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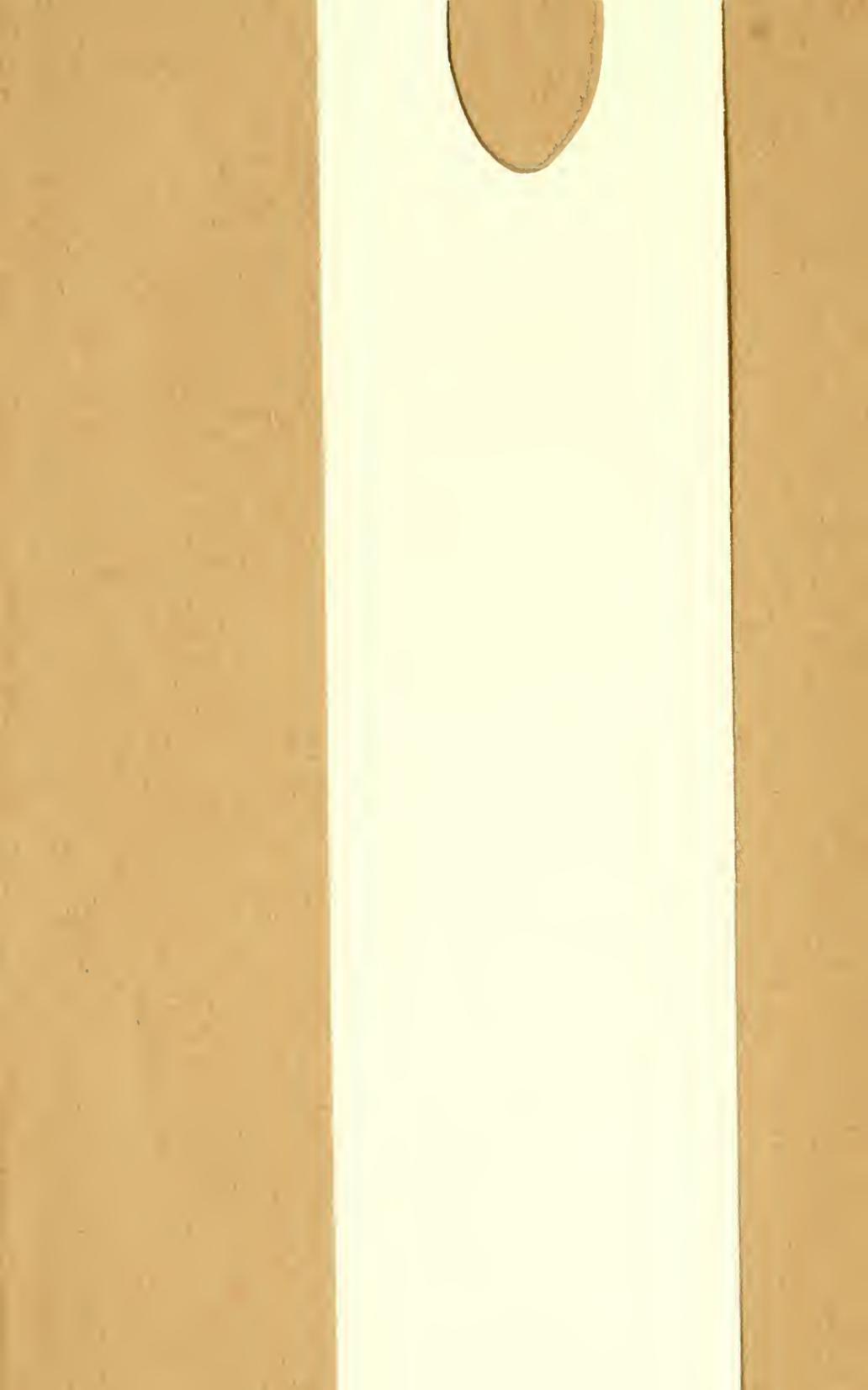
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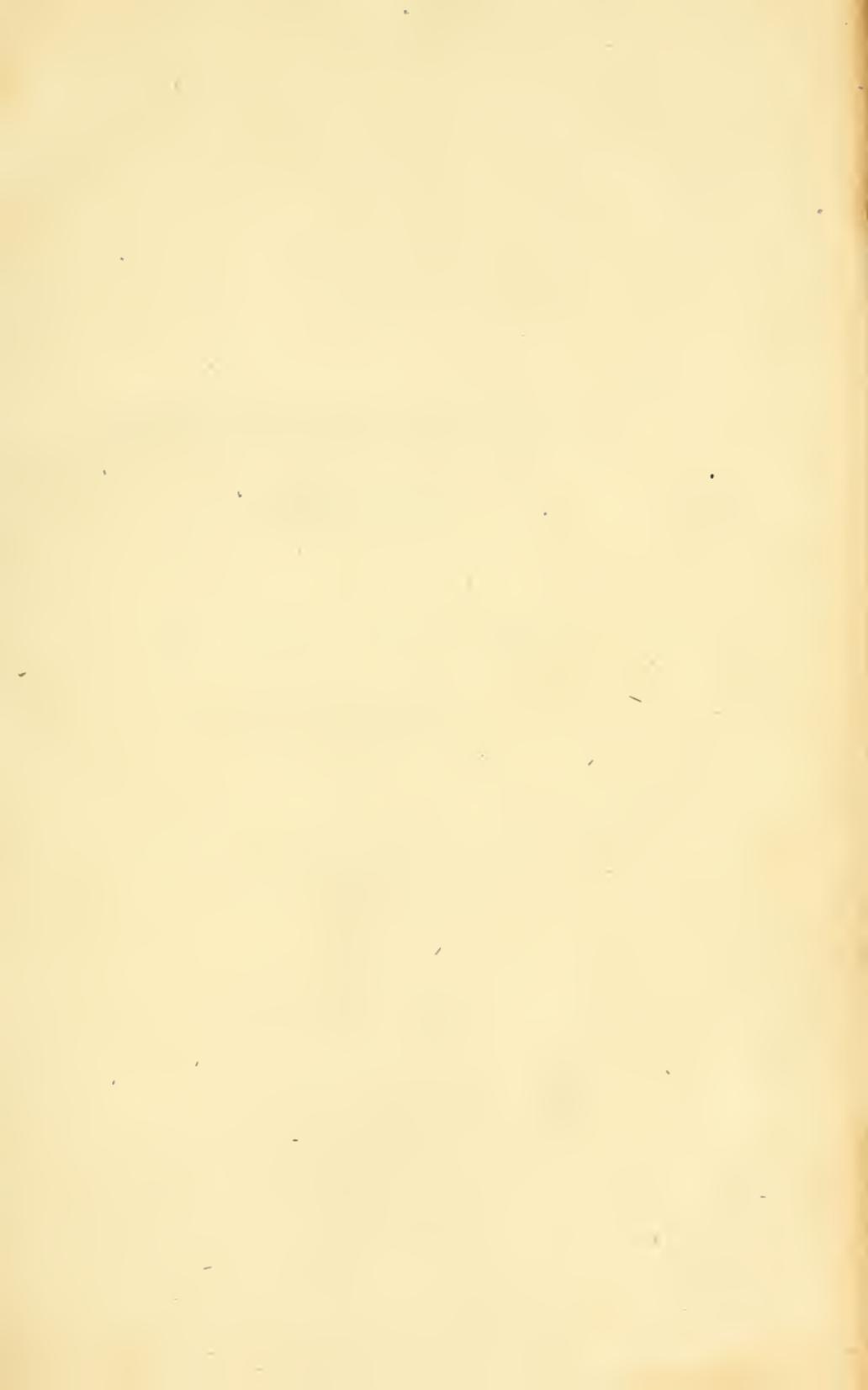
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*STUDIES*  
OF  
N A T U R E.

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VOL. V.

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508.  
D 45  
L. J. Smith.

*STUDIES*  
OF  
N A T U R E.

BY  
JAMES - HENRY - BERNARDIN  
*DE SAINT - PIERRE.*

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.....MISERIS SUCCURERE DISCO.

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TRANSLATED BY  
HENRY HUNTER, D. D.  
MINISTER OF THE SCOTS CHURCH, LONDON-WALL.

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*IN FIVE VOLUMES.*

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VOL. V.

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London:  
PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

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# C O N T E N T S

OF VOL V.

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# ADVERTISEMENT

RESPECTING

THIS ADDITIONAL VOLUME OF MY WORK.

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**W**HILE I was preparing for a re-publication of this Work, I received, on the subject of it, advices, criticisms, and compliments.

The advices related to it's 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 so-

licitation, 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 inimitable grace, “that I may never go without it in my “pocket.”

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 a 18vo. than in that of a huge atlas, in the library of the Louvre. This species of *incognito* has, besides, an inexpressible something 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

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 enquired, 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 supposition 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 new genuine 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 it's 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

\* *M. Marin*, superintendant of the presses 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 Chaffel*, superintendant of the presses 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.

Leipfic-fair,

Leipfic-fair, for the month of October 1787, an Edition of my Studies of Nature, published at Lyons, by *Pieftre* and *de la Moliere*, though I never had any thing printed except at Paris. A new Edition of the Work has juft been published at Bruffels, in four volumes. A Gentleman, with whom my Printer is acquainted, faw at London, in the month of September laft, four different Editions of it, without being able to procure the genuine one. It may, however, be very eafily diftinguifhed by the beauty of it's characters, from all the fpurious Editions, which, befides, can never be any thing more than bad copies of an original Edition, revifed 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 againft Mankind, but to take care that the World have no juft ground of complaint againft us.

Supposing it were not a matter of confcience with me, to praftife juftice toward every individual, I am under too many obligations to the Public, not to ftudy their gratification, to the utmoft of my ability. I have never enjoyed any other fteady 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 expence 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

position 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-Augustin in America, and by the entrance of the Gulf of Guinea in Africa, produced on each side counter-currents which give us our tides, re-ascending 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 re-actions of Cape Saint-Augustin and of the entrance of the Gulf of Guinea,

in order to make our tides re-ascend 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 it's 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 it's course, those lateral re-actions 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 basin, produces, at the sides of that basin, 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 it's general Current, with the assistance of it's lateral counter-currents.

But *M. de Crevecoeur*, Author of the Letters of an American Farmer, goes still further; for he assures us, (*Vol. III. page 433*) that in sailing up the Ohio, along it's banks, he made 422 miles in fourteen

teen 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 it’s importance, and out of the respect which I bear to it’s 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 re-actions 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 it’s 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.

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 it's 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 it's road, a Cape or Strait opposing it's 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-Augustin 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

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 chusing 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

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 surprized 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,

tures, 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 in-  
 “ serted 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

“ 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 evi-  
 “ dent, 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 al-  
 “ ternate 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 au-  
 “ thorities, to reasons ; that he there considers as  
 “ decidedly certain, what I have completely re-  
 “ futed ; that he makes me to say in his critique  
 “ what

“ what I never did say ; that such criticism is with-  
“ in the reach of every superficial, idle, and dis-  
“ honest man, who can hold a pen ; that neither  
“ my health, my time, nor my taste permit me to  
“ confute such species of differtation, even had the  
“ author the manliness to shew himself : I declare,  
“ therefore, that in future, I will not deign to repeat  
“ 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 friendship for me, as ad-  
“ dresses himself directly to me, I will take care to  
“ have them corrected, and will openly acknow-  
“ ledge the obligation in terms of the highest re-  
“ spect ; 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 dis-  
“ posal. It is long since I knew by experience,  
“ that I had not the credit to get any thing in-  
“ serted in that of Paris, even in the service of the  
“ miserable. Permit me to intreat you, then, to  
“ find a place in your impartial paper, for this my  
“ present reply, accompanied with my solemn  
“ protestation of silence for the future.

“ One

“ One word more, while I complain of the anonymous critic, who has attacked my Work with so much acrimony, 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 irritated 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

tiated 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. *Theressè*, 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 transcendant 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

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 horizon, 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 it's 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 it's 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

retire from it, and the Torrid Zone would present, through it's whole circumference, a Zone of dry land, of six leagues and a half of elevation, at it's 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 it's 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 it's 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

new degrees of evidence, by it's 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 atmospherical, 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 likewise 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, it's Continent is more elevated than the Land at Paris. The Earth, therefore, lengthens out as you proceed northward. This experiment, and it's 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

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 *Anderfon*, 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

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 North-West;” to which *Mr. Forster* adds: “and about two leagues to wind-  
“ward, 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

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 it's 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 it's ices descend toward the torrid Zone.

VI. The third nautical experiment, demonstrative of the elongation of the North Pole, is deduced from it's Currents themselves, which issue directly from the bays, and the straits of the North, with the rapidity of fluices. I have quoted, to this purpose, the same Navigators of the North; *Linschotten* and *Barents*, employed by the States of Holland, to discover a North-west passage to China; and *Ellis*, entrusted with a commission from England, to attempt a North-east 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

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 North-east, or from the North-west, 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

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

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 it's 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

shores of the northern isles, the seeds of plants which grow no where 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 ox-eye, 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 two-fold observation of *Tycho-Brhaè* 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,

ter, 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 combatting. 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 mir-

ror, 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 it's 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 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 co-incidence, 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

tain 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 co-incide, 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 co-incidence, 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 tranquility 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

regularities 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*, *Cooke*, *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 Maffafuero, 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 Maffafuero is in the southern part of the South Sea, it's tides, which set in to the North in April, run, therefore, toward the Line, in contradiction to the lunar system : besides, it's 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.)

