

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1804.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AGREEABLE to arrangements between the late editor and the subscriber, the REPOSITORY will continue to be published as usual :...and, whilst soliciting the future patronage of its former friends, the subscriber assures them, that his exertions shall be directed, not only to the support of its original respectability, but also, to its improvement in the dissemination of useful and elegant knowledge. Considering, however, the judgment of the public to be the best criterion by which to ascertain the merits of his paper, with deference he appeals to that for decision.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sensible of the arduous duties devolving on himself, as editor of a literary paper, the subscriber is induced to request those, whose talents have often conducted to enrich the pages of the REPOSITORY, to continue their favours ;.... this he believes will not be denied, when reflecting, that whatever mental qualifications are possessed by individuals, it is unreasonable to suppose such endowments were given to lie dormant, but rather, for the accumulation of value by improvement to the use of fellow-beings.

The REPOSITORY presents a beautiful field, in which many pleasant exercises may be performed to admirable advantage....and, it is the sincere wish of the subscriber, that this idea may stimulate the favoured sons and daughters of genius and literature, to engage in such pursuits, as, whilst congenial with refinement, will not fail of contributing to the enjoyments of social life.

JOHN W. SCOTT.

PRIVATE LIFE
OF THE EGYPTIAN LADIES.

IN Europe, women act parts of great consequence, and often reign sovereigns on the world's vast theatre : they influence manners and morals, and decide on the most important events ; the fate of nations is frequently in their hands. How different in Egypt, where they are bowed down by the fetters of slavery, condemned to servitude, and have no influence in public affairs.... Their empire is confined within the walls of the Harem. There are their graces and charms entombed. The circle of their life extends not beyond their own family and domestic duties.

Their first care is to educate their children, and a numerous posterity is their most fervent wish. Mothers always suckle their children. This is expressly commanded by Mahomet. "Let the mother suckle her child full two years, if the child does not quit the breast ; but she shall be permitted to wean it with the consent of her husband."

When obliged by circumstances to take a nurse, they do not treat her as a stranger....She becomes one of the family, and passes her days amidst the children she has suckled, by whom she is cherished and honoured as a second mother.

Racine, who possessed not only genius, but all the knowledge necessary to render genius conspicuous, stored with the learning of the finest works of Greece, and well acquainted with oriental manners, gives Phædra her nurse as her sole confidante. The wretched queen, infected by a guilty passion she could not conquer, while the fatal secret oppressed a heart that durst not unload itself, could

not resolve to speak her thoughts to the tender *Ænone*, till the latter had said,

"Cruelle, quand ma foi vous a-telle decue
Songez-vous, qu'en naissant, mes bras vous ont recue?"

"When, cruel queen, by me were you deceived?
Did I not first receive you in these arms?"

The harem is the cradle and school of fancy. The new-born feeble being is not there swaddled and filleted up in a swathe, the source of a thousand diseases. Laid naked on a mat, exposed in a vast chamber to the pure air, he breathes freely, and with his delicate limbs sprawls at pleasure. The new element in which he is to live, is not entered with pain and tears. Daily bathed beneath his mother's eye, he grows apace. Free to act, he tries his coming powers ; rolls, crawls, rises, and should he fall, cannot much hurt himself on the carpet or mat which covers the floor.

He is not banished his father's house when seven years old, and sent to college with the loss of health and innocence. He does not, it is true, acquire much learning. He perhaps can only read and write ; but he is healthy, robust, fears God, respects old age, has filial piety, and delights in hospitality ; which virtues continually practised in his family, remain deeply engraven in his heart.

The daughter's education is the same. They are covered with a shift till six years old ; and the dress they afterwards wear, confines none of their limbs, but suffers the body to take its true form ; and nothing is more uncommon than ricketty children and crooked people. Man rises in all his majesty, and woman displays every charm of person in the East. In Georgia and Greece, those fine marking outlines, those admirable forms, which the Creator gave the chief of his

works, are best preserved. Apelles would still find models worthy of his pencil there.

The care of their children does not wholly employ the women. Every other domestic concern is theirs. They overlook their households, and do not think themselves debased, by preparing their own food, and that of their husbands. Former customs still subsisting, render these cares duties. Thus Sarah hastened to bake cakes upon the hearth, while angels visited Abraham, who performed the rights of hospitality. Menelaus thus intreats the departing Telemachus:

"Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make;
Mean time, commit we to our women's care
Some choice domestic viands to prepare,"

Pope's Odyssey, Lib. 15.

Subject to the immutable laws by which custom governs the east, the women do not associate with the men, not even at table,* where the union of sexes produces mirth, and wit, and makes food more sweet. When the great incline to dine with one of their wives, she is informed, prepares the apartment, perfumes it with precious essences, procures the most delicate viands, and receives her lord with the utmost attention and respect. Among the common people, the women usually stand, or sit in the corner of the room, while the husband dines, often hold the bason for him to wash, and serve him at table.† Customs like these, which the Europeans rightly call barbarous, and exclaim against with justice, appear so natural here, that they do not suspect it can be otherwise elsewhere. Such is the power of habit over man. What has been for ages, he supposes a law of nature.

Though thus employed, the Egyptian women have much leisure, which they spend among their slaves, embroidering sashes, making veils, tracing designs to decorate their sofas, and in spinning. Such Homer painted the women of his times.

"But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor e'en his stay without the Scæan gate,
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs,
Her fair hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return."

Pope's Iliad, Lib. 22.

