheeses of their milk, she took delight to see them browse on the maidenhair, which grew on the steep sides of the rock, and suspend themselves in the air, on one of its cornices, as on a pedestal.

Paul, perceiving this to be the favourite retreat of *Virginia*, brought thither, from the neighbouring forest, the nests of all kinds of birds. The parents of these birds followed their young ones, and established themselves in this new colony. *Virginia* scattered among them, from time to time, grains of rice, of maize, and of millet. As soon as she appeared, the whistling blackbirds, the bengali, whose warbling is so sweet, and the cardinal, with his flame coloured plumage, left the bushes ; the parroquets, as green as the emerald, descended from the neighbouring lataniers ; the partridges ran nimbly along the grass : All hastened, in variegated groups, to her very feet, like little chickens, while *Paul* and she amused themselves, with transport, at their playfulness, their appetites, and their loves.

Amiable children, thus did you pass your early days, in perfect innocence, and employing yourselves in acts of virtue ! How many times, in that spot, did your mothers, folding you in their arms, give thanks to Heaven, for the consolation which you were preparing for their old age, and at seeing you enter into life under auspices so happy ! How many times, under the shade of these rocks, have I partaken with them, your rural repast, by which no animal was deprived of life ! Gourds filled with milk, fresh eggs, cakes of rice served up on the leaves of the banana tree, baskets filled with potatoes, mangoes, oranges, pomegranates, bananas, *attés*, and pine apples, presented, at once, the most nourishing aliment, the gayest colours, and the most agreeable juices.

Their conversation was as sweet, and as innocent, as the repasts. *Paul* frequently talked of the labours of the day past, and of those of tomorrow ; he was always meditating something which would be subservient to the general good ; here, the paths were not commodious ; there, they were indifferently seated ; these young bowers did not give a sufficient shade ; *Virginia* would be more comfortable there.

In the rainy season, in the day time, they assembled all together, in the cottage, masters and servants, and employed themselves in weaving mats of the herbage, and baskets of bamboo. You saw displayed, in the most perfect order, along the boards of the wall, rakes, hatchets, spades ; and close by these instruments of agriculture, the productions which were the fruit of them, bags of rice, sheaves of corn, and rows of bananas. Delicacy was there ever blended with abundance. *Virginia*, assisted by the instructions of *Margaret*, and her mother, amused herself with preparing sherbets, and cordials, with the juice of the sugar cane, of citrons, and of *cedrats*.

When night arrived, they supped by the glimmering light of a lamp ; after which *Madame de la Tour*, or *Margaret*, related the histories of travellers, who had lost their way by night, in the forests of Europe, infested by

robbers ; or of the shipwreck of some vessel, driven by the tempest on the rocks of a desert island. On hearing melancholy details of this kind, the hearts of these sensible young folks caught fire. They implored of Heaven, the grace, to put in practice, one day, the duties of hospitality to unhappy persons in such circumstances. Meanwhile the two families separated, to enjoy the gift of sleep, but in the ardor of impatience to meet again next morning. Sometimes they were lulled to rest, by the noise of the rain rushing down in torrents on the roof of their cottages ; or by the roaring of the winds, which conveyed to their ears, the distant murmuring of the billows which broke upon the shore. They united, in giving thanks to GOD for their personal security, the sentiment of which was heightened by that of danger remote.

Madame *de la Tour*, from time to time, read aloud to the company some interesting portion of the History of the Old or New Testament. They reasoned sparingly on the subject of those Sacred Books ; for their Theology consisted wholly in sentiment, like that of Nature ; and their morality, wholly in active benevolence, like that of the Gospel. They had no days destined, some to mirth, others to melancholy. Every day was, to them, a season of festivity, and every thing that surrounded them a divine Temple, in which they incessantly admired an Intelligence infinite, omnipotent, and graciously disposed toward Man. This sentiment of confidence in the Power Supreme, filled them with consolation respecting the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the time to come. Thus it was that these females, constrained by calamity to fall back into Nature, had unfolded in themselves, and in their children, those feelings which are the gift of Nature, to prevent our sinking under the pressure of calamity.

But as there sometimes arise, in the best regulated spirit, clouds to disturb its serenity, when any member of this society had the appearance of pensiveness, all the rest felt

attracted toward that one, and dissipated the bitterness of thought, rather by feelings, than by reflections. Each exerted, to this effect, their particular character : *Margaret*, a lively gaiety ; *Madame de la Tour*, a mild theology ; *Virginia*, tender caresses ; *Paul*, frankness and cordiality. Nay, *Mary* and *Domingo*, contributed their share of consolation. When they beheld affliction, they were afflicted ; when they saw tears shed, they wept. Thus the feeble plants interlace their boughs, in order to resist the violence of the hurricane.

When the weather was fine, they went every Sunday to mass, to the church of Pamplemousses, the tower of which you see below in the plain. The wealthy Planters resorted thither in their palanquins ; and made many efforts to form an acquaintance with these happily united families, and invited them to partake of their parties of pleasure. But they uniformly declined accepting such tenders, civilly and respectfully, under the conviction, that persons of consequence court the obscure, only for the pleasure of having compliant hangers on, and that it is impossible to be complaisant, but by flattering the passions of another, whether they be good or bad. On the other hand, they shunned, with no less circumspection, all intimacy with the lower inhabitants, who are, for the most part, jealous, backbiters, and vulgar. They passed, at first, with one of those sets, for timid ; and with the other, for haughty ; but their reserved behaviour was accompanied with marks of politeness so obliging, especially to persons in distress, that they imperceptibly acquired the respect of the rich, and the confidence of the poor.

When mass was over, they were frequently sought unto, for the interposition of some gracious office or another. It was a person in perplexity, who applied to them for their kind advice ; or a child, importuning them to visit a sick mother, in one of the adjoining hamlets. They always carried about them some receipts adapted to the diseases incident to the inhabitants, and they administered

their prescriptions with that good grace, which communicates such a value to small services. They succeeded, particularly, in curing the maladies of the mind, so oppressive, in a state of solitude, and in an infirm state of body. Madame *de la Tour* spoke with so much confidence of the DEITY, that the sick person, listening to her discourse, felt the impression of his presence. From these visits *Virginia* frequently returned with her eyes bathed in tears, but her heart overflowing with joy ; for she had been blessed with an opportunity of doing good. She it was who prepared, beforehand, the medicines necessary to the sick, and who presented them with a grace ineffable.

After those visits of humanity, they sometimes extended their walk, by the valley of the long mountain, as far as my habitation, where I expected them to dinner, on the banks of the little river, which flows in my neighbourhood. I provided myself, for such occasions, with some bottles of old wine, in order to enliven the gaiety of our Indian repasts, by those pleasant and cordial productions of Europe. At other times, we had our rendezvous on the shore of the Sea, at the mouth of some other small rivers, which, in this part of the World, can hardly be called any thing more than a larger kind of brook. Thither we carried, from the plantation, various kinds of vegetable provision, which we added to the abundant supplies furnished by the Ocean. We fished along the shore for cabots, polypuses, lobsters, roaches, shrimps, crabs, urchins, oysters, and shell fish of every kind. Situations the most terrible frequently procured us pleasures the most tranquilizing. Sometimes, seated on a rock, under the shade of a velvet tree, we contemplated the billows, from the main, rolling on, and breaking under our feet, with a tremendous roar. *Paul*, who, beside his other qualities, could swim like a fish, now and then advanced upon the shallows to meet the surge, then, as it approached, fled toward the shore, pursued by its vast, foaming and raging swell, a considerable way up the strand. But *Virginia*, as

often as she saw this, screamed aloud, and declared that such kind of amusement terrified her exceedingly.

Our meals were followed up by the singing and dancing of these two young people. *Virginia* chanted the felicity of a rural life, and the wretchedness of seafaring men, whom avarice prompts to encounter a furious element, rather than cultivate the earth, which confers so many benefits, in peace and tranquillity. Sometimes, after the manner of the negroes, *Paul* and she performed a pantomime. Pantomime is the first language of Man; it is practised among all nations. It is so natural, and so expressive, that the children of the whites quickly learn it, from seeing those of the blacks thus amuse themselves. *Virginia*, recollecting the histories which her mother used to read, those especially which had affected her the most, exhibited the principal events of them, with much natural expression. Sometimes, to the sound of *Domingo's* tamtam, she made her appearance on the downy stage, bearing a pitcher on her head. She advanced, with timidity, to fill it with water at the source of a neighbouring fountain. *Domingo* and *Mary*, representing the shepherds of Midian, obstructed her passage, and feigned to repel her. *Paul* flew to her assistance, beat off the shepherds, filled the pitcher of *Virginia*, and placing it upon her head, at the same time bound around it a garland of the scarlet flowers of the periwinkle, which heightened the fairness of her complexion. Then, taking a part in their innocent sports, I assumed the character of *Raguel*, and bestowed on *Paul*, my daughter *Zipporah* in marriage.

At another time, she represented the unfortunate *Ruth*, who returns to her country, a widow, and in poverty, where she finds herself treated as a stranger, after a long absence. *Domingo* and *Mary* acted the part of the reapers. *Virginia* appeared, gleaning up and down after them, and picking up the ears of corn. *Paul*, imitating the gravity of a Patriarch, interrogated her; she, trembling,

replied to his questions. Moved with compassion, he immediately granted an asylum to innocence, and the rights of hospitality to misfortune. He filled *Virginia's* apron with provisions of every kind, and brought her before us, as before the elders of the city, declaring that he took her to wife, notwithstanding her extreme indigence. At this scene, *Madame de la Tour*, calling to remembrance the state of desertion in which she had been left by her own relations, her widowhood, the kind reception which *Margaret* had given her, now succeeded by the hope of a happy union between their children, could not refrain from tears; and this blended recollection of good and evil, drew from the eyes of us all, the tears of sorrow and of joy.

These dramas were exhibited with such a truth of expression, that we actually imagined ourselves transported to the plains of Syria, or of Palestine. There was no want of decorations, of illuminations, and of orchestras, suitable to this spectacle. The place of the scene usually was at the cross paths of a forest, the openings of which formed around us several arcades of foliage. We were at their centre sheltered from the heat, all the day long: But when the Sun had descended to the horizon, his rays broken by the trunks of the trees, diverged into the shades of the forest, in long, luminous emanations, which produced the most majestic effect. Sometimes, his complete disk appeared at the extremity of an avenue, and rendered it quite dazzling with a tide of light. The foliage of the trees, illumined on the under side with his saffron coloured rays, sparkled with the fires of the topaz, and of the emerald. Their mossy and brown trunks seemed to be transformed into columns of antique bronze, and the birds, already retired in silence, under the dark foliage, for the night, surprised by the sight of a new *Aurora*, saluted, all at once, the luminary of day, by a thousand and a thousand songs.

The night very often surprised us regaling ourselves with these rural festivities; but the purity of the air,

and the mildness of the climate, permitted us to sleep under an ajoupa, in the midst of the woods, free from all fear of thieves, either at hand, or at a distance. Every one returned, next morning, to his own cottage, and found it in the same state in which it had been left. There reigned, at that time, so much honesty and simplicity, in this uncommercial island, that the doors of many houses did not fasten by a key, and a lock was an object of curiosity to many Creoles.

But there were certain days of the year celebrated by *Paul* and *Virginia*, as seasons of peculiar rejoicing ; these were the birth days of their mothers. *Virginia* never failed, the evening before, to bake and dress cakes of the flour of wheat, which she sent to the poor families of whites, born in the island, who had never tasted the bread of Europe, and who, without any assistance from the blacks, reduced to live on maize, in the midst of the woods, possessed, toward the support of poverty, neither the stupidity which is the concomitant of slavery, nor the courage which education inspires.

These cakes were the only presents which *Virginia* had it in her power to make, of the affluence of the plantation ; but they were bestowed with a grace which greatly enhanced their value. First, *Paul* himself was desired to undertake the charge of presenting them to those families, and they were invited, on receiving them, to come on the morrow, and pass the day at the habitation of *Madame de la Tour* and *Margaret*. There arrived, accordingly, a mother, with two or three miserable daughters, yellow, meagre, and so timid, that they durst not lift up their eyes. *Virginia* presently set them all at their ease : She served them with a variety of refreshments, the goodness of which she heightened by some particular circumstances, that, according to her, increased its relish. That liquor had been prepared by *Margaret* ; this one by her mother ; her brother himself had gathered that fruit on the summit of the tree. She prevailed on *Paul* to lead them out to

dance. She never gave over till she saw them content and happy. It was her wish that they should become joyful in the joy of the family. "No one," said she, "can find happiness for himself, but in promoting the happiness of another." On taking their leave, to return home, she pressed them to carry away any thing which seemed to have given them peculiar satisfaction, veiling the necessity of accepting her presents, under the pretext of their novelty, or of their singularity. If she remarked their clothes to be excessively tattered, she, with the consent of her mother, selected some of her own, and charged *Paul* to go by stealth, and deposit them at the door of their cottages. Thus, she did good, after the manner of the DEITY ; concealing the benefactress, and shewing the benefit.

You gentlemen of Europe, whose minds are tainted, from your early infancy, by so many prejudices, incompatible with happiness, you are unable to conceive, how Nature can bestow so much illumination, and so many pleasures. Your souls, circumscribed within a small sphere of human knowledge, soon attain the term of their artificial enjoyments ; but nature and the heart are inexhaustible. *Paul* and *Virginia* had no time pieces, nor almanacks, nor books of chronology, of history, nor of philosophy : The periods of their lives were regulated by those of Nature. They knew the hour of the day by the shadow of the trees ; the seasons, by the times when they produced their flowers, or their fruits ; and years, by the number of their harvests. These delightful images diffused the greatest charms over their conversation. "It is dinner time," said *Virginia* to the family ; "the shadows of the bananas are at their feet ;" or else, "Night approaches, for the tamarinds are closing their leaves." "When shall we see you ?" said some of her companions of the vicinity to her. "At the time of the sugar canes," replied *Virginia*. "Your visit will be still sweeter and more agreeable at

“that time,” returned these young people. When enquiries were made respecting her own age, and that of *Paul*, “My brother,” said she, “is of the same age with the great cocoa tree of the fountain, and I, with that of the small one. The mango trees have yielded their fruit twelve times, and the orange trees have opened their blossoms twenty four times, since I came into the World.” Like Fauns and Dryads, their lives seemed to be attached to those of the trees. They knew no other historical epochs, but the lives of their mothers ; no other chronology, but that of their orchards ; and no other philosophy, but universal beneficence, and resignation to the will of GOD.

After all, what occasion had these young people for such riches, and knowledge, as we have learnt to prize ? Their ignorance and their wants, were even a farther addition to their happiness. Not a day passed, in which they did not communicate to each other some assistance, or some information ; I repeat it, information ; and though it might be mingled with some error, yet man, in a state of purity, has no dangerous error to fear. Thus did these two children of Nature advance in life : Hitherto, no care had wrinkled their foreheads, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no unhappy passion had depraved their hearts ; love, innocence, piety, were daily unfolding the beauties of their soul, in graces ineffable, in their features, in their attitudes, and in their motions. — In the morning of life, they had all the freshness of it : Like our first parents, in the garden of Eden, when, proceeding from the hands of their Creator, they saw, approached, and conversed with each other, at first, like brother and sister. *Virginia*, gentle, modest, and confident, like *Eve* ; *Paul*, like *Adam*, with the stature of a man, and all the simplicity of a child.

He has a thousand times told me, that sometimes being alone with her, on his return from labour, he had thus addressed her : “When I am weary, the sight of thee re-

“vives me ; when, from the mountain’s heights, I descry
“thee at the bottom of this valley, thou appearest like a
“rosebud in the midst of our orchards ; when thou walk-
“est toward the dwelling of our mothers, the partridge,
“which trips along to its young ones, has a chest less
“beautiful, and a gait less nimble, than thou hast. Al-
“though I lose sight of thee, through the trees, there is
“no occasion for thy presence, in order to find thee again ;
“something of thee, which I am unable to express, re-
“mains for me in the air through which thou hast passed,
“and on the grass upon which thou hast been seated.
“When I approach thee, all my senses are ravished ; the
“azure of the Heavens is less radiant than the blue of
“thine eyes ; the warbling of the bengali is less sweet
“than the tone of thy voice ; if I touch thee only with
“the tip of my finger, my whole body thrills with pleas-
“ure. Dost thou remember that day, on which we pass-
“ed across the pebbly bed of the river, of the mountain
“called the Three Paps ; when I arrived on its banks, I
“was very much fatigued, but as soon as I had taken thee
“on my back, it seemed as if I had got wings like a bird :
“Tell me, by what charm thou hast been able thus to
“enchant me : Is it by thy understanding ? Our mothers
“have more than either of us : Is it by thy caresses ? Our
“mothers embrace me still oftener than thou dost : I be-
“lieve it is by thy benevolence. I shall never forget, that
“thou walkedst, barefoot, as far as the Black River, to so-
“licit the pardon of a wretched fugitive slave. Receive, my
“much loved *Virginia*, receive this flowery branch of the
“lemon tree, which I have gathered for thee in the for-
“est : Place it, at night, by thy pillow : Eat this morsel
“of honeycomb, which I took for thee from the top of
“a rock. First, however, repose thyself upon my bosom,
“and I shall be again revived.”

Virginia replied, “Oh, my brother ! the rays of the
“rising Sun, on the summits of these rocks, afford me less
“delight than thy presence : I love my own mother dear-

ly ; I love thine ; but when they call thee Son, I love them still more. The careſſes which they beſtow on thee, are felt more ſenſibly by me, than thoſe which I myſelf receive from them. Thou aſkeſt me, Why thou loveſt me ? but thoſe that are reared together, always love each other : Behold our birds, brought up in the ſame neſt, they love like us, like us they are always together : Harken, how they call and reply to each other from buſh to buſh : In like manner, when the echoes bring to my ear the airs which thou playeſt, on thy flute, from the mountain top, I repeat the words of them at the bottom of this valley : Thou art dear to me, but, above all, ſince that day on which thou wert determined to fight the maſter of the ſlave for my ſake : Since that period, I have ſaid to myſelf a thouſand times, Ah ! my brother has an excellent heart ; but for him, I ſhould have died with terror. I daily implore the bleſſing of the Almighty on my own mother, and on thine, on thyſelf, and on our poor domeſtics : But when I pronounce thy name, my devotion ſeems to increaſe, I ſo earneſtly entreat the Almighty that no evil may befall thee ! Why doſt thou go ſo far off, and climb to ſuch heights, to find me fruits and flowers ? Have we not enough in the garden ? How fatigued, and in what a heat, thou art juſt now !” Then, with her little white handkerchief, ſhe wiped his forehead and his cheeks, and gave him a thouſand kiſſes.

Nevertheless, for ſome time paſt, *Virginia* had felt herſelf diſturbed, with an unknown malady. Her fine blue eyes were tinged with black, her colour faded, and an univerſal languor weakened her body. Serenity no longer ſat upon her forehead, nor ſmiles upon her lips : All at once might be ſeen in her, gaiety without joy, and ſadneſs without ſorrow. She withdrew herſelf from her innocent amuſements, from her ſweet occupations, and the ſociety of her much loved family. She wandered here and there, in the moſt ſolitary places of the plantation, ſeeking reſt, and finding none. Sometimes, at the ſight of *Paul*, ſhe

ran up to him, in a playful manner ; when all of a sudden, as she was on the point of coming in contact with him, an unaccountable embarrassment seized her ; a lively red coloured her pale cheeks, and her eyes no longer dared to fix themselves on his. *Paul* thus addressed her : “ These rocks are covered with verdure, the birds warble when they see thee : All is gay around thee, and thou alone art sad.” Thus, with embraces, did he endeavour to reanimate her ; but she, turning away her head, flew, trembling, to her mother. The unhappy girl felt herself discomposed by the caresses of her brother. *Paul* was quite ignorant of the cause of caprices, so new and so strange.

Misfortunes seldom come singly. One of those Summers which desolate, from time to time, the lands situated between the Tropics, happened to extend its ravages here also. It was toward the end of December, when the Sun, in Capricorn, scorches, with his vertical fires, the whole Isle of France, for three weeks together : The Southeast wind, which reigns there almost all the year round, now blew no longer. Huge whirlwinds of dust raised themselves from the highways, and hung suspended in the air. The earth was cleft asunder in all parts, the grass entirely burnt up ; ardent exhalations issued from the sides of the mountains, and most of the rivulets were dried up. No cloud arose out of the sea ; during the day time, only, red vapours ascended above its surface, and appeared, at sun set, like the flames of a great conflagration. Even the night season diffused no coolness over the burning atmosphere. The bloody disk of the moon rose, of an enormous size, in the hazy horizon ; the languid flocks, on the sides of the mountains, with their necks stretched out toward Heaven, and drawing in the air with difficulty, made the valleys resound with their mournful cries : Even the cafre, who conducted them, lay along the ground, endeavouring to cool himself, in that position. Every where the soil was scorching hot, and the stifling air re-

founded with the buzzing of insects, which fought to quench their thirst with the blood of men, and of animals.

One of these parching nights, *Virginia* felt all the symptoms of her malady redouble. She got up, she sat down, she returned to bed, but in no attitude could she find either sleep or repose. She rambled, by the light of the moon, toward the fountain ; she perceived its source, which, in defiance of the drought, still flowed in silver fillets, over the dusky sides of the rock. Without hesitation, she plunged herself into its basin ; at first, the freshness reanimated her ; and a thousand agreeable recollections presented themselves to her mind. She remembered how, in the days of infancy, her mother and *Margaret* amused themselves with bathing *Paul* and her in that very stream, and how *Paul*, afterwards, appropriating this bath solely to her use, had deepened its bed, covered the bottom with sand, and sowed aromatic herbs around its brink. On her naked arms, and on her bosom, she perceived the reflexes of the two palm trees, which had been planted at the birth of her brother, and at her own, and which now interwove their green boughs, and their young cocoas, over her head. She called to remembrance the friendship of *Paul*, sweeter than perfumes, purer than the water of the fountain, stronger than united palm trees, and she heaved a sigh. She then reflected that it was the night season, and that she was in solitude ; a consuming fire inflamed her breast. Immediately, she hastened, in dismay, from these dangerous shades, and from waters more ardent than the suns of the Torrid Zone ; She hurried to her mother, in order to seek refuge from herself. A thousand times, wishing to disclose her anguish, she pressed her hands between her own ; a thousand times, she was on the point of pronouncing the name of *Paul*, but her heart was so full, as to deprive her tongue of utterance, and, reclining her head on the bosom of her mother, she bedewed it with a shower of tears.

Madame *de la Tour* plainly perceived the cause of her daughter's disorder, but even she herself had not the courage to speak to her about it. "My child," said she to her, "address yourself to the Almighty, who dispenses health and life, according to his good pleasure. He makes trial of your virtue today, only in order to recompense you tomorrow; consider, that the chief end of our being placed on the Earth is to practise virtue."

In the mean time, those excessive heats raised, out of the bosom of the Ocean, an assemblage of vapours, which, like a vast parasol, covered the face of the island. The summits of the mountains collected these around them, and long furrows of flame, from time to time, issued out of their cloud capt peaks. Presently after, tremendous thunder claps made the woods, the plains, and the valleys, reverberate the noise of their explosions. The rain, in cataracts, gushed down from the Heavens. Foaming torrents precipitated themselves down the sides of this mountain; the bottom of the basin was transformed into a Sea; the platform on which the cottages were raised, into a little island; and the entrance into the valley, had become a sluice, out of which rushed, with awful impetuosity, by the force of the roaring waters, the earth, the trees, and the rocks.

The whole family, seized with trembling, addressed their prayer to GOD, in Madame *de la Tour*'s cottage, the roof of which cracked dreadfully by the fury of the tempest. Though the door, and the outside window shutters, were closely barred, every object was clearly distinguishable within, through the joinings of the boards, so bright and so frequent were the flashes of lightning. The intrepid *Paul*, attended by *Domingo*, went from the one cottage to the other, notwithstanding the raging of the elements, here securing a wall by a cross beam, and there by driving in a stake; he went in, only now and then, to comfort the family with the hope of the speedy return of fine weather. In reality, towards evening the rain ceased.

ed ; the Trade wind from the Southeast resumed its usual current ; the stormy clouds were driven to the Northwest, and the setting Sun appeared in the horizon.

The first wish which *Virginia* expressed, was to revisit the place of her repose : *Paul* approached her, with a timid air, and offered her his arm, to assist her in walking thither. She accepted it, with a smile, and they set out together from the cottage : The air was cool and sonorous : Clouds of white smoke arose on the ridges of the mountains, furrowed here and there by the foam of the torrents, which were now drying up on every side. As for the garden, it was entirely destroyed by deep gutters ; most of the fruit trees were torn up by the roots ; immense heaps of sand covered the stripes of meadow ground, and completely choked up *Virginia's* bath : The two cocoa trees, however, were still standing, and in full verdure : The bowers and the grassy turfs were no more, and the ear was no longer charmed with the warbling of the birds, except a few bengalis, on the summit of the neighbouring rocks, which deplored, with plaintive notes, the loss of their young.

At sight of this desolation, *Virginia* said to *Paul*, " You brought the birds hither, and the hurricane has destroyed them ; you planted this garden, and it is now no more : Every thing on earth perishes ; Heaven, alone, is unchangeable." *Paul* replied : " Oh ! then, that it were in my power to bestow some gift of Heaven upon you ! But alas ! I possess nothing, now, even on the earth." *Virginia*, with a blush, returned : " You have, certainly, the portrait of St. *Paul*, that you can call your own." Scarcely had she pronounced these words, than *Paul* flew to his mother's cottage, to seek for it. This portrait was a small miniature, representing *Paul* the hermit. *Margaret* regarded it with singular devotion : While a girl, she wore it, long, round her own neck ; but when she became a mother, she suspended it round that of her child. It happened that, being pregnant of

him, and abandoned by all the World, from merely contemplating the image of this blessed Recluse, the fruit of her womb contracted a strong resemblance to it ; this determined her to bestow the same name on him ; and, likewise, to give him for a patron, a Saint that had passed his life far from Man, who had first abused, and then deserted him. *Virginia*, on receiving this small portrait from the hands of *Paul*, said, with much emotion : “ My brother, “ while I live, this shall never be taken from me, and I “ shall always remember, that you gave me the only possession you had in the World.” On hearing those tones of cordiality, on this unexpected return of familiarity and tenderness, *Paul* was going to clasp her in his arms ; but, as nimbly as a bird, she sprung away, leaving him quite confounded, and totally unable to account for a conduct so extraordinary.

Meanwhile, *Margaret* said to *Madame de la Tour* : “ Why should we not marry our children ? Their passion “ for each other is extreme ; my son, indeed, is not yet “ sensible of it ; but, when Nature shall have begun to “ speak to him, to no purpose will we employ all our vigilance over them ; every thing is to be feared.” *Madame de la Tour* returned : “ They are too young, and “ too poor ; what anxiety would it cost us, should *Virginia* bring into the World unhappy children, whom, “ perhaps, she would not have strength to rear. *Domingo* “ is very much broken ; *Mary* is infirm ; I myself, my “ dear friend, for these last fourteen years, feel my health “ very much impaired. A person soon grows old in “ these hot countries, especially when that period is so “ greatly accelerated by sorrow. *Paul* is our only hope ; “ let us wait till age has strengthened his constitution, and “ till he is able to support us by the labour of his hands. “ At present, you well know, we have hardly any thing “ more, than a scanty supply from day to day. But, if “ we send *Paul* to India, for a short space of time, commerce will supply him with the means of purchasing

“ some slaves. On his return hither, we will marry him
“ to *Virginia* ; for I am well assured, that no one can
“ make my beloved daughter so happy as your son *Paul*.
“ Let us mention the matter to our neighbour.”

These ladies accordingly consulted me, and I approved of their plan. “ The seas of India are delightful,” said I to them ; “ if we choose a favourable season for going
“ from hence to that country, the voyage, outward, is but
“ six weeks, at most, and as long to return ; we will make
“ up a small assortment of goods for *Paul* ; for I have
“ some neighbours, who are very fond of him. Were we
“ but to provide him with a parcel of raw cotton, of
“ which we can here make no use, for want of mills
“ to dress it ; some ebony wood, which is so common
“ here, that we use it for fuel ; and several sorts of rosin,
“ which go to waste in these woods ; all of those commodities will find a market in India, though they are of
“ no value at all here.”

I took upon myself the charge of obtaining M. *de la Bourdonaye*’s permission for this embarkation ; but I thought it necessary, beforehand, to open the business to *Paul* : How was I astonished, however, when that young man said to me, with a good sense far above his years :
“ Why would you have me quit my family for a visionary project of fortune ? Can there be a more advantageous commerce in the World, than the cultivation of
“ a field, which sometimes yields fifty and a hundred fold ?
“ If we wish to engage in trade, Can we not do so, by
“ carrying our superfluities from hence to the city, without the necessity of my rambling to the Indies ? Our
“ parents tell me that *Domingo* is old, and worn out ; but
“ I am young, and daily acquiring fresh vigour. What
“ if any accident should befall them during my absence,
“ more especially *Virginia*, who, even now, suffers very
“ severely ? Ah, no ! no ! I can never bring myself to the
“ resolution of quitting them.”

His answer greatly embarrassed me ; for Madame de la Tour had not concealed from me *Virginia's* condition, and the desire which she herself had of deferring their union till they were of a more mature age, by separating them from each other. I durst not so much as hint to *Paul*, that such were her motives.

Whilst these transactions were going on, a vessel newly arrived from France, brought a letter to Madame de la Tour, from her aunt. The fear of death, without which the most obdurate hearts would never soften, had appalled her. She had just recovered from a dangerous disorder, which produced, however, a deep melancholy, and which age rendered incurable. She requested her niece to return to France : Or, if the state of her health was such, as to prevent her taking so long a voyage, she enjoined her to send *Virginia* thither, on whom she intended to bestow a good education, a place at Court, and a bequest of all her possessions : The return of her favour, she added, depended entirely on compliance with these injunctions.

Scarcely had this letter been read, than it spread universal consternation in the family ; *Domingo* and *Mary* began to weep ; *Paul*, motionless with astonishment, seemed ready to burst with rage ; *Virginia*, her eyes stedfastly fixed on her mother, dared not to utter a syllable. " Can you " bring yourself to the resolution of quitting us ? " said *Margaret* to Madame de la Tour. " No, my friend, no, " my children," replied Madame de la Tour ; " I will never leave you ; with you I have lived, and with you I " mean to die : I never knew what happiness was till I " experienced your friendship : If my health is impaired, " ancient sorrows are the cause : My heart has been pierced by the harshness of my relations, and by the loss of " my beloved husband : But, since that period, I have enjoyed more consolation and felicity with you, in these " poor cottages, than ever the riches of my family gave " me reason to expect, even in my native country." At these words, tears of joy bedewed the cheeks of the whole

family : *Paul*, folding *Madame de la Tour* in his arms, exclaimed : " And I will never, never quit you, nor go " from hence to the Indies ; you shall experience no " want, my dear mother, as long as we are able to work " for you." Of all the society, however, the person who testified the least joy, and who, nevertheless, felt it the most, was *Virginia*. A gentle cheerfulness appeared in her the remainder of the day, and the return of her tranquillity redoubled the general satisfaction.

Next morning, at sunrise, as they were offering up their accustomed matin prayer, which preceded their breakfast, *Domingo* informed them, that a gentleman, on horseback, was approaching the plantation, followed by two slaves. It was *M. de la Bourdonaye*. He entered the cottage, where the whole family were at table : *Virginia* was serving up, according to the custom of the country, coffee and boiled rice ; there were, likewise, hot potatoes and fresh bananas : The only dishes which they had were the halves of a gourd ; and all their table linen consisted of the leaves of the plantain. The Governor, at first, expressed some surprise at the meanness of their dwelling ; then addressing himself to *Madame de la Tour*, he said, that his public situation sometimes prevented him from paying attention to individuals, but that she, however, had a title to claim his more immediate regard. " You have, madam," added he, " an aunt at Paris, a lady of quality and very " rich, who designs to bestow her fortune upon you, but, " at the same time, expects that you will attend her." *Madame de la Tour* replied, that her unsettled state of health would not permit her to undertake so long a voyage. " Surely then," cried *M. de la Bourdonaye*, " you cannot " without injustice, deprive your young and beautiful " daughter of so great an inheritance. I will not conceal " from you, that your aunt has employed authority in order to secure your daughter's compliance with her wish. " The Minister has written to me, on the subject, author- " ising me, if there was necessity for it, to exercise the

“hand of power ; but my only aim in employing that, is,
“to promote the happiness of the inhabitants of this colony ; I expect, therefore, that you will, with cheerfulness, submit to the sacrifice of a few years, on which
“depend the establishment of your daughter, and your
“own welfare, for the remainder of life. For what purpose do people resort to these islands ? Is it not in the
“view of making a fortune ? Surely, however, it is far
“more agreeable to return, and obtain one in our native
“country.”

As he said these words, he placed upon the table a large bag of piastres, which one of his slaves had brought. “This,” added he, “is what your aunt has remitted, to
“make the necessary preparations for the voyage of the
“young lady, your daughter.” He then concluded with gently reproaching Madame *de la Tour*, for not having applied to him, in her necessities : At the same time, applauding the noble firmness which she had displayed. *Paul*, upon this, broke silence, and thus addressed the Governor : “Sir, my mother did apply to you, and your
“reception was unkind to the last degree.” “Have you,
“then, another child ?” said M. *de la Bourdonaye* to Madame *de la Tour* : “No, Sir,” replied she ; “this is the
“son of my friend ; but he and *Virginia* are our common property, and equally beloved by both.” “Young
“man,” said the Governor, addressing himself to *Paul*,
“when you shall have acquired experience of the World,
“you will learn to what distresses people in place are exposed ; you will discover how easy it is to prejudice
“them, and how often intriguing vice obtains from them
“what, in justice, should be bestowed on concealed merit.”

M. *de la Bourdonaye*, on the invitation of Madame *de la Tour*, seated himself by her, at the table. He breakfasted, as the Creoles do, upon coffee, mixed with boiled rice. He was charmed with the order and neatness of the little cottage, with the union of the two happy families, and even with the zeal of their old domestics. “Here,”

said he, "is no furniture, but what the woods supply, but
"I see countenances serene, and hearts of gold." *Paul*,
delighted with the familiarity of the new Governor, said
to him : "I desire your friendship, for you are an honest
"man." *M. de la Bourdonaye* received this mark of in-
sular cordiality with pleasure. He embraced *Paul*, and
pressing him by the hand, assured him, that he might rely
upon his friendship.

After breakfast, he took *Madame de la Tour* apart, and
informed her, that a favourable opportunity just now of-
fered, of sending her daughter into France, by means of a
vessel on the point of sailing ; and, that he would recom-
mend her to the care of a lady, a relation of his own, who
was going passenger in it ; representing, at the same time,
that it would be very wrong to sacrifice the prospect of
an immense fortune, to the pleasure of her daughter's com-
pany for a few years. "Your aunt," added he, as he was
departing, "cannot hold out more than two years longer ;
"her friends have assured me of it : Consider the matter,
"therefore, seriously, I pray you ; consult your own
"mind ; surely, every person of common sense must be
"of my opinion." *Madame de la Tour* replied : "As I
"desire nothing, henceforward, but the welfare of my
"daughter, the voyage to France, shall be left entirely to
"her own disposal."

Madame de la Tour was not sorry at finding an oppor-
tunity of separating *Paul* and *Virginia* for a short time ;
but, it was only in the view of securing their mutual hap-
piness, at a future period. She, accordingly, took her
daughter aside, and said to her : "My dear child, our do-
"mestics are growing old ; *Paul* is still very young ; age
"is stealing upon *Margaret*, and I myself am already infirm :
"Should I happen to die, what will become of you in the
"midst of these deserts ? You will be left entirely alone,
"with no person to assist you, and you will be obliged to
"procure yourself a livelihood by labouring incessantly
"in the ground, like a hireling : Such an idea over-

“whelms me with grief.” *Virginia* thus replied : “GOD
“has doomed us to labour : You have taught me how to
“work, and to offer up daily thanksgiving to Him. Hith-
“erto He has not abandoned us, nor will he abandon us
“now. His providence watches with peculiar care over
“the unhappy ; you have told me so a thousand times, my
“dear mother ! Oh, I shall never have resolution to quit
“you.” *Madame de la Tour*, much affected, returned, “I
“have no other intention than that of rendering you hap-
“py, and of uniting you one day to *Paul*, who is not
“your brother : Consider, likewise, that his fortune now
“depends entirely on you.”

A young girl, in love, thinks that every one is ignorant of it. She spreads the same veil over her eyes which she wears on her heart ; but, when it is removed by the hand of a beloved friend, immediately the secret torments of her love transpire, as through an opened barrier, and the gentle expansions of confidence succeed to the mysterious reserve in which she had enveloped herself. *Virginia*, sensibly alive to the new testimonies of her mother's kindness, freely related the many struggles which she had experienced with herself, and of which GOD alone had been the witness ; that she perceived the hand of his providence, in the consolation administered by a tender mother, who approved of her inclination, and who would direct her by wholesome counsel ; and that now resting entirely on her support, every thing operated as an inducement to remain where she was, without uneasiness for the present, or anxiety for the future.

Madame de la Tour, perceiving that her confidence had produced an effect, entirely different from what she had expected, said to her : “My dear child, I have no wish
“to constrain your inclinations ; consider the matter at
“your leisure ; but conceal your love from *Paul* : When
“the heart of a young woman is gained, her lover has
“nothing more to ask of her.”

Toward the evening, while she was alone with *Virginia*, a tall man, dressed in a blue cassock, came in. He was an ecclesiastical missionary of the island, and confessor to *Madame de la Tour* and *Virginia*, and had been sent thither by the Governor. "My children," said he, as he entered, "there is wealth in store for you now, thank Heaven! You have, at length, the means of gratifying your benevolent feelings, by administering assistance to the wretched. I well know what the Governor has said to you, and your reply. My good madam, the state of your health obliges you to remain here; but as for you, young lady, you have no excuse. We must obey the will of Providence, in respecting our old relations, however unjust they may have been to us. It is a sacrifice, I grant, but it is the command of the Almighty. He devoted himself for us, and it is our duty to devote ourselves for the welfare of our kindred. Your voyage into France will finally come to a happy issue. Can you possibly, my dear child, have any objection to go thither?" *Virginia*, with her eyes cast down, and trembling as she spake, replied: "If it is the command of GOD, that I should go, I have nothing to say against it; the will of GOD be done," said she, bursting into tears.

The missionary took his departure, and gave the Governor an account of the success of his embassy. *Madame de la Tour*, however, sent a message to me, by *Domingo*, entreating me to come over, and consult about *Virginia's* departure. It was my firm opinion, that she ought not to be permitted to go. I maintain, as infallible principles of happiness, that the advantages of Nature ought always to be preferred before those of fortune; and, that we should never seek from abroad, those blessings which we can find at home. I extend these maxims to all cases, without a single exception. But of what avail could my moderate counsels prove, against the illusions of an immense fortune, and my natural reason, against the

prejudices of the world, and against an authority held sacred by *Madame de la Tour*? This lady consulted me only out of politeness, for she no longer deliberated in her own mind, after the decision of her confessor. Even *Margaret*, who, in spite of the advantages which she thought her son might derive from *Virginia's* fortune, had warmly opposed her departure, no longer made any objections. As for *Paul*, entirely ignorant of the resolutions which might be formed, and alarmed at the secret conversations of *Madame de la Tour* and her daughter, he abandoned himself to a gloomy sadness: "Surely," said he, "they are contriving some mischief against me, from the mysteriousness of their conduct toward me."

A report, meanwhile, being soon circulated in the island, that fortune had visited these solitudes, merchants of every description might be seen scrambling up hither: They displayed, amidst these poor cottages, the richest stuffs of India; the superfine dimities of Goudelour; the handkerchiefs of Poulicat and Mazulipatam, and the muslins of Decca, plain, striped, embroidered, and transparent as the day; the bastas of Surat, so beautifully white, and chintzes of all colours, and of the rarest sort, with a fable ground and green sprigs. They unrolled the magnificent silks of China; lampas pinked into transparency; satiny white damasks; some of a meadow green, others of a dazzling red; rose coloured taffetas, satins in whole bales, Pekins soft as wool, white and yellow nankeens, and even the stuffs of Madagascar.

Madame de la Tour gave her daughter permission to purchase whatever pleased her, carefully examining, however, the quality of the goods and their prices, lest the merchants should impose upon her. *Virginia* made choice of what she thought would be agreeable to her mother, to *Margaret*, and to *Paul*. "This," said she, "will be useful for furniture, that for *Domingo* and *Mary*." In short, the bag of piasres was expended, before she thought of her own wants. It became necessary to cull her por-

tion out of the presents which she had distributed among the household.

Paul, overwhelmed with sorrow, at the sight of these gifts of fortune, which presaged the departure of *Virginia*, came to my house a few days afterwards ; he said to me, with a melancholy air, “ My sister is going to leave us ; “ preparations are already made for her departure. Come “ over to our habitation, I entreat you, and make use of “ your influence on the minds of her mother and of mine.” I, accordingly, yielded to his importunity, though well assured that my representations would be ineffectual.

If *Virginia* had appeared beautiful to me, in her dress of blue Bengal cloth, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, how was she improved when I saw her habited like the ladies of this country ! She was dressed in white muslin, lined with rose coloured taffeta : Her stays displayed to great advantage, her elegant and majestic shape ; and her beautiful flaxen hair, in long double tresses, adorned her virgin head : Her fine blue eyes had assumed a cast of melancholy, and the agitation which her heart endured, by struggling with a smothered passion, gave a glowing tint to her complexion, and tones, full of emotion, to her voice. The very contrast of her elegant dress, which she seemed to wear against her will, rendered her languor still more affecting. No one could see or hear her, without being moved. *Paul*’s sadness was increased by it. *Margaret*, afflicted at her son’s situation, took him apart, and thus addressed him : “ Why, my son, do you feed “ yourself with false hopes, which only serves to render “ the disappointment of them more bitter ? It is now time “ to disclose to you the secret of your life, and of my own. “ Mademoiselle *de la Tour* is related, by her mother’s side, “ to a person of immense wealth, and of high rank. As “ to yourself, you are only the son of a poor low born “ woman ; and, what is still worse, you are a bastard.”

The word bastard greatly surprised *Paul* ; he had never heard it made use of before, and he asked his mother the

meaning of it. She replied, " You had no legitimate father. When I was a girl, love betrayed me into a folly, of which you are the fruit. My frailty deprived you of the family of your father, and my repentance of that of your mother. Unfortunate boy ! I am the only relation you have in the World." She concluded by bursting into a flood of tears. *Paul*, folding her in his arms, exclaimed : " Alas ! my mother, since I have no other relation but you, I will love you still the more ; but, what a secret have you just divulged to me ! I now plainly perceive the reason, why *Mademoiselle de la Tour* has, for these two months, shunned me, and which has, at length, determined her to take her departure. Alas ! without doubt, she despises me !"

However, the hour of supper came ; each of the guests took a place at table, agitated with different passions ; they ate little, and did not utter a single syllable. *Virginia* retired first, and came and seated herself on the spot where we now are : *Paul* soon followed, and placed himself by her side ; a profound silence ensued for some time. It was one of those delightful nights, so common between the Tropics, and whose beauty baffles all description. The moon appeared in the middle of the firmament, enveloped with a cloudy curtain, which was gradually dissipated by her rays. Her light insensibly diffused itself over the mountains of the island, and over their peaks, which glittered with a silvery verdure. Not a breath of wind was to be heard. In the woods, at the bottom of the valleys, and at the tops of these rocks, the soft warblings, and gentle murmurings of the birds, which were caressing each other in their nests, delighted with the beauty of the night, and the tranquillity of the air, stole on the ear. All, even to the very insects, were humming along the grass ; the stars, twinkling in the Heavens, reflected their trembling images on the surface of the Ocean. As *Virginia* was surveying, with wandering eyes, the vast and gloomy horizon, distinguishable from the shores of the island, by the

red fires of the fishermen, she perceived, at the entrance of the port, a light fixed to a large dark body ; it was the lanthorn on the vessel in which she was to embark for Europe, and which, ready to set sail, only lay at anchor till the breeze should spring up. At this sight, she was so deeply affected, that she turned her head aside, lest *Paul* should perceive her tears.

Madame de la Tour, *Margaret*, and I, were seated a few paces from them, under the shade of the banana trees ; and, owing to the stillness of the night, we distinctly heard their conversation, which I shall never forget.

Paul said to her : “ I understand, madam, that you are
“ to take your departure hence in three days : Have you
“ no apprehension, at the thought of exposing yourself to
“ the dangers of the Sea.....the Sea, at which you used to
“ be so terrified ? ” “ It is my duty, you know,” replied
Virginia, “ to obey the commands of my relations.”
“ You are going, then,” said *Paul*, “ to quit our society
“ for a female relation, who lives far from hence, and
“ whom you have never seen ! ” “ Alas ! ” returned
Virginia, “ had I been permitted to follow my own incli-
“ nations, I should have remained here all my life long ;
“ but my mother is of a contrary opinion, and my confes-
“ sor has told me it is the will of GOD, that I should de-
“ part ; that life is a state of probation....Alas ! how se-
“ vere that probation is ! ”

“ How,” replied *Paul*, “ so many reasons to determine
“ thee to leave us, and not one to induce thee to remain !
“ Ah ! of the former, there is still one, which you have
“ not mentioned : The attractions which wealth holds out
“ are powerful. You will soon find, in a world entirely
“ new to you, another person on whom to bestow the
“ name of brother, by which you now no longer address
“ me : You will find this brother among your equals, and
“ such as have riches and high birth, which I can never
“ offer you. But, whither can you go to be more happy
“ than where you are ? On what land can you set your

“ foot, dearer to you than that which gave you being ?
“ Where can you find a society more amiable, than one
“ of which you are entirely beloved ? How can you ex-
“ ist without the caresses of your mother, to which you have
“ been so long accustomed ? What will become of your
“ mother herself, already far advanced in life, when she
“ no longer sees you by her side, at her table, in the house,
“ and in her walks, where you used to be her support ?
“ To what a state will mine be reduced, who is as fondly
“ attached to you as your own ? What can I say to give
“ them consolation, when I see them mourning your ab-
“ sence ? Cruel girl ! I say nothing of myself ; but, What
“ shall become of me, when, in the morning, I no longer
“ enjoy your company, and when night comes on, with-
“ out bringing us together again : And when I shall be-
“ hold these palm trees, planted at our birth, and which,
“ so long, have been the witnesses of our mutual affection ?
“ Ah ! since a new destiny attracts you ; since you will
“ seek other countries, far from the spot where you was
“ born, and other possessions than those which the labour of
“ my hands has procured for you, allow me to accompa-
“ ny you in your voyage ; I will encourage you during
“ those tempests, which caused such apprehensions in you
“ while on shore. Thy head shall repose upon my bo-
“ som ; I will clasp thee to my breast ; and, in France,
“ where thou art going in quest of fortune and of greatness,
“ I will follow thee as thy slave ; in the palaces, where I
“ shall behold thee served and adored, I will rejoice at thy
“ happiness ; even then I shall be rich enough to offer
“ thee the greatest of sacrifices, by dying at thy feet.”

His voice was entirely stifled with sobbing ; we present-
ly heard that of *Virginia*, who addressed him in these
words, frequently interrupted by sighs.....“ It is for thy
“ sake that I go away.....for thee, whom I have seen, daily,
“ bowed down to the ground, labouring to support two in-
“ firm families. If I have embraced this opportunity of
“ acquiring wealth, it is only to return, a thousand fold,

“ the good which thou hast done to us all. Can there be
“ a fortune worthy of thy friendship ? Why mention thy
“ birth to me ? Ah ! were it even possible that another
“ brother should be offered to me, could I choose any but
“ thee ? Oh, *Paul ! Paul !* thou art far dearer to me
“ than a brother. What a struggle hath it cost me to
“ keep thee at a distance ? I even wished thee to assist
“ me in separating me from myself, till Heaven could
“ bless our union. But now, I remain ! I depart ! I live !
“ I die ! Do what thou wilt with me : Oh, irresolute girl
“ that I am ! I had fortitude to repel thy caresses, but thy
“ sorrow quite overpowers me.”

At these words, *Paul* took her in his arms, and holding her closely embraced, exclaimed with a terrible voice :
“ I am resolved to go with her, nor shall any thing shake
“ my resolution.” We immediately flew toward him, and
Madame de la Tour addressed him in these words : “ My
“ son, should you go away, what is to become of us ?”

He repeated these words, shuddering : My son ! my son !.... “ Dost thou,” cried he, “ act the part of a mother,
“ thou, who separatest brother and sister ? We both were
“ nourished by thy milk ; we both were nursed upon thy
“ knees ; from thee, too, we learnt to love each other ;
“ we have said so to each other a thousand times ; yet,
“ now, you are going to remove her from me ; you are not
“ only sending her to Europe, that barbarous country
“ which denied thyself shelter, but even to those cruel re-
“ lations who abandoned you. You may say to me, You
“ have no authority over her ; she is not your sister.
“ Yes, she is every thing to me, my riches, my family,
“ my birth, my all ; I know no other blessing ; we were
“ brought up under the same roof, we reposed in the same
“ cradle, and the same grave shall contain us. If she goes,
“ I am resolved to follow. The Governor will prevent
“ me ! Can he prevent me from throwing myself into the
“ Sea ? I will swim after her ; the Sea cannot be more
“ fatal to me than the dry land. As I cannot live near her,

“ I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of dying before her
“ eyes, far, far from thee. Barbarous mother ! pitiless
“ woman ! Oh, may that Ocean, to the perils of which
“ thou art going to expose her, never give her back to thy
“ arms ! May these billows bear my body back to thee,
“ and casting it, together with her’s, on this rocky shore,
“ cause an eternal melancholy to settle on thee, by pre-
“ senting to thy view, the unhappy fate of thy two chil-
“ dren.”

At these words, I seized him in my arms, for I perceived that despair had overpowered his reason : His eyes sparkled ; large drops of sweat ran down his inflamed countenance ; his knees trembled, and I felt his heart beat, with redoubled violence, in his burning bosom.

Virginia, terrified, said to him : “ Oh my friend, I
“ swear, by the pleasures of our early age, by thy misfor-
“ tunes and my own, and by all that ever could unite two
“ unfortunate wretches, that if I remain here, I will only
“ live for thee ; and if I depart, I will one day return to
“ be thine. I call you to witness, all ye, who have watch-
“ ed over my infant steps, you, who have the disposal of
“ my life, and who now behold the tears which I shed :
“ I swear it, by high Heaven, which now hears me ; by
“ that Ocean, which I am going to brave ; by the air
“ which I breathe, and which, hitherto, I have never pol-
“ luted with a falsehood.”

In like manner as the heat of the Sun dissolves, and precipitates, an icy rock from the summit of the Appenines, so did the impetuous rage of this young man subside, at the voice of the beloved object. His lofty head drooped down, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes. His mother, mingling her own tears with his, held him, locked in her arms, without the power of utterance. *Madame de la Tour*, quite distracted, said to me : “ I can
“ contain myself no longer : My soul is torn with con-
“ tending passions. This unfortunate voyage shall not
“ take place. Do, my dear neighbour, endeavour to per-

“suade my son to accompany you homewards : Eight days have elapsed, since any of us have enjoyed a single moment of sleep.”

I, accordingly, said to *Paul* : “ My good friend, your sister shall remain with us ; tomorrow, we will mention the matter to the Governor ; meanwhile, leave your family to repose, and come and pass the night at my habitation. It is late, it is midnight : The cross of the South is directly over the horizon.”

He allowed me to conduct him, in silence. After a very restless night, he rose at day break, and returned to his own home.

But, wherefore should I continue the recital of this melancholy story to you any longer ? There is only one agreeable side to contemplate in human life. Like the Globe on which we revolve, our rapid career is only that of a day, and part of that day cannot receive illumination, till the other be involved in darkness.

“ Father,” said I to him, “ I must entreat you to finish the account of what you have begun, in a manner so affecting. Images of happiness delight the fancy, but the recital of misfortunes conveys instruction to the mind. I am anxious to learn what became of the unfortunate *Paul*.”

The first object which struck *Paul*, on his return to the plantation, was the negress *Mary*, who, mounted on a rock, had her eyes stedfastly fixed on the main Ocean. The moment that he perceived her, he exclaimed, “ Where is *Virginia* ?” *Mary* turned her head toward her young master, and burst into tears. *Paul*, in a delirium, turned round, and flew to the port. He there learned, that *Virginia* had embarked at day break, that the vessel had set sail immediately, and was now no longer in sight. He directed his steps back to his place of habitation, and walked up and down, in profound silence.

Although this enclosure of rocks appears almost perpendicular behind us, those green flats which subdivide

their heights, are so many stages, by which you arrive, by means of some intricate paths, at the foot of that inclining and inaccessible cone of rocks, which is called the THUMB. At the bottom of this rock, is an esplanade, covered with great trees, but so lofty, and so steep, that they appear like a large forest in the air, surrounded with fearful precipices. The clouds, which the summit of the THUMB attracts continually around it, incessantly feed several cascades of water, which are precipitated to such a depth into the bottom of the valley, situated at the back of this mountain, that when you are at its top, you no longer hear the noise of their fall. From this place, a great part of the island is perceptible, and the peaks of several of its mountains ; among others, those of Piterboth, and of the Three Paps, and their valleys, covered with forests ; then, the open Sea, and the island of Bourbon, which is forty leagues to the westward. From this elevation, *Paul* perceived the vessel which bore away *Virginia*. He descried it at more than ten leagues distance, like a black speck, in the middle of the vast Ocean. He spent a considerable part of the day in contemplating it, and, though it had actually disappeared from his sight, he still imagined that he perceived it ; and when he had entirely lost it in the thick vapour of the horizon, he seated himself in this desolate spot, always agitated by the winds, which blow incessantly on the tops of the palm trees, and of the tatakas. Their loud and hollow murmurs resemble the deep tones of an organ, and inspire a profound melancholy.