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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 activity, 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 South-

“ East, 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 Ota- “ heite and Ulietea; with a view of ascertaining “ it’s 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 observed 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 ne- “ ver 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 it's 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 it's 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

“dicular 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 happened soon after our arrival;  
 “and it was obvious, that it would be the same in  
 “those of the new Moon, though we did not re-  
 “main here long enough to see the whole of it’s  
 “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

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 encouraged 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

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 fright-  
 “ ful to us, who could not tell whether the agita-  
 “ tion 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 Ri-  
 “ ver displayed themselves. The water taken up  
 “ this ebb, when at the lowest, was found to be  
 “ very considerably fresher, than any we had hi-  
 “ therto tasted; insomuch that I was convinced  
 “ we were in a large river, and not in a strait,  
 “ communicating with the Northern Seas.” (Cap-  
 tain *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 fluice, through which the effusions of the polar ices are discharged into the Ocean. We find others of the same kind

at

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 re-action 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

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

“ 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 twenty thousand pounds established by act of  
“ parliament, to prevail upon a society of Gentle-  
“ men 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  
“ disappointment. For it is well known, that the  
“ Voyage of the Dobbs and California \*, instead of  
“ confuting, strongly confirmed all that Middleton  
“ had asserted. The supposed strait was found to  
“ be nothing more than a fresh water river, and  
“ it’s utmost Western navigable boundaries 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 it’s side, a real tide from the

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

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 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,

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.” (Captain *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 second 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 observed, in these voyages, is very great; and hence an important article of useful knowledge is afforded. In these observations, some very curious, and even unexpected circumstances have offered themselves to our consideration. It will be sufficient to instance the exceedingly 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  
 VOL. V. d “ might

“ 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 Atlantic 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 re-appear 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

“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 it’s 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 it’s 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 it's winter than during it's 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

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 divergent effusions, which the Sun daily sets a flowing from it's ices. Nay it has no Continent whatever : it has, consequently, no channel, in passing through which it's effluxes should be retarded. It's 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 Taiti, of Massafuero, of New Holland, of New Britain, &c. Each of these tides lasts as long as the course of the Sun above the Ho-

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rizon,

rizon, 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 means 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 semi-diurnal 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

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, it's two semi-diurnal 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 co-incidence 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 semi-diurnal, of the Atlantic Ocean,

Ocean, because that star passes daily only over it's 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 semi-diurnal or diurnal of the northern part of that same Ocean, and to the variety of it's 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

\* 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

the Pole whence they flow, and their perfect concordance with the Continents from which they descend; being double in twenty-four hours, when 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 it's 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

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 it's 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

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,

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

\* 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

The account of it is given in the *Mercury of France*, of Saturday 12th January, 1788, No. 2. pages 84 and 85, political part.

“ In

number of bottles filled 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 azury ground of the Sea, and render it perceptible a great way off. It would be proper to case it round with cordage, to prevent it's 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, exposed 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

“ In the month of May of this year, some  
 “ fishermen of Arromanches, near Bayeux, found  
 at

the tropical Seas, is the cocoa. This fruit frequently fails 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 it's 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 it's pointed extremity, which may be considered as it's 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, it's 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 it's 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 it's way out, had not Nature contrived, in it's 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

“ at Sea a small bottle well corked up. Impatient  
 “ to know what it might contain, 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 it deposited in his registry. The in-  
 “ scription announcing that it belonged to an

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 it's 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 come 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 wood-pigeon.

English

“ 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 pro-  
 “ ductions, has just written in return; and after  
 “ expressing his gratitude to the Judge, in very  
 “ strong terms, informs him that the letter in ques-  
 “ tion 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.

In

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

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 North-east,  
 “ from the city of Bayeux, on the 9th of May  
 “ 1787, and deposited in the Registry of the Ad-  
 “ miralty, the 10th of the same month.

“ Mr. *Elphinston*, the husband of the Lady to  
 “ whom the letter was addressed, intimates, that

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.

“ he

“ 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, Longitude 10 de-  
 “ grees, 56 minutes West, as it is dated ; or whe-  
 “ ther some person on board the vessel which passed  
 “ them, committed it to the waves.

“ The vessel’s name was Nacket, and the one on  
 “ her voyage to Bengal was called the Intelligence,  
 “ commanded by Captain *Linston*.

“ The names of the fishermen are *Charles le Ro-*  
 “ *main*, master of the boat ; *Nicholas Fresnel*, *Jean-*  
 “ *Baptiste le Bas*, and *Charles’ 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 sluices, making from eight to ten leagues an hour, in straits contiguous to the polar ices in fusion, conformably to the testimony of *Ellis*, of *Linsbotten* 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;

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 it's 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.

It's 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 it's course, as they threw themselves into the Sea, but chiefly by the re-action 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 Na-

vigators 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 it's 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

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 there 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

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 satellite, 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. “ *Clairault, 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 Enquirers

quirers 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

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 it's 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

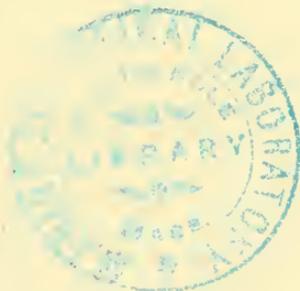
ments which precede them. They are followed by numerous and long Notes, which sometimes deviate from their Text. But every thing is in union with every thing, in Nature, and Studies admit of universal collection. I am, accordingly, indebted to the Title of my Book, for the advantage, which is far from 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

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.





## P R E F A C E.

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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 cer-

tain 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 pre-sentiment 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

crity 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.



STUDIES  
OF  
N A T U R E.

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*PAUL AND VIRGINIA.*

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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 Pamplémousses; 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 Tomb-

bay ; 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

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 physiomy 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 be-  
“ longed ?” “ My son,” replied he, “ these ruins,  
“ and that now neglected spot of ground, were  
“ inhabited, about twenty years ago, by two fa-  
“ milies, which there found the means of happi-  
“ nefs. Their history is affecting : but in this  
“ island,

“ island, situated on the road to India, what Eu-  
 “ ropean will deign to take an interest in the des-  
 “ tiny 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 history 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 con-  
 “ versation, that you must have acquired very ex-  
 “ tensive experience. If your leisure permits,  
 “ have the goodness to relate to me, I beseech you,  
 “ what you know of the ancient inhabitants of this  
 “ desert; and be assured, that there is no man,  
 “ however 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 recollect certain particular  
 circumstances, after having applied his hands for  
 some time to his forehead, the old man related  
 what follows.

In the year 1735, a young man of Normandy,  
 called *De la Tour*, after having, to no purpose, so-  
 licited employment in France, and assistance from  
 his family, determined to come to this island, in  
 the view of making his fortune. He brought along  
 with him a young wife, whom he passionately  
 loved, and who returned his affection with mutual  
 ardor.

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 opposed 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 negroes, 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 commences 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 prevent European Nations from forming settlements on that Island.

The effects which he had carried with him were embezzled 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

In an island almost a desert, the soil of which was unappropriated, she did not chuse 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 slunk 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

even refused to secure to her the means of subsistence for the child, with which he had left her pregnant. She immediately resolved, for ever 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

“ 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

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 *Lataniens*, 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 comprized all the lower part of the enclosure, which extends along the river of the *Lataniens*, 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*.

*garet*. 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 own 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 palisadoes 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! there 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 god-father 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

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 singular 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

cient 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 Pamplémouffes, 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 re-ascending 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 re-kindled 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

pect 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 it's laws; the one, from having been raised above her condition; and the other, from having descended below her's; 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 surprized 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 careffes more tender, knows of no names more sweet. Their education only served to redouble their friendship, by directing it toward their reciprocal 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 careffes 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

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 usefess 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 expression 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

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 answer; but, being a woman of exalted character, she no longer feared humiliation, nor to expose herself to the reproaches of her relation,

tion,

tion, 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 Governor 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 eulogium; to avoid, she said, the almost inevitable evils which attend matrimony, she had always refused to marry: the truth was,

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

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, "Be-  
" hold 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, Madam!"....." My good mistress!".....  
" My dear mother!"...." Do not distress yourself." Such tender marks of affection, soon dissipated

sipated 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 sun-rise, 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 canvas 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.

“ 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.”

In saying these words, she 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 con-  
“ duct 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

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 eye-brows black, and meeting each other. *Virginia*, quite petrified, holding *Paul* by the arm, approached 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 it's summit, they

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 mid-day, 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 it's 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 it's 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 it's 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,

tree, which presently fell with a terrible crash. The fire likewise assisted him in peeling off from the colewort it's 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 favoury. 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 noon-day Sun, we must, therefore, pass as we did this morning, over that mountain which you see below, with it's three peaks. Come, let us walk on, my friend." This mountain is called that of the Three Paps \*, because it's

\* 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

three peaks have that 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

issue multitudes of brooks and rivers, 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.

“ difficult

“ 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, and do  
“ you return alone to our cottage, to restore tran-  
“ quillity to our mothers.” “ Oh no !” said *Paul*,  
“ I will never leave you. If the night should sur-  
“ prize us in these woods, I will light a fire, I  
“ will fell these palm-trees, you shall eat the cole-  
“ wort, and I will make of it’s 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 it’s 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 vallies ; 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,

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 recol-  
 “ lect 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, groan-  
 ing, and loading them with careffes. Before they  
 had recovered from their surprize, 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 him-  
 self : “ Oh, my young masters,” said he to them,  
 “ what distress your mothers are in ! how asto-  
 “ nished they were at not finding you, on their  
 “ return from mass, whither I had accompanied  
 “ 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 immedi-

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

“ ately 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 fugitive 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 extinguished : at length, he con-  
“ ducted 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 recollec-  
tion of the poor slave, and at the distress of their  
mothers. She repeated several times, “ Oh, how  
“ difficult it is to do good !”

While *Paul* and she were refreshing themselves,  
*Domingo* lighted a fire, and looking about among  
the

the rocks for a crooked billet, which we call round-wood, and 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 negress 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

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 negrefs, 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!”

“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 witnesses 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 Pamplemousses, 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

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

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 fugary 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 it's 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 *avocadier*, 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

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 it's circumference; so that this vast enclosure appeared, from it's 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 it's proper site, and each site received from it's vegetable it's 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

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,



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,  
 Obstrectis aliis, præter lapyga\*.

\* 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.

“ May

“ May the brothers of *Helen*, stars radiant like  
 “ yourselves, and may the Ruler of the winds, di-  
 “ rect your course ; 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 & 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, & 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 BRIT-TANY 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 baskets, 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

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 it's source, a little lake, in the middle of a meadow of fine grafs. 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 an 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 co-coas, over the basin of the fountain.

This plantation excepted, they had left the cavity of the rock just as Nature had adorned it. On it's brown and humid sides, radiated, in green and dusky flars, large plants of maiden-hair, 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 gilly-flower, 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 sun-set, you might see the rook and the sea-lark fly along the shore of the Sea; and, high in 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

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 maiden-hair, which grew on the steep sides of the rock, and suspend themselves in the air, on one of it's 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 to-morrow; 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

ductions 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

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 it's serenity, when any member of this society had the appearance of  
pensiveness,

penfiveness, 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 careffes; *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 Pamplémouffes, 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

the lower inhabitants, who are, for the most part, jealous, back-biters, 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

tunity 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 cabbots, 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

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 sea-faring 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* tam-tam, 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

frustrated 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, gleaned 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

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, surprized

prized 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 surprized 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 un-commercial 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 concomi-

tant 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 it's 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

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 agree- “ able 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 ;

tion; 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 revives me; when, from  
“ the mountain’s height, I descry thee at the bot-  
“ tom of this valley, thou appearest like a rose-  
“ bud in the midst of our orchards; when thou  
“ walkest toward the dwelling of our mothers, the  
“ partridge, which trips along to it’s young ones,  
“ has a chest less beautiful, and a gait less nimble,

“ than thou hast. Although 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, remains  
“ 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 war-  
“ bling 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 plea-  
“ sure. Dost thou remember that day, on which  
“ we passed across the pebbly bed of the river, of  
“ the mountain called the Three Paps ; when I  
“ arrived on it’s 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 believe it is by thy be-  
“ nevolence ; I shall never forget, that thou walk-  
“ edst, bare-foot, 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 forest : place it, at night,  
“ by

“ by thy pillow : eat this morsel of honey-comb,  
“ 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 dearly ; I love thine ; but when  
“ they call thee, Son, I love them still more. The  
“ careffes 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 : hearken, 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 moun-  
“ tain-top, I repeat the words of them at the bot-  
“ tom of this valley : thou art dear to me, but,  
“ above all, since that day on which thou wert de-  
“ termined 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 excel-  
“ lent heart ; but for him, I should have died with  
“ terror. I daily implore the blessing of the Al-  
“ mighty 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 intreat 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 gar-  
“ den ? How fatigued, and in what a heat, thou  
“ art just now ?” Then, with her little white hand-  
kerchief, 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

“ 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 re-animate her ; but she, turn-  
ing 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 it's 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 south-east  
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 it's surface, and ap-  
peared, at sun-set, like the flames of a great con-  
flagration. Even the night season diffused no cool-  
ness over the burning atmosphere. The bloody  
disk of the moon rose, of an enormous size, in the  
hazy

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 vallies 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 resounded with the buzzing of insects, which sought 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 it's 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 it's basin; at first, the freshness re-animated 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 it's bed, covered the bottom with sand, and sowed aromatic herbs around it's brink. On her naked arms, and on her bosom, she

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 fens 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 to-day, only in order to recom-  
" pense

“ pense you to-morrow ; consider, that the chief  
“ end of our being placed on the Earth is to prac-  
“ tise 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

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; the Trade-wind from the South-east resumed its usual current; the stormy clouds were driven to the North-west, and the setting Sun appeared in the horizon.