Telemachus, seeing Penelope speak to the suitors on affairs to which he thought her incompetent, says...

"O royal mother! ever honor'd name!
Permit me, cries Telemachus, to claim
A son's just right, No Grecian prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend:
And mine alone they are to give or lend.
Retire, oh queen! thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arm of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me."

Pope's Odyssey, Lib. 21.

The Queen, far from being offended at this freedom, retired, admiring the manly wisdom, of her son.

Labour has its relaxations. Pleasure is not banished the harem. The nurse recounts the history of past times, with a feeling which her hearers participate. Cheerful and passionate songs are accompanied by the slaves, with the tambour de basque and castanets. Sometimes the Almai come, to enliven the scene with their dance, and affecting recitals, and by relating amorous romances; and at the close of the day there is a repast, in which exquisite fruits and perfumes are served with profusion. Thus do they endeavour to charm away the dulness of captivity.

Not that they are wholly prisoners; once or twice a week they are permitted to go to the bath, and visit female relations and friends. To bewail the dead is, likewise, a duty they are allowed to perform. I have often seen distracted mothers round Grand Cairo, reciting funeral hymns over the tombs they had strewed with odoriferous plants.... Thus Hecuba and Andromache lamented over the body of Hector; and thus Fatima and Sophia wept over Mahomet.

"O my father! (said Fatima) minister of the Most High! Prophet of the most merciful God! And art thou gone? With thee divine revelation is gone also! The angel Gabriel has, henceforth, for ever taken his flight into the high heavens! Power supreme! hear my last prayer; hasten to unite my soul to his; let me behold his face; deprive me not of the fruit of his righteousness, nor of his intercession at the day of judgment."

Then taking a little of the dust from the coffin, and putting it to her face, she adds,

"Who having smelt the dust of his tomb, can never find odour in the most exquisite perfumes! Alas! agreeable sensations are all extinct in my heart! The clouds of sorrow envelope me, and will change the brightest day to dismal night!"

This custom was not unknown to the Romans. They had their funeral urns strewed with cypress. How charmingly does the elegant Horace shed flowers over that of Quinctilius! How affecting, how passionate is the ode he addresses to Virgil on the death of their common friend.

"Wherefore restrain the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Sweet muse, of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quinctilius... sunk to endless rest,
With death's eternal sleep oppress!
Oh! when shall Faith, of souls sincere,
Of justice pure, the sister fair,
And Modesty, unspotted maid,
And Truth in artless guise array'd,
Among the race of human kind,
An equal to Quinctilius find?"

"How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn?
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain,
Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
In vain do you the gods implore,
Thy lov'd Quinctilius to restore;
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature fated to the grave.

"What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along,
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat,
The shadowy form to animate;
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
Tis hard, but patience must endure,
And soothe the woes it cannot cure."

Francis's Horace, Lib. 1. Ode 24.

Among European nations, where ties of kindred are much relaxed, they rid themselves all they can of the religious duties which ancient piety paid the dead; but the reason why we die unregretted is, because we have had the misfortune to live unbelov'd.

The Egyptian women receive each other's visits very affectionately. When a lady enters the harem, the mistress rises, takes her hand, presses it to her bosom, kisses, and makes her sit down by her side; a slave hastens to take her black mantle; she is intreated to be at ease, quits her veil and her outward shift,‡ and discovers a floating robe, tied round the waist with a sash, which perfectly displays her shape. She then receives compliments according to their manner.... "Why, my mother, or my sister, have you been so long absent? We sighed to see you! Your presence is an honour to our house! It is the happiness of our lives!"

Slaves present coffee, sherbet, and confectionary. They laugh, talk, and play. A large dish is placed on the sofa, on

which are oranges, pomegranates, bananas, and excellent melons. Water, and rose-water mixed, are brought in an ewer, and with them a silver bason to wash the hands; and loud glee and merry conversation season the meal. The chamber is perfumed by wood of aloes, in a brazier; and the repast ended, the slaves dance to the sound of cymbals, with whom the mistresses often mingle. At parting they several times repeat, God keep you in health! Heaven grant you a numerous offspring! Heaven preserve your children; the delight and glory of your family!

While a visitor is in the harem, the husband must not enter; it is the asylum of hospitality, and cannot be violated without fatal consequences; a cherished right, which the Egyptian women carefully maintain, being interested in its preservation. A lover, disguised like a woman, may be introduced into the forbidden place, and it is necessary he should remain undiscovered; death would otherwise be his reward. In this country, where the passions are excited by the climate, and the difficulty of gratifying them, love often produces tragical events.

The Turkish women go, guarded by their eunuchs, upon the water also, and enjoy the charming prospects of the banks of the Nile. Their cabins are pleasant, richly embellished, and the boats well carved and painted. They are known by the blinds over the windows, and the music by which they are accompanied.

When they cannot go abroad, they endeavour to be merry in their prison. Toward sun-setting they go on the terrace, and take the fresh air among the flowers which are there carefully reared. Here they often bathe; and thus, at once, enjoy the cool, limpid water, the perfume of odoriferous plants, the balmy air, and the starry host, which shine in the firmament.

Thus Bathsheba bathed, when David beheld her from the roof of his palace.

Such is the usual life of the Egyptian women. Their duties are to educate their children, take care of their household, and live retired with their family: their pleasures to visit, give feasts, in which they often yield to excessive mirth and licentiousness, go on the water, take the air in orange groves and listen to Al-mai. They deck themselves as carefully to receive their acquaintance, as French women do to allure the men.