There, I found *Paul*, his head leaning against the rock, and his eyes riveted to the ground. I had been seeking him since sun rise, and it was with much difficulty, that I could prevail on him to descend, and revisit his family. At length, however, I brought him back to his habitation ; but the moment he cast his eyes on *Madame de la Tour*, he began to reproach her bitterly, for having so cruelly deceived him. She informed us, that a breeze having sprung up, about three in the morning, and the vessel be-

ing in full trim to depart, the Governor, attended by his principal officers, and the missionary, came, in a palanquin, to carry off *Virginia*; and, in spite of her expostulations, her tears, and those of *Margaret*, all of them exclaiming, that it was for their interest, had hurried away her daughter, who was almost expiring. "Alas!" exclaimed *Paul*, "if I had only enjoyed the satisfaction of bidding her farewel, I should now be happy. I would have said to her, *Virginia*, if, during the time that we have lived together, I have made use of any one word, which may have given you offence, tell me that I have your forgiveness, before we part for ever. I would have said, Since Fate has decreed an eternal separation, adieu, my dear *Virginia*, adieu! may you live, far from hence, contented, and happy." Perceiving *Madame de la Tour*, and his mother, to weep: "Go," said he to them, "go and seek some other hand than mine to wipe away your tears." He then hastened from them, sighing deeply, and wandered here and there, through the plantation. He went over all those places, which had been the most favourite retreats of *Virginia*. He said to her goats, and the kids, which followed him, bleating: "What do you ask of me? Alas! you will never more see, in my company, that person whose hand used to feed you." He then wandered to *Virginia's* Rest, and, at sight of the birds, which fluttered around him, he exclaimed, "Unhappy songsters! No longer will you fly to meet her, from whom you received your nourishment." Perceiving *Fidèle* following the scent, up and down, and ranging around, he sighed, and said to him: "Alas! thou wilt never find her more!" At length, he went, and seated himself on the rock where he had spoken to her the evening before, and at sight of the Sea, where he had perceived the vessel disappear, he wept bitterly.

We followed him, however, step by step, fearing lest the agitation of his mind should take some fatal turn. His mother, and *Madame de la Tour*, entreated him, by the most tender

appellations, not to aggravate their affliction, by his despair. At length, the latter calmed him in some degree, by lavishing upon him the names which were most calculated to revive his hopes. She called him her son, her dear son, her son in law, the only person on whom she intended to bestow her daughter. She, at length, persuaded him to return to the house, and take some nourishment. He seated himself at table, with us, near the spot where the companion of his infancy used to place herself; and, as if she still occupied it, he addressed himself to her, and tendered that food, which he knew was most agreeable to her; but, perceiving his error, he burst into tears. For some days following, he collected every thing, which she was accustomed to keep, for her particular use; the last nosegay which she had worn, and a cup made of the co-coa nut, out of which she usually drank; and, as if these reliques of his friend had been the most precious treasures in the World, he kissed them, and put them in his bosom. The ambergris does not shed so sweet a perfume, as those things which have been touched by a beloved object. But *Paul*, at length, perceiving that his dejection only augmented that of his mother, and of *Madame de la Tour*, and likewise observing, that the necessities of the family called for continual labour, he began with *Domingo's* help, to repair the garden.

In a short time, this young man, before, as indifferent as a Creole about what was passing in the World, entreated me to teach him to read and to write, that he might be able to keep up a correspondence with *Virginia*. He, afterwards, seemed eager to be instructed in geography, in order to form an idea of the country whither she was steering, and in history, that he might learn, what were the manners of the people among whom she was going to live. Thus did he attain to perfection in agriculture, and in the art of disposing in order, the most irregular spot of ground, merely by the sentiment of love. Doubtless, it is to the delights of this ardent, and restless passion, that men must

ascribe the origin of the generality of arts and sciences ; and, it is from its privations, that the philosophy derives its birth, which teaches us to console ourselves for every loss. Thus, Nature, having made love the bond of union to all created beings, has rendered it the grand moving principle of Society, and the principal source of our illuminations, and of our pleasures.

Paul did not greatly relish the study of geography, which, instead of unfolding the nature of each country, only presents its political divisions. History, and especially modern history, did not interest him much more. It only presented to his mind, general and periodical misfortunes, the reason of which, it was impossible for him to penetrate ; wars without a cause, and with no object in view ; contemptible intrigues ; nations, destitute of character, and sovereigns without a principle of humanity. He even preferred, to such reading, that of romance, which, having only in view, the feelings, and the interests of Man, sometimes displayed situations similar to his own. Accordingly no book delighted him so much as *Telemachus*, from the pictures which it delineates of a country life, and of the passions, which are natural to the human heart. He read to his mother, and to *Madame de la Tour*, those passages which affected him the most : At times, mournful recollections striking his mind, he lost the power of utterance, and tears gushed from his eyes. He thought he could trace the dignity and the wisdom of *Antiope*, together with the misfortunes and the tenderness of *Eucharis*, in his beloved *Virginia*. On the other hand, he was quite shocked at reading our fashionable romances, so full of licentious maxims and manners ; and when he understood that these romances displayed a real picture of European nations, he feared, and not without reason, that *Virginia* might be there corrupted, and cast him from her remembrance.

In truth, near two years had elapsed, before *Madame de la Tour* heard any intelligence of her aunt, or of her

daughter : She had only been informed, by the report of a stranger, that the latter had arrived, safely, in France. At length, however, she received, by a vessel on her way to India, a packet, together with a letter, in *Virginia's* own hand writing ; and, notwithstanding the circumspection of her amiable and gentle daughter, she apprehended her to be very unhappy. This letter so well depicted her situation, and her character, that I have retained it in my memory, almost word for word :

“ My dear and much loved Mother,

“ I HAVE already written to you several letters in my own hand ; but, as I have received no answer, I must suspect that they have never reached you. I hope this will be more fortunate, both from the precaution which I have taken, to send you news of myself, and to receive your's in return.

“ Many tears have I shed since our separation, I, who scarcely ever before wept, except at the misfortunes of another ! On my arrival, my grandaunt was much surprised, when, on questioning me concerning my attainments, I informed her, that I could neither read nor write. She asked me what I had been doing, then, since I came into the World ; and when I told her, that my whole study had been the care of a family, and obedience to you, she replied, that I had received the education of a menial servant. The day following, she placed me as a boarder, in a large convent, near Paris, where I had masters of every description : Among other things, they instructed me in history, in geography, in grammar, in mathematics, and in horsemanship ; but my inclination for all these sciences was so faint, that I profited very little by the lessons of those gentlemen. I feel that I am a poor creature, and of little spirit, as they interpret the word here. My aunt's kindness, however, does not diminish : She is continually giving me new dresses, ac-

“ cording to the season : I have two women to attend me,
“ who are habited as elegantly as ladies of quality. She
“ has, likewise, made me assume the title of Countess, but
“ has obliged me to relinquish the name of LA TOUR,
“ which was as dear to me as to yourself, from the troubles
“ which, you have told me, my poor father underwent, to
“ obtain you in marriage. She has substituted your fam-
“ ily name in its place, which I likewise esteem, because
“ it was your’s, when a girl. As she has raised me to a
“ situation so exalted, I entreated her to send you some
“ supply : How can I repeat her answer ? You, howev-
“ er, have always commanded me to speak the truth ; this,
“ then, was her reply, That a small matter would be of no
“ use to you ; and, that, in the simple style of life which
“ you lead, a great deal would only embarrass you.

“ At first, I attempted to communicate to you tidings
“ of my situation, by the hand of another, as I was inca-
“ pable of writing myself ; but, not being able to find,
“ since my arrival here, a single person, on whose fidelity
“ I could rely, I applied myself, night and day, to the
“ means of learning how to read and write ; and by the
“ assistance of Heaven, I accomplished this in a very lit-
“ tle time. I entrusted the ladies who attend me, with
“ the dispatch of my former letters, but I have reason to
“ suspect, that they delivered them to my grandaunt. On
“ the present occasion, I have had recourse to one of my
“ friends, who is a fellow boarder ; and, under her ad-
“ dress, which I have subjoined, I must beg you to con-
“ vey an answer. My grandaunt has prohibited all for-
“ eign correspondence, which might, as she alleges, op-
“ pose insurmountable obstacles to the splendid views,
“ which she entertains with regard to me. The only per-
“ son, beside herself, who visits me at the grate, is an old
“ nobleman of her acquaintance, who, she informs me, has
“ taken a great liking to my person. To say truth, I have
“ not the least for him, even were it possible I should con-
“ ceive a partiality for any one whatever.

“ I live in the midst of gaudy wealth, and have not the
“ disposal of a single farthing. They tell me, that if I
“ had the command of money, it might lead to dangerous
“ consequences. My very gowns are the property of my
“ waiting women, who are disputing which shall have
“ them, even before I have left them off myself. In the
“ very bosom of riches, I am much poorer than when I
“ was with you, for I have nothing to give away. When
“ I found that the many magnificent accomplishments
“ which I was destined to acquire, were not to procure
“ me the power of doing the smallest good, I had recourse
“ to my needle, in the use of which, by good fortune,
“ you had instructed me. I, accordingly, send you some
“ pairs of stockings, of my own manufacture, for your-
“ self, and my mamma *Margaret*; a cap for *Domingo*, and
“ one of my red handkerchiefs for *Mary*: I enclose you,
“ likewise, in this packet, the kernels of the fruits of
“ which our desserts are composed, together with the seeds
“ of all kinds of trees, which I gathered, during my hours
“ of recreation, in the garden of the convent. To these
“ I also add, the seeds of the violet, the daisy, the butter-
“ flower, the poppy, the blue bottle, and the scabious,
“ which I have picked up in the fields. In the meadows
“ of this country, the flowers are far more beautiful than
“ in ours, but no one pays any regard to them. I am
“ very well assured, that you, and my mamma *Margaret*,
“ will be much better pleased with this bag of seeds, than
“ with the bag of piastres, which was the cause of our
“ separation, and of the tears which I have since shed. I
“ shall feel the greatest pleasure, if, one day, you have the
“ satisfaction of seeing apple trees growing beside our
“ bananas, and beech trees mixing their foliage with that
“ of the cocoas: You will fancy yourself in Normandy
“ again, which you still love so much.

“ You enjoin me to communicate to you my joy, and
“ my sorrows: Joy, I can never experience when at a
“ distance from you; and, as for my sorrows, I soothe

“ them by reflecting, that I am in a situation where you
“ thought proper to place me, in obedience to the will of
“ Heaven. My most cruel mortification is, that not a
“ single person here mentions your name to me, and, that
“ I am not allowed to talk of you to any one. My wait-
“ ing women, or rather those of my grandaunt, for they
“ are her’s more than mine, tell me, when I attempt to
“ converse about those objects which are so dear to me :
“ Madam, remember that you are now a Frenchwoman,
“ and, that you must forget the country of savages. Ah !
“ I shall sooner forget myself, than forget the place where
“ I was born, and where you still live ! It is the country
“ where I am, which, to me, is the country of savages,
“ for I live alone, without a single person to whom I can
“ communicate that love for you, which I shall carry with
“ me to the grave.

“ Dear and much loved mother, I remain your obedi-
“ ent and affectionate daughter,

“ VIRGINIA DE LA TOUR.”

“ I recommend to your kindest regards, *Mary and Do-
“ mingo*, who took such care of my infancy : Stroke Fi-
“ dèle for me, who found me again when I was lost in
“ the woods.”

Paul was much surprised that *Virginia* had not made the least mention of him ; she, who had not even forgotten the house dog : He was entirely ignorant, that, be the letter of a female as long as it may, the fondest idea always comes in last.

In a postscript, *Virginia* particularly recommended to *Paul*, two kinds of seeds, those of the violet and of the scabious. She gave him some information respecting the characters of these plants, and about the places in which it was most proper to sow them. The violet, she told him, produced a small flower, of a deep purple hue, which delights to hide itself under the bushes, but is soon discov-

ered by its delicious perfume. She desired him to plant it on the brink of the fountain, at the foot of her cocoa tree. "The scabious," added she, "bears a pretty flower of a pale blue, and its bottom is black, interspersed with white spots. One would think it to be in mourning: It is, likewise, for this very reason, called the widow's flower. It flourishes best in places rugged, and agitated by the winds." She requested him to sow it on the rock, where she had talked with him, by night, for the last time, and to give that rock, for her sake, the name of ROCK FAREWELL.

She had inclosed these seeds, in a little purse, the embroidery of which was very simple, but which appeared inestimable to *Paul*, when he perceived a P and a V interwoven in it, and formed of hair, which he knew, by its beauty, to be that of *Virginia*.

The letter of this sensible and virtuous young lady, drew tears from the whole family. Her mother replied, in the name of the whole society, desiring her either to remain, or return, as she thought best, but assuring her, that they had all lost the greatest portion of their happiness since her departure, and that, for herself in particular, she was quite inconsolable.

Paul wrote her a very long letter, in which he assured her, that he would render the garden worthy to receive her; and, in like manner as she had interwoven their names in her purse, so would he mingle the plants of Europe with those of Africa. He sent her some of the fruit of the cocoa trees of her fountain, now arrived to perfect maturity. He added, that he would not send her any of the other seeds of the island, in order that the desire of seeing its productions once more, might determine her to return thither immediately. He importuned her to do this without delay, and thus gratify the ardent wishes of their family, and his own more particularly, as, henceforward, he could taste no joy at a distance from her.

Paul planted, with the greatest care, these European grains, and above all, those of the violet and of the scabi-

ous, the flowers of which seemed to have some analogy with the character and the situation of *Virginia*, who had so particularly recommended them to him : But whether they had been corrupted on their passage, or whether, which is more probable, the climate of that part of Africa was not favourable to them, only a very small number of them sprung, and even these never attained to a state of perfection.

Envy, meanwhile, which frequently even outruns the happiness of man, especially in the French Colonies, soon circulated reports all over the island, which gave *Paul* the greatest uneasiness. The people belonging to the vessel which had brought *Virginia's* letter, asserted, that she was on the point of marriage ; they went so far as to name the nobleman who was to obtain her hand ; nay, some even declared, that the affair was over, and that they had been witnesses of it. *Paul*, at first, despised these rumours, conveyed by a trading vessel, which often brings false reports from the places which it touches at on its passage : But, as many of the inhabitants of the island, from a perfidious pity, officiously interposed to condole with him on this event, he began to give some credit to it. Beside, in some of the romances which he had read, he saw treachery treated with pleasantry, and, as he knew that these books exhibited a faithful picture of the manners of Europe, he was apprehensive that the daughter of *Madame de la Tour* might have become corrupted, and have forgotten her earlier engagements. The light which he had acquired, made him anticipate misery, and, what gave a finish to his suspicions was, that several European vessels had arrived within the year, without bringing any news whatever of *Virginia*.

That unfortunate young man, abandoned to all the agitations of a heart in love, came frequently to see me, in order to confirm, or to dissipate, his uneasiness, by my experience of the World.

I live, as I have told you, about a league and a half from hence, on the bank of a small river, which flows by Long Mountain. There, I pass my life in solitude, without a wife, without children, and without slaves.

Next to the rare felicity of finding a female partner perfectly suited to a man, the least unhappy situation in life is that of living alone. Every one who has had much reason to complain of Mankind, seeks for solitude. Nay, it is very remarkable, that all Nations, rendered miserable by their opinions, their manners, or by their governments, have produced numerous classes of citizens, entirely devoted to solitude and to celibacy. Such were the Egyptians in their decline, and the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and such are, in our own days, the Indians, the Chinese, the modern Greeks, the Italians, and the greatest part of the eastern and southern Nations of Europe. Solitude, in some degree, brings Man back to his natural state of happiness, by removing the misfortunes of social life. In the midst of our societies, torn asunder by so many prejudices, the soul is in a state of perpetual agitation; it is continually revolving, within itself, a thousand turbulent and contradictory opinions, by which the members of an ambitious and miserable society are aiming at mutual subjection; but, in solitude, it lays aside those extraneous illusions which disturb it, and resumes the simple sentiment of itself, of Nature, and of its AUTHOR. Thus, the muddy water of a torrent, which lays waste the country, spreading itself into some little basin, remote from its current, sinks the miry particles to the bottom of its bed, recovers its former limpidness, and, having again become transparent, reflects, with its own banks, the verdure of the Earth, and the light of the Heavens.

Solitude restores the harmony of the body, as well as that of the soul. It is among solitary classes of people, that we find persons who live to the greatest age, as among the Bramins of India. In short, I believe it so necessary to happiness, even in the commerce of the World, that I

conceive it impossible to taste a durable pleasure in it, be the sentiment what it may, or to regulate our conduct by any established principle, unless we form an internal solitude, from which our own opinion seldom takes its departure, and into which, that of another never enters. I do not, however, mean to assert, that it is the duty of man to live entirely alone, for, by his necessities, he is united to the whole human race; he, for that reason, owes his labour to Mankind, but he owes himself, likewise, to the rest of Nature. As GOD has given to each of us, organs exactly suited to the elements of the Globe on which we live, feet to the soil, lungs to the air, eyes to the light, without the power of interchanging the use of these senses, He, who is the author of life, has reserved for himself alone, the heart, which is its principal organ.

I pass my days, then, remote from men, whom I have wished to serve, and who have repaid me with persecution. After having travelled over a great part of Europe, and several regions of America, and of Africa, I am now settled in this island, so poorly inhabited, seduced by the mildness of the air, and by its enchanting solitudes. A cottage, which I have built in the forest, at the foot of a tree, a little field, cleared for cultivation by my own hands, and a river which flows before my door, are fully adequate to all my wants, and all my pleasures. I add to these enjoyments, a few good books, which teach me to become better: They even make the World, which I have quitted, still contribute to my happiness, by presenting me with pictures of those passions which render its inhabitants so miserable; and, by the comparison which I make between their condition and my own, they procure for me a negative felicity. Like a man saved from shipwreck, seated on a rock, I contemplate, in my solitude, the storms which are raging in the rest of the World; nay, my tranquillity is increased by the fury of the distant tempest. Since men stand no longer in my way, and since I am no longer in theirs, I have ceased to hate, and now I pity

them. If I meet with any unfortunate wretch, I try to assist him by my counsels : As one, passing along the brink of a torrent, stretches out his hand to an unhappy creature drowning in it. I, however, have found innocence alone attentive to my voice. Nature, to no purpose, allures to herself the rest of mankind ; each one forms, in his mind, an image of her, which he invests with his own passions. He pursues, through the whole of life, the vain phantom which still misleads him ; and he then complains to Heaven of the illusion which he had practised upon himself. Amongst a great number of unfortunate wretches, whom I have sometimes endeavoured to bring back to Nature, I have not found a single one who was not intoxicated with his own miseries. They listened to me, at first, with attention, in hopes that I was going to assist them in acquiring either glory or fortune, but perceiving, that I only meant to teach them to do without these things, they looked upon me myself as a miserable wretch, because I did not pursue their wretched felicity : They condemned the solitary style of life which I led, pretended that they alone were useful to Mankind, and endeavoured to draw me into their vortex. But, though my heart is open to all the World, my opinions are biased by no one. I frequently find enough within my own breast to make me serve as a lesson to myself. In my present calm, I make a second passage through the agitations of my own past life, which I once prized so highly ; the protections, the fortune, the reputation, the pleasures, and the opinions, which maintain a constant conflict, all the World over. I compare those successive tribes of Men, whom I have seen contending with so much fury, about mere chimeras, and who are now no more, to the little waves of my rivulet, which, foaming, dash themselves against the rocks of its bed, and then disappear, never more to return. For my own part, I quietly commit myself to the river of time, to be borne down toward the ocean of futurity, which is circumscribed with no

shores, and, by contemplating the actual harmonies of Nature, I raise myself toward its AUTHOR, and thus console myself, with the expectation of a destiny more happy, in the World to come.

Although the multiplicity of objects, which, from this elevation, now strike our view, are not perceptible from my hermitage, which is situated in the centre of a forest, still the harmonies of that spot are very interesting, especially for a man, who, like me, prefers retiring into himself, to ranging abroad. The river which flows before my door, passes in a straight line, across the woods, so that my eye is struck with a long canal, overshadowed with trees of variegated foliage; tatamaques, the ebony tree, and what is here called apple wood, olive wood, and the cinnamon; groves of palm trees, here and there, raise their long and naked columns, more than a hundred feet high; on their tops clusters of palms grow, while they appear like one forest piled above another. There are, likewise, lianes of different coloured leaves, and which, shooting their branches from one tree to another, form, here, arcades of flowers, and there, long festoons of verdure. Aromatic odours issue from most of these trees, and their perfumes attach themselves so strongly to the very clothes, that the smell adheres to a person who has crossed the forest, for several hours afterwards. In the season, when their flowers are in full bloom, you would think them half covered with snow. At the end of Summer, several kinds of foreign birds come, by an unaccountable instinct, from unknown regions, beyond the boundless Ocean, to pick up the seeds of the vegetables which this island produces, and oppose the brilliancy of their colours to the verdure of the trees, embrowned by the Sun. Among others, different kinds of paroquets, and blue pigeons, which are here called the pigeons of Holland. Monkeys, the domesticated inhabitants of these forests, amuse themselves among the dusky branches, from which they detach themselves by their gray and greenish hair, with their

faces entirely black ; some suspend themselves by the tail, balancing themselves in the air ; others leap from branch to branch, carrying their young ones in their arms. Never has the murderous fowl scared these peaceful children of Nature. Here, nothing is heard but sounds of joy, the unknown warblings and the chirping of some southern birds, which repeat the echoes of these forests from afar. The river, which flows bubbling over a rocky bed, through the trees, reflects, here and there, in its limpid stream, their venerable masses of verdure and of shade, as well as the gambols of the happy inhabitants : About a thousand paces from hence, it precipitates itself down different stories of the rock, and forms, in its fall, a smooth sheet of water, as clear as crystal, which rolling down, breaks itself amidst billows of foam. A thousand confused noises proceed from these tumultuous waters, and when dispersed by the winds of the forest, they sometimes fly to a distance, and sometimes they rush on the ear, all at once, and produce a stunning sound, like that of the bells of a cathedral. The air, continually refreshed by the motion of this stream, keeps up, upon the banks of the river, notwithstanding the burning heats of Summer, a verdure, and a coolness, which is seldom found in this island, even on the mountain tops.

At some distance from thence, there is a rock, remote enough from the cascade, to prevent your being deafened with the noise of its waters, and yet sufficiently near for you to enjoy the sight of their fall, their freshness, and their murmuring. During the excessive heats, Madame *de la Tour*, *Margaret*, *Virginia*, *Paul* and I, sometimes dined under the shade of this rock. As *Virginia* always employed her minutest actions for the benefit of others, she never ate a fruit in the country without planting its seed, or its kernel, in the earth. "Trees," said she, "will spring from these, which may, one day, give their fruits to some traveller, or at least, to some bird." Accordingly, once, when she had been eating part of a papaya, at

the foot of this rock, she planted the seeds of that fruit ; there, soon afterwards, several papayas grew up, among which was a female plant, that is, one which bears fruit. This tree, at *Virginia's* departure, was not so high as her knee, but, as its growth is very rapid, it attained, three years after, to the height of twenty feet, and the higher part of its trunk was surrounded with several rows of ripe fruit. *Paul*, having, by chance, wandered to this place, was greatly delighted at seeing such a large tree, grown from a seed, which he had seen planted by the hand of his friend ; but, at the same time, he sunk into a profound melancholy, on observing this testimony of her long absence. By objects, which we habitually behold, we are unable to perceive with what rapidity our life passes away ; they, as well as ourselves, grow old, with an imperceptible decay : But those, which we suddenly see again, after several years' absence, admonish us of the swiftness with which the stream of our days flows on. *Paul* was as much surprised, and as sorrowful, at the sight of this large papaya, loaded with fruit, as a traveller is, who, on his return to his native country, after a long absence, finds those who were his contemporaries to be no more, and sees their children, whom he had left at the breast, themselves become fathers of families. Sometimes, he was going to cut it down, as it made him too sensible of the length of time which had elapsed since *Virginia's* departure ; at other times, considering it as a monument of her beneficence, he kissed its trunk, and addressed to it these words, dictated by love and regret : " Oh, tree, whose posterity
" still exists in our woods, I view thee with more concern
" and veneration, than the triumphal arches of the Ro-
" mans ! May Nature, which is daily destroying the mon-
" uments of the ambition of Kings, multiply, in these
" forests, those of the beneficence of a young and unfor-
" tunate girl."

It was at the foot of this papaya tree, that I was certain of seeing *Paul*, whenever he came to my habitation. I, one day, found him there, plunged in melancholy, and I held a conversation with him, which I will repeat to you, unless I tire you by my long digressions ; they, however, are pardonable in a person of my age, and more so, as they have a reference to my last friendships. I will relate it, in form of a dialogue, that you may judge of the excellent natural sense of this young man, and it will be easy for you to discover who is the speaker, by the meaning of his questions, and by my answers.

He said to me :

" I am very low spirited. *Mademoiselle de la Tour* has been gone these three years and a half ; and, for a year and a half past, she has not sent us any news of herself. She is rich, and I am poor : She has certainly forgotten me. My inclination prompts me strongly to embark for France ; I will enter into the service of the King ; I will make a fortune, and the grandaunt of *Mademoiselle de la Tour* will give me her niece in marriage, when I shall have become a great Lord."

THE OLD MAN.

" My good friend, have you not told me, that your birth is ignoble ?"

PAUL.

" So my mother has told me ; for my own part, I do not so much as know the meaning of the word Birth. I never discovered that I was more deficient there than another, or that any other person possessed it more than I do."

THE OLD MAN.

" Deficiency in birth will, in France, effectually exclude you from any distinguished employment ; what is more, no corps of any distinction will admit you."

PAUL.

“ You have often informed me, that one of the chief
“ causes of the present greatness of France was, that the
“ lowest subject might obtain the highest posts ; and you
“ have given me many instances of celebrated men, who,
“ rising from a low condition, had done honour to their
“ country. Do you mean to damp my courage ? ”

THE OLD MAN.

“ My son, nothing is farther from my intention : I told
“ you the truth, but it related to times past. The face of
“ affairs, in France, is, at present, greatly altered ; every
“ thing there is now become venal ; all is the hereditary
“ property of a small number of families, or is divided
“ among incorporated associations. The King is a lumi-
“ nary, surrounded by the nobility, and by different corps,
“ as by so many clouds, and it is hardly possible that one
“ of his rays should fall upon you. Formerly, in an ad-
“ ministration less complicated, such phenomena were to
“ be seen. Then, talents and merit were disclosed on ev-
“ ery side, like as the fresh grounds, which have just been
“ cleared, are productive with all their rich juices. But
“ great Kings, who know Mankind, and how to make
“ choice among them, are very rare. Kings, in general,
“ allow themselves to be biased by the grandees, and by
“ the associations which surround them.”

PAUL.

“ But probably I shall find one of those great men,
“ who will take me under his protection.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ The protection of the great, is to be obtained only by
“ serving either their ambition or their pleasure. You
“ can never succeed with them, for your birth is mean,
“ and your probity is untainted.”

PAUL.

“ But I will perform actions so daring, I will keep my
“ promises so inviolate, I will so punctually fulfil the du-
“ ties of my situation, I will be so zealous and so constant in
“ my friendships, as to merit adoption from some of them,
“ which I have seen frequently to be the case, in those an-
“ cient histories which you gave me to read.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ Ah, my good friend ! among the Greeks and Ro-
“ mans, even in their decline, the higher orders of men
“ always paid respect to virtue ; we have had, indeed, a
“ great number of celebrated personages, of all descrip-
“ tions, starting up from among the common people, but
“ I do not know of a single one who has been adopted in-
“ to a family of rank. But for our Kings, Virtue would,
“ in France, be condemned to an eternal Plebeianism. As
“ I have often told you, they sometimes honour virtue
“ when they perceive it ; but in the present day, the dis-
“ tinction which, in justice, it should obtain, is to be pur-
“ chased only with money.”

PAUL.

“ In case, then, I do not procure support from the
“ Great, I will endeavour to render myself useful to some
“ corps. I will adopt its spirit, and its opinions, entire-
“ ly ; I will make myself be loved.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ You will act, then, like other men ! you will sacrifice
“ your integrity to purchase fortune !”

PAUL.

“ Oh, no ! the search of truth shall be my only aim.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ Instead of making yourself be loved, you will, most
“ probably, expose yourself to hatred. Beside, incorpo-

“rated associations interest themselves very little in the discovery of truth. To the ambitious, every opinion is indifferent, provided they domineer.”

PAUL.

“How unfortunate am I ! I am discouraged on every side. I am doomed to pass my life in labour and obscurity, far from *Virginia*.” And he heaved a deep sigh.

THE OLD MAN.

“Let the Almighty be your only patron, and the human race your corps ; be firmly attached both to the one and to the other. Families, Associations, Nations, and Kings, have their prejudices and their passions, and vice is often requisite, in order to serve them as they desire. But to serve GOD and the human race, we have occasion to exercise virtue only.

“But why do you wish to be distinguished from the rest of Mankind ? It is an unnatural sentiment, for, if it were universal, every man would be at war with his neighbour. Satisfy yourself with fulfilling the duties of that station, in which Providence has placed you : Rejoice in your destiny, which allows you to maintain your integrity pure, and does not oblige you, in imitation of the Great, to place your happiness in the opinion of the lower ranks ; nor, in imitation of the lower, to cringe to your superiors, in order to procure the means of subsistence. You are in a country, and in a situation, where you can find a living, without any occasion either to deceive, to flatter, or to debase yourself, as the generality of those are obliged to do, who pursue fortune in Europe ; in a situation, where your condition does not prohibit your exercising any virtue : Where you can, with impunity, be good, faithful, sincere, intelligent, patient, temperate, chaste, indulgent, pious : And where no malignant sneer will interpose to blast your wisdom, which is still only in the bud. Heaven has bestowed

“ on you, liberty, health, a good conscience, and friends :
 “ Kings, whose favour you are so ambitious of obtaining,
 “ are not near so happy.”

PAUL.

“ Alas ! *Virginia* is still wanting to me ; without her,
 “ I have nothing ; with her, I should possess every thing,
 “ She, alone, is my birth, my glory, and my fortune : But
 “ her aunt must, no doubt, have bestowed her, in marriage,
 “ on a man of high reputation ! By means of books and
 “ study, however, men may become learned and celebrated :
 “ I will acquire knowledge, by dint of intense application :
 “ I will render a useful service to my country, by my su-
 “ perior illumination, and will neither offend any one, nor
 “ be dependent on him : My fame will be illustrious, and
 “ the glory which I may obtain will be entirely my own.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ My son, talents are still more rare than either birth
 “ or riches ; and, doubtless, they are the most invaluable
 “ possessions, because nothing can deprive us of them, and
 “ because they universally conciliate public esteem. But
 “ they cost a man dear ; they are to be obtained only by
 “ privations of every kind ; by an exquisite sensibility,
 “ which renders us unhappy, both at home and abroad,
 “ by the persecution of our contemporaries. In France,
 “ the lawyer does not envy the glory of the foldier, nor
 “ the foldier, that of the sailor, but every body will thwart
 “ you there, because every body piques himself on his
 “ understanding. You will serve mankind, say you ?
 “ But the person who produces them a single sheaf of corn
 “ from the ground, does them a far more profitable ser-
 “ vice than he who gives them a book,”

PAUL.

“ Oh ! she who planted this papaya has given the in-
 “ habitants of these forests, a much more useful and de-

“lightful present, than if she had given them a library :”
And as he spake, he took the tree in his arms, and kissed it with transport.

THE OLD MAN.

“The best book that ever was written, which inculcates only the doctrines of friendship, equality, humanity, and concord, namely, the Gospel, has served, for many ages past, as a pretext for the ravages of European cruelty. How many public and private tyrannies are daily practised on the Earth, in its name ! After that, who can flatter himself with the hope of being useful to Mankind by a book ? Call to mind what has been the fate of most of those Philosophers, who preached up wisdom to Man. *Homer*, who clothed it in verses so beautiful, was reduced to beg his bread all his life long. *Socrates*, who gave to the Athenians such excellent lessons of it, both by his discourses and by his manners, was condemned by them to swallow poison, conformably to the sentence of a court of justice. His sublime disciple, *Plato*, was doomed to slavery, by order of the very Prince who protected him ; and, before their time, *Pythagoras*, who extended his humanity even to the brute creation, was burnt alive by the Crotonians : What do I say ? The greatest part of these illustrious names have descended to us, disfigured by some traits of satire, which characterise them ; for, human ingratitude delights to lay hold on these. If, however, among the crowd, the glory of any hath reached our ears, pure and untainted, they are those who have lived far from the society of their contemporaries ; like those statues, which are extracted entire, out of the fields of Greece and Italy, and which, by being buried in the bosom of the earth, have escaped the fury of the barbarians.

“You see, then, that, in order to acquire the tempestuous glory of literary fame, it is necessary to exercise

“ much virtue, and to be ready to sacrifice life itself.
“ Besides, do you imagine, that this glory interests wealthy
“ people in France ? They greatly care for literary men,
“ whose learning does not raise them to any dignity in
“ their country, or to any situation under government,
“ nor procure them admission at Court. Persecution is
“ little practised in this age, so indifferent to every thing
“ except fortune and pleasure ; but knowledge and virtue
“ seldom raise a person, there, to a distinguished rank, be-
“ cause every thing in the State is to be procured with
“ money. Formerly, these qualities were sure of meeting
“ a recompense, by places either in the church, in the
“ magistracy, or in the administration ; but, at present,
“ they are only good for making books. This fruit, how-
“ ever, so little prized by the men of the World, is ever
“ worthy of its celestial origin. It is to these very books,
“ that the honour is reserved, of bestowing lustre on ob-
“ scure virtue, of consoling the unfortunate, of enlighten-
“ ing Nations, and of declaring the truth even to Kings.
“ It is, undoubtedly, the most sacred office with which
“ Heaven can invest a mortal on this Earth. Where is
“ the man, who has it not in his power to console himself
“ for the injustice, or the contempt of those who have
“ the disposal of fortune, when he reflects, that his work
“ will be handed down from age to age, from nation to
“ nation, and will serve as a barrier against error and ty-
“ ranny ; and that, from the bosom of obscurity, in which
“ he has lived, a glory may issue, which shall eclipse that
“ of the greatest part of Kings, whose monuments sink
“ into oblivion, in spite of the flatterers who reared, and
“ who extol them ?

PAUL.

“ Ah ! I should covet this glory, only to diffuse its
“ lustre over *Virginia*, and to render her dear to all the
“ World. But you, who have so much experience, tell
“ me, whether we shall ever marry ? I wish to be a schol-
“ ar, at least to know what I am to expect in future.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ Who would wish to live, my son, if he knew what
“ was to befall him hereafter ? A single foreseen calamity
“ occasions a thousand vain anxieties : The certain prof-
“ pect of a heavy affliction would embitter all the days
“ which might precede it. Indeed, it is not proper to en-
“ quire too deeply, even into surrounding objects ; Heav-
“ en, which bestows reflection upon us, in order that we
“ may foresee our necessities, has also given us necessities,
“ to set bounds to our reflection.”

PAUL.

“ You tell me, that, in Europe, dignities and honours
“ are to be purchased with money. I will go and acquire
“ wealth in Bengal, and then direct my course toward
“ Paris, and espouse *Virginia*. I will go and embark
“ immediately.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ How ! will you leave her mother and your own ?”

PAUL.

“ Why, you yourself advised me to go to India.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ When I gave you that advice, *Virginia* was here.
“ But, at present, you are the only support of your
“ mothers.”

PAUL.

“ *Virginia* will send them the means of subsistence,
“ from the bounty of her rich relation.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ Rich people assist those only who pay homage to them
“ in the World. They have relations much more to be
“ pitied than *Madame de la Tour*, and who, for want of
“ support from them, sacrifice their liberty for the sake
“ of bread, and pass their lives shut up in a convent.”

PAUL.

“What a dreadful country Europe is ! Oh ! *Virginia*
 “must return hither. What occasion has she for a rich
 “relation ? How happy she once was, under these lowly
 “roofs, how beautiful, and how charming, when her head
 “was adorned with a red handkerchief, or a wreath of
 “flowers. Oh, *Virginia*, return, leave thy palaces and
 “thy greatness ; return to these rocks, to the shade of
 “these woods, and to our cocoa trees. Alas ! perhaps
 “at this very moment, thou art miserable.”.....Saying
 this, he burst into tears. “Father,” cried he, “conceal
 “nothing from me ; if you are unable to tell me wheth-
 “er I shall ever marry *Virginia*, inform me, at least,
 “whether she still loves me, though surrounded by great
 “men, who talk to the King, and who visit her ?

THE OLD MAN.

“Yes, my friend, I am convinced, by many reasons,
 “that she loves you, but principally by this, that she is
 “virtuous.” At these words, he clasped me round the
 neck, transported with joy.

PAUL.

“But do you believe European women to be so incon-
 “stant as they are represented on the stage, and in those
 “books which you have lent me ?”

THE OLD MAN.

“In those countries where men tyrannise, the women
 “are always inconstant. Violence ever produces deceit.”

PAUL.

“How is it possible for a man to exercise tyranny over
 “a woman ?”

THE OLD MAN.

“By forcing women into marriage, without any re-
 “gard to their own inclinations ; a young girl to an old
 “man, a woman of feeling to a man of insensibility.”

PAUL.

“ Why do they not rather unite those together, who
“ are more suitable to each other ; the young with the
“ young, and lovers with those on whom their affections
“ are fixed ? ”

THE OLD MAN.

“ The reason is, that, in France, the generality of young
“ men have not sufficient fortune to enable them to mar-
“ ry, and that they seldom acquire a competency till they
“ are advanced in years. In their youth, they seduce the
“ wives of their neighbours, and, when old, they are un-
“ able to secure the affections of their own wives. When
“ young, they deceived others, and when old, are, in their
“ turn, deceived themselves. It is one of the reactions
“ of that universal justice which governs the World : In
“ it, one excess always balances another. Thus, most
“ Europeans pass their lives in a twofold disorder, and
“ this disorder is increased in a society, proportionably as
“ riches are accumulated on a smaller number of individ-
“ uals. The State resembles a garden, in which small
“ trees are unable to arrive at perfection, if others too
“ great overshadow them ; but there is this manifest dif-
“ ference, that the beauty of a garden may result from a
“ small number of large trees, but the prosperity of a State
“ ever depends on the multitude and equality of the sub-
“ jects, and not on a small number, who monopolize its
“ wealth.”

PAUL.

“ But why is want of money a hindrance to marriage ? ”

THE OLD MAN.

“ Because after a man has entered into that state, he
“ wishes to pass his days in abundance, without the neces-
“ sity of labouring.”

PAUL.

“ And why not labour ? I myself work very hard.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ The reason is, that, in Europe, manual labour is deemed dishonourable. It is there called mechanical labour :
“ Nay, that of cultivating the ground is esteemed the most
“ despicable of all. There the artisan holds a far higher
“ rank than the peasant.”

PAUL.

“ How ! the art which supplies man with food, despised in Europe ! I do not understand you.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ Oh ! it is impossible for a man educated in a state of
“ Nature, to comprehend the depravity of a state of Society. Though such a one is able to form, in his own
“ mind, an exact idea of order, he cannot form one of disorder. Beauty, virtue, and happiness, have proportions ; deformity, vice, and misery, have none.”

PAUL.

“ The rich, then, are very happy ; no obstacles lie in
“ their way ; and on the objects of their love, they can
“ bestow pleasures without end.”

THE OLD MAN.

“ They are, for the most part, insensible to any pleasure,
“ because the attainment of it costs them no trouble.
“ Does not experience teach you, that the enjoyment of
“ repose is purchased by fatigue ; that of eating, by hunger ; that of drinking, by thirst ? In like manner, that
“ of loving, and of being beloved, is only to be obtained
“ by a multitude of privations and sacrifices. Their
“ wealth deprives rich people of all these pleasures, by
“ outrunning their necessities. Add, besides, to the disgust which always follows satiety, that pride which

“ springs from their opulence, and which the least pri-
 “ vation wounds, even when the greatest enjoyments
 “ have ceased to flatter it. The perfume of a thou-
 “ sand roses only pleases for a single moment ; but the
 “ pain inflicted by one of their thorns, lasts a long time
 “ after the wound is received. To the rich, one misfor-
 “ tune, in the midst of many enjoyments, is a thorn sur-
 “ rounded by flowers ; but, on the contrary, to the poor,
 “ one pleasure, in the middle of many calamities, is a
 “ flower surrounded on every side by thorns. They find
 “ a poignant relish in their enjoyments. Every effect is
 “ heightened by its contrast ; Nature has balanced all
 “ things equally. Every thing considered then, Which
 “ state do you conceive to be preferable, that of having
 “ almost nothing to hope for, and all to fear, or, that of
 “ having nothing to fear, and every thing to hope for ?
 “ The first of these states is that of the rich ; the second,
 “ that of the poor. These extremes, however, are equally
 “ difficult to be supported by Man, whose happiness con-
 “ sists in mediocrity and virtue,”

PAUL.

“ What do you understand by the word virtue ?”

THE OLD MAN.

“ My son, you who support your parents by the labour
 “ of your hands, have no occasion for a definition of it.
 “ Virtue is an effort made upon ourselves, for the good
 “ of others, in the view of pleasing GOD only.

PAUL.

“ Oh, how virtuous then is *Virginia* ! Virtue was her
 “ aim, when she wished to become rich, in order that she
 “ might exercise beneficence ; virtue made her leave this
 “ island, and virtue will restore her to us.” The idea of
 her speedy return, kindling the young man’s imagination,
 all his disquietude vanished in an instant. *Virginia* had
 not written, because she was on the point of returning in

person : So little time was necessary to return from Europe, with a fair wind. He enumerated instances of vessels, which had made this voyage, of more than four thousand five hundred leagues, in less than three months. The vessel in which she had embarked would not take more than two. The builders of the present day were so skilful, and the mariners so alert. He talked of the arrangements which he would make for her reception ; of the new habitation which he intended to build ; and of the pleasures and the agreeable surprise which he would contrive for her every day, when she became his wife ; his wife.....The idea ravished his senses. “ As for you, “ father,” said he to me, “ you, in future, shall do nothing but enjoy yourself. *Virginia* possesses wealth, and “ we can purchase plenty of Negroes, who will work for “ you. You shall be with us always, and nothing shall “ employ your mind, but amusement and pleasure.” Immediately, he flew, like one distracted, to communicate to his family the joy with which he himself was intoxicated.

Excessive fears soon succeed the most sanguine hopes. Violent passions always plunge the soul into contrary extremes. Frequently, on the morrow, *Paul* came to see me, overwhelmed with grief. He said to me, “ *Virginia* “ has not written to me : Had she left Europe, she would “ certainly have informed us of it. Ah ! the reports which “ have been spread concerning her, are but too well founded : Her aunt has certainly married her to some noble- “ man. The love of wealth has corrupted her, as is the “ case with so many others. In those books, which so “ well describe the character of the female sex, virtue is “ merely a subject for romance. Had *Virginia* possessed “ virtue, she would not have quitted her own mother and “ me. While I pass my life, with my thoughts entirely “ fixed on her, she has cast me from her remembrance. “ I am tormenting myself, and she is lost in dissipation. “ Ah ! that thought plunges me into despair. All labour “ disgusts me, and society is a burthen. Would to God,

“ that war would break out in India, that I might hasten
“ thither, and throw myself into the jaws of death.”

“ My son,” replied I, “ that courage which makes us
“ rush on to meet death, is the courage of only a single mo-
“ ment. It is often excited by the vain applause of
“ man. There is a species of courage more rare, and still
“ more necessary, which enables us daily to support the
“ misfortunes of life, without a witness, and without
“ praise ; what I mean is patience. It rests not on the
“ opinion of another, nor on the impulse of our own
“ passions, but on the will of GOD. Patience is the cour-
“ age of virtue.”

“ Ah, then,” cried he, “ I have no virtue ! every thing
“ overwhelms me, and sinks me into despair.” “ Virtue,”
replied I, “ always equal, constant, and invariable, is not
“ the portion of Mankind. In the conflict of so many
“ passions by which we are agitated, our reason is troubled
“ and obscured ; but there are pharoses by which we can
“ rekindle the flame ; I mean Letters.

“ Letters, my son, are an assistance sent to us from Heav-
“ en. They are rays of that Wisdom which governs the
“ Universe, and which Man, inspired by a celestial art, has
“ learned to establish upon this Earth. Like the rays of
“ the Sun, they enlighten, they comfort, they warm : It
“ is a flame altogether divine. Like fire, they direct all
“ Nature to our use. By means of them, we unite around
“ us, men and things, times and places. By them, we
“ feel ourselves recalled to the rules of human life. They
“ calm the passions ; they repress vice ; they rouse vir-
“ tue, by the sacred example of those great men whom
“ they celebrate, and whose honoured images they habitu-
“ ally present to us, crowned with respect. They are the
“ daughters of Heaven, who descend to Earth, in order
“ to soothe the misfortunes of the Human Race. The
“ great Writers, whom they inspire, have always appeared
“ in times the most difficult for human Society to subsist,
“ the times of barbarism and of depravity. My dear son,

“ letters have afforded consolation to an infinite number
“ of men, far more miserable than you are ; *Xenophon*,
“ banished from his country, after having brought back
“ to it ten thousand Greeks ; *Scipio Africanus*, exhaust-
“ ed with the relentless calumny of the Roman people ;
“ *Lucullus*, sickened with their cabals ; and *Catinat*, stung
“ with the ingratitude of a French Court. The ingenious
“ Greeks assigned the several government of our various
“ intellectual powers to the several Muses, who preside
“ over Letters : We ought, therefore, to resign to them
“ the government of our passions, in order that they may
“ direct and curb them. They ought, with regard to the
“ faculties of the soul, to perform the same functions with
“ the Hours, which yoked, and guided the horses of the
“ Sun.

“ Apply yourself, then, my son, to the study of books.
“ Those wise men, who have written before us, are trav-
“ ellers who have preceded us in the paths of calamity,
“ who stretch out the hand toward us, and invite us to
“ join their society, when every body else has abandoned
“ us. A good book is a good friend.”

“ Ah !” cried *Paul*, “ I had no occasion to know how
“ to read when *Virginia* was here : She had studied no
“ more than I had done, but when she looked upon me,
“ calling me her friend, it was impossible for me to know
“ what sorrow meant.”

“ Doubtless,” said I to him, “ there can be no friend
“ so agreeable, as a mistress who loves reciprocally.
“ There is, besides, in woman, a lively gaiety, which dissi-
“ pates the pensiveness of man. Her graces make the
“ dark phantoms of reflection to fly away. On her
“ countenance are depicted the gentle attractions of con-
“ fidence. What joy is not heightened by her joy ? What
“ forehead is not smoothed when she smiles ? What wrath
“ can repel her tears ? *Virginia* will return with more
“ philosophy than you possess ; she will be greatly sur-
“ prised at not finding the garden entirely restored, she,

“ whose thoughts are fixed on embellishing it, in spite of
“ the persecutions of her relation, while far from her
“ mother, and from you.”

The idea of the approaching return of *Virginia*, renovated the courage of *Paul*, and brought him back to his rural occupations. Happy in the midst of his perturbation, in proposing to his exertions, an end congenial to his predominant passion.

One morning, at day break, it was the 24th of December, 1752, *Paul*, on rising, perceived a white flag hung out on Mount Discovery. This flag was the signal that a vessel was descried at sea. He immediately flew to the city, in order to learn if it brought any intelligence of *Virginia*. He remained there till the return of the pilot of the port, who, according to custom, had gone out to reconnoitre her. This man did not come back till the evening. He reported to the Governor, that the vessel which they had hailed was the *Saint Gerand*, of about seven hundred tons burthen, commanded by a captain named *M. Aubin*; that she was four leagues distant at most, and that she could not come to her moorings, off Port Louis, till the next day, in the afternoon, if the wind was fair. It was then a dead calm. The pilot then delivered to the Governor the letters which the vessel had brought from France. Among others, there was one in *Virginia's* hand writing for *Madame de la Tour*. *Paul* seized it immediately, and, having kissed it with transport, he put it in his bosom, and flew to the plantation. As soon as he could perceive the family, from afar, who were waiting his return on Rock Farewel, he raised the letter into the air, without the power of uttering a syllable: Immediately, the whole family assembled round *Madame de la Tour* to hear it read.

Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced very harsh treatment from her grandaunt, who had attempted to force her into marriage, had afterwards disinherited her, and then turned her away, at a time which would not permit her to arrive at the Isle France, till the hurricane

season : That she had, to no purpose, endeavoured to soften her, by representing what she owed to her mother, and to the connections of her early life ; that she had been treated by her, as a girl whose head was turned with reading romances ; that, at present, her only wish was, once more, to see and embrace her dear family, and that she would have gratified this ardent wish that very day, if the captain would have allowed her to embark in the pilot boat, but that he had opposed her departure, on account of the distance of the shore, and of a heavy swell at sea, in the offing, notwithstanding the stillness of the wind.

Scarce was this letter read, than the whole family, transported with joy, cried out : “ *Virginia* is arrived.” Masters and servants embraced each other by turns. Madame *de la Tour* said to *Paul* : “ My son, go and inform our neighbour of *Virginia*’s arrival.” *Domingo* immediately lighted a flambeau of round wood, and then, in company with *Paul*, directed his course toward my habitation.

It might be about ten o’clock at night : I had just extinguished my lamp, and had lain down to sleep, when I perceived, through the pallisades of my cottage, a light in the woods. Soon after, I heard the voice of *Paul*, calling me by name. I immediately arose, and was scarcely dressed, when *Paul*, almost distracted and breathless, clasped me round the neck, saying, “ Come, come along, “ *Virginia* is arrived. Let us hasten to the port, the vessel will anchor there by day break.”

We immediately bent our course thither. As we were crossing the woods of the Long Mountain, and already on the road which leads from Pamplémousses to the port, I heard the sound of some one walking behind us. It was a negro hurrying on with his utmost speed. As soon as he had overtaken us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going with such expedition : He replied, “ I come from that quarter of the island which is called “ Gold Dust, and am dispatched to inform the Governor,

“ that a vessel from France has just cast anchor under
“ Amber Island. She is firing guns, in token of distress,
“ for the sea is very boisterous.” The man, having thus
spoken, immediately hastened forwards.

I then said to *Paul*, “ Let us go toward Gold Dust,
“ to meet *Virginia* ; it is only three leagues from hence.”
We, accordingly, directed our steps toward the northern
part of the island. The heat was stifling : The moon had
just arisen ; three black circles surrounded her. A fright-
ful darkness overspread the whole face of Heaven. By
the frequent flashes of lightning, we discovered long
streamers of thick clouds, gloomy and lowering at no great
height, piled one above another, toward the middle of the
island, which rushed from the sea with an amazing rapid-
ity, although, on land, not the least breath of wind was
stirring. Hastening onwards, we thought we heard the
roaring of thunder, but, on listening more attentively, we
discovered it to be the report of cannon, reverberated by
the echoes. The noise of the distant firing, joined to the
tempestuous appearance of the Heavens, made me shudder.
I had no doubt that it was a signal of distress from some
vessel on the point of foundering. About half an hour af-
terwards the firing ceased, and this silence struck me as
much more awful than the mournful sounds which had
preceded it.

We quickened our pace without saying a word, or dar-
ing to communicate our uneasiness to each other. Toward
midnight, we arrived, in a violent heat, on the sea shore,
at the quarter called Gold Dust. The waves dashed them-
selves against it with a fearful noise. The foam, of a daz-
zling whiteness, and sparkling like fire, covered the rocks
and shores. Notwithstanding the darkness, we could dis-
tinguish, by these phosphoric lights, the canoes of the fish-
ermen, which they had, long before, drawn a great way up
on the strand.

At some distance from thence, at the entrance of the
wood, we descried a fire, round which several of the plant-

ers were assembled. We went thither to rest ourselves, and to wait for the return of day. Whilst we sat by the fire, one of the planters told us, that the preceding afternoon, he had seen a vessel at sea, borne toward the island by the currents ; that the shades of the night had concealed her from his view, and that two hours after sunset, he had heard the firing of cannon, as a signal calling for assistance, but that the sea ran so high, no one would send out a boat to her relief : That soon after, he could perceive their lanterns lighted up, and, in that case, he was afraid, the vessel having come so near the shore, might have passed between the main land and the little Isle of Amber, mistaking the latter for Mire Point, near which, the vessels arriving at Port Louis are accustomed to pass ; that if it were so, which, however, he could not absolutely affirm, the vessel must be in the greatest danger. Another planter then spoke, and told us, that he had several times passed through the channel which separates the Isle of Amber from the coast ; that he had founded it, and found that the mooring and anchoring ground were excellent ; and, that the vessel was as safe there as in the most secure harbour. " I would risk my whole fortune in her," added he, " and could sleep as soundly as if I were on dry land." A third planter asserted, that it was impossible for a vessel of that size to enter the channel, as even boats could with difficulty navigate it. He said, that he had seen her anchor beyond the Isle of Amber, so that if the breeze sprung up in the morning, she would have it in her power, either to put to sea again, or to gain the harbour. Other planters delivered various opinions.

