

The Muse's white as the Muse inspires,
My soul the sun-fun-ful strain advances, &c.



FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

Poem to the New-York Convention in behalf of the Ladies. By their friend and counsellor.

A humble bard who ne'er before,
Address'd a speaker on the floor
Of Capitol—would mention,
Without a quibble or a quirk,
What ladies beg may be one work
Of your wise state convention.

That every one must have a vote,
Who does not wear a petticoat,
Is generally admitted;
But why should women be denied,
And have their tongues completely tied,
For party broils well fitted.

The question is of great account,
Which no convention can surmount,
Without dissatisfaction
Amongst the ladies—so I fear,
And therefore as their friend appear,
And counsel in this action.

That women have a right to live,
Ten thousand reasons I could give,
But this was never doubted;
And he who would their freedom balk,
And say they have no right to talk,
Would from the world be scouted.

The Turks, I know, who hold no polls,
Believe that women have no souls;
But, when they wear the breeches,
As oft they do in states like ours,
Which gives them supernatural powers,
And hang them up for witches.

To say that women must be driven
From every other place but heaven,
Is certainly alarming;
And he who would the like maintain,
Ought to be treated with disdain,
In company so charming.

Man is half woman at the best,
Excepting now and then a beast,
Who forfeits all pretensions
To decency and common sense,
By many a foul and black offence;
And yet, some state conventions

Have in their wisdom, found it meet
To let such wretches step their feet,
Polluted with infection,
Into the sacred fane where lies
The ark of all our liberties—
The birthright of election.

While women, pure as Eden's queen,
Before that world-distressing scene,
In myst'ry darkly hidden,
Must stand aloof—remaining dumb,
And never to elections come—
By haughty man forbidden.

But you, immortal statesman, you,
Keeping the lovely sex in view
At your august convention,
Will frame the constitution so
That ladies can't election go,
Without the least detention.

For, should you otherwise decree,
The direful consequence may be
Diminish'd population;
And this I'm author'd to say,
If woman's rights are flung away,
Is their determination.

W. H.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE.

MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON.

Mr. O'Meara's Work.

About the middle of the week will appear a work, which must produce a sensation in every country of Europe. Mr. Barry O'Meara, who enjoyed so fully the confidence of the illustrious Prisoner at St. Helena, has come forward with an account of his unreserved communications on a number of subjects during the first three years of his captivity, taken down each day on parting from him. We have been favored with a sight of the work in sheets, and gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of stating a few particulars respecting it. It is, with great propriety, dedicated to Lady Holland, who exerted herself so much to promote the comforts and alleviate the sufferings of Napoleon.

Our limits will only allow us at present to give very scanty extracts from this highly interesting publication.—The difficulty is to make a selection where so many subjects press upon us with an equal claim.

The following extract throws a valuable light on some of the secrets of Post Office management:—

"I suppose," added he, "that that

Montehenu is very glad to hear of my illness. By what channel does he send his letters to France?" I replied, that he sent them through the Governor and Lord Bathurst. "Then, they are all opened and read in London by your ministers." I replied, that I was ignorant of their having recourse to such practices. "Because," said Napoleon, "you never have been in a situation to know any thing about it. I tell you, that the despatches of the Ambassadors, and other diplomatists, that pass through the Post Office, are opened.—Otto told me, that when in London, he ascertained this to be a fact beyond a doubt." I said I had heard that in all the states on the Continent, official letters were opened. "Certainly they are," answered Napoleon, "but they have not the impudence to deny it, like your Ministers, though it is carried to as great an extent amongst you, as any where else." "In France," continued the Emperor, "an arrangement was made, so that all the letters, sent by the Ambassadors, or other diplomatic characters, all their household, and all persons connected with foreign affairs, were sent to a secret department of the Post Office in Paris, no matter in what part of France they were put in. All letters or despatches, in like manner, for foreign courts or ministers, were sent to this office, where they were opened and deciphered. The writers sometimes made use of several different ciphers, not continuing the same for more than ten lines, in order to prevent their being understood. This, however, did not answer, as, in order to decipher the most ingenious and difficult, it was only necessary to have fifty pages of the same cipher, which from the extent of the correspondence, was soon to be had. So clever were the agents employed, and so soon did they read the ciphers, that, latterly, only fifty louis were paid for the discovery of the means of deciphering a new one. By opening all the letters addressed to the diplomatic persons, the post office police got acquainted with their correspondence, to whom all letters addressed subsequently were treated in a similar manner.—The ambassadors suspected that there were some infidelities committed upon their correspondence, and, to prevent it, used generally to change their cipher every three months. But this only gave a little additional trouble. They sent their letters sometimes to a post office town a few miles distant from where they actually resided, thinking that they were very cunning, and would thus escape observation, not knowing of the arrangement I have mentioned to you. The ambassadors of the lesser powers, such as Denmark, Sweden and even Prussia, used, through avarice, to save the expense of couriers, to send their despatches through the post office in cipher, which were opened and deciphered, and the most important part of their contents copied, and communicated to me (never to the Ministers) by *****. By these means I knew the contents of the dispatches that Bernstorff, ***** and others, sent to their courts, before they arrived at their destination; for they were always sealed up, and sent on after we had done with them. Several of them, especially of those of Bernstorff, were full of injurious reflections upon me, censures on my conduct, and fabricated conversations with me. How often have I laughed within myself, to see them licking the dust from under my feet at my levee, after having read in the morning the *bataves* they had written of me to their sovereigns. We used, also, frequently to discover very important matters which they had communicated to them in confidence from the Ambassadors of Russia and Austria, and of your country, (when you had one in Paris,) who always sent their despatches by couriers of their own, which prevented me from being acquainted with the nature of them.—Through the correspondence of the lesser powers, I became acquainted with the opinions of the greater. The cleverness of those who conducted this machinery was astonishing. There was no species of writing which they could not imitate perfectly; and in the post office were kept seals similar to those used by the ambassadors of all the powers of Europe, independent of an immense number of others, belonging to families of different countries. If they met with a seal for which they had not a fac-simile, they could get one made in twenty-four hours. "This arrangement," continued he, "was not an invention of mine." It was first begun by Louis the Fourteenth, and some of the grand children of the agents originally employed by him, filled in my