Usually mild and timid, they become daring and furious when under the dominion of violent love. Neither locks nor grim keepers can then prescribe bounds to their passions; which, though death be suspended over their heads, they search the means to gratify, and are seldom unsuccessful.

* Sarah, who prepared the dinner for Abraham and his guests, sat not at table, but remained in her tent.

† I lately dined with an Italian, who had married an Egyptian woman, and assumed their manners, having long lived in that country. His wife and sister-in-law stood in my presence, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on them to sit at table with us, where they were extremely timid and disconcerted.

‡ A habit of ceremony which covers the dress, and greatly resembles a shift. It is thrown off on setting down, to be more at ease, and is called in Arabic *camis*.

§ Such titles as madam, miss, or mistress, are unknown in Egypt. A woman advanced in years is called my mother; when young, my sister; and if a girl, daughter of the house.

¶ Harem signifies forbidden place.

OID'S TOMB.

IN digging the foundations of a fortress on the borders of the *Liman*, at the mouth of the *Danube*, some Russian peasants lately discovered a tomb, which the antiquarians of that country believe to be *Ovid's*. The reasons they give for this opinion, are....1st, the city of *Time*, the exile of that unfortunate poet, was situate in this spot; 2d, that it had been known for a long time under the name of *Laculi ovideli*, (lakes of ovid:); 3d, that they succeeded in finding a bust in the above mentioned tomb, which, compared at Petersburg with the head of the beautiful *Julia*, daughter of *Augustus*, was found to possess a very great resemblance. Now, since *Ovid* passed for one of the lovers of *Julia*, it is very probable that some indiscretion of his drew upon him the anger of the Emperor, a much more likely cause for the indignation of this prince against him, than the publication of his own poem on the *Art of Love*. Be this as it may, the Russians have bestowed on their new fortress the name of *Ovidopol*.

Our principles only become pleasing and delightful, when by the influence of them we learn to calm and govern our passions; and are formed by them into such a temper, as renders us capable of cheerfully enjoying the blessings of the present world and the higher happiness of a better.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

ON Saturday last (says a late London paper) a most remarkable circumstance happened in Wychstreet, opposite the gate of New-Inn. About ten o'clock in the morning a woman very decently dressed came up to a man who was coming that way, and attempting to lay hold of him fell back and immediately expired. On being searched, there was nothing that could lead to a knowledge of her name or who she was; for though some pawn-broker's duplicates were found in her pocket, the articles appear to have been pledged under some other names, as the pawn broker declared he was unacquainted with the person of the woman. She was conveyed to the work-house, where the coroner's jury sat on Sunday last, and found a verdict of "died by the visitation of God." The most extraordinary part of the anecdote, is, that the man who was so accosted by the deceased, and who appears to have been a porter in the Brownlow-street Lying-in Hospital, as soon as he came home, said he had received a shock from which he should never recover, and died in the course of the day.

Trifles.

MISS HONORIA GIBBONS, Bath, sings so sweetly, that she has captivated the brother of a nobleman, who, it is said, talks of matrimony. Shenstone remarks, that marrying a woman for her voice, is like eating a lark for its singing! But every man to his taste.

AN Irish Gentleman had a son, who, when nine or ten years of age, was fond of drumming, and once dropt his drum-stick into the draw well. He knew that his carelessness would be punished, and therefore did not mention his loss; but privately took a large silver punch ladle, and dropped it into the same place. This was a matter to be enquired into. The servants all plead ignorance, and looked with suspicion at each other; when the young gentleman, who had thrust himself into the circle, said he had observed something shine at the bottom of the draw-well. A fellow was dropped down in the bucket, and soon bawled out from the bottom, I have found the punch ladle....so wind me up.... "Stop," roared out the lad, "stop....now your hand's in, you may as well bring up my drum-stick too."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

GAMING.

GAMING may be defined the habit of exposing money, or property to the hazard of chance, upon the slender and deceitful assurance of *luck*.

Were it not for the avaricious desires entertained by gamblers, together with a belief that their own luck is superior to that of other men's, it might reasonably be believed that the practice of gaming would be considerably lessened; but the desire of money is so strong an incentive to gaming, as well as to many other evil habits, as sufficiently to repel almost every obstacle that may oppose it, except the prohibition of the law. It sometimes, also, proceeds from the ravages of luxury; as, when a person having wasted his property in sumptuous living, has recourse to the gaming table for the reparation of his fortune.

Considering the manifold evils of gaming, it is greatly to be regretted, that this practice has so generally prevailed in former times among the different nations of antiquity: The Romans, in particular, as appears from the various forms of games instituted by their permission, were very much addicted to this practice; but the Greeks and Athenians have also had a share in this considerable evil.

Modern ages, also, are not entirely exempted from the practice of gaming; and it still continues its destructive influence, in making depredations and heaping innumerable evils upon its unhappy victims; this may be daily witnessed in our own city, where too many of our youth are continually resorting to houses, in which this pernicious evil is tolerated, in order to gratify their vicious inclinations, by playing at billiards, backgammon, or some other frivolous amusement of the like nature.