Whilst they were disputing among themselves, as is very customary with idle Creoles, *Paul* and I kept a profound silence. We remained there till peep of dawn, but, then, there was too little light in the Heavens, to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, which, besides, was covered with a thick fog ; we could only descry to windward, a dusky cloud, which they told us was the Isle of

Amber, situated at a quarter of a league's distance from the coast. We perceived no object by this gloomy light, but the point of land where we were, and the peaks of some of the mountains of the interior of the island, appearing, from time to time, in the midst of the clouds which floated around them.

About seven in the morning, we heard the sound of drums in the woods : It was the Governor, *M. de la Bourdonaye*, who came on horseback, attended by a detachment of soldiers, armed with muskets, and by a great number of planters and negroes. He drew up the soldiers on the beach, and ordered them to fire a volley. Scarcely had they done so, when we perceived, on the sea, a flash of light, almost immediately succeeded by the report of a cannon. We concluded that the vessel was at no great distance from us, and we all flew to that quarter where we had seen her signal. We then discerned, through the mist, the hull and sail yards of a large vessel. We were so close to her, that, notwithstanding the roaring of the sea, we distinctly heard the boatswain's whistle, and the voices of the sailors, who gave three cheers of, *LONG LIVE THE KING* : For this is the exclamation of Frenchmen, when in extreme danger, as well as amidst their greatest rejoicings ; as if they meant to call their Prince to their assistance, in perilous seasons, or as if they intended, even then, to declare, that they were ready to meet death for his sake.

From the moment that the *Saint Gerand* perceived we were within reach of giving her assistance, she went on firing a gun every three minutes. *M. de la Bourdonaye* ordered large fires to be kindled, here and there, along the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, in quest of provisions, planks, cables, and empty casks. A multitude soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes, loaded with provisions and cordage, who came from the plantations of Gold Dust, the quarter of the Marsh, and from Rampart River. One of the oldest of these planters approached the Governor, and thus address-

ed him : " Sir, deep sounds have, all night long, been
" heard in the mountain. In the woods, the leaves are
" violently agitated, though there is not a breath of wind
" stirring. The sea birds are flocking, in crowds, to take
" refuge on the land ; surely, all these signs announce the
" approach of a hurricane." " Well, my friend," replied the Governor, " we are well prepared for it, and, surely, the vessel is so likewise."

In truth, the whole appearance of Nature presaged an approaching tempest. The clouds which were distinguishable in the zenith, were, at their centre, awfully black, and their edges of a copper colour. The air resounded with the screams of the pailencu, the frigate, the water cutter, and a multitude of other fowls, which, notwithstanding the gloom of the atmosphere, flocked from all points of the horizon, to seek a shelter in the island.

Toward nine o'clock in the morning, fearful noises were heard from the Sea, as if torrents of water, mingled with the roaring thunder, were rushing from the mountain tops. The whole company exclaimed, " There's the hurricane !" and, at the same moment, an awful whirlwind carried off the fog, which overspread the Isle of Amber, and its channel. The Saint Gerand was then plainly descried, her deck crowded with people, her yards and round tops lowered, her flag hoisted, four cables on her fore castle, and one to keep her fast astern. She had anchored between the Isle of Amber and the main land, within the shelvy enclosure, which surrounds the Isle of France, and which she had weathered through a channel that no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her bows to the billows, which rolled on from the main Ocean ; and at every surge which forced its way into the channel, her prow was elevated to such a height, that her keel was perceptible in the air ; but, by this motion, her stern, plunging downward, disappeared from view, to its very carved work, as if it had been entirely swallowed up. In this situation, in which the winds and the waves were driving her toward

the shore, it was equally impossible to return through the track by which she had entered, or, by cutting her cables, to run aground upon the shore, from which she was separated by a deep bottom, sown thick with shelving rocks. Every billow which broke against the coast, rushed on, roaring, to the very bottom of the bay, and tossed the pebbles more than fifty feet up the shore; then, retiring backwards, discovered a great part of its bed, the stones of which were dashed backward and forward, with a rough and horrible noise. The sea, swelled by the winds, increased every moment, and the whole channel, between this island and the Isle of Amber, appeared to be an immense sheet of white foam, hollowed into deep and dusky waves. This foam collected itself at the bottom of the creeks, to the height of more than six feet, and the winds, which brushed along its surface, carried it beyond the steep cliffs of the shore, more than half a league into the island. At sight of these innumerable white flakes, which were driven, in a horizontal direction, to the very foot of the mountains, you would have thought that hills of snow were rushing from the sea. The horizon presented every symptom of a lengthened tempest: The Heavens and the Sea seemed to be confounded in it with each other. There were incessantly detached from it, clouds of a fearful appearance, which flew along the zenith, with the velocity of birds; whilst others appeared in it immovable, like enormous rocks. Not a single spot of azure was perceptible in the whole firmament; a pale and olive coloured glare was all that illuminated the objects on the Earth, on the Sea, and in the Heavens.

By the violent straining of the vessel, what we feared at length took place. The cables on her bows snapped; and as she then rode by a single halber, she was dashed upon the rocks, half a cable's length from the shore. One scream of grief burst from every breast. *Paul* was hastening to throw himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. "My son," said I to him, "are you determin-

"ed to destroy yourself?" "Oh, let me go to her assistance," cried he, "or let me die!" As despair had overpowered his reason, *Domingo* and I, in order to prevent his destruction, tied round his middle a long cord, one of the extremities of which we held fast. *Paul* then advanced toward the *Saint Gerand*, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking on the shallows. Sometimes, he had the hope of getting on board, for the sea, in these irregular movements, left the vessel nearly dry, so that you might almost walk round and round her: But presently, returning with renovated fury, it covered her with enormous arches of water, which carried away the whole fore part of her bottom, and dashed the unhappy *Paul* a great way up on the shore, his legs bleeding, his chest bruised, and half drowned. Scarcely had this young man recovered the use of his senses, than he got up again, and returned, with redoubled ardor, toward the ship, which the sea, meanwhile, had torn asunder with unremitting attacks. Upon this, the whole crew, despairing of safety, threw themselves, in crowds, into the sea; some on masts, on planks, on hen coops, on tables, and on casks. Then appeared an object worthy of eternal regret; a young lady was seen on the stern gallery of the *Saint Gerand*, stretching out her arms toward him, who was making so many fruitless efforts to join her. It was *Virginia*. She soon discovered her lover by his intrepidity. At sight of this amiable girl, exposed to perils so dreadful, we were overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. As for *Virginia*, with a noble and dignified air, she waved her hand to us, as if to bid us an eternal farewell. The sailors had all thrown themselves into the Ocean. One alone remained on the deck, who was entirely naked, and strong as a *Hercules*. He approached *Virginia* respectfully; we saw him throw himself at her knees, and even endeavour to persuade her to pull off her clothes; but she, repelling him, with dignity, turned her face the other way. The air resounded with these redoubled cries of the spectators: "Save her, oh,

“ save her ; do not, do not quit her.” But, at the same moment, a mountain of water, of an enormous size, engulfed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and advanced, roaring, toward the vessel, which it menaced with its dusky sides and foaming summits. At this awful spectacle, the sailor flung himself alone into the sea, and *Virginia*, perceiving death inevitable, placed one hand on her clothes, and the other on her heart ; then raising her placid eyes toward Heaven, she seemed an angel, going to take flight toward the celestial regions.

Oh, day of horror ! Alas ! all was swallowed up. The surge dashed far up the shore, a part of the spectators, whom an emotion of humanity had prompted to advance toward *Virginia*, as well as the sailor, who had attempted to preserve her by swimming. This man, escaped from almost certain death, kneeled down upon the strand, saying, “ Oh, my God, thou hast preserved my life ; but “ I would have sacrificed it, willingly, to save that of the “ excellent young lady, who, with all my persuasion, “ would not be prevailed on to undress herself, as I did.” *Domingo* and I drew out from the waves the unfortunate *Paul*, entirely deprived of recollection, whilst the blood gushed from his mouth and ears. The Governor put him under the care of surgeons, while we traversed the sea shore, to see whether the billows had not borne the body of *Virginia* thither ; but the wind having suddenly changed, as is very customary in the case of hurricanes, we had the mortification of reflecting, that we should not have it in our power to render to this unfortunate girl even the rites of sepulture. We hastened from the spot, overwhelmed with sorrow, our minds entirely engrossed with the loss of only one person, in a shipwreck where so many had perished ; the greater part doubting, from an end so disastrous, befalling a young woman of such exalted virtue, whether a Providence existed at all ; for there are calamities, so dreadful, and so unmerited, that the confidence, even of the wisest, is frequently staggered,

Meanwhile, they had placed *Paul*, who now began to recover the use of his senses, in an adjoining house, till his situation permitted him to be carried to his own home. As for me, I was returning with *Domingo*, in order to prepare *Virginia*'s mother, and her friend, for this calamitous event, when, on our arrival at the entrance of the valley of the river of the Lataniers, some negroes informed us, that the sea was driving a great deal of the wreck of the vessel up the opposite bay. We descended thither, and one of the first objects which we descried upon the shore, was the body of *Virginia*. It was half covered with sand, and in the very attitude in which we had seen her perish. There was no sensible alteration in her features. Her eyes were closed, but serenity still sat upon her forehead; only the pale violet of death blended itself upon her cheeks, with the roses of modesty. One of her hands lay upon her clothes; the other, which clung to her heart, was firmly closed and stiff. I disengaged from it, with much difficulty, a little casket; but how was I astonished, when I perceived in it, the portrait which *Paul* had given her, and which she had promised him never to part with while she lived. At this last token of the constancy, and the love of this unhappy girl, I wept bitterly. As for *Domingo*, beating his breast, he pierced the air with his mournful cries. We, then, carried the body to a fisherman's hut, where we gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women, who washed it carefully.

Whilst they were performing this sad office, we ascended, trembling, toward the plantation. We there found Madame *de la Tour* and *Margaret* at prayer, in expectation of news concerning the vessel. As soon as the former perceived me, she exclaimed, "Where is my daughter? my beloved *Virginia*? my child?" As my silence, and my tears, but too well informed her of the calamity which had happened, she was suddenly seized with a suffocation, and agonizing spasms; her voice could be

distinguished only in sighs and sobbing. *Margaret* exclaimed, "Where is my son? I do not see my son;" and fainted away. We hastened to her, and having brought her to herself, I assured her that *Paul* was alive, and that the Governor had taken proper care of him. She recovered the use of her senses, only to devote her attention to the assistance of her friend, who, from time to time, fell into long fainting fits. *Madame de la Tour* passed the night in these cruel paroxysms, and, by the length of their duration, I have judged that nothing equals the sorrow of a mother. When she recovered her reason, she fixed her mournful eyes stedfastly toward Heaven. In vain did *Margaret* and I press her hands between ours, in vain did we address her by the most tender appellations; to all these testimonies of our ancient affection, she appeared totally insensible, and nothing but deep groans proceeded from her oppressed bosom.

The next morning, they brought *Paul*, stretched along in a palanquin. Reason had resumed its empire, but his voice was entirely lost. His interview with his mother and *Madame de la Tour*, which, at first, I had been apprehensive of, produced a better effect than all the care which I had hitherto taken. A ray of comfort beamed on the countenances of these two unhappy mothers. They both approached him, clasped him in their arms, kissed him; and those tears which had been, till then, restrained, through excess of sorrow, now began to flow. *Paul* soon mingled his with theirs. Nature being thus disburdened, in these three unhappy beings, a languid oppression succeeded to the convulsions of their grief, and procured for them a lethargic repose, which bore, in truth, a strong resemblance to death.

Meanwhile, *M. de la Bourdonaye* sent a messenger to me privately, informing me, that the body of *Virginia* had, by his order, been conveyed to the city, and that, from thence, he meant to have it carried to the church of *Pamplémousses*. I immediately went down to Port Lou-

is, where I found the inhabitants assembled from all parts; to assist at her funeral, as if the island had lost, in her, the most precious treasure which it contained. In the port, the ships had the sail yards laid across, their flags half hoisted up, and they were firing minute guns. The grenadier company opened the funeral procession. They carried their arms inverted. Their drums, covered with long pieces of crape, emitted only sounds of woe: Grief sat strongly depicted on the countenances of those warriors, who had, a thousand times, braved death in the field, with undaunted courage. Eight young ladies, of the most considerable rank in the island, clothed in white, and holding palm boughs in their hands, bore the body of their virtuous companion, strewed over with flowers. A choir of little children followed it, chanting hymns: Then, after them, the officers of higher rank, and the principal inhabitants of the island, and, last of all, the Governor himself, followed by a crowd of the common people.

Thus far had Government interposed, in ordering that some honours might be rendered to the virtues of *Virginia*. But when the body had arrived at the foot of this mountain, at the sight of those very huts the happiness of which she had so long constituted, and which her death had filled with sorrow, the whole funeral ceremony was deranged; the hymns and the chanting ceased; nothing was now to be heard in the plain, but sighs and sobs. Crowds of young girls, belonging to the neighbouring plantations, hastened to spread over the coffin of *Virginia*, handkerchiefs, chaplets, and wreaths of flowers, invoking her as if she had been a saint. Mothers prayed Heaven to bestow on them daughters like her; the young men, mistresses as constant; the poor, a friend as affectionate, and the slaves, a mistress as kind.

When they had arrived at the place destined for her interment, the negresses of Madagascar, and the Cafres of Mosambique, placed baskets of fruit around her body, and suspended pieces of stuff on the neighbouring trees,

according to the custom of their country. The Indians of Bengal, and those of the coast of Malabar, brought cages of birds, which they set at liberty over her corpse ; to such a degree does the loss of a beloved object interest all Nations, and such a power does unfortunate virtue possess, seeing it attracts and unites all religions around its tomb.

It was necessary to place a guard near her grave, in order to keep back some of the daughters of the poor inhabitants, who were rushing to throw themselves into it, declaring, that, in this World, their sorrow would admit of no consolation, and that nothing now remained for them, but to die with her, who had been their only benefactress. She was interred near the church of Pamplemousses, on its western side, at the foot of a tuft of bamboos, where, in going to mass, with her mother and *Margaret*, she delighted to repose, seated by the side of him, whom she then used to call brother.

On returning from the funeral ceremony, *M. de la Bourdonaye* ascended this mountain, followed by a part of his numerous retinue. He tendered to *Madame de la Tour*, and her friend, all the assistance which lay in his power. He expressed himself in few words, but with great indignation, against her unnatural relation : Approaching *Paul*, he said every thing which he thought could have a tendency to console him. " I was anxious to contribute to your happiness, and that of your family," said he ; " Heaven is the witness of my sincerity. My friend, you must go to France ; I will procure you employment there. During your absence, I will take as much care of your mother as if she were my own." At the same time, he held out his hand to him ; but *Paul* drew back his, and turned his head aside, that he might not see him.

As for myself, I remained in the dwelling of my unfortunate friends, to administer to them, as well as to *Paul*, all the assistance I could. At the end of three weeks, the latter was able to walk ; but mental depression seemed to increase, in proportion as his body grew stronger. He was

insensible to every thing ; his looks were languid, and he did not answer a syllable to all the questions which were put to him. Madame *de la Tour*, who was in a dying condition, frequently said to him, " My son, so long as " I see you, I think I behold my dear *Virginia*." At the name of *Virginia*, he started up, and hastened from her, in spite of the entreaties of his mother, who called him back to her friend. He wandered alone to the garden, and seated himself at the foot of *Virginia's* cocoa tree, with his eyes stedfastly fixed on her fountain. The Governor's surgeon, who had taken the greatest care of him, and of the ladies, told us, that, in order to remove the gloomy melancholy which had settled on his mind, we ought to allow him to do every thing that he pleased, without contradicting him in any respect ; for this was the only means of vanquishing that silence which he so obstinately preserved.

I resolved to follow his advice. As soon as *Paul* felt his strength, in some degree, restored, the first use which he made of it, was to retire from the plantation. As I did not wish to lose sight of him, I walked behind, and desired *Domingo* to bring some provisions, and to accompany us. In proportion as the young man descended from this mountain, his joy and strength seemed to revive. He, at first, bent his course toward Pamplemousses, and when he had arrived at the church, in the bamboo alley, he went directly to the spot where he saw the earth had been newly dug up : There, he kneeled down, and raising his eyes to Heaven, he offered up a long prayer. This action appeared to me a happy presage of returning reason, as this mark of confidence in the Supreme Being, was a proof that his soul began to resume its natural functions. *Domingo* and I fell down on our knees after his example, and prayed with him. At length he arose, and walked to the northern part of the island, without paying much attention to us. As I knew that he was entirely ignorant, not only where the body of *Virginia* was deposited, but also, whether or

not it had been saved from the Sea, I asked him, why he had been praying to GOD at the foot of the bamboos ; he replied, " We have been there together so often ! "

He continued his journey to the entrance of the forest, where night overtook us. There I persuaded him, by my example, to take some nourishment ; we then reposed ourselves upon the grass, at the foot of a tree. The next day, I was in expectation, that he would direct his steps homewards again. In truth, he fixed his eyes, for some time, from the plain, on the church of Pamplémousses, with its long rows of bamboos, and made some movements to return thither ; but he suddenly buried himself in the forest, always directing his course toward the North. I penetrated his intention, and in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from it. We arrived, about midday, at the quarter of Gold Dust. He hastily descended to the sea shore, exactly opposite to the place where the Saint Gerand had perished. At sight of the Isle of Amber, and its channel, then as smooth as a mirror, he exclaimed, "*Virginia ! oh, my beloved Virginia !*" and then fell down in a swoon. *Domingo* and I carried him to the interior of the forest, where we brought him to himself, with much difficulty. When he had recovered his senses, he was preparing to return to the sea shore ; but, having entreated him not to renew his own grief and ours, by such cruel recollections, he took another road. In short, for eight days together, he rambled to all those places which he was accustomed to frequent, with the companion of his infancy. He wandered along the path, through which she had gone, to ask pardon for the slave of the Black River : He then visited the borders of the river of the Three Paps, where she had set down, when unable to walk any farther, and that part of the wood, in which she had been lost. Every place that recalled to his mind, the inquietudes, the sports, the repasts, and the beneficence of his much loved *Virginia* ; the river of the Long Mountain, my little habitation, the neighbouring cascade, the papaya which she

had planted, the mossy ground where she delighted to run, and the cross paths of the forest where she loved to sing, each, by turns, caused his tears to flow : The very echoes which had, so often, repeated the sounds of their mutual joy, now resounded with nothing but these mournful cries, "*Virginia, oh, my beloved Virginia!*"

In this wild and wandering way of life, his eyes grew hollow, his colour faded, and his health gradually, but perceptibly, declined. Being firmly persuaded that the sentiment of our misfortunes is redoubled by the remembrance of the pleasures which we once enjoyed, and that solitude only gives an edge to the passions, I resolved to remove my unfortunate friend from the places which excited the recollection of his loss, and to convey him to some part of the island, where there were objects to dissipate his melancholy. For this purpose, I conducted him to the inhabited heights of the quarter of Williams, where he had never been before. Agriculture and commerce then spread much bustle and variety over this island. There were many companies of carpenters, who squared the trees into logs, and others who were sawing them into planks : Carriages came and went along the roads : Large flocks of oxen and horses fed in the extensive pastures, and the fields were filled with habitations. The elevation of the soil, in several places, admitted of the cultivation of many kinds of European vegetables. You might see, here and there, harvests of corn in the plain, beds of strawberries in the openings of the woods, and hedges of rose trees along the highway. The coolness of the air, by giving tension to the nerves, was even favourable to the health of the whites. From these heights, situated in the middle of the island, and surrounded with thick woods, you can discover neither the Sea, nor Port Louis, nor the church of Pamplemousses, nor any thing which could recal to *Paul's* mind the remembrance of *Virginia*. The very mountains, which present different branches on the side of Port Louis, offer nothing to view on the side of Will-

iams Plain, but a long promontory, in a straight and perpendicular line, out of which many pyramids of rocks elevate themselves, and collect the clouds around their peaks.

It was to these plains, accordingly, that I conducted *Paul*. I kept him continually in action, walking with him, in sunshine, and in rain, by day and by night, leading him into the woods, and over the fresh ploughed ground, and the fields, in order to amuse his mind by the fatigue of his body ; and to deceive his reflections by ignorance of the place where we were, and of the road which we had left. But the mind of a lover finds, every where, traces of the beloved object. The night and the day, the calm of solitude and the noise of habitation, nay, time itself, which erases so many recollections, brought no relief to his mind. Like the needle, touched by the magnet, which is to no purpose agitated, for as soon as it recovers a state of rest, it points to the Pole which attracts it : So when I asked *Paul*, as we wandered about, in Williams Plain, " Whither shall we go now ? " he turned to the North, and said, " These are our mountains, let us return thither."

I clearly perceived, that all the methods, by which I had endeavoured to divert his mind, were ineffectual, and that the only resource now left, was to attack the passion in itself, by employing, to this purpose, the whole strength of my feeble reason. I, accordingly, replied, " Yes, " these are the mountains, where your beloved *Virginia* " once lived, and there is the portrait which you gave " her, and which, in death, she pressed to her heart, the " last emotions of which were devoted to thee." I then presented to *Paul* the little portrait which he had given *Virginia*, on the banks of the fountain of the cocoa trees. At sight of this, a gloomy joy overspread his countenance. He eagerly seized the portrait with his feeble hands, and pressed it to his lips. Immediately, his breast became oppressed, and to his blood shot eyes the tears started, but were unable to flow.

I said to him, " My son, attend to the words of one
" who is your friend, who was so to *Virginia*, and who,
" in the ardor of your expectations, has frequently en-
" deavoured to fortify your reason against the unforeseen
" calamities of human life. What is it you deplore with
" so much bitterness of soul ? Is it the misfortune which
" has befallen yourself ? Is it that which has befallen
" *Virginia* ?

" The misfortune which has befallen yourself ? Yes, I
" grant you it has been very severe. You have lost the most
" amiable of young women, who would have made the
" most virtuous of wives. She had sacrificed her own
" interests to your's, and preferred you to fortune, as the
" only recompense worthy of her virtue. But how do
" you know, whether the object, from whom you expect-
" ed happiness so pure, might not have proved to you
" the source of sorrows innumerable ? She was dowerless,
" and disinherited. You would have had nothing, in fu-
" ture, to share with her, but what the labour of your
" hands produced. Rendered more delicate by educa-
" tion, and more courageous by her very misfortunes,
" you would have seen her daily sinking under the weight
" of the fatigues which she exerted herself to divide with
" you. In the event of bringing you children, her troubles
" and your own would have been greatly increased by
" the difficulty of supporting alone, with you, your aged
" parents, and a growing family.

" You may tell me ; the Governor would have assisted
" us : But how do you know, whether, in a colony which
" so often changes its rulers, you would have always found
" such men as *M. de la Bourdonaye* ? Whether some
" Governor might not have been sent hither, unpolished
" and unprincipled ? Or, whether your wife, in order to
" obtain some miserable pittance, would not have been
" obliged to cringe to such a man ? Either she would
" have become frail, and you would have been an object
" of pity, or she would have maintained her honour, and

“ you must have remained under the pressure of poverty :
“ Happy, if, on account of her beauty and virtue, you
“ had not been persecuted by those very persons from
“ whom you solicited protection.

“ You may say, I might have enjoyed happiness inde-
“ pendent of fortune, by protecting the beloved object,
“ who was attached to me, in proportion to her very weak-
“ nefs ; by consoling her with my own inquietudes ; by
“ making her rejoice even in my dejection, and thus caus-
“ ing our love to increase by our mutual sorrows. Doubt-
“ less, virtue and love do delight in these bitter pleasures.
“ But she is now no more ; there still remains to you,
“ however, what, next to yourself, she loved most, name-
“ ly, her own mother and your’s, whom, by your incon-
“ solable affliction, you are bringing down to the grave.
“ Make it your happiness to succour them, as it was her’s.
“ My son, beneficence is the happiness of virtue ; there
“ is none greater, or more certain, on the Earth. Projects
“ of pleasures, of repose, of enjoyments, of abundance,
“ and of glory, are not made for feeble Man, who is only
“ a traveller, and a passenger, through this World. Be-
“ hold, how a single step toward fortune, has precipitat-
“ ed us from one abyss into another ! You opposed it, it
“ is true ; but who of us did not believe, that the voyage
“ of *Virginia* would terminate in her own happiness, and
“ in your’s. The invitations of a rich and old relation ;
“ the advice of a sensible Governor ; the approbation of
“ a whole colony ; the exhortations and the authority of
“ an ecclesiastic, have all concurred in deciding the fate
“ of *Virginia*. Thus, we rush on to our own destruc-
“ tion, deceived by the very prudence of those who gov-
“ ern us. It would, doubtless, have been better not to
“ believe them, nor to trust to the opinions, and the ex-
“ pectations of a deceitful World. But, after all, of so
“ many men, whom we see thus busily employed in these
“ plains ; of so many others, who go, in quest of fortune,
“ to the Indies, or who, without leaving their own homes,

“ enjoy at their ease, in Europe, the fruit of the labours
“ of the people here, there is not so much as one, who is
“ not destined to lose, some day, that which he holds most
“ dear ; greatness, fortune, wife, children, friends. The
“ most of them have superadded to their loss, the reflection
“ of their own imprudence. But as for you, when
“ you retire within yourself, you find nothing to reproach
“ yourself with. You have maintained unshaken fidelity
“ ty ; in the flower of youth, you have possessed the prudence
“ of a sage, in not departing from the sentiment of
“ Nature. Your views, alone, were perfectly legitimate,
“ because they were pure, simple, and disinterested, and
“ because you had sacred rights over *Virginia*, which no
“ fortune could compensate. You have lost her, and it
“ is neither your imprudence, nor your avarice, nor your
“ false wisdom, which occasioned that loss, but GOD himself,
“ who has employed the passions of another, to deprive
“ you of the object of your love ; GOD, from
“ whom you receive every thing, who sees what is proper
“ for you, and whose wisdom has not left you any place
“ for that repentance, and despair, which ever follow in
“ the train of those evils, that we have brought upon
“ ourselves.

“ This is what you can say to yourself, under the pressure
“ of your affliction : I have not merited it. Is it,
“ then, the misfortunes of *Virginia*, her end, her present
“ condition, that you deplore ? She has submitted to the
“ decision reserved for birth, for beauty, and even for
“ empires themselves. The life of Man, with all its
“ projects, rears itself like a little tower, to which death
“ applies the finishing stroke. The moment she was born,
“ she was condemned to die. Happy, in having resigned
“ her life before her mother, before your's, and before
“ yourself ; that is, in not having suffered many deaths
“ before the final one.

“ Death, my son, is a blessing to all Mankind. It is
“ the evening of that restless day which we call life. It

“ is in the sleep of death, that the diseases, the griefs, the
“ vexations, and the fears, which incessantly agitate un-
“ happy mortals, repose for ever. Examine those men
“ who appear the most happy, and you will find that they
“ have purchased their pretended enjoyments very dear-
“ ly ; public respectability, by domestic distresses ; for-
“ tune, by the loss of health ; the rare pleasure of being
“ beloved, by continual sacrifices ; and, often, at the close
“ of a life devoted to the interests of another, they see
“ nothing around them but false friends, and ungrateful
“ relations. But *Virginia* was happy to the last moment
“ of her’s. She was so, whilst among us, by those blef-
“ sings which Nature bestows ; at a distance from us, by
“ those of virtue. Even in that dreadful moment when
“ we saw her perish, she was still happy ; for, whether
“ she cast her eyes on a colony, in which she was going
“ to cause universal desolation, or upon you, who rushed,
“ with such intrepidity, to her assistance, she clearly per-
“ ceived how dear she was to us all. She was prepared
“ to meet the future, by reflecting on the innocence of
“ her past life, and she then received the reward, which
“ Heaven reserves for virtue, a courage superior to dan-
“ ger. She encountered death with a serene countenance.
“ My son, the Almighty has decreed to virtue, the pow-
“ er of supporting all the events of human life, in order
“ to let us see that it alone can make the proper use of
“ them, and find in them felicity and glory. When He
“ reserves for it an illustrious reputation, he elevates it
“ on a great theatre, and sets it a conflicting with death :
“ Then, its courage serves as an example, and the remem-
“ brance of its misfortunes receives a tribute of tears
“ from posterity, for ever. This is the immortal monu-
“ ment reserved for it, upon a globe where every thing
“ passes away, and where even the memory of the gener-
“ ality of Kings is speedily buried in everlasting oblivion.
“ But *Virginia* exists still. Observe, my son, how ev-
“ ery thing on the Earth changes, and that nothing is

“ lost : No human skill can annihilate the smallest particle of matter ; and could that which was rational, sensible, susceptible of love, virtuous, religious, have perished, when the elements with which it was invested, are not liable to destruction : Ah ! if *Virginia* enjoyed happiness once in our society, how much more does she enjoy now ! There is a GOD, my son ; all Nature announces it ; there is no occasion to prove it to you, Nothing but the wickedness of men could make them deny a justice which they contemplate with terror. A sentiment of Him is in your heart, in like manner as his works are before your eyes. Can you believe, then, that He will leave *Virginia* without a recompense ? Can you believe, that the same Power, which clothed a soul so noble, in a form so beautiful, in which such divine skill was clearly perceptible, was not able to have saved her from the waves ? That He, who has arranged the actual happiness of Man, by laws of which you are entirely ignorant, could not prepare another for *Virginia*, by laws equally unknown to you ? Before we were created, if we had possessed the faculty of thinking, could we have formed any idea of our future being ? And now that we are in this dark and fugitive existence, can we foresee what is beyond death, by which we must make our transition from it ? Has the Almighty occasion, like man, for this little globe of Earth, to serve as the theatre of his wisdom and goodness, and is he capable of propagating human life only in the plains of death ? There is not a single drop of water in the Ocean, but what is filled with living creatures, which have all a reference to us ; and does nothing exist for us, among all those stars which revolve over our heads ! What, is there no supreme Intelligence, and divine Goodness, in any spot but precisely that where we are ; and in those radiant and innumerable globes, in those vast plains of light which surround them, and which are never obscured by darkness or tempest, do you believe there is nothing

“ but empty space, and an eternal nonexistence ! If we,
“ who could give nothing to ourselves, durst set bounds
“ to that Power, from which we have received every
“ thing, we might believe ourselves to be stationed here
“ upon the limits of his empire, where life is ever strug-
“ gling with death, and innocence with tyranny.

“ Without doubt, there is somewhere a place in which
“ virtue receives its reward. *Virginia* now is happy.
“ Ah ! if, from the abode of angels, she could communi-
“ cate to you her thoughts, she would say, as she did in
“ her last farewell : Oh, *Paul*, life is only a state of pro-
“ bation. I have been found faithful to the laws of Na-
“ ture, of love, and of virtue. I crossed the seas in obe-
“ dience to my relations ; I renounced riches to preserve
“ my fidelity ; and I have preferred death to the violation
“ of modesty. Heaven has decreed, that the career of my
“ earthly existence has been sufficiently filled up. I have,
“ forever, made my escape from poverty, from calumny,
“ from tempests, and from the painful spectacle of the
“ woes of others. None of those ills which terrify Man-
“ kind, can ever, in future, affect me ; and yet you still
“ pity me ! I am pure, and unsusceptible of change, as a
“ particle of light ; and you wish to recal me to the
“ gloomy night of life ! Oh, *Paul* ! Oh, my friend ! Call
“ to mind those days of happiness, when, in the morning, we
“ enjoyed the beauty of the Heavens, rising with the Sun,
“ on the peaks of these rocks, and diffusing itself, with its
“ radiations, over the bosom of our forests. We expe-
“ rienced a felicity, the cause of which we were unable
“ to comprehend. In our innocent desires, we wished to
“ be all eye, in order to enjoy the rich colours of *Aurora* ;
“ all smell, to inhale the perfume of our flowers ; all ear,
“ to listen to the warbling of our birds ; all gratitude, to
“ acknowledge these blessings. Now, at the source of
“ beauty, whence flows all that is delightful on the Earth,
“ my soul immediately tastes, hears, touches, what it could
“ then perceive only through feeble organs. Ah ! what

“ language is capable of describing these regions of an
 “ eternal morning, which I inhabit forever. Every thing
 “ that Omnipotence, and celestial Goodness, could create,
 “ in order to administer consolation to an unfortunate be-
 “ ing ; all the harmony, which the friendship of an infi-
 “ nite number of beings partaking of the same felicity,
 “ mingles in our common transports, I now experience
 “ without alloy. Support thyself, then, in thy state of
 “ probation, that thou mayest increase the happiness of thy
 “ *Virginia*, by a love which knows no bounds, and by a
 “ marriage, the torches of which can never be extinguish-
 “ ed. There, I will calm thy sorrows ; there, I will wipe
 “ away thy tears. Oh, my friend ! my young husband !
 “ elevate thy soul toward infinity, in order to support the
 “ miseries of a moment.”

My own emotion entirely stifled my voice. As for
Paul, regarding me steadfastly, he exclaimed : “ She is no
 “ more ! she is no more ! ” A long, languid oppression
 succeeded these mournful words ; then returning to him-
 self, he said, “ Since death is a blessing, and *Virginia* is
 “ happy, I will die also, that I may again be united to her.”
 Thus the consolation which I endeavoured to administer,
 only served to aggravate his despair. I was like a person,
 who wishes to save his friend, when sinking to the bottom
 of a river, without his making any effort to swim. Sor-
 row had entirely overwhelmed him. Alas ! the misfor-
 tunes of our early age prepare Man for entering into life,
 and *Paul* had never experienced them.

I conducted him back to his habitation, and I there
 found his mother, and *Madame de la Tour*, in a languid
 state, which had greatly increased since I left them. *Margaret*
 was the most broken down. Lively characters, over
 whom slight troubles slide easily away, are the least able to
 withstand heavy calamities.

She said to me, “ Oh my kind neighbour ! I dreamt to-
 “ night, that I saw *Virginia*, clothed in white, in the
 “ midst of bowers and delicious gardens. She said to me,

“ I enjoy a felicity greatly to be envied. Then she approached *Paul*, with a joyful air, and carried him away with her. As I was endeavouring to retain my son, I felt as if I was quitting the Earth myself, and that I followed him with a pleasure inexpressible. Upon that, I wished to bid farewell to my friend, but I perceived her coming after us, accompanied by *Mary* and *Domingo*. But what is still more singular, *Madame de la Tour* has had, this very night, a dream, attended with exactly similar circumstances.”

I replied, “ My friend, I believe that nothing happens in the World, without the permission of GOD. Dreams sometimes announce truth.”

Madame de la Tour related to me a dream entirely resembling this, which she had that same night. I never observed that these two ladies were in the least inclined to superstition. I was, therefore, struck with the coincidence of their dreams, and I had not the least doubt in my own mind, that they would soon be realized. The opinion, that truth is sometimes conveyed to us in sleep, is universally propagated over all the Nations of the Earth. The greatest men of antiquity have adopted it ; among others, *Alexander*, *Cesar*, the *Scipios*, the two *Catos* and *Brutus*, who were none of them men of weak minds. The Old and New Testament have furnished us with many instances of dreams which were verified. For my own part, I have no occasion for any higher proof on the subject than my own experience ; and I have found, more than once, that dreams are sometimes warnings, which give us information very interesting to ourselves. But if any person shall pretend to attack or defend by argument, things which transcend the powers of human understanding, he undertakes an impossibility. However, if the reason of Man is only an image of that of the Almighty ; since Man is capable of conveying his thoughts to the extremities of the World by secret and concealed means, why should not that Intelligence which governs the World,

employ similar methods in accomplishing the same purpose? One friend consoles another by a letter, which travels through a multitude of kingdoms, which circulates amidst the hatred of Nations, and communicates joy and hope to one single individual: Why, then, may not the Sovereign Protector of innocence come, by some secret means, to the relief of a virtuous soul, which reposes confidence in him alone? Has he occasion to employ any exterior sign to execute his will; He who acts continually, in all his works, by an internal impulse?

Why, then, doubt the reality of dreams? Life, filled with so many vain and transitory projects, what is it but a dream?

However that may be, those of my unfortunate friends were soon realized. *Paul* died two months after his beloved *Virginia*, whose name he repeated incessantly. *Margaret* expired eight days after her son, with a joy which it is bestowed only on virtue to taste. She took the most tender farewell of *Madame de la Tour*, "in the hope," said she, "of a sweet and eternal reunion. Death is the greatest of blessings," added she; "it is highly desirable. If life be a punishment, we ought to wish for its termination; if it be a state of probation, we ought to wish it shortened."

Government took care of *Domingo* and *Mary*, who were no longer in a condition for service, and who did not long survive their mistresses. As for poor *Fidèle*, he drooped to death nearly about the same time with his master.

I conducted *Madame de la Tour* to my habitation; she supported herself, in the midst of losses so terrible, with a greatness of soul altogether incredible. She administered consolation to *Paul* and *Margaret* to the very last moment, as if she had no distress but theirs to support. When they were no more, she spoke to me of them every day, as if they had been beloved friends, still in the neighbourhood. She survived them, however, only a month. As to her aunt, far from reproaching her with these mis-

fortunes, she prayed GOD to forgive her, and to appease the dreadful horrors of mind with which, we heard, she had been seized, immediately after she had dismissed *Virginia*, with so much barbarity.

This unnatural relation soon met with the punishment due to her cruelty. I heard, by the successive arrival of several vessels, that she was tormented by the vapours, which rendered life and death equally insupportable. Sometimes, she reproached herself with the premature death of her charming grandniece, and with that of her mother, which soon followed it. Sometimes, she applauded herself for having discarded two unhappy wretches, who had disgraced her family by the meanness of their inclinations. Frequently flying into a passion at sight of the great number of miserable people, with which Paris is filled, she exclaimed, "Why do they not send these idle wretches to perish in our Colonies?" She added, that the ideas of virtue, of humanity, and of religion, adopted by all Nations, were nothing but the political inventions of their Princes. Then, suddenly plunging into the opposite extreme, she abandoned herself to superstitious terrors, which filled her with mortal apprehensions. She ran about, carrying with her vast sums, which she bestowed on the rich monks, who were her ghostly directors, and entreated them to appease the DEITY, by the sacrifice of her fortune; as if that wealth, which she had denied to the miserable, could be acceptable to the Father of Mankind! Her imagination was frequently haunted by deluges of fire, burning mountains, or hideous spectres wandering before her, and calling her by name, with horrible screams. She threw herself at the feet of her directors, and formed, in her own mind, tortures and punishments preparing for her; for Heaven, just Heaven, sends fearful visions to harrow up the souls of the unmerciful.

Thus she passed several years, by turns an atheist and a devotee, equally in horror of life and of death. But what terminated an existence so deplorable, was the very thing

to which she had sacrificed the sentiments of Nature. She had the mortification to reflect, that her riches would, after her death, go to relations whom she hated. In order to prevent this, she endeavoured to alienate the greatest part of her fortune; but they, availing themselves of the frequent paroxysms of spleen to which she was subject, had her shut up as a lunatic, and her estates put in trust for her heirs. Thus her very riches put the finishing stroke to her destruction; and as they had hardened the heart of her who possessed them, so they, in like manner, extinguished natural affection in the breasts of those who coveted them. She, accordingly, died; and, what filled up the measure of her woe, with so much use of her reason left, as to know that she had been plundered and despised, by those very persons whose opinion had directed her all her life long.

By the side of *Virginia*, and at the foot of the same bamboos, her friend *Paul* was laid; around them, their tender mothers and their faithful servants. No marble raises itself over their humble graves; no engraved inscriptions, recording their virtues; but their memory will never be effaced from the hearts of those who lay under obligations to them. Their shades have no need of that lustre, which they shunned all their life time; but if they still interest themselves in what is passing on the Earth, they, doubtless, delight in wandering under the straw covered roofs, where industrious virtue resides; in consoling poverty discontented with its lot; in encouraging, in youthful lovers, a lasting flame, a relish for the blessings of Nature, a love of labour, and a dread of riches.

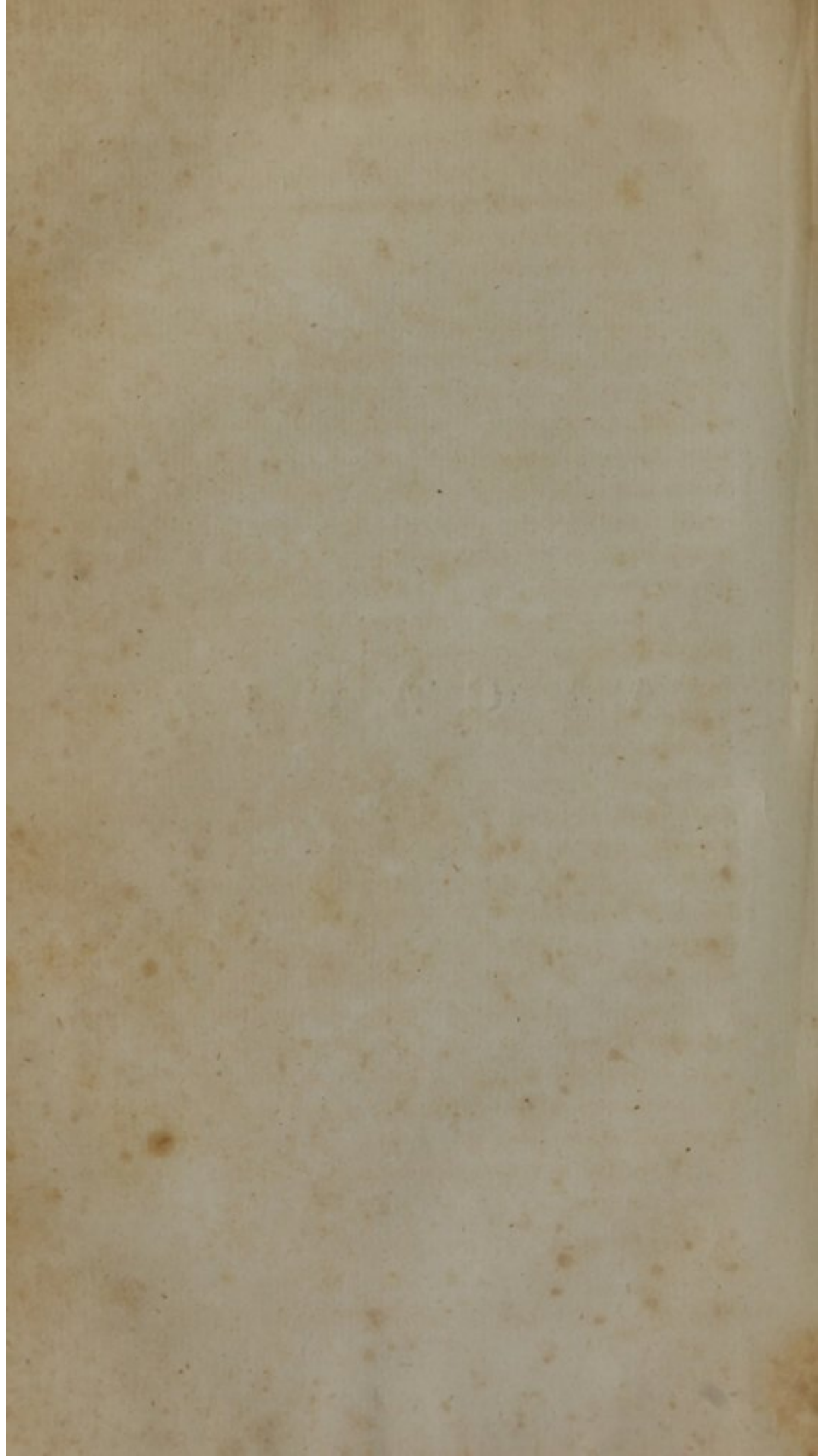
The voice of the people, which is silent respecting the monuments reared to the glory of Kings, has bestowed on several parts of this island, names, which will eternalize the loss of *Virginia*. You may see, near the Isle of Amber, in the middle of the shelves, a place called, THE SAINT GERAND'S PASS, from the name of the vessel which perished there, in returning from Europe. The ex-

tremity of that long point of land, which you see about three leagues from hence, half covered with the waves of the Sea, which the Saint Gerand could not double, the evening of the hurricane, in order to make the harbour, is named CAPE MISFORTUNE ; there, just before you, at the bottom of this valley, is TOMB BAY, where the body of *Virginia* was found, buried in the sand, as if the sea had intended to bear her back to her family, and to render the last duties to her modesty, upon the same shores which she had honoured with her innocence.

Young people so tenderly united ! Unfortunate mothers ! Dearly beloved family ! These woods, which gave you shade, these fountains, which flowed for you, those rocks, upon which you reposed together, still lament your loss. No one, since you, has dared to cultivate this desolate spot, nor rear again these humble cottages. Your goats have become wild ; your orchards are destroyed ; your birds have flown away ; nothing is now to be heard but the cries of the hawk, flying around the top of this basin of rocks. For my part, since I behold you no longer, I am like a friend stripped of his friends, like a father who has lost his children, like a traveller wandering along the Earth, where I remain in gloomy solitude.

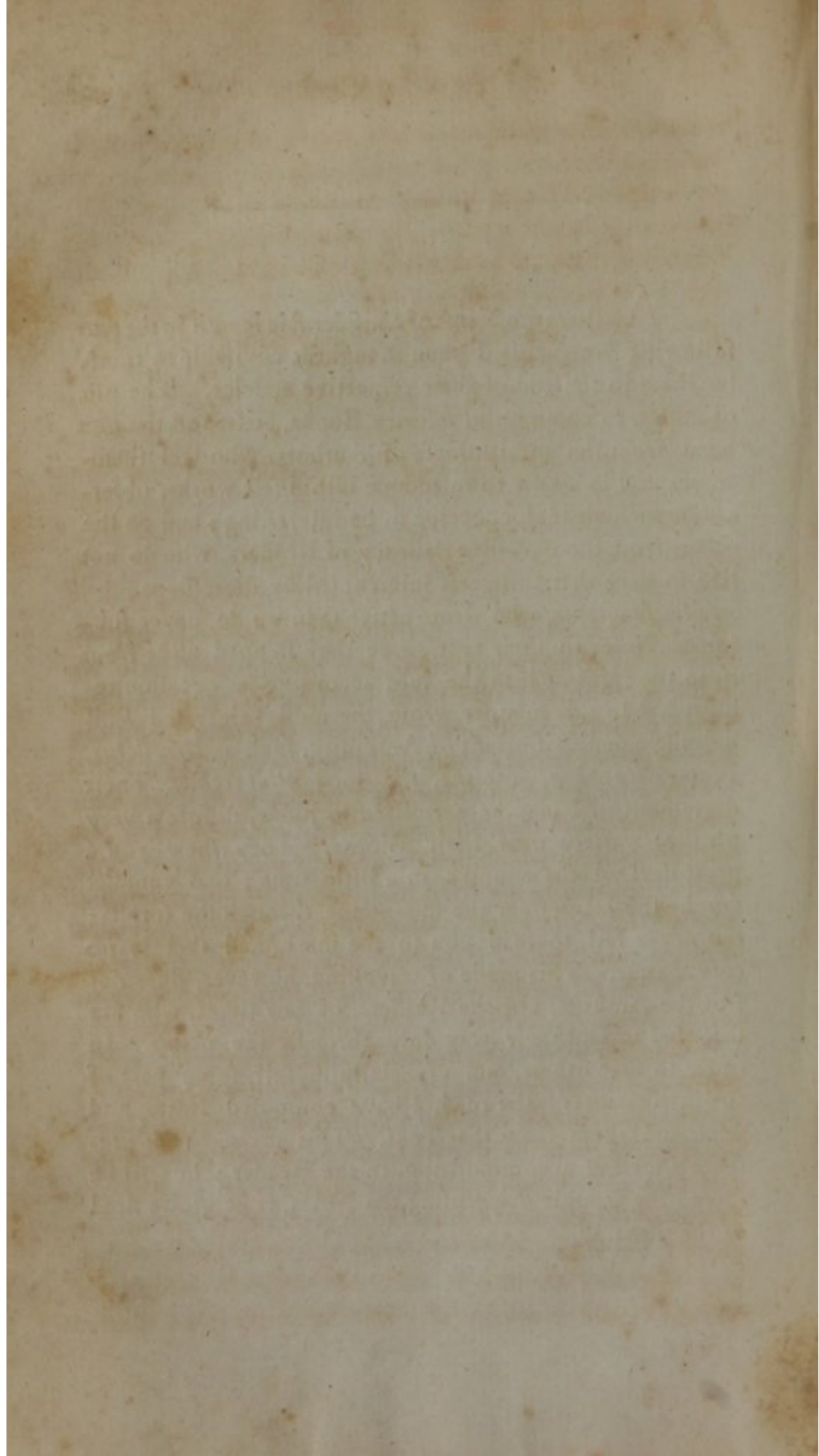
As he uttered these words, the good old man walked away, melting into tears, and mine had flowed, more than once, during this melancholy relation.

A R C A D I A.



AS there are Notes of considerable length in the two following Fragments, I have thought it advisable to transfer them to the end of their respective articles. The use of Notes, so common in modern Books, arises, on the one hand, from the unskilfulness of Authors, who feel themselves at a loss how to introduce into their works, observations which they conceive to be interesting; and on the other, from the excessive delicacy of Readers, who do not like to have their progress interrupted by digressions.

The Ancients, who wrote better than we do, never subjoined Notes to their text; but they stepped aside from it, to the right and to the left, according as occasion required. In this manner wrote the most celebrated Philosophers and Historians of Antiquity, such as *Herodotus*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, the good *Plutarch*..... Their digressions, if I may be permitted to judge, diffuse a very pleasing variety over their Works. They shew you a great deal of the country in a little time; and conduct you by the lakes, over the mountains, through the forests; but never fail to lead you to the mark, and that is no easy matter. This mode of travelling, however, does not suit the Authors, nor the Readers, of our times, who are disposed to find their way only through the plains. In order to save others, and especially myself, some part of the intricacies of the road, I have composed Notes, and separated them from the Text. This arrangement presents a farther accommodation to the Reader; he will be spared the trouble of perusing the Notes, if he grows tired of the Text.



FRAGMENT,

BY WAY OF PREAMBLE

TO

THE ARCADIA.

.....AS soon as they perceived that, after an experience of mankind so vexatious, my heart panted only for a life of solitude ; that I had embraced principles from which I would not depart ; that my opinions respecting Nature were contrary to their systems ; that I was not a person disposed to be either their puffer, or to court their protection ; and that, in a word, they had embroiled me with my patron, whom they frequently abused to me, in the view of alienating me from him, and to whom they assiduously paid their court ; they then became my enemies. A great many vices are imputed to the Great ; but I have always found many more in the Little, who study to please them.

These last were too cunning to attack me openly, with a Personage to whom I had given, in the very height of my misfortunes, proofs of a friendship so disinterested. On the contrary, in presence of that gentleman, as well as before myself, they passed high encomiums on my principles, and on some very simple acts of moderation, which had resulted from them ; but they employed terms so artfully exaggerated, and appeared so uneasy about the opinion which the World would entertain of the matter, that it was easy to

discern their great object was to induce me to renounce it, and that they commended my patience so extravagantly, only to make me lose it. Thus they calumniated me under the guise of panegyric, and destroyed my reputation in feigning to pity me; like those sorceresses of Thesfaly, mentioned by *Pliny*, who blasted the harvests, the flocks, and the husbandmen, by speaking good of them.

I separated myself, therefore, from those artful men, who continued to justify themselves at my expense, in representing me as a person of a mistrustful disposition, after having abused my confidence in so many different ways.

Not but that I consider myself as reprehensible for a sensibility, too acute, to pain, whether physical or moral. A single prickle gives me more uneasiness than the smell of a hundred roses gives pleasure. The best company in the World appears to me intolerable, if I meet in it a single self important, envious, evil speaking, malignant, perfidious person. I am well aware, that people of very great worth associate, every day, with persons of all these descriptions, support them, nay, flatter them, and turn them to their own account; but I am well aware, at the same time, that these same people of worth bring into Society nothing but the jargon of the World; whereas I, for my part, always pour out my heart; that they pay deceivers in their own coin, and I with all I have, that is to say, with my sentiments. Though my enemies may represent me as of a mistrustful character, the greatest part of the errors of my life, especially as far as they are concerned, arose from an excess of confidence; and, after all, I would much rather have them complain, that I mistrusted them without a cause, than that they should have had, themselves, any reason to be mistrustful of me.

I endeavoured to make friends of the men of an opposite party, who had expressed an ardent inclination to attract me thither, before I joined it, but who, the moment I came over, no longer put any value on my pretended

merit. When they perceived that I did not adopt all their prejudices ; that I aimed at nothing but the discovery of truth ; that, disposed to malign neither their enemies nor my own, I was not a fit person to be employed in cabal and intrigue ; that my feeble virtues, which they once so highly extolled, had procured me nothing lucrative ; and that they were incapable of doing harm to any one ; in a word, that I no more belonged to their side, than to that of their antagonists ; they neglected me entirely, and even persecuted me in their turn. Thus I found, by experience, that in a selfish and corrupted age, our friends measure their consideration of us only by that which their own enemies entertain respecting us, and that they court us, just in proportion as we can be useful, or render ourselves formidable, to them. I have every where seen confederacies of various sorts, and I have always found in them the same species of men. They march, it is true, under standards of different colours ; but they are always those of ambition. They have but one and the same object in view, namely, to domineer. Nevertheless, the interest of their corps excepted, I never met with two of them, whose opinions did not differ as much as their faces. What is a source of joy to the one, sinks the other into despair : To the one, evidence appears to be absurdity ; to the other, downright absurdity is evidence. What do I say ? In the exact study which I have made of men, in the view of finding a comforter among them, I have seen persons the most renowned, differ completely from themselves, according as it was morning or night, as it was before or after dinner, as they were in public or in private. Books, even those which are most eagerly cried up, abound with contradictions. Thus, I was made sensible, that the diseases of the mind were no less reduced to systematic methods of cure, than those of the body, and that I had acted very imprudently, in adding the unskilfulness of the physicians to my own infirmities,

as there are more patients, of every description, killed by remedies than by diseases.