The first wish which *Virginia* expressed, was to re-visit 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 minia-  
 ture, representing *Paul* the hermit. *Margaret* re-  
 garded 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 resem-  
 blance 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,

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

“ 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, com-  
“ merce will supply him with the means of pur-  
“ chasing 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 chuse 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

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 ac-  
" quiring fresh vigour. What if any accident  
" should befall them during my absence, more espe-  
" cially *Virginia*, who, even now, suffers very se-  
" verely? 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,” replied *Madame de la Tour*; “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 :

“ cause : my heart has been pierced by the harsh-  
“ nefs 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 per-  
son who testified the least joy, and who, never-  
theless, 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 sun-rise, as they were offering  
up their accustomed matin prayer, which pre-  
ceded 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 surprize 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, authorizing 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

“ 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 daugh-  
 “ ter.” He then concluded with gently reproach-  
 ing *Madame de la Tour*, for not having applied to him, in her necessities : at the same time, applaud-  
 ing 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 de-  
 “ gree.” “ 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 insular 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 offered, of sending her daughter into France, by means of a vessel on the point of sailing ; and, that he would recommend 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 prof-  
 pect

pect of an immense fortune, to the pleasure of her daughter's company 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 opportunity of separating *Paul* and *Virginia* for a short time; but, it was only in the view of securing their mutual happiness, at a future period. She, accordingly, took her daughter aside, and said to her: "My dear child, our domestics 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 overwhelms 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. Hitherto 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 happy, 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

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

“ been to us. It is a sacrifice, I grant, but it is the  
 “ command of the Almighty. He devoted him-  
 “ self 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 ob-  
 “ jection 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*, intreating 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  
 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

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 Poullicat 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 sable 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;

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 piastres was expended, before she thought of her own wants. It became necessary to cull her portion 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

The word, bastard, greatly surprized *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,

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 vallies, 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

nana 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 so-  
 “ ciety 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 inclinations, I should have re-  
 “ mained here all my life long ; but my mother is  
 “ of a contrary opinion, and my confessor has told  
 “ me it is the will of GOD, that I should depart ;  
 “ that life is a state of probation....Alas ! how se-  
 “ vere that probation is !”

“ How,” replied *Paul*, “ so many reasons to de-  
 “ termine 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 attrac-  
 “ tions 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,

“ 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 exist  
“ without the caresses of your mother, to which  
“ you have been so long accustomed? What will  
“ become of your mother herself, already far ad-  
“ vanced 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 absence? Cruel girl! I say no-  
“ thing of myself; but, What shall become of me,  
“ when, in the morning, I no longer enjoy your  
“ company, and when night comes on, without  
“ 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 at-  
“ tracts 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  
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“ hands has procured for you, allow me to ac-  
 “ company you in your voyage; I will encou-  
 “ rage you during those tempests, which caused  
 “ such apprehensions in you while on shore. Thy  
 “ head shall repose upon my bosom; 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 sacri-  
 “ fices, by dying at thy feet.”

His voice was entirely stifled with sobbing; we  
 presently 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 infirm  
 “ 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 chuse 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

“ 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 relations 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  
“ presenting to thy view, the unhappy fate of thy  
“ two children.”

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 misfortunes and my own, and by all that  
“ ever

“ 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 watched  
 “ over my infants steps, you, who have the dis-  
 “ posal 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 polluted  
 “ 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 tor-  
 rent 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 contending passions. This unfortunate  
 “ voyage shall not take place. Do, my dear  
 “ neighbour, endeavour to persuade 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 ; to-morrow, we “ will mention the matter to the Governor ; mean- “ while, 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 negroes *Mary*, who, mounted

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 it's 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 it's mountains;

tains; among others, those of Piterboth, and of the Three Paps, and their vallies, 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 tatamaques. 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 rivetted 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 re-visit 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,

ing, and the vessel being 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 farewell, 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,

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 had 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,

lowing, 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 cocoa-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

of this ardent, and restless passion, that men must ascribe the origin of the generality of arts and sciences; and, it is from it's privations, that the philosophy derives it's 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 it's 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

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 circum-spection 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

*“ My dear and much-loved Mother,*

“ I have already written to you several letters,  
“ in my own hand; but, as I have received no an-  
“ swer, 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  
“ grand-aunt was much surprized, when, on ques-  
“ tioning me concerning my attainments, I in-  
“ formed 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 receiv-  
“ ed 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 in-  
“ clination for all these sciences was so faint, that I  
“ profited

“ profited very little by the lessons of those gentle-  
“ men. 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 relin-  
“ quish 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 family name in it’s place, which I likewise  
“ esteem, because it was your’s, when a girl. As  
“ she has raised me to a situation so exalted, I en-  
“ treated her to send you some supply : How can  
“ I repeat her answer ? You, however, have al-  
“ ways 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 incapable of writing myself ; but, not being  
“ able to find, since my arrival here, a single per-  
“ son, on whose fidelity I could rely, I applied my-  
“ self

“ self, 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 little  
“ 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 grand-aunt. On the present occasion, I  
“ have had recourse to one of my friends, who is  
“ a fellow-boarder ; and, under her address, which  
“ I have subjoined, I must beg you to convey an  
“ answer. My grand-aunt has prohibited all fo-  
“ reign correspondence, which might, as she al-  
“ leges, oppose insurmountable obstacles to the  
“ splendid views, which she entertains with regard  
“ to me. The only person, 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 conceive a partiality for any one what-  
“ ever.

“ 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

“ 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 des-  
“ tined 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 for-  
“ tune, you had instructed me. I, accordingly,  
“ send you some pairs of stockings, of my own  
“ manufacture, for yourself, and my mama *Mar-*  
“ *garet*; a cap for *Domingo*, and one of my red  
“ handkerchiefs for *Mary*: I enclose you, like-  
“ wise, in this packet, the kernels of the fruits of  
“ which our deserts 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 mama  
“ *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 fa-  
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“ tatisfaction of seeing apple-trees growing beside our  
“ bananas, and beech-trees mixing their foliage  
“ with that of the cocoas: you will fancy your-  
“ self 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 per-  
“ son here mentions your name to me, and, that  
“ I am not allowed to talk of you to any one. My  
“ waiting women, or rather those of my grand-  
“ aunt, 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 coun-  
“ try 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

“ Dear and much-loved mother, I remain your  
“ obedient and affectionate daughter,

“ VIRGINIA DE LA TOUR.”

“ I recommend to your kindest regards, *Mary*  
“ and *Domingo*, who took such care of my infancy:  
“ stroke Fidèle for me, who found me again when  
“ I was lost in the woods.”

*Paul* was much surprized 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 discovered 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,

“ 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-FAREWEL.

She had inclosed these seeds, in a little purse,  
the embroidery of which was very simple, but  
which appeared inestimable to *Paul*, when he per-  
ceived a P and a V interwoven in it, and formed  
of hair, which he knew, by it’s beauty, to be that  
of *Virginia*.

The letter of this sensible and virtuous young  
lady, drew tears from the whole family. Her mo-  
ther replied, in the name of the whole society, de-  
siring 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 depar-  
ture, 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 wor-  
thy 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

her fountain, now arrived to perfect maturity. He added, that he would not send her any of the other feeds of the island, in order that the desire of seeing it's 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 scabious, 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 rumors, conveyed by a trading-veffel, which often brings false reports from the places which it touches at on it's 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

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 it's current, sinks the miry particles to the bottom of it's bed, recovers it's former limpidness, and, having again become transparent, reflects, with it's 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 it's 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

terchanging the use of these senses, He, who is the author of life, has reserved for himself alone, the heart, which is it's 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 it's 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 it's 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

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

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 it's 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 it's 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

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 parroquets, 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

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 fufil scared these peaceful children of Nature. Here, nothing is heard but founds of joy, the unknown warblings and the chirping of some southern birds, which repeat the echos 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 found, 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

At some distance from thence, there is a rock, remote enough from the cascade, to prevent your being deafened with the noise of it's 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 it's seed, or it's 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 it's growth is very rapid, it attained, three years after, to the height of twenty feet, and the higher part of it's 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,

jects, 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 surprized, 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 Romans! May Nature, which is  
" daily destroying the monuments of the ambition  
" of Kings, multiply, in these forests, those of the  
" beneficence of a young and unfortunate girl."

It was at the foot of this papaya-tree, that I was certain of seeing *Paul*, whenever he came to my habitation.

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 grand-aunt 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.

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 employ-  
 “ ment ; what is more, no corps of any distinc-  
 “ tion 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 in-  
 “ stances of celebrated men, who, rising from a  
 “ low condition, had done honour to their coun-  
 “ try. 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 incor-  
 VOL. V. K “ porated

“porated affociations. The King is a luminary,  
 “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 administration less com-  
 “plicated, such phenomena were to be seen.  
 “Then, talents and merit were disclosed on every  
 “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  
 “biaffed by the grandees, and by the affociations  
 “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 un-  
 “tainted.”

PAUL.

“But I will perform actions so daring, I will  
 “keep my promises so inviolate, I will so punc-  
 tually

“ tually fulfil the duties 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  
“ Romans, even in their decline, the higher orders  
“ of men always paid respect to virtue; we have  
“ had, indeed, a great number of celebrated person-  
“ ages, of all descriptions, starting up from among  
“ the common people, but I do not know of a  
“ single one who has been adopted into 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 distinction which, in justice, it should  
“ obtain, is to be purchased only with money.”

#### PAUL.

“ In case, then, I do not procure support from  
“ the Great, I will endeavour to render myself use-  
“ ful to some corps. I will adopt it's spirit, and  
“ it's opinions, entirely; 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. Be-  
 “ side, incorporated 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, As-  
 “ sociations, Nations, and Kings, have their preju-  
 “ dices and their passions, and vice is often requi-  
 “ site, in order to serve them as they desire. But  
 “ to

“ to serve GOD and the human race, we have oc-  
“ casion to exercise virtue only.

“ But why do you wish to be distinguished from  
“ the rest of Mankind? It is an unnatural senti-  
“ ment, 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 des-  
“ tiny, which allows you to maintain your inte-  
“ grity pure, and does not oblige you, in imitation  
“ of the Great, to place your happiness in the opi-  
“ nion of the lower ranks ; nor, in imitation of the  
“ lower, to cringe to their 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 de-  
“ ceive, to flatter, or to debase yourself, as the ge-  
“ nerality 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 malig-  
“ nant sneer will interpose to blast your wisdom,  
“ which is still only in the bud. Heaven has be-  
“ stowed on you, liberty, health, a good con-  
“ science, 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 cele-  
“brated: I will acquire knowledge, by dint of in-  
“tense application: I will render a useful service  
“to my country, by my superior 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 soldier, nor the soldier, that of the sailor, but  
“every

“ 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 inhabitants of these forests, a much more  
 “ useful and delightful 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, equa-  
 “ lity, humanity, and concord, namely, the Gos-  
 “ pel, 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 it’s 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, con-  
“ formably to the sentence of a court of justice.  
“ His sublime disciple, *Plato*, was doomed to fla-  
“ very, by order of the very Prince who protected  
“ him; and, before their time, *Pythagoras*, who  
“ extended his humanity even to the brute crea-  
“ tion, 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 characterize 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 bo-  
“ som 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 sa-  
“ crifice 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 coun-  
“ try, or to any situation under government, nor  
“ procure

“ 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, because 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, however, so little prized by the men  
“ of the World, is ever worthy of it’s celestial ori-  
“ gin. It is to these very books, that the honour  
“ is reserved, of bestowing lustre on obscure vir-  
“ tue, of consoling the unfortunate, of enlightening  
“ 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 con-  
“ tempt 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.

PAUL.

“ Ah! I should covet this glory, only to diffuse  
 “ it’s 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 scholar, 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 fore-  
 “ seen calamity occasions a thousand vain anxieties:  
 “ the certain prospect of a heavy affliction would  
 “ embitter all the days which might precede it.  
 “ Indeed, it is not proper to enquire too deeply,  
 “ even into surrounding objects; Heaven, which  
 “ bestows reflection upon us, in order that we may  
 “ foresee our necessities, has also given us necessi-  
 “ ties, 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.

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 subsist-  
“ ence, 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 great-  
“ nefs;

“ nefs; return to thefe rocks, to the fhade of thefe  
 “ woods, and to our cocoa-trees. Alas! perhaps  
 “ at this very moment, thou art miferable.”——  
 Saying this, he burft into tears. “ Father,”  
 cried he, “ conceal nothing from me; if you are  
 “ unable to tell me whether I fhall ever marry  
 “ *Virginia*, inform me, at leaft, whether ſhe ftill  
 “ loves me, though furrounded by great men, who  
 “ talk to the King, and who vifit her?”

THE OLD MAN.

“ Yes, my friend, I am convinced, by many  
 “ reafons, that ſhe loves you, but principally by  
 “ this, that ſhe is virtuous.” At thefe words, he  
 clafped me round the neck, transported with joy.

PAUL.

“ But do you believe European women to be fo  
 “ inconstant as they are reprefented on the ftage,  
 “ and in thofe books which you have lent me?”

THE OLD MAN.

“ In thofe countries where men tyrannize, the  
 “ women are always inconstant. Violence ever  
 “ produces deceit.”

PAUL.

“ How is it poffible for a man to exercife ty-  
 “ ranny over a woman?”