The concurrence of almost every nation in prohibiting the practice of gaming, amounts to a demonstration; that its effects are of the most ruinous nature. Gaming is the destruction of both soul and body, by spending time to no good purpose, and by leading us into company, that will ultimately terminate in our ruin: It tends to promote every vice, and to destroy the seeds of every virtue. Let a man be as virtuous as he may, if he only indulge his appetite in once gratifying this pleasure, he has, from that time, forfeited half his virtue, though he may only have played for amusement. It is of

such an alluring nature, that though no money has been laid down on either side, he will more easily be induced to play the second time, than he was before; and, at length, being tempted by the prospect of gain, every obstacle will be removed, and he will readily be prevailed upon to put in his part. It is true, that some may keep a pack of cards in their house, not for the purpose of gain, but for amusement, alleging that there is no harm in this sort of playing, and that it is only an agreeable way of spending time; but this is arguing upon the wrong side of the question; let them turn it the other way, and ask themselves, What good is to be gotten? and where are the advantages? and they will immediately desist from so pernicious a practice. Gaming tends also to excite evil passions, for, as in every game there must be a loser, so there will always be some person discontented and morose, who will cherish a secret envy against those that have been the cause of his loss. What feeling person can go away satisfied, after having put into his pocket a dollar or two of his neighbour's money, or can derive any pleasure from the use of that money of which he knows the loser to stand in absolute want?

ANECDOTE

Of Cardinal Alberoni and the Republic of San Marino.

WHEN Cardinal Alberoni was legate of the Romagna, and at the age of seventy, he endeavoured to bring the little republic of San Marino (which confined upon upon his government) under the dominion of the Pope: The Cardinal had intrigued so successfully with some of the principal inhabitants, that the day was fixed, on which, these republicans were to swear allegiance to the sovereign under whose protection they had put themselves: On the day appointed, Alberoni rode up the mountain with his suite, and was received at the door of the principal church by the priests and principal inhabitants of the place, and conducted to his seat under a canopy, to hear high mass and *Te Deum* sung (a ceremony usual in catholic countries on similar occasions.) Unluckily, however, for poor Alberoni, the mass began as usual in that republic, with the word *Liber-tas*!.... This word had such an effect on the minds of the hearers, who began then, for the first time perhaps, to recollect they were about to lose the thing itself, that they fell upon the Cardinal

and his attendants, drove them out of the church, and made them descend the very steep mountain of San Marino with more rapidity than they ascended it:.... and the Popes have, ever since that time left the inhabitants of San Marino to the quiet enjoyment of their old form of government. This singular event took place in the year 1740. *

PENTILLY-HOUSE, (Cornwall.)

MR. TILLY, once the owner of Pentilly-House, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by rote all the ribaldry and commonplace jests against religion and scripture, which are well suited to display pertness and folly, and to unsettle a giddy mind; but are offensive to men of sense, whatever their opinions may be; and are not intended to investigate truth. The brilliancy of Mr. Tilly's wit, however, carried him a degree further than we often meet with in the annals of prophaneness. In general, the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his contemporaries; but Mr. Tilly wished to have his sprightliness known to posterity. With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body, in his usual garb, and in his elbow chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In this situation he ordered himself to be immersed in a tower of such dimensions as he prescribed; where he proposed, he said, patiently to wait the event. All this was done; and the tower, still enclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and prophaneness. The country people shudder as they go near it!

The fear-struck hind, with superstitious gaze,
Trembling and pale, th' unhallow'd tomb surveys;
And half expects, while horror chills his breast,
To see the spectre of its impious guest.

THE NOSEGAY.

I HAVE seen Daphne. Perhaps, alas! perhaps it would have been happy for me had I not seen her. I Never before did she appear so charming. I was reposing, during the noon-day fervour, under the shadow of the willows, where the brook rolls slowly o'er the pebbles. The clustering boughs hung o'er my head, and spread their peaceful shade upon the water. There I enjoyed the sweetness of repose. But since that hour, alas! there is no repose for me.

Not far from the bank where I sat, I heard a rustling of the leaves, and presently saw Daphne, the beauteous Daphne! She walked in the shade, by the side of the stream. There, with a charming grace, she rais'd her azure robe, and discovering her lovely feet, entered the limpid stream: then her body gently inclining, with her right hand she laved her beauteous visage, and, with the other, held her flowing robe: then she stopp'd, and waited till not a drop fell from her hand to agitate the surface of the stream. The water, become tranquil, presented the artless semblance of her lovely features..... Daphne smil'd at her own beauty, and her flaxen tresses in a charming group collected. For whom, I sighing said, for whom are all these cares? Who wou'd she please? Who is the happy mortal that employs her thoughts; while the pleasure to see herself so lovely thus blows the roses of her lips.

While she mused, inclining o'er the brook, she dropp'd the nosegay that adorn'd her bosom, and the stream brought it to where I sat. Daphne retired, and I seiz'd the nosegay. How I kiss'd it! How I held it to my panting heart! No, I would not have parted with it for a whole flock. But, alas! it fades....this lovely nosegay! and yet it is but two days since I first possessed it. With what care have I not preserv'd it! I have still kept it in the prize cup I gain'd in the spring by singing. On it is seen curiously engraved, the figure of love, sitting under a bower of myrtle; with the ends of his fingers he, smiling, tries the sharpness of his arrows; at his feet appear two doves, their wings mixing together, while they tenderly bill each other. Three times each day, in this cup, have I refresh'd my nosegay with the purest water, and at night exposed it at my window to the dew of heaven. How often, leaning over these flowers, have I breath'd their sweet perfumes! Their odour seems to me more delicious, and their colours more brilliant than those of all the flowerets of the spring. It was on Daphne's bosom they completely bloom'd.