time situations which had been transmitted to them from their fathers.—But, added he, Castlereagh does the same thing in London. All letters to and from diplomatic persons, which pass the post office, are opened, and the contents forwarded to him or some other of your Ministers; and they must be aware that a similar practice is followed in France."—Vol. ii. p. 290.

"Some young and ignorant peasants, who were born since the revolution, were conversing with some older and better informed men about the Bourbons. 'Who are the Bourbons?' said one; 'What are they like?' 'Why,' replied one of the older men, 'they are like that old ruined chateau which you see near our village; like it, their time is past and gone; they are no longer of the age.'"—Vol. ii. p. 389.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Curious particulars respecting the manners, customs and superstitions of that country.

The natives have a notion, that if any of them whistle while they remain under the rock where they have retired to sleep, it will fall on them. This, they say, was the case with a number of natives at a certain place, one of which, contrary to custom, whistled, the rock fell and crushed them all to death.

The natives of New South Wales are capable of forming friendship and feeling sorrow. It is true their grief does not continue long. At a funeral of a child, the father will weep much, and appear to be much affected with deep sorrow at heart; but as soon as he has retired from the grave, all appearance of grief is fled away, and he resumes his former appearance.

There is no doubt but this race of people may, with kindness and humanity, be made a useful people. They have the talent of emulation; several have already been very serviceable to the settlers in acting as stock keepers and rowers—in these departments they have been equal, if not superior to many Europeans.

The natives never think of providing for to-morrow. All the food they procure at one time they eat before they remove from the place; after they have eaten their fill, they lay themselves down upon the grass and sleep, and in this situation they remain until hunger rouses them to activity.

The men are indolent and oppressive to the women; they will continue basking in the rays of the sun, while the women are obliged to fish: for hours together, they will remain in their canoes singing, which they consider necessary to invite the fish to their bait, for without they carry a sufficient quantity to feed their beauteous husbands, their reception would be very uncomfortable.

The females, while young, wear a small opossum skin round their waist; this they continue to use till they are married, but no longer. Both men and women wander about in this savage state; the real cause I conceive to be this—they have not the means of procuring clothes in sufficient quantities: for it is to be observed, that no one can wear what the whole tribe has not: if one be clothed, it is necessary for the tribe to which he belongs to have clothing; if not, the garments of the single person will be thrown away.

The natives of New South Wales procure fire by rubbing a short pointed piece of wood upon a piece that is perfectly dry, by which means fire is very soon produced. When they wish to convey the fire to any distant part, they gather a bundle of grass, in which they put a few sparks of fire, and then run with it towards the place of rest and refreshment: by the swiftness of their motion, the grass is soon formed into a flame; the bundle of grass is then laid on the ground, and another procured, in which are placed a few sparks of fire, and conveyed forward as before. By this method a number of fires are kindled by the way. Some suppose this is done to take the Kangaroo, as this animal is never known to pass near fire, neither will it run over places where the grass has been lately burned, although there be no fire. This being the case, after the animal is pursued up to such places, it is frequently taken.