## THE OLD MAN.

“ By forcing women into marriage, without any  
“ regard 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 en-  
“ able them to marry, and that they seldom ac-  
“ quire 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 re-actions of that universal justice  
“ which governs the World : in it, one excess al-  
“ ways 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 individuals. The State resembles a garden,  
“ in

“ in which small trees are unable to arrive at perfection, if others too great overshadow them ;  
 “ but there is this manifest difference, 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 subjects, and not on a small number, who  
 “ monopolize it’s 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 necessity 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.

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 or-  
“ der, he cannot form one of disorder. Beauty,  
“ virtue, and happiness, have proportions ; defor-  
“ mity, 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 mul-  
“ titude of privations and sacrifices. Their wealth  
“ deprives rich people of all these pleasures, by  
“ outrunning

“ outrunning their necessities. Add, besides, to  
 “ the disgust which always follows satiety, that  
 “ pride, which springs from their opulence, and  
 “ which the least privation wounds, even when  
 “ the greatest enjoyments have ceased to flatter  
 “ it. The perfume of a thousand roses only  
 “ pleases for a single moment; but the pain in-  
 “ flicted by one of their thorns, lasts a long time  
 “ after the wound is received. To the rich, one  
 “ misfortune, in the midst of many enjoyments, is  
 “ a thorn surrounded by flowers; but, on the con-  
 “ trary, to the poor, one pleasure, in the middle  
 “ of many calamities, is a flower surrounded on  
 “ every side by thorns. They find a poignant re-  
 “ lish in their enjoyments. Every effect is height-  
 “ ened 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 happi-  
 “ ness consists in mediocrity and virtue.”

PAUL.

“ What do you understand by the word virtue?”

THE

## THE OLD MAN.

“ My son, you who support your parents by the  
 “ labour of your hands, have no occasion for a de-  
 “ finition 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 re-  
 turn, 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 enu-  
 merated 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 recep-  
 tion; of the new habitation which he intended to  
 build; and of the pleasures and the agreeable sur-  
 prise 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 nobleman. 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

“ into despair. All labour disgusts me, and so-  
 “ ciety 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 moment. 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 misfor-  
 “ tunes 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 courage 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 Heaven. They are rays of that Wisdom

“ which governs the Universe, and which Man,  
“ inspired by a celestial art, has learned to esta-  
“ blish 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 pas-  
“ sions ; they repress vice ; they rouse virtue, by  
“ the sacred example of those great men whom  
“ they celebrate, and whose honoured images they  
“ habitually 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 in-  
“ finite 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*, exhausted with the re-  
“ lentless 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 govern-  
“ ment of our various intellectual powers to the  
“ several

“ 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 func-  
“ tions 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 be-  
“ fore us, are travellers 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 reci-  
“ procally. There is, besides, in woman, a lively  
“ gaiety, which dissipates the pensiveness of man.  
“ Her graces make the dark phantoms of reflection  
“ to fly away. On her countenance are depicted

“ the gentle attractions of confidence. 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 surprized at not finding the gar-  
 “ den entirely restored, she, whose thoughts are  
 “ fixed on embellishing it, in spite of the persecu-  
 “ tions 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 re-  
 mained there till the return of the pilot of the port,  
 who, according to custom, had gone out to recon-  
 noitre 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 grand-aunt, 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 of 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 ro-

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mances;

mances; 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 palliades 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

We immediately bent our course thither. As we were crossing the woods of the Long-Mountain, and already on the road which leads from Pamplémouffes 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-Duft, and am dis-  
“ patched to inform the Governor, that a vessel  
“ from France has just cast anchor under Am-  
“ ber Island. She is firing guns, in token of di-  
“ stress, for the sea is very boisterous.” The man, having thus spoken, immediately hastened forwards.

I then said to *Paul* : “ Let us go toward Gold-  
“ Duft, 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 frightful 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 rapidity, although, on  
land,

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 afterwards 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 daring to communicate our uneasiness to each other. Toward midnight, we arrived, in a violent heat, on the sea-shore, at the quarter called Gold-Duft. The waves dashed themselves against it with a fearful noise. The foam, of a dazzling whiteness, and sparkling like fire, covered the rocks and shores. Notwithstanding the darkness, we could distinguish, by these phosphoric lights, the canoes of the fishermen, 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 planters were assembled. We went thither to rest ourselves, and to wait for the return of day.

Whilst

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 night had concealed her from his view, and that two hours after sun-set, 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 sounded 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

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

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,

Governor, and thus addressed him : “ Sir, deep  
“ sounds have, all night long, been heard in the  
“ mountain. In the woods, the leaves are vio-  
“ lently 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 hurri-  
“ cane.” “ Well, my friend,” replied the Go-  
vernor, “ we are well prepared for it, and, surely,  
“ the vessel is so likewise.”

In truth, the whole appearance of Nature pre-  
figed 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 com-  
pany exclaimed : “ There's the hurricane !” and,  
at the same moment, an awful whirlwind carried  
off the fog, which overspread the Isle of Amber,  
and

and it's 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 a-stern. 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 it's 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 it's 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 a-ground 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 it's bed, the stones of which were dashed backward and forward, with a rough and horrible noise. The sea, swelled by the winds,

increased

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 immoveable, 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

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 determined 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 upon 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-gal-

lery 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,

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

happy 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,

city, and that from thence, he meant to have it carried to the church of Pamplémouffes. I immediately went down to Port-Louis, 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 their 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 was 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 faint. 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 Mofambique, 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 it's tomb.

It was necessary to place a guard near her grave, in order to keep back some of the daughters of the  
poor

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 Pamplémouffes, on it's 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

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

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 his strength seemed to revive. He, at first, bent his course toward Pamplemouffes, 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 it's 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

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 Pamplémouffes, 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 mid-day, 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

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 sat 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 re-founded 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

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 Pamplémouffes, 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 Williams-Plain, but a long promontory, in a straight and perpendicular line, out of which many lofty pyramids of rocks elevate

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 sun-shine, 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 William's-Plain, "Whither shall we go now?" he turned toward 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.

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 endeavoured 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

“ recompense worthy of her virtue. But how do  
 “ you know, whether the object, from whom you  
 “ expected happiness so pure, might not have  
 “ proved to you the source of sorrows innume-  
 “ rable? She was dowderless, and disinherited. You  
 “ would have had nothing, in future, to share with  
 “ her, but what the labour of your hands pro-  
 “ duced. Rendered more delicate by her educa-  
 “ tion, and more courageous by her very misfor-  
 “ tunes, you would have seen her daily sinking  
 “ under the weight of the fatigues which she ex-  
 “ erted 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 it's rulers, you  
 “ would have always found such men as *M. de la*  
 “ *Bourdonaye*? Whether some Governor might not  
 “ have been sent hither, unpolished and unprin-  
 “ cipled? Or, whether your wife, in order to ob-  
 “ tain 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 re-

“ maintained 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  
 “ independent of fortune, by protecting the be-  
 “ loved object, who was attached to me, in pro-  
 “ portion to her very weakness ; by consoling her  
 “ with my own inquietudes, by making her re-  
 “ joice even in my dejection, and thus causing 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 your-  
 “ self, she loved most, namely, her own mother  
 “ and your’s, whom, by your inconsolable afflic-  
 “ tion, 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. Behold,  
 “ how a single step toward fortune, has precipi-  
 “ tated us from one abyss into another ! You op-  
 “ posed it, it is true ; but who of us did not  
 “ believe, that the voyage of *Virginia* would  
 “ terminate

“ 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 au-  
 “ thority of an ecclesiastic, have all concurred in  
 “ deciding the fate of *Virginia*. Thus, we rush on  
 “ to our own destruction, deceived by the very  
 “ prudence of those who govern us. It would,  
 “ doubtless, have been better not to believe them,  
 “ nor to trust to the opinions and the expectations  
 “ 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; 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 le-  
 “ gitimate, because they were pure, simple, and  
 “ disinterested, and because you had sacred rights

“ over *Virginia*, which no fortune could compen-  
 “ fate. 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 me-  
 “ rited it. Is it, then, the misfortunes of *Virginia*,  
 “ her end, her present condition, that you de-  
 “ plore? She has submitted to the decision re-  
 “ served for birth, for beauty, and even for em-  
 “ pires themselves. The life of Man, with all its  
 “ projects, rears itself like a little tower, to which  
 “ death applies the finishing stroke. The mo-  
 “ ment 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 be-  
 “ fore the final one.

“ Death, my son, is a blessing to all Mankind.  
 “ It is the evening of that restless day which we  
 “ call

“ call life. It is in the sleep of death, that the  
 “ diseases, the griefs, the vexations, and the fears,  
 “ which incessantly agitate unhappy mortals, re-  
 “ pose for ever. Examine those men who appear  
 “ the most happy, and you will find that they have  
 “ purchased their pretended enjoyments very  
 “ dearly; public respectability, by domestic di-  
 “ stresses; fortune, by the loss of health; the  
 “ rare pleasure of being beloved, by continual sa-  
 “ crifices; and, often, at the close of a life de-  
 “ voted to the interests of another, they see no-  
 “ thing around them but false friends, and un-  
 “ grateful relations. But *Virginia* was happy to  
 “ the last moment of her’s. She was so, whilst  
 “ among us, by those blessings which Nature be-  
 “ stows; at a distance from us, by those of vir-  
 “ tue: even in that dreadful moment when we  
 “ saw her perish, she was still happy; for, whe-  
 “ ther 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 perceived 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 su-  
 “ perior to danger. She encountered death with  
 “ a serene countenance.

“ My son, the Almighty has decreed to virtue,  
 “ the power of supporting all the events of hu-  
 “ man 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,  
 “ it’s courage serves as an example, and the re-  
 “ membrance of it’s misfortunes receives a tribute  
 “ of tears from posterity, for ever. This is the  
 “ immortal monument reserved for it, upon a  
 “ globe where every thing passes away, and where  
 “ even the memory of the generality of Kings is  
 “ speedily buried in everlasting oblivion.’

“ But *Virginia* exists still. Observe, my son,  
 “ how every 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 ele-  
 “ ments with which it was invested, are not liable  
 “ to destruction: Ah! if *Virginia* enjoyed happi-  
 “ ness 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

“ 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 re-  
 “ compense? 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 ac-  
 “ tual 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 fore-  
 “ see what is beyond death, by which we must  
 “ make our transition from it? Has the Al-  
 “ mighty 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 Intelli-  
 “ gence, and divine Goodness, in any spot but  
 “ precisely that where we are; and in those ra-  
 “ dianant 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 non-existence ! 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 struggling with death, and innocence with  
 “ tyranny.

“ Without doubt, there is somewhere a place in  
 “ which virtue receives it's reward. *Virginia* now  
 “ is happy. Ah ! if, from the abode of angels,  
 “ she could communicate to you her thoughts,  
 “ she would say, as she did in her last farewell :  
 “ Oh, *Paul*, life is only a state of probation. I  
 “ have been found faithful to the laws of Nature,  
 “ of love, and of virtue. I crossed the seas in  
 “ obedience 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, for ever,  
 “ 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 Mankind, can ever, in future, affect me ;  
 “ and yet you still pity me ! I am pure, and un-  
 “ susceptible

“ susceptible 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 it’s radiations, over the bo-  
“ som of our forests. We experienced a felicity,  
“ the cause of which we were unable to compre-  
“ hend. 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 bles-  
“ sings. 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 re-  
“ gions of an eternal morning, which I inhabit for  
“ ever. Every thing that Omnipotence, and ce-  
“ lestial Goodness, could create, in order to admi-  
“ nister consolation to an unfortunate being ; all  
“ the harmony, which the friendship of an in-  
“ finite 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

“ increase the happiness of thy *Virginia*, by a love  
 “ which knows no bounds, and by a marriage, the  
 “ torches of which can never be extinguished.  
 “ 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 himself, 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. Sorrow had entirely overwhelmed him. Alas! the misfortunes 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

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 gar-  
“ dens. 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 sin-  
“ gular, *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 en-  
tirely 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 co-incidence of their  
dreams,

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

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 re-union. 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

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 misfortunes, 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 grand-niece, 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 :

claimed: "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

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

virtue resides ; in consoling poverty discontented with it's 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 extremity 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.

END OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ARCADIA.

A R C A D I A.



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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.*


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..... **A**S 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

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 forcereffes of Theffaly, 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

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

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,

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 *Œdipus*, 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

out 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.

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 mady 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

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

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 solitudes were lulled to rest, as soon as I ceased to struggle against them. Very soon after, there dropped into my lap, without the slightest

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

minutive 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 re-establishment 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 sought 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 re-conducted 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 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 situation 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

I extended myself, in imagination, over the face of those immense forests. There I constructed forts; I cleared large tracks 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 very few exceptions, aiming at mutual oppression, and re-acting 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 Poles 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 inter-communication of every thing that was best in their several characters, and tempered the defects

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 *Cyropedia*, *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 *Brazil*, formed of banditti who made war  
upon

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 it's 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 Phoé, covered with snow all the year round, rendered it similar to Switzerland. On the other hand, it's morasses, such as that of Stymphale, gave it, in this part of it's territory, a resemblance to Holland. It's vegetables, and it's 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, vine-dressers, huntsmen. 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 it's 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

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,

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 fuiffem  
 Aut custos gregis, aut maturæ vinitor uvæ \*!

“ 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 softly shall my bones repose, if  
 “ your pipe shall one day immortalize my unfor-  
 “ tunate loves ! And would to Heaven I had been  
 “ one of you, though in the humble station 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 Arca-  
 dian swains as so enviable, that he presumes not  
 to aspire to the felicity of being among them a

\* To your lov’d mountains, and your verdant plains,  
 Repeat, Arcadians, these my love-lorn 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 !

proprietary

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 vva.*

*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

it's

it's first fortrefs. For this reason it is, that *Virgil* denominates King Evander the Founder of the Roman fortrefs :

Rex *Evandrus*, Romanæ Conditor arcis.