Then, in an ecstasy, I contemplate the cup, and I sighing say....O love! how infectious are thy arrows! how forcibly I feel their sting! Ah! make Daphne feel for me but half of what I feel for her, and I will consecrate to thee this cup. I will place it on this little altar. Every morning will I surround it with a garland of the freshest flowers, and when winter

shall despoil our gardens, I will adorn it with a branch of myrtle. O may you, charming doves, may you be the happy omen of my future bliss. But, alas! in spite of all my cares, the nosegay fades. Dejected and colourless the flowers hang their heads around the cup; no longer they exhale perfumes, but their drooping leaves fall off. O love, grant that the fate of these flowers may not prove a direful presage to my tender passion.

ARROWE'S STREAM.

"A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
"Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,
"On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk."

COWLEY.

"Cease a little while, O wind! Stream, be thou silent
a while! Let my voice be heard over the heath;
let my wanderer hear me. Salgar! It is I who
call. Why delayest thou thy coming?"

MACHFERSON.

I SIT by Arrowe's side, on the trunk of a rifted oak: once it gave shade to the bank, but now it is bowed to the stream; the waters make their way through its reverend sides. A willow graces the opposing shore; its trunk is disparted by Time. Part thrives erect upon the humid marge; its foliage trembles in the wind; part seems forsaking its site: Its roots are exposed to the tide; its branches recline on the stream, and mock the sportive wave. The wild rose flaunts along the osier'd bank; its blushing buds are surcharged with dew. The frolic zephyr rifles every hoard, and scatters fragrance around. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream!

On an islet that severs the tide an aspen once towered supreme; beneath the woodman's stroke it bowed, it crashed, it fell. Its roots and its headless trunk their ancient abode maintain. Many a lusty twig adorns their sides of age. The rank grass bends beneath the glittering dew: the broad-leaved mallow rejoices in its seat: the insinuating ivy spreads its arms around. Rapid over yon pebbly bed is the glide of the glassy stream; its silver'd foam enchants the eye; its gurgle enchants the ear. A tuft of reeds "whistles in the wind," and seems to glory in the circling wave. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream!

New beauties burst upon the view. The curious intertwine of the encountering trees, the sylvan arch impervious to the sun, the "old fantastic" roots, the solemn stillness of the deep, the awe-inspiring gloom, proclaim a deity near. Genius of the place, arise! for this is thy

chosen haunt. To thee shall my vows be paid, duly at morning's dawn, and duly at silent eve. Many are the sweets of this thy favored stream!

A water-fall is heard remote: its splendors dart through the gloom. Wave rides on wave in wild succession: midway is a thwarting bough, and sweet is their conflict rude. Clumps of alder abound: their roots are verdur'd with moss: the wave rebounds from their sides: it now eludes and now confronts the view; the eye is bewildered in sweet perplexity; the ear is enchained to the melodies of the scene. Many are the sweets of Arrowe's pastoral stream!

Nor less are the sweets of the plain. The ancient hawthorn in the midst, the panting brutes beneath, the hedgerow's diversities of green, the cuckoo from the neighboring copse, the bleat of the woolly flock, the low of the distant herd, the chaunt of the feathered tribe, the grasshopper's cheering chirp, the rustic reed of the swain, united, entrance my soul. But whence this rising sigh, and whence this trembling tear? Has melody forsaken the plain? or, lost are the sweets of the stream? "Sovereign of the willing soul!" thy form disclosed a paradise of sweets; thy voice to me was melody. When will it be heard agen? when will Matilda be present with her looks of love! Ask of the soul-frought sigh! Consult the scalding tear! Melody has forsaken the plain, and lost are the sweets of the stream.

PASSAIC FALLS.

PASSAIC Falls is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the State of New-Jersey: it is resorted to not only by foreigners, but by great numbers of our own citizens, being situated but 18 miles from Newark, from whence there is a good road and a regular stage to Patterson. From this romantic spot it is an easy walk to the falls, the view of which is at first impeded by stupendous piles, or rather columns, of rocks; in ascending them the eye is attracted by the broad sheet of water rushing down a precipice of more than seventy feet perpendicular: when you have reached the top, by means of ladders placed for the purpose, the scene becomes more interesting: to the left is seen the broad and tranquil river, "like the still surface of the peaceful lake," pursuing its sluggish course to the vast rocks which seem to support its bed on high, when in an instant the whole view is changed; the

mass of water, no longer upheld, falls abruptly down amidst the rocks, cleft in wide openings to the very base. Description gives but an imperfect idea of the romantic scenery around; every thing is grand, and, added to this, the noise of the cataract inspires a degree of solemnity, which retains the spectator in silent admiration. The river below the falls takes its course through Morris County, passing by Newark, and mingles with the Hackinsack at the head of Newark-Bay.

FORTITUDE

Inspired by Filial Fondness, exemplified in the Conduct of

MADEMOISELLE CAZOTTE.

AMIDST the various ties which unite society together, and become antidotes to the pains and misfortunes of life, none ought to be considered so completely binding, as those which exist between the parent and the child. The heart that is alive to grateful emotions, must continually be reverting to the kindness it has received; yet memory cannot extend to a recollection of those anxieties, which, during the days of childhood, the attached parent feels.

That there have been monsters in existence, whose depravity of disposition have absolutely brought *human nature* into disgrace, the historian's pen too fully authenticates; and to make it the more *shocking*, even in the softer race! With what horror do we turn from the description of that parricide, who instigated her husband to deprive her aged father of his throne; and not only beheld his venerable form mangled by his inhuman murderers, but absolutely drove over it with her chariot wheels!

