

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,  
My soul the tuneful strain admires.—SCOTT.



FROM THE FREDERICKSBURG HERALD.

### NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

"A Falcon towering in his pride of place,  
Was by a mousing Owl—hawked at—and killed,"  
Shakspeare.

In the midst of the deep, and the dark dreary ocean,  
From wife and from child—in the hands of his foes,  
On a rude rugged rock, where in ceaseless commotion  
The rough billow bursts, and the black tempest blows:

He, whose presents were thrones, and whose sentinels nations,  
With princes for subjects, and sceptres for toys;

At whose voice, kings and kingdoms sprung forth—his creations,  
Whose hardships were glories—whose dangers were joys:

There, there, even he, with no hope to solace him,  
Weak—wearied of sorrow—life's tide ebbing fast;

With nought of his own, save the lead to encase him,  
The terror of tyrants is breathing his last!

Yet bright was his march, and transcendent his glory,  
As Austerlitz—Lodi—Marengo will tell;  
And long shall he live on the stage, and in story  
The grandest who rose, and the greatest who fell!

Of St. Helena's prison, the vex'd ocean raving,  
Shall dash every part with its billows away,  
Nor a fragment remain the rough hurricane braving,  
Ere the fame of its victim shall fade, or decay!

Yes! long will he live—and with those who deceived him,  
Who knew not to feel his misfortune in need,  
But of liberty, life, wife and infant bereaved him—  
Yes! with him they will live to be—for the deed!

When he blaz'd like a star, as related in story,  
And grasp'd the affrighted *Legitimate's* throne,  
Then, magnificent walking abroad in his glory,  
He gave what his valour had render'd his own.

But soon then o'er him the dread polar storm thundered,  
And nature herself shrunk appall'd from the shock,

An exile, from country and countrymen sundered—  
They chain'd him to insult and death on a rock!  
With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but merit—

A stranger—he fought for the sufferer's land:  
And his fame fill'd the world—ere had yet his great spirit  
Burst forth in the blaze which it held at command.

In the field or bureau—in the cottage or palace,  
From the camp to the throne—from the throne to his end,  
Napoleon from motives of interest or malice  
Ne'er a favor forgot, or abandon'd a friend!

And when ages have roll'd o'er the "parts of his story,"  
And in night sunk each feeling of envy and strife,  
Posterity's voice shall pronounce them—of glory  
The brightest e'er played in the drama of life.

SEADLEY.

\*I speak but of the splendid mental and personal qualifications of Napoleon Bonaparte.—When *virtue* is taken into consideration, he will of course be inferior to our own Washington.—In what light, however, the charge of *usurpation* against him will be received by futurity, time only can show. *Possibly* it may appear to have been an act of necessity, and not of choice.—The People of France are not Americans!!

ON THE NAMES OF THE NINE MUSES.  
*Erato*, signifies the amiable; *Urania*, the celestial; *Clio*, may signify elegance of language; *Euterpe*, she who pleaseth; *Thalia*, lively joy, and especially the festivity of banquets; *Melpomene*, she who delighteth in singing; *Polyphonia*, multiplicity of songs; *Terpsichore*, she who delighteth in the dance; *Chio*, glory. At first three muses only were admitted, Melete, Mneme, and Aede: that is to say, the meditation or reflection necessary to study; memory, which records illustrious deeds; and song, which accompanies their recital. In proportion as an improvement was made in the art of versification, its characters and effects were personified, the number of the muses increased, and the names they now received referred to the charms of poetry, its celestial origin, the beauty of its language, the pleasure and gaiety it inspires, the song and dance which add to it new charms, and the glory with which it is crowned. Afterwards were associated with them the graces, whose employment it is to embellish poetry, and love, which is so frequently its object.

BARTHELEMY.

### Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

#### THE IRON MASK.

Translated from the French, for the Nat. Intell.