ENEID. 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,

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 Teucrûm

Accipio agnoscoque libens! ut verba parentis  
Et vocem *Anchisæ* magni vultumque recordor!  
Nam memini *Hesiones* visentem regna fororis  
Laomedontiadem *Priamum*, *Salamina* pètentem  
Protinus *Arcadiæ* gelidos invifere fines\*.

ÆNEID. B. viii. L. 154—159.

- \* 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 recall great *Priam's* stately port,  
When once he sought his royal sister's court  
On *Salamini*an shores, with all his train;  
And took his way through our *Arcadian* plain.

PITT.

*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. 168.

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.

“ My right hand, then, has sealed, from that  
“ day, the alliance which you now solicit ; and

\* 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.

“ 25

“ as soon as to-morrow’s dawn shall re-visit the  
“ Earth, I will joyfully dismiss you to the field,  
“ with the succours which you ask, and will sup-  
“ port 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

der 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, hâc demum voluit consistere terrâ.  
Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco \*.

ÆNEID. B. i. L. 632—634.

“ A fortune similar to thine, after having pursued me too, through distresses innumerable, permitted me, at length, to form a settlement on these shores. Nurtured myself in the school of adversity, I am instructed to succour the miserable.”

*Virgil* uniformly prefers natural to political reasons, and the interest of Mankind to national interests. Hence it comes to pass that his Poem, though composed to diffuse the particular glory of the Roman People, interests the men of all ages, and of all Nations.

\* 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.

To

To return to King *Evander*: He was employed in offering a sacrifice to *Hercules*, at the head of his Arcadian Colony, at the time *Eneas* landed. After having engaged the Trojan Chief, and his attendants, to partake of the sacred banquet, which his arrival had interrupted, he instructs his guest in the origin of this sacrifice, by relating to him the history 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 son of *Jupiter*, with that flame-vomiting monster; he then adds:

- \* Ex illo celebratus honos, lætique minores  
 Servavere diem: primusque *Potitius* auctor,  
 Et domus *Herculei* custos Pinaria sacri,  
 Hanc aram luco statuit: quæ maxima semper  
 Dicitur nobis, et erit quæ maxima semper.  
 Quare agite, O juvenes, tantarum in munere laudum,  
 Cingite fronde comas, et pocula porgite dextris;  
 Communemque vocate deum, et data vina volentes.

Dixerat:

- \* From that blest hour th' Arcadian tribes bestow'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 for ever 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.

Dixerat: *Herculeâ* bicolor cùm populus umbrâ  
 Velavitque comas, foliisque innexa pependit:  
 Et facer implevit dextram scyphus. Ociùs omnes  
 In mensam læti libant, divosque precantur.

Devexo 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  
 “ celebrated, and exulting posterity hails the re-

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.

“ turn

“ turn of the annual day. *Potitius* has the honour  
“ of having first instituted 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 friends from Troy, in grateful re-  
“ membrance of merit so exalted, crown your  
“ brows with the foliage of his favourite tree, put  
“ your right-hand to the goblet; invoke 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-coloured 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 ap-  
“ pear, 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 loaded with piles of rich offerings. The Sa-  
“ lians advance, their brows adorned with boughs  
“ of poplar, and surround 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. *Virgil* proceeds on the supposition, according to some commentators, that they had existed ever since the days of King *Evander*, and that they sung in the sacrifices of *Hercules*. 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

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 vir-

tues 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  
 Monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit angues :  
 Ut bello egregias idem disjecerit urbes,  
 Trojamque, Æchaliæque : ut duros mille labores  
 Rege sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,  
 Pertulerit. Tu nubigenas invicte bimembres,  
 Hylæumque, Pholumque manu : tu Cressia mactas  
 Prodigia, et vastum Nemeâ sub rupe Leonem.  
 Te Stygii tremuere lacus : te janitor Orci,  
 Ossa super recubans, antro femesa cruento.

Nec

\* 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 slew.  
 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

Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhæus  
 Arduus, arma tenens : non te rationis egentem  
 Lernæus turbâ capitum 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 resulant.

ÆNEID. B. viii. L. 287—305.

“ On this hand were arranged a choir of youth,  
 “ on that, a venerable band of old men, to cele-  
 “ brate the praises, and the mighty achievements  
 “ of *Hercules* : How, with the pressure of his po-  
 “ tent fingers, he stifled to death two fearful  
 “ snakes, the first monsters armed against him by  
 “ his cruel step-mother : how he humbled the  
 “ two proud cities, Troy and *Æchalia* : how he

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.

PITT.

“ triumphantly surmounted a thousand painful la-  
 “ bours, under King *Eurystheus*, imposed by the  
 “ resentment of unrelenting *Juno*: Thou, invin-  
 “ cible Hero, thou, by thine arm, subduedst the  
 “ double-limbed, cloud-born Centaurs, *Hylæus*  
 “ and *Pholus*; the monsters of Crete fell by thy  
 “ stroke, and the formidable lion under the Ne-  
 “ mean 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 harmony, and the noise  
 “ rebounded from hill to hill.”

These are strains worthy of the manly breasts of  
 Arcadians: We seem to hear them filling the amb-  
 bient

bient air in the echos 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 it's 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 it's 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

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 faxumque tremebant.  
 Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,  
 (Quis Deus incertum est) habitat Deus, Arcades ipsum  
 Credunt se vidisse Jovem ; cum sæpe nigrantem  
 Ægida concuteret dextra, nimbosque cieret.

Hæc

\* 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.  
 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

Hæc duo præterea disiectis oppida muris,  
 Reliquias veterumqne 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 Argi-  
 “ letum : makes a solemn appeal to that awful  
 “ spot, and relates the story of his murdered gueſt  
 “ *Argus*. Then he conducts 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 ruſ-  
 “ tics ; even then they ſhuddered, as they ap-  
 “ proached the rocky precipice and the wood.  
 “ Some God, ſays he, but which of the celeftial  
 “ Powers we know not, inhabits this grove, and  
 “ this ſhaggy-topped eminence. Our Arcadians  
 “ imagine they have had a glimpe of *Jupiter* him-  
 “ ſelf, from time to time ſhaking the heart-ap-  
 “ palling *Ægis* with his formidable right-hand,

High o'er their heads, the God his ægis held,  
 And blacken'd Heav'n with clouds, and ſhook th' immor-  
 tal 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.

“ and

“ and rousing into fury the thunder-impregnated  
 “ clouds. You farther see these two ruinous ci-  
 “ ties, with walls crumbling into dust, the sad re-  
 “ mains and venerable monuments of personages  
 “ who flourished in ages long since past. *Janus*  
 “ founded the one, and *Saturn* 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-Lupercal*, 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

rable 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

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.

\* Thus they convers'd on works of ancient fame,  
 Till to the Monarch's humble courts they came;

There

Ut ventum ad fedes : Hæc, inquit, limina victor  
 Alcides subiit : hæc illum regia cepit.  
 Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum  
 Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.  
 Dixit ; et angusti subter fastigia tecti  
 Ingentem Æneam duxit : stratifque locavit,  
 Effultum foliis et pelle Libyftidis 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 ar-  
 “ rived, This threshold, ſays he, received the vic-  
 “ torious *Alcides* ; this humble palace entertained  
 “ a gueſt ſo illuſtrious. Dare, like him, my be-  
 “ loved gueſt, to look down on wealth, and thus  
 “ approve thy celeftial origin, and kindly accept  
 “ the hoſpitality of this poor manſion. He ſpoke,

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 !  
 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.

PITT.

“ and

“ and conducted the mighty *Eneas* through the  
 “ narrow portal; and placed him on a couch of  
 “ foliage, covered with the skin of a Lybian  
 “ 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 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,

\* Now awful Night her solemn darkness brings,  
 And stretches o'er the World her dusky wings;

When

Laurentūnque minis et duro mota tumultu,  
 Vulcanam 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,

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 comfort 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 ;

Nunc, Jovis imperiis, Rutulorum constitit oris :  
 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 repenti  
 Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas  
 Intravit calor, et labefacta per ossa cucurrit :  
 Non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco  
 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

Quo

On me and all my people, from afar  
 See what assembled nations pour to war !  
 Yet not in vain her sorrows *Tbetis* shed,  
 Nor the fair part'ner of *Titbonus*' 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 Goddeffes 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 controul,  
 Flew thro' the footy 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

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.  
 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 : absisse, 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

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.  
 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.

PITT.

“ 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, reclined on her  
“ spouse’s golden bed, thus begins, while love ce-  
“ lestial flowed from her lips: All the time that  
“ the Grecian Princes were ravaging the plains of  
“ ill-fated Troy, and assailing her lofty turrets,  
“ doomed to fall by hostile fires; I claimed no  
“ assistance for that wretched People; I asked no  
“ arms, the production of thy matchless skill;  
“ nor could I think, my dearly beloved husband,  
“ 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 same state of  
“ anxiety, I have now recourse to thee as a sup-  
“ pliant, 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 *Titonus*, had the art of prevailing on thee, by  
“ their tears, to grant a similar 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

“ She spake, and, as he hesitated, she flung her  
 “ snowy arms around him, and cherished him in  
 “ her soft embrace : 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 it’s 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? Whether,  
 “ my Goddess, has thy confidence in me fled?  
 “ Hadst thou expressed a similar anxiety before,  
 “ I would then have fabricated arms for thy fa-  
 “ vourite Trojans. Neither almighty *Jove*, nor  
 “ Fate, forbade Troy to stand, nor *Priam* to sur-  
 “ vive 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 pro-  
 “ mise to effect ; whatever can be produced from  
 “ iron, or liquid mixtures of the finer metals ; as  
 “ far as the fiery element, and the breathing bel-  
 “ lows, have power to fashion : Cease, by conti-  
 “ nuing your entreaties, to express a doubt of  
 “ your empire over me. Having thus spoken, he  
 “ returned the expected careffes, 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 chuses 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 natis.

As to *Eneas*, her son by *Anchises*, though he be here the grand object of her enterprize, 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 faithful 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: *Cumstantem amplexu molli fovet...sensit læta dolis* ....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

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 license. 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

that this irrevocable decree had been declared by many oracles and prognostics, among others, by the preface 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

“ 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

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 sæmina, primùm  
 Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minervâ,  
 Impositum cinerem et sopitos fuscitat 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 it’s 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

\* 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.

PITT.

“ inures

“ inures her maidens to lengthened tasks by a  
 “ glimmering light ; to save herself from the temp-  
 “ tation of infidelity to her husband’s bed, and to  
 “ supply the means of rearing her tender off-  
 “ spring.”

*Virgil* goes on to deduce new and sublime con-  
 trasts, from the humble occupations of this vir-  
 tuous matron. He opposes, in close succession, to  
 her feeble industry, *temui Minerva*, the ingenious  
*Vulcan* ; to her dying embers, which she re-kindles,  
*sopitos ignes*, the continually flaming crater of a  
 volcano ; to her maidens, among whom she distri-  
 butes balls of wool, *longo exercet penso*, the tremen-  
 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 celest-  
 ial engagements, to undertake a suit of armour for  
*Eneas*, on the buckler of which were to be en-  
 graved the principal events of the Roman History.

\* Haud fecus Ignipotens, nec tempore fegnior illo,  
 Mollibus è stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit.  
 Infula Sicanium juxta latus Æoliamque  
 Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua faxis :

\* 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 stood,  
 The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the God.

}  
 Here

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 vasso Cyclopes in antro,  
 Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon.  
 His informatum manibus, jam parte polita,  
 Fulmen erat, toto Genitor que plurima cœlo  
 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  
 Miscabant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.

Parte

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.  
 Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey !  
 Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay :

Three

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, cœptosque auferte labores,  
 Ætnei Cyclopes, et huc advertite mentem.  
 Arma acri facienda viro : nunc viribus usus,  
 Nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistrâ :  
 Præcipitate moras. Nec plura effatus : at illi  
 Ocius incubuere omnes, pariterque laborem  
 Sortiti : Fluit æs rivis, auri que metallum :

Vulnificusque

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

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 vi 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 him-  
 “ self to his plastic labours.

“ Not far from the Sicilian shore, and Æolian  
 “ Lipari, an island arises out of the deep, forming

Swift as the word, (his orders to pursue,)  
 To the black labours of the forge they flew ;  
 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 re-bellows 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. }

PITT.

“ a huge

“ a huge mass of lofty and ever-smoking rocks :  
 “ in the burning entrails of which, a spacious ca-  
 “ vern, and the fire-consumed Ætnean vaults, in-  
 “ cessantly thunder with the sultry labours of the  
 “ Cyclopiian brothers : the anvils reverberate 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*. Hither it was that the  
 “ fiery God, from the heights of Olympus, now  
 “ repaired.

“ The Cyclopes there he found plying their  
 “ iron labours 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 polished, 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 infusing into the composition the ter-  
 “ rific flash, and noise, and dismay, and anger min-  
 “ gling with the rapid flame. In another forge,  
 “ they were ardently finishing a warlike car, and  
 VOL. V. s “ swift

“ swift-flying wheels for *Mars*, in which he rouses  
 “ hostile armies and cities to the fierce combat.  
 “ Others were employed in burnishing, with emu-  
 “ lous skill, a horrific ægis, the armour of *Pallas*  
 “ when moved to vengeance, with scaly serpents  
 “ wrought in gold; exhibiting the intertwisted  
 “ snakes, and the dire head of the Gorgon herself,  
 “ a covering for the breast of the Goddess, cut off  
 “ by the neck, and rolling about her deadly eyes.