Amidst all the horrors of the French revolution, it opened a field for the exertion of some of the finest feelings of the heart; and during that fatal period, filial fondness, in particular, was carried to a degree of enthusiasm that was never before displayed. Numerous are the instances of amiable daughters, anxious to purchase existence for the authors of their being, by a resignation of their own; and even the savage multitude, who delighted in bloodshed, have been awed into compassion by the proof of filial love. M. Du Broca's interesting Anecdotes abound with instances of affection, which at once pain and delight: and the one which I shall select for the entertainment of my readers, will prove, that filial ten-

derness is capable of inspiring magnanimity in the mind.

Mademoiselle Cazotte was the only daughter of a gentleman who, at the commencement of the revolution, was seventy-two years of age; and being closely connected with the intendant of the civil list, was from that circumstance unfortunately involved in his fate; for letters of M. Cazotte's were found in La Porte's possession, and the writer of them was sent to prison with his amiable child.

To Mademoiselle, in a few days liberty was offered; but she refused it, and obtained permission to remain confined; and the affectionate zeal she testified for her father, united to the eloquent persuasions that she used, so far interested the Marsellois (who were quartered in the prison) in his favor, that they unanimously determined to preserve his life.

Though the ill-fated old man's death was thus unexpectedly prevented through the filial attachment of his amiable child, yet his savage persecutors allowed him but a short enjoyment of existence; for, on the evening of the second of September, they again demanded his life. Mademoiselle Cazotte, hearing her father's name vociferated by voices which appalled every feeling by their sound, instantly rushed out amongst the group of murderers, and undauntedly answered to the name. Her extreme youth, beauty, and courage, struck with astonishment the sanguinary band; and Cruelty itself remained some moments doubtful whether it should fulfil oppressive *Tyranny's command*. "What hast thou done to be here with thy daughter?" said one of the foremost to the ill-fated Cazotte. "You will find *that* by the jailor's *book*," replied the prisoner; which informed them, that, for being a *counter-revolutionist*, Cazotte was detained. Scarcely was the report circulated amongst them, than the axe was raised over the unfortunate man's head; which his daughter perceiving, uttered a shriek of horror, and throwing herself upon him, concealed him from their sight.

"Strike, barbarians!" said she, disdainful supplication; "for you cannot reach my father, but through the passage of my heart!" At this astonishing proof of filial affection, hearts which had been strangers to compassion felt the force of Nature's ties; and a shout of *Pardon! Pardon!* issued from the mouths of the surrounding multitude, and was re-echoed by the general voice. The Marsellois instantly opened a passage for them, and

the old man retired under the cover of his sacred shield!"

What a tribute was at that moment offered to the social affections! What transitions can exalted virtue produce in the heart! Even barbarism itself seemed to acquire civilization; ferocity became gentleness; and the oppressors were subdued!

After the institution of the criminal tribunal, Cazotte was again destined to feel the force of tyrannic power; again was he arrested and dragged to a prison; and again, in spite of all entreaties, accompanied by his child. "In the company of *you*, my father," said this amiable daughter, "the most cruel of assassins I have faced; and shall I not be the companion of your *new* misfortune, in which there is much less cause for dread or alarm? The hope of saving *your life* will again support me; and I will shew to your judges a forehead furrowed with age. I will ask them if a man, who has but a few days to linger out among his fellow creatures, may not find *mercy* in the eyes of justice, after having avoided the perils which *you* have escaped? I will enquire if him whose *white hairs* could excite *pity* in the breasts of assassins, could not create it in the hearts of *magistrates*, where *mercy* ought to reside? The voice of Nature will plead; and you will be liberated." "Oh!" said the unfortunate father, "deceive not yourself, my child!"

Though Cazotte at length agreed that his daughter should accompany him to prison, yet the keeper positively refused to let her in; and agonized at this unexpected disappointment, she instantly flew to the commune, and by the force of tears and supplications, at length had the satisfaction of obtaining consent. Night and day were spent in filial affections, and in endeavours to fortify her father's mind, except those hours when she was trying to induce his judges to use their influence to preserve his life.

When the period arrived which was to decide the destiny of the oppressed and unfortunate Cazotte, he appeared before the tribunal, supported by his amiable daughter, whose interesting appearance excited general applause! Previous to that mock ceremony which was falsely termed a trial, Cazotte had lain injunctions on his daughter *not to speak*; but as they proceeded, the variations of her countenance expressed more than the most eloquent tongue could reveal. Breathless from fear, and pale from apprehension, in all the agony of suspense,

she waited to hear the final sentence pronounced; but, unable to support the dreadful conflict of feeling, she was carried apparently lifeless out of the hall!

The moment she had regained the powers of recollection, she requested to be restored to that object whom nature had endeared; but the tears of her friends too fatally convinced her, she was never again destined to be blest with his sight; for execution immediately followed the sentence, and it is to be hoped the unfortunate Cazotte was translated to a better life.

JOURNEY TO MONT PERDU.

M. RAMMOUD and some others, made a scientific tour to the summit of Mont Perdu, the highest mountain of the Pyrennees, and he concludes a simple and perspicuous account of his enterprise in the following words:.....

"I remained two hours on the summit of Mont Perdu, and which ever way I turned my eyes I could perceive nothing that had life but an eagle, which passed over our heads, flying directly against the wind, with inconceivable rapidity. In less than a minute we lost sight of him. We ourselves could scarcely stand against the violence of the wind, over which an eagle triumphed with such ease, and it produced an insupportable degree of cold. No wind so speedily diminishes animal warmth as the south, when exposed to its action in the most elevated regions of the atmosphere. It owes this property to its dryness and rapidity, which exhaust the evaporation of such bodies as are susceptible of it. We were chilled, though the thermometer did not indicate a very low temperature.