It is under this name that is designated an unknown prisoner, sent in the greatest secrecy to the Castle of Pignerol, and thence transferred to the Islands of St. Margaret. He was a man above the middle stature, and admirably well formed. His skin was a little brown, but fine and soft, and he took as much care to preserve it in that state as a coquette lady. His greatest taste was for fine linen, lace and toys. He played upon the guitar, and appeared to have received an excellent education—he interested by the very sound of his voice; never complaining of his confinement, nor giving to understand who he was. In maladies, when he had need of a physician or surgeon, and in the journeys which his different removals occasioned, he wore a mask, the chin-piece of which had steel springs, which left him the liberty to eat and drink. The orders were to kill him if he uncovered himself, but when alone he was permitted to unmask.—He remained at Pignerol until Saint Mars, an officer of confidence commanding this Castle, obtained the command of the Isles of Lerins; he carried with him his prisoner into this maritime solitude, and when he was made governor of the Bastille, his captive followed him there, always masked; he was lodged in this prison as well as he could be. Nothing was refused him that he asked for; he had the richest clothes, and the best cheer, and the governor rarely sate before him. This illustrious unknown died the 17th of November, 1703, and was buried under the name of Marchiali. What redoubles the astonishment is, that when he was sent to St. Margaret, no considerable person was known to have disappeared in Europe; and this prisoner undoubtedly was one, from the following circumstances that happened soon after he went upon that Island; the governor himself put the dishes on his table, and then shut him up and retired; one day he wrote with the sharp point of a knife upon a silver plate, (for he was served in silver,) and threw the plate out of the window towards a boat which was at the shore, almost at the foot of the tower; a fisherman to whom the boat belonged, picked up the plate and carried it to the governor.—The latter, astonished, demanded of the fisherman; "have you read what is written on this plate? and has any one seen it in your hands?" The fisherman answered, "I do not know how to read; I have just found it, and no person has seen it." He was detained until the governor had well informed himself that he had never been able to read, and that the plate had not been seen by any other person. "Go, (said the governor,) you are very fortunate in not knowing how to read." La Grange Chancel relates in a letter, that when Saint-Mars went to take this prisoner to conduct him to the Bastille, he said to Saint-Mars, "does the King mean to take my life?" "No, my prince," answered Saint-Mars, "your life is in safety; you have only to let yourself be conducted." He adds, "I was told by a man named Dubuisson, the Cashier of the famous Banker, Samuel Bernard, who, after being imprisoned some years in the Bastille, was conducted to St. Margaret, that he was in a chamber, with some other prisoners, precisely over that occupied by this unknown person; that through the funnel of the chimney they could talk and communicate with the unknown person; but, that when it was asked of him why he was obstinate in not disclosing his name and adventures, he answered that an avowal would cost him his life, as well as the lives of all those to whom he should reveal his secret."

The name of the Iron Mask, has prevailed to designate this celebrated unfortunate, but Du Jonca does not say the mask was of Iron; he says only, that it was a mask of black velvet. All these anecdotes prove, that the Iron Mask was a prisoner of the greatest importance—but who was this captive?

Among the great variety of conjectures that have been brought forward to resolve this historical problem, the following has the air of reconciling the circumstances most to probability, and of best accounting for the incidental facts related in the case which seem to have been admitted as authentic. It is not known that the persons entrusted with the important secret have left

any written memoirs, but somehow it has leaked out into the world that he was the twin-brother of Louis the Fourteenth, and the first born of the twins. When the royal council took into consideration the circumstance of twin princes, one only of whom could be heir to the throne, the opinion was urged in the council by some profound naturalists, that the first born of twins was the last begotten, and consequently the last born was in fact the eldest of the two, and therefore entitled to the throne. The council decided the case in conformity to that belief; but deeply apprehensive that the decision, not according with the vulgar ideas of the right of primogeniture, might be made the foundation of future troubles to the state, the most prudent precautions were deemed necessary, and the strictest secrecy was enjoined and agreed upon. It was also determined, as a matter of state expediency absolutely necessary, that the excluded first born of the twins should be brought up, under the care of a nobleman, in a distant province, in ignorance of his birth and condition; and the secret not to be revealed but in the event of the death of the other twin without legitimate issue. When he was grown nearly to manhood, by some extraordinary and accidental circumstance, there came under his perusal some correspondence of the nobleman his guardian, by which he obtained a knowledge of his birth and condition, which knowledge he imparted to his guardian. From that time he was taken into confinement and treated as we have seen. The lineaments of his face are said to have borne a striking resemblance to those of the King his brother, and this was the reason why he was so rigidly confined to a mask whenever he was brought out of his prisons, or to be seen by others than those in the secret.

#### COMPRESSIBILITY OF WATER.

In the first volume of the Imperial Magazine, an article appeared describing various experiments on the pressure of the ocean. Similar experiments have since been made, by Mr. Jacob Perkins, on his way from America to this country, and published in the last number of the Philosophical Transactions, in a paper entitled the "Compressibility of Water." This article has been handed to us by a correspondent who calls himself Selector. [Imperial Magazine.]