“ Children of *Ætna*, says he, Cyclopi-  
 “ an brothers, desist; 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 sevenfold texture of impenetrable orb upon  
 “ orb. Some draw in, and expel, the air, with  
 “ the breathing bellows; some temper the hissing  
 “ brags in the cooling surge; the hollow cave re-  
 “ bellows

“ bellows 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 aquosæ  
Addiderant, rutuli tres ignis, & alitis Auftri.

There is, indeed, in the composition, no earth properly so called, but he gives solidity to the water, to supply it's 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 hail-stones. Remark, likewise, the appropriate correspondence of the expression *alitis Auftri*, “ the winged Auf-  
s 2 “ ter.”

“ter.” 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 an 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 Eolian 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.  
 Confurgit senior, tunicâque inducitur artus,  
 Et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat vincula plantis :

Tum

\* 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 Tegeæum fubligat ensem,  
 Demiffa ab læva pantheræ terga retorquens.  
 Necnon et gemini cuftodes limine ab alto  
 Procedunt, grefsumque canes comitantur herilem.  
 Hofpitis Æneæ fedem et secreta petebat,  
 Sermonum memor et promiffi muneris heros.  
 Nec minus Æneas fe matutinus agebat.  
 Filius huic Pallas, olli comes ibat Achates.

ÆNEID. B. viii. L. 454--466.

“ While the Lemnian God was difpatching this  
 “ weighty bufinefs on the fhores of Æolia, the ge-  
 “ nial rays of returning *Aurora*, and the matin  
 “ fong of the birds under his ftraw-clad roof,  
 “ summoned *Evander* from his lowly bed. The  
 “ venerable fire arofe: he affumes the tunic, fitted  
 “ to his ancient limbs, and binds the Tufcan fan-  
 “ dals upon his feet; next he fits to his fhoulders  
 “ and fide the Arcadian fword; a panther’s hide,  
 “ thrown carelefsly backward, depended over his  
 “ left arm. Two faithful guardian dogs leave  
 “ their ftation at the threshold, and, well-pleafed,

Around his fhoulders flow’d the panther’s hide,  
 And the bright fword hung glittering at his fide.  
 Two mighty dogs, domeftic at his board,  
 (A faithful guard) attend their aged Lord.  
 The promis’d aid revolving in his breaft,  
 The careful Monarch fought his Godlike gueft,  
 Who with *Achates* rofe at dawn of day,  
 And join’d the King and *Pallas* on the way.

PITT.

“ attend

“ attend their master’s footsteps. The hero, well  
 “ recollecting the conversation of the night before,  
 “ and the aid which he had promised, was bend-  
 “ ing 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, 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 negotiated. No less a subject is discussed  
 than the re-establishment 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 Na-  
 tions. To assist in affecting this, King *Evander*  
 offers to *Eneas* a re-inforcement 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 ac-

tions 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.

P111.

That

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  
Assuefcac; 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 gallant 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 *Eneid*. *Virgil* has extracted many exquisite beauties out of it: such are,

\* 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.  
among

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 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.

- \* There, like a flower he lay, with beauty crown'd,  
 Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground:

The

“ 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.

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

The root no more the mother earth supplies,  
 Yet still th' unfaded colour charms the eyes !

PITT;

supplicates

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. 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

\* 'Tis *Pallas, Pallas*, gives the fatal blow.

Thus is his ghost aton'd.

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.

While I was engaged in those agreeable researches, I had the good fortune to form a personal acquaintance with *John-James Rousseau*. 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

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, toward the conclusion of the fourth 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 Swiss'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:

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

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 overfet 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,

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 antique 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 rendering them more happy. He raised, and maintained his superiority merely by the benefits which he conferred. I had made a rough sketch of that subject: but I have relinquished it: I possess not the talents requisite 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

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 capacity 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

“ exprefs purpose of viewing the country of Celandon and Aftrea, of which *Urfeius* has prefented us with pictures fo enchanting. Instead of amorous fhepherds, I faw, along the banks of the Lignon, nothing but fmiths, founders, and iron mongers.”

How! in a country fo delightful!

“ It is a country merely of forges. It was this journey to Forez which diffolved my illusion. Till then, never a year paffed that I did not read the Aftrea from end to end: I had become quite familiarized with all the perfonages of it. Thus Science robs us of our pleasures.”

Oh! my Arcadians have no manner of refemblance to your blackfmiths, nor to the ideal fhepherds of *Urfeius*, who paffed the days and nights in no other occupation but that of making love, expofed internally to all the pernicious confequences of idlenefs, and from without, to the invafions of furrounding Nations. Mine praftife all the arts of rural life. There are among them fhepherds, husbandmen, fifhermen, vine-dreffers. They have availed themfelves of all the fites of their country, diverfified 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, disgusting, 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 it's *Naiad*; 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 empisons so many pleasures, there presents perspectives only of consolation. The tombs of ancestors

cestors 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 it's duration, and makes itself felt even in a state of decline, just as the education which a man receives on the breast, extends it's influence even to the age of decrepitude. Nay, it seems as if at this last epocha, the habits of infancy re-appeared 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

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 respect 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

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 re-actions 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 it's birth in Italy, under *Eneas*.

But, from that total subversion of Troy, there ensued a great many revolutions of inferior 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

at it's highest degree of civilization. To the epocha of the siege of Troy, it is that many learned men have assigned the brilliant reign of *Sesoftris*. 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 it's highest degree of elevation, it is come to it's 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 it's industrious inhabitants,

habitants, and the boisterous discordant characters of the heroes of *Pylos*, of *Mycenæ*, and of *Argos*; between the gentle adventures of it's simple and innocent shepherdeses, 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 *Odyffey*.

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,

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 solicitation, 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

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 it's 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*

(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 swines-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,

rafter, killed, and stretched along the grafs, he might introduce near him, fome 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 expreffion, kill, in it, the vegetables of a higher order, fuch as a fruit-tree, or even an oak; for our cannon bullets commit ravages of a very different kind in the plains, from thofe produced by the arrows and javelins of the Ancients. They plow up the turf of the hills, mow down the forefts, cleave afunder the young trees, and tear off huge fragments from the trunks of the moft venerable oaks. I do not recollect that I ever faw any of thefe effects reprefented in pictures of our modern battles. They are, however, very common in the real fcenes of war, and redouble the impreffions of terror which Painters intend to excite, by the representation of fuch fubjects. The defolation of a country has a ftill more powerful expreffion than groups of the dead, and of the dying. It's groves levelled, the black furrows of it's up-torn meadows, and it's rocks maimed, awfully difplay the effects of human fury, extending even to the ancient monuments of Nature. We difcern in them the wrath of Kings, which is their final argument, and is accordingly infcribed on their cannon: *Ultima ratio Regum*. Nay, there might be expreffed through the whole extent of a battle-piece, the detonations of the difcharge of artillery, repeated by the valleys to feveral leagues diftance, by reprefenting, in the back-grounds, the terrified fhepherds driving off their charge, flocks of birds flying away toward the horizon, and the wild beafts abandoning the woods.

Physical confonances heighten moral fenfations, efpecially when there is a tranfition from one kingdom of Nature to another kingdom.

(S) *And, finally, from his modefty, which repressed in him the theatrical tone, and the oracular fententiousnefs of our converfations.* Thefe are the perfonal reafons which he might have for talking fparingly in company; but I have no doubt that he had others much more weighty, arifing from the character of our Societies  
 VOL. V. U themselves.

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 intimacy of grovelling and puny characters. There is no contagion that spreads so rapidly as this. I have paid very dear for my experience on this subject. I am fond of arguing, and of discussion; 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 self-sufficient, must possess much greater ability than that other who salutes him at such a respectful 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,

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 self-important 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 dependance 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 sallies 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 every where 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 *Poussin's Deluge*, as the principal object of that Painting? It is not so, but the infant, which it's 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,

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 *Otho*, *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 Commines*, the *Plutarch* of his age, in respect of native simplicity.

“ *Cosmò 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

“on the throne of England, during the Civil Wars of that  
“Kingdom.” And a little lower: “The authority of his pre-  
“decessors 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 pos-  
“sessed of liberty.” (*Book vii.*)



# A R C A D I A.

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## BOOK FIRST.

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### 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. It's 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 a-ground 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

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 Stenicláros. The echoes of Mount Lyceum reverberated their hoarse and confused roarings, 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 sea-gulls, 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 wined 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

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 ascended 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 Belleminé." 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

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 yourself. Come and repose yourself a while 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-afs 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

which covers the top of Mount Lyceum, they heard the barking of a dog; soon after, they descried the young man's flock 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 to-morrow, if you are resolved to continue your journey, I will conduct you to Tegeum, where you may be informed of the road to Argos. Notwithstanding, Sirs, if I may be permitted to advise, you will not depart from hence to-morrow. 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 hospitality for this night, but to-morrow, 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,

“ palaces, and from it's being the residence 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 it's 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 it's heart-shaped 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 it's purple clusters, and with it's leaves, already of the colour of fire. An  
old

old ivy sheltered it from the North, and covered, with it's ever-green foliage, a part of the stair-case, 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 stair-case, 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

she led the flock into the sheep-fold, 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 cieling, 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 sheep-fold, 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



“ daughter *Cyanea* dressed her little sisters, and al-  
“ ready supplied the place of a mother to them.  
“ My wife, industrious, and still young, main-  
“ tained, all the year round, gaiety, peace, and  
“ abundance in my habitation. But the loss of  
“ my eldest son has been followed by that of al-  
“ most my whole family. Like other young men,  
“ he was desirous of shewing his agility, by climb-  
“ ing up the highest trees. His mother, to whom  
“ such exercises caused the greatest dread, had  
“ frequently entreated him to abstain from amuse-  
“ ments of this kind. I had often predicted that  
“ some misfortune would be the consequence.  
“ Alas! the Gods have punished my unwarrant-  
“ able predictions, by accomplishing them. One  
“ Summer’s day, in which my son was in the fo-  
“ rest, 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 im-  
“ mediately climbed it, in order to gather them;  
“ and when he had reached the summit, which  
“ was very elevated, he perceived 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 re-animate him  
“ in her arms: the unfortunate youth turned his  
“ eyes

“ 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 countenance,  
 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 fa-  
 ther, and began to spin, looking at him, and sup-  
 porting 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, co-  
“ vered with glory, he was restored to his daugh-  
“ ter *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

“ receive great pleasure from hearing you. I have  
 “ never quitted my own country, but I love and  
 “ honour travellers. They are under the protec-  
 “ tion of *Mercury* and of *Jupiter*. Something use-  
 “ ful 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 relate 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 in-  
 finitely 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 *Heſtor*, 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

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? Justice declares for Greece; compassion and duty for Troy. You are an Asiatic(3); would you, then, combat in favour of Europe against Asia? Would you bear arms against *Priam*, that father, and that King so unfortunate, 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

“ 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 compa-  
 “ triots, 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 demi-gods to those who have merely prac-  
 “ tised justice, such as *Theseus*, *Hercules*, *Pirithäus*.  
 “ 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 cultivation 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 minister to happiness. Let us go, and  
 “ carry thither the arts, and the useful plants of  
 “ Egypt ; a humane Religion, 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 an-  
 “ cient tradition, some rare production, which is  
 “ peculiar to it’s own climate. It is thus that

*Jupiter,*

“ *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 voyage, still there will  
“ remain for us one thing, of which neither death  
“ nor tempests can deprive us; I mean the satis-  
“ faction 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 Phœnician vessel, which was going to Gaul for a cargo  
of

of furs, and for pewter, to the British Islands. We carried with us linen-cloths, models of wag-gons, 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

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 it's situation between Sicily and Africa, and from the vast extent of it's 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. It's 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, produces 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

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  
flips

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,

rate,

“rate, 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 defects, you may here learn equally to despise abuse, and idle applause; to act so as to merit your own approbation, and to have no other witness of your actions but the Gods. He who is desirous of doing good to Mankind, 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

“ that you are enabled to fortify, 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 myself 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 boisterous elements than with the contempt of men: such sensibility to the opinions of others had my education inspired.

We passed the strait which separates Africa from Europe, and saw, on the right and on the left, the two mountains, Calpe and Abila, which fortify the entrance. Our Phenician sailors did not fail to inform us, that their Nation was the first of all those of the Earth, which had dared to penetrate into the vast Ocean, and coast along it's shores, even as far as the Frozen Zone. They placed their own reputation far above that of *Hercules*, who erected, as they said, two pillars at this passage, with the inscription, BEYOND THIS YOU CANNOT PASS, as if the termination of his labours  
were

were also to be that of the researches of Mankind. *Cephas*, who neglected no opportunity of recalling men to a sense of justice, and of rendering 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*, called *Galate*, who gave to its inhabitants the fir-name of Galatians, 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 subjects; but when *Hercules* passed through Gaul, after

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 distinguished 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 unsettled 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*

“ *Seine* asked, as a reward for her services, those  
“ meadows which you see below. The God-  
“ des 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 amusing 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 some-  
“ times reached even to her knees, her compa-  
“ nion *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 founda-  
“ tions had not been convulsed. At sight of him,  
“ *Heva* uttered a shriek, and warned *Seine*, who  
“ immediately tripped toward the meadows. But  
“ the God of the Seas, having perceived the  
“ nymph of *Ceres*, and being struck with the grace-  
“ fulness 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 *Ce-*  
“ *res*, her mistress. They both listened to her pe-  
“ tition. At the moment that *Neptune* was ex-  
“ tending 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*, notwithstand-  
“ ing her metamorphosis, has not ceased to be  
“ enamoured of her, as it is said, the river *Al-*  
“ *pheus*, in Sicily, still continues to be, of the  
“ fountain *Arethusa*. But, if the Sea-god has pre-  
“ served his affection for *Seine*, she still continues  
“ to retain her aversion for him. Twice every day  
“ he pursues 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*.