This inconvenience is the only one that I there experienced. We breathed without difficulty, an air so rarefied, that many could not have existed in it. I have more than once seen many strong people obliged to stop at a much lower elevation; and at Col-du-Geant, where the air is only at the same degree of rarefaction. Saussure experienced a kind of suffocation, and began to feel ill, when he took more violent exercise than usual. Here we met with nothing of the kind. The state of the pulse alone indicated an alteration, independant of the journey. It did not become tranquil by repose. During the whole time we remained on the summit, it was low and quick, in the proportion of five to four....This fever, which is nervous, sufficiently shewed

how we should be affected at a greater elevation; but at the height at which we were, it produced a quite contrary effect. Far from causing a dejection, it seemed to sustain my strength and raise my spirits. I am persuaded that we frequently owe to it that agility of body, that refined sensation and boyancy of spirits which suddenly dissipate the depression arising from fatigue, and the apprehension of danger: We need seek no further for the enthusiasm which animates the narratives of the inhabitants of more elevated countries. Probably some portion of it may likewise be attributed to the influence of the situations themselves....to the majesty of the spectacle....to the emotion excited by some new and imposing views, when alone on these summits, which are the actual extremities of the earth. The observer, invited to reflection by the grandeur of the objects, and the silence of Nature, contemplates, above his head, the immensity of the expanse, and beneath his feet, the foundity of time."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

QUESTION.

SUPPOSE two men, C and B, are at the opposite sides of a circular wood 268 poles around....they begin to go round both the same way at the same time; C goes 18 rods in 3 minutes....B 20 rods in 3 minutes: How many times will they go round the wood, before the swifter will overtake the slower?

TWICE-TWO.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1804

In extenuation for any inaccuracy in selection, or sterility of matter in this day's paper, the editor would remark, that the sudden transition of editorial duty consequently found him in an unprepared situation; he hopes therefore, his readers will with candor pass over such imperfections as may meet their observation, in the commencement of this volume.

On Wednesday evening last, the anniversary discourse of the BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, was delivered in the third presbyterian church, by the Rev. PHILIP MILLEDOLLAR, after which, a collection was lifted for the purpose of aiding the funds of that excellent institution.

COMMUNICATION.

DIED.....On Christmas morning, after a lingering illness Mr. NICHOLAS ESCOFF, a respectable citizen in this city; his indisposition was severe and excruciating, and, sensible that he was soon to be torn from the endearments of a beloved wife and family, he met the unerring decree of heaven with the becoming fortitude and resignation of a christian. In his profession, he was not only judicious, but eminently skilful: in the various characters of husband, father, and friend, he was highly distinguished for affection, tenderness, and sincerity....these lines are from one who knew his worth, and now with deepest anguish, offers this tribute to his memory.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

INSTALLATION.—Installed in the first church at Beverly, the Rev. Abiel Abbot, formerly of Haverhill, in the same county. The public services were introduced by a fervent prayer from Rev. Mr. Ripley of Concord. An excellent sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Harris, of Dorchester, and a primitive charge was given by Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Lexington. The right hand of fellowship was very affectionately offered by the Rev. Mr. Dow, of Beverly. The occasional prayers were by the Rev. Dr. Barnard, of Salem, and Mr. Fuller, of Gloucester. The services of the day were performed with such solemnity and harmony as best promote the end of the institution. This society has supplied the University in Cambridge with its present President. The hopes of its prosperity are undiminished.

ORDAINED.—The Rev. Timothy Stone, was ordained Pastor of the consecrated church of Cornwall. The Rev. Mr. Mills, of Norringford, made the introductory prayer. The Rev. Mr. Pinnes, of Milford, preached a sermon happily adapted to the occasion, from 2 Timothy, ii. 15. The Rev. Mr. Robbins, of Norfolk, made the consecrating prayer. The Charge was given by the Rev. Mr. Starr, of Warren. The Rev. Mr. Hooker, of Goshen, gave the right hand of fellowship. The Rev. Mr. Giller, of Torrington, made the concluding prayer. *Mass. Spy.*

Married.....On the 29th ultimo, by Jacob Miller, Esq. Captain Philip Wagner, an old veteran of '76, aged 70, to Mrs. Hannah Barber, aged 40, both of Nicetown, Germantown road.

Died at Boston....On Sunday evening the 11th ult. Mr. BENJ. EDES, printer, *Æt* 71. He was for many years the editor of a popular paper in that town.... Every proper effort, peculiar to his sphere of action, was made by him, to aid the accomplishment of the American Revolution; and his exertions were valuable. No one surpassed him in patriotism and zeal. He had the esteem of his fellow citizens while living, and they will ever respect his memory.

TO CORRESPONDENTS....Several communications received shall be duly attended to.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ADIEU!

Occasioned by leaving a favorite Place,
(in August.)

DEIGN, Pastorella, once my theme t'inspire,
And with thy dulcet notes attune the lyre;
Pourtray the beauties of that pleasant spot,
Where sweet contentment beams in ev'ry cot;
Where simple nature with alluring charms,
The glowing heart with pleasing rapture warms:
Where smiling nymphs, as day begins to dawn,
With artless lays come singing, o'er the lawn:
The easy farmer, free from ev'ry care,
Which speculative minds are wont to share,
With wielded sickle, trudges o'er his fields,
To him the golden grain profusely yields:—
There, in a copse of livid verdant hue,
Whose leaves are silver'd with the early dew,
Melodious music of the feather'd throng,
And gentle zephyrs, sighing, catch the song.