"A strong empty porter bottle was sunk to the depth of 150 fathoms, [900 feet] having first lightly corked and sealed it in the following manner. Six coverings of cotton cloth, saturated with a composition of sealing wax and tar, were strongly fastened over the cork by a cord wound round them directly under the projection at the neck of the bottle. After the bottle had been suffered to remain at the depth above mentioned a few minutes, it was drawn up. No water was found to have been forced into it, neither was there any visible change at the mouth.

"The same bottle was again sunk at the increased depth of 220 fathoms; when drawn in it was found to contain about a gill of water, but not the slightest visible change had taken place in the sealing.

"The same bottle was now sunk a third time to the still greater depth of 300 fathoms: when drawn up, only a small part of the neck was found attached to the line. Its appearance was truly interesting. The bottle was not broken by external pressure, but evidently by the expansion of the condensed sea-water, which had found its way through the sealing. Upon examination it was found the cork had been compressed into half its length, making folds of about one-eighth of an inch; and that the coverings, consisting of six layers of cloth and cement, had been torn up on one side before the bottle burst. The effect produced upon the cork cannot, we imagine, be accounted for but in one way, viz. that the water, divided into very minute particles, must, by the surrounding pressure of the water, have been forced through the coverings, and filled the bottle; that the water thus forced in, and condensed to a great degree, expanded as the pressure was removed by drawing towards the surface, not only so as to press the cork back into the neck, and, owing to the resistance of the coverings, compress it half its size, but to separate the neck from the body of the bottle.

"Experiment 4. An empty porter bottle the shortest that could be found, was stopped in the following manner. A cork with a large head was firmly driven into the neck; it was then cov-

\*The celebrated American engraver.

ered with six layers of fine linen, saturated with a composition of tar and wax, over them was applied a covering of leather, and all perfectly secured by being well bound at the neck. The bottle thus prepared was sunk 270 fathoms. When drawn in, it was found perfectly sound, and the sealing unchanged; but filled with water to within an inch of the cork. The coverings were taken off, layer after layer, but no signs of moisture were visible. Had the bottle remained down a sufficient length of time to have completely filled, it would undoubtedly have been broken by the expansion of the water, upon being drawn towards the surface, as was the case in the former experiment. It is worthy of remark, that when the water from the bottle was poured into a tumbler, it effervesced like mineral water.

"Experiment 5. In this experiment two strong bottles were sunk to the depth of 500 fathoms: one of them was stopped with a ground glass stopper, and well cemented, then placed in a strong canvass bag; when the bag was drawn in, it was found that the bottle had been crushed into many thousand pieces. The other bottle was very lightly corked, but not having been left down a sufficient length of time, it came up whole, filled to within one and a half inch: the cork had been driven in and remained so; but the cementation was unaltered, excepting at the surface, where it had become a little concave."

#### LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

A great city—situated amidst all that nature could create of beauty or profusion, or art collect of science and magnificence—the growth of many ages—the residence of enlightened multitudes—the scene of splendour and festivity, and happiness—its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens "glowing with eternal spring," and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of life's blessings, obliterated from their very place in creation, not by war, or famine, or disease, or any of the natural causes of destruction, to which earth had been accustomed—but in a single night, as if by magic, and amid the conflagration as it were, of nature itself, presented a subject on which the wildest imagination might grow weary, without equaling the grand and terrible reality.

The eruption of Vesuvius, by which Herculanum and Pompeii were overwhelmed, has been chiefly described to us in the letters of Pliny the younger to Tacitus, giving an account of his uncle's fate and the situation of the writer and his mother. The elder Pliny had just returned from the bath, and was retiring to his study, when a small speck or cloud, which seemed to ascend from Mount Vesuvius, attracted his attention. This cloud gradually increased, and at length assuming the shape of a pine tree, the trunk of earth and vapor, and the leaves "red cinders." Pliny ordered his galley, and urged by his philosophic spirit, went forward to inspect the phenomenon. In a short time, however, philosophy gave way to humanity, and he zealously and adventurously employed his galley in saving the inhabitants of the various beautiful villas which studded that enchanted coast. Amongst others he went out to the assistance of his friend Pomponianus, who was then at Stabiae. The storm of fire and the tempest of the earth, increased; and the wretched inhabitants were obliged, by the continual rocking of their houses, to rush out into the fields with pillows tied down by napkins on their heads, as their sole defence against the shower of stones that fell on them.—This, in the course of nature, was in the middle of the day; but a deeper darkness than that of winter night, had closed around the ill fated inmates of Herculanum. This artificial darkness continued for three days and nights; and when, at length, the sun appeared over the spot where Herculanum once stood, its rays fell upon an ocean of lava! There was neither tree, nor shrub, nor field, nor house, nor living creature; nor visible remnant of what human hands had reared—there was nothing to be seen but one black extended surface still steaming with mephitic vapor, and heaved into caldined waves by the operation of fire, and the undulations of the earthquake! Pliny was found dead upon the sea shore, stretched upon a cloth which had been spread for him, where it was conjectured he had perished early, his corpulent and apoplectic habit rendering him an easy prey to the suffocating atmosphere.—*Lon. Mag.*

