

that about thirty years afterwards, the Russians made a similar attempt with two other vessels (probably more handsy supplied) the amount of which we find in touching at the various islands; but the reasons unknown, the command was not proceeded far enough to reach the supposed continent discovered in the previous voyage, and by returning in a contrary route, they were enabled to correct a number of errors into which the commanders of the other two vessels had fallen. This appears to be the mistake in the information furnished by the Russian expedition—a people bold and adventurous in maritime excursions beyond conception; we must also remember, that the latter attempt is not above twenty years ago.

There remains another auxiliary argument in favour of the north-east. It seems the barbarous people inhabiting the country about the north-east promontory of Asia, give information of a small island lying off from their coast, about a day's sailing, from which they can descry a large country, filled with forests, and possessed by a people whose language they could not understand, but with whom they traded for certain commodities which they never before had seen, &c. &c. This makes up the whole of the arguments in favour of the north-east, which we will let stand in full array, until we examine what can be brought in aid of the European north-west.

It appears, that Norway stands prepared to crouch the honours which may accrue in consequence of the north-west becoming this long-sought-for communication: For (say they) in the ninth century they discovered, and proceeded in the colonization of Greenland, which, however, we find underwent an interruption of seven or eight hundred years, when the zeal of a few missionaries to plant the christian faith, brought this communication again to life. From these holy men, then, we learn, that one of their number, who understood the language of Greenland, passed over into the Esquimaux country, and to his astonishment found they spoke the language of Greenland, and were in every particular the same people. So much for this frozen portal through which the origin of the Esquimaux must at all events be drawn.

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

A short discourse on drunkenness.

Once Micco, one of the Indian kings of the Little Tallabee country, was deputed from New York.

WHEN I consider the variety of evils that nature has thrown in the way of man, while a resident on this

changeable theatre, the world we inhabit, I cannot possibly blame him for having availed himself of some of those choice productions from the fruits of the ground which put a new soul into him, and bid him for a time, not only to forget the miseries of his condition, but also encourage him to look forward to those abodes of joy, where the measure is continually full, and where no one that ever was allowed to taste could truly say, "the quantity is diminished."

What an insignificant thing is this world to me, if I am forever restricted to the use of water! This element leaves me as it found me, a poor insipid creature, destitute of all elevation, as well as incapable of great designs, or actions worthy the name of valour.

The end and design of man is happiness. Hence then ye cold moralists, who upon the uncertain speculations of futurity would abridge our joys of the present season. When once a man departs hence, he is *man* no more. His pleasures, if any he has, will no longer be the pleasures of a man, but of a creature existing in some other mode of being. Let me then, in my own proper nature, while here, enjoy those pleasures which are the peculiar portion of humanity.

The time will come when this liquor which now sparkles in the bowl, will avail me nothing! They will place the full bottle by my side, but it will not yield me a ree of consolation, much less shall it inflame me to generous and noble actions!

Nevertheless I pity that man, who in using this *good thing* is so unfortunate as to convert it to an evil purpose—such is our friend *Tuskenalah*, or the Big Lieutenant: no sooner does the strong spirit of the juice of the grape begin to operate than he in a moment becomes a monster. Cruelty is in his eye, and the resemblance of death is on his countenance. He smites fiercely at all around him, and delights in acts of violence.—For such the great man above the clouds did not bid the grape to grow. For such he only meant the running stream, the standing lake, and the spring that issues constantly from the bosom of the mountain. To say all in a few words, he placed such men in the same rank with the beasts of the forest.

Who that has a spirit within him partaking in ever so small a degree of the celestial nature, but will perceive himself becoming a better man by the operation of this divine liquid, the juice of the grape—Is he generous? it heightens his generosity—Is he brave? this elevates him into a prodigy of exalted valour. All narrowness and meanness of spirit, if

any such he possesses, is thrown aside after a full draught of this enlivening liquor; he takes hold of the hand of the orphan, and relieves him, and his benevolence extends to the comforting of the widow and the feeble daughters of distress. I was ever greatly afraid of that man who was never known to transgress the bounds of strict sobriety in drinking. Such a man is cold and unfeeling. His whole happiness is centred in himself continually. He never relaxes the severe brow of care, but like a certain animal in our forests, is continually anxious to collect a hoard which it is most likely he will not long exist to enjoy. To be always serious is not true wisdom—life should, to a certain degree, be chequered with folly, otherwise we disguise the feelings of nature, and under the severe mask of wisdom lose those pleasures which folly, when seasonably indulged, never fails to inspire.

What think you of the power called Nature? Tell me, philosopher, is she always in that sedate and reserved mood, which you yourself would wish constantly to assume? Has she not visibly her passions and her whims, her fits of anger and of moderation? she has even her hours of play and merriment; and pardon me when I say, she at times condescends some little freaks analogous to what we call FOLLY in man.

There is a flower that grows in our forests which has particularly attracted my attention—in our language it is called *Jou-sha ataroah*, in English *Bee-flower*. Upon this flower the whimsical fancy of nature has painted a bee, as if in the very act of extracting honey, so nicely as to deceive the most penetrating eye, till the imposition is discovered by applying the fingers to the flower, and endeavouring to catch the bee.

This was evidently done with an idea of jocular deception. Is it prophane to say Nature had taken a glass of wine too much when she went to work at contriving this flower? If so I hope I may be permitted to observe, without censure, that she could not have been otherwise than at least in a *very good humour*.

Why is a GARDNER the most extraordinary man in the world?

Addressed to the countess of—

BECAUSE no man has more business upon earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*. He raises his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him a *plumb*. He meets with more *toughs* than a minister of state; makes more *raisins* than the French