These pleasing scenes I once with joy could view;
But now to rustic Nature bid adieu!
Should Fortune e'er to me her gifts dispense,
And bless me with an easy competence—
Again, those vernal shades, devoid of strife
I'll seek, to pass the ev'ning of my life:—
Till then, adieu! benignant Heaven befriend
Those peaceful haunts, till time's career shall end!
SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SONNET

TO FRIENDSHIP.

AH! say, what sweetens social life?
Makes the genial soul to glow
With joys the vulgar never know?
And banishes the demon strife?
'Tis that blessing sent by heav'n,
Purest Friendship, pleasing charm
To the virtuous only, giv'n,
In their breasts for ever warm.
Ever may'st thou claim a part,
Dear companion, in my heart;
May I e'er thy influence know,
See thy beams divinely glow;
And, as life shall fade away,
Light me to immortal day!

W.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

WEAK is the Muse—Inmagination's eye
Grows dim, and Fancy owns herself surpass'd.
What though in richest colours she pourtrays
The tales of early times, recounts the feats
Of ancient heroes, and resounds their fame
In numbers equal to th' exploits she sings;
Still there are deeds, and such, O Paul! were thine,
Whose native greatness, whose transcendent worth,
The noblest flights of fiction cannot reach.
Who shall describe the Senate's wild amaze
When the great orator announc'd that day,
That solemn day, when from the yawning earth
The dead shall rise, and ocean's deep abyss
Pour forth its buried millions: when 'mid choirs
Of angels thron'd, the righteous God shall sit
To judge the gather'd nations? Vice appall'd,
With trembling steps retir'd and guilty Fear
Shook every frame, when holy Paul pronounc'd
The awful truth; dark Superstition's fiend
Convulsive writhed within his mighty grasp,
And Persecution's dagger, half unsheath'd,
Back to its scabbard slunk; celestial Grace
Around him beam'd; sublime th' Apostle stood,
In heav'n's impenetrable armour cloth'd,
Alone, unhurt before a host of foes.
So, 'midst the billows of the boundless main
Some rock's vast fabric rears its lofty form,
And o'er the angry surge, that roars below,
Indignant frowns: in vain the tempest howls,
The blast rude sweeping o'er the troubled deep
Assaults in vain; unmov'd the giant views
All nature's war; as 'gainst his flinty sides
Wave after wave expends its little rage,
And breaks in harmless murmurs at his feet.
School of the world, thou nurse of every art,
That forms, adorns, and elevates the man!
Say, from the list of thy illustrious train,
Athens, what name can thy maternal love
Fondly select, as worthier to engage
The painter's pencil, or the poet's song?
Or who, among the favour'd sons of Greece,
Dares to dispute before impartial truth
The meed of glory with Cilicia's sage?
Not Plato, who amid the peaceful shades
Of Academus, train'd thy rising youth
To early virtue, stor'd their infant minds
With Learning's richest gifts, and rous'd their breasts
To deeds of excellence and high renown:
Not he, within whose lips Persuasion dwelt,
Scatt'ring sweet flow'rets from her honied cell;
Whose tongue hath oft in mute attention fix'd
Thy list'ning city, when the grave debate
Demanded peaceful council, or awak'd
Its slumbering powers, and with the thunder's voice
Call'd forth the martial genius of the state,
When threat'ning Sparta led her bands to war.

Nor e'en Demosthenes, thy darling boast,
He, on whom Wisdom, with a lavish hand,
Bestow'd her choicest treasures; to whose search
Science her charms unveil'd, and Eloquence
Disclos'd the secret fountains of her stream.
Though to thy silent and sequester'd groves
From busy life thy Socrates retir'd
To court soft Peace, or with delighted steps
Along the margin of Ilissus rov'd;
Tarsus with Athens shall for fame contend,
And silver Cydnus, on whose honour'd banks,
In early youth, the great Apostle stray'd,
Shall from his crystal urn, with conscious pride,
Pour to the main his tributary wave.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT eye of pensive Eve! resplendent orb,
That o'er the misty mountains shinest clear;
Like a rich gem,
Upon an Æthiop's brow!
Thy lamp serene, my now benighted steps
Directs to that blest spot where dwells my fair,
Twin rivals who can boast
More pure, more bright than thee.

For not thy lovely light, that kindly cheers
The sullen frown of unpropitious Night,
Is half so sweet as truth
That beams in beauty's eyes.

Not all the little waking elves that rise
From out their rosy bow'rs of velvet buds,
Where they had slept the day,
To dance thy rays beneath,

Feel such delight as does this breast, when thou,
With radiant lustre, shew'st the happy hour
That leads from scenes of care
To still domestic bliss.

TO A FLY,

Who destroyed itself by entering a Lady's Eye.

GIDDY trier, cease thy strife,
Turn thy wing, and save thy life;
Shouldst thou enter Clara's eye,
That might suffer, thou must die.

Is a summer's day too long
For thee to live thy tribes among?
Is there not, in all the air,
Room enough, and room to spare?

Wilt thou buzz about her still;
Silly creature, take thy will;
And warn all triflers, as you die,
What dangers lurk in Clara's eye.

LEUMAS.