While all this was going on, my calamities had not yet attained their final period. The ingratitude of men, of whom I had deserved better things; unexpected family mortifications; the total annihilation of my slender patrimony, scattered abroad to the four winds of Heaven, in enterprizes undertaken for the service of my Country; the debts under which I lay oppressed, by engagements of this kind; all my hopes of fortune blasted.....these combined calamities, made dreadful inroads at once upon my health and my reason. I was attacked by a malady to which I had hitherto been a stranger. Fires, similar to those of lightning, affected the organs of vision. Every object presented itself to me double, and in motion: Like *Ædipus*, I saw two Suns. My heart was not less disturbed than my head. In the finest day of Summer, I could not cross the Seine, in a boat, without undergoing anxieties unutterable; even I, who had preserved my soul in tranquillity, amidst a tempest off the Cape of Good Hope, on board a vessel struck with lightning. If I happened to pass simply through a public garden, by the side of a basin full of water, I underwent spasmodic affections of extreme horror. There were particular moments, in which I imagined myself bitten, without knowing how, or when, by a mad dog. Much worse than this had actually befallen me; I had been bitten by the tooth of calumny.

One thing is absolutely certain, the paroxysms of this malady overtook me only when in the society of men. I found it intolerable to continue in an apartment where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. I derived no relief from the circumstance of their being unknown to me; I recollected, that I had been calumniated by my own friends, and for the most honourable actions of my life. When

I was alone, my malady subsided : I felt myself likewise at my ease in places where I saw children only. I frequently went, for this purpose, and seated myself by the box of the horse shoe, in the Tuileries, to look at the children playing on the grassy parterre, with the little dogs which frisked about them. These were my spectacles, and my tournaments. Their innocence reconciled me to the human species, much better than all the wit of our dramas, and than all the sentences of our Philosophers. But at sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, My sole study has been to merit well of Mankind ; Wherefore, then, am I shocked, as often as I see them ? To no purpose did I call in reason to my aid : My reason could do nothing against a malady which was enfeebling all its powers (1). The very efforts which reason made to surmount it, served only to exhaust her still more, because she employed them against herself. Reason called, not for vigorous exertion, but for repose.

Medicine, it is true, did offer me her assistance. She informed me that the focus of my disorder was in the nerves. I felt it much better than she was able to define it to me. But supposing I had not been too poor to avail myself of her prescriptions, I had too much experience to put any faith in them. Three gentlemen, of my acquaintance, tormented with the same species of indisposition, died in a short time of three different remedies, and these, pretended specifics for the cure of the nervous disorder. The first, by bathing and bleeding ; the second, by the use of opium ; and the third, by that of ether. These two last, were both celebrated Physicians (2,) of the Faculty, at Paris, both of high reputation for their medical writings, and particularly on the subject of nervous affections.

I discovered afresh, but for this once by the experience of another, what an illusion I had practised upon myself,

in expecting the cure of my complaints from men ; I discovered how vain their opinions and their doctrines were, and what a silly part I had been acting through the whole course of my life, in rendering myself miserable, while I exerted myself to promote their happiness, and in maiming myself to procure ease for others.

Nevertheless, from the multitude of the calamities which oppressed me, I derived a powerful motive to resignation. On comparing the good and the ill with which our fleeting days are so strangely variegated, I caught a glimpse of a most important truth, not generally known : Namely, that Nature produces nothing which deserves to be hated ; and that her Author, having placed us in a career which must, of necessity, terminate in death, has furnished us with as many reasons for being reconciled to the thoughts of dissolution, as for cherishing the love of life.

All the branches of human life are mortal, like the trunk. Our fortunes, our reputation, our friendships, our loves, all the most endeared objects of our affection, perish oftener than once before we ourselves die ; and if the most fortunate destinies were displayed, with all the calamities which have attended them, they would appear to us like those stately oaks which embellish the earth with their spreading branches, but which rear others, of still greater size, toward Heaven, struck with the lightning.

For my own part, a feeble shrub, shattered by so many tempests, nothing more remained to me that could be lost. Perceiving, besides, that I had henceforth nothing to hope, either from others, or from myself, I committed myself to God alone, and engaged my promise to Him, never to expect any thing essential to my happiness, from any one man in particular, to whatever extremity I might chance to be reduced, and of whatever kind it might be.

My confidence was acceptable to Him, of whom no one ever implored assistance in vain. The first fruit of my resignation, was the calming of my woes. My solici-

tudes were lulled to rest, as soon as I ceased to struggle against them. Very soon after, there dropped into my lap, without the slightest sollicitation, by the credit of a person whom I did not know (3,) and in the department of a Minister to whom I had never been useful, an annual gratuity from his Majesty. Like *Virgil*, I partook of the bread of *Augustus*. The benefit was of Moderate value ; it was given from year to year ; it was uncertain ; depending on the pleasure of a Minister, very liable himself to sudden revolutions, on the caprice of intermediate persons, and on the malignity of my enemies, who might, sooner or later, get it intercepted by their intrigues. But having reflected on the subject for a little, I found that Providence was treating me precisely in the same way in which the Human Race, in general, is treated, on whom Heaven bestows, since the beginning of the World, in the crops of the harvest, only an annual subsistence, uncertain, borne on herbage continually battered by the winds, and exposed to the depredations of birds and insects. But it distinguished me, in a very advantageous manner, from the greatest part of Mankind, in that my crop cost me no sweating nor labour, and left me the complete exercise of my liberty.

The first use I made of it was to withdraw from perfidious men, whom I no longer needed to importune. As soon as I saw them no more, my soul was restored to tranquillity. Solitude is a lofty mountain, from whence they appear of a very diminutive size. Solitude, however, was rather inimical to my condition, in disposing the mind too intensely to meditation. To *J. J. Rousseau* I stand indebted for the reestablishment of my health. I had read in his immortal productions, among other natural truths, that Man was made to act, and not to meditate. Hitherto, I had exercised my mind, and suffered my body to rest ; I now inverted the order of that regimen : I exercised the body, and gave repose to the mind. I renounced the greatest part of books. I threw my eyes

upon the Works of Nature, which spake, to all my senses, a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. My History, and my Journals, were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not painfully go forth in quest of them, as in the case of human systems ; but their thoughts quietly fought out me, under a thousand engaging forms. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that universal Wisdom, with which I had been surrounded from the cradle, and on which I had hitherto bestowed a very superficial attention. I pursued the traces of them in every part of the World, by reading books of Travels. These were the only modern books for which I retained a relish, because they transported me into other societies than that in which I was unhappy, and, especially, because they spake to me of the various Works of Nature.

By means of them I was taught, that there is, in every part of the earth, a portion of happiness for all men, of which, almost universally, they are deprived ; and that though in a state of war, from our political order which disunites them, they were in a state of peace, in the order of Nature, who invites them to approximation. These consolatory meditations reconducted me, insensibly, to my ancient projects of public felicity ; not to execute them in person, as formerly, but, at least, to compose an interesting picture of it. The speculation simply of a general happiness, was now sufficient for my individual felicity. I likewise reflected, that my imaginary plans might one day be realized by men more fortunate than myself. This desire redoubled in me, at the sight of the miserable beings of which our societies consist. I felt, above all, from the privations which I myself had undergone, the necessity of a political order conformable to the order of Nature. In a word, I composed one after the instinct, and the demands, of my own heart.

Enabled by my own travels, and still more by reading those of others, to select on the surface of the Globe, a sit-

tiation proper for tracing the plan of a happy state of Society, I fixed it in the bosom of South America, on the rich and desert shores of the river of the Amazons.

I extended myself, in imagination, over the face of those immense forests. There I constructed forts ; I cleared large tracts of land ; I covered them with copious harvests, and with orchards presenting overflowing crops of all the fruits foreign to Europe. There I offered an asylum to the men of all Nations, the individuals of which I had seen in distress. There I planted the men of Holland and of Switzerland, who have no territory in their own Country ; and Russians destitute of the means of establishing themselves in their vast solitudes at home ; Englishmen tired of the convulsions of their popular liberty, and Italians, of the lethargy of their aristocratical governments ; Prussians sick of their military despotism, and Poles, of their republican anarchy ; Spaniards, of the intolerance of religious opinions, and Frenchmen, of the levity of theirs ; Knights of Malta and Algerines ; the peasantry of Bohemia, Poland, Russia, Franche Comté, Lower Brittany, escaped from the tyranny of their compatriots ; the runaway Negro slaves of our barbarous colonies ; the protectors, and the protected, of all Nations ; courtiers, gownmen, scholars, soldiers, merchants, financiers ; every unfortunate wretch tormented with the maladies of European, African, and Asiatic opinions, all of them, with a very few exceptions, aiming at mutual oppression, and reacting upon each other, by violence or cunning, impiety or superstition.

They abjured the national prejudices which had rendered them, from the womb, the enemies of other men ; and especially that which is the source of all the animosities of the Human Race, and which Europe instils, with the mother's milk, into each of her sons—the desire of being the first. They adopted, under the immediate protection of the AUTHOR of Nature, the principles of universal toleration ; and by that act of general justice, they fell

back, without interruption, into the unconstrained exercise of their particular character. The Dutchman there pursued agriculture and commerce, into the very bosom of the morasses; the Swiss, up to the summit of the rocks, and the Russian, dexterous in managing the hatchet, into the very centre of the thickest forests. The Englishman there addicted himself to navigation, and to the useful arts, which constitute the strength of States; the Italian, to the liberal arts, which raise them to a flourishing condition; the Prussian, to military exercises; the Pole, to those of horsemanship; the reserved Spaniard, to the talents which require firmness; the Frenchman, to those which render life agreeable, and to the social instinct, which qualifies him to be the bond of union among all Nations. All these men, of opinions so very different, enjoyed, through the medium of toleration, an intercommunication of every thing that was best in their several characters, and tempered the defects of one, by the redundancies of another. Thence resulted from education, from laws, and from habit, a combination of arts, of talents, of virtues, and of religious principles, which formed, of the whole, but one single people, disposed to exist, internally, in the most perfect harmony, to resist every external invader, and to amalgamate with all the rest of the Human Race.

I committed, then, to writing, all the speculations which I had pursued on this subject; but when I attempted to put them together, in order to form to myself, and to convey to others, the idea of a republic, modelled conformably to the Laws of Nature, I perceived that, after all the labour I had bestowed, I never could make the illusion pass on any one reasonable being.

Plato, it is true, in his *Atlantis*, *Xenophon* in his *Cyropædia*, *Fenelon* in his *Telemachus*, have depicted the felicity of various political Societies, which have, perhaps, never existed; but, by means of blending their fictions with historical traditions, and throwing them back into

ages remote, they have bestowed on them a sufficient air of probability, to induce a Reader possessed of indulgence, to receive as realities, recitals which he has no longer the power of supporting by facts. This was by no means the case with my Work. I there went on the supposition, in modern times, and in a well known part of the Globe, of the existence of a very considerable People, formed almost entirely of the miserable refuse of the European Nations, exalted, all at once, to the highest degree of felicity ; and this rare phenomenon, so worthy of, at least, the curiosity of Europe, ceased to produce any illusion, as soon as it was certain that it had no real existence. Besides, the scantiness of theory which I had procured, respecting a country so different from ours, and so superficially described by travellers, could have furnished to my pictures only a false colouring, and very indistinct features.

I relinquished, then, my political vessel, though I had laboured upon her for several years, with unwearied perseverance. Like the canoe of *Robinson Crusoe*, I left her in the forest where I had moulded her, for want of power to put her in motion, and to carry her along the tide of human opinions.

To no purpose did my imagination perform the tour of the Globe. Amidst so many sites presented, for the happiness of Man, by Nature, I could not so much as find where to put down the illusory habitation of a People, happy in conformity to her Laws : For neither the republic of *St. Paul*, near to Brasil, formed of banditti who made war upon the whole World ; nor the evangelical association of *William Penn*, in North America, which goes not even so far as to act upon the defensive, against their enemies ; nor the conventual redemptions (4) of the Jesuits in Paraguay ; nor the voluptuous islanders of the South Sea, who, in the very lap of sensuality, offer up human sacrifices (5), appeared to me the proper representatives of a People making a right use, in the state of Nature, of all their faculties, physical and moral.

Besides, though these fraternities presented to me certain republican images, the first was a state of downright anarchy ; the second, simply an association, under the protection of the State in which it was contained ; and the other two formed hereditary aristocracies merely, under which a particular class of citizens, having reserved all power to itself, even to the disposal of the national subsistence, kept the People at large in a state of perpetual tutelage, without the possibility of their ever emerging from the class of Neophytes, or of Toutous (6).

My soul, finding no complacency in ages present, winged its way toward the ages of Antiquity, and alighted, first of all, among the Nations of Arcadia.

This happy portion of Greece presented to me climates and situations, similar to those which are dispersed over the rest of Europe. I could fashion them, at least, into pictures variegated, and possessing the advantage of resemblance. It was filled with mountains of considerable elevation, some of which, such as that of Phoë, covered with snow all the year round, rendered it similar to Switzerland. On the other hand, its morasses, such as that of Stymphale, gave it, in this part of its territory, a resemblance to Holland. Its vegetables, and its animals, were the same with those which are scattered over the soil of Italy, of France, and of the North of Europe. It produced olive trees, vines, apple trees, corn of all kinds, pasture ; forests of oaks, of pines, and of firs ; oxen, horses, sheep, goats, wolves.....The occupations of the Arcadians were the same with those of our peasantry. They were classed into husbandmen, shepherds, vinedressers, hunters. But in this they differed widely from ours, they were very warlike externally, and very peaceable at home. As soon as the State was menaced with war, they voluntarily appeared for its defence, every man at his proper charge. There was a considerable proportion of Arcadians among the ten thousand Greeks, who, under the command of *Xenophon*, effected the famous retreat

out of Persia. They were much devoted to religion ; for most of the Gods of Greece were natives of their Country ; *Mercury*, on Mount Cyllene ; *Jupiter*, on Mount Lyceum ; *Pan*, on Mount Menalus, or, according to others, amidst the forests of Mount Lyceum, where he was worshipped with singular devotion. Arcadia, too, was the theatre on which *Hercules* exhibited the most astonishing of his laborious achievements.

With those sentiments of patriotism and of religion, the Arcadians blended that of love, which has, at length, acquired the ascendant, as the principal idea which that People have left us of themselves. For, political and religious institutions vary, in every Country, with the lapse of ages, and are peculiar to it ; but the Laws of Nature are of all periods of time, and interest all Nations. Hence it has come to pass, that the Poets, ancient and modern, have represented the Arcadians as a Nation of amorous shepherds, who excelled in Poetry and Music, which are, in all countries, the expressive languages of love. *Virgil*, in particular, frequently celebrates their talents, and their rural felicity. In his ninth Eclogue, which breathes the gentlest melancholy, he thus introduces *Gallus*, the son of *Pollio*, inviting the Arcadian swains, to deplore with him the loss of his mistress *Lycoris* :

Cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc vestris. Soli cantare periti,
Arcades. O mihi tum quàm molliter ossa quiescent,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores !
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuissẽm
Aut custos gregis, aut maturæ vinitor uvæ* !

* To your lov'd mountains, and your verdant plains,
Repeat, Arcadians, these my love torn strains.
In magic numbers you alone excel.
Lull'd to soft rest my lifeless limbs shall dwell,
Should your sweet notes immortalize my flame,
And give, to *Gallus* dead, a deathless name,
Oh, had I been, of you, some shepherd's swain !
Or cull'd the grape ; or reap'd the golden grain !

“ You shall sing,” says he, “ O ye Arcadians, these
 “ plaintive strains of mine, on your own mountains.
 “ Arcadians, you alone are skilled in song. O, how soft-
 “ ly shall my bones repose, if your pipe shall one day im-
 “ mortalize my unfortunate loves ! And would to Heav-
 “ en I had been one of you, though in the humble sta-
 “ tion of a shepherd’s boy, or of a grape gatherer in the
 “ vineyard !”

Gallus, the son of a Roman Consul, in the age of *Augustus*, considers the condition of the Arcadian swains as so enviable, that he presumes not to aspire to the felicity of being among them a proprietary shepherd, or the dresser of a vineyard which he could call his own, but only to that of a simple keeper of cattle : *Custos gregis* ; or of one of those hireling labourers, whom they accidentally picked up, as they went on their way, to assist in treading out the ripened clusters : *Maturæ vinitor uvæ*.

Virgil abounds in such delicate shades of sentiment, which totally disappear in translations, and especially in mine.

Although the Arcadians passed a considerable part of their life in singing, and in making love, *Virgil* does not represent them as an effeminate race of men. On the contrary, he assigns to them simple manners, and a particular character of force, of piety, and virtue, which is confirmed by all the Historians who have made mention of them. He introduces them as acting a very distinguished and important part, in the origin of the Roman empire ; for when *Eneas* sailed up the Tiber, in the view of forming alliances with the Nations who inhabited the shores of that river, he found, at the place of his disembarkation, a small city called Pallanteum, after the name of *Pallas*, son to *Evander*, King of the Arcadians, who had built it. This city was afterwards enclosed within the precinct of the city of Rome, to which it served as its first fortress. For this reason it is, that *Virgil* denominates King *Evander* the founder of the Roman fortress :

Rex *Evandrus*, Romanæ Conditor arcis.

ÆNEID, LIB. viii. VER. 313.

I feel an irresistible propensity to insert, in this place, some passages of the *Eneid*, which have a direct relation to the manners of the Arcadians, and which discover, at the same time, their influence on those of the Roman People. I am abundantly sensible, that I shall give but a very indifferent translation of those passages, as I have done of all the Latin quotations already introduced into my Book; but the delicious poetry of *Virgil* will indemnify the Reader for my bad prose, and gratify the taste which it will inspire into myself, of what is natural to me. This digression, besides, is by no means foreign to the general plan of this Work. I shall produce in it, various examples of the powerful effects arising from consonances and contrasts, which I have considered, in my preceding Studies, as the first moving principles of Nature. We shall see that, after her example, *Virgil* abounds with them, and that they alone are the cause of the harmony of his style, and of the magic of his pictures.

First, *Eneas*, by command of the God of the Tiber, who had appeared to him in a dream, comes to solicit the alliance of *Evander*, in order to his making good an establishment in Italy. He avails himself of the anciently allied origin of their families, which both descended from *Atlas*; the one by *Electra*; the other by *Maia*. *Evander* makes no reply on the subject of this genealogy; but at sight of *Eneas*, he recollects, with delight, the features, the voice, and the address of *Anchises*, whom he had, so long before, entertained in his palace, within the walls of Pheneum, when that Prince, on his way to Salamis, with *Priam*, who was going to visit his sister *Hesione*, took the cold mountains of Arcadia in his road:

Ut te fortissime Teucrum

Accipio agnoscoque libens! ut verba parentis

Et vocem *Anchise* magni vultumque recordor †

Nam memini Hesionem visentem regna fororis
 Laomedontiadem Priamum, Salamina petentem
 Pretinus Arcadiæ gelidos invisere fines*.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 154—159.

Evander was then in the flower of his age ; he felt an ardent desire to join his hand in friendship to that of *Anchises* : *Dextrâ conjungere dextram*. He calls to mind the tokens of friendship which he had received of him, and his presents, among which were two bridles, bitted with gold, now made over to his son *Pallas*, as symbols, no doubt, of the prudence so necessary to a young Prince :

Frænaque bina, meus quæ nunc habet, aurea, *Pallas*†.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 162.

And he immediately adds :

Ergo et quam petitis, juncta est mihi fœdere dextra :
 Et lux cùm primum terris se crastina reddet,
 Auxilio lætos dimittam, opibusque juvabo‡.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 169—171

* On all thy features how I dwell with joy!
 Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious Prince of Troy !
 How in thy face, my ancient friend I see !
Anchises looks, and lives, and speaks in thee !
 Well I recal great *Priam*'s stately port,
 When once he fought his royal sister's court
 On Salaminian shores, with all his train ;
 And took his way through our Arcadian plain.

PITT.

† On me, at parting, generous he bestow'd
 Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,
 (A glorious present, by my son possess'd ;)
 With a rich quiver and embroider'd vest.

PITT.

‡ The peace you ask, we give ; our friendship plight,
 And, soon as morn reveals the purple light,
 With our confederate troops, a martial train,
 Safe I'll dismiss thee from these walls again.

PITT.

“ My right hand, then, has sealed, from that day, the
 “ alliance which you now solicit ; and as soon as to-mor-
 “ row’s dawn shall revisit the Earth, I will joyfully dismiss
 “ you to the field, with the succours which you ask,
 “ and will support you to the utmost extent of my ability.”

Thus *Evander*, though a Greek, and, consequently, a natural enemy to the Trojans, gives his aid to *Eneas*, purely from the recollection of the friendship which he entertained for his ancient guest *Anchises*. The hospitality which he had formerly expressed to the father, determines him now to support the son.

It is not foreign to my subject to remark in this place, to the honour of *Virgil*, and of his heroes, That as often as *Eneas*, under the pressure of calamity, is reduced to the necessity of having recourse to the assistance of strangers, he never fails to remind them of either the glory of Troy, or of ancient family alliances, or to urge some other political reason, calculated to interest them in his favour ; but those who tender him their services, are always induced to act thus from motives of virtue. When thrown by the tempest on the Lybian shore, *Dido* is determined to afford him an asylum, by a sentiment still more sublime than the recollection of any particular hospitality, highly respected as it was among the ancients ; but by the general interest which we take in the miserable. In order to render the effect of this more dignified, and more affecting, she applies to herself the need of it, and reverberates from her own heart, on the Trojan Prince, only the same degree of sympathy which she demands for herself. These are her words :

Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
 Jactatam, hæc demum voluit consistere terrâ.
 Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco*.

ÆNEID, B. i. L. 632—634.

* My wanderings and my fate resembling yours,
 At length I settled on these Lybian shores;
 And, touch’d with miseries myself have known,
 I view with pity, woes so like my own.

PITT.

“ A fortune fimilar to thine, after having purfued me
 “ too, through diftreffes innumerable, permitted me, at
 “ length, to form a fettlement on thefe fhores. Nurtured
 “ myfelf in the fchool of adverfity, I am inftructed to fur-
 “ cour the miserable.”

Virgil uniformly prefers natural to political reasons, and the intereft of Mankind to national interefts. Hence it comes to pafs that his Poem, though compofed to dif-
 fufe the particular glory of the Roman People, interefts
 the men of all ages, and of all Nations.

To return to King *Evander* : He was employed in of-
 fering a facrifice to *Hercules*, at the head of his Arcadian
 Colony, at the time *Eneas* landed. After having engag-
 ed the Trojan Chief, and his attendants, to partake of the
 facred banquet, which his arrival had interrupted, he in-
 ftructs his gueft in the origin of this facrifice, by relating
 to him the hiftory of the robber *Cacus*, whom *Hercules*
 put to death, in a cavern adjoining to the Aventine Mount.
 He presents him with a tremendous picture of the combat
 of the fon of *Jupiter*, with that flame vomiting monfter ;
 he then adds :

* Ex illo celebratus honos, lætique minores
 Servavere diem : Primusque *Potitius* auctor,
 Et domus *Herculei* custos Pinaria sacri,
 Hanc aram luo statuit : Quæ maxima femper
 Dicetur nobis, et erit quæ maxima femper.
 Quare agite, O juvenes, tantarum in munere laudum,

* From that blest hour th' Arcadian tribes beflow'd
 These solemn honours on their guardian God.
Potitius first, his gratitude to prove,
 Ador'd *Alcides* in the shady grove ;
 And with the old Pinarian sacred line,
 These altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,
 Rites, which our sons forever shall maintain ;
 And ever sacred shall the grove remain.
 Come then, with us to great *Alcides* pray,
 And crown your heads, and solemnize the day.

Cingite fronde comas, et pocula porgite dextris;
 Communemque vocate deum, et data vina volentes.
 Dixerat: *Herculeâ* bicolor cùm populus umbrâ
 Velavitque comas, foliisque innexa pependit:
 Et sacer implevit dextram scyphus. Ociùs omnes
 In mensam læti libant, divosque precantur.

Deveho interea proprior fit vesper Olympo:
 Jamque sacerdotes, primusque *Potitius*, ibant.
 Pellibus in morem cincti, flammæque ferebant.
 Instaurant epulas, et mensæ grata secundæ
 Dona ferunt: Cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.
 Tum Salii ad cantus, incensa altaria circum,
 Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 268—286.

“ From that period this sacred festival has been cele-
 “ brated, and exulting posterity hails the return of the an-
 “ nual day. *Potitius* has the honour of having first insti-
 “ tuted it, and the Pinarian Family, to whom belongs the
 “ direction of this solemn service, in honour of *Hercules*,
 “ reared this altar in the hallowed grove: Which ever
 “ shall be called, and, in my esteem, ever shall be, the
 “ most Venerable of Altars. Come on, then, my young

Invoke our common God with hymns divine,
 And from the goblet pour the generous wine.
 He said, and with the poplar's sacred boughs,
 Like great *Alcides*, binds his hoary brows;
 Rais'd the crown'd goblet high, in open view:
 With him, the guests the holy rite pursue,
 And on the board the rich libation threw. }

Now from before the rising shades of night,
 Roll'd down the steep of Heav'n the beamy light.
 Clad in the fleecy spoils of sheep, proceed
 The holy priests; *Potitius* at their head.
 With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,
 And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again;
 With care the copious viands they dispose;
 And for their guests a second banquet rose.
 The fires curl high; the Salii dance around
 To sacred strains, with shady poplars crown'd.

PITT.

" friends from Troy, in grateful remembrance of merit so
 " exalted, crown your brows with the foliage of his fa-
 " vourite tree, put your right hand to the goblet ; in-
 " voke a deity who shall be our common protector, and
 " pour out your joyful libations of the juice of the grape.
 " He said, and instantly a poplar branch of double colour-
 " ed foliage, from the Herculean tree, shaded his hoary
 " locks, and, in twisted sprigs, hung gracefully down
 " from his temples : The sacred bowl filled his right
 " hand. With holy ardor every one immediately poured
 " his libation on the table, and preferred his prayer.

" Meanwhile, the Star of Evening began to appear, the
 " harbinger of approaching night : And now a procession
 " of Priests, *Potitius* led the train, moved along, dressed,
 " as the order of the feast required, in the fleecy skins of
 " the flock, and with flaming torches in their hands.
 " The banquet is renewed, and the grateful delicacies of a
 " second table are served up : While the altars are load-
 " ed with piles of rich offerings. The Salians advance,
 " their brows adorned with boughs of poplar, and sur-
 " round the blazing altars, with festive songs and dances."

Every circumstance, here detailed by the Poet, is far
 from being a mere poetical fiction, but a real tradition of
 the Roman History. According to *Titus Livius*, in the
 first Book of his History, *Potitius* and *Pinarius* were
 the Chiefs of two illustrious Roman Families. *Evander*
 instructed them in the ritual of the worship to be paid to
Hercules, and committed the conduct of it to their charge.
 Their posterity enjoyed the dignity of this priesthood,
 down to the censorship of *Appius Claudius*. The altar
 of *Hercules*, *Ara Maxima*, was at Rome, between the
 Aventine and the Palatine mountains, in the open place
 called, *Forum Boarium*. The Salians were the Priests of
Mars, instituted by *Numa*, to the number of twelve. *Vir-*
gil proceeds on the supposition, according to some com-
 mentators, that they had existed ever since the days of
 King *Evander*, and that they sung in the sacrifices of *Her-*

cules. But there is a great appearance of probability, that *Virgil* in this, likewise, followed the Historical tradition ; for we know how carefully he collected, with a kind of religious ardor, even the slightest prognostics, and the most frivolous predictions, to which he assigned a first rate importance, the moment that they appeared in any respect connected with the foundation of the Roman Empire.

Rome was indebted, then, to the Arcadians, for her principal religious usages. She was still farther indebted to them for others, much more interesting to humanity ; for *Plutarch* derives one of the etymologies of the name *Patricians*, an order established by *Romulus*, from the word "*Patrocinium*, which means patronage, or protection ; and this word is used, to this day, in the same sense, because one of the leading men who accompanied *Evander* into Italy was named *Patronus*, who, being a person noted for a character of beneficence, and for granting support to the poorer and more oppressed class of Mankind, communicated his name to that office of humanity."

The sacrifice and the banquet of *Evander*, terminated in a hymn to the honour of *Hercules*. I cannot resist the inclination which I feel to insert it here, in order to make it appear, that the same people who sung so melodiously the loves of shepherds were equally capable of celebrating the virtues of Heroes ; and that the same Poet, who, in his *Eclogues*, tunes so sweetly the rural pipe, can blow as vigorously the epic trumpet.

* Hic juvenum chorus, ille senum, qui carmine laudes
Herculeas et facta ferunt : Ut primum novercæ

* The choirs of old and young, in lofty lays,
Resound great *Hercules*' immortal praise.
How first, his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew,
That *Juno* sent ; and the dire monsters flew.

Monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit angues :
 Ut bello egregias idem disjecerit urbes,
 Trojamque, Æchaliamque : Ut duros mille labores
 Rege sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,
 Pertulerit. Tu nubigenas invicte bimembres,
 Hylæumque, Pholumque manu : Te Cressia mactas
 Prodigia, et vastum Nemeâ sub rupe Leonem.
 Te Stygii tremuere lacus : Te janitor Orci,
 Ossa super recubans, antro semesa cruento.
 Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhæus
 Arduus, arma tenens : Non te rationis egentem
 Lernæus turbâ caput circumstetit anguis.
 Salve, vera Jovis proles, decus addite Divis :
 Et nos, et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.
 Talia carminibus celebrant : Super omnia Caci
 Speluncam adjiciunt, spirantemque ignibus ipsum.
 Consonat omne nemus strepitu, collesque resultant.
 ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 287—305.

What mighty cities next his arms destroy,
 Th' Æchalian walls, and stately towers of Troy.
 The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
 Enjoin'd by proud *Eurystheus*' stern commands,
 And *Jove*'s revengeful Queen. Thy matchless might
 O'ercame the cloud born Centaurs in the fight ;
Hylæus, *Pholus*, sunk beneath thy feet,
 And the grim bull, whose rage dispeopled Crete,
 Beneath thy arm, the Nemean monster fell ;
 Thy arm, with terror fill'd the realms of Hell ;
 Ev'n Hell's grim porter shook with dire dismay,
 Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey,
 No shapes of danger could thy soul affright,
 Nor huge *Typhæus*, towering to the fight,
 Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
 With all her hundred heads, that hiss'd around.
 Hail, mighty Chief, advanc'd to Heav'n's abodes !
 Hail, son of *Jove* ; a God among the Gods !
 Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,
 And with a smile these grateful rites survey.
 Thus they—but *Cacus*' cavern crowns the strain,
 Where the grim monster breath'd his flames in vain,
 To the glad song, the vales, the woods rebound,
 The lofty hills reply, and echo to the sound.

" On this hand were arranged a choir of youth, on that,
 " a venerable band of old men, to celebrate the praises,
 " and the mighty achievements of *Hercules* : How, with
 " the pressure of his potent fingers, he stifled to death two
 " fearful snakes, the first monsters armed against him by
 " his cruel stepmother : How he humbled the two proud
 " cities, Troy and *Æchalia* : How he triumphantly sur-
 " mounted a thousand painful labours, under King *Eu-*
 " *rystheus*, imposed by the resentment of unrelenting *Ju-*
 " *no* : Thou, invincible Hero, thou, by thine arm, sub-
 " duedst the double limbed, cloud born Centaurs, *Hylæus*
 " and *Pholus* ; the monsters of Crete fell by thy stroke,
 " and the formidable lion under the Nemean rock ; the
 " Stygian lakes trembled at thy approach ; as did the
 " janitor of Hell, as he lay reclined on a heap of half
 " gnawed bones, in his bloody den : No appearance of
 " danger appalled thee, not even the gigantic *Typhæus*
 " himself, rushing upon thee tremendous in arms : Thou
 " wert not dismayed, though enclosed on every side by
 " the many headed snake of Lerna. Hail, undoubted
 " offspring of mighty *Jove* ! add new lustre to the skies :
 " Graciously bend down to hear our vows, and to accept
 " our sacrifices."

" Such was the lofty subject of their song : Above all
 " the rest they exalted the prodigies of the fearful den of
 " *Cacus*, and the monster himself vomiting forth streams
 " of fire. The spacious grove was filled with the harmo-
 " ny, and the noise rebounded from hill to hill."

These are strains worthy of the manly breasts of *Arca-*
dians : We seem to hear them filling the ambient air in
 the echoes of the woods and of the mountains :

Consonat omne nemus strepitu, colleſque reſultant.

Virgil always expreſſes natural conſonances. They
 redouble the effect of his pictures, and infuſe into them
 the ſublime ſentiment of infinity. Conſonances are in
 poetry, what reflexes are in painting.

This hymn will stand a comparison with the finest odes of *Horace*. Though composed in regular Alexandrine verses, it has all the elegant turn, and the movements, of a lyric composition, especially in its transitions.

Evander afterwards relates, to *Eneas*, the history of the antiquities of the Country, beginning with *Saturn*, who, dethroned by *Jupiter*, retired thither, and there established the Golden Age. He informs his guests that the *Tiber*, anciently called *Albula*, had acquired its present name from the Giant *Tibris*, who made a conquest of the shores of that river. He shews him the altar and the gate, since called *Carmentalis* by the Romans, in honour of the nymph *Carmenta*, his mother, by whose advice he had come to form a settlement in that place, after having been banished from *Arcadia*, his native Country. He points out to him an extensive wood, of which *Romulus*, in after times, availed himself as an asylum; and, at the bottom of a rock, the grotto of *Pan Lupercal*, so called, he tells him, in imitation of that of the Arcadians of Mount *Lyceum*.

* Nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti :
 Testaturque locum, et lethum docet hospitis Argi.
 Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
 Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.
 Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
 Dira loci, jam tum sylvam saxumque tremebant.
 Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem;

* Here, *Pan*, beneath the rocks thy temple stood ;
 There, the renown'd asylum, in the wood.
 Now points the monarch, where, by vengeful steel
 His murder'd guest, poor hapless *Argus* fell !
 Next, to the capitol their course they hold,
 Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold ;
 Ev'n then her awful sanctity appear'd ;
 The swains the local majesty rever'd.
 All pale with sacred horror, they survey'd
 The solemn mountain and the reverend shade.

(Quis Deus incertum est) habitat Deus, Arcades ipsum
 Credunt se vidisse Jovem : Cum sæpe nigrantem
 Ægida concuteret dextra, nimbosque cieret.
 Hæc duo præterea di-jectis oppida muris,
 Reliquias veterumque vides monumenta virorum.
 Hanc Janus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit urbem :
 Janiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 345—358.

“ He next shews him the sacred grove of Argiletum :
 “ Makes a solemn appeal to that awful spot, and relates
 “ the story of his murdered guest *Argus*. Then he con-
 “ ducts him to the Tarpeian rock ; and to the Capitol, now
 “ shining with burnished gold, once clothed all over with
 “ wild shrubbery. Even then the gloomy religious horror of
 “ this spot terrified the trembling rustics ; even then they
 “ shuddered, as they approached the rocky precipice and
 “ the wood. Some God, says he, but which of the celest-
 “ tial Powers we know not, inhabits this grove, and this
 “ shaggy topped eminence. Our Arcadians imagine they
 “ have had a glimpse of *Jupiter* himself, from time to time
 “ shaking the heart appalling Ægis with his formidable
 “ right hand, and rousing into fury the thunder impreg-
 “ nated clouds. You farther see these two ruinous cities,
 “ with walls crumbling into dust, the sad remains and ven-
 “ erable monuments of personages who flourished in ages
 “ long since past. *Janus* founded the one, and *Saturn*

Some God, the monarch said, some latent God
 Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning wood.
 Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes
 Have seen great *Jove*, dread sovereign of the skies ;
 High o'er their heads, the God his ægis held,
 And blacken'd Heav'n with clouds, and shook th' immortal shield !
 In ruins there two mighty towns, behold,
 Rais'd by our fires ; huge monuments of old !
Janus' and *Saturn*'s name they proudly bore,
 Their two great founders !.....but are now no more !

PITT.

“the other : Hence, this obtained the name of Janiculum, and that of Saturnia.”

Here are the principal monuments of Rome, as well as the earliest religious establishments, ascribed to the Arcadians. The Romans celebrated the feast of *Saturn* in the month of December. During that period of festivity, the masters and the slaves sat down at the same table ; and these last then enjoyed the liberty of saying, and of doing, whatever they pleased, in memory of the ancient equality of mankind, which prevailed in the reign of *Saturn*. The altar, and the gate, *Carmentalis*, long subsisted at Rome, as well as the grotto of Pan Luperéal, which was under Mount Palatine.

Virgil opposes, with the ability of a great Master, the rusticity of the ancient Sites, which surrounded the small Arcadian city of Pallanteum, to the magnificence of those very places within the precincts of Rome ; and their rude altar, with their venerable and religious traditions, under *Evander*, to the gilded temples of a city, in which nothing venerable or religious was any longer to be seen under *Augustus*.

There is here, likewise, another moral contrast, which produces a more powerful effect than all the physical contrasts, and which admirably paints the simplicity, and the uncorrupted integrity of the King of Arcadia. It is when that Prince justifies himself, without being called upon to do so, from the suspicion of having caused the death of his guest *Argus*, and appeals, as a witness of his innocence, to the wood which he had consecrated to him. This *Argus*, or this Argian, had insinuated himself into his house, with an intention to murder him : But, having been detected, was condemned to die. *Evander* had a tomb reared to his memory, and here solemnly protests, that he had not violated, in his case, the sacred rights of hospitality. The piety of this good King, and the protestation which he makes of his innocence, respecting a stranger, who was deeply criminal against himself, and justly condemned by

the laws, forms a wonderfully fine contrast to the illegal proscriptions of guests, of parents, of friends, of patrons, of which Rome had been the theatre for an age before, and which had excited in no one citizen either scruple or remorse. The quarter of Argiletum extended, in Rome, along the banks of the Tiber. The town Janiculum had been built on the mount of that name, and Saturnia on the rock first called the Tarpeian, and afterwards the Capitol, the place of *Jupiter's* residence. This ancient tradition, of *Jupiter's* frequently collecting the clouds on the summit of this forest covered rock, and there brandishing his dark ægis, confirms what has been said in my preceding Studies of the hydraulic attraction of the summits of mountains, and of their forests, which are the sources of rivers. This was the case, likewise, with Olympus, frequently involved in clouds, on which the Greeks fixed the habitation of the Gods. In the ages of ignorance, religious sentiments explained physical effects : In ages of illumination, physical effects bring men back to religious sentiments. Nature, at all times, speaks to Man the same language, in different dialects.

Virgil completes the contrast of the ancient monuments of Rome, by presenting a picture of the poor and simple habitation of the good King *Evander*, in the very place where so many sumptuous palaces were afterwards reared,

* Talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant
 Pauperis Evandri : Passimque armenta videbant
 Romanoque Foro et lautis mugire Carinis.
 Ut ventum ad sedes : Hæc, inquit, limina victor
 Alcides subiit : Hæc illum regia cepit.

* Thus they convers'd on works of ancient fame,
 Till to the Monarch's humble courts they came ;
 There oxen stalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,
 And bellowing herds in the proud forum graz'd.
 Lo ! said the good old King, this poor abode
 Receiv'd great *Hercules*, the victor God !

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
 Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.
 Dixit; et angusti subter fastigia tecti
 Ingentem Æneam duxit: Stratisque locavit,
 Effultum foliis et pelle Libystidis ursæ.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 359—368.

“ While thus conversing, they drew nigh to the lowly
 “ roof of the poor *Evander*: And saw the cattle strolling
 “ up and down, and heard their lowing, in what is now the
 “ Roman Forum, and the splendid quarter of the Rostra.
 “ Being arrived, This threshold, says he, received the vic-
 “ torious *Alcides*; this humble palace entertained a guest
 “ so illustrious. Dare, like him, my beloved guest, to
 “ look down on wealth, and thus approve thy celestial
 “ origin, and kindly accept the hospitality of this poor
 “ mansion. He spake, and conducted the mighty *Eneas*
 “ through the narrow portal; and placed him on a couch
 “ of foliage, covered with the skin of a Libyan bear.”

It is here evident, how deeply *Virgil* is penetrated with the simplicity of Arcadian manners, and with what delight he sets *Evander's* cattle a lowing in the *Forum Romanum*, and makes them pasture in the proud quarter of the city distinguished by the name of *Carinæ*, thus called, because *Pompey* had there built a palace, ornamented with the prows of ships in bronze. This rural contrast produces the most agreeable effect. The author of the *Eclogues* recollected, assuredly, in this place, the shepherd's pipe. Now, he is going to lay down the trumpet, and to assume the flute. He proceeds to oppose to his picture of the dreadful conflict with *Cacus*, to the hymn

Thou, too, as nobly, raise thy soul above
 All pomps, and emulate the seed of *Jove*.
 With that, the hero's hands the Monarch prest,
 And to the mansion led his godlike guest.
 There on a bear's rough spoils his limbs he laid,
 And swelling foliage heap'd the homely bed.

of *Hercules*, to the religious traditions of the Roman monuments, and to the austere manners of *Evander*, the most voluptuous episode of his whole Work. It is that of *Venus*, coming to solicit *Vulcan* to make a suit of armour for *Eneas*.

* Nox ruit, et fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis ;
 At Venus haud animo nequicquam exterrita mater,
 Laurentumque minis et duro mota tumultu,
 Vulcanum alloquitur, thalamoque hæc conjugis aureo
 Incipit, et dictis divinum aspirat amorem :
 Dum bello Argolici vastabant Pergama reges
 Debita, casurasque inimicis ignibus arces :
 Non ullum auxilium miseris, non arma rogavi
 Artis opisque tuæ ; nec te, carissime conjux,
 Incassumve tuos volui exercere labores,
 Quamvis et Priami deberem plurima natis,
 Et durum Æneæ flevissem sæpe laborem.
 Nunc, Jovis imperiis, Rutulorum constitit oris :

* Now awful Night her solemn darkness brings,
 And stretches o'er the World her dusky wings ;
 When *Venus*, (trembling at the dire alarms
 Of hostile Latium, and her sons in arms,)
 In those still moments, thus to *Vulcan* said,
 Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed :
 (Her thrilling words her melting comfort move,
 And every accent fans the flames of love :)
 When cruel Greece and unrelenting Fate
 Conspir'd to sink in dust the Trojan state,
 As Ilion's doom was seal'd, I ne'er implor'd
 In those long wars, the labours of my Lord ;
 Nor urg'd my dear, dear consort to impart,
 For a lost empire, his immortal art ;
 Tho' *Priam*'s royal offspring claim'd my care,
 Tho' much I sorrow'd for my godlike heir.
 Now as the Chief, by *Jove*'s supreme command,
 Has reach'd, at length, the destin'd Latian land ;
 To thee, my guardian power, for aid I run ;
 A Goddess begs ; a mother for a son.
 Oh ! guard the hero from these dire alarms,
 Forge, for the Chief, impenetrable arms.
 See, what proud cities every hand employ,
 To arm new hosts against the sons of Troy ;

Ergo eadem supplex venio, et sanctum mihi numen
 Arma rogo, genitrix nato. Te filia Nerei,
 Te potuit lachrymis Tithonia flectere conjux.
 Aspice qui coeant populi quæ mænia clausis
 Ferrum acuant portis, in me excidiumque meorum.
 Dixerat; et niveis hinc atque hinc diva lacertis
 Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: Ille repente
 Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
 Intravit calor, et labefacta per ossa cucurrit:
 Non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta curusco
 Ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos.
 Sensit læta dolis, et formæ conscia conjux.
 Tum pater æterno fatur devictus amore:
 Quid causas petis ex alto? Fiducia cessit
 Quò tibi, Diva, mei? Similis si cura fuisset,
 Tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset.
 Nec pater omnipotens Trojam, nec fata vetabant
 Stare, decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos.

On me and all my people, from afar
 See what assembled nations pour to war!
 Yet not in vain her sorrows *Thetis* shed,
 Nor the fair partner of *Tithonus*' bed,
 When they, of old, implor'd my Lord to grace
 With arms immortal, an inferior race.
 Hear then, nor let thy Queen in vain implore
 The gift, those Goddesses obtain'd before.

This said, her arms, that match the Winter snows,
 Around her unresolving Lord, she throws;
 When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies,
 That gilds with momentary beams the skies,
 The thrilling flames of love, without control,
 Flew thro' the sooty God, and fir'd his soul.
 With conscious joy her conquest she descry'd;
 When, by her charms subdu'd, her Lord reply'd:

Why all these reasons urg'd, my mind to move;
 When such your beauties, and so fierce my love!
 Long since, at your request, my ready care,
 In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your sons for war.
 Nor did the high decrees of *Jove* and Fate
 Doom to so swift a fall the Dardan State.
 But, ten years more, old *Priam* might enjoy
 Th' imperial sceptre and the throne of Troy.

Et nunc, si bellare paras, atque hæc tibi mens est :
 Quicquid in arte meâ possum promittere curæ,
 Quod fieri ferro, liquidove potest electro,
 Quantum ignes animæque valent : Absiste, precando,
 Viribus indubitare tuis. Ea verba locutus,
 Optatos dedit amplexus : Placidumque petivit
 Conjugis infusus gremio, per membra soporem.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 369—406.

“ Night hastens on, and encircles the Earth with dusky
 “ wings. But *Venus*, whose maternal breast was agitated
 “ with well-grounded apprehensions, alarmed at the threats
 “ of the Laurentian Chief, and the dire preparations of
 “ approaching war, addresses herself to *Vulcan*, and, re-
 “ clined on her spouse’s golden bed, thus begins, while
 “ love celestial flowed from her lips : All the time that
 “ the Grecian Princes were ravaging the plains of ill fat-
 “ ed Troy, and assailing her lofty turrets, doomed to fall
 “ by hostile fires ; I claimed no assistance for the wretch-
 “ ed People ; I asked no arms, the production of thy match-
 “ less skill ; nor could I think, my dearly beloved hus-
 “ band, of employing thee in a fruitless labour, though I
 “ both lay under manifold obligations to the family of
 “ *Priam*, and had frequent occasion to shed tears over the
 “ perilous exertions of *Eneas*. Now, by *Jove*’s supreme
 “ command, he has landed on the Rutulian shore. In the

Yet, if our Queen is bent the war to wage,
 Her sacred cause shall all our art engage.
 The noblest arms our potent skill can frame,
 With breathing bellows, or the forming flame,
 Or polish’d steel, refulgent to behold,
 Or mingled metals, damask’d o’er with gold,
 Shall grace the Chief : Thy anxious fears give o’er,
 And doubt thy interest in my love no more.
 He spoke ; and fir’d with transport by her charms,
 Clasp’d the fair Goddess in his eager arms ;
 Then, pleas’d and panting on her bosom lay,
 Sunk in repose, and all dissolv’d away.

“ same state of anxiety, I have now recourse to thee as a
 “ suppliant, and implore a protection ever sacred in my
 “ eyes. Armour I ask of thee, a mother for a son. The
 “ daughter of *Nereus*, and the spouse of *Tithonus*, had the
 “ art of prevailing on thee, by their tears, to grant a sim-
 “ ilar favour. Behold, what Nations are combined, what
 “ cities have shut their gates, and are whetting the sword,
 “ for the destruction of me and mine.

“ She spake, and, as he hesitated, she flung her snowy
 “ arms around him, and cherished him in her soft em-
 “ brace : He instantly catches the well known flame,
 “ and the accustomed fire penetrated his very marrow,
 “ and flew like lightning through his melting frame :
 “ Just as when a fiery stream issues from the bosom of a
 “ thundery cloud, and skirts its edge with tremulous
 “ light. His fair spouse, conscious of beauty’s power,
 “ joyfully perceived the influence of her wily charms :
 “ And thus the good natured Parent of Arts, subdued by
 “ the irresistible magic of mighty love, replies : Why
 “ go so far in quest of arguments ? Whither, my God-
 “ dess, has thy confidence in me fled ? Hadst thou ex-
 “ pressed a similar anxiety before, I would then have fabri-
 “ cated arms for thy favourite Trojans. Neither almighty
 “ *Jove*, nor Fate, forbid Troy to stand, nor *Priam* to
 “ survive for ten years more. Now, then, if for war
 “ thou art preparing, and if such is thy resolve, whatever
 “ my skill can perform, I solemnly promise to effect ;
 “ whatever can be produced from iron, or liquid mixtures
 “ of the finer metals ; as far as the fiery element, and the
 “ breathing bellows, have power to fashion : Cease, by
 “ continuing your entreaties, to express a doubt of your
 “ empire over me. Having thus spoken, he returned the
 “ expected caresses, and melted away in the soft bosom of
 “ his fair consort, while gentle sleep stole upon every
 “ limb.”

Virgil always employs conformities in the midst of
 contrasts. He chooses the night season for introducing

Venus to practise her bewitching arts on *Vulcan*, because the power of *Venus* is greatest in the night. It was impossible for me to convey, in a feeble prose version, all the graces of the language of the Goddess of Beauty. There is in her diction, a delightful mixture of elegance, of negligence, of address, and of timidity. I shall confine myself to only a few strokes of her character, which appear to me capable of being most easily hit. At first, she lays great stress on the obligations which she was under to *Priam's* family. The chief, and, I believe, the only one, was the apple, adjudged in her favour, by *Paris*, one of the sons of *Priam*, in prejudice of *Juno* and *Minerva*. But that apple, which had declared her the most beautiful of the three, and which had, moreover, humbled her rivals, was EVERY THING to *Venus*: She, accordingly, calls it *Plurima*, and extends her gratitude on that account; not to *Paris* only, but to all the sons of *Priam*:

Quamvis et Priami deberem PLURIMA *natæ*.

As to *Eneas*, her son by *Anchises*, though he be here the grand object of her enterprise, she speaks only of the tears which she has shed over his calamities, and even these she dispatches in a single line. She names him only once, and in the verse following, describes him with so much ambiguity, that what she says of *Eneas* might be referred to *Priam*, so fearful is she of repeating the name of the son of *Anchises* in presence of her husband! As to *Vulcan*, she flatters him, supplicates, implores, wheedles him. She calls his skill, "her sacred protection:" *Sanctum numen*. But when she comes to her great point, the armour for *Eneas*, she expresses herself literally in four words; "Arms I beg; a mother for a son;" *Arma rogo; genetrix nato*. She does not say, "For her son;" but conveys her meaning in general terms, to avoid explanations of a nature too particular. As the ground was slippery, she supports herself by the example of two faith-

ful wives, that of *Thetis*, and of *Aurora*, who had obtained, from *Vulcan*, armour for their sons; the first, for *Achilles*, the second, for *Memnon*. The children of these Goddesses were, indeed, legitimate, but they were mortal, like *Eneas*, which was sufficient for the moment. She next attempts to alarm her husband for her own personal safety. She suggests, that she stood exposed to incredible danger. "Combined Nations," says she, "and formidable cities whet the sword against me." *Vulcan* is staggered, yet still hesitates; she fixes his determination by a master stroke; she folds him in her beautiful arms, and caresses him. Let who can, render the force of, *Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet...sensit læta doles....*and, above all, *formæ conscia*, which defies all the powers of translation.

Vulcan's reply presents perfect adaptations, to the situation into which he had been thrown, by the caresses of *Venus*.

Virgil gives him, first, the title of Father :

Tum Pater æterno fatur devictus amore.

I have translated the word *Pater*, "Father of Arts," but improperly. That epithet belongs more justly to *Apollo* than to *Vulcan*: It here imports, the good *Vulcan*. *Virgil* frequently employs the word, father, as synonymous with good. He often applies it to *Eneas*, and to *Jupiter* himself: *Pater Eneas*, *Pater omnipotens*. The principal character of a father being goodness, he qualifies, by this name, his hero, and the Sovereign of the Gods. The word, father, in this passage, signifies, in the most literal sense of the words, good man; for *Vulcan* speaks and acts with singular goodness of disposition. But the word, father, taken apart, is not sufficiently dignified in our language, in which it conveys the same meaning, in a trivial manner. The commonalty address it, in familiar discourse, to old men, and to good natured persons.

Some commentators have observed, that in these words:

Fiducia cessit quò tibi Diva mei,

There is an inversion of grammatical construction; and they have thought proper to ascribe this to a poetical licence. They have not perceived, that the irregularity of *Vulcan's* diction proceeds from the disorder of his head; and that *Virgil* represents him, not only as transgressing against the rules of grammar, but trespassing against the laws even of common sense, in making him say, that had *Venus* expressed a similar anxiety before, it would have been in his power to fabricate armour for the Trojans; that *Jupiter*, and the Fates, did not forbid Troy to stand, nor *Priam* to reign ten years longer:

Similis si cura fuisset;

Tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset;

Nec Pater omnipotens Trojam, nec Fata vetabant

Stare, decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos.

