

TO HIM I LOVE.

Perhaps long hence if this should meet thine eye, OCTAVIA'S fate may wake the deep fraught sigh Of sharp regret,—that e'er her guileless heart From thee was doom'd to meet th' envenom'd dart Of cold neglect, which, striking at her peace, Bade each soft source of tender pleasure cease. Deep in her bosom fix its mortal fangs, And riv'd her breast with disappointment's pangs, When youth and youthful levities are o'er, And that which pleases now, shall please no more; When thy wrong soul with anguish dire oppress, May seek some tender sympathick breast, Some gentle friend, to soothe thy bosom's woe. Melt in thy griefs and with their transports glow; Ah, then, perchance, my image may appear Awake the sigh, impel the starting tear, My artless fondness, my unvaried truth, Though deeply injur'd breathing no reproof; All, all may rise before the mental view, For memory's still to sorrow sadly true; Dwells on the joys too late we learn to prize And points to former scenes the streaming eyes. Ah! youth belov'd might my fond prayers avail, No grief, nor anguish, should thy peace assail; Smoothly should life's unruffled current glide, With not one stormy care to swell the tide; No painful thought should ever intervene, To shade with sorrow's clouds the smiling scene; Love's choicest flow 'rs around thy brow should bloom, And friendship smooth thy passage to the tomb.

OCTAVIA.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

STATE OF THE CONTINENT.

The few weeks during which the war has raged, have already formed an era, perhaps the most pregnant with revolutionary consequences that ever occurred since the ruin of the Roman empire. While Prussia, from Edwardic policy, continued at peace with France, an insurmountable Continental boundary was prescribed to the aggrandizement of Buonaparte. In an evil hour for himself and for Europe, Frederick William, driven to madness by the insults and injuries of his overbearing ally, declared war, fought, and was defeated. The battle of Jena will be recorded on one of the bloodiest pages in the book of time, and every following page, for a century to come, will be colored with its consequences. The barrier of Prussia, which has stood in the middle of Europe, to break the flood of the French revolution, ever since the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, was on that day, by his advancing a second time broken down, and Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Turkey, and Russia itself, are henceforward completely thrown open to the assaults of that common enemy, who will never rest till by treason or violence he has either ensnared, subjugated, or destroyed every rival in the west, or has himself perished suddenly in battle, or by assassination. A new kingdom in Poland, and probably another in Germany, may be expected to be set up by Buonaparte immediately, to elbow Prussia on either side. War with Denmark for which a pretence cannot long be wanting, will perhaps be his next step, in order to block up the Baltick against the English, and the ocean against the Russians and Swedes. A rupture between Turkey and Russia cannot be far distant, while Buonaparte in Italy, and one of his brothers in Poland are neighbours to these inimical powers, whom it will be the policy of France to pull to pieces by the hands of each other:—while she seizes every opportunity of extending her dominions north, east, and south, where her influence has opened the way, till Turkey, ruined by her friendship, shall fall by her sword, and Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt become her prey. That the views of Buonaparte, eastward particularly, extend thus far and much farther can hardly be questioned. We presume not to speculate on the probability of his being ever enabled to carry them into execution.

Long before the short state of warfare which took place between this country and Prussia, and even at the very moment when the latter seemed disposed to hostilities against the common foe, we undertook to show the inutility and folly of lavishing British blood and treasure for the purpose of promoting Continental objects. We wished to direct the care of government and the attention of the people to their own security, independence, and happiness. In the present lamentable state of affairs, it matters little whether our reasoning has been right or wrong; we are driven by necessity to adopt that line of conduct which we ventured to recommend, had even Prussia been successful, and the power of France homed in within her ancient boundaries. Our theory may have been ill-founded, but facts, melancholy facts, speak more forcibly than a thousand volumes; & it would be the mockery

of an idiot to be told, that there still exists obstacles sufficient to check Buonaparte in his vast career of ambition and aggrandizement. Let us then consider well our internal means of defence; husband our own resources; consolidate our native strength; exert our national spirit: and be prepared to meet, and we trust, to triumph over the dangers with which we are ultimately threatened by this modern Attila, this exterminator of nations!