“ *Hera* died with regret for the loss of her mis-  
“ tress; but the Nereids, as a reward to her fide-  
“ lity, 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 *Hera*, after her death,  
“ might

“ 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 bedsof black and white stones. It  
 “ always bears the name of *Heva* (9). You  
 “ perceive, by those piles of flint-stones with which  
 “ it’s basis is covered, the efforts used by the en-  
 “ raged *Neptune* 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 in-  
 “ fidelity of *Neptune*, she intreated 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 day-light remains, I can as-  
 “ sure 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 *Ce-  
 phas*, “ 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 anchored, night and day, in the  
“ Thames, which is full of sands, and in the Ta-  
“ gus, 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 relat-  
“ ing. 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 it’s  
“ 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*

*Hercules* also, entered the river in full sail. We avoided, at first, three sand-banks which are situated at it's 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 it's 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 side-ways, fairly upset 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

wiped me dry with mosses, and others supported my head with their hands. Their flaxen hair, their vermilion 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 it's 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

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, oh, *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 providence 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,

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

of the Sea make, when they break upon it's 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

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 *Hæder*, 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 *Hæder*; 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

by *Niorder*. They have, besides, *Thor*, or *Ther-tates*, 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 *Angerbode*: 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*, *Riflindi*, *Svidur*, *Svidrer*, *Salsk*; which, translated, mean the warrior, the thunderer, the destroyer, the incendiary, the father of carnage. The Druids honour these Divinities, (11) with funeral 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.

fairs. 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 Barons, 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

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 it's Priests and it's 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 Barles 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-

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 aged.

Nevertheless, this People would be speedily destroyed by the tyranny of it's Chieftains, did they not oppose their own passions to themselves. When quarrels arise 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 seven-fold 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 Barles, 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

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 it's 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 refuge 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 Iarles 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  
the

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 drop-wort. I sometimes returned, loaded with myrtle-berries, beech-mast, plumbs, 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 drefs, and of the fhells called the knife-handle, for her fon *Sifione* (16), a triton ftole away her apple, which ſhe had deposited upon a rock, and carried it to the Goddeſs of the Seas. *Thetis* immediately planted it's feeds 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 ſtrip-ped 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-

wild-boars, abound, at that season, in the forests, and approach their habitations. They killed these in prodigious quantities.

I was not less surprized, 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 honey-suckle, 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 mistletoe 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, drag-  
ged

ged 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, *Rifindi!* Oh, *Svidrer!*  
“ Oh, *Hela!* Oh, *Hela!* God of Carnage and of  
“ Storms, we bring thee flesh. Receive the blood  
“ of

“ of this victim, of this child of death. Oh, *Nior-*  
 “ *der!* 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 Great-Britain and those of Gaul.  
 “ The Britons pretend to be the masters of the Sea  
 “ which separates their island from us. We have al-  
 “ ready been defeated in two naval engagements  
 “ with them. The College of the Druids of Chartres  
 “ has determined, that human victims are neces-  
 “ sary, 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

I was seized with such terror, that I was unable to make the least reply to *Omsi*: 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 obliterates 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

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, *Tyrteus*, 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 to-  
“ morrow before the dawn, to go to Mount Ly-  
“ ceum, where you have to present, with your  
“ companions, the shepherd’s offering on the al-  
“ tar of *Jupiter*.” *Cyanea*, trembling all over, replied: “ My father, every thing is ready against  
“ the festival of to-morrow. 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.

“ 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.”

*Tyrteus* 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

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 *Chár-*  
 “ *tres*; 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

“ 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, “ *Amafis!* oh, my dear *Amafis!*” 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.

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 *Ce-*  
“ *phas* has been incessantly regretting! Oh, ye  
“ Gods, the enemies of my Country, do you send  
“ benefactors hither, only that they may be im-  
“ molated.” Then, addressing himself to the  
Chiefs of the Nations, he spoke to them, with so  
much energy, of the rights of humanity, that,  
with one accord, they all swore, that they would  
never more reduce to slavery those whom the tem-  
pests might cast upon their shores; never to sacri-  
fice, 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 ar-  
rival in this island, I had been so much discom-  
posed, that I was incapable of a single rational re-  
flection. Every species of new representation of  
my



“ lieving 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 ri-  
“ ver. There they unloaded our unfortunate ves-  
“ sel, 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 monu-  
“ ment near to that of *Heva*. I should have passed  
“ all my life, I believe, in these vain researches,  
“ had not the King, who reigns on the banks of  
“ this river, informed that a Phœnician vessel was  
“ wrecked on his domains, claimed the property  
“ which, according to the laws of the Gauls, be-  
“ longed to him. I collected, accordingly, every  
“ thing which we had brought from Egypt, even  
“ to the very trees, which had not been damaged  
“ 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 ren-  
“ dered your misfortunes more useful to my Coun-  
“ try than even your presents. If you had not  
“ made shipwreck on our coasts, the barbarous  
“ custom

“ custom of condemning to slavery those who en-  
“ dure that calamity, would not have been abo-  
“ lished; and, if you had not been condemned  
“ to be sacrificed, I should, most probably, never  
“ have seen you more, and the blood of the inno-  
“ cent 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, disembarked upon its northern shore, directly

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 hazard- ing 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 de-  
 “ nying myself clothes and food. Let us see what  
 “ provision thou wilt make for their wants.”

*Carnut* accepted the challenge. It was now Au-  
 tumn. 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 sea-  
 “ son ; 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 through-  
 “ out the whole year.”

*Carnut* made no reply ; but he remained en-  
 camped, 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 neces-  
 “ sary to Kings. Since thou wishest to reign, let  
 “ us try which of us can carry this ponderous log,  
 “ the

“ 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 sun-set, 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 labours : he ought to know,  
 “ likewise, how to banish from their minds those  
 “ miseries of opinion which render 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 fighting merely that *Hercules* attracted fol-  
 “ lowers in Gaul, but by divine songs, which  
 “ flowed from his mouth like chains of gold,  
 “ charmed the ears of those who listened, and con-  
 “ strained 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 tip-toe to spread universal destruction.

As to King *Bardus*, the following were his milder strains :

“ I sing

“ 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 *Loïs*. Listen to  
“ my songs, ye spirits of the rivers, and repeat  
“ them to the spirits of the azure mountains.

“ *Ceres* came from seeking her daughter *Proser-*  
“ *pine* over the face of the whole Earth. She was  
“ on her return 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 hap-  
“ pened, at that time, to be a beautiful boy, with  
“ flaxen hair, named *Loïs*, bathing himself in the  
“ stream. He took delight to swim in the tran-  
“ sparent waters, and to run about naked on the  
“ solitary verdant downs. The moment that he  
“ perceived a female, he flew to hide himself  
“ 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,

“ blushes, his robe of lamb’s skin, which was sus-  
“ pended 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 waters.

“ *Ceres* having passed the river, gives the boy  
“ *Lois* 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 *Lois*; I will carry  
“ to my mother thy lessons, and thy welcome  
“ presents.

“ The mother of *Lois* divides with her child  
“ and husband the cake and the kiss. The en-  
“ raptured 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 be-  
“ held a field cultivated, and a rich harvest:  
“ What becomes of my power, says he, if men  
“ learn to live on corn?

He

“ He calls *Loïs*. My pretty little friend, says  
 “ he to him, where wert thou when thou beheldest  
 “ the stranger, who gave thee the fine ears of corn.  
 “ *Loïs*, apprehending 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 treache-  
 “ rous 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 dar-  
 “ ling 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 fondly tries to re-animate him in her  
 “ bosom; but the heart of the mother has no lon-  
 “ ger the power of communicating warmth to the  
 “ body of the son; and the clay-cold body of  
 “ the son is already freezing the heart of a mo-  
 “ ther:

“ ther: 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 mo-  
 “ ther attracted the attention of *Ceres*. The God-  
 “ des 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 perfumes exhales from it. It’s limber stem  
 “ rises toward Heaven, but it’s 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 un-  
 “ moved. He raises to the superior Gods, an in-  
 “ flamed countenance, 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 im-  
 “ moveable. But the rock feels the powerful com-  
 “ mand, it opens into a cleft; the legs of the  
 “ Druid sink into it; his visage, bearded all over,  
 “ and

“ 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 Goddess of the Harvests, who  
 wouldst persevere in feeding men like beasts, be-  
 “ come 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 *Loïs*, be thou the ornament 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 *Loïs* perfumes my  
 “ gardens; the virgins, night and day, chant his  
 “ adventure in my plains. Every one there en-  
 “ gages in easy and cheerful labour: and my gra-  
 “ naries, beloved by *Ceres*, overflow with piles of  
 “ grain.”

Scarcely had *Bardus* finished his song, when the  
 warriors of the North, who were perishing with  
 hunger, abandoned the son of *Tendal*, and fixed  
 their residence in *Lutetia*. This good King fre-  
 quently said to me: “ Ah! why have I not here

“ some

“ some illustrious bard of Greece, or of Egypt, to  
“ polish the minds of my subjects? Nothing tends  
“ so much to humanize the heart, as the melody  
“ of sweet songs. With the capacity of com-  
“ posing 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

delight in watering those plants with his own hand, and in clearing them of weeds. Already the hemp of a beautiful green, carried all it's 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

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,

barked, 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 re-animated 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 a gigantic stature. The aspect

aspect of his arms inspired horror: his head and shoulders were clad in the skin of a prickly thorn-back; 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.

Mean while 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 re-kindled 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 *Amasis*! 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 surprize which robbed our enemies of courage, and  
“ which

“ which had shaken your’s. Military valour, like  
 “ every other virtue, is to be acquired only by ex-  
 “ ercise. We ought, on all occasions, to be diffi-  
 “ dent of ourselves. In vain do we trust to our  
 “ own experience ; in the aid of Heaven alone our  
 “ confidence should be placed. •While we are  
 “ buckling on our armour to defend us before,  
 “ fortune 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 example,  
 “ whether the Gods delight in human sacrifices.  
 “ They have deposited the victory in your gene-  
 “ rous 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 tri-  
 “ umph ? Your enemies immolate their prisoners.  
 “ Surpass them in generosity, as you surpass them  
 “ in courage.” The Iarles, and all the warriors,  
 received this advice with loud applause : and it

was decreed that the prisoners of war should be dsarmed, 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 innocents 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

the sweetest of perfumes. The boughs of the plumb-tree were covered with violet fruits, besprinkled with a white powder. The grapes, already of a vermilion hue, hung in clusters from the vine; and over the broad leaves of the fig-tree, the half-opened fig distilled it's 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 saved from the shipwrecked vessel the  
“ greatest part of our machines ; but hitherto  
“ they have remained unemployed ; nay, I durst  
“ not so much as look at them ; for they reminded  
“ me too affectingly of the loss of you. The mo-  
“ ment is come for turning them to account.  
“ Those fields of corn are now ripe ; that hemp,  
“ and those flaxes, are hastening to be so.”

Having gathered those plants, we taught the King, and his People, the use of mills, for reducing corn to flower, 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  
ing

ing 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

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 surprized them much more, by shewing them bottles of glass, made with sand and flint. They were delighted to extasy, 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.

pyrus. 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 chemistry 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!"

*Omfi*, 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 endur-  
"ed, I perceive that you are only men like our-  
"selves. You must, undoubtedly, have contrived  
"the means of climbing up into Heaven; or the  
"inhabitants of the celestial regions must have de-  
"scended into highly favoured Egypt, to commu-  
"nicate to you so many benefits, and so much il-  
"lumination. Your Arts and Sciences surpass  
"our

“ our understanding, and can be the effects only  
“ of a power divine. You are the darling chil-  
“ dren of the superior Gods : as for us, we are  
“ abandoned of *Jupiter* to the infernal deities.  
“ Our country is covered with unproductive fo-  
“ rests, inhabited by maleficent genii, who disse-  
“ minate through the whole of our existence, dis-  
“ cord, civil broils, terrors, ignorance, and mis-  
“ chievous 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 undeviatingly 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 it-  
“ self, and which serve to keep up a communica-  
“ tion among all Nations, by a reciprocal inter-  
“ change of commodities. Gaul contains 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 quantity, and give a finer wool. But where so-  
“ ever the habitation of Man is fixed, his portion is  
“ always far superior 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

“ applying to his own use means which nothing  
 “ can resist, such as fire. Thus, *Jupiter* has be-  
 “ stowed upon him empire over the Earth, by il-  
 “ luminating his reason with the intelligence of  
 “ Nature herself, and by confiding to him alone  
 “ that element which is her prime moving prin-  
 “ ciple.”

*Cephas* afterwards talked to *Omsi*, 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, consoled 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 instructing 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 coun-  
“ sels, they conciliate affection, they comfort, they  
“ strengthen; but in the hands of a wicked man,  
“ they produce quite an opposite effect.”