It was decidedly clear, that Fate had destined Troy to fall in the eleventh year of the siege, and that this irrevocable decree had been declared by many oracles and prognostics; among others, by the presage of a serpent, which devoured ten little birds in the nest, with their mother. There is in *Vulcan's* discourse a great deal of swaggering, to say no worse of it, for he insinuates, that there were arms which he could have made, in complaisance to *Venus*, capable of counteracting the course of Fate, and the will of *Jupiter* himself, to whom he gives the epithet of omnipotent, by way of defiance. Observe, farther, by the way, the rhyme of these two verses, in which the same word is twice repeated, successively, without any apparent necessity.

.....si cura fuisset

.....armare fuisset.

Vulcan, intoxicated with love, knows neither what he says, nor what he does. He is completely deranged in his expression, in his thoughts, and in his actions, for he forms the resolution of fabricating magnificent armour for the illegitimate son of his faithless spouse. It is true, he avoids naming him. She has pronounced his name but once, out of discretion ; and he suppresses it altogether out of jealousy. To *Venus* alone the service is to be rendered. It appears as if he believed she was going personally to engage in combat : “ If for war thou art preparing,” says he to her, “ and if such is thy resolve :”

.....*Si bellare paras, atque hæc tibi mens est.*

The total disorder of his frame terminates that of his address. Heated with the fire of love in the arms of *Venus*, he dissolves like metal in the furnace :

Conjugis infusus gremio.

Remark the accuracy of that metaphorical consonance, *infusus*, “ dissolved,” so perfectly adapted to the God of the forges of Lemnos. At length, he becomes completely insensible.

.....*placidumque petivit*

.....*per membra soporem.*

Sopor means a great deal more than sleep. It farther presents a consonance of the state of metals after their fusion, a total stagnation.

But in order to weaken the effect, of what is licentious in this picture, and inconsistent with conjugal manners, the sage *Virgil* opposes, immediately after, to the Goddess of voluptuousness, requesting, of her husband, armour for her natural son, a matron chaste and poor, employed in the arts of *Minerva* to rear her young ones ; and he applies that affecting image, to the self same hours of the

night, in the view of presenting a new contrast of the different uses which vice and virtue make of the same time.

* Inde ubi prima quies medio jam noctis abactæ
Curriculo expulerat somnum ; cum fœmina, primùm
Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minervâ,
Impositum cinerem et sopitos suscitât ignes,
Noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
Exercet penso ; castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis, et possit parvos educere natos.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 407—413.

“ At the hour which terminates the first sleep, when
“ the car of night had as yet performed but half its course ;
“ that season when first the careful housewife, accustomed
“ to earn her living by the labours of the distaff, and
“ the feeble industry of the arts of *Minerva*, blows away
“ the gathered ashes, and rouses up the slumbering flame,
“ making night itself contribute to her thrift, and inures
“ her maidens to lengthened tasks by a glimmering light ;
“ to save herself from the temptation of infidelity to her
“ husband’s bed, and to supply the means of rearing her
“ tender offspring.”

Virgil goes on to deduce new and sublime contrasts, from the humble occupations of this virtuous matron. He opposes, in close succession, to her feeble industry, *tenui Minerva*, the ingenious *Vulcan* ; to her dying embers, which she rekindles, *sopitos ignes*, the continually flaming crater of a volcano ; to her maidens, among whom she distributes balls of wool, *longo exercet penso*, the tremen-

* But rose refresh’d, impatient, from the bed,
When half the silent hours of night were fled.
What time the poor, laborious, frugal dame,
Who plies the distaff, stirs the dying flame ;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their task with half the night ;
Thus to her children she divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed,

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dous Cyclopes forging a thunder bolt for *Jupiter*, a car for *Mars*, an ægis for *Minerva*, and who, at the command of their master, interrupt their celestial engagements, to undertake a suit of armour for *Eneas*, on the buckler of which were to be engraved the principal events of the Roman History.

- * *Haud secus Ignipotens, nec tempore segnior illo,
Mollibus è stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit.
Insula Sicanium juxta latus Æoliamque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis :
Quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
Antra Ætnea tonant : Validique incudibus ictus
Auditi referunt gemitum, striduntque cavernis
Stricturæ Chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat :
Vulcani domus, et Vulcania nomine tellus.
Huc tunc Ignipotens cœlo descendit ab alto.
Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon.
His informatum manibus, jam parte polita,
Fulmen erat, toto Genitor que plurima cœlo*

- * So to his task, before the dawn, retires
From soft repose, the father of the fires,
Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood,
All black with smoke, a rocky island flood,
The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the God. }
Here the grim Cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round,
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er ;
From side to side the fiery caverns roar.
Loud groans the mass beneath their pond'rous blows,
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows,
To this dark region, from the bright abode,
With speed impetuous flew the fiery God.
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal ;
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
Huge strokes, rough *Steropes* and *Brontes* gave,
And strong *Pyracmon* shook the gloomy cave :
Before their Sovereign came, the Cyclops strove,
With eager speed, to forge a bolt for *Jove*.
Such as by Heaven's almighty Lord are hurl'd,
All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty World.

Dejicit in terras ; pars imperfecta manebat.
 Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
 Addiderant : Rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.
 Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
 Miscebant operi, flammisquæ sequacibus iras.
 Parte aliâ Marti currumque rotasque volueres
 Instabant, quibus ille viros, quibus excitat urbes :
 Ægidaque horrificam, turbatæ Palladis arma
 Certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant :
 Connexosque angues, ipsamque in pectore Divæ
 Gorgona, defecto vertentem lumina collo.
 Tollite cuncta, inquit, cæptosque auferte labores,
 Ætnei Cyclopes, et huc advertite mentem.
 Arma acri facienda viro : Nunc viribus usus,
 Nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte migistrâ :
 Præcipitate moras. Nec plura effatus : At illi
 Ocius incubuere omnes, pariterque laborem
 Sortiti : Fluit æs rivis, aurique metallum :

Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey !
 Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay :
 Three points of rain ; three forks of hail conspire ;
 Three arm'd with wind ; and three were barb'd with fire.
 The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays,
 Fear, Wrath, and Terror, and the lightning's blaze,
 With equal speed, a second train prepare
 The rapid chariot for the God of war ;
 The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
 The madding nations to the rage of fight.
 Some, in a fringe, the burnish'd serpents roll'd,
 Round the dread ægis, bright with scales of gold ;
 The horrid ægis, great *Minerva's* shield,
 When, in her wrath, she takes the fatal field.
 All charg'd with curling snakes the boss they rais'd,
 And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd.
 In agonizing pains the monster frown'd,
 And roll'd in death, her fiery eyes around.

Throw, throw your tasks aside, the Sovereign said ;
 Arms for a godlike Hero must be made.
 Fly to the work before the dawn of day ;
 Your speed, your strength, and all your skill display.
 Swift as the word, (his orders to pursue,
 To the black labours of the forge they flew ;

Vulnificusque chalybs vastâ fornace liquefcit.
 Ingentem clypeum informant, unum omnia contra
 Tela Latinorum : Septenosque orbibus orbes
 Impediunt : Alii ventosis follibus auras
 Accipiunt, redduntque : Alii stridentia tingunt
 Æra lacu : Gemit impositis incudibus antrum.
 Illi inter sese multâ vî brachia tollunt
 In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 447—453.

“ Not less vigilant, nor less disposed to industry, at
 “ that early hour, the God who rules the fire, uprose
 “ from his soft couch, and addressed himself to his plas-
 “ tic labours.

“ Not far from the Sicilian shore, and Æolian Lipari,
 “ an island arises out of the deep, forming a huge mass
 “ of lofty and ever smoking rocks : In the burning en-
 “ trails of which, a spacious cavern, and the fire consumed
 “ Ætnean vaults, incessantly thunder with the sultry la-
 “ bours of the Cyclopiàn brothers ; the anvils reverbe-
 “ rate the thumping of their sturdy strokes : The hammer-
 “ ing of flaming steel resounds from cave to cave, while
 “ streams of fire ascend from the foaming furnaces : Such
 “ is the dread domain of *Vulcan*, and from his name the
 “ island has obtained the appellation of *Vulcania*. Hith-
 “ er it was that the fiery God, from the heights of Olym-
 “ pus, now repaired.

Vast heaps of steel in the deep furnace roll'd,
 And bubbling streams of brass, and floods of melted gold.
 The brethren first a glorious shield prepare,
 Capacious of the whole Rutulian war.
 Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame ;
 Some with huge bellows rouse the roaring flame :
 Some in the stream the hissing metals drown'd,
 From vault to vault the thund'ring strokes rebound, }
 And the deep cave rebellows to the sound.
 Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays ;
 In time their arms the giant brethren raise, }
 And turn the glowing mass a thousand ways, }

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" The Cyclopes there he found plying their irony la-
 " bours in the capacious cavern, *Brontes*, and *Steropes*,
 " and the naked limbed *Pyracmon*. They had in hand a
 " dread thunderbolt, one of those which father *Jove* so
 " frequently hurls from flaming Heaven upon the Earth :
 " It was, as yet, but half reduced to form, partly polish-
 " ed, and partly in a rude imperfect state. They had
 " blended in it, three rays of rain, congealed into hail ;
 " three of the watery cloud ; three of ruddy fire, and
 " three of the winged South wind. They were now in-
 " fusing into the composition the terrific flash, and noise,
 " and dismay, and anger mingling with the rapid flame.
 " In another forge, they were ardently finishing a warlike
 " car, and swift flying wheels for *Mars*, in which he
 " rouses hostile armies and cities to the fierce combat.
 " Others were employed in burnishing, with emulous
 " skill, a horrific ægis, the armour of *Pallas* when moved
 " to vengeance, with scaly serpents wrought in gold ; ex-
 " hibiting the intertwisted snakes, and the dire head of the
 " Gorgon herself, a covering for the breast of the God-
 " des, cut off by the neck, and rolling about her dead-
 " ly eyes.

" Children of *Ætna*, says he, Cyclopiian brothers, de-
 " sist ; remove these unfinished labours out of the way,
 " and attend to what I am going to give in charge. We
 " have to fabricate, armour for a redoubted mortal :
 " Now exert your utmost strength, now ply your busy
 " hands, now call forth all your masterly skill : Let not a
 " single instant be lost. He said no more : They all,
 " with the quickness of thought, engaged in the work, and
 " assign to each his share, in the mighty task, by lot. The
 " golden and the brazen metals flow in rivulets ; and the
 " death fraught steel dissolves in the enormous furnace.
 " The vast and ponderous shield they fashion, itself alone
 " a bulwark against all the weapons of the Latins : A sev-
 " enfold texture of impenetrable orb upon orb. Some
 " draw in, and expel, the air, with the breathing bellows ;

“ some temper the hissing brads in the cooling furge ; the
 “ hollow cave rebellows with the strokes thundering on
 “ innumerable anvils. They, in regular time and order,
 “ elevate the brawny arm to the lusty blow, and turn
 “ round and round the flaming mass with the tenacious
 “ tongs.”

You think you see those gigantic sons of *Ætna* at work, and hear the noise of their ponderous hammers ; so imitative is the harmony of *Virgil's* versification !

The composition of the thunder is well worthy of attention. It is replete with genius, that is, with observations of Nature entirely new. *Virgil* introduces into it the four elements all at once, and places them in contrast : The earth and the water, the fire and the air.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquo'æ
 Addiderant, rutuli tres ignis, et alitis Austri.

There is, indeed, in the composition, no earth properly so called, but he gives solidity to the water, to supply its place ; *tres imbris torti radios*, literally, “ three rays of “ *crisped* rain,” to denote hail. This metaphorical expression is ingenious : It supposes the Cyclopes to have crisped the drops of the rain, in order to form them into hailstones. Remark, likewise, the appropriate correspondence of the expression *alitis Austri*, “ the winged Aufter.” Aufter is the Wind of the South, which almost always occasions thundery weather in Europe.

The Poet has afterwards had the boldness to place metaphysical sensations on the anvil of the Cyclopes : *Metum*, “ fear ;” *iras*, “ wrath.” He amalgamates them with the thunder. Thus he shakes, at once, the physical system, by the contrast of the elements ; and the moral system, by the consonance of the soul, and the perspective of Deity.

.....Flammisque sequacibus iras.

He sets the thunder a rolling, and shews *Jupiter* in the cloud.

Virgil, farther, opposes to the head of *Pallas* that of *Medusa*; but this is a contrast in common to him with all the Poets. But here is one peculiar to himself. *Vulcan* commands his Cyclopien workmen to lay aside their operations designed for the use of deities, and to give undivided attention to the armour of a mortal. Thus he puts in the same balance, on the one hand, the thunder of *Jupiter*, the car of *Mars*, the ægis and cuirass of *Pallas*; and on the other, the destinies of the Roman Empire, which were to be engraven on the buckler of a man. But if he gives the preference to this new work, it is wholly out of love to *Venus*, not from any regard to the glory of *Eneas*. Observe, that the jealous God still avoids naming the son of *Anchises*, though he seems here reduced to the necessity of doing it. He satisfies himself with saying vaguely to the Cyclopes, *Arma acri facienda viro*. The epithet, *acer*, is susceptible of both a favourable and unfavourable sense. It may import keen, wickedly severe, and can hardly, with propriety, be applied to a person of so much sensibility as *Eneas*, to whom *Virgil* so frequently appropriates the character of the Pious.

Finally, *Virgil*, after the tumultuous picture of the Æolian forges, conveys us back, by a new contrast, to the peaceful habitation of good King *Evander*, who is almost as early a riser as the good housewife, or as the God of fire.

- * Hæc pater Æoliis properat dum Lemnius oris,
Evandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitât alma
Et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus.
Consurgit senior, tunicâque inducitur artus,
Et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat vincula plantis :

- * These cares employ the father of the fires ;
Meantime *Evander* from his couch retires,
Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,
And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day.
First the warm tunic round his limbs he threw ;
Next on his feet the shining sandals drew,

Tum lateri atque humeris Tegæam subligat ensē,
 Demissa ab læva pantheræ terga retorquens.
 Necnon et gemini custodes limine ab alto
 Procedunt, gressumque canes comitantur herilem.
 Hospitis Æneæ sedem et secreta petebat,
 Sermonum memor et promissi muneris heros.
 Nec minus Æneas se matutinus agebat.
 Filius huic Pallas, olii comes ibat Achates.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 454—466.

“ While the Lemnian God was dispatching this weighty business on the shores of Æolia, the genial rays of returning *Aurora*, and the matin song of the birds under his straw clad roof, summoned *Evander* from his lowly bed. The venerable sire arose : He assumes the tunic, fitted to his ancient limbs, and binds the Tuscan sandals upon his feet ; next he fits to his shoulders and side the Arcadian sword ; a panther’s hide, thrown carelessly backward, depended over his left arm. Two faithful guardian dogs leave their station at the threshold, and, well pleased, attend their master’s footsteps. The hero, well recollecting the conversation of the night before, and the aid which he had promised, was bending his course toward the apartment, and secret retreat, of his respected guest. *Eneas*, too, had been up with the dawn : They met ; the one attended by his youthful heir, the other, by his confidential friend *Achates*.”

Here is a very interesting moral contrast.

The good King *Evander*, without any body guards except two dogs, which likewise served to watch the house,

Around his shoulders flow’d the panther’s hide,
 And the bright sword hung glittering at his side.
 Two mighty dogs, domestic at his board,
 (A faithful guard) attend their aged Lord.
 The promis’d aid revolving in his breast,
 The careful Monarch sought his Godlike guest,
 Who with *Achates* rose at dawn of day,
 And join’d the King and *Pallas* on the way.

PITT.

walks forth, at day break, to converse on business with his guest. And do not imagine, that under his straw covered roof mere trifles are negociated. No less a subject is discussed than the reestablishment of the Empire of Troy, in the person of *Eneas*, or rather, the foundation of the Roman Empire. The point in question is the dissolution of a formidable confederacy of Nations. To assist in effecting this, King *Evander* offers to *Eneas* a reinforcement of four hundred cavaliers. They are, indeed, selected, and to be commanded by *Pallas*, his only son. I must here observe one of those delicate correspondencies, by which *Virgil* conveys important lessons of virtue to Kings, as well as to other men, in feigning actions apparently indifferent; I mean the confidence reposed by *Evander* in his son. Though this young Prince was, as yet, but in the blossom of life, his father admits him to a conference of the highest importance, as his companion; *Comes ibat*. He had given the name of Pallanteum, in honour of his son, to the city which he himself had founded. Finally, of the four hundred cavaliers whom he promises to the Trojan Prince, to be under the command of *Pallas*, two hundred he himself is to select out of the Arcadian youth, and the other two hundred are to be furnished by his son, in his own name.

* Arcadas huic equites bis centum, robora pubis
Lecta, dabo; totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 518—519.

Instances of paternal confidence are rare among Sovereigns, who frequently consider their successors as their enemies. These traits strongly depict the candor, and the simplicity of manners, of the King of Arcadia,

* Beneath his standard rang'd, a chosen force
I send, two hundred brave Arcadian horse;
And, to support the gathering war, my son
Shall lead an equal squadron of his own.

PITT.

That good Prince might, perhaps, be censured for indifference about his only son, in removing him from his person, and exposing him to the dangers of war : But he acts thus for a reason diametrically opposite ; his object is to form the young man to virtue, by making him serve his first campaigns under a hero such as *Eneas*.

- * Hunc tibi præterea, spes et solatia nostri
Pallanta adjungam. Sub te tolerare magistro
Militiam, et grave Martis opus, tua cernere facta
Assuecat ; primis et te miretur ab annis.

ÆNEID, B. viii. L. 514—517.

“ I will likewise send my son *Pallas* himself with thee ;
“ *Pallas*, my hope and my delight. Let him accustom
“ himself to endure the painful toils of war under such a
“ master, form his mind to glory by the sight of thy gal-
“ lant deeds, and learn to admire thee from his earliest
“ years.”

The important part acted by this young Prince may be seen in the sequel of the *Æneid*. *Virgil* has extracted many exquisite beauties out of it : Such are, among others, the affecting leave which his father takes of him ; the regret expressed by the good old man, that age permitted him not to accompany his son to the field ; after that, the imprudent valour of the young man, who, forgetting the lesson conveyed by the two bridles of *Anchises*, ventured to attack the formidable *Turnus*, and received from his hand the mortal blow ; the high feats in arms performed by *Eneas*, to avenge the death of the son of his host and ally ; his profound sorrow at sight of the

- * And let my *Pallas* by thy side engage,
Pallas, the joy of my declining age.
Beneath so great a master's forming care,
Let the dear youth learn every work of war ;
In every field thy matchless toils admire,
And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious fire.

PITT,

youthful *Pallas*, cut off in the flower of his age, and the very first day that he had engaged in the fight ; finally, the honours conferred on the lifeless body, when he sent it to the afflicted Father.

Here it is we may remark one of those touching comparisons (7), by which *Virgil*, in imitation of *Homer*, diminishes the horror of his battle pieces, and heightens their effect, by establishing, in them, consonances with beings of another order. It is in representing the beauty of the young *Pallas*, the lustre of which death has not yet entirely effaced.

* Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem
Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi ;
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, nec dum sua forma recessit :
Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.

ÆNEID, B. xi. L. 68—71.

“ Like a tender violet, or languishing hyacinth, cropped by the fingers of a virgin ; which have not yet lost their beauty and their radiance ; but their parent Earth sustains them no more, no more supplies them with nourishment.”

Mark another consonance with the death of *Pallas*. In order to express the idea that these flowers have not suffered in being separated from the parent stem, *Virgil* represents them as gathered by a young maiden : *Virgineo demessum pollice* ; literally, “ reaped by a virgin finger ;” and from that gentle image, there results a terrible contrast with the javelin of *Turnus*, which had nailed the buckler of *Pallas* to his breast, and killed him by a single blow.

* There, like a flower he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground ;
The root no more the mother earth supplies,
Yet still th' unfaded colour charms the eyes.

PITT.

Finally, *Virgil*, after having represented the grief of *Evander*, on beholding the dead body of his son, and the despair of that unhappy father, imploring the vengeance of *Eneas*, derives, from the very death of *Pallas*, the termination of the war, and the close of the *Eneid* ; for *Turnus*, overcome in single combat by *Eneas*, resigns to him the victory, the empire, the Princess *Lavinia*, and supplicates him to rest satisfied with sacrifices so ample ; but the Trojan hero, on the point of granting him his life, perceiving the belt of *Pallas*, which *Turnus* had assumed, after having slain that young Prince, plunges his sword into his body, as he pronounces these words :

* *Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas*
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.
ÆNEID, B. xii. L. 948—949.

“ It is *Pallas, Pallas*, who, by this blow, exacts atonement, and takes vengeance on thy criminal blood.”

Thus it is that the Arcadians have exercised an influence, in every possible respect, over the historical monuments, the religious traditions, the earliest wars, and the political origin of the Roman Empire.

It is evident, that the age in which I exhibit the Arcadians, is by no means an age of fiction. I collected, therefore, respecting them, and their country, the delicious images which the Poets have transmitted to us of these, together with the most authentic traditions of Historians, which I found, in great numbers, in the Voyage of *Pausanias* into Greece, the Works of *Plutarch*, and the Retreat of the ten thousand by *Xenophon* ; so that I collected, on the subject of Arcadia, all that Nature presents most lovely in our climates, and History, most probable in Antiquity.

* 'Tis *Pallas, Pallas*, gives the fatal blow,
 Thus is his ghost aton'd.

PITT.

While I was engaged in those agreeable researches, I had the good fortune to form a personal acquaintance with *John James Rouffeau*. We very frequently went out a walking, in the Summer time, in every direction round Paris. I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. He had nothing of the vanity of most literary characters, who are continually disposed to draw the attention of other men to their ideas ; and still less that of the men of the World, who imagine that a man of letters is good for nothing but to relieve their languor, by prattling to them. He took his share of both the benefit, and the burthen of conversation, talking in his turn, and attentively listening when others talked. Nay, he left to those with whom he associated, the subject of the conversation, regulating himself according to their standard, with so little arrogance of pretension, that among those who did not know him, persons of moderate discernment took him for an ordinary man, and those who assumed the lead, considered him as much inferior to themselves ; for with them he spoke very little, or on very few subjects. He has been sometimes accused of pride, on that account, by men of the fashionable world, who impute their own vices to persons who have not the advantage of fortune, but possess an independent spirit, that scorns to bend the neck to their yoke. But, among many other anecdotes which I could produce, in support of what I just now said, namely, that simple people took him for an ordinary man, here is one which must convince the Reader of his habitual modesty.

The very day that we went to look for a dinner with the hermits of Mount Valerian, as I have related in a note, not far from the beginning of this Volume, on our return to Paris in the evening, we were caught in a shower, not far from the Bois de Boulogne, opposite to the Gate Maillot. We went in to take shelter, under the great Chestnut trees, which had now begun to put out leaves ; for it was during the Easter holidays. Under those trees

we found a great deal of company, who, like ourselves, had crowded thither for covert. One of the Swift's lads having perceived *John James*, came running up to him, in a transport of joy, and thus accosted him : " How now, " my good man, Whence do you come ? It is an age since " we have had the pleasure of seeing you !" *Rousseau* mildly replied : " My wife has had a long fit of illness, " and I myself have been considerably out of order." " Oh ! my poor good man," replied the lad, " you are " not comfortable here : Come, come ; I will find you a " place within doors."

In fact, he exerted himself so zealously, that he procured us an apartment above stairs, where, notwithstanding the crowd, he contrived to accommodate us with chairs, a table, and some bread and wine. While he was shewing us the way, I said to *John James*, " This young " man seems to be very familiar with you ; surely he " does not know who you are ?" " Oh ! yes," replied he, " we have been acquainted these several years. My wife " and I used frequently to come hither, in fine weather, " to eat a cutlet of an evening."

The appellation of " good man," so frankly bestowed on him by the tavern boy, who had, undoubtedly, long mistaken *John James* for some honest mechanic ; the joy which he expressed at seeing him again, and the zeal with which he served him, conveyed to me, completely, an idea of the good nature which the sublime Author of *Emilius* displayed in his most trivial actions.

So far from seeking to shine in the eyes of any one whatever, he himself acknowledged, with a sentiment of humility not often to be found, and, in my opinion, altogether unfounded, that he was not fit to take part in conversation of a superior style. " The least appearance of " argument," said he to me one day, " is sufficient to " overset me. My understanding comes to my assistance " half an hour later than to other men. I know what " the reply ought to be, precisely when it is out of time."

That tardiness of reflection did not proceed from "a maxillary depression," as is alleged, in the "Prospectus of a new Edition of the Works of *John James*," by a Writer, in other respects highly estimable: But from his strong sense of natural equity, which permitted him not to give a decision on the most trifling subject, till he had examined it; from his genius, which turned it round and round, to get a view of it in every direction; and, finally, from his modesty, which repressed in him the theatrical tone, and the oracular sententiousness (8) of our conversations. He was in the midst of a company of wits, with his simplicity, what a young girl, in the glow of natural colours, is amidst women who put on artificial red and white. Still less would he have submitted to exhibit himself as a spectacle among the Great; but in a *tête à tête*, in the freedom of intimacy, and on subjects which were familiar to him, those especially in which the happiness of Mankind was interested, his soul soared aloft, his sentiments became impressive, his ideas profound, his images sublime, and his spoken, as ardent as his written, expression.

But what I prized still more highly than even his genius, was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you might, with perfect security, communicate your most secret thoughts. You had nothing to fear from his malignity, if he deemed them to be wrong, nor from his perfidy, if they appeared to him to be right.

One afternoon, then, that we were enjoying our repose, in the Bois de Boulogne, I led the conversation to a subject which I have had much at heart, ever since I came to the use of reason. We had just been speaking of *Plutarch's* lives of eminent men, of *Amyot's* Translation, a Work which he very highly prized, in which he had been taught to read when a child, and which, if I am not mistaken, has been the germ of his eloquence, and of his an-

tique virtues ; so much influence does the first education exercise over the rest of life ! I said to him then :

I could have wished very much to see a History of your composing.

J. J. “ I once felt a powerful propensity to write that
“ of *Cosmo de Medicis* (9). He was a simple individual,
“ who became the sovereign of his fellow citizens, by ren-
“ dering them more happy. He raised, and maintained
“ his superiority merely by the benefits which he confer-
“ red. I had made a rough sketch of that subject : But
“ I have relinquished it : I possess not the talents requi-
“ site to the composition of History.”

Why have not you yourself, with all your ardent zeal for the happiness of Mankind, made some attempt to form a happy Republic ? I know a great many men of all Countries, and of every condition, who would have followed you.

“ Oh ! I have had too much experience of Mankind !”
Then looking at me, after a moment’s silence, he added, with an air of some displeasure : “ I have several times
“ entreated you never to introduce that subject.”

But wherefore might you not have formed, with an assemblage of Europeans, destitute of fortune, and of a Country, in some uninhabited island of the South Sea, an establishment similar to that which *William Penn* founded in North America, in the midst of savages ?

“ What a difference between the age in which he lived
“ and ours ! In *Penn*’s time, there was a religious belief ;
“ now a days, men no longer believe in any thing.” Then, softening his tone : “ I should have liked very well to
“ live in a society, such as I figure it to myself, in the ca-
“ pacity of a private member ; but on no consideration
“ whatever would I have undertaken any charge ; least of
“ all that of ruler in chief. It is long since I became
“ sensible of my own incapacity : I was unfit for the
“ smallest employment.”

You would have found persons in abundance, disposed to execute your ideas.

“ Oh ! I beseech you, let us call another subject.”

I have some thoughts of writing the History of the Nations of Arcadia. They are not indolent shepherds like those of the Lignon.

His features softened into a smile. “ Talking,” says he to me, “ of the shepherds of the Lignon, I once undertook a journey to Forez, for the express purpose of viewing the country of Celadon and Astrea, of which *Urfeius* has presented us with pictures so enchanting. Instead of amorous shepherds, I saw, along the banks of the Lignon, nothing but smiths, founders, and iron-mongers.”

How ! in a country so delightful !

“ It is a country merely of forges. It was this journey to Forez which dissolved my illusion. Till then, never a year passed that I did not read the *Astrea* from end to end : I had become quite familiarized with all the personages of it. Thus Science robs us of our pleasures.”

Oh ! my Arcadians have no manner of resemblance to your blacksmiths, nor to the ideal shepherds of *Urfeius*, who passed the days and nights in no other occupation but that of making love, exposed internally to all the pernicious consequences of idleness, and from without, to the invasions of surrounding Nations. Mine practise all the arts of rural life. There are among them shepherds, husbandmen, fishermen, vine dressers. They have availed themselves of all the sites of their country, diversified as it is with mountains, plains, lakes and rocks. Their manners are patriarchal as in the early ages of the World. There are in this Republic, no priests, no soldiers, no slaves ; for they are so religious, that every Head of a family is the pontiff of it ; so warlike, that every individual inhabitant is at all times prepared to take up arms in defence of his Country, without the inducement of pay ;

and in such a state of equality, that there are not so much as domestic servants among them. The children are there brought up in the habit of serving their parents.

The utmost care is taken to avoid inspiring them, under the name of emulation, with the poison of ambition, and no such lesson is taught as that of surpassing each other ; but, on the contrary, they are inured, betimes, to prevent one another, by good offices of every kind ; to obey their parents ; to prefer their father, their mother, a friend, a mistress, to themselves ; and their Country to every thing. In this state of Society, there is no quarrelling among the young people, unless it be some disputes among lovers, like those of the *Devin du Village*. But virtue there frequently convokes the citizens to national assemblies, to concert together measures conducive to the general welfare. They elect, by a plurality of voices, their Magistrates, who govern the State as if it were one family, being entrusted, at once, with the functions of peace, of war, and of religion. From their union such a force results, that they have ever been enabled to repel all the Powers who presumed to encroach on their liberties.

No useless, insolent, disgustful, or terrifying monument, is to be seen in their Country ; no colonnades, triumphal arches, hospitals, or prisons ; no frightful gibbets on the hills, as you enter their towns : But a bridge over a torrent, a well in the midst of an arid plain, a grove of fruit trees on an uncultivated mountain, round a small temple, the peristyle of which serves as a place of shelter for travellers, announce, in situations the most deserted, the humanity of the inhabitants. Simple inscriptions on the bark of a beech tree, or on a rude unpolished rock, perpetuate, to posterity, the memory of illustrious citizens, and of great actions. In the midst of manners so beneficent, Religion speaks to all hearts, in a language that knows no change. There is not a single mountain, nor a river, but what is consecrated to some God, and is called by his name ; not a fountain but what has its Naï-

ad ; not a flower, nor a bird, but what is the result of some ancient and affecting metamorphosis. The whole of Physics is there conveyed in religious sentiments, and all religion in the monuments of Nature. Death itself, which empoisons so many pleasures, there presents perspectives only of consolation. The tombs of ancestors are raised amidst groves of myrtle, of cypress, and of fir. Their descendants, to whom they endeared themselves in life, resort thither in their hours of pleasure, or of pain, to decorate them with flowers, and to invoke their shades, persuaded that they continually preside over their destinies. The past, the present, and the future, link together all the members of this Society with the bands of the Law of Nature, so that, there, to live and to die is equally an object of desire.

Such was the vague idea which I gave of the Plan of my Work to *John James*. He was delighted with it. We made it, oftener than once, on our walking excursions, the subject of much pleasant conversation. He sometimes imagined incidents of a poignant simplicity, of which I availed myself. Nay, one day, he persuaded me to change my Plan entirely. "You must," said he to me, "suppose a principal action in your History, such as
 " that of a man on his travels, to improve himself in the
 " knowledge of Mankind. Out of this will spring up
 " incidents varied and agreeable. Besides, it will be necessary
 " to oppose to the state of Nature of the Nations of
 " Arcadia, the state of corruption of some other People,
 " in order to give relief to your pictures by means of
 " contrasts."

This advice was to me a ray of light, which produced another : This was, first of all, to oppose to these two pictures, that of the barbarism of a third people, in order to represent the three successive states through which most Nations pass ; that of barbarism, that of Nature, and that of corruption. I thus had a complete harmony of three periods usual to human Societies.

In the view of representing a state of barbarism, I made choice of Gaul, as a country, the commencements of which, in every respect, ought to interest us the most, because the first state of a People communicates an influence to all the periods of its duration, and makes itself felt even in a state of decline, just as the education which a man receives on the breast, extends its influence even to the age of decrepitude. Nay, it seems as if at this last epocha, the habits of infancy reappeared with more force than those of the rest of life, as has been observed in the preceding Studies. The first impressions efface the last. The character of Nations is formed from the cradle, as well as that of Man. Rome, in her decline, preserved the spirit of universal domination, which she had from her origin.

I found the principal characters of the manners, and of the religion of the Gauls, completely traced in *Cesar's Commentaries*, in *Plutarch*, in *Tacitus* on the Manners of the Germans, and in several modern Treatises on the Mythology of the Nations of the North.

I have taken up the state of the Gauls several ages prior to the time of *Julius Cesar*, in order to have an opportunity of painting a more marked character of barbarism, and approaching to that which we have found among the savage tribes of North America. I fixed the commencement of the civilization of our Ancestors, at the destruction of Troy; which was likewise the epocha, and, undoubtedly, the cause of several important revolutions, all over the Globe. The Nations of which the human Race is composed, however divided they may appear to be, in respect of language, of religions, of customs, and of climate, are in equilibrium among themselves, as the different Seas which compose the Ocean under different Latitudes. No extraordinary movement can be excited in any one of those Seas, but what must communicate itself, more or less, to each of the others. They have all a tendency to find their level. A Nation is, farther, with re-

ſpect to the Human Race, what a man is with reſpect to his own Nation. If that man dies in it, another is born there within the ſame compaſs of time. In like manner, if one State on the Globe is deſtroyed, another is regenerated at the ſame epocha : This is what we have ſeen happen in our own times, when the greateſt part of the Republic of Poland, having been diſmembered in the North of Europe, to be confounded in the three adjoining States, Ruſſia, Pruſſia, and Auſtria, very ſoon after the greateſt part of the Britiſh Colonies of North America, was diſunited from the three States of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to form one Republic ; and as there was in Europe, a portion of Poland not diſmembered, there was, in like manner, in America, a portion of the Colonies that did not ſeparate from Great Britain.

The ſame political reactions are to be found in all Countries, and in all ages. When the Empire of the Greeks was ſubverted on the banks of the Euxine Sea, in 1453, that of the Turks immediately replaced it ; and when that of Troy was deſtroyed in Aſia under *Priam*, that of Rome received its birth in Italy, under *Eneas*.

But, from that total ſubverſion of Troy, there enſued a great many revolutions of inferiour moment in the reſt of the Human Race, and eſpecially in the Nations of Europe.

I oppoſed to the ſtate of barbariſm of the Gauls, that of the corruption of Egypt, which was then at its higheſt degree of civilization. To the epocha of the ſiege of Troy, it is that many learned men have aſſigned the brilliant reign of *Sefoſtris*. Beſides, this opinion, being adopted by *Fenelon* in his *Telemachus*, was a ſufficient authority for my Work. I likewiſe ſelected my traveller from Egypt, by the advice of *John James*, in as much as, in Antiquity, a great many political and religious eſtabliſhments were communicated by reflux from Egypt, to Greece, to Italy, and even directly to the Gauls, as the Hiſtory of many of our ancient uſages ſufficiently evinces.

This, too, is a consequence of political reactions. Whenever a State has attained its highest degree of elevation, it is come to its first stage of decay ; because all human things begin to fade as soon as they have reached the point of perfection. Then it is that the Arts, the Sciences, Manners, Languages, begin to undergo a reflux from civilized to barbarous States, as is demonstrated by the age of *Alexander* among the Greeks, of *Augustus* among the Romans, and of *Louis XIV* among ourselves.

I had, accordingly, oppositions of character in the Gauls, the Arcadians, and the Egyptians. But Arcadia alone presented me with a great number of contrasts to the other parts of Greece, which were but then emerging out of barbarism ; between the peaceful manners of its industrious inhabitants, and the boisterous discordant characters of the heroes of *Pylos*, of *Mycenæ*, and of *Argos* ; between the gentle adventures of its simple and innocent shepherdesses, and the awful catastrophes of *Iphigenia*, of *Electra*, and of *Clytemnestra*.

I divided the materials of my Work into twelve Books, and constructed a kind of Epic Poem of them ; not conformably to the rules laid down by *Aristotle*, and to those of our modern Critics, who pretend, after him, that an Epic Poem ought to exhibit only one principal action of the life of a hero ; but conformably to the Laws of Nature, and after the manner of the Chinese, who frequently comprehend in it the whole life of a hero, which, in my judgment, is much more satisfactory. Besides, I have not, in this, deviated from the example of *Homer* ; for, if I have not adopted the plan of his *Iliad*, I have nearly copied that of his *Odyssæy*.

But, while I was devising plans for the happiness of Mankind, my own was disturbed by new calamities.

My state of health, and my experience, permitted me no longer to solicit, in my native Country, the slender resources, which I was on the point of losing there, nor to go abroad in quest of them. Besides, the nature of the

labours in which I had engaged, could not possibly interest any Minister in my favour. I thought of presenting to public view, such of them as I deemed most calculated to merit the protection of Government. I published my *STUDIES OF NATURE*. I have the consolation of believing that I have, in that Work, confuted fundry dangerous errors, and demonstrated some important truths. Their success has procured for me, without sollicitation, a great many compliments on the part of the Public, and some annual marks of favour from the Court, but of so little solidity, that a slight revolution in an administration, has stripped me of most of them, and together with them, what is much more vexatious, some others of still higher consideration, which I had enjoyed for fourteen years. Court favour had the semblance of doing me good : The benevolence of the Public has given a more steady support to me and my Work. To it I am indebted for a transient tranquillity and repose ; and under these auspices I send into the World this first Book, entitled *THE GAULS*, to serve as an Introduction to the *Arcadia*. I have not enjoyed the satisfaction of talking on the subject of it to *John James*. It was rather too rude for the placidness of our conversations. But, rough and wild as it may be, it is an opening in the rocks, from whence there is a glimpse of the valley in which he sometimes reposed. Nay, when he set out, without bidding me farewell, for Ermenonville, where he closed his days, I tried to recal myself to him, by the image of Arcadia, and the recollection of our ancient intercourse, in concluding the letter which I wrote to him, with these two verses from *Virgil*, changing only a single word :

Atque utinam ex vobis unus tecumque fuisssem
Aut custos gregis, aut maturæ vinitor uvæ !

NOTES.

(1) *My reason could do nothing, &c.* God has bestowed on me this distinguished mark of his favour, that whatever disorder my reason may have undergone, I have never lost the use of it, in my own apprehension, and especially in the eyes of other men. As soon as I felt the symptoms of my indisposition, I retired into solitude. What was, then, that extraordinary reason, which intimated to me that my ordinary reason was disturbed? I am tempted to believe, that there is in our soul an unchangeable focus of intellectual light, which no darkness is able entirely to overpower. It is, I am of opinion, this *sensorium* which admonishes the drunk man that his reason is over elevated, and the failing old man, that his understanding is enfeebled. In order to behold the shining of that candle within us, a man must have his passions stilled, he must be in solitude, and, above all, he must be in the habit of retiring into himself. I consider this intimate sentiment of our intellectual functions, as the very essence of our soul, and a proof of its immateriality.

(2) *Two celebrated Physicians.* Doctor Roux, Author of the Journal of Medicine, and Doctor Buquet, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine at Paris: Who both died in the very prime of life, of their own remedies against the nervous disorder.

(3) *The credit of a person whom I did not know.* Though I am accustomed, when occasion requires, to mention by name, in my writings, the persons who have rendered me any service, and to whom I am under essential obligations, this is neither the time nor the place for it. I am introducing here no memoirs of my life, but those which may serve as a preamble to my Work on Arcadia.

(4) *The Conventual Redemptions.* There were, in my opinion, many defects in the establishments of the Jesuits in Paraguay. As these monastic orders do not marry, that they had not within themselves, the independent principle of existence; that they always recruited the fraternity with Europeans, and, that they formed, even

in their Redemptions, one nation within another Nation ; hence it came to pass, that the destruction of their Order in Europe, involved in it that of their establishments in America. Besides, the conventual regularity, and the multiplied ceremonies which they had introduced into their political administration, could suit only an infant People, who must be incessantly kept up by the leading string, and led by the eyes. They are not the less, on that account, deserving of immortal honour, for having collected, and subjected to humane Laws, a multitude of barbarians, and for having instructed them in the Arts useful to human life, by preserving them from the corruption of civilized Nations.

(5) *Offer up human sacrifices.* They likewise eat dogs, those natural friends of Man. I have remarked, that every People among whom this is practised, were not disposed to spare human flesh when occasion prompted : To eat the flesh of dogs is a step toward anthropophagy.

(6) *Toutous.* The name of a class of men of the commonalty in the Island of Taïty, and in the other islands of that Archipelago. They are not permitted to eat swine's flesh, which is there of an excellent quality, and exceedingly common. It is reserved for the E-Arrés who are the chiefs. The Toutous bring up the swine, and the E-Arrés feed upon them. Consult Captain Cook's Voyages.

(7) *One of those touching comparisons.* Those comparisons are beauties which seem appropriate to poetry. But I think painting might adopt them to advantage, and derive powerful effects from them. For example, when a painter is representing on the fore ground of a battle piece, a young man of an interesting character, killed, and stretched along the grass, he might introduce near him, some beautiful wild plant, analogous to his character, with drooping flowers, and the stalks half cut down. If it were in a picture of a modern battle, he might mutilate, and, if I may venture on the expression, kill, in it, the vegetables of a higher order, such as a fruit tree, or even an oak ? For our cannon bullets commit ravages of a very different kind in the plains, from those produced by the arrows and javelins of the Ancients. They plough up the turf of the hills, mow down the forests, cleave asunder the young trees, and tear off huge fragments from the trunks of the most venerable oaks. I do not recollect that I ever saw any of these effects represented in pictures of our modern battles. They are, however, very common in the real

scenes of war, and redouble the impressions of terror which Painters intend to excite, by the representation of such subjects. The desolation of a country has a still more powerful expression than groups of the dead, and of the dying. Its groves levelled, the black furrows of its upturn meadows, and its rocks maimed, awfully display the effects of human fury, extending even to the ancient monuments of Nature. We discern in them the wrath of Kings, which is their final argument, and is accordingly inscribed on their cannon : *Ultima ratio Regum*. Nay, there might be expressed through the whole extent of a battle piece, the detonations of the discharge of artillery, repeated by the valleys to several leagues distance, by representing, in the back grounds, the terrified shepherds driving off their charge, flocks of birds flying away toward the horizon, and the wild beasts abandoning the woods.

Physical consonances heighten moral sensations, especially when there is a transition from one kingdom of Nature to another kingdom.

(8) *And, finally, from his modesty, which repressed in him the theatrical tone, and the oracular sententiousness of our conversations.* These are the personal reasons which he might have for talking sparingly in company ; but I have no doubt that he had others much more weighty, arising from the character of our Societies themselves. I find those general reasons so happily detailed, in the excellent Chapter of *Montaigne's Essays, On the Art of Conversation*, that I cannot repress my inclination to insert a short extract from it, in hope that the Reader may be induced to peruse the whole.

“ As the mind acquires new vigour from communication with
 “ vigorous and well regulated minds, it is impossible to express how
 “ much it loses and degenerates by the continual commerce and in-
 “ timacy of groveling and puny characters. There is no conta-
 “ gion that spreads so rapidly as this. I have paid very dear for my
 “ experience on this subject. I am fond of arguing, and of discus-
 “ sion ; but with few men, and in my own way : For to serve as a
 “ show to the Great, and to make an emulous parade of wit and
 “ prattle, I consider as a most degrading employment for a man of
 “ honour.”

So much for the active conversation of a gentleman, among men of the World, and now, a few pages farther down, for the passive conversation.

“ The gravity, the robe, and the fortune of the person who speaks,
 “ frequently give currency to insipid and trifling tittle tattle. It is

"presumable that a Gentleman so followed, so awful, must possess
 "within himself a fund very superior to one of the herd ; and that
 "a person entrusted with so many employments and commissions of
 "importance, so disdainful and so selfsufficient, must possess much
 "greater ability than that other who salutes him at such a respect-
 "ful distance, and whom no one employs. Not only the words,
 "but the very grimaces of those consequential personages, attract
 "consideration, and turn to account, every one vying with another
 "to put some flattering and significant gloss upon them. If they let
 "themselves down so far as to converse with ordinary men, and
 "meet with any thing from them except approbation and reverence,
 "you are sure to be levelled to the dust by the authority of their
 "experience. They have heard, they have seen, they have done :
 "You are quite overwhelmed by an accumulation of instances."

What, then, would *Montaigne* have said, in an age when so many of the Little imagine themselves to be Great ; when every one has two, three, four titles to set himself off ; when those who have none, entrench themselves under the patronage of those who have ? The greater part, in truth, begin with placing themselves on the knees of a man who is making a noise ; but they never rest till they get upon his shoulders. I do not speak of those selfimportant gentlemen, who, taking possession of an Author, that they may put on the air of serving him, interpose themselves between him and the sources of public favour, in order to reduce him to a particular dependence on them, and who become his declared enemies, if he has the spirit to reject the infelicity of being protected by them. The happy *Montaigne* had no need of fortune. But what would he have said of those unfeeling fellows, so common in all ranks, who, to get rid of their lethargy, court the acquaintance of a Writer of reputation, and wait in silence for his letting off, at every turn, sentences newly coined, or fallies of wit ; who have not so much as the sense to take them in, nor the faculty of retaining them, unless they are delivered in an imposing tone, or puffed off in the columns of a Journal ; and who, in a word, if by chance they happen to be struck, have frequently the malignity to affix to them an indifferent, or a dangerous meaning, in order to lower a reputation which gives them umbrage. Assuredly, had *Montaigne* himself appeared in our circles, as nothing more than plain *Michael*, notwithstanding his exquisite judgment, an eloquence so natural, erudition so vast, and which he understood so happily to apply, he would have found himself everywhere reduced to silence, like *John James*. I have been somewhat

diffuse on this chapter, in honour of the two Authors, of *Emilius*, and of the *Essays*. They have both been accused of reserve, and of making no great figure in conversation ; and, likewise, of being both egotists in their writings ; but with very little justice on either score. It is Man whom they are ever describing in their own person ; and I always find that when they talk of themselves, they talk likewise of me.

To return to *John James* : He was most sincere in denying himself to the gratification of vanity ; he referred his reputation not to his person, but to certain natural truths, diffused over his writings ; but, in other respects, setting no extraordinary value on himself. I told him, one day, that a young lady had said to me, she would think herself happy in attending him as his servant. "Yes," replied he, "in order to hear me talk six or seven hours on the subject of the *Emilius*." I have oftener than once taken the liberty to combat some of his opinions ; so far from being offended, he with pleasure acknowledged his mistake, the moment that he was made sensible of it.

Of this, I beg leave to quote one instance, which reflects some credit on myself, though it may favour of vanity ; but, in sincerity, my sole intention in producing it, is to vindicate his character from that charge. Wherefore, said I to him, once that the subject happened to come in the way, have you, in your *Emilius*, represented the serpent in *Pouffin's Deluge*, as the principal object of that Painting ? It is not so, but the infant, which its mother is straining to place on a rock. He meditated for a moment, and said to me, "Yes...." "yes, you are in the right : I was mistaken. It is the child ; undoubtedly, it is the child ;" and he appeared to be perfectly overjoyed that I had suggested the remark. But he stood in no need of my superficial observations, to bring him to the acknowledgment of the little slips which had escaped him. He said to me one day, "Were I to undertake a new Edition of my Works, I would certainly soften what I have written on the subject of Physicians. There is no one profession which requires so much close study and application as theirs. In all Countries, they are really the men of the most cultivated understanding." Upon another occasion, he said to me, "I mingled in my quarrel with Mr. *Hume* too strong an infusion of spleen. But the dull climate of England, the state of my fortune, and the persecutions which I had just been enduring in France, all contributed to plunge me into melancholy." He has said to me oftener than once, "I am fond

"of celebrity ; I acknowledge it : But," added he, with a sigh, "God has punished me in the point where I had offended."

At the same time, persons of high respectability have censured him for acknowledging so much evil of himself in his Confessions. What would they have said, then, if, like so many others, he had, in these, indirectly pronounced his own eulogium ? The more humiliating that the failings are, of which he there accuses himself, the more sublime is his candor in exposing them. There are, it must be admitted, some passages, in which he is chargeable with indiscretion in speaking out too plainly, where another person is concerned ; particularly where he discloses the not over delicate attachments of his inconstant benefactress, *Madame de Warens*. But I have reason to believe, that his posthumous Works have been falsified in more than one place. It is possible that he did not name her in his manuscript ; and if he did mention her by name, he thought he might do this without hurting any one, because she left no posterity. Besides, he speaks of her every where with a warmth of interest. He uniformly fixes the attention of the Reader, in the midst of her irregularities, on the qualities of her mind. In a word, he considered it as his duty to tell the good and the bad of the personages of his History, after the example of the most celebrated Historians of Antiquity. *Tacitus* says expressly, in the opening of his History, Book first, "I have no reason either to love or to hate *Orho, Galba, or Vitellius*. It is true, I owe my fortune to *Vespasian*, as I owe the progress and preservation of it to his children ; but when a man is going to write History, he ought to forget benefits as well as injuries." In truth, *Tacitus* taxes *Vespasian*, his benefactor, with avarice, and other faults. *John James*, who had assumed for his motto, *Vitam impendere vero*, (to devote life to truth) may have valued himself as much on his love for truth, in writing his own History, as *Tacitus* did in writing that of the Roman Emperors.

Not that I by any means approve the unreserved frankness of *John James*, in a state of Society like that in which we live, and that I have not reason to complain, besides, of the inequality of his temper, of inconclusiveness in his Writings, and of some errors in conduct, as he himself has published these for the purpose of condemning them. But, where is the man, where is the Writer, where is, especially, the unfortunate Author, who has no fault to reproach himself with. *John James* has discussed questions so susceptible of being argued on either side ; he was conscious of possessing, at once,

a mind so great, and of being subjected to a fortune so deplorable; he had to encounter wants so pressing, and friends so perfidious, that he was frequently forced out of the common road. But even when he deviates, and becomes the victim of others, or of himself, you see him for ever forgetting his own miseries, that he may devote his undivided attention to those of Mankind. He is uniformly the defender of their rights, and the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb those affecting words from a Book on which he pronounces an elogium so sublime, and of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: HIS SINS, WHICH ARE MANY, ARE FORGIVEN; FOR HE LOVED MUCH.

(9) *Cosmo de Medicis*. Here is the decision pronounced upon him by *Philip de Commynes*, the *Plutarch* of his age, in respect of native simplicity.

“*Cosmo de Medicis*, who was the chief of that house, and, indeed, founded it, a man worthy of being named among the greatest of the Great, especially when his condition in life is taken into the account, namely, that of a merchant, has conveyed his name to a family the most illustrious, I think, that ever was in the World. For their very servants, under the sanction of that name of *Medicis*, possessed so much credit, that I should hardly be believed, were I to relate the instances which I have seen of it in France, and in England.....I knew one of their servants, *Gerard Quannefe* by name, who was almost the only instrument of supporting King *Edward IV*, on the throne of England, during the Civil Wars of that Kingdom.” And a little lower: “The authority of his predecessors was injurious to this *Peter de Medicis*, in as much as that of *Cosmo*, who had been the founder of the Family, was gentle and amiable, and such as was necessary to a city possessed of liberty.” (*Book vii.*)

ARCADIA.

BOOK FIRST.

THE GAULS.

A LITTLE before the autumnal Equinox, *Tirteus*, a shepherd of Arcadia, was feeding his flock on one of the heights of Mount Lyceum, which projects along the gulph of Messenia. He was seated under the shade of some pine trees, at the foot of a rock, from whence he contemplated, at a distance, the Sea agitated by the winds of the South. Its olive coloured waves were whitened with foam, which fell back, in girandoles, the whole length of the strand. The fishing boats, appearing and disappearing alternately, between the swelling surges, ventured, at the risk of running aground on the beach, to trust their safety to their insignificance; whereas large vessels, in full sail, under the violent pressure of the winds, kept at a cautious distance, in the dread of being shipwrecked. At the bottom of the gulph, crowds of women and children raised their hands to Heaven, and uttered the cries of solicitude, at sight of the danger which threatened these poor mariners, and of the succession of billows which rolled from the sea, and broke, with a noise like thunder, on the rocks of Steniclarios. The echoes of Mount Lyceum reverberated their hoarse and confused roaring, from all quarters, with so much exactness, that *Tirteus*, at times, turned round his head, imagining that the tempest was behind him, and that the Sea was breaking on the top of the mountain. But the cries of the coots and the seagulls, which came, flapping their wings,

to seek refuge there, and the flashes of lightning, which furrowed the Horizon, soon made him sensible, that safety was on the dry land, and that the tempest was still more dreadful, at a distance, than it appeared to his view.

Tirteus compassionated the destiny of seamen, and pronounced that of shepherds to be blessed, as it, in some degree, resembled that of the Gods, by placing tranquillity in his heart, and the tempest under his feet.

