

## STANZAS,

ON THE RUMOUR OF A WAR WITH AUSTRIA.  
Kings, who so often vanquish'd, vainly dare  
Menace the victor that has laid you low,—  
Look now at France,—and view your own despair  
In the majestic splendor of your foe.

What miserable pride, ye foolish kings,  
Still your deluded reason thus misleads?  
Provoke the storm,—the bolt with lightning wings  
Shall fall,—but fall on your devoted heads.

And thou, Napoleone, if thy mighty sword  
Shall for thy people conquer new renown;  
Go,—Europe shall attest, thy heart prefer'd  
The modest olive to the laurel crown.

But thee, lov'd chief, to new achievements bold  
The aroused spirit of the soldier calls;  
Speak!—and Vienna cowering shall behold  
Our banners waving o'er her prostrate walls.

I received, four days afterwards, at the circle of Madame Joseph Buonaparte, with all other visitors, a copy of these stanzas; most of the foreign ambassadors were of the party, and had also a share of this patriotic donation. Count de Cobenzel had prudently absented himself; otherwise this *delenda* of the Austrian Carthage would have been officially announced to him.

Another poetaster of the name of Brouet, in a long, dull, disgusting poem, after comparing Buonaparte with all great men of antiquity, and proving that he surpasses them all; tells his countrymen that their emperor is the deputy divinity upon earth, the mirror of wisdom, a demi-god, to whom future ages will erect statues, build temples, burn incense, fall down and adore: a proportionate share of abuse is, of course, bestowed on your nation. He says,

A Londres on vit briller d'un éclat éphémère  
Le front tout radieux d'un ministre influent;  
Mais pour faire palir l'étoile d'Angleterre,  
Un SOLEIL tout nouveau parut au firmament;  
Et ce soleil du peuple franc,  
Admire de l'Europe entière,  
Sur la terre est nommé BONAPARTE LE GRAND.

For this delicate compliment Brouet was made deputy post-master-general in Italy, and a knight of the Legion of Honour. It must be granted, that if Buonaparte is fond of flattery, he does not receive it gratis, but pays for it like a real Emperor.

It has lately become the etiquette, not only in our court circle, and official assemblies, but even in fashionable societies of persons who are or wish to become Buonaparte's public functionaries, to distribute and have read and applauded these *disinterested* effusions of our poetical genuines.—This fashion occasioned lately a curious blunder at a tea party, in the hotel of Madame Talleyrand. The same printer who had been engaged by this lady had also been employed by Chenier, or some other poet, to print a short satire against several of our literary ladies, in which Madame de Genlis, and Madame de Staël, who has just arrived here from her exile, were with others very severely handled.—By mistake, a bundle of this production was given to the porter of Madame Talleyrand, and a copy was handed to each visitor, even to Madame de Genlis, and Madame de Staël, who took them without noticing their contents. Picard, after reading an act of a new play, was asked by the lady of the house to read this poetic worship of the Emperor of the French. After the two first lines, he stopped short, looked round him confused, suspecting a trick had been played upon him. This induced the audience to read what had been given them, and Madame Talleyrand with the rest; who, instead of permitting Picard to continue with another scene of his play, as he had adroitly begun, made the most awkward apology in the world, and by it still more exposed the ladies who were the objects of the satire; which, in an hour afterwards was exchanged for the verses intended for the homage of the Emperor, and the cause of the error was cleared up.

I have read somewhere of a tyrant of antiquity, who forced all his subjects to furnish one room of their houses in the best possible manner according to their circumstances, and to have it consecrated for the reception of his bull, before which, under pain of death, they were commanded to prostrate themselves, morning, noon and night. They were to enter this room bare-headed and bare-footed, to remain there only on their knees, and to leave it without turning their back towards the sacred representative of their prince. All laughing, sneezing, coughing, speaking, or even whispering, were capitally prohibited; but crying was not only permitted, but commanded, when his Majesty was offended, angry, or unwell. Should our system of cringing continue progressively to encrease, as it has done these last three years; we too shall very soon have rooms consecrated, and an idol to adore.