By the subversion of the Prussian throne, for it is disgusting to hear some contemporary writers still express hopes of resistance from the fugitive and spiritless troops of Frederick William, the bond of European union is completely torn assunder, and that power which alone was thought capable of restoring it, with, in all probability, be itself attacked. Russia has at this moment more to fear, she has more interest in the issue of the war, than her most cautious politicians could, by any human contingencies, have been induced to imagine. She who has been over and over again represented as making war without the chance of danger to her own dominions, is now on the point of being pierced, not in her most distant frontiers, but in her most civilized province, and what like the expedition to Egypt, was considered as impossible, is now likely to be realized. The politics of Buonaparte leave no doubt in our mind, that he has projected, and will shortly attempt, the conquest of the whole of Poland;—a conquest to which he will endeavour to reconcile the people by calling it a deliverance from the yoke of foreign subjugation. It is not yet fifteen years since the lawless destruction of the Polish State, and narrowed and straightened as it was, by the infamous partition of 1773, we cannot easily dismiss from our recollection the heroic stand which was then made by the Poles to the savage despoilers of their political rights and civil privileges. Buonaparte, in thinking that he will find in Poland friends and supporters, seems to have taken a just view of the passions and prejudices of mankind. He relies upon their co-operation, because they have wrongs to redress; because in their present masters they can only see oppressors and task-masters; and above all, because they will enjoy the hope of revenging the cause of their defaced and annihilated country. The road to Warsaw, from Berlin, is nearer and less difficult than from Paris to Berlin. But it may be said, Buonaparte has not armies sufficiently numerous to execute this bold design. The argument has been so repeatedly used, that we should have supposed it had fallen into disrepute. While he conquers military countries, he cannot want military men to recruit his armies. What has been his constant policy? To divide the vanquished states into slaves and soldiers.—What now will be his policy? To make the population of Prussia subservient to his designs on Poland, and perhaps, finally, on the Russian Empire itself. Has he conquered Frederick William with Frenchmen only? Let those answer this question, who know that the wealth and growth of Italy, of Holland, of both sides of the Rhine, have been absorbed by the emptiness of France! He will find plunder and recruits throughout the Prussian territories, and the temporary and inevitable chaos of military machines will, as has uniformly been the case with him, be supplied as he extends his conquests. His mode of warfare, in this as in most other respects, differs essentially from that of Louis XIV. or any other modern who either aspired at universal dominion, or contented himself with asserting the balance of power. He will go on, renovated by the transfusion of foreign blood and gold into his exhausted battalions and treasury chests. He has now overleaped every limit within which the arms and prudence of Europe had confined France; and what is there to stop him from reaching the end of the career which his own imagination may have set to his successes? Of Buonaparte's ambition it would seem that we have hitherto formed no adequate idea. He may not think that he has climbed the meridian arch of his greatness, until the gates of Petersburg, shall have been thrown open to him as its conqueror.

The age of military wonders, of the extraordinary vicissitudes of power, is not yet past. The means are all within his grasp. Prussia is become his absolute instrument, and from Paris to Berlin, Berlin to Warsaw, he will strive to establish one strong chain, the links of which can alone be broken by the defection and treachery of feudatory princes and men, who are but strong in his strength and great in his greatness. Such a chain has not been formed since the downfall of the Roman empire; and if the population of Poland be put into motion; if their antipathies and hatred be revived; if their just causes of revenge be renewed; if the means of signal vengeance be held out to them, no matter by whom, who can pretend to say that the chain may not enircle in its iron embrace the new metropolis of the Russian empire! Whether the Poles would gain any advantage by this not very unlikely change of government, we shall not now inquire; but we cannot help admiring the inscrutable decrees of Providence, which, however slow is sure in the infliction of its punishments. Prussia was the first power that meditated and carried into effect, the partition of Poland, in 1773; nineteen years after, she parsellously abandoned her alliance with the King and Republick of Poland, she basely shared in the common plunder and robbery, and now

Even handed justice Returns the ingredients of the poison'd chalice, To her own lips.

The prospects that now open to Buonaparte will probably postpone for another year the long menaced attempt at invasion. We sincerely trust the interval will not be spent on the part of our government in apathy and indolence. The people are willing and ready patiently to bear their share in the general calamity, which the ambition of France has let loose upon mankind;—but in return they expect a system of rigid economy in the management of publick affairs, and every exertion which human wisdom can make, to preserve them free and independent of a foreign yoke, to secure to them the blessings of peace, when peace can be made upon terms perfectly consistent with the safety, honor, and interests of the British Empire.