While he was expressing his gratitude to Heaven, two men of a noble deportment appeared on the great road, which winded below, toward the base of the mountain. One of them was in the full vigor of life, and the other still in the bloom of youth. They were walking with great speed, like travellers impatient to reach their object. As soon as they were within hearing, the elder of the two called to *Tirteus*, asking if they were not on the road to Argos. But the noise of the wind among the pines, preventing his voice from being heard, the younger attended toward the shepherd, and cried aloud to him: "Father, are we not upon the road to Argos?" "My son," replied *Tirteus*, "I do not know where Argos lies. You are in Arcadia, upon the road to Tegeum, and those towers which you see before you are the towers of Bel-
"leminé." While they were talking, a shagged dog, young and frolicsome, which accompanied the stranger, having perceived in the flock a she goat entirely white, ran up to play with her; but the goat, terrified at the sight of this animal, whose eyes were covered all over with hair, fled toward the top of the mountain, whither the dog pursued her. The young man recalled his dog, which immediately returned to his feet, lowering his head, and wagging his tail. He then slipped a leash round the dog's neck, and begging the shepherd to hold him fast, he ran after the goat, which still continued to flee before him: His dog, however, seeing him ready to disappear, gave so violent a jerk to *Tirteus*, that he made his escape with the leash about his neck, and ran with such speed, that in a

Short time, neither goat, traveller, nor dog, were to be seen.

The traveller who had remained on the highway, was preparing to follow his companion, when the shepherd thus addressed him : “ Sir, the weather is boisterous, night
“ approaches, the forest and the mountain are full of
“ quagmires, where you may be in danger of losing your-
“ self. Come and repose yourself awhile in my cottage,
“ which is not far from hence. I am perfectly sure that
“ my goat, which is very tame, will return of herself, and
“ bring back your friend to us, provided he does not lose
“ sight of her.” In saying these words, he applied his pipe to his mouth, and the flock, immediately, began to file off, by a path, toward the summit of the mountain. A large ram marched at the head of this little flock ; he was followed by six she goats, whose dugs almost touched the ground ; twelve ewes, accompanied by their lambs, which were already considerably grown, came next ; a she ass and her colt closed the procession.

The stranger followed *Tirteus* in silence. They ascended about six hundred paces, along an open down, planted, here and there, with broom and rosemary : As they were entering the forest of oaks, which covers the top of Mount Lyceum, they heard the barking of a dog ; soon after, they descried the young man’s shock running toward them, followed by his master, who carried the white goat on his shoulders. *Tirteus* said to him, “ My son, though this
“ goat is dearer to me than any other of the whole flock,
“ I would rather have lost her, than that you should have
“ endured so much fatigue in recovering her ; but, if you
“ please, you shall this night repose in my cottage ; and
“ tomorrow, if you are resolved to continue your journey,
“ I will conduct you to Tegeum, where you may be in-
“ formed of the road to Argos. Notwithstanding, Sirs, if I
“ may be permitted to advise, you will not depart from
“ hence tomorrow. It is the feast of *Jupiter*, on Mount
“ Lyceum, and people assemble here, in multitudes, from

“ all Arcadia, and from a great part of Greece. If you
“ are so good as to accompany me thither, when I present
“ myself at the altar of *Jupiter*, I shall be rendered more
“ acceptable, by adoring him in company with my
“ guests.” The young stranger replied: “ Oh, good
“ shepherd, we accept, with cheerfulness, your hospital-
“ ity for this night, but tomorrow, with the dawn, we
“ must pursue our journey toward Argos. We have, for
“ a long time, been contending with the waves, in order
“ to reach that city, celebrated over the whole Earth, for
“ its temples, for its palaces, and from its being the resi-
“ dence of the great *Agamemnon*.”

After he had thus spoken, they crossed a part of the forest of Mount Lyceum, toward the East, and descended into a little valley, sheltered from the winds. A fresh and downy herbage covered the sides of its hills. At the bottom flowed a rivulet called Achelöus (1), which falls into the river Alpheus, whose islands, covered with alders and linden trees, are perceptible at a distance from the plain. The trunk of an old willow, laid low by the hand of time, served as a bridge to the Achelöus; this bridge had no ledging, except some large reeds, which grew on each side of it; but the brook, the bottom of which was paved with rocks, was so easily forded over, and so little use had been made of the bridge, that the convolvulus almost entirely covered it with its heartshaped foliage, and with flowers resembling white spires.

At a little distance from this bridge stood the dwelling of *Tirteus*. It was a small house, covered with thatch, built in the middle of a mossy ground. Two poplars formed a shade for it to the West. On the South side, a vine surrounded the doors and windows, with its purple clusters, and with its leaves, already of the colour of fire. An old ivy sheltered it from the North, and covered, with its evergreen foliage, a part of the staircase, which led, on the outside, to the upper story.

As soon as the flock approached the house, they began to bleat according to custom. Immediately, a young girl appeared, descending the staircase, and carrying under her arm a vessel to receive the milk which she was going to draw. Her robe was of white wool; her chestnut locks were turned up under a hat, formed of the rind of the linden tree; her arms and feet were naked, and for shoes, she wore socks, as is the fashion of the young women of Arcadia. From her shape, you would have thought her one of the nymphs of *Diana*; from her vase, that she was the Naiad of the fountain; but her timidity soon discovered her to be a shepherdess. As soon as she perceived the strangers, she cast down her eyes, and blushed.

Tirteus said to her: "*Cyanea*, my daughter, make haste to milk your goats, and to prepare something for supper, while I warm some water to wash the feet of these travellers, whom *Jupiter* has sent to us." In the mean while, he entreated the strangers to repose themselves on a grass plat, at the foot of the vine. *Cyanea*, having kneeled down on the turf, milked the goats, which had assembled around her; and having finished, she led the flock into the sheepfold, which stood at one end of the house. *Tirteus*, in the mean time, warmed water, and washed the feet of his guests, after which, he invited them to walk in.

Night was already advanced; but a lamp, suspended from the ceiling, and the blaze of the hearth, which was placed, after the manner of the Greeks, in the middle of the habitation, sufficiently illuminated the interior of it. There were seen, hanging round the walls, flutes, shepherd's crooks, scrips, moulds for making cheese; baskets of fruit, and earthen pans full of milk, stood upon shelves fastened to the joists. Over the door by which they had entered, there was a small statue of the good *Ceres*, and over that of the sheepfold, the figure of the God *Pan*, formed from a root of an olive tree.

As soon as the strangers were introduced, *Cyanea* covered the table, and served up cabbages with bacon, some

wheaten bread, a pot filled with wine, a cream cheese, fresh eggs, and some of the second figs of the year, white and violet coloured. She placed by the board four seats, made of oak wood. She covered that of her father with the skin of a wolf, which he himself had killed in hunting. Afterwards, having ascended to the upper story, she returned again, with the fleeces of two sheep; but whilst she spread them on the seats of the travellers, she burst into tears. Her father said to her, "My dear daughter, will you remain for ever inconsolable about the loss of your mother? And can you never touch any thing which she was accustomed to use, without shedding tears?" *Cyanea* made no reply, but turning her head toward the wall, she wiped her eyes. *Tirteus* addressed a prayer, and offered a libation to *Jupiter*, the patron of hospitality; then, having invited his guests to sit down, they all began to eat in profound silence.

When the meal was finished, *Tirteus* said to the two travellers, "My dear guests, had you chanced to enter the habitation of some other inhabitant of Arcadia, or had you passed this way, some years ago, you would have been much better received. But the hand of *Jupiter* has smitten me. I once possessed, upon the neighbouring hill, a garden, which supplied me, at all seasons, with pulse, and excellent fruit: It is swallowed up in the forest. This solitary valley once resounded with the lowing of my oxen. Nothing was to be heard from morn to eve, in my dwelling, but songs of mirth, and sounds of joy. I have seen around this table three sons and four daughters. The youngest son was arrived at an age capable of tending a flock of sheep. My daughter *Cyanea* dressed her little sisters, and already supplied the place of a mother to them. My wife, industrious, and still young, maintained, all the year round, gaiety, peace, and abundance in my habitation. But the loss of my eldest son has been followed by that of almost my whole family. Like other young men, he was desirous of shewing his

" agility, by climbing up the highest trees. His mother,
 " to whom such exercises caused the greatest dread, had
 " frequently entreated him to abstain from amusements of
 " this kind. I had often predicted that some misfortune
 " would be the consequence. Alas ! the Gods have pun-
 " ished my unwarrantable predictions, by accomplishing
 " them. One Summer's day, in which my son was in
 " the forest, keeping the flocks with his brothers, the
 " youngest of them took a fancy to eat some of the fruit
 " of a wild cherry tree. The eldest immediately climbed
 " it, in order to gather them ; and when he had reach-
 " ed the summit, which was very elevated, he per-
 " ceived his mother at a little distance, who, seeing him
 " in her turn, uttered a loud scream, and fainted. At this
 " sight, terror, or repentance, seized my unhappy son ; he
 " fell. His mother, being brought to herself by the cries
 " of her children, ran toward him, but in vain attempted
 " to reanimate him in her arms : The unfortunate youth
 " turned his eyes toward her, pronounced her name and
 " mine, and expired. The grief with which my wife was
 " overwhelmed, carried her in a few days to the grave.
 " The most tender union reigned amongst my children, and
 " equalled their affection for their mother. They, however,
 " all died, through sorrow for her loss, and for that of each
 " other. How much anxiety has it cost me to preserve this
 " poor girl !" Thus spake *Tirteus*, and, in spite of his
 efforts, the tears rushed to his eyes. *Cyanea* threw herself
 on the bosom of her father, and mixing her tears with his,
 she pressed him in her arms, unable to utter a syllable.
Tirteus said to her : "*Cyanea*, my dear daughter, my sole
 " consolation, cease to afflict thyself. We shall one day
 " see them again ; they are with the Gods." Thus he
 spoke, and serenity once more appeared on his counte-
 nance, and on that of his daughter. With the greatest
 composure, she poured out some wine into each of the
 cups ; then, taking a spindle and a distaff, furnished with

wool, she seated herself by her father, and began to spin, looking at him, and supporting herself on his knees.

The travellers, in the mean time, were melted into tears. At length the younger of the two, resuming the conversation, said to *Tirteus*, " Had we been received into the palace, and at the table of *Agamemnon*; at that instant when, covered with glory, he was restored to his daughter *Iphigenia*, and to his wife *Clytemnestra*, who had languished for his return so long, we could neither have seen nor heard any thing so affecting as what we have just witnessed.—Oh ! my good shepherd ! it must be acknowledged, that you have experienced severe trials ; but if *Cephas*, whom you see here, would relate to you those which overwhelm men, in every quarter of the Globe, you would spend this whole night in listening to him, and in blessing your own lot : How many sources of distress are unknown to you, in the midst of this peaceful retreat ! You here live in perfect freedom ; Nature supplies all your wants ; paternal love renders you happy, and a mild religion consoles you under all your griefs."

Cephas, taking up the conversation, said to his young friend, " My son, relate to us your own misfortunes : *Tirteus* will listen to you with more interest than he would to me. In mature age, virtue is generally the fruit of reason ; in youth, it is always that of feeling."

Tirteus, addressing himself to the young stranger, said, " Persons of my age do not sleep much. If you are not over oppressed with fatigue, I shall receive great pleasure from hearing you. I have never quitted my own country, but I love and honour travellers. They are under the protection of *Mercury* and of *Jupiter*. Something useful may always be gathered from them. As for yourself, you must certainly have experienced great distress in your own country, having, at so early an age, separated from your parents, with whom it is so pleasant to live and to die."

“ Though it is difficult,” replied the young man, “ to
“ speak always of ourselves with sincerity, yet, as you
“ have given us so kind a reception, I shall candidly re-
“ late to you all my adventures, both good and bad.”

My name is *Amasis*. I was born at Thebes, in Egypt, the son of an opulent father. He had me educated by the priests of the Temple of Osiris. They instructed me in all the Sciences upon which Egypt values herself: The sacred language by which you may converse with ages past, and that of the Greeks, which enables us to hold converse with all the Nations of Europe. But what is infinitely superior to Sciences and Languages, they taught me to be just, to speak the truth, to fear the Gods only, and to prefer before every thing else, that glory which is acquired by virtue.

This last sentiment increased in me as I grew up. Nothing had been spoken of in Egypt, for some time past, but the Trojan war. The names of *Achilles*, of *Hector*, and of other heroes, disturbed my sleep. I would have purchased a single day of their renown, by the sacrifice of my whole life. I thought the destiny of my countryman *Memnon* was enviable, who had perished on the walls of Troy, and in honour of whom a superb monument was reared at Thebes (2). What do I say? I would willingly have given my body to be changed into the statue of a hero, provided they had exposed me, on a pillar, to the veneration of Nations. I resolved, then, to tear myself from the delights of Egypt, and from the endearments of my paternal mansion, in order to acquire an illustrious reputation. Every time that I presented myself before my father, “ Send me to the siege of Troy,” said I to him, “ that I may purchase for myself a name renowned among
“ men. You have my elder brother with you, who is
“ sufficient to secure the continuance of your posterity:
“ If you always oppose my inclinations, through the
“ dread of losing me, know, that if I escape the sword,
“ I shall not escape the more painful death of chagrin.”

In truth, I was visibly declining ; I avoided all society, and was so reclusive, that they gave me the surname of *Moneros*. To no purpose did my father attempt to combat a sentiment, which was the fruit of the education he had given me.

One day he introduced me to *Cephas*, exhorting me to follow his counsels. Though I had never seen *Cephas* before, a secret sympathy attached me to him, the moment I beheld him. This respectable friend did not endeavour to oppose my favourite passion, but, in order to weaken it, he changed the object : “ You thirst after glory,” said he to me ; “ it is, undoubtedly, the most desirable thing in “ the World, since the Gods reserve it for themselves as “ their peculiar portion. But how can you reckon upon “ obtaining it at the siege of Troy ? Which side would “ you take ; that of the Greeks or of the Trojans ? Jus- “ tice declares for Greece ; compassion and duty for “ Troy. You are an Asiatic (3) ; would you then, com- “ bat in favour of Europe against Asia ? Would you bear “ arms against *Priam*, that father, and that King so un- “ fortunate, ready to sink, with his family and empire, “ under the arms of Greece ? On the other hand, Would “ you undertake the defence of the ravisher *Paris*, and of “ the adulteress *Helen* against *Menelaus*, her husband ? “ There is no true glory independent of justice. But, “ even though a free man were able to ascertain, in the “ quarrels of Kings, on which side justice lay, Do you “ conceive that, in following it, would consist the greatest “ possible glory that can be acquired ? Whatever applauses “ conquerors may receive from their compatriots, trust “ me, Mankind know well how to place them, one day, “ in their proper situation. They have given only the “ rank of heroes and of demigods to those who have mere- “ ly practised justice, such as *Theseus*, *Hercules*, *Pirithöus*. “ But they have raised to the supreme order of Deity, “ those who have been beneficent ; such as *Isis*, who gave “ Laws to men ; *Osiris*, who taught them the Arts, and

" Navigation ; *Apollo*, Music ; *Mercury*, Commerce ;
 " *Pan*, the art of breeding cattle ; *Bacchus*, the cultiva-
 " tion of the vine ; *Ceres*, that of corn. I am a native of
 " Gaul," continued *Cephas* ; " it is a Country naturally
 " rich and fertile, but which, for want of civilization, is
 " destitute of the greater part of those things which min-
 " ister to happiness. Let us go, and carry thither the
 " arts, and the useful plants of Egypt ; a humane Relig-
 " ion, and social Laws : We may, perhaps, bring back
 " some commodities useful to your own Country. There
 " does not exist a Nation, however savage it may be, that
 " does not possess some ingenuity, from which a polished
 " People may derive benefit ; some ancient tradition,
 " some rare production, which is peculiar to its own cli-
 " mate. It is thus that *Jupiter*, the Father of Mankind,
 " was desirous of uniting, by a reciprocal interchange of
 " benefits, all the Nations of the Earth ; poor or rich,
 " barbarian or civilized. Even if we should be unable to
 " find in Gaul any thing that can be useful in Egypt, or
 " were we, by some accident, to lose the fruit of our voy-
 " age, still there will remain for us one thing, of which
 " neither death nor tempests can deprive us ; I mean the
 " satisfaction of having done good."

This discourse, suddenly, illuminated my mind with
 a ray of divine light. I embraced *Cephas*, with tears in
 my eyes : " Let us depart," said I to him ; " let us do
 " good to Mankind, and imitate the Gods !"

My father approved of our project ; when I took my
 leave of him, he folded me in his arms, saying, " My son,
 " you are going to undertake the most difficult task in the
 " World, for you are going to engage in labour for the
 " benefit of Mankind. But if you can, by such means,
 " promote your own happiness, rest assured, that you will
 " render mine complete."

After having taken leave of our friends, *Cephas* and I
 embarked at Canopus, on board a Phenician vessel, which
 was going to Gaul for a cargo of furs, and for pewter, to

the British Islands. We carried with us linen cloths, models of waggons, ploughs, and various looms; pitchers of wine, musical instruments, and grains of different species; among others, those of hemp and flax. We caused to be fastened in chests, round the poop of the ship, on the deck, and even along the cordage, slips of the vine, which were in blossom, and fruit trees of various sorts. You might have taken our vessel, covered with vine branches and foliage, for that of *Bacchus* setting out on the conquest of the Indies.

We anchored, first, on the coast of the Island Crete, in order to take in some plants which were suitable to the climate of Gaul. This island produces a greater quantity of vegetables than Egypt, in the vicinity of which it is situated, from the variety of its temperatures, extending from the burning sands of its shores, up to the snowy region of Mount Ida, the summit of which is lost in the clouds. But, what ought to render it still more valuable to its inhabitants, is, its having been governed by the sage laws of *Minos*.

A favourable wind afterwards drove us from Crete to the height of Melita (4). This is a small island, the hills of which, being formed of white stone, appear, at a distance, on the Sea, like cloth spread out to bleach in the Sun. We cast anchor here, to lay in water, which is preserved in great purity, in cisterns. In vain should we have sought, in this place, for any other species of supply: The island is destitute of every thing, though, from its situation between Sicily and Africa, and from the vast extent of its port, which is divided into several arms, it ought to be the centre of commerce for all the Nations of Europe, of Africa, and even of Asia. Its inhabitants subsist entirely by plunder. We presented them with some seeds of the melon, and of the xylon (5). This is an herb which thrives in the driest places, and the wool of which serves for the manufacture of cloths extremely white and delicate. Though Melita, which is an entire rock, pro-

duces almost nothing fit for the subsistence of men and animals, yet there is taken annually, about the autumnal Equinox, a prodigious quantity of quails (6), which repose there, on their passage from Europe to Africa. It is an amusing spectacle to see them, fattened as they are, cross the Sea, in quantities incredible. They wait till the wind blows from the North, when, raising one of their wings in the air, like a sail, and beating with the other like an oar, they graze along the waves, having their rumps loaded with fat. When they arrive at this island, they are so fatigued, that they may be caught with the hand. A man can gather more in one day than he can make use of in a year.

From Melita, we were wafted by the gale as far as the Isles of Enosis (7), which are situated at the southern extremity of Sardinia. There the winds became contrary, and obliged us to anchor. These islands consist of sandy rocks, which produce nothing; but, by a wonderful interposition of the providence of the Gods, who, in places the most unproductive, find the means of supporting Man in a thousand different ways, tunnies are given to these islands, as quails are to the rock of Melita. In Spring, the tunnies, which make their way from the Ocean into the Mediterranean, pass in such great quantities, between Sardinia and the Islands of Enosis, that their inhabitants are occupied, night and day, in fishing for them, in salting them, and in extracting their oil. I have seen, upon their shores, heaps of the burnt bones of these fishes, which were higher than this house. But this gift of Nature does not render the inhabitants affluent. They fish for the benefit of the inhabitants of Sardinia. Thus, we saw slaves only in the Islands of Enosis, and tyrants alone at Melita.

The wind becoming favourable, we departed, after having presented the inhabitants with some slips of vine, and received from them some young plants of the chestnut tree, which they import from Sardinia, where the fruit of these trees grows to a considerable size.

During the voyage, *Cephas* pointed out to me the variegated aspects of the land, not one of which Nature has made similar to another, in quality and in form ; in order that divers plants and animals may find, in the same climate, different temperatures. When nothing was to be perceived but the Heavens and the water, he called my attention to men. " Observe," said he to me, " these seafaring people, how robust they are ! you might take them for tritons. Bodily exercise is the aliment of health (8). It dissipates an infinite number of diseases and passions, which spring out of the repose of cities. The Gods have planted human life in the same manner as the oaks of my country. The more they are buffeted by the winds, the more vigorous they become. The Sea," continued he, " is the school of every virtue : There, you live in privations, and dangers of every sort. You are there, under the necessity of being courageous, sober, chaste, prudent, patient, vigilant, religious." " But," answered I, " How comes it that the greater part of the companions of our voyage possess none of these qualities ? They are, almost all of them, intemperate, violent, impious, commending and blaming, without discernment, whatever they see performed."

" It is not the Sea which has corrupted them," replied *Cephas* ; " they have brought with them the passions of the land. It is the love of riches, idleness, and the desire of giving themselves up to all manner of irregularities, when on shore, which determines a great number of men to enter into the sea service, for the purpose of enriching themselves ; and, as they cannot acquire, without a great deal of trouble, the means of gratification on this element, you always see them restless, fullen, and impatient, because there is nothing so discontented as vice, when it finds itself in the road of virtue. A ship is the crucible in which morals are put to the test. There, the wicked degenerate more and more, and the good become better. Virtue, however, can derive

" advantage from every situation. Profiting by their de-
 " fects, you may here learn equally to despise abuse, and
 " idle applause ; to act so as to merit your own approba-
 " tion, and to have no other witness of your actions but
 " the Gods: He who is desirous of doing good to Man-
 " kind, must inure himself betimes to submit to unkind
 " treatment from them. It is by the labour of the body,
 " and the injustice of men, that you are enabled to forti-
 " fy, at once, both your body and your soul. It was by
 " such means that *Hercules* acquired that courage, and
 " that invincible strength, which have raised his glory to
 " the stars."

I followed, then, as far as I was able, the advice of my
 friend, notwithstanding my extreme youth. I exerted my-
 self in raising the unwieldy sail yards, and in managing
 the sails. But the least raillery from my companions, who
 ridiculed my inexperience, entirely disconcerted me. It
 would have been easier for me to contend with the boi-
 sterous elements than with the contempt of men : Such
 sensibility to the opinions of others had my education in-
 spired.

We passed the strait which separates Africa from Eu-
 rope, and saw, on the right and on the left, the two moun-
 tains, Calpe and Abila, which fortify the entrance. Our
 Phenician sailors did not fail to inform us, that their Na-
 tion was the first of all those of the Earth, which had dar-
 ed to penetrate into the vast Ocean, and coast along its
 shores, even as far as the Frozen Zone. They placed
 their own reputation far above that of *Hercules*, who e-
 rected, as they said, two pillars at this passage, with the
 inscription, BEYOND THIS YOU CANNOT PASS, as if
 the termination of his labours were also to be that of the
 researches of Mankind. *Cephas*, who neglected no op-
 portunity of recalling men to a sense of justice, and of ren-
 dering homage to the memory of heroes, said to them,
 " I have always heard it said, that the ancients ought to
 " be respected. The inventors of a science are the most

“worthy of commendation, because they open the career
“to other men. It is less difficult afterwards for those
“who follow them to extend their progress. A child,
“mounted on the shoulders of a tall man, sees farther
“than the person who supports him.” *Cephas*, however,
spoke to them without effect; they would not deign to
render the slightest homage to the son of *Alcmena*. As
for ourselves, we revered the very shores of Spain, where
he had killed the three bodied *Geryon*. We crowned our
heads with branches of poplar, and, in honour of him,
poured out some wine of *Thasos* on the waves.

We soon discovered the profound and verdant forests
which cover Celtic Gaul. It was a son of *Hercules*, call-
ed *Galate*, who gave to its inhabitants the surname of *Ga-*
latians, or *Gauls*. His mother, the daughter of one of
the Kings of *Celtes*, was of a prodigious stature. She
scorned to take a husband from among her father’s sub-
jects; but when *Hercules* passed through Gaul, after the
defeat of *Geryon*, she could not refuse her heart and hand
to the conqueror of a tyrant. We afterwards entered the
channel which separates Gaul from the British Islands,
and, in a few days, we reached the mouth of the *Seine*,
the green waters of which may, at all times, be distin-
guished from the azure waves of the Sea.

My joy was complete. We were upon the point of
arriving. Our trees were fresh, and covered with leaves.
Several of them, and, among others, the slips of the vine,
were already loaded with ripe fruit: I pictured to myself
the joyful reception which we were going to receive from
a people destitute of the principal gifts of Nature, when
they should see us disembark upon their shores, with the
delicate productions of *Egypt* and of *Crete*. The labours
of agriculture are alone sufficient to fix wandering and un-
settled Nations, and to deprive them of the inclination of
supporting by violence, that life which Nature sustains
with so many blessings. Nothing more than a grain of
corn is requisite, said I to myself, in order to polish the

whole Gallic Nation, by those arts which spring from agriculture. This single grain of flax is sufficient, at some future period, to afford them clothing. This slip of the vine may serve to diffuse gaiety and joy over their festivals, to the latest posterity. I then felt how far superior the Works of Nature are to those of Man. These last begin to decay the moment that they appear ; the others, on the contrary, carry in themselves the spirit of life which propagates them. Time, which destroys the monuments of Art, serves only to multiply those of Nature. I perceived more real benefits inclosed in a single grain of seed, than is to be found in Egypt in the treasuries of her Kings.

I gave myself up to these divine and humane speculations, and, in the transports of my joy, I embraced *Cephas*, who had given me so just an idea of the real wealth of Nations, and of true glory. My friend, at the same time, observed, that the pilot was preparing to stem the current of the Seine, at the entrance of which we now were. Night was approaching ; the wind blew from the West, and the Horizon was overcast. *Cephas* said to the pilot, “ I would advise you not to enter into the river, but
 “ rather to cast anchor in that port, beloved of *Amphitrite*, which you see upon the left. Listen to what I
 “ have heard related, on this subject, by our ancient seers.
 “ *Seine*, the daughter of *Bacchus*, and a nymph of *Ceres*,
 “ had followed into Gaul, the Goddess of Agriculture,
 “ at the time when she was seeking her lost daughter,
 “ *Proserpine*, over the whole Earth. When *Ceres* had
 “ finished her career, *Seine* asked, as a reward for her services, those meadows which you see below. The Goddesses consented, and granted, besides, to the daughter of
 “ *Bacchus*, the power of making corn spring up wherever she set her foot. She then left *Seine* upon her shores,
 “ and gave her, for a companion and attendant, the
 “ nymph *Heva*, who was charged to keep strict watch
 “ over her, lest she should be carried off by some Sea god,

“ as her daughter *Proserpine* had been, by the Prince of
“ the infernal regions. One day, while *Seine* was amus-
“ ing herself, by running along the sands, to seek for
“ shells, and as she fled, uttering loud screams, before the
“ waves of the sea, which sometimes wet the soles of her
“ feet, and sometimes reached even to her knees, her com-
“ panion *Heva* perceived, under the billows, the hoary
“ locks, the empurpled visage, and the azure robe of
“ *Neptune*. This God was returning from the *Orcades*,
“ after a terrible earthquake, and was surveying the shores
“ of the Ocean, with his trident, to examine whether
“ their foundations had not been convulsed. At sight of
“ him, *Heva* uttered a shriek, and warned *Seine*, who im-
“ mediately tripped toward the meadows. But the God
“ of the Seas, having perceived the nymph of *Ceres*, and
“ being struck with the gracefulness of her figure, and
“ her agility, drove his sea horses along the strand, in
“ pursuit of her. He had almost overtaken her, when
“ she implored assistance from her father *Bacchus*, and
“ from *Ceres*, her mistress. They both listened to her
“ petition. At the moment that *Neptune* was extending
“ his arms to catch her, the whole body of *Seine* melted
“ into water ; her veil, and her green robes, which the
“ wind wafted before her, became waves of an emerald
“ colour. She was transformed into a river of that hue,
“ which still delights to ramble over the places in which
“ she delighted while a nymph. What renders this more
“ remarkable is, that *Neptune*, notwithstanding her met-
“ amorphosis, has not ceased to be enamoured of her, as
“ it is said the river *Alpheus*, in Sicily, still continues to
“ be, of the fountain *Arethusa*. But, if the Sea god has
“ preserved his affection for *Seine*, she still continues to
“ retain her aversion for him. Twice every day he pur-
“ sues her, with a loud and roaring noise, and as often
“ *Seine* flies to the meadows, ascending toward her source,
“ contrary to the natural course of rivers. At all seasons

“ she separates her green waves from the azure billows of
“ *Neptune*.

“ *Heva* died with regret for the loss of her mistress ;
“ but the Nereids, as a reward to her fidelity, erected to
“ her memory, upon the shore, a monument composed of
“ black and white stones, which may be perceived at a
“ very great distance. By a skill divine, they have even
“ enclosed in it an echo, in order that *Heva*, after her
“ death, might warn mariners, both by the eye and the
“ ear, of the dangers of the land, as she had, during her
“ life, cautioned the nymph of *Ceres* against those of the
“ Sea. You see her tomb from hence. It is that steep
“ mountain, formed of dismal beds of black and white
“ stones. It always bears the name of *Heva* (9). You
“ perceive, by those piles of flint stones with which its
“ basis is covered, the efforts used by the enraged *Nep-*
“ *tune* to undermine the foundation ; and you may hear,
“ from hence, the roaring of the mountain, which warns
“ mariners to take care of themselves. As to *Amphitrite*,
“ deeply affected by the misfortune of *Seine*, and the infi-
“ delity of *Neptune*, she entreated the Nereids to hollow
“ out that little bay, which you see upon your left, at
“ the mouth of the river ; and it was her intention that
“ it should be, at all times, a secure harbour against the
“ fury of her husband. Enter into it, then, at this time,
“ if you will be ruled by me, while daylight remains. I
“ can assure you that I have, frequently, seen the God of
“ the Seas pursue *Seine* far up the country, and overturn
“ every thing which he encountered in his passage. Be
“ on your guard, therefore, against meeting a God whom
“ love has rendered furious.”

“ You must, surely,” answered the Pilot to *Cephas*,
“ take me for a very ignorant fellow, when you relate
“ such stories to a person of my age. It is now forty
“ years since I have followed a sea life. I have anchor-
“ ed, night and day, in the Thames, which is full of sands,
“ and in the Tagus, which flows with such rapidity ; I

“ have seen the cataracts of the Nile, which make a roaring so dreadful, but never have I seen or heard any thing similar to what you have now been relating. I shall hardly be simple enough to remain here at anchor, while the wind is favourable for going up the river. I shall pass the night in its channel, and expect to sleep very soundly.”

He spoke, and, in concert with the sailors, raised a hooting, as ignorant and presumptuous men are accustomed to do, when advice is given them which they do not understand.

Cephas then approached me, and enquired if I knew how to swim. “ No,” answered I ; “ I have learnt, in Egypt, every thing that could render me respectable among men, and almost nothing which could be useful to myself.” He then said to me, “ Let us not separate from each other ; we will keep close to this bench of the rowers, and repose all our trust in the Gods.”

In the mean time the vessel, driven by the winds, and, undoubtedly, by the vengeance of *Hercules* also, entered the river in full sail. We avoided, at first, three sand banks which are situated at its mouth ; afterwards, being fairly involved in the channel, we could see nothing around us, but a vast forest, which extended down to the very banks of the river. The only evidence we had of a country inhabited, was some smoke, which appeared rising, here and there, above the trees. We proceeded in this manner till night prevented us from distinguishing any object ; then the pilot thought proper to cast anchor.

The vessel, driven on one side by a fresh breeze, and on the other by the current of the river, was forced into a cross position in the channel. But, notwithstanding this dangerous situation, our sailors began to drink and make merry, believing themselves secure from all danger, because they were surrounded with land on every side. They afterwards went to rest, and not a single man remained on deck, to watch the motions of the ship.

Cephas and I staid above, seated on one of the rowers' benches. We banished sleep from our eyes, by conversing on the majestic appearance of the stars which rolled over our heads. Already had the constellation of the Bear reached the middle of its course, when we heard, at a distance, a deep, roaring noise, like that of a cataract. I imprudently rose up to see what it could be. I perceived, (10) by the whiteness of its foam, a mountain of water, which approached us from the Sea, rolling itself over and over. It occupied the whole breadth of the river, and, rushing above its banks, to the right hand, and to the left, broke, with a horrible crash, among the trunks of the trees of the forest. In the same instant, it came upon our vessel, and taking her sideways, fairly overset her. This movement tossed me into the water. A moment afterwards, a second surge, still more elevated than the former, turned the vessel keel upward. I recollect that I then heard issue from the inverted wreck, a multitude of hollow and stifled screamings; but, being desirous of calling my friend to my assistance, my mouth filled with salt water; I felt a murmuring noise in my ears; I found myself carried away with inconceivable rapidity, and soon after I lost all recollection.

I am not sensible how long I might have remained in the water; but when I recovered my senses, I perceived, toward the West, the bow of *Iris* in the Heavens, and to the East, the first fires of *Aurora*, which tinged the clouds with silver and vermillion. A company of young girls, extremely fair, half clad in skins, surrounded me: Some of them presented me with liquors in shells, others wiped me dry with mosses, and others supported my head with their hands. Their flaxen hair, their vermillion cheeks, their azure eyes, and that celestial somewhat, which compassion always portrays on the countenance of woman, made me believe that I was in Heaven, and that I was attended by the Hours, who open the gates of it, day by day, for the admission of unfortunate mortals. The first

emotion of my heart was to look for you, and the second to enquire after you. Oh, *Cephas* ! I could not have felt my happiness complete, even in Olympus, without your presence. But the illusion was soon over, when I heard a language, barbarous and unknown to me, issue from the rosy lips of these young females. I then recollected, by degrees, the circumstances of my shipwreck. I arose : I wished to seek for you, but knew not where to find you again. I wandered about in the midst of the woods. I was ignorant whether the river, in which we had been shipwrecked, was near, or at a distance, on my right hand, or on my left ; and, to increase my embarrassment, there was no person of whom I could enquire its situation.

After having reflected a short time, I observed that the grass was wet, and the foliage of the trees of a bright green, from which I concluded that it must have rained abundantly the preceding night. I was confirmed in this idea by the sight of the water, which still flowed, in yellow currents, along the roads. I farther concluded, that these waters must, of necessity, empty themselves into some brook, and this brook into the river. I was about to follow these indications, when some men, who came out of an adjoining cottage, compelled me, with a threatening tone, to enter. I then perceived that I was free no longer, and that I had become the slave of a people, who, I once flattered myself, would have honoured me as a God.

I call *Jupiter* to witness, O *Cephas*, that the affliction of having been shipwrecked in port, of seeing myself reduced to servitude by those, for whose benefit I had travelled so far, of being relegated to a barbarous country, where I could make myself understood by no person, far from the delightful country of Egypt, and from my relations, did not equal the distress which I felt in having lost you. I called to remembrance the wisdom of your counsels ; your confidence in the Gods, of whose provi-

dence you taught me to be sensible, even in the midst of the greatest calamities ; your observations on the Works of Nature, which replenished her to me, with life and benevolence ; the tranquillity in which you so well knew how to maintain all my passions : And I felt, by the gloom which was gathering around my heart, that I had lost, in you, the first of blessings, and that a prudent friend is the most valuable gift which the bounty of the Gods can bestow upon Man:

Thus, I thought of nothing, but of the means of regaining you once more, and I flattered myself that I should succeed, by making my escape in the middle of the night, if I could only reach the sea coast. I was persuaded that I could not be far distant from it, but I was entirely ignorant on which side it lay. There was no eminence near me from whence I could discover it. Sometimes, I mounted to the summit of the most lofty trees, but I could perceive nothing except the surface of the forest, which extended as far as the Horizon. Often did I watch the flight of the birds, to see if I could discover some sea fowl coming on shore to build her nest in the forest ; or some wild pigeon going to pilfer salt from the shores of the Ocean. I would, a thousand times, have preferred the sound of the piercing cries of the sea thrush, when she comes, during a tempest, to shelter herself among the rocks, to the melodious voice of the red breast, which already announced, in the yellow foliage of the woods, the termination of the fine weather.

One night, after I had retired to rest, I thought I heard, at a distance, the noise which the waves of the Sea make, when they break upon its shores ; that I could even distinguish the tumult of the waters of the *Seine* pursued by *Neptune*. Their roarings, which had formerly chilled me with horror, at that time transported me with joy. I arose : I went out of the cottage, and listened attentively ; but the sounds, which seemed to issue from various parts of the Horizon, soon perplexed my understanding : I

began to discover that it was the murmurings of the winds, which agitated at a distance the foliage of the oaks, and of the beech trees.

Sometimes, I endeavoured to make the savages of my cottage comprehend that I had lost a friend. I applied my hand to my eyes, to my mouth, and to my heart ; I pointed to the Horizon ; I raised my hands, clasped, to Heaven, and shed tears. They understood this dumb language, by which I expressed my affliction, for they wept with me ; but, by a contradiction, for which I could not account, they redoubled their precautions, in order to prevent me from making my escape.

I applied myself, therefore, to learn their language, that I might inform them of my condition, and in order to interest them in it. They were themselves eagerly disposed to teach me the names of the objects which I pointed out to them. Slavery is very mild among these Nations. My life, liberty excepted, differed, in nothing, from that of my masters. Every thing was in common between us, provision, habitation, and the earth upon which we slept, wrapped up in skins. They had even so much consideration for my youth, as to give me the easiest part of their labours to perform. In a short time, I was able to converse with them. This is what I learnt of their government and character.

Gaul is peopled with a great number of petty Nations, some of which are governed by Kings, others by Chiefs, called Iarles ; but all subjected to the power of the Druids, who unite them all under the same religion, and govern them with so much the greater facility, that they are divided by a thousand different customs. The Druids have persuaded these Nations that they are descended from *Pluto*, the God of the Infernal Regions, whom they call *Hader*, or the Blind. This is the reason that the Gauls reckon by nights, and not by days, and that they reckon the hours of the day from the middle of the night, contrary to the practice of all other Nations. They adore

Several other Gods, as terrible as *Hader*; such as *Niorder*, the master of the winds, who dashes vessels on their coasts, in order, they say, to procure them plunder. They, accordingly, believe, that every ship which is wrecked upon their shores, is sent them by *Niorder*. They have, besides, *Thor*, or *Theutates*, the God of War, armed with a club, which he darts from the upper regions of the air; they give him gloves of iron, and a belt, which redoubles his fury when it is girded around him. *Tir*, equally cruel; the silent *Vidar*, who wears shoes of considerable thickness, by means of which he can walk through the air, and upon the water, without making any noise; *Hemdal*, with the golden tooth, who sees day and night: He can hear the slightest sound, even that which the grass or the wool makes as they grow: *Ouller*, the God of the Ice, shod with skates; *Loke*, who had three children by the giantess *Angherbode*: The messenger of grief, namely, the wolf *Fenris*, the serpent of *Midgard*, and the merciless *Hela*. *Hela* is death. They say, that his palace is misery; his table, famine; his door, the precipice; his porch, languor; and his bed, consumption. They have, besides, several other Gods, whose exploits are as ferocious as their names, *Herian*, *Rislindi*, *Svidur*, *Spidrer*, *Salsk*; which, translated, mean the warrior, the thunderer, the destroyer, the incendiary, the father of carnage. The Druids honour these Divinities, (11) with funereal ceremonies, lamentable ditties, and human sacrifices. This horrible mode of worship gives them so much power over the terrified spirits of the Gauls, that they preside in all their counsels, and decide upon all their affairs. If any one presumes to oppose their judgment, he is excluded from the communion of their mysteries (12); and, from that moment, he is abandoned by every one, not excepting his own wife and children; but it seldom happens that any one ventures to resist them; for they arrogate to themselves, exclusively, the charge of educating youth, that they may impress upon their minds

early in life, and in a manner never to be effaced, these horrible opinions.

As for the Iarles, or Nobles, they have the power of life and death over their own vassals. Those who live under Kings pay them the half of the tribute which is levied upon the commonalty. Others govern them entirely to their own advantage. The richer sort give feasts to the poor of their own particular class, who accompany them to the wars, and make it a point of honour to die by their side. They are extremely brave. If, in hunting, they encounter a bear, the Chief amongst them lays aside his arrows, attacks the animal alone, and kills him with one stroke of his cutlafs. If the fire catches their habitation, they never quit it till they see the burning joists ready to fall upon them. Others, on the brink of the Ocean, with lance or sword in hand, oppose themselves to the waves which dash upon the shore. They suppose valour to consist, not only in resisting their enemies of the human species, and ferocious animals, but even the elements themselves. Valour, with them, supplies the place of justice. They always decide their differences by force of arms, and consider reason as the resource of those only who are destitute of courage. These two classes of citizens, one of which employs cunning, and the other force, to make themselves feared, completely balance each other; but they unite in tyrannizing over the people, whom they treat with sovereign contempt. Never can a plebeian, among the Gauls, arrive at the honour of filling any public station. It would appear, that this Nation exists only for its Priests and its Nobles. Instead of being consoled by the one, and protected by the other, as justice requires, the Druids terrify them, only in order that the Iarles may oppress them.

Notwithstanding all this, there is no race of men possessed of better qualities than the Gauls. They are very ingenious, and excel in several species of useful arts, which are to be found no where else. They overlay

plates of iron with tin, (13) so artfully, that it might pass for silver. They compact pieces of wood with so much exactness, that they form of them vases capable of containing all sorts of liquors. What is still more wonderful, they have a method of boiling water in them, without their being consumed. They make flint stones red hot, and throw them into the water contained in the wooden vase, till it acquires the degree of heat which they wish to give it. They also know how to kindle fire without making use either of steel or of flint, by the friction of the wood of the ivy and of the laurel. The qualities of their heart are still superior to those of their understanding. They are extremely hospitable. He who has little, divides that little, cheerfully, with him who has nothing. They are so passionately fond of their children, that they never treat them unkindly. They are contented with bringing them back to a sense of their duty, by remonstrance. The result from this conduct is, that, at all times, the most tender affection unites all the members of their families, and that the young people there listen, with the greatest respect, to the counsels of the aged.

Nevertheless, this People would be speedily destroyed by the tyranny of its Chieftains, did they not oppose their own passions to themselves. When quarrels rise among the Nobility, they are so much under the persuasion that arms must decide the controversy, and that reason has no voice in the decision, that they are obliged, in order to merit popular esteem, to follow up their resentments to the death. This vulgar prejudice is fatal to a great number of the Iarles. On the other hand, they give such credit to the dreadful stories retailed by the Druids, respecting their Divinities, and fear, as is generally the case, associates with these traditions circumstances so terrifying, that the Priests frequently tremble much more than the people, before the idols which they themselves had fabricated. I am, thence, thoroughly convinced of the truth of the maxim of our sacred books, which says—

Jupiter has ordained, that the evil which a man does to his fellow creature, should recoil, with sevenfold vengeance, upon himself, in order that no one may find his own happiness in the misery of another.

There are, here and there, among some of the Gallic Nations, Kings who establish their own authority, by undertaking the defence of the weak ; but it is the women who preserve the Nation from ruin. Equally oppressed by the Laws of the Druids, and by the ferocious manners of the Iarles, they are doomed to the most painful offices, such as cultivating the ground, beating about in the woods, to start game for their huntsmen, and carrying the baggage of the men on their journies. They are, besides, subjected, all their life long, to the imperious governance of their own children. Every husband has the power of life and death over his wife, and when he dies, if there arises the slightest suspicion that his death was not natural, they put his wife to the torture : If, through the violence of her torments, she pleads guilty, she is condemned to the flames (14).

This unfortunate sex triumphs over its tyrants by their own opinions. As vanity is their domineering passion, the women turn them into ridicule. A song simply is, in their hands, sufficient to destroy the result of their gravest assemblies. The lower classes, and especially the young people, always devoted to their service, set this song into circulation, through the villages and hamlets. It is sung day and night : He who is the subject of it, be he who he may, dares to shew his face no more. Hence it comes to pass, that the women, so weak as individuals, enjoy, collectively, the most unlimited power. Whether it be the fear of ridicule, or, that they have experienced the superior discernment of their women, but certain it is, the Chieftains undertake nothing of importance, without consulting them. Their voice decides, whether it is to be peace or war. As they are obliged, by the miseries of Society, to renounce their own opinions, and to take ref-

age in the arms of Nature, they are neither blinded nor hardened, by the prejudices of the men. Hence it happens, that they judge more clearly than the other sex, of public affairs, and foresee future events with such superior discernment. The common people, whose calamities they solace, struck, at frequently finding in them a more discriminating understanding than in their Chiefs, without penetrating into the causes of it, take a pleasure in ascribing to them something divine (15).

Thus, the Gauls pass successively and rapidly from sorrow to fear, and from fear to joy. The Druids terrify them, the ladies abuse them, and the women make them laugh, dance, and sing. Their religion, their laws, and their manners, being perpetually at variance, they live in a state of continual fluctuation, which constitutes their principal character. Hence, also, may be derived the reason why they are so very curious about news, and so desirous of knowing what passes among strangers. It is for this reason, that so many are to be found in foreign countries, which they are fond of visiting, like all men who are unhappy at home.

They despise husbandmen, and, of consequence, neglect agriculture, which is the basis of public prosperity. When we landed in their country, they cultivated only those grains which come to perfection in the space of a Summer, such as beans, lentiles, oats, small millet, rye, and barley. Very little wheat is to be seen there. Nevertheless, the earth abounds with natural productions. There is a profusion of excellent pasture by the side of the rivers. The forests are lofty, and filled with fruit trees of all kinds. As they were frequently in want of provisions, they employed me in seeking it for them, in the fields and in the woods. I found, in the meadows, cloves of garlic, the roots of the daucus, and of the dropwort. I sometimes returned, loaded with myrtle berries, beech mast, plums, pears, and apples, which I had gathered in the forest. They dressed these fruits, the greater part of

which cannot be eaten raw, on account of their harshness. But they have trees there, which produce fruit of an exquisite flavour. I have often admired the apple trees, loaded with fruits of a colour so brilliant, that they might have been mistaken for the most beautiful flowers.

This is what they related, respecting the origin of those apple trees, which grow there in such abundance, and of the greatest beauty. They tell you, that the beautiful *Thetis*, whom they call *Friga*, jealous of this circumstance, that, at her nuptials, *Venus*, whom they denominate *Siofne*, had carried away the apple, which was the prize of beauty, without putting it in her power to contest it with the three Goddesses, resolved to avenge herself.

Accordingly, one day that *Venus* had descended on this part of the Gallic shore, in quest of pearls for her dress, and of the shells called the knife handle, for her son *Sisifone* (16), a triton stole away her apple, which she had deposited upon a rock, and carried it to the Goddess of the Seas. *Thetis* immediately planted its seeds in the neighbouring country, in order to perpetuate the memory of her revenge, and of her triumph. This is the reason, say the Celtic Gauls, of the great number of apple trees which grow in their Country, and of the singular beauty of their young women (17).

Winter came on, and I am unable to express my astonishment to you, when I beheld, for the first time, the Heavens dissolve into white plumage, resembling that of birds, the water of the fountains become hard as stone, and the trees entirely stripped of their foliage. I had never seen the like in Egypt. I had no doubt but that the Gauls would immediately expire, like the plants, and the elements, of their Country; and, undoubtedly, the rigour of the climate would soon have put an end to my career, had they not taken the greatest care to clothe me with furs. But how easy it is for a person, without experience, to be deceived! I was entirely ignorant of the resources of Nature; for every season, as well as for every

climate. Winter is, to those Northern Nations, a time of festivity, and of abundance. The river birds, the elks, the buffalos, the hares, the deer, and the wild boars, abound, at that season, in the forests; and approach their habitations. They killed these in prodigious quantities.

I was not less surpris'd, when I beheld the return of Spring, which displayed, in those desolate regions, a magnificence which I had never seen before, even on the banks of the Nile: The bramble, the raspberry, the sweet briar, the strawberry, the primrose, the violet, and a great many other flowers, unknown in Egypt, adorned the verdant borders of the forests. Some, such as the honeysuckle, entwined themselves round the trunks of the oaks, and suspended from the boughs their perfumed garlands. The shores, the rocks, the woods, and the mountains, were all clothed in a pomp, at once magnificent and wild. A spectacle so affecting redoubled my melancholy: "Happy," said I to myself, "if I could perceive among so many plants, a single one of those which I brought with me from Egypt! Were it only the humble flax, it would recal the memory of my Country, during my whole life time; in dying, I would select it for the place of my grave: It would, one day, tell *Cephas* where the bones of his friend repose, and inform the Gauls of the name and of the travels of *Amasis*."

One day, as I was endeavouring to dissipate my melancholy, by looking at the young girls dancing on the fresh grass, one of them quitted the dancers, and came and wept over me: Then, on a sudden, she again joined her companions, and continued to dance, frisking about, and amusing herself with them. I took the sudden transition from joy to grief, and from grief to joy, in this young girl, to be the effect of the natural levity of the people, and I did not give myself much trouble about it; when I saw an old man issue from the forest, with a red beard, clothed in a robe made of the skins of weasels. He bore a branch of

misiletoc in his hand, and at his girdle hung a knife of flint. He was followed by a company of young persons, in the flower of their age, who had girdles of the same sort of skins, and holding in their hands empty gourds, pipes of iron, bullocks' horns, and other instruments of their barbarous music.

As soon as this old man appeared, the dancing ceased, every countenance became sad, and the whole company removed to a distance from me. Even my master and his family retired to their cottage. The wicked old man then approached me, and fastened a leathern cord round my neck; then, his satellites, forcing me to follow him, dragged me along, in a state of stupefaction, in the same manner as wolves would carry off a sheep. They conducted me across the forest to the very borders of the Seine: There, their Chief sprinkled me with the water of the river; he then made me enter a large boat, constructed of the bark of the birch tree, into which he likewise embarked with all his train.

We sailed up the Seine for eight days together, during which all kept a profound silence. On the ninth, we arrived at a little town, built in the middle of an island. They here made me disembark on the opposite shore, on the right hand bank of the river, and they conducted me into a large hut, without windows, which was illuminated by torches of fir. They tied me to a stake, in the middle of the hut, and those young men, who watched over me night and day, armed with hatchets of flint, never ceased to dance around me, blowing, with all their strength, through the bulls' horns and iron pipes. They accompanied this detestable music with these horrible words, which they sung in chorus:

“ Oh, *Niorder*! Oh, *Riflindi*! Oh, *Svidrer*! Oh,
“ *Hela*! Oh, *Hela*! God of Carnage and of Storms, we
“ bring thee flesh. Receive the blood of this victim, of
“ this child of death. Oh, *Niorder*! Oh, *Riflindi*! Oh,
“ *Svidrer*! Oh, *Hela*! Oh, *Hela*!”

Whilst they pronounced these awful words, their eyes rolled about in their heads, and their mouths foamed. At length those fanatics, overwhelmed with fatigue, fell asleep, except one of them, who was called *Omfi*. This name, in the Celtic tongue, signifies beneficent. *Omfi*, moved with compassion, approached me: "Unfortunate young man," said he, "a cruel war has broken out between the Nations of Greatbritain and those of Gaul. The Britons pretend to be the masters of the Sea which separates their island from us. We have already been defeated in two naval engagements with them. The College of the Druids of Chartres has determined, that human victims are necessary, to render *Mars* favourable, whose temple is just by this place. The Chief of the Druids, who has spies over all the Gauls, has discovered that the tempests had cast you upon our coasts: He went himself to find you out. He is old and pitiless. He bears the name of two of our most formidable Deities. He is called *Tor Tir* (18). Repose thy confidence, then, in the Gods of thy own Country, for those of Gaul demand thy blood!"

I was seized with such terror, that I was unable to make the least reply to *Omfi*: I only thanked him, by an inclination of my head, and he immediately hastened from me, lest he should be perceived by any of his companions.

At that moment, I called to mind the reason which induced the Gauls, who had made me their slave, to hinder me from removing from their habitation; they were apprehensive that I might fall into the hands of the Druids; but I had not the power of escaping my cruel destiny. My destruction now appeared so inevitable in my own eyes, that I did not believe *Jupiter* himself was able to deliver me from the jaws of those tygers, who were thirsting for my blood. I recollected no more, oh, *Cephas*! what you have so frequently told me, That the Gods never abandon innocence. I did not even remember their having saved me from shipwreck. Present danger totally ob-

literates past deliverance from the mind. Sometimes, I imagined that they had preserved me from the waves, only to give me up to a death a thousand times more painful.

Nevertheless, I was addressing my supplications to *Jupiter*, and I enjoyed a kind of repose, in relying entirely on that Providence which governs the World, when, all of a sudden, the doors of the cottage opened, and a numerous company of Priests entered, with *Tor Tir* at their head, always bearing in his hand a branch of mistletoe from the oak. Immediately, the young barbarians who surrounded me awoke, and began their funereal songs and dances. *Tor Tir* approached me; he placed upon my head a crown of the yew tree, and a handful of the meal of beans; afterwards, he put a gag in my mouth, and having untied me from my stake, he fastened my hands behind my back. Then, all his retinue began to march to the sound of their doleful instruments, and two Druids, supporting me by the arms, conducted me to the place of sacrifice.

Here, *Tirteus*, perceiving that the spindle fell from the hands of *Cyanea*, and that she turned pale, said to her, "My daughter, it is time for you to go to rest. Remember that you must rise tomorrow before the dawn, to go to Mount Lyceum, where you have to present, with your companions, the shepherd's offering on the altar of *Jupiter*." *Cyanea*, trembling all over, replied, "My father, every thing is ready against the festival of tomorrow. The wreaths of flowers, the wheaten cakes, the vessels of milk, are all prepared. But it is not late: The moon, as yet, has not illuminated the bottom of the valley, nor have the cocks yet crowed; it is not midnight. Allow me, I entreat you, to stay here till the end of this story. My father, I am near you, and I shall apprehend no danger."