#### CANDOUR.

True candour is altogether different from that guarded inoffensive language, and that studied openness of behaviour, which we so frequently meet with among mankind. Smiling very frequently is the aspect, and smooth the words of those, who inwardly are the most ready to think evil of others. Candour consists not in fairness of speech, but in fairness of heart. It may want the blandishment of external courtesy, but it supplies its place with humane and generous liberality of sentiment. Its manners are unaffected, and its

professions cordial. Exempt on the one hand, from the dark jealousy of a suspicious mind, it is no less removed on the other, from that easy credulity which is imposed on by every specious pretence. It is perfectly consistent with an extensive knowledge of the world, and due attention to our safety. In that various intercourse, which we are obliged to carry on with persons of every different character, suspicion, to a certain degree, is a necessary guard. It is only when it exceeds the bounds of prudent caution, that it degenerates into vice. There is a proper mean, between undistinguishing credulity and universal jealousy, which a sound understanding discerns, and which the man of candour studies to preserve.

#### Religious.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?—And one of these shall not fall to the ground without your heavenly Father. MATT. X. 29.

Many have been the controversies amongst philosophers, in all times, concerning a general and a particular Providence. Some have been of opinion, that the great Creator of all things so framed the universal system, that every part of it is carried on by a regular process of causes and consequences, without his farther interposition; and that he cannot interpose, without changing the course of nature by a miraculous act of divine power, which he rarely, if ever, thinks proper to exert: that both the material and moral world are governed by general laws, which cannot be suspended for the sake of individuals, who must therefore submit to this necessity, though rewards and punishments are not always distributed in the present life in proportion to their merits; and that a machine so constituted is a more conspicuous instance of infinite wisdom and power, than the one which stands in need of the continual interference of its author, for regulation and support.—Others have thought, that God not only created the world, but perpetually sustains, invigorates, and directs every part of it; and that, if this energy of divine power was withdrawn but for a moment, the whole would instantly be annihilated.—The latter is undoubtedly the truth, and is confirmed by reason, scripture, and experience. Reason teaches us that the revolutions of the vast and innumerable celestial orbs, through immense spaces, or the delicate movements in animal and vegetable bodies, can never possibly be performed by any principles originally impressed on matter by attraction, cohesion, elasticity, or electricity; because they act in contradiction to them all: and therefore they must be effected by the continual direction of some omnipotent hand: it assures us, that the moral, as well as the material world, must be under the continual influence of the same power; because, without it, the great designs of Providence could never be accomplished. The most important events in life are derived from the operations of matter and will, peace and war, plenty and famine, our health and diseases, our happiness and misery, our safety and destruction. No plan, therefore, could be pursued, if these were all left to the blind movements of the one, or the capricious elections of the other; but happily for us, they are both under the controul of an omniscient and omnipotent governor, who dispenses them as seems best to his infinite wisdom; and this he can do by a perpetual though invisible influence, without the expense of any miracle; for, if his interference in any event constitutes a miracle, every event is a miracle in nature, because there can be no event without it.

The whole tenour of the scriptures implies the constant superintendency of the Creator over all his works, his continual attention to the most inconsiderable, as well as to the most important events, to the fall of a sparrow and to the fall of an empire, to ourselves, our behaviour, our happiness and sufferings, our enjoyments, and our wants; these are all represented as the effects of his will, and therefore the objects of his knowledge and his care; and on this principle we are every where enjoined to love him, to fear him, to praise him, to adore him, to obey his commands, to implore his forgiveness, to thank him for his mercy, and to deprecate his wrath.

Experience teaches us the same lesson; and a man must be possessed of very little observation, and less faith, who does not recollect daily instances of the apparent interposition of Providence in the detection of crimes, the punishment of guilt, and the protection of innocence, which fall within the circle of his own knowledge, and are recorded in the most authentic histories of all ages.