Origin of the word Easter.

One of the divinities to whom the ancient Saxons paid adoration was the goddess Ostra, Ostra, or Eostra. As these people have left no written documents, this and other facts connected with them would probably have been buried in oblivion, had it not been for the emigration of the Anglo-Saxons in the 5th century to Britain, where they embraced Christianity and learn-

ed to write. About a century after the conversion of the Saxons, the venerable Bede thus wrote (*De Temporum Ratione*, c. 13):—"My nation, (the Anglo-Saxons) while yet in a state of paganism, called the month of April *Estur month*, from their goddess Eostra, because they celebrated her festival about that time; it is now called Easter month, and the festival Easter. Because both happen about the same time, the ancient accustomed appellation has been retained."

The Saxons very rationally began their year with the return of spring; and the goddess waved her sceptre over flowers, in sacred groves, and on high hills. There the joyous festival was solemnized with exultation at the new gifts of the earth. Sacrifices were offered, large bonfires were kindled, and the people joyed in the merry dance around them. The sacred horn circulated briskly, and the new year was greeted with singing and demonstrations of joy. Good wishes were exchanged, and every heart seemed to share the renewed animation of nature. The place where this festival was celebrated, was called *Osterberg*, an appellation still retained at the present day by many hills in various parts of Saxony.

FROM THE FORT FOLIO.

Reception of the first American Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

In the following letter, addressed to the secretary of state, Mr. Adams gives an account of his reception at the court of London. When it is recollected that he was the first minister to England, which had been sent to represent an independent nation, the address and the reply will be read with deep interest. The language employed by the speakers, though simple and unadorned, is worthy of those exalted personages, and the sentiments are precisely such as ought to be cultivated by both nations.

LONDON, 1784.

Sir—At one on Wednesday, the first of June, the master of the ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland-row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me, and introduced me to Mr. Frazier, his under secretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office, through all the changes in administration, for thirty years, having first been appointed by the Earl of Holderness. After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my effects from Holland and France, free of duty, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to court. When we arrived in the anti-chamber, the master of the ceremonies met me, and attended me, while the Secretary of State, went to take the commands of the King. When I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of the ceremonies, the room very full of ministers of state, bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the king's bed chamber, you may well suppose that I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from all the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me and entertained me with a very agreeable conversation during the whole time. Some other gentlemen, whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments too, until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned, and desired me to go with him to his majesty. I went with his lordship through the levee room into the king's closet—the door was shut and I was left with his majesty and the secretary of state alone. I made three reverences; one at the door, the other about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at those and all other northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his majesty in the following words:

"Sir—The United States of America have appointed me Minister Plenipotentiary to your majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your majesty this letter which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honor to assure your majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your majesty's subjects and citizens, and of their best wishes for your majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family.

"The appointment of a minister from the United States to your majesty's court, will form an epoch in the

history of England and America: I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection; or in other words, 'the old good nature, and the old good humour,' between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood. I beg your majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been entrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself."

The king listened to every word I said, with dignity it is true, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said—

"Sir—The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the disposition of the United States, but that I am glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you, I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural and full effect."

I dare not say that these were the king's precise words; and it is even possible that I may have in some particular mistaken his meaning; for although his pronunciation was as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between the periods, and between members of the same period. He was indeed, much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense; and I think that all which he said to me should at present be kept secret in America, unless his majesty, or his secretary of state should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his majesty's meaning, as I then understood it, and his own words as I can recollect them. I am, &c.

JOHN ADAMS.

Faith.—'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner, which becomes a man.

Patience.—Misfortunes cannot be avoided; but they may be sweetened, if not overcome, by patience, fortitude, resolution, and the assistance of good men.

Examples.—We do not want precepts so much as the patterns, says Pliny; and example is the softest and least invidious way of commanding.

How noble that sentiment of the venerable Marshal Mincey in his appeal to Louis 15th, "that he had lived too long since he had survived his country."

Habitual indolence, by a silent and secret progress, undermines every virtue in the soul. Nothing is so great an enemy to the lively and spirited enjoyment of life, as a relaxed and indolent habit of mind.

Idleness is the mother of many wretched children. They that do nothing, are in the ready way to do that, which is worse than nothing.

Christian graces are like perfumes—the more they are pressed, the more grateful is their smell. Like stars, they shine brightest in the night—like trees, the more they are shaken, the more deeply are they rooted, and the more abundant is their fruit.