Tirteus looked at his daughter, with a smile; and, having made an apology to *Amasis* for interrupting him, entreated he would proceed,

We went out of the hut, replied *Amasis*, in the middle of a dark night, by the smoky light of fir torches. We traversed, at first, a vast field of stones ; we saw, here and there, the skeletons of horses and of dogs, fixed upon stakes. From thence we arrived at the entrance of a large cavern, hollowed in the side of a rock all over white (19). The lumps of black clotted blood, which had been shed around, exhaled an infectious smell, and announced this to be the Temple of *Mars*. In the interior of this frightful den, along the walls, were ranged human heads and bones ; and, in the middle of it, upon a piece of rock, a statue of iron reared itself to the summit of the cavern, representing the God *Mars*. It was so misshapen, that it had more resemblance to a block of rusty iron than to the God of War. We could distinguish, however, his club, set thick with piercing points, his gloves studded with the heads of nails, and his horrible girdle, on which was portrayed the image of Death. At his feet was seated the King of the Country, having around him the principal personages of his State. An immense crowd of people were collected within and without the cavern, who preserved a melancholy silence, impressed with respect, religion, and terror.

Tor Tir, addressing himself to the whole assembly, said to them, “ Oh King, and you Iarles assembled for the
 “ defence of the Gauls, do not believe that you ever can
 “ triumph over your enemies, without the assistance of
 “ the God of Battles. Your losses have demonstrated
 “ what is the consequence of neglecting his awful wor-
 “ ship. Blood offered up to the Gods, saves the effusion
 “ of that which mortals shed. The Gods ordain men to
 “ be born, only that they may die. Oh ! how happy are
 “ you, that the selection of the victim has not fallen upon
 “ one of yourselves ! Whilst I was considering, within
 “ myself, whose life among us would be acceptable to the
 “ Gods, and ready to offer up my own for the good of
 “ my Country, *Niorder*, the God of the Seas, appeared

“ to me in the gloomy forests of Chartres ; he was dripping all over with sea water. He said to me, with a voice thundering like the tempest, I send to you, for the salvation of the Gauls, a stranger, without relations, and without friends. I myself dashed him upon the western shores. His blood will be acceptable to the Gods of the infernal regions. Thus spake *Niorder*. *Niorder* loves you, oh, ye children of *Pluto* !”

Scarcely had *Tor Tir* made an end of this terrible address, when a Gaul, who was seated by the King, rushed toward me : It was *Cephas*. “ Oh, *Amasis* ! Oh, my dear *Amasis* !” cried he. “ Oh, my barbarous compatriots ! are you going to sacrifice a man, who has come from the banks of the Nile to bring you the most precious blessings of Greece and of Egypt ? You shall begin then, with me, who first inspired him with this desire, and who touched his heart with pity for persons so cruel to him.” As he pronounced these words, he pressed me in his arms, and bathed me with his tears. For my part, I wept and sobbed, without the power of expressing to him, in any other way, the transports of my joy. Immediately the cavern resounded with the voice of murmurs and of groans. The young Druids wept, and let fall from their hands the instruments of my sacrifice ; for Religion becomes mute, whenever Nature speaks. Nevertheless, no one in the assembly durst, even now, deliver me from the hands of the butchering priests, when the women, rushing into the midst of the assembly, tore asunder my chains, and removed my gag and funereal crown. Thus, for the second time, did I owe my life to the women of Gaul.

The King, taking me in his arms, said to me, “ What, is it you, unhappy stranger, whom *Cephas* has been incessantly regretting ! Oh, ye Gods, the enemies of my Country, do you send benefactors hither, only that they may be immolated.” Then, addressing himself to the Chiefs of the Nations, he spoke to them, with so much en-

ergy, of the rights of humanity, that, with one accord, they all swore, that they would never more reduce to slavery those whom the tempests might cast upon their shores; never to sacrifice, in future, any one innocent man, and to offer to *Mars* only the blood of the criminal. *Tor Tir*, in a rage, endeavoured, in vain, to oppose this law: He retired, menacing the King, and all the Gauls, with the approaching vengeance of the Gods.

Nevertheless, the King, accompanied by my friend, conducted me, amidst the acclamations of the People, into his city, which was situated in the neighbouring island. Till the moment of our arrival in this island, I had been so much discomposed, that I was incapable of a single rational reflection. Every species of new representation of my misfortunes contracted my heart, and obscured my understanding. But as soon as I recovered the use of my reasoning powers, and began to reflect on the extreme danger which I had just escaped, I fainted away. Oh, how weak is man, in a paroxysm of joy! He is strong, only to encounter wo. *Cephas* brought me to myself, after the manner of the Gauls, by shaking about my head, and blowing on my face.

When I had recovered my senses, he took my hands in his, and said to me, "Oh, my friend, how many tears you
" have cost me! When the waves of the Ocean, which
" overset our vessel, had separated us, I found myself
" cast, I know not how, upon the right hand bank of the
" Seine. My first care was to seek for you. I kindled
" fires upon the shore; I called you by name; I employed
" several of my compatriots, who had gathered together
" on hearing my cries, to reconnoitre, in their
" boats, the banks of the river, to see if they could not
" find you: All our researches were ineffectual. The
" day reappeared, and presented to my view our vessel
" overturned, and her keel in the air, close to the shore
" where I was. It never occurred to my thoughts that
" you might have landed on the opposite shore, in my

“ own country, Belgium. It was not till the third day,
“ that, believing you had perished, I resolved to pass over
“ to it, to visit my relations. The greatest part of them
“ had paid the debt of Nature, during my absence : Those
“ who remained overwhelmed me with kindness ; but not
“ even a brother can compensate for the loss of a friend. I
“ returned almost immediately to the other side of the riv-
“ er. There they unloaded our unfortunate vessel, of which
“ nothing had been lost but the men. I sought your
“ body along the sea shore, and I repeated my demand of
“ it evening, morning, and in the middle of the night,
“ from the nymphs of the Ocean, that I might rear you
“ a monument near to that of *Heva*. I should have pass-
“ ed all my life, I believe, in these vain researches, had
“ not the King, who reigns on the banks of this river,
“ informed that a Phenician vessel was wrecked on his
“ domains, claimed the property which, according to the
“ laws of the Gauls, belonged to him. I collected, ac-
“ cordingly, every thing which we had brought from
“ Egypt, even to the very trees, which had not been dam-
“ aged by the water ; and I presented myself, with these
“ wretched fragments, before that Prince. Let us bless,
“ then, the providence of the Gods, which has united us
“ again, and which has rendered your misfortunes more
“ useful to my Country than even your presents. If you
“ had not made shipwreck on our coasts, the barbarous
“ custom of condemning to slavery those who endure that
“ calamity, would not have been abolished ; and, if you
“ had not been condemned to be sacrificed, I should, most
“ probably, never have seen you more, and the blood of
“ the innocent would still have smoked upon the altars of
“ the God of War.”

Thus spake *Cephas*. As for the King, he omitted nothing which he thought would tend to make me lose the recollection of my misfortunes. He was called *Bardus*. He was already considerably advanced in years, and he wore, according to the custom of his people, his beard

and hair very long. His palace was built of the trunks of firs, laid in rows one upon another. It had no other door (20), except large bullocks' hides, which close up the apertures. No person was there, on guard, for he had nothing to fear from his subjects; but he had employed all his skill and industry, to fortify his city against enemies from without. He had surrounded it with walls, formed of the trunks of trees, intermixed with sods of turf, with towers of stone at the angles, and at the gates. Sentinels were stationed on the top of these towers, who watched day and night. King *Bardus* had received this island from the nymph *Lutetia*, his mother, and it bore her name. It was, at first, covered with nothing but trees, and *Bardus* had not a single subject. He employed himself in twisting, upon the banks of the island, ropes of the bark of the lime tree, and in hollowing alders to make boats. He sold these productions of his own hands to the mariners who sailed up or down the Seine. While he worked, he sung the advantages of industry and of commerce, which unite together all mankind. The boatmen frequently stopped to listen to his songs. They were repeated, and spread throughout all the Gauls, among whom they were known under the name of the verses of the Bards. Soon after, a great number of people came to establish themselves in this island, in order to hear him sing, and to live in greater security. His riches accumulated with his subjects. The island was covered with habitations, the neighbouring forests were cleared, and, in a short time, numerous flocks covered both the adjacent shores. It was in this manner that the good King formed an empire without violence. But while, as yet, his island was not surrounded by walls, and while he was already planning to make it the centre of commerce for all the Nations of Gaul, war was on the point of exterminating all its inhabitants.

One day, a great number of warriors, who were sailing up the Seine, in canoes made of the bark of the elm, dis-

embarked upon its northern shore, directly opposite to *Lutetia*. They were under the command of the Iarle *Carnut*, third son of *Tendal*, Prince of the North. *Carnut* was on his return from laying waste all the coasts of the Hyperborean Sea, over which he had spread horror and devastation. He was secretly favoured in Gaul by the Druids, who, like all weak men, take the side of those who have rendered themselves formidable. As soon as *Carnut* had landed, he went in search of King *Bardus*, and said to him, "Let us fight, thou and I, at the head of our warriors : The weakest shall obey the strongest ; for it is the first Law of Nature, that every thing should yield to force." King *Bardus* replied, "Oh, *Carnut* ! if the point in dispute were the hazarding of my own life, for the defence of my people, I would, without hesitation, expose it. But I will not expose the lives of my people, were it even to save my own. It is goodness, and not force, which ought to be the choice of Kings. It is goodness only, which governs the World, and it employs, for that purpose, intelligence and strength, which are subordinate to it, as are all the other Powers of the Universe. Valiant son of *Tendal*, since thou wishest to govern men, let us try whether of the two, you or I, is the most capable of doing them good. Behold these poor Gauls entirely naked. Without making offensive comparisons, I have several times clothed and fed them, even to the denying myself clothes and food. Let us see what provision thou wilt make for their wants."

Carnut accepted the challenge. It was now Autumn. He went to the chase with his warriors ; he killed a great number of birds, stags, elks, and wild boars. He afterwards, with the flesh of these animals, gave a great feast to the inhabitants of *Lutetia*, and clothed in their skins those who were naked. King *Bardus* said to him, "Son of *Tendal*, thou art a mighty huntsman : Thou wilt be able to support the people, during the hunting season ;

“ but in Spring, and during Summer time, they will perish with hunger. For my part, with my corn, the fleeces of my sheep, and the milk of my flocks, I can maintain them throughout the whole year.”

Carnut made no reply ; but he remained encamped, with his warriors, upon the banks of the river, and refused to withdraw.

Bardus, perceiving his obstinacy, went to seek him in his turn, and proposed a second challenge to him : “ Valour,” said he, “ is the quality of a warlike Chief, but patience is still more necessary to Kings. Since thou wishest to reign, let us try which of us can carry this ponderous log, the longest.” It was the trunk of an oak of thirty years old. *Carnut* took it on his back, but soon losing patience, hastily threw it down again. *Bardus* laid it across his shoulders, and bore it without moving, till after sunset, and even till the night was far advanced.

Nevertheless, *Carnut* and his warriors would not depart. They thus passed the whole Winter, employed in hunting. The Spring returned, and they threatened to destroy a rising city, which refused to do them homage ; and they became still greater objects of terror, as they began to be in total want of food. *Bardus* did not know how to rid himself of them, for they were the most powerful. In vain did he consult the most aged of his people ; no one could give him any advice. At last, he laid his distress before his mother *Lutetia*, who was now very old, but who still possessed an excellent understanding.

Lutetia said to him, “ My son, you are acquainted with a great number of ancient and curious histories, which I taught you, in your infancy ; you excel in singing : Challenge the son of *Tendal* to a competition in song with you.”

Bardus went, and found out *Carnut*, and said to him, “ Son of *Tendal*, it is not sufficient for a King to maintain his subjects, and to be firm and constant in his la-

“ bours : He ought to know, likewise, how to banish
 “ from their minds those miseries of opinion which ren-
 “ der them unhappy : For, it is opinion which exercises
 “ influence over Mankind, and renders them good or bad.
 “ Let us see, whether of the two, thou or I, can exert the
 “ greatest power over their minds. It was not by fight-
 “ ing merely that *Hercules* attracted followers in Gaul,
 “ but by divine songs, which flowed from his mouth like
 “ chains of gold, charmed the ears of those who listened,
 “ and constrained them to follow him.”

Carnut, with joy, accepted this third challenge. He sung the combats of the Gods of the North on the icy mountains ; the tempests of *Niorder* upon the Seas ; the tricks of *Vidar* in the air ; the ravages of *Thor* on the Earth ; and the empire of *Hæder* in the dark regions of Hell. To these he added the rehearsal of his own victories, and his tremendous strains transfused the emotions of fury into the heart of his warriors, who were on tiptoe to spread universal destruction.

As to King *Bardus*, the following were his milder strains :

“ I sing the dawn of the morning ; the earliest rays of
 “ *Aurora*, which have arisen on the Gauls, the empire of
 “ *Pluto* ; the blessings of *Ceres*, and the misfortune of the
 “ infant *Lois*. Listen to my songs, ye spirits of the riv-
 “ ers, and repeat them to the spirits of the azure moun-
 “ tains.

“ *Ceres* came from seeking her daughter *Proserpine*
 “ over the face of the whole Earth. She was on her re-
 “ turn to Sicily, where grateful myriads adored her. She
 “ traversed the savage Gauls, their trackless mountains,
 “ their desert valleys, and their gloomy forests, when she
 “ found her progress stopped by the waters of *Seine*, her
 “ own nymph, transformed into a river.

“ On the opposite bank of the *Seine*, there happened,
 “ at that time, to be a beautiful boy, with flaxen hair,
 “ named *Lois*, bathing himself in the stream. He took

“ delight to swim in the transparent waters, and to run
“ about naked on the solitary verdant downs. The mo-
“ ment that he perceived a female, he flew to hide him-
“ self amidst a tuft of reeds.

“ My lovely child ! cried *Ceres* to him, with a sigh ;
“ come to me, my lovely child ! On hearing the voice of
“ a woman in distress, *Loïs* left his retreat among the
“ reeds. He puts on, with blushes, his robe of lamb’s
“ skin, which was suspended on a willow. He crosses
“ the Seine on a bank of sand, and presenting his hand
“ to *Ceres*, shews her a path through the midst of the wa-
“ ters.

“ *Ceres* having passed the river, gives the boy *Loïs* a
“ cake, a sheaf of corn, and a kiss ; she then informs him
“ how bread was made from the corn, and how corn grows
“ in the fields. Thanks, beauteous stranger, returned
“ *Loïs* ; I will carry to my mother thy lessons, and thy
“ welcome presents.

“ The mother of *Loïs* divides with her child and hus-
“ band the cake and the kiss. The enraptured father
“ cultivates a field, and sows the grain. By and by the
“ Earth is clothed with a golden harvest, and a report is
“ diffused over the Gauls, that a Goddess had presented
“ a celestial plant to their fortunate inhabitants.

“ Near to that place lived a Druid. He was entrusted
“ with the inspection of the forests. He measured out to
“ the Gauls, for food, beech mast, and acorns from the
“ oak. When he beheld a field cultivated, and a rich
“ harvest : What becomes of my power, says he, if men
“ learn to live on corn ?

“ He calls *Loïs*. My pretty little friend, says he to
“ him, where wert thou when thou beheldest the strang-
“ er, who gave thee the fine ears of corn. *Loïs*, appre-
“ hending no evil, conducts him to the banks of the Seine.
“ I was, says he, under that silver leaved willow ; I was
“ running about over those snowy daisies : I flew to hide
“ myself under these reeds, because I was naked. The

“ treacherous Druid smiled : He seizes *Loïs*, and plunges
“ him into the depths of the stream.

“ The mother of *Loïs* saw her beloved child no more.
“ She wanders through the woods, calling aloud, *Loïs !*
“ Where art thou ? my darling child, *Loïs !* The echoes
“ alone repeat, *Loïs*, my darling child, *Loïs !* She runs
“ like one distracted along the banks of the Seine. She
“ perceives something white by the edge of the water :
“ He cannot be far off, said she ; there are his beloved
“ flowers, there are his snowy daisies. Alas ! it was *Loïs*,
“ her darling child, *Loïs !*

“ She weeps, she groans, she sighs ; she takes up in her
“ trembling arms the clay cold body of *Loïs* ; she fond-
“ ly tries to reanimate him in her bosom ; but the heart
“ of the mother has no longer the power of communicat-
“ ing warmth to the body of the son ; and the clay cold
“ body of the son is already freezing the heart of a moth-
“ er : She is on the point of expiring. The Druid,
“ mounted on an adjoining rock, exults in his vengeance.

“ The Gods do not always appear at the cry of the
“ miserable ; but the voice of a forlorn mother attracted
“ the attention of *Ceres*. The Goddess appeared. *Loïs*,
“ says she, be thou the most beautiful flower of the Gauls.
“ Immediately the pale cheeks of *Loïs* expanded into a
“ calix more white than the snow : His flaxen hairs were
“ transformed into filaments of gold, the sweetest of per-
“ fumes exhales from it. Its limber stem rises toward
“ Heaven, but its head still droops on the banks of the
“ river which he loved. *Loïs* is changed into a lily.

“ The Priest of *Pluto* beholds this prodigy unmoved.
“ He raises to the superior Gods, an inflamed counte-
“ nance, and eyes sparkling with rage. He blasphemes,
“ he threatens *Ceres* : He was going to assault her with
“ an impious hand ; when she cries to him aloud : Gloomy
“ and cruel tyrant, Remain.

“ At the voice of the Goddess, he becomes immovea-
“ ble. But the rock feels the powerful command ; it

“ opens into a cleft ; the legs of the Druid sink into it ;
 “ his visage, bearded all over, and empurpled with rage,
 “ rises toward Heaven in divergent crimson radiations,
 “ and the garment which covered his murderous arms, is
 “ bristled into prickles. The Druid is transformed into
 “ a thistle.

“ Thou, said the Goddesses of the Harvests, who wouldst
 “ persevere in feeding men like beasts, become thyself
 “ food for animals. Continue to be the enemy of the
 “ harvests after thy death, as thou wert during thy life.
 “ As for thee, beautiful flower of *Lois*, be thou the orna-
 “ ment of the Seine, and may thy victorious flower, in
 “ the hand of her Kings, one day prevail triumphantly
 “ over the mistletoe of the Druids.

“ Gallant followers of *Carnut*, come and dwell in my
 “ city. The flower of *Lois* perfumes my gardens ; the
 “ virgins, night and day, chant his adventure in my
 “ plains. Every one there engages in easy and cheerful
 “ labour : And my granaries, beloved by *Ceres*, overflow
 “ with piles of grain.”

Scarcely had *Bardus* finished his song, when the war-
 riors of the North, who were perishing with hunger, aban-
 doned the son of *Tendal*, and fixed their residence in *Lu-*
tetia. This good King frequently said to me, “ Ah !
 “ why have I not here some illustrious bard of Greece,
 “ or of Egypt, to polish the minds of my subjects ? Noth-
 “ ing tends so much to humanize the heart, as the melo-
 “ dy of sweet songs. With the capacity of composing
 “ fine verses, and ingenious fictions, there is no need of a
 “ sceptre to maintain authority.”

He carried *Cephas* and me to visit the spot where he
 had planted the trees and the grains recovered from our
 shipwreck. It was on the declivity of a hill exposed to
 the South. I was transported with delight, when I saw
 the trees which we had imported, replenished with juices
 and vigor. I first distinguished the quince tree of Crete,
 from its cottony and fragrant fruit ; the walnut tree of

Jupiter, of a glossy green ; the filbert ; the fig tree ; the poplar ; the pear tree of Mount Ida, with its pyramidal fruit. All these trees were from the Island of Crete. There were besides the vines of Thafos, and young chestnut trees of the Island of Sardinia. I saw a vast country within the compass of a small garden. Among those plants appeared some which were my compatriots, such as the hemp and the flax. These were the vegetables which pleased the King most, because of their utility. He had admired the stuffs into which they are manufactured in Egypt, more durable and more pliant than the skins in which most of the Gauls are habited. The King took delight in watering those plants with his own hand, and in clearing them of weeds. Already the hemp, of a beautiful green, carried all its heads equal to the stature of a Man, and the flax, in blossom, clothed the ground with a shade of azure.

While *Cephas* and I were inwardly exulting in the reflection of having done good, information was received that the Britons, elated with their recent success, not content to dispute with the Gauls the empire of the Sea which separates them, were preparing to attack them by land, and to sail up the Seine, with an intention to carry steel and flame into the very bosom of the Country. They had taken their departure in boats innumerable, from a promontory of their island, separated from the Continent by only a narrow strait. They coasted along the shore of the Gauls, and were ready to enter the Seine, the dangers of which they knew how to avoid, by running into the creeks, which are sheltered from the rage of *Neptune*. The intended invasion of the Britons was noised abroad over all the Gauls, from the moment that they began to put it into execution ; for the Gauls kindle fires on the mountains, and by the number of these fires, and the thickness of their smoke, convey intelligence much more promptly than by the flight of a bird.

On receiving news that the Britons had embarked, the confederated troops of the Gauls began to march to defend the mouth of the Seine. They were ranged under the standards of their several Chieftains : These consisted of the skins of the wolf, the bear, the vulture, the eagle, or of some other mischievous animal, suspended at the extremity of a long pole. That of King *Bardus*, and of his island, presented the figure of a ship, the symbol of commerce. *Cephas* and I accompanied the King on this expedition. In a few days, all the united force of the Gauls was collected on the shore of the Sea.

Three opinions were started, respecting the mode of defence. The first was, to drive piles along the coast, to prevent the debarkation of the Britons ; a plan of easy execution, considering that our numbers were inconceivable, and the forests at hand. The second was, to give them battle the moment that they landed. The third, not to expose the troops to the open attack of the advancing enemy, but to assault them when landed, and after they were entangled in the woods and valleys. No one of these opinions was followed up ; for discord prevailed among the Chieftains of Gaul. Every one was for commanding, while no one was disposed to obey. While they were wasting time in deliberation, the enemy appeared, and disembarked, while we were settling the arrangement of our plan.

But for *Cephas*, we had been undone. Before the arrival of the Britons, he had advised King *Bardus* to divide his force into two, composed of the inhabitants of *Lutetia*, to place himself in ambush, with the better part, in the woods which covered the opposite side of the Mountain of Heva ; while *Cephas* himself should engage the enemy with the other party, joined to the rest of the Gauls. I entreated *Cephas* to detach from his division, the young soldiers, who panted, like myself, to come to close action, and to entrust me with the command. I have no fear of danger, said I. Through all the proofs

which the Priests of Thebes prescribe to the initiated, I passed, and knew not what fear was. *Cephas* hesitated a few moments. At last he committed the young men of his division to my charge, recommending to them, as well as to me, not to separate too far from the main body.

The enemy, meanwhile, had made good their landing. At sight of this, many of the Gauls advanced to attack them, rending the air with loud cries ; but as they charged in small parties, they were easily repulsed ; and it would have been impossible to rally a single man of them, had not our rear afforded them an opportunity of recovering from their confusion. We presently perceived the Britons in full march to attack us. The youthful band which I commanded was instantly in motion, and advanced toward the Britons, unconcerned whether we were supported by the rest of the Gallic force or not. When we got within bow shot, we saw that the enemy formed only one single column, long, broad, and closely embattled, advancing slowly upon us, while their barks were forcing their way up the river, to get upon our rear. I was staggered, I confess, at sight of that multitude of half naked barbarians, painted with red and blue, marching along in profound silence, and with the most perfect order. But when all at once there issued, from their noiseless phalanx, clouds of darts, of arrows, of pebbles, and leaden balls, which brought down many of us, piercing some through and through, my surviving companions betook themselves to flight. I myself was going to forget that it was my duty to set them an example of resolution, when I beheld *Cephas* by my side ; he was followed by the whole army. " Let us invoke *Hercules*," cried he, " and advance to the charge." The presence of my friend reanimated all my courage. I resumed my station, and we made the attack with our pikes levelled. The first enemy whom I encountered, was a native of the Hebrides, a man of gigantic stature. The aspect of his arms inspired horror : His head and shoulders were clad in the skin of a prickly

thornback ; he wore around his neck a collar of human jaw bones, and he bore for a lance, the trunk of a young fir, armed with the tooth of a whale. "What demandest thou of *Hercules* ?" said he to me ; "here he is to attend thee." At the same time, he aimed at me a stroke of his enormous lance, with so much fury, that if it had hit the mark, I must have been nailed by it to the ground, which it penetrated to a great depth. While he was struggling to disengage it, I pierced him through the throat with the spear which was in my hand : There immediately issued from the wound a stream of black and thick blood ; and down fell the stately Briton, biting the ground, and blaspheming the Gods.

Meanwhile our troops, collected into one firm body, were closely engaged with the column of the enemy. Clubs clashed with clubs, buckler pressed on buckler, lance crossed lance. Thus two fierce bulls dispute the empire of the meadows : Their horns entwine ; their foreheads rattle against each other : Bellowing, they press in opposite directions ; and whether they gain or lose ground, neither separates from his rival. Thus we maintained the combat, body to body. Nevertheless, that column, which exceeded us in numbers, was bearing us down with superior force, when King *Bardus* came up, and assaulted their rear with his troops, who came into action with a shout which rended the air. Upon this a panic terror seized these barbarians, who had been flushed with the hope of surrounding us, but were themselves surrounded. They deserted their ranks in confusion, and fled toward the shore of the Sea, in the hope of regaining their barks, which had now considerably advanced up the stream. A dreadful carnage ensued, and many prisoners were taken.

The combat being finished, I said to *Cephas*, The Gauls are indebted for their victory, to the counsel which you gave the King ; for my part, to you I owe the preservation of my honour. I had solicited a post which I knew not how to fill ; I ought to have exhibited an example of

valour to those who were under my command ; but was incapable of doing it, when your presence rekindled a sense of duty. I imagined that the initiations of Egypt had fortified me against all apprehension of danger ; but it is easy to be brave amidst conflicts, out of which you are sure of escaping. *Cephas* thus replied : “ O *Ama-*
“ *sis* ! there is more fortitude in confessing a fault, than
“ there is weakness in committing it. It is *Hercules* who
“ has given us the victory ; but, after him, it was sur-
“ prise which robbed our enemies of courage, and which
“ had shaken your’s. Military valour, like every other
“ virtue, is to be acquired only by exercise. We ought,
“ on all occasions, to be diffident of ourselves. In vain
“ do we trust to our own experience ; in the aid of Heav-
“ en alone our confidence should be placed. While we
“ are buckling on our armour to defend us before, for-
“ tune strikes at us from behind. Confidence in the
“ Gods alone, is a defence on every side.”

To *Hercules* we consecrated part of the spoils taken from the Britons. The Druids advised to burn the prisoners, because the Britons were in use to treat those whom they took in battle from the Gauls in this manner. But I presented myself in the assembly of the Gauls, and thus addressed them : “ O ye Nations ! you see from my ex-
“ ample, whether the Gods delight in human sacrifices.
“ They have deposited the victory in your generous hands :
“ Will you stain them with the blood of the miserable ?
“ Has there not enough of blood been shed in the rage of
“ battle ? Can you now spill it, without passion, and in
“ the joy of triumph ? Your enemies immolate their pris-
“ oners. Surpass them in generosity, as you surpass them
“ in courage.” The ladies, and all the warriors, received this advice with loud applause : And it was decreed that the prisoners of war should be disarmed, and reduced to slavery.

I was the cause, therefore, of the abolition of the Law which condemned them to the flames. I likewise proved the occasion of abrogating the custom of sacrificing in-

nocents to *Mars*, and of reducing the shipwrecked to servitude. Thus was I thrice useful to Mankind in the Gauls ; once by my success, and twice by my misfortunes : So true it is that the Gods can, when they please, bring good out of evil.

We returned to *Lutetia*, loaded with the acclamations and applause of the People. The first anxiety expressed by the King, on his arrival, was to carry us with him to visit his garden. The greatest part of our trees were in great forwardness. He admired, first, how Nature had preserved their fruits from the attack of the birds. The chestnut, still in a milky state, was covered with leather, and with a prickly shell. The tender walnut was protected by a hard shell, and a bitter outward case. The soft fruits were defended, previous to their maturity, by their roughness, their acidity, or their verdure. Those which were ripe invited the hand to gather them. The gold coloured apricot, the velvet peach, and the cottony quince, exhaled the sweetest of perfumes. The boughs of the plum tree were covered with violet coloured fruits, besprinkled with a white powder. The grapes, already of a vermillion hue, hung in clusters from the vine ; and over the broad leaves of the fig tree, the half opened fig distilled its juice in drops of honey and crystal. " It is easy to see," said the King, " that these fruits are presents sent from Heaven. " They are not, like the seeds of our forest trees, at a height " which we cannot reach (21). They present themselves " to the hand. Their smiling colours allure the eye, " their sweet perfumes the organs of smelling, and they " seem formed for the mouth, from their size and " roundness." But when that good king had caught the flavour of them by his palate, " O real gift of *Jupiter* !" exclaimed he, " no aliment prepared by human skill is " once to be compared to them ! They excel in sweetness the honey and the cream. O, my dear friends, " my much respected guests, you have bestowed on me a " present of much higher value than my kingdom ! You

“ have introduced into savage Gaul a portion of delicious
“ Egypt. I prefer a single one of these trees to all the
“ mines of tin which render the Britons so rich and so
“ haughty.”

He sent for the principal inhabitants of the city, and made each of them taste those wondrous fruits. He recommended to them carefully to preserve the seeds, and to put them in the ground at the proper season. From the joy expressed by this excellent Prince, and by his People, I was made sensible that Man's highest delight consists in doing good to his fellow creatures.

Cephas said to me, “ Now is the time to shew to my
“ compatriots the use of the Arts of Egypt. I have sav-
“ ed from the shipwrecked vessel the greatest part of our
“ machines; but hitherto they have remained unemploy-
“ ed; nay, I durst not so much as look at them; for they
“ reminded me too affectingly of the loss of you. The
“ moment is come for turning them to account. Those
“ fields of corn are now ripe; that hemp, and those flax-
“ es, are hastening to be so.”

Having gathered those plants, we taught the King, and his People, the use of mills, for reducing corn to flour, and the different processes of preparing dough, in order to make bread of it (22). Previous to our arrival, the Gauls peeled wheat, oats, and barley, by pounding them with wooden mallets in the trunk of a tree hollowed out, and satisfied themselves with boiling the grain in this state for food. We afterwards shewed them the method of steeping hemp in water, to separate the filaments from the straw, of drying it, of beating it, of dressing it, of spinning it, and of twisting several threads together, for the purpose of making cordage. We made them observe how those cords, by their strength and pliancy, are adapted to act as the nerves of every species of machinery. We taught them the art of distending the threads of flax on looms, to weave into cloth by means of the shuttle; and how these gentle and useful labours might employ the

young people, innocently and agreeably, during the long nights of Winter.

We instructed them in the use of the auger, of the gimlet, of the plane, and of the saw, invented by the ingenious *Dedalus*; as these tools furnish Man with additional hands, and fashion to his use a multitude of trees, the timber of which would have gone to waste in the forests. We taught them to extract from their knotty trunk powerful screws, and ponderous presses, fit for squeezing out the juice of an infinite number of fruits, and for forcing oils out of the hardest nuts. They did not gather many grapes from our vines; but we inspired them with an ardent desire of multiplying the slips, not only by the excellence of the fruit from the bough, but by letting them taste the wines of Crete, and of the Isle of Thasos, which we had preserved in urns.

After having disclosed to them the use of an infinity of benefits, which Nature has placed on the face of the Earth, obvious to the eye of Man, we aided them in discovering those which she has deposited under their feet; how water may be found in places the most remote from rivers, by means of wells invented by *Danäus*; in what manner metals are discovered, though buried in the bowels of the Earth; how, after having them melted into bars, they could be hammered upon the anvil, to prepare them for being divided into tablets and plates; in what manner, by a process the most simple, clay may be fashioned, on the potter's wheel, into figures and vases of every form. We surprised them much more, by shewing them bottles of glass, made with sand and flint. They were delighted to ecstasy, to see the liquor which they contained manifest to the eye, but secured from the touch.

But when we read to them the books of *Mercurius Trismegistus*, which treat of the liberal Arts, and of the natural Sciences, then it was that their admiration exceeded all bounds. At first they were incapable of comprehending how speech could issue from a dumb book, and

how the thoughts of the earliest Egyptians could possibly have been transmitted to them, on the frail leaves of the papyrus. When they afterwards heard the recital of our discoveries ; when they saw the prodigies effected by the mechanical powers, which move the heaviest bodies by means of small levers, and those of Geometry, which can measure distances the most inaccessible, they became perfectly transported. The wonders of chymistry and of magic, and the various phenomena of physics hurried them from rapture to rapture. But when we predicted to them an eclipse of the Moon, which, prior to our arrival, they considered as an accidental failure of that planet, and when they saw, at the very moment which we had indicated, the orb of night become dark in the midst of a serene sky, they fell at our feet, saying, “ Assuredly, ye are “ Gods !”

Omsi, that young Druid who had discovered so much sensibility to my afflictions, attended all our lessons of instruction. “ From your intelligence,” said he to us, “ and “ from your beneficence, I am tempted to believe you “ some of the superior Gods ; but from the ills which “ you have endured, I perceive that you are only men “ like ourselves. You must, undoubtedly, have contrived the means of climbing up into Heaven ; or the inhabitants of the celestial regions must have descended into highly favoured Egypt, to communicate to you so many benefits, and so much illumination. Your Arts and Sciences surpass our understanding, and can be the effects only of a power divine. You are the darling children of the superior Gods : As for us, we are abandoned of *Jupiter* to the infernal deities. Our country is covered with unproductive forests, inhabited by maleficent genii, who disseminate through the whole of our existence, discord, civil broils, terrors, ignorance, and mischievous opinions. Our lot is a thousand times more deplorable than that of the beasts, which, clothed, lodged, and fed by the hand of Nature, follow undevi-

“ atingly their instinct, without being tormented by the
“ fears of Hell.”

“ The Gods,” replied *Cephas*, “ have not been unjust
“ to any Country, nor to any one individual. Every
“ Country possesses blessings peculiar to itself, and which
“ serve to keep up a communication among all Nations,
“ by a reciprocal interchange of commodities. Gaul con-
“ tains the metals which Egypt wants ; her forests are
“ more beautiful ; her cattle yield milk in greater abun-
“ dance ; and, the fleeces of her sheep are greater in quan-
“ tity, and give a finer wool. But wheresoever the hab-
“ itation of Man is fixed, his portion is always far supe-
“ rior to that of the beasts, because he is endowed with a
“ reason which expands in proportion to the obstacles
“ which it surmounts, and because he alone of animals is
“ capable of applying to his own use means which noth-
“ ing can resist, such as fire. Thus, *Jupiter* has bestow-
“ ed upon him empire over the Earth, by illuminating
“ his reason with the intelligence of Nature herself, and
“ by confiding to him alone that element which is her
“ prime moving principle.”

Cephas afterwards talked to *Omfi*, and to the Gauls, of
the rewards prepared, in the World to come, for virtue
and beneficence, and the punishments laid up in store for
vice and tyranny ; of the metempsychosis, and the other
mysteries of the religion of Egypt, as far as a stranger is
permitted to be instructed in them. The Gauls, consol-
ed by his Discourse, and enriched by our presents, called
us their benefactors, their fathers, the true interpreters of
the Gods. King *Bardus* thus addressed us : “ I will
“ adore *Jupiter* alone. As *Jupiter* loves Mankind, he
“ must afford particular protection to Kings, to whom
“ the felicity of whole Nations is entrusted. I will
“ likewise pay homage to *Isis*, who has brought down
“ his benefits to the Earth, that she may present the
“ vows of my People to the Sovereign of the Gods.” At
the same time, he gave orders to rear a temple to *Isis* (23),

at some distance from the city, in the midst of the forest; to erect her statue in it, with the infant *Orus* in her arms, such as we had brought it with us in our vessel; to honour her with all the sacred ceremonies of Egypt; and that her priestesses, clothed in linen, should night and day adore her with songs, and by a life of purity, which exalts Man to the Gods.

He afterwards expressed a wish to be instructed in reading and tracing the Ionic characters. He was so struck with the utility of letters, that, transported with delight, he sung the following strains.

“ Behold the magic characters which have power to
“ recal the dead from the dark recesses of the tomb. They
“ inform us what our fathers thought a thousand years
“ ago; and a thousand years hence, they will be instruct-
“ ing our children what we think at this day. There is
“ no arrow that flies so far, neither is there any lance so
“ strong. They can reach a man though entrenched on
“ the summit of a mountain; they penetrate into the
“ head though fortified with the helmet, and force their
“ way to the heart in defiance of the cuirass. They calm
“ seditions, they administer sage counsels, they conciliate
“ affection, they comfort, they strengthen; but in the
“ hands of a wicked man, they produce quite an opposite
“ effect.”

“ My son,” said this good King to me, one day, “ Are
“ the moons of thy country more beautiful than ours?
“ Hast thou remaining in Egypt any object of regret?
“ Thou hast brought to us from thence all the best of hu-
“ man blessings: Plants, arts and sciences. All Egypt
“ ought to be here for thy sake. Continue to live with
“ us. After my death thou shalt reign over the Gauls.
“ I have no child, except an only daughter named Go-
“ tha: To thee I will give her in marriage. A whole
“ People, believe me, is of more value than one family,
“ and a good wife than the land of one’s nativity. Go-
“ tha’s residence is in that island below, the trees of

“ which are visible from this spot ; for it is proper that
“ a young woman should be brought up remote from
“ men, and especially at a distance from the Courts of
“ Kings.”

The desire of making a Nation happy suspended in me the love of Country. I consulted *Cephas* on the subject, who adopted the views of the King. I besought that Prince, therefore, to permit me to be conducted to the place of his daughter's habitation, that, in conformity to the custom of the Egyptians, I might endeavour to render myself agreeable to the person who was one day to be the partner of my pains and of my pleasures. The King gave orders to an aged female, who came every day to the palace for provisions for Gotha, to conduct me to her presence. The ancient lady made me embark with her in a barge loaded with necessaries ; and committing ourselves to the course of the stream, we landed, in a very little while, on the island where the daughter of King *Bardus* resided. This island was called the Isle of Swans, because the birds of that name resorted thither in the Spring, to make their nests among the reeds that surround its shores, and which, at all seasons, fed on the *anserina potentilla* (24) produced there in great abundance. On our landing, we perceived the Princess seated under a clump of alder trees, in the midst of a down, yellowed all over with the flowers of the *anserina*. She was encompassed with swans, which she called to her, by scattering among them the grains of oats. Though she was under the shade of the trees, she surpassed those birds in whiteness, from the purity of her complexion, and the fairness of her ermine robe. Her hair was of the most beautiful black ; and she wore it encircled, as well as her robe, with a red coloured ribband. Two women, who attended her at some distance, advanced to meet us. The one tied our barge to the branches of a willow ; and the other, taking me by the hand, presented me to her mistress. The young Princess made me sit down by her on the grass ; after which

she invited me to partake with her of some flour of millet boiled, of a duck roasted on the bark of the birch tree, with goat milk in the horn of an elk. She then waited, in modest silence, till I should explain to her the intention of my visit.

Having tasted, in compliance with the custom, the dishes presented to me, I addressed her thus : " O beautiful *Gotha*, I aspire to the honour of being son in law to the King, your father, and I visit you with his consent, to know whether my suit will be agreeable to you ?"

The daughter of King *Bardus*, with downcast looks, replied, " O stranger ! I have been demanded in marriage by many Larles, who are, from day to day, making my father magnificent presents, in the hope of obtaining my hand ; but no one of them possesses my affection. Fighting is the only art which they understand. As for thee, I believe, if thou becomest my husband, thou wilt make my happiness thy study, since thou already hast devoted thyself to the happiness of my People. Thou wilt instruct me in the arts of Egypt, and I shall become like unto the good *Isis* of thy Country, whose name is mentioned with such profound respect all over Gaul."

After she had thus spoken, she attentively considered the different parts of my habit, admired the fineness of their texture, and made her women examine them, who lifted up their eyes to Heaven in astonishment. After a short pause, looking at me, she thus proceeded : " Though thou comest from a Country replenished with every species of wealth, and every production of ingenuity, do not imagine that I am in want of any thing, and that I myself am destitute of intelligence. My father has trained me up in the love of labour, and he causes me to live in the greatest abundance of all things."

At the same time she introduced me into her palace, where twenty of her women were employed in plucking river fowls, to make, for her, ornaments and robes of their

plumage. She shewed me baskets and mats of very delicate rushes, woven by her own hand ; vessels of fine pewter in great quantities ; a hundred skins of wolves, martens, and foxes, with twenty bear skins. “ All this treasure,” said she to me, “ shall be thine, if thou espoudest me ; but upon these conditions, that thou takest no other wife but me ; that thou shalt not oblige me to labour the ground, nor to go in quest of the skins of the deer and of the buffaloes which thou mayest kill in hunting in the forests ; for such tasks are imposed by husbands on their wives, in these countries, but which I do not at all like ; and that, if at length thou becomest tired of living with me, thou shalt replace me in this isle, whither thou hast come to woo me, and where my pleasure consists in feeding the swans, and in chanting the praises of *Seine*, the nymph of *Ceres*.”

I smiled within myself at the simplicity of the daughter of King *Bardus*, and at sight of what she denominated treasure ; but as the true riches of a wife consist in the love of industry, candor, frankness, gentleness, and that there is no dowry once to be compared to these virtues, I replied to her, “ O beautiful *Gotha*, marriage among the Egyptians is a legal union, a mutual interchange of possessions, and of sorrows ; thou shalt be dear to me as the better half of myself.” I then made her a present of a skein of flax, which grew, and was prepared in the gardens of the King, her father. She received it with delight, and said to me, “ My friend, I will spin this flax, and have it weaved into a robe for the day of my espousals.” She presented me, in her turn, with this little dog which you see, so covered over with hair, that his eyes are scarcely discernible. She said to me, “ The name of this dog is *Gallus* ; he is descended from a race remarkable for their fidelity. He will follow thee wheresoever thou goest, over the land, over the snow, and into the water. He will accompany thee in the chase, nay, to the field of battle. He will be to thee,

“ at all seasons, a faithful companion, and a symbol of my affection.” As the day was drawing to a close, she reminded me that it was time to retire, desiring me, in future, not to come down along the current of the river, but to travel by land on the banks, till I came opposite to her island, where her women should be in waiting to ferry me over, and thus conceal our mutual felicity from jealous eyes. I took my leave of her, and returned to my home, forming in my own mind, as I went on my way, a thousand agreeable projects.

One day as I was going to visit her, through a path cut out in the forest, in compliance with the advice which she had given me, I met one of the principal Iarles, attended by a great number of his vassals. They were armed as if they had been in a state of war. For my part, I wore no armour, like a man who was at peace with all the World, and whose mind was occupied only with the reveries of love. The Iarle advanced toward me with a haughty air, and thus accosted me : “ What seekest thou in this country of warriors, with these womanish arts of thine ? Meanest thou to teach us how to spin flax, and expectest thou to obtain the beauteous *Gotha* as thy recompense ? My name is *Torstan*. I was one of the companions of *Carnut*. I have been engaged in twenty two battles by sea, and have come off victorious in thirty single combats. Thrice have I fought with *Vittiking*, that renowned Prince of the North. I am going to carry thy hairy scalp, and lay it at the feet of the God *Mars*, from whom thou madest thy escape, and to quaff from thy skull the milk of my flocks.”

After an address so brutal, I apprehended that the barbarian was about to assassinate me ; but uniting magnanimity to ferociousness, he took off his head piece and cuirass, which were of bull's hide, and presenting to me two naked swords, desired me to make my choice.

It was useless to think of reasoning with a man under the influence of jealousy and madness. I secretly invok-

ed the aid of *Jupiter*, the protector of strangers ; and having chosen the shorter, but the lighter of the two swords, though I had scarcely strength to wield it, a dreadful combat ensued, while his vassals surrounded us as witnesses, expecting to see the earth reddened either with the blood of their Chieftain, or with that of their guest.

My intention at first was to disarm my enemy, in the view of saving his life, but he did not leave this in my option. Rage transported him beyond all the bounds of prudence. The first blow which he aimed at me, carried off a huge splinter from a neighbouring oak. I shunned the blow, by stooping down my head. This movement redoubled his insolence. "Wert thou," exclaimed he, "to stoop down to hell, thou shouldest not escape me." Then, taking his sword in both hands, he fell furiously upon me ; but *Jupiter* preserving my senses in complete tranquillity, I parried with the back of my sword the stroke with which he was going to fell me to the ground, and presenting to him the point, he violently rushed upon it, and run himself through the breast. Two streams of blood issued at once from the wound and from his mouth ; he fell backward, the sword dropped from his hands, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and expired. His vassals immediately encompassed his body, uttering loud and horrid cries. But they suffered me to depart without the least molestation ; for generosity is a prominent character in those barbarians. I retired to the city, sadly deploring my victory.

I gave an account of what had happened, to *Cephas* and to the King. "Those Iarles," said the King, "give me much uneasiness. They tyrannize over my People. Every profligate in the Country, on whom they can lay their hands, they take care to wheedle over, in order to strengthen their party. They sometimes render themselves formidable even to myself. But the Druids are still much more so. No one dares to do any thing here

“ without their consent. Which way shall I go to work
“ to enfeeble those two powers ? I imagined that by in-
“ creasing the influence of the Iarles, I should raise a bul-
“ wark to oppose that of the Druids. But the contrary
“ has taken place : The power of the Druids is increased.
“ It appears as if there were an understanding between
“ them, for the purpose of extending their oppression
“ over the People, nay, even over my guests. O stran-
“ ger,” said he to me, “ you have had but too much ex-
“ perience of this !” Then, turning to *Cephas*, “ O my
“ friend,” added he, “ you who, in the course of your
“ travels, have acquired the knowledge necessary to the
“ government of Mankind, give some instruction, on this
“ subject, to a King, who never was beyond the limits of
“ his own Country. Oh ! how sensible I am of the ben-
“ fit which Kings might derive from travelling.”

“ I will unfold to you, O King,” replied *Cephas*, “ some
“ part of the Policy and Philosophy of Egypt. One of
“ the fundamental Laws of Nature is, that every thing
“ must be governed by contraries. From contraries the
“ harmony of the Universe results. The same thing
“ holds good with respect to that of Nations. The pow-
“ er of arms, and that of Religion, are at variance in ev-
“ ery Country. These two powers are necessary to the
“ preservation of the State. When the People are op-
“ pressed by their Chieftains, they flee for refuge to the
“ Priests ; and when oppressed by their Priests, they seek
“ refuge in the Chieftains. The power of the Druids has
“ increased, therefore, with you, by that very increase of
“ the power of the Iarles ; for these two powers univer-
“ sally counterbalance each other. If you wish, then, to
“ diminish one of the two, so far from augmenting its
“ counterpoise, as you have done, you ought, on the con-
“ trary, to reduce it.

“ But there is a method still more simple, and more in-
“ fallible, of diminishing, at once, both the powers which
“ are so offensive to you. It is, to render your People

" happy ; for they will no longer ramble in quest of pro-
 " tection out of yourself, and these two powers will be
 " speedily annihilated, as they are indebted, for the whole
 " of their influence, only to the opinion of that very Peo-
 " ple. In this you will succeed, by furnishing the Gauls
 " with ample means of subsistence, by the establishment
 " of the arts which sweeten human life, and especially by
 " honouring and encouraging agriculture, which is its
 " main support. While the People thus live in the en-
 " joyment of abundance, the Iarles and the Druids will
 " find themselves in the same state. Whenever these two
 " corps shall have learned to be content with their con-
 " dition, they will no longer think of disturbing the re-
 " pose of others ; they will no longer have at their dis-
 " posal that crowd of miserable wretches, half starving
 " with cold and hunger, who, for a morsel of bread, are
 " ever ready to abet the violence of the one, or the su-
 " persition of the other. The result of this humane pol-
 " icy will be, that your own power, supported by that of
 " a People whom your exertions are rendering happy,
 " must completely absorb that of the Iarles and of the
 " Druids. In every well regulated Monarchy, the pow-
 " er of the King is in the People, and that of the People
 " in the King. You will then reduce your nobility and
 " the priesthood to their natural functions. The Iarles
 " will defend the Nation against foreign invasion, and
 " will be no longer oppressors at home : And the Druids
 " will no longer govern the Gauls by terror ; but will
 " comfort them, and, by their superior illumination, and
 " compassionate counsels, will assist them in bearing the
 " ills of life, as the ministers of every Religion ought
 " to do.

" By such a policy it is that Egypt has attained a de-
 " gree of power, and of felicity, which renders her the
 " centre of the Nations, and that the wisdom of her priest-
 " hood commands so much respect over the face of the
 " whole Earth. Keep this maxim, therefore, constantly.

“ in view : That every excess of power, in a religious or
“ military corps, arises out of the wretchedness of the
“ People, because all power is derived from them. There
“ is no other way of curbing that excess, but by rendering
“ the People happy.

“ When once your authority shall be completely estab-
“ lished, communicate a share of it to Magistrates selected
“ from among persons of the most distinguished goodness.
“ Bend your chief attention to the education of the chil-
“ dren of the commonalty : But take care not to entrust
“ it to the first adventurer who may be disposed to under-
“ take it, and still less to any one particular corps, such
“ as that of the Druids, the interests of which are always
“ different from those of the State. Consider the educa-
“ tion of the children of your People, as the most valua-
“ ble part of your administration. It alone can form citi-
“ zens. Without it the best Laws are good for nothing.
“ While you wait for the means and an opportunity,
“ of laying a solid foundation whereon to rear the fabric
“ of Gallic felicity, oppose some barriers to the ills which
“ they endure. Institute a variety of festivals, to dissipate
“ their thoughts by the charm of music and dancing.
“ Counterbalance the united influence of the Iarles and
“ Druids, by that of the women. Assist these in emerg-
“ ing out of their domestic slavery. Let them assist at
“ the festive meetings and assemblies, nay, at the religious
“ feasts. Their natural gentleness will gradually soften
“ the ferocity of both manners and religion.”

“ Your observations,” replied the King to *Cephas*, “ are
“ replete with truth, and your maxims with wisdom. I
“ mean to profit by them. It is my determination to ren-
“ der this city illustrious for its industry. In the mean
“ while, my People ask for nothing better than to sing
“ and make merry ; I myself will compose songs for
“ their use. As for the women, I am fully persuaded that
“ their aid will be of high importance to me. By their
“ means, I shall begin the work of rendering my People

“happy ; at least by the influence of Manners, if I can-
“not by that of Laws.”

While this good King was speaking, we perceived on the opposite bank of the Seine, the body of *Torstan*. It was stripped naked, and appeared on the grass like a hillock of snow. His friends and vassals moved solemnly around it, and, from time to time, rent the air with fearful cries. One of his kindred crossed the river in a boat, and addressed the King in these words : “ Blood calls for blood ; the Egyptian must be put to death ! ” The King made no reply to this person ; but as soon as he had retired, accosted me in these words : “ Your defence of
“yourself was perfectly warrantable and legal ; but were
“this my personal quarrel, I should be under the necessity of withdrawing from the consequences. If you remain, you will be obliged, by the Laws, to fight, one after
“another, with all the kindred of *Torstan*, who are very
“numerous, and sooner or later fall you must. On the
“other hand, if I defend you against them, as I mean to
“do, this rising city must be involved in your destruction ;
“for the relations, the friends and the vassals of *Torstan*,
“will assuredly come and lay siege to it ; and they will be
“joined by multitudes of the Gauls whom the Druids,
“irritated as they are against you, are already exciting to
“vengeance. Nevertheless, be confident of this, you will
“here find men determined not to abandon you, be the
“danger ever so threatening.”

He immediately issued his orders to provide for the security of the city ; and instantly the inhabitants were seen in motion along the ramparts, resolved, to a man, to stand a siege in my defence. Here, they collected a huge pile of flint stones ; there, they planted prodigious cross bows, and long beams, armed with prongs of Iron. Meanwhile, we perceived innumerable tribes of men, marching along the banks of the Seine, in martial array. They were the friends, the kinsmen, the vassals of *Torstan*, with their slaves, the partisans of the Druids, such as were jealous of

the King's establishment, and those who, from levity of mind, affect novelties. Some floated down the river in boats; others crossed the forest in lengthened columns. They took their station as one man on the banks adjoining to *Lutetia*, and their numbers surpassed the powers of reckoning. It was absolutely impossible I ever should escape them. In vain would it have been to make the attempt under favour of the darkness; for as soon as night set in, the besiegers kindled innumerable fires, with which the river was illumined to the very bottom of its channel.

Reduced to this perplexity, I formed in my own mind a resolution which was well pleasing to *Jupiter*. As I no longer expected any thing good at the hands of men, I resolved to throw myself into the arms of Virtue, and to save this infant city, by a voluntary surrender of myself to the enemy. Scarcely had I reposed my confidence in the Gods, when they appeared for my deliverance.