## FROM THE SOUTHERN STAR.

The first Paper ever published at Monte Video.

### ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

We this day commence our arduous career. The undertaking in which we have engaged is bold; and great are our timidity and apprehension. Relying however on the candour and liberality of the public, we venture to hope for their patronage and protection. Should our success be unequal to their expectation, we trust that they will regard us without severity or harshness, and forgive the errors of inexperience. Some few there are perhaps who would exult in our failure, and find pleasure in magnifying trivial imperfections; but to such we do not appeal. The exaggerations of malice we shall ever despise, and the hisings of envy will "pass by us as the idle wind."

The blessings of a FREE PRESS have in this country been hitherto unknown; they are yet to be discovered.—Our aim in conducting it will be to promote that harmony, cordiality, and friendship which ought to subsist among subjects of the same government.

We call on all to aid us in so good a cause. Our com-

mercial friends we feel confident will readily give us their assistance and wishes. The integrity and honorable character of a BRITISH merchant is known throughout the world.

To the nobleness and generosity of an English soldier we need not appeal. The fame that is won by valour, can never be stained by oppression. We grieve at the frailty of Man, and lament the necessity of human bloodshed.—But to soften by tenderness the miseries of war, and to gain the HEARTS of the conquered, is a noble endeavour, and the highest boast of a generous mind.

To our Spanish fellow subjects we also speak. The present situation of affairs is without doubt felt severely. You now perhaps experience inconveniences which circumstances render inevitable. That necessity however cannot always continue, and time will ameliorate what now seem distresses. The English Government earnestly desire your felicity, and feel interested in the welfare of every citizen. They come not to conquer but protect. They wish to emancipate you from the slavery of prejudice and restore you the liberty to which you have a right.

Cast your eyes for a moment to the other hemisphere, and behold the state of the Spanish monarchy; degraded to a Province of the French Empire, and almost blotted from the map of Europe. That kingdom whose power was once so mighty, and whose fame extended to the remotest nations, now weak and miserable is hastening to dissolution. Under the absolute dominion of an upstart Minister, the tool and creature of a foreign despot, and the Betrayer of his country, Spain at the present hour is a picture of disgrace, wretchedness, and humiliation; extensive, yet powerless and feeble; the remains of her former grandeur are almost obliterated, and she seems now like the mouldering skeleton of a Giant.

What then is the situation of her Provinces? Unable to support themselves to whom can they look for protection? Their mother country exhausted of her revenues, destitute of ships, of men, and of money, can afford but feeble aid. Will you seek support from that nation whose ambition has drained your treasures, who has plundered your churches, and insulted your religion? Who has overturned your altars, and trampled on all divine and human institutions? No recourse, no refuge remains but to throw yourselves into the arms of England.

The basis of the English constitution is liberty. Her laws are founded on justice and equality. The rights of her sons are sacred. No despot can sacrifice to his caprice the lives of his subjects. No petty tyrant to satiate his malice or gratify revenge can involve a family in ruin, or crush in misery his poor dependants. The lowly peasant whose labor gains him a hard-earned pittance, stands with respect to liberty on a level with his prince. He feels a confidence in the justice of his country, and his breast burns with the pride of independence. Riches can neither screen villany from the arm of the law, nor can power clothe guilt with impunity.

In an absolute monarchy like that of Spain, the liberty, property, and life of the subject rests on a tyrant's nod.—The King of Great-Britain is the father of his people. His power is founded in love and not in fear. The goodness of his heart and character, the mildness of his government, and his skill in the choice of his Ministers, has raised our Empire in his long and glorious reign to the pinnacle of power.