“ My

“ 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 human 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  
“ Gotha : 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. Gotha’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 to 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 flower of millet boiled, of a duck roasted

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 *Gotba*, 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 de-  
 “ manded in marriage by many Iarles, 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 happi-  
 “ ness of my People. Thou wilt instruct me in the  
 “ arts of Egypt, and I shall become like unto the  
 “ good *Iffis* of thy Country, whose name is men-  
 “ tioned 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 la-  
" bour, 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

“ 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,

“ lity. He will follow thee wherefoever thou goeft,  
 “ over the land, over the fnow, and into the wa-  
 “ ter. He will accompany thee in the chace, nay,  
 “ to the field of battle. He will be to thee, at  
 “ all feafons, a faithful companion, and a fymbol  
 “ of my affection.” As the day was drawing to a  
 clofe, ſhe reminded me that it was time to retire,  
 defiring me, in future, not to come down along the  
 current of the river, but to travel by land on the  
 banks, till I came oppofite to her ifland, 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 ſeekſt thou in this country of warriors,  
 “ with theſe womaniſh arts of thine? Meanſt  
 “ thou to teach us how to ſpin flax, and ex-  
 “ pectſt

“pectest 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 re-  
“nowned 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 scull 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 invoked 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  
" nize

" nize 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 increasing the  
 " influence of the Iarles, I should raise a bulwark  
 " to oppose that of the Druids. But the contrary  
 " has taken place, The power of the Druids is in-  
 " creased. It appears as if there were an under-  
 " standing between them, for the purpose of ex-  
 " tending their oppression over the People, nay,  
 " even over my guests. O stranger," said he to  
 me, " you have had but too much experience 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 be-  
 " yond the limits of his own Country. Oh! how  
 " sensible I am of the benefit 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 Na-  
 " ture 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 power of  
 “ arms, and that of Religion, are at variance in  
 “ every Country. These two powers are necessary  
 “ to the preservation of the State. When the  
 “ People are oppressed by their Chieftains, they  
 “ flee for refuge to the Priests; and when oppres-  
 “ sed by their Priests, they seek refuge in the  
 “ Chieftains. The power of the Druids has in-  
 “ creased, therefore, with you, by that very in-  
 “ crease of the power of the Iarles; for these two  
 “ powers universally counterbalance each other. If  
 “ you wish, then, to diminish one of the two, so  
 “ far from augmenting it’s counterpoise, as you  
 “ have done, you ought, on the contrary, to re-  
 “ duce it.

“ But there is a method still more simple, and  
 “ more infallible, 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 protection out of your-  
 “ self, and these two powers will be speedily anni-  
 “ hilated, as they are indebted, for the whole of  
 “ their influence, only to the opinion of that very  
 “ People. In this you will succeed, by furnishing  
 “ the Gauls with ample means of subsistence, by  
 “ the establishment of the arts which sweeten hu-  
 “ man life, and especially by honouring and en-  
 “ couraging

“ couraging agriculture, which is it’s main sup-  
“ port. While the People thus live in the enjoy-  
“ ment of abundance, the Iarles and the Druids  
“ will find themselves in the same state. When-  
“ ever these two corps shall have learned to be con-  
“ tent with their condition, they will no longer  
“ think of disturbing the repose of others; they  
“ will no longer have at their disposal 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 superstition of the other. The result of this  
“ humane policy will be, that your own power,  
“ supported by that of a People whom your exer-  
“ tions are rendering happy, must completely ab-  
“ sorb that of the Iarles and of the Druids. In  
“ every well regulated Monarchy, the power of  
“ the King is in the People, and that of the People  
“ in the King. You will then reducé your nobi-  
“ lity and the priesthood to their natural func-  
“ tions. The Iarles will defend the Nation against  
“ foreign invasion, and will be no longer oppres-  
“ sors 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 bear-  
“ ing the ills of life, as the ministers of every Re-  
“ ligion ought to do.

“ By

“ By such a policy it is that Egypt has attained  
 “ a degree of power, and of felicity, which renders  
 “ her the centre of the Nations, and that the wis-  
 “ dom of her priesthood commands so much re-  
 “ spect 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  
 “ established, communicate a share of it to Magis-  
 “ trates selected from among persons of the most  
 “ distinguished goodness. Bend your chief atten-  
 “ tion to the education of the children of the com-  
 “ monalty : 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 education of the children of your  
 “ People, as the most valuable part of your admi-  
 “ nistration. It alone can form citizens. With-  
 “ out it the best Laws are good for nothing.

“ While you wait for the means and an oppor-  
 “ tunity, of laying a solid foundation whereon to  
 “ rear

“ 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. Counter-  
 “ balance the united influence of the Iarles and  
 “ Druids, by that of the women. Assist these in  
 “ emerging out of their domestic slavery. Let  
 “ them assist at the festive meetings and assemblies,  
 “ nay, at the religious feasts. Their natural gen-  
 “ tleness will gradually soften the ferocity of both  
 “ manners and religion.”

“ Your observations,” replied the King to *Ce-*  
*phas*, “ are replete with truth, and your maxims  
 “ with wisdom. I mean to profit by them. It is  
 “ my determination to render this city illustrious  
 “ for it’s 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 Man-  
 “ ners, if I cannot by that of Laws.”

While this good King was speaking, we per-  
 ceived, on the opposite bank of the Seine, the  
 body of *Torstan*. It was stripped naked, and ap-  
 peared on the grass like a hillock of snow. His  
 friends

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

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*

*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 water, animals, serpents, that they should not hurt her son; and the incantations of *Friga* were so powerful, that nothing could resist them. *Balder* mingled, therefore, in the combats of the Gods, undaunted amidst showers of arrows. *Loke*, his enemy, was eagerly desirous of dis-

"vering

“ vering 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. No-*  
 “ *thing 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 appre-*  
 “ *hension. It adhered to the bark of an oak; and*  
 “ *scarcely had the advantage of a roof. It lived with-*  
 “ *out 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*. *Where-*  
 “ *fore*, said he to him, *levellest thou not likewise*  
 “ *weapons against Balder? I am blind*, replied *Hæ-*  
 “ *der*, *neither am I provided with arms. Loke* pre-  
 “ sented 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 trans-  
 “ fixed and lifeless. 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,

“ Compassionate, O stranger! a People go-  
 “ vernal by terror, because the voice of reason is  
 “ not heard among them. I flattered myself, on  
 “ thy arrival, with the hope that thou wert def-  
 “ tined to found, and to extend her empire, by  
 “ introducing the Arts of Egypt; and that I should  
 “ behold the accomplishment of an ancient oracle  
 “ universally received among us, by which a def-  
 “ tiny the most sublime is assigned to this city;  
 “ that it’s temples shall rear their heads above the  
 “ tops of the forests; that it shall assemble, within  
 “ it’s 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 dis-  
 “ tance.”

The King thus addressed *Cephas* and myself:  
 “ O my friends, avail yourselves, without a mo-  
 “ ment’s delay, of the succour which *Omf* brings  
 “ you.” At the same time he gave orders to pre-  
 pare a barge for us, provided with excellent rowers.  
 He presented us with two athen half-pikes, mount-  
 ed 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 con-  
 duct us to the territory of the Veneti. “ They  
 “ are,”

“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 Mediterranean. 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 re-  
“sound 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 hardly 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 tremen-

dous 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.

rests. 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 removed hence," said I to *Cephas*. "Every altar in the Gauls excites a thousand suspicions in my breast. I will hencefor-

“ward pay homage to the DEITY, only in the  
“temples of Egypt.” *Cephas* replied: “Reject  
“every religion which subjects one man to an-  
“other 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 wor-  
“shipped, 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 re-  
“lieved.” 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 ju-  
niper-tree, which perfumed the air, as the sparks  
with a crackling noise ascended upward. I imi-  
tated his example; after which, we went and seated  
ourselves at the foot of the rock, in a place car-  
petted over with moss, and sheltered from the  
North-wind; and having covered ourselves with  
the skins which were suspended on the trees, not-  
withstanding 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 sea-  
sonably afforded us; we replaced the skins on  
the trees, with a religious exactness; we threw fresh  
wood

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 op-  
 “ portunities 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 Ar-  
“ gos. 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 family,  
“ 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 periods  
“ through which most Nations pass. In the first,  
“ they are below Nature ; they come up to her,  
“ in the second ; 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

our departure from the Gauls, we learned that our disappearing from Lutetia had restored tranquility to the States of King *Bardus*; but that his daughter, the beautiful *Gotba*, 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 lofty 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 coursers, pasture at all seasons in the ever-green vallies. We coasted along the shores of Syrtis, where the delicious fruit of the Lotos is produced, which, as we are told, make 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,

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, in human 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,

“ plain,

“ plain, we should behold starting up out of it’s  
 “ absence, a thousand other evils of much more  
 “ dangerous consequence. Nations do not under-  
 “ stand each other; this, you allege, is an evil :  
 “ but if all spake the same language, the impos-  
 “ sibilities, the errors, the prejudices, the cruel opi-  
 “ nions 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, contain-  
 “ ing 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 en-  
 “ abled to understand that of Nature. Nature  
 “ universally speaks to their heart, illumines rea-  
 “ son, and discloses happiness to them, in a mu-  
 “ tual commerce of kind offices. The passions of  
 “ Mankind, on the contrary, as universally, cor-  
 “ rupt their hearts, darken their understanding,  
 “ generate hatreds, wars, discords, and supersti-  
 “ tions, by disclosing happiness to them only in  
 “ their personal interest, and in the depression of  
 “ another.

The

“ The division of languages prevents these par-  
 “ ticular evils from becoming universal ; and if  
 “ they are permanent in a Nation, it is because  
 “ there are ambitious corps who make an advan-  
 “ tage of them ; for error and vice are foreign to  
 “ Man. It is the office of virtue to destroy 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 politeness and an elegance  
 “ which will delight you. Nothing should be  
 “ comparable to the virtue of their heroes, having  
 “ passed through the test of long and severe cala-  
 “ mities.”

All I had hitherto experienced of the barbarism  
 of Nations, 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 Tenarus, and had almost  
 doubled it, when a furious gale of wind, blowing  
 from the coast of Africa, drove us upon the Stro-  
 phades. We perceived the Sea breaking against  
 the rocks which surround those Islands. Some-  
 times, 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 ma-  
 riners

riners 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 Stenicláros.

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 pu-  
 “ nishment 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 ap-  
 “ proaching day with us on Mount Lyceum.  
 “ You

“ 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 to-morrow, 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 fa-  
 “ mily, 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 *Her-*  
 “ *cules.*” *Cyanea* immediately arose, hastened to  
 fetch it, and, with a smile, presented it to her fa-  
 ther. *Tirteus* replenished it with wine; then, ad-  
 dressing himself to the two strangers, said: “ *Her-*  
 “ *cules,*

“ *cules*, 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 *Erimantbus*. 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 eye lids.

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

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 repose, 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 bore 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 *Dëianira*, 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 Achelous to several rivers, from the word *Ἀγέλη*, 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 by-standers.

*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 Esiopia quem vocant basalten, ferrei coloris atque duritie.....*

· *Non absimilis illi narratur in Thebis, delubro Serapis, ut putant, Memnonis statuâ dicatus; quem quotidiano solis ortu contactum radiis excipere dicunt.*

“The Egyptians likewise found, in Ethiopia, a stone called “basaltes, 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 “it’s 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 anæa cercopitbeci,  
Dinidio 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 it’s public squares, it’s 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. It's 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 surprized at the attitude of this statue, because they were ignorant of it's virtue: but when the rays of the rising Sun first darted on it's 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

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.	In.
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 it's 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 basalt, 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 fer-  
ruginous

ruginous 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 gun-powder, 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 it's 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 surprize, on the part of a Nation which has invented, before us, the Art of Printing, the Mariner's Compass, and Gun-powder.

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 *Martini*, 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 it's 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 apartments 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

red 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 Empire. It is celebrated at Yamt-Cheou, with more magnificence than any where else, and it is said that, formerly, the illuminations 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, into 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 gradually descended over the city, contemplated the whole festival at his leisure : he afterwards returned thence, with the same velocity, and by the same vehicle, without it's 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 subject, for they are superstitious to an excess, and on the subject of magic, in particular, whether feigned or real, there is not a People 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,

ness, 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 surprized the inhabitants of that city. It's distance from Nankin, where the Emperor might be then supposed to reside, is about eighteen leagues. However, if he was at Pekin, as *Magallans* gives us to understand, when he says, that the Courier from Yamt-Cheou was a mouth 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

ably 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 it's 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 sylon.* This is the cotton on a 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

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 of 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 it's 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 pre-disposed to vice and to virtue.

(9) *It always bears the name of Heva.* There is, in fact, at the mouth of the Seine, on it's left side bank, a mountain formed of layers of black and white stones, which is called the Heve. It serves as a land-mark for mariners, and there is a flag erected upon it, for giving signals to ships at Sea.

(10) *I perceived by the whiteness of it's 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 it's 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

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 wire-drawing 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 raquettes 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 Sifene.* The Gauls, as well as the Nations of the North, called *Venus*, *Siofne*, and *Cupid*, *Sifone*. 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*

*Cupid* should be armed, not with a bow and à 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 the 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.

plaster. Others, it is true, derive the name of Montmartre from *Mons Marty um*. 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 it's 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, 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,  
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in the vicinity of Paris. It sometimes renders them completely yellow, toward the close of Summer, by the colour of it's flowers. This flower is rose-formed, about the size of a shilling, without rising upon a stem. It enamels the ground, as does likewise it's foliage, which spreads very far, in form of net-work. Geese are very fond of this plant. It's 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 it's 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 ether might be preserved.* Most fruits which contain an aggregation of seeds, as pomegranates, apples, pears, oranges,  
and

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 hazel-nut, the almond, the chestnut, the cocoa, and all the kernel fruits, such as the cherry, the plumb, the apricot, the peach, bear it envelopped 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 *Lycæon*; 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 re-action 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 feebler 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 *Lycæon*, 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 small-pox. 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.

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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 re-descend 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.

THE END.