Proclamation of the Emperor.

Head-quarters at Posen, Dec. 2.

Soldiers! It is this day a year, even at this very hour, that you were on the field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions flying in disorder or surrounded, gave up their arms to their conquerors. The next day they spoke words of peace, but they were deceitful. Scarcely escaped by the effect of perhaps, a condemnable generosity, from the disasters of a third coalition they contrived a fourth. But the ally on whose tactics they founded their principal hopes is no more; his strong places, his capitals, his magazines, his arsenals, 250 stand of colors, 700 pieces of cannon, five great places of war are in our power. The Oder, the Warsaw, the deserts of Poland, or the bad weather, have but been able to stop you for a moment; you have braved all, surmounted all, every thing fled on your approach.

It is in vain that the Russians wished to defend the capital of this illustrious and ancient Poland.—The French Eagle hovers on the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Poles, on seeing you, believe they see the legions of Sobieski on return from their memorable expedition.

Soldiers! We will not lay down our arms until a general peace has affirmed and assured the power of our allies, and has restored to our commerce its liberties and colonies. We have conquered on the Oder, Pondicherry, and our establishments in the Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies.—What gives a right to the Russians to believe that they can balance the destinies? Who gave them a right to overstep such just designs? They, and ourselves, are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?

ADDRESS

Gen. Kosciusko to the Poles.

Brave Countrymen!

AT the sound of arms which once more resounds in Poland, Kosciusko flies into the midst of you. It is no longer barbarians in search of plunder, which advance into our plains; it is no longer those ferocious men who come to divide our fields, and insult our weakness after having fattened themselves on our misfortunes, and our blood. By their valor, by their triumphs, by the thundering eagle which soars before them, you well know the unquestionable legions which have illustrated the four quarters of the globe by their victories; who have in one campaign, annihilated the united powers of two vast empires, and who have, in one week, crumbled into dust a throne raised by an age of successes, the work of Frederic and all his old Generals.

Thus has the destiny of Napoleon decreed, who destroys and makes kings, who falls with the rapidity of lightning on his enemies, and who knows how, by the force of his arms and the conception of his genius to raise up nations bowed down under the yoke of a frightful policy.

Polanders! thousands amongst you have followed the first General of Europe in the defiles of Italy. Your battalions have rallied with the army of the brave—Napoleon comes to you—his eye observes you—he brings into the bosom of the world, those Frenchmen, amongst whom we have found a second country, who have collected the wrecks of us in their camps—who, treating us as brothers, have concealed our misfortunes under their laurels—those generous Frenchmen, in the midst of whom Kosciusko has ceased to believe himself proscribed, before whom he has at least been able to raise up with a sentiment of coalition, and perhaps of pride, his vanquished, but not dishonoured head, and amongst whom he has been permitted to entertain the love of his country, and the hope of its future liberty.

Dear countrymen! all you who, banished from your paternal soil, have remained Polanders in a foreign land; and you also, who having become strangers in the bosom of Poland, have remained faithful to your brothers and the country, rise up, it is time, the great nation is before you—Napoleon regards you, and Kosciusko calls you.

See Europe shaken to her foundation, hastening at the voice of genius, to re-construct the social edifice, and to immortalize the nineteenth century by new creations and new titles to glory. See how the yoke of the Tyrant of the Seas, of the enemy of the repose of Europe, is breaking to pieces on every coast. Every where the people rise up, sheltered by monarchies constituted by the laws—every where oppressed nations march towards their independence. Polanders! what is yet wanting to inspire you and render you just to yourselves! Without doubt, you are the children of those heroes who saved Europe from the yoke of the Musselmén—your hearts shall burn with the fire which filled with esteem even your

enemy conquerors. Because they have divided you, you ought to be more united by blood, by language, by misfortune, and by even things which is most dear and most sacred amongst men.