Omfi presented himself before us, holding in his hand an oaken bough, on which had grown a sprig of the mistletoe. At sight of this little shrub, which had almost proved so fatal to me, I shuddered with horror; but I was not aware, that we are frequently indebted for safety to that which menaced us with destruction, as we likewise frequently meet destruction in what promised us safety. "O King!" said *Omfi*, "O *Cephas*! be composed; I bear in my hand the means of saving your friend. "Young stranger," said he to me, "were all the Nations of Gaul combined against thee, armed with this, thou mayest pass through the thickest of their hosts, while not one of thy numerous foes durst so much as look thee in the face. It is a sprig of the mistletoe, which grew on this oaken branch. Permit me to inform you from whence proceeds the power of this plant, equally formidable to the Gods and to the men of this Country (25). *Balder*, one day, informed his mother *Friga*, that he had dreamed he was going to die. *Friga* conjured the fire, the metals, the stones, diseases, the wa-

“ter, animals, serpents, that they should not hurt her
 “son ; and the incantations of *Friga* were so powerful,
 “that nothing could resist them. *Balder* mingled, there-
 “fore, in the combats of the Gods, undaunted amidst
 “showers of arrows. *Loke*, his enemy, was eagerly de-
 “sirous of discovering the cause of it. He assumed the
 “form of an old woman, and threw himself in the way
 “of *Friga*. *Flights of arrows, and showers of massy*
 “*rock*, said he to her, *fall upon thy son Balder, but hurt*
 “*him not. I know it well*, said *Friga* ; *all these things*
 “*have pledged unto me their oath. Nothing in Nature*
 “*has the power of doing him harm. This grace have I*
 “*obtained of every being possessed of power. Of one little*
 “*shrub alone I asked it not, because it appeared to me too*
 “*feeble to excite apprehension. It adhered to the bark of*
 “*an oak ; and scarcely had the advantage of a roof. It*
 “*lived without earth. The name of it is Mistletoe*. Thus
 “spake *Friga*. *Loke* went instantly in quest of this little
 “shrub ; and mixing in the hosts of the Gods, while
 “they were engaged in combat with the invulnerable
 “*Balder*, for battles are their sports, he approached the
 “blind *Hæder*. *Wherefore*, said he to him, *levellest thou*
 “*not likewise weapons against Balder ? I am blind*, repli-
 “ed *Hæder*, *neither am I provided with arms*. *Loke*
 “presented to him the mistletoe of the oak, and said to
 “him, *Balder is just before thee*. The blind *Hæder* let
 “fly the fatal shaft : *Balder* falls transfixed and life-
 “less. Thus the invulnerable son of a Goddess was
 “slain by a twig of mistletoe, launched from the hand of
 “one blind. This is the origin of the respect paid in the
 “Gauls to this shrub.

“Compassionate, O stranger ! a People governed by
 “terror, because the voice of reason is not heard among
 “them. I flattered myself, on thy arrival, with the hope
 “that thou wert destined to found, and to extend her em-
 “pire, by introducing the Arts of Egypt ; and that I
 “should behold the accomplishment of an ancient oracle

“ universally received among us, by which a destiny the
“ most sublime is assigned to this city ; that its temples
“ shall rear their heads above the tops of the forests ;
“ that it shall assemble, within its precincts, the men of
“ all Nations ; that the ignorant should resort hither for
“ instruction, the miserable for consolation ; and that
“ there the Gods should communicate themselves to men,
“ as in highly favoured Egypt. But, ah, these happy
“ times are still removed to an awful distance.”

The King thus addressed *Cephas* and myself : “ O my
“ friends, avail yourselves, without a moment’s delay, of
“ the succour which *Omfi* brings you.” At the same
time he gave orders to prepare a barge for us, provided
with excellent rowers. He presented us with two ashen
half pikes, mounted with steel by his own hand, and two
ingots of gold, the first fruits of his commerce. He next
employed some of his confidential servants, to conduct us
to the territory of the Veneti. “ They are,” said he to
us, “ the best Navigators of all the Gauls. They will
“ furnish you with the means of returning into your own
“ Country, for their vessels traffick up the Mediterrane-
“ an. They are, besides, a People of singular goodness.
“ As for you, O my Friends ! your names shall be ever
“ held in honour, all over the Gauls. *Cephas* and *Amasis*
“ shall be the burden of my songs ; and so long as I live,
“ their names shall frequently resound along these
“ shores.”

We accordingly took leave of this good King, and of
Omfi, my deliverer. They accompanied us to the brink
of the Seine, dissolved into tears, as we ourselves likewise
were. As we passed through the city, crowds of People
followed us, exhibiting the tenderest marks of affection.
The women carried their infants aloft in their arms, and
upon their shoulders, displaying to us, with tears in their
eyes, the linen garments in which they were clothed.
We bid adieu to King *Bardus* and *Omfi*, who could hard-
ly summon up sufficient resolution to meet the moment

of separation. We perceived them, for a long time, on the most elevated pinnacle of the city, waving their hands in token of saying farewell.

Scarcely had we put off from the island, when the friends of *Torstan* crowded into boats innumerable, and rushed out to attack us, with tremendous shouts. But at sight of the hallowed shrub which I carried in my hands, and which I raised into the air, they fell prostrate on the bottom of their barges, as if they had been struck with a power divine; such is the power of superstition over minds enslaved. We, accordingly, passed through the midst of them, without sustaining the slightest injury.

We forced our way up the river during the course of a day. After this, having gone ashore, we bent our course toward the West, across forests almost impracticable. Their soil was here and there covered with trees, laid low by the hand of Time. It had throughout a carpeting of moss, thick and spongy, into which we sometimes sunk up to the knees. The roads which divide those forests, and which serve as boundaries to different Nations of the Gauls, were so little frequented, that trees of considerable size had shot up in the midst of them. The tribes which inhabited them were still more savage than their Country. They had no other temples except some thunder struck yew tree, or an aged oak, in the branches of which some Druid had planted an ox head with the horns. When, in the night time, the foliage of those trees was agitated by the Winds, and illumined by the light of the Moon, they imagined that they saw the Spirits and the Gods of their forests. Upon this, seized with a religious horror, they prostrated themselves to the ground, and adored, with trembling, those vain phantoms of their own imagination. Our guides themselves never durst have traversed those awful regions, which religion had rendered formidable in their eyes, had not their confidence been supported much more by the branch of mistletoe with which I was armed, than by all our reasonings.

We did not find, in the course of our progress through the Gauls, any appearance of a rational worship of the DEITY, excepting that one evening, on our arrival at the summit of a snow covered mountain, we perceived there a fire, in the midst of a grove of beech trees and firs. A moss grown rock, hewn out in form of an altar, served as a hearth to it. It was surrounded with large piles of dry wood, and with a large assortment of bear and wolf skins; suspended on the boughs of the neighbouring trees. In every other respect, there was not perceptible all around this solitude, through the whole extent of the Horizon, any one trace of human habitation. Our guides informed us, that this spot was consecrated to the God who presides over travellers. The word *consecrated* made me shudder. "Let us remove hence," said I to *Cephas*. "Every altar in the Gauls excites a thousand suspicions in my breast. I will henceforward pay homage to the DEITY, only in the temples of Egypt." *Cephas* replied, "Reject every religion which subjects one man to another man in the name of the Divinity, were it even in Egypt; but in every place where the good of Man is studied, GOD is acceptably worshipped, were it even in Gaul. In every place, the happiness of Men constitutes the glory of GOD. For my part, I sacrifice at every altar, where the miseries of the Human Race are relieved." As he said these words, he prostrated himself, and put up his prayer: He then threw into the fire a log of fir, and some branches of the juniper tree, which perfumed the air, as the sparks with a crackling noise ascended upward. I imitated his example; after which, we went and seated ourselves at the foot of the rock, in a place carpeted over with moss, and sheltered from the North wind; and having covered ourselves with the skins which were suspended on the trees, notwithstanding the severity of the cold, we passed the night in a comfortable degree of warmth. On the return of the morning, our guides informed us, that we had

to march all the day long over similar heights, without finding wood, or fire, or habitation. We presented our acknowledgments a second time to Providence, for the asylum so seasonably afforded us; we replaced the skins on the trees, with a religious exactness; we threw fresh wood upon the fire; and before we proceeded on our way, I engraved the following words on the bark of a beech tree:

CEPHAS and AMASIS,

IN THIS PLACE PRESENTED ADORATION

TO

THE DEITY

WHO PRESIDES OVER TRAVELLERS.

We passed successively through the territories of the Carnutes (26), the Cenomanes, the Diablintes, the Redons, the Curiosolites, the inhabitants of Dariorigum, and, at length, we arrived on the Western extremity of Gaul, among the Veneti. The Veneti are the most expert navigators of those Seas. They have even founded a colony, which bears their name, at the bottom of the Adriatic Gulf. As soon as they were informed of our being the friends of King *Bardus*, they loaded us with innumerable demonstrations of kindness. They proffered to carry us directly to Egypt, as far as which they have extended their commerce; but as they likewise trade to Greece, *Cephas* said to me, "Let us visit Greece; we shall there find frequent opportunities of returning into thy Country. The Greeks are the friends of the Egyptians. To Egypt they are indebted for the most illustrious of the founders of their cities. *Cecrops* it was who gave Laws to Athens, and *Inachus* to Argos. At Argos it is that *Agamemnon* reigns, whose renown is diffused over the face of the whole Earth. There shall we behold him crowned with glory, in the bosom of his fam-

“ ily, and encompassed with Kings and Heroes. If he is
 “ still engaged in the siege of Troy, his ships will easily
 “ convey us to thy Country. Thou hast seen the most
 “ refined state of civilization in Egypt, and the grossest
 “ barbarism in the Gauls ; thou wilt find in Greece, a
 “ politeness and an elegance which will charm thee.
 “ Thou wilt thus have had the spectacle of the three pe-
 “ riods through which most Nations pass. In the first,
 “ they are below Nature ; they come up to her, in the sec-
 “ ond ; and in the third, they go beyond her.”

The views of *Cephas* were too congenial with my passion for glory, to admit of my neglecting an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with men so illustrious as the Greeks, and especially so renowned as *Agamemnon*. I waited with impatience for the return of a season favourable to navigation ; for we had reached the Veneti in Winter. We passed that season in an incessant round of feasting, conformably to the custom of those Nations. As soon as Spring returned, we prepared to embark for Argos. Before we took our departure from the Gauls, we learned that our disappearing from Lutetia had restored tranquillity to the States of King *Bardus* ; but that his daughter, the beautiful *Gotha*, had retired, with her women, into the Temple of *Isis*, to whom she had consecrated herself ; and that, night and day, she made the forest resound with her melodious songs.

I sensibly felt the mortification of this excellent Prince, who lost his daughter from the very circumstance of our arrival in his Country, an event which was one day to crown him with immortal honour ; and I myself experienced the truth of the ancient maxim, That public consideration is to be acquired only at the expense of domestic felicity.

After a navigation somewhat tedious, we passed the Straits of *Hercules*. I felt myself transported with joy at the sight of the sky of Africa, which recalled to my thoughts the climate of my native Country. We descried the lof-

ty mountains of Mauritania, Abila, situated in the mouth of the Strait of *Hercules*, and those which are called the Seven Brothers, because they are of the same elevation. They are covered from their summit, down to the very water's edge, with palm trees loaded with dates. We discovered the fertile hills of Numidia, which clothe themselves twice a year with harvests that rise under the shade of the olive trees; while studs of magnificent couriers, pasture at all seasons in the evergreen valleys. We coasted along the shores of Syrtis, where the delicious fruit of the Lotos is produced, which, as we are told, makes strangers who eat it to forget their Country. We soon came in sight of the sands of Libya, in the midst of which are situated the enchanted gardens of the Hesperides; as if Nature took delight in making Countries the most unproductive to exhibit a contrast with the most fertile. We heard, by night, the roaring of tygers and lions, which came to bathe themselves in the Sea; and by the dawning light of *Aurora*, we could perceive them retiring toward the mountains.

But the ferocity of those animals comes not up to that of the men who inhabit that region of the Globe. Some of them immolate their children to *Saturn*; others bury their women alive in the tombs of their husbands. There are some who, on the death of their Kings, cut the throats of all who served them when alive. Others endeavour to allure strangers to their shores, that they may devour them. We had, one day, nearly fallen a prey to those abominable men eaters; for while we were ashore, and peaceably exchanging with them some tin and iron, for different sorts of the excellent fruits which their Country produces, they had contrived an ambush to intercept our getting on board, which with no small difficulty we escaped. After running such a dreadful risk, we durst not venture again to disembark on such inhospitable shores, which Nature has to no purpose placed under a sky so serene.

I was so irritated at the cross accidents of an expedition undertaken for the service of Mankind, and especially at this last instance of perfidy, that I said to *Cephas*,
 “ The whole Earth, I believe, Egypt excepted, is peopled
 “ with barbarians. I am persuaded that absurd opinions,
 “ inhuman religions, and ferocious manners, are the natural
 “ portion of all Nations ; and it is, undoubtedly, the
 “ will of *Jupiter*, that they should be for ever abandoned
 “ to these ; for he has subdivided them by so many different
 “ languages, that the most beneficent of Mankind,
 “ so far from having it in his power to reform them, is
 “ not capable of so much as making himself understood
 “ by them.”

Cephas thus replied : “ Let us not accuse *Jupiter* of the
 “ ills which infest Mankind. The human mind is so
 “ contracted, that though we sometimes feel ourselves
 “ much incommoded, it is impossible for us to imagine
 “ how we could mend our condition. If we remove a
 “ single one of the natural evils of which we so bitterly
 “ complain, we should behold starting up out of its absence,
 “ a thousand other evils of much more dangerous
 “ consequence. Nations do not understand each other ;
 “ this, you allege, is an evil : But if all spake the same
 “ language, the impostures, the errors, the prejudices, the
 “ cruel opinions peculiar to each Nation, would be diffused
 “ all over the Earth. The general confusion which
 “ is now in the words, would, in that case, be in the
 “ thoughts.” He pointed to a bunch of grapes : “ *Jupiter*,
 “ said he, “ has divided the Human Race into
 “ various languages, as he has divided that cluster into
 “ various berries, containing a great number of seeds, that
 “ if one part of these seeds should become a prey to corruption,
 “ the other might be preserved (27). ”

“ *Jupiter* has divided the languages of men, only for
 “ this end, that they might always be enabled to understand
 “ that of Nature. Nature universally speaks to
 “ their heart, illumines reason, and discloses happiness to

“ them, in a mutual commerce of kind offices. The pas-
 “ sions of Mankind, on the contrary, as universally, cor-
 “ rupt their hearts, darken their understanding, generate
 “ hatreds, wars, discords, and superstitions, by disclosing
 “ happiness to them only in their personal interest, and
 “ in the depression of another.

“ The division of languages prevents these particular
 “ evils from becoming universal ; and if they are perma-
 “ nent in a Nation, it is because there are ambitious corps
 “ who make an advantage of them ; for error and vice
 “ are foreign to Man. It is the office of virtue to de-
 “ stroy those evils. Were it not for vice, there would
 “ be little room for the exercise of virtue on the Earth.
 “ You are on your way to visit the Greeks. If what is
 “ said of them be true, you will find in their manners a po-
 “ liteness and an elegance which will delight you. Noth-
 “ ing should be comparable to the virtue of their heroes,
 “ having passed through the test of long and severe ca-
 “ lamities.”

All I had hitherto experienced of the barbarism of Na-
 tions, stimulated the ardor which I felt to reach Argos,
 and to see the mighty *Agamemnon* happy in the midst of
 his family. By this time we descried the Cape of Tena-
 rus, and had almost doubled it, when a furious gale of
 wind, blowing from the coast of Africa, drove us upon
 the Strophades. We perceived the Sea breaking against
 the rocks which surround those Islands. Sometimes, as
 the billows retired, we had a view of their cavernous
 foundations : Anon, swelling again, the surge covered
 them, tremendously roaring, with a vast sheet of foam.
 Nevertheless, our mariners persevered, in defiance of the
 tempest, in attempting to make Cape Tenarus, when a
 violent gust of wind tore our sails to pieces. Upon this,
 we were reduced to the necessity of stopping short at Sten-
 iclaros.

From this port, we took the road, resolving to travel
 to Argos by land. It was on our way to this residence

of the King of Kings, my good shepherd, that we had the good fortune to meet with you. At present, we feel an inclination to accompany you to Mount Lyceum, for the purpose of beholding the assembly of a People, whose shepherds display manners so hospitable and so polite. As he pronounced these last words, *Amasis* looked at *Cephas*, who expressed his approbation of them by an inclination of the head.

Tirteus said to *Amasis*, " My son, your relation has
" deeply affected us ; of this you have had a proof in
" the tears which we have shed. The Arcadians once
" were more miserable than the Gauls (28). We shall never
" forget the reign of *Lycaon*, formerly changed into a
" wolf, as a punishment of his cruelty. But this subject
" would, circumstanced as we now are, carry us too far.
" I give thanks to *Jupiter*, for having disposed you, as
" well as your friend, to pass the approaching day with
" us on Mount Lyceum. You will there behold no palace,
" no imperial city ; but still less will you see Savages
" and Druids : You will behold enamelled verdure,
" groves, brooks, and shepherds vying with each other
" in giving you a cordial welcome. May Heaven incline
" you to make a longer abode among us ! You
" will meet tomorrow, at the feast of *Jupiter*, multitudes
" of men from all parts of Greece, and Arcadians much
" better informed than I am, who are undoubtedly acquainted
" with the city of Argos. For my own part, I
" frankly acknowledge, I never heard mention made either
" of the siege of Troy, nor of the glory of *Agamemnon*,
" celebrated, as you tell me, over all the Earth. I
" have employed myself wholly in promoting the happiness
" of my family, and that of my neighbours. I have
" no knowledge except of meadows and flocks. I never
" extended my curiosity beyond the limits of my own
" Country. Your's, which has carried you, so early in
" life, into the heart of foreign Nations, is worthy of a
" God, or of a King."

Upon this, *Tirteus* turning to his daughter, said to her, “*Cyanea*, bring hither the cup of *Hercules*.” *Cyanea* immediately arose, hastened to fetch it, and, with a smile, presented it to her father. *Tirteus* replenished it with wine; then, addressing himself to the two strangers, said, “*Hercules*, like you, my dear guests, was a great traveller. Into this hut he deigned to enter; here he reposed, while he was pursuing, for a year together, the brazen footed hind of Mount *Erimanthus*. Out of this cup he drank: You are worthy of drinking from it after him. I use it only on high festivals, and never present it to any but my friends. No stranger ever drank from it before you.” He said, and tendered the cup to *Cephas*. It was made of the wood of the beech tree, and held a *cyathus* of wine. *Hercules* emptied it at a single draught; but *Cephas*, *Amasis*, and *Tirteus*, could hardly master it, by drinking twice round.

Tirteus afterwards conducted his guests to an adjoining chamber. It was lighted by a window, shut by a texture of rushes, through the interstices of which might be perceived, by the lustre of the Moon, in the plain below, the islands of the *Alpheus*. There were in this chamber two excellent beds, with coverlets of a warm and light wool. Then *Tirteus* took leave of his guests, wishing that *Morpheus* might pour the balm of his gentlest poppy upon their eyelids.

As soon as *Amasis* was left alone with *Cephas*, he spake with transports of delight, of the tranquillity of this valley, of the goodness of the shepherd, of the sensibility and the graces of his youthful daughter, to whom he had never seen any thing once to be compared, and of the pleasure which he promised himself the next day, at the feast of *Jupiter*, in beholding a whole People as happy as this sequestered family. Conversation so delightful might have sweetened the remainder of the night, to both the one and the other, fatigued as they were with travelling, without the aid of sleep, had they not been invited to re-

pose, by the mild light of the Moon, shining through the window, by the murmuring of the wind in the foliage of the poplars, and by the distant noise of the Achelöus, the source of which precipitates itself, roaring, from the summit of Mount Lyceum.

NOTES.

(1) *At the bottom flowed a rivulet called Achelöus.* There were in Greece several rivers and rivulets which bare this name. Care must be taken not to confound the brook, which issued from Mount Lyceum, with the River of that name, which descended from Mount Pindus, and separated Etolia from Acarnania. This River Achelöus, as the fable goes, changed himself into a Bull, in order to dispute, with *Hercules*, the possession of *Deïanira*, daughter of *Oeneus*, King of Etolia. But *Hercules*, having seized him by one of his horns, broke it off; and the disarmed River was obliged to replace the lost horn, by assuming one taken from the head of the goat *Amalthea*. The Greeks were accustomed to veil natural truths under ingenious fictions. The meaning of the fable in question is this. The Greeks gave the name of Achelöus to several rivers, from the word *Αγέλη*, which signifies *herd* of oxen, either on account of the bellowing noise of their waters, or, rather, because their heads usually separated, like those of oxen, into horns, or branches, which facilitate their confluence into each other, or into the Sea, as has been observed in the preceding Studies. Now, the Achelöus being liable to inundations, *Hercules*, the friend of *Oeneus*, King of Etolia, formed a canal for receiving the superflux of that river, according to *Strabo's* account, which weakened one of its streams, and gave birth to the fabulous idea, that *Hercules* had broken off one of his horns. But as, on the other hand, there resulted from this canal a source of abundant fertility to the adjacent country, the Greeks added, that Achelöus, in place of his bull's horn, had taken in exchange that of the goat *Amalthea*, which, as is well known, was the symbol of plenty.

(2) *Memnon, in honour of whom a superb monument was reared at Thebes.* *Memnon*, the son of *Tithonus* and *Aurora*, was killed at the siege of Troy by *Achilles*. A magnificent tomb was erected to his memory, at Thebes, in Egypt, the ruins of which still subsist on the banks of the Nile, in a place called by the Ancients, *Memnonium*; and in modern times, by the Arabians, *Medinet Habou*; that is, City of the Father. Here are still to be seen colossal fragments of his statue, out of which, in former times, harmonious sounds issued at the rising of *Aurora*.

I propose to make, in this place, some observations on the subject of the sound which that statue produced, because it is particularly interesting to the study of Nature. In the first place, it is impossible to call the fact in question. The English Traveller *Richard Pocock* who, in the year 1738, visited the remains of the *Memnonium*, of which he has given a description as minute as the present state of things admits of, quotes, on the subject of the marvellous effect of *Memnon's* statue, several authorities of the Ancients, of which I here present an abridgment.

Strabo tells us, that there were in the *Memnonium*, among other colossal figures, two statues at a small distance from each other; that the upper part of one of them had been thrown down, and that there issued, once a day, from its pedestal, a noise similar to that produced by striking upon a hard body. He himself heard the noise, having been on the spot with *Ælius Gallus*; but he pretends not to affirm, whether it proceeded from the basis, or from the statue, or from the bystanders.

Pliny the Naturalist, a man more scrupulously exact than is generally imagined, when an extraordinary fact is to be attested, satisfies himself with relating the one in question, on the public faith, employing such terms of doubt as these; *Narratur, ut putant, dicunt*, of which he makes such frequent use in his Work. It is when he is mentioning the stone called basalt, *Hist. Nat. lib. 36, cap. 7.*

Invenit eadem Egyptus in Ethiopia quem vocant basalten, ferrei coloris atque duritiæ.....

Non abfimilis illi narratur in Thebis, delubro Serapis, ut putant, Memnonis statuâ dicatur; quem quotidiano solis ortu contactum radiis crepare dicunt.

“ The Egyptians likewise found, in Ethiopia, a stone called basalt, of the colour and hardness of iron.....

“ One not unlike it, is said to be the stone of which the statue of *Memnon* is made, at Thebes, in the Temple of *Serapis*, from whence, as the report goes, a sound issues every morning, on its being struck with the rays of the rising Sun.”

Juvenal, so carefully on his guard against superstition, especially the superstitions of Egypt adopts this fact in his fifteenth Satire, which is levelled at these very superstitions.

*Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitbeci,
Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebæ centum jacet obruta portis.*

“ There shines the gilded image of a consecrated monkey, where
 “ the magic chords resound from the mutilated statue of *Memnon*,
 “ and ancient Thebes lies buried under the ruins of her hundred
 “ gates.”

Pausanias relates, that it was *Cambyfes* who broke this statue ; that half of the trunk was fallen to the ground ; that the other half emitted every day, at sun rising, a sound similar to that of a bow string snapping from over tension.

Philostratus speaks of it from his own knowledge. He says, in the life of *Apollonius* of Tyana, that the *Memnonium* was not only a Temple, but a forum ; that is, a place of very considerable extent, containing its public squares, its private buildings, &c. For Temples, in ancient times, had a great many exterior dependencies ; the groves which were consecrated to them, apartments for the priests, enclosures for the victims, and accommodations for the entertainment of strangers. *Philostratus* assures us, that he saw the statue of *Memnon* entire, which supposes that the upper part of it had been repaired in his time. He represents it under the form of a young man sitting, with his eyes turned toward the rising Sun. It was of a black coloured stone. Both feet were in a line, as was the case with all the ancient statues, up to the time of *Dedalus*, who was the first, it is said, that made the statues to advance, the one before the other. Its hands rested on the thighs, as if he were going to rise.

On looking at the eyes and mouth, you would have thought it was going to speak. *Philostratus*, and his travelling companions, were not surprised at the attitude of this statue, because they were ignorant of its virtue : But when the rays of the rising Sun first darted on its head, they no sooner reached the mouth, than it did actually speak, which appeared to them a prodigy.

Here is, accordingly, a series of grave Authors, from *Strabo*, who lived under *Augustus*, down to *Philostratus*, who lived under the reigns of *Caracalla* and *Geta*, that is, during a period of two hundred years, who affirm, that the statue of *Memnon* emitted a sound at the rising of *Aurora*.

As to *Richard Pocock*, who saw only the half of it in 1738, he found it in the same state that *Strabo* had seen it, about 1738 years before, except that it emitted no sound. He says it is of a particular sort of granite, hard and porous, such as he had never seen before, and which a good deal resembles the eagle stone. At the distance of thirty feet from it, to the North, there is, as in the time of *Strabo*,

another colossal statue entire, built of five layers of stones, the pedestal of which is 30 feet long, and 17 broad. But the pedestal of the mutilated statue, which is that of *Memnon*, is 33 feet long by 19 broad. It consists of a single piece, though cleft about 10 feet behind the back of the statue. *Pocock* says nothing of the height of these pedestals, undoubtedly, because they are encumbered with sand; or, rather, because the perpetual and insensible action of gravity must have made them sink into the Earth, as may be remarked of all the ancient monuments which are not founded on the solid rock. This effect is observable, in like manner, in the case of heavy cannon, and piles of balls, laid on the ground in our arsenals, which imperceptibly sink in the course of a few years, unless supported by strong platforms.

As to the rest of the statue of *Memnon*, the following are the dimensions given by *Pocock*.

	Feet.	Inch.
From the sole of the foot to the ankle bone	2	6
From ditto to the instep	4	0
From ditto up to the top of the knee	19	0
The foot is 5 feet broad, and the leg 4 feet thick.		

Pocock apparently refers these measurements to the English standard, which reduces them nearly by the eleventh part. He found, besides, on the pedestal, the legs and the feet of the statue, several inscriptions in unknown characters; others of great antiquity, Greek and Latin, very indifferently engraved, which are the attestations of the persons who had heard the sound which it emitted.

The remains of the *Memnonium* present all around, to a very great distance, ruins of an immense and uncouth architecture, excavations in the solid rock, which form part of a temple, prodigious fragments of walls tumbled down, and reduced to rubbish, and others standing; a pyramidal gate, avenues, square pillars, surmounted by statues with the head broken off, holding in one hand a *litufes*, and a whip in the other, as that of *Osiris*. At a still greater distance, fragments of gigantic figures scattered along the ground, heads of six feet diameter, and 11 feet in length, shoulders 21 feet broad, human ears three feet long and 16 inches broad; other figures which seem to issue out of the earth, of which the Phrygian bonnets only are to be seen. All these gigantic productions are made of the most precious materials, of black and white marble, of marble entirely black, of marble with red spots, of black granite, of yellow granite; and they are, for the most part, loaded with hieroglyphics. What

sentiments of respect and admiration must have been produced in the minds of those superstitious people, by such enormous and mysterious fabrics, especially, when in their solemnly silent courts, plaintive sounds were heard issuing from a breast of stone, at the first rays of *Aurora*, and the colossal *Memnon* sighing at sight of his mother!

The fact is too well attested, and is of too long duration, to admit of being called in question. Nevertheless, many of the learned have thought proper to ascribe it to some exterior and momentaneous artifice of the priests of Thebes. Nay, it appears that *Strabo*, who witnessed the noise made by the statue, hints this suspicion. We know, in reality, that ventriloquists are able, without moving the lips, to utter words and sounds which seem to come from a considerable distance, though they are produced close by your side. For my own part, however durable the marvellous effect of *Memnon's* statue may be supposed, I can conceive it produced by the *Aurora*, and easily imitable, without being under the necessity of renewing the artifice of it, till after the lapse of ages. It is well known that the priests of Egypt made a particular study of Nature; that they had formed of it a Science known by the name of Magic, the possession of which they reserved to themselves. They were not ignorant, assuredly, of the effect of the dilatation of metals, and among others of iron, which is contracted by cold, and lengthened by heat. They might have placed, in the great basis of *Memnon's* statue, a long iron rod in a spiral line, and susceptible, from its extension, of contraction and dilatation, by the slightest action of cold and of heat.

This medium was sufficient for extracting sound from some metallic composition. Their colossal statues being partly hollow, as may be seen in the sphinx, near the pyramids of Grand Cairo, they could dispose in them machinery of every kind. The stone itself of the statue of *Memnon* being, according to *Pliny*, a basaltes, which possesses the hardness and the colour of iron, may very well have the power of contracting and of dilating itself, like this metal, of which it is apparently composed. It is certainly of a nature different from other stones, as *Pocock*, who had made observation of all sorts of these, affirms that he had never seen the like of it. He ascribes to it a particular character of hardness and porosity, which are, in general, attributes of ferruginous stones. It might, therefore, be susceptible of contraction and dilatation, and thus possess within itself a principle of motion, especially at the rising of *Aurora*, when the contrast of the cold night, and of the first rays of the rising Sun, has most action.

This effect must have been infallible, under a sky like that of Upper Egypt, where it scarcely ever rains. The sounds emitted from the statue of *Memnon*, at the moment when the Sun appeared over the Horizon of Thebes, had, therefore, nothing more marvellous in it, than the explosion of the cannon of the Palais Royal, and that of the mortar of the King's Garden, as the Sun passes over the meridian of Paris. With a burning glass, a bit of match, and some gunpowder, it would be easily possible to make a statue of *Jupiter* thunder, in the midst of a desert, on such a day of the year, and even at such an hour of the day and of the night, as might be resolved on. This would appear so much the more marvellous, that it would thunder only in clear weather, like the highly ominous thunder claps among the Ancients.

What prodigies are operated at this day on persons labouring under the prejudices of superstition, by means of electricity, which, through the medium of a rod of iron, or copper, strikes in an invisible manner, is capable of killing a man at a single blow, calls down the thunder from the bosom of the cloud, and directs it at pleasure as it falls? What effects might not be produced by means of aërostation, that art still in its infancy, which, through the medium of a globe of taffeta, glazed over with an elastic gum, and filled with a putrid air, eight or ten times lighter than that which we breathe, raises several men at once above the clouds, where the winds transport them to incredible distances, at the rate of nine or ten leagues an hour, without the least fatigue? Our aërostats, it is true, are of no manner of use to us, because they are carried along at the mercy of the winds, as they have not yet discovered the means of conducting their machinery; but I am persuaded they will one day attain this point of perfection. There is, on the subject of this invention, a very curious passage in the History of China, which proves that the Chinese were in ancient times acquainted with aërostation, and that they knew the method of conducting the machine which way they pleased, by night and by day. This need not excite surprise, on the part of a Nation which has invented, before us, the Art of Printing, the Mariner's Compass, and Gunpowder.

I shall give this fact complete, from the Chinese annals, in the view of rendering our incredulous Readers somewhat more reserved, when they treat as fabulous what they do not comprehend in the History of Antiquity; and credulous Readers not quite so easy of belief, when they ascribe to miracles, or to magic, effects which modern physics imitate publicly in our own days.

It is on the subject of the Emperor *Ki*, according to Father *le Comte*, or *Kieu*, conformable to the pronunciation of Father *Matini*, who has given us a History of the earliest Emperors of China, after the annals of the Country. This Prince, who reigned about three thousand six hundred years ago, gave himself up to the commission of cruelties so barbarous, and to irregularities so abominable, that the name is, to this day, held in detestation all over China, and that when they mean to describe a man dishonoured by every species of criminality, they give him the appellation of *Kieu*. In order to enjoy the delights of a voluptuous life without distraction, he retired, with his lady and favourites, into a magnificent palace, from which the light of the Sun was excluded on every side. He supplied its place by an infinite number of superb lamps, the lustre of which seemed, to him, preferable to that Orb of Day, because it was ever uniform, and did not recal to his imagination, by the vicissitudes of day and night, the rapid course of human life. Thus, in the midst of splendid appartments always illuminated, he renounced the government of Empire, to put on the yoke of his own passions. But the Nations, whose interests he had abandoned, having revolted, chased him from his infamous retreat, and sent him out a vagabond for his life, having, by his misconduct, deprived his posterity of the succession to the Crown, which was transferred to another family, and leaving a memory loaded with such execration, that the Chinese Historians never give him any other name but the Robber, without once bestowing on him the title of Emperor.

“ At the same time,” says Father *le Comte*, “ they destroyed his
 “ palace ; and, in order to transmit to posterity the memory of
 “ worthlessness so eminent, they suspended the lamps of it in all the
 “ quarters of the city. This custom was repeated annually, and
 “ became, from that time, a remarkable festivity all over the Em-
 “ pire. It is celebrated at Yamt Cheou, with more magnificence
 “ than any where else, and it is said that, formerly, the illumina-
 “ tions on this occasion were so beautiful, that one Emperor, not
 “ daring avowedly to quit his Court, and resort thither to enjoy the
 “ spectacle, put himself, the Queen, and several Princesses of the
 “ Blood, in the hands of a magician, who engaged to convey them
 “ to it in a very short time. He made them mount, in the night
 “ time, on superb thrones, which were carried aloft by swans,
 “ and which, in a moment, arrived at Yamt Cheou.

“ The Emperor, wafted through the air, on clouds which gradu-
 “ ally descended over the city, contemplated the whole festival at
 “ his leisure : He afterwards returned thence, with the same veloc-

“ity, and by the same vehicle, without its being perceived at Court
 “that he had been at all absent. This is not the only fable which
 “the Chinese relate. They have histories relative to every sub-
 “ject, for they are superstitious to an excess, and on the subject of
 “magic, in particular, whether feigned or real, there is not a Peo-
 “ple in the World to be compared with them.” *Memoirs of the*
Present State of China, by Father le Comte. Letter VI.

This Emperor, who was thus transported through the air, according to Father *Magaillans*, was called *Tam*, and this event took place two thousand years after the reign of *Kieu*; that is about sixteen hundred years ago. Father *Magaillans*, who expresses no doubt respecting the truth of the event, though he supposes it to have been performed by magic, adds, after the Chinese, that the Emperor *Tam* caused a concert of vocal and instrumental music to be played by his band, in the air, over *Yamt Cheou*, which greatly surprised the inhabitants of that city. Its distance from Nankin, where the Emperor might be then supposed to reside, is about eighteen leagues. However, if he was at Pekin, as *Magaillans* gives us to understand, when he says, that the Courier from *Yamt Cheou* was a month on the road, in carrying him the news of that extraordinary music, which they ascribed to the inhabitants of Heaven, the aerial journey was 175 leagues in a straight line.

But without departing from the fact as it stands, if Father *le Comte* had seen at noon day, as was done by the whole inhabitants of Paris, of London, and of the other most considerable cities of Europe, Philosophers suspended by globes above the clouds, carried 40, nay, 50 leagues from the point of their departure, and one of them crossing, through the air, the arm of the Sea which separates England from France, he would not so hastily have treated the Chinese tradition as a fable. I find, besides, a great analogy of forms, between those magnificent thrones, and those clouds which gradually descended over the city of *Yamt Cheou*, and our aërostatic globes, to which it is so easily possible to give those voluminous decorations. The conducting swans alone seem to present a difficulty in the management of this aerial navigation. But wherefore should it be deemed impossible for the Chinese to have trained swans to flight simply, herbivorous birds, so easily tamed to the purposes of domestic life, when it is considered, that we have instructed the falcon, a bird of prey always wild, to pursue the game, and afterwards to return to the wrist of the fowler? The Chinese, living under a much better police, more ancient and more pacific than we, have acquired an insight into Nature which our perpetual discords permitted not us to

attain till a much later period : And, undoubtedly, it is this profound insight into Nature which Father *le Comte*, otherwise a man of understanding, considers as *magic, pretended or real*, in which he acknowledges the Chinese surpassed all Nations. For my own part, I, who am no magician, think I have a glimpse, conformably to some of the Works of Nature, of an easy method whereby aërostats may direct their course even against the wind ; but I would not publish it were I ever so certain of its success. What miseries have not the perfecting of the compass, and of gunpowder, brought upon the Human Race ! The desirable object of research is not, what is to render us more intelligent, but what is to render us better. Science, in the hand of Wisdom, is a torch which illuminates, but brandished by the hand of Wickedness, sets the World on fire.

(3) *You are an Asiatic.* *Amasis* was an Egyptian, and Egypt was in Africa ; but the Ancients assigned it to Asia. The Nile served as a boundary to Asia on the West. Consult *Pliny*, and the ancient Geographers.

(4) *To the height of Melita.* This is the island now called Malta.

(5) *Of the xylon.* This is the cotton on an herb : It is originally a native of Egypt. They now manufacture at Malta very beautiful stuffs of it, which is the principal source of support to the commonalty of that island, who are miserably indigent. There is a second species produced on a shrub, which is cultivated in Asia and the West India islands. Nay, I believe there is a third species that grows in America, on a tall prickly tree ; such care has Nature taken to diffuse a vegetable so useful over all the warm regions of the Globe ! This much is certain, that the Savages of the parts of America, which are situated between the Tropics, made for themselves garments and hammocks of cotton, when *Columbus* landed on that Country.

(6) *A prodigious quantity of quails.* The quails still take Malta in their way, and appear on a day named and marked in the almanacks of the country. The customs of the animal creation do not vary ; but those of the human species have undergone considerable changes in that island. Some Grand Masters of the Order of Saint *John*, to whom the island belongs, have there engaged in projects of public utility ; among others, they have conveyed the water of a rivulet into the very harbour. Many other undertakings are still

behind, undoubtedly, which concern the happiness of the Human Race.

(7) *As far as the Isles of Enosis.* These are at this time called the Islands of Saint Peter and St. Antiochus. They are very small; but they have great fishery for thunnies, and they manufacture great quantities of salt.

(8) *Bodily exercise is the aliment of health.* Certain Philosophers have carried matters much farther. They have pretended that bodily exercise was the aliment of the soul. Exercise of body is good only for the preservation of health; the soul has its own apart. Nothing is more common, than to see men of delicate health possessed of exalted virtue, and robust persons very defective there. Virtue is no more the result of physical qualities, than strength of body is the effect of moral qualities. All temperaments are equally predisposed to vice and to virtue.

(9) *It always bears the name of Hevea.* There is, in fact, at the mouth of the Seine, on its left side bank, a mountain formed of layers of black and white stones, which is called the Heve. It serves as a landmark for mariners, and there is a flag erected upon it, for giving signals to ships at Sea.

(10) *I perceived by the whiteness of its foam a mountain of water.* This mountain of water is produced by the tides, which force their way, from the Sea, up the Seine, and make it to flow backward against its course. It is heard coming from a very great distance, especially in the night time. They call it *the Bar*, because it obstructs the whole course of the Seine. This Bar is usually followed by a second Bar, still more elevated, which pursues it at the distance of about a hundred fathom. They run much faster than a horse at full speed.

(11) *The Druids honour these Divinities.* Respecting the manners and mythology of the ancient Nations of the North, *Herodotus* may be consulted, the Commentaries of *Cesar*, *Suetonius*, *Tacitus*, the *Eda* of Mr. *Mallet*, and the Swedish Collections, translated by the Chevalier de *Keralio*.

(12) *He is excluded from the communion of their mysteries.* *Cesar* says precisely the same thing in his Commentaries.

(13) *They overlay plates of iron with tin.* The Laplanders understand the art of wiredrawing tin to a very high degree of perfection. There is, in general, an extreme ingenuity distinguishable in all the arts practised by savage Nations. The canoes and the rackets of the Esquimaux; the pros of the islanders of the South Sea; the nets, the lines, the hooks, the bows, the arrows, the stone hatchets, the habits, and the head dresses of most of those Nations, have the most exact conformity with their necessities. *Pliny* ascribes the invention of casks to the Gauls. He praises their tin ware, their dying in wood, &c.

(14) *She is condemned to the flames.* See *Cesar's Commentaries*.

(15) *Ascribe to them something divine.* Consult *Tacitus* on the manners of the Germans.

(16) *For her son Sifione.* The Gauls, as well as the Nations of the North, called *Venus*, *Siofne*, and *Cupid*, *Sifione*. Consult the *Eda*. The most formidable weapon among the Celtæ, was neither the bow, nor the sword, but the cutlafs. They armed the Dwarfs with it; who, thus equipped, triumphed over the sword of the Giants. The enchantment made with a dagger was incapable of being dissolved. It was fit, therefore, that the Gaulish *Cupid* should be armed, not with a bow and a quiver, but with a dagger. The dagger handles in question, are two valved fish shells, lengthened out into the form of a dagger handle, the name of which they bear. They are found in great abundance along the shores of Normandy, where they bury themselves in the sand.

(17) *Of the singular beauty of their young women.* And perhaps of the law suits, for which Normandy is famous, as that apple was, originally, a present of discord. It might be possible to find out a cause less remote of these suits at Law, in the prodigious number of petty jurisdictions, with which that province is filled, in their litigious usages, and especially in the European spirit of education, which says to every man, from his childhood upward, *Be the first*.

It would not be so easy to discover the moral or physical causes of the singularly remarkable beauty of the women of Pays de Caux, especially among the country girls. They have blue eyes, a delicacy of features, a freshness of complexion, and a shape, which

would do honour to the finest ladies about Court. I know but of one other canton in the whole kingdom, in which the women of the lower classes are equally beautiful. It is at Avignon. Beauty there, however, presents a different character. They have large, black, and soft eyes, aquiline noses, and the heads of *Angelica Kauffman*. Till modern Philosophy think proper to take up the question, we may allow the mythology of the Gauls to assign a reason for the beauty of their young women, by a fable which the Greeks would not, perhaps, have rejected.

(18) *Tor Tir*. Perhaps it may be from the names of those two cruel Gods of the North, that the word *torture* is derived.

(19) *In the side of a rock all over white*. Montmartre is meant, *Mons Martis*. It is well known that this rising ground, dedicated to *Mars*, whose name it bears, is formed of a rock of plaster. Others, it is true, derive the name of Montmartre from *Mons Martyrum*. These two etymologies may be very easily reconciled. If there were, in ancient times, a great many martyrs on this mountain, it was probably owing to its being the residence of some celebrated idol, to which they were there offered in sacrifice.

(20) *It had no other door except large bullocks' hides*. Gates were a matter of very difficult construction to savage tribes, who did not understand the use of the saw, without which it was almost impossible to reduce a tree into planks. Accordingly, when they abandoned a Country, those who had gates carried them off with them. A Norwegian hero, whose name I do not at present recollect, he who discovered Greenland, threw his into the Sea, in order to discover where the Destinies intended to fix his residence; and he made a settlement good on that part of Greenland to which they were wafted. Gates and their threshold were, and still are, sacred in the East.

(21) *At a height which we cannot reach*. The walnut and chestnut grow at a great height; but these fruits fall to the ground when they are ripe, and do not break in falling, like the soft fruits, which, besides, grow on trees which are easily scaled.

(22) *In order to make bread of it*. The Gauls lived, as did all other savage tribes, on pap, or frumenty. The Romans themselves were, for three hundred years, ignorant of the use of bread; Ac-

According to *Pliny*, boiled grain, or frumenty, constituted the greatest part of their aliment.

(23) *To rear a Temple to Isis.* It is pretended that this is the ancient Church of Saint Genevieve, reared to *Isis*, prior to the introduction of Christianity among the Gauls.

(24) *They fed upon the anserina potentilla.* The *anserina potentilla* is found in great abundance on the banks of the Seine, in the vicinity of Paris. It sometimes renders them completely yellow, toward the close of Summer, by the colour of its flowers. This flower is rose formed, about the size of a shilling, without rising upon a stem. It enamels the ground, as does likewise its foliage, which spreads very far, in form of net work. Geese are very fond of this plant. Its leaves, in form of a goose foot, adhering closely to the ground, admit of the water fowl's walking over them as upon a carpet, and the yellow colour of its flowers forms a very beautiful contrast with the azure of the river, and the verdure of the trees; but especially with the marbled colour of the geese, which are perceptible on this ground at a great distance.

(25) *Formidable to the Gods and to the Men of this Country.* See the Volospa of the Irish. This history of *Balder* has a singular resemblance to that of *Achilles* plunged, by his mother *Thetis*, in the river Styx, as far as the heel, in order to render him invulnerable, and, after all, killed by a wound in that part of the body which had not been dipped, from an arrow discharged by the hand of the effeminate *Paris*. These two fictions of the Greeks, and of the Savage Nations of the North, convey a moral meaning founded in truth; namely, that the powerful ought never to despise the feeble.

(26) *We passed successively through the territories of the Carnutes, &c.* The Carnutes were the inhabitants of the Pays Chartrain, the Cenomanes, those of Mans, and the Diablintes, those of the adjacent country. The Redons, who inhabited the city of Rennes, had the Curiosolites in their vicinity; and the tribes of Dariorigum were neighbours to the Veneti, who inhabited Vannes, in Brittany. It is alleged that the Venetians of the Adriatic Gulf, who bear the same name in Latin, derive their origin from them. Consult *Cesar*, *Strabo*, and *Danville's Geography*.

(27) *The other might be preserved.* Most fruits which contain an aggregation of seeds, as pomegranates, apples, pears, oranges, and even the productions of the gramineous plants, such as the ear of corn, bear them divided by smooth skins, under frail capsules; but the fruits which contain only a single seed, or rarely two, as the walnut, the hazelnut, the almond, the chestnut, the cocoa, and all the kernel fruits, such as the cherry, the plum, the apricot, the peach, bear it enveloped in very hard capsules, of wood, of stone, or of leather, constructed with admirable art. Nature has secured the preservation of aggregated seeds, by multiplying their little cells, and that of solitary seeds, by fortifying their cases.

(28) *The Arcadians were once more miserable than the Gauls.* It would appear that the first state of Nations is the state of barbarism. We are almost tempted to believe it, from the example of the Greeks, prior to *Orpheus*; of the Arcadians, under *Lycaon*; of the Gauls, under the Druids: Of the Romans, prior to *Numa*; and of almost all the savage tribes of America.

I am persuaded that barbarism is a malady incident to the infancy of Nations, and that it is foreign to the nature of Man. It is frequently a reaction merely of the ills which rising Nations endure on the part of their enemies. These ills inspire them with a vengeance so much the more fierce, in proportion as the Constitution of their State is more liable to subversion. Accordingly, the small savage hordes of the New World, reciprocally eat the prisoners taken in war, though the families of the same clan live together in the most perfect union. For a similar reason it is that the feeble animals are much more vindictive than the powerful. The bee darts her sting into the hand of any one who comes near her hive; but the elephant sees the arrow of the huntsman fly close to him, without turning aside out of his road.

Barbarism is, sometimes, introduced into a growing State, by the individuals who join the association. Such was, in its first beginnings, that of the Roman People, partly formed of the banditti collected by *Romulus*, and who did not begin to civilize till the times of *Numa*. In other cases, it communicates itself, like the pestilence, to a People already under regular government, merely from their coming into contact with their neighbours. Such was that of the Jews, who, notwithstanding the severity of their Laws, sacrificed their children to idols, after the example of the Canaanites. It most frequently incorporates itself with the legislation of a People, through

the tyranny of a despot, as in Arcadia, under *Lycaon*, and still more dangerously, through the influence of an aristocratical corps, which perpetuates it, in favour of their own authority, even through the ages of civilization. Such are, in our own days, the ferocious prejudices of Religion, instilled into the Indians, in other respects so gentle, by their Bramins; and those of honour instilled into the Japanese, so polished, by their Nobles.

I repeat it, for the consolation of the Human Race: Moral evil is foreign to Man, as well as physical evil. Both the one and the other spring up out of deviations from the Law of Nature. Nature has made Man good. Had she made him wicked, she, who is so uniformly consequential in her Works, would have furnished him with claws, with fangs, with poison, with some offensive weapon, as she has done to those of the beasts, whose character is designed to be ferocious. She has not so much as provided him with defensive armour, like other animals; but has created him the most naked, and the most miserable, undoubtedly in the view of constraining him to have constant recourse to the humanity of his fellow creatures, and to extend it to them in his turn. Nature no more makes whole Nations of men jealous, envious, malignant, eager to surpass each other, ambitious, conquerors, cannibals, than she forms Nations continually labouring under the leprosy, the purples, the fever, the smallpox. If you meet even an individual, subject to these physical evils, impute them, without hesitation, to some unwholesome aliment on which he feeds, or to a putrid air which infests the neighbourhood. In like manner, when you find barbarism in a rising Nation, refer it solely to the errors of its policy, or to the influence of its neighbours, just as you would the mischievousness of a child, to the vices of his education, or to bad example.

The course of the life of a People is similar to the course of the life of a man, as the port of a tree resembles that of its branches.

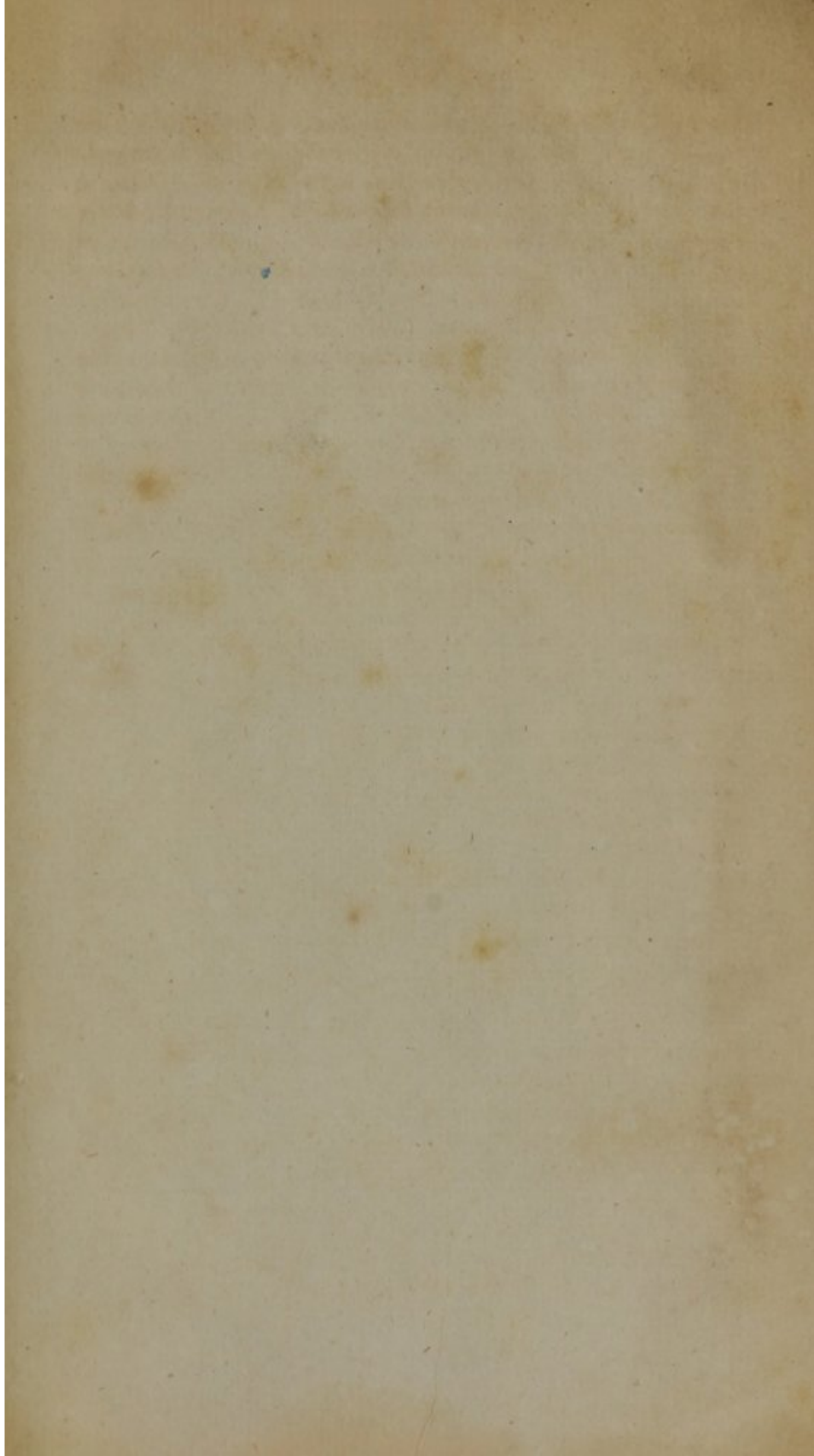
I had devoted my attention, in the text, to the moral progress of political societies, barbarism, civilization, and corruption. I had in this note cast a glance, no less important, on the natural progress of Man; childhood, youth, maturity, old age; but these approximations have been extended far beyond the proper bounds of a simple note.

Besides, in order to enlarge his Horizon, a man must scramble up mountains, which are but too frequently involved in stormy clouds. Let us redescend into the peaceful valleys. Let us repose

between the declivities of Mount Lyceum, on the banks of the Achelöus. If Time, the Muses, and the Reader, shall be propitious to these new STUDIES, it will be sufficient for my pencil, and for my ambition, to have painted the meadows, the groves, and the shepherdesses of blest Arcadia.



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