If Poland has been effaced from the political chart, she exists yet entire in the hearts of her children. If without the aid of France, and having for our support the justice of our cause and our valour only, we were able to balance fortune between us and three empires who united to oppress us, our triumph cannot be doubtful when the conqueror of the triple alliance has freed our frontiers, when the man of destiny has cast his views on us. Do you not, in his presence, feel your blood quicken in your veins? Do you not now see the shades of the heroes who fell fighting for you, press around him and call for vengeance? Hear their groans, hear the voice of the country who demands from us its glory and independence.

Polanders! escaped by a miracle from the sword of your assassins from the chains of your tyrants, I have collected you, I have brought with me the last signs of a dying country. Full of confidence, this day I will make her last wishes resound amongst you I come to see that paternal land which my arm has defended, which my blood has redeemed, and which on viewing it, I will cover with tears and kisses. Unfortunate friends, who I am not able to follow to the tomb—dear and brave compatriots, who I have been constrained to leave under the yoke of our usurper, I have only lived in the hope of avenging you—I return to break your fetters.

Sacred remains of my country! I salute you with an holy enthusiasm. I unite myself to you never again to be separated.—Worthy of the great man whose arm is raised for us. Worthy Polanders, who hear my voice, I will assist in raising up my country, and in fixing her future prosperity on a staple base. Were the name of country no more to my compatriots than a word, then I would escape from my misfortunes and the common shame, and bury myself under the noble wrecks of Poland. But no, days glorious to Poland are about to appear. Fortune has not conducted Napoleon and his invincibles on the borders of the Vistula to leave there no traces of his career. We are under the sign of a Monarch who combats difficulties with prodigies. The re-establishment of Poland is an event too glorious for the eternal Governor of the World not to have reserved the deed for him.

KOSCIUSKO.

Capture of Curracoa.

Kingston, (Jama.) January 12.

By the arrival of his Majesty's frigate Anson, capt. Lydiard, at Port Royal, on Saturday, from Curracoa, we are happy in being able to announce the capture of that Island, which event took place on New-Year's Day. The following particulars communicated in a letter from capt. Brisbane, we were politely favored with yesterday:

The attack was made on the 1st of January, by the Arethusa, Anson, Latona, and Fisgard frigates, at day-light. The harbour was defended by two tier of guns, Fort Amsterdam alone mounting 56 pieces of cannon; the entrance of the harbour is only 50 yards wide, athwart which were moored the Dutch frigate Hatzel, of 36 guns, Surinam sloop of war, of 22 guns, and two large schooners—a chain of forts on Messelburgh (a commanding height) and Fort Republick, were within the distance of grape shot.—The frigate, sloop, and schooners were carried by boarding; the lower forts, the citadel, and town of Amsterdam, by storm. At 10 o'clock, A. M. the English flag was hoisted on Fort Republick. The Dutch commander was killed early in the action, and the captain of the sloop of war severely wounded, supposed to be since dead.

Capt. Brisbane, we understand, adds, that the inhabitants seemed perfectly satisfied under the British.

A GOOD THING.

Last summer, whilst the British ship Chichester, of 48 guns, was lying at anchor off Port Jay, Dr. Morse, of Elizabeth-Town, coming in with a load of hay, hove about, partly under the bow of the ship, miss-stayed, drifted foul of the 44, and the sloop's shrouds got entangled in the ship's yard. The boatswain of the Chichester ordered men aloft to cut away the sloop's rigging, that she might drift from alongside. The Doctor swore that if they cut him aloft, he would send them all to hell in a moment. "You send us to hell," said the officer.—"Yes, I will," replied the Doctor. "Go aloft and cut away," said the boatswain again. "Boy (says the Doctor) go below and bring me a brand of fire: I'll put fire to the hay." The boatswain stood amazed, and said the man was mad. The captain of the 44 was then called on deck. The Doctor told him he had had the misfortune to get foul of his ship, and that, instead of affording him relief, one of his officers ordered his vessel's rigging to be cut away, and that if that had been done, he was determined to make a bon-fire.—The Doctor still standing with the brand of fire in his hands. The captain of the ship pleased with the Doctor's oddity, asked him on board. They went below together, where the subject was renewed; and the captain asked him if he would have put fire to his hay, if the orders of his officer to cut away had been complied with. He said he certainly should—it was his unalterable determination. The captain of the frigate laughed most heartily—they breakfasted together, and parted on good terms. New-York paper.