In submitting to the English sceptre you will partake the same rights and privileges as Englishmen. Your commerce free from enormous impositions and oppressive monopolies will become more prosperous and flourishing than ever. The administration of justice will be strictly impartial. The gates of the Forum will be open alike to the Spaniard and the Englishman.—There are men among you, designing, self-interested, and envious men, who would persuade you to view with hatred and ambition the English nation. Who brand us with the name of oppressors, who misrepresent our intentions, and stigmatize us as heretical tyrants.—But the brightness of truth will dissipate those clouds of prejudice and error. You will judge from our conduct of the honorable sentiments of Englishmen, and of the nature of English laws. The splendor and brightness which encircle the Genius of Liberty will penetrate the mist which envelopes your sight.—Be no longer blind to your own happiness and interest.—Ask yourselves, if it is better to bend under an ignominious and slavish yoke, to be subject to a powerless, decayed, and tottering throne, than to partake the blessings we offer, and be enrolled in the catalogue of Freemen.—Shake off your lethargy and exercise that reason you have received from God.—Are you afraid that your religious privileges will be invaded? You are deceived. Tolerance is the principle which actuates our government. Do you wish an example of our lenity and mildness? Turn your eyes to the Island of Trinidad. Paltry and unimportant under the dominion of Spain, it has now encreased in prosperity and risen into consequence. Their laws and religion remain unmoled and secure. They suffer no inconvenience or ill from being governed by a protestant king. Protestants are christians as well as yourselves; Except in a few not essential points, our religion is alike.—We both believe in the same God, and in a Saviour who died for us on the cross.

Canada is another instance of our justice and equity.—The conquests of France present a different picture. The footsteps of her armies are marked by desolation and bloodshed; by cruelty, pillage, and oppression. Wherever they have gone they have delivered up cities to plunder, they have disregarded the property of individuals to enrich themselves. The possessions of the clergy they have not spared. The ornaments of the churches, the decorations of her altars have been seized by the rapacity of her generals, and sacrificed at the shrine of avarice.

England in her conquests pursues a different course.—Her victories are bloodless and merciful. She comes as the messenger of peace, and in her train follow Tolerance, Liberty, and Justice. Her Generals are not beasts of prey like the French commanders. They are not worthless and needy Viceroy, ruined in reputation and broken in fortunes, the creatures of an upstart favorite; sent to repair by extortions their decayed estates, and to wrest the earnings of industrious Labour.

Our English Generals are men of honour, and gentlemen, and cavaliers.—Under the government of our late commander, you have witnessed impartiality, condescension, and equity. He has respected your rights; he has listened with benignity and attention to your claims, and allowed the free exercise of your ancient institutions.—From the choice made by our sovereign of the present Chief, you will judge of the interest he has in your welfare, and of his wishes to conciliate your affection. We congratulate you on the arrival of such a man among you. From his high rank, his long and meritorious services, from his known talents, from his splendid reputation and well earned fame, we may expect the success of his enterprises, the prosperity of his government, and the happiness of the People.

## FROM A LONDON PAPER.

### THE ARTS.

#### MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

A Splendid Naval Monument, to the memory of the late Lord Nelson, is about to be erected at *Liverpool*, by public subscription. It is to be executed by Mr. George Bullock, sculptor, of that place, for £8000, in *artificial stone*, a composition of different petrified substances, which unites the beauty of marble with the durability of bronze. Mr. Bullock has published the following description of the model, which has been approved of by the Committee:

"In the statue of Lord Nelson, I have endeavoured to express that calm and dignified composure for which he was so pre-eminently distinguished in the hour of danger: his effigy is, therefore, plain and simple, placed in a firm and decided attitude; the Union Flag and Anchor are introduced as the distinguishing marks of his professional rank, at the same time pointing out the means by which his fame and glory were obtained. The pedestal on which the hero stands, is encircled with a double coil of British cable, resting on the plinth; and enriched by the representation of his four principal engagements, viz. St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; four figures of victory, whose hands are united by crowns of laurel, suspended over each battle, are the supporters of this column, representing an unbroken chain of splendid victories. The cornice of the column is composed of leaves of British oak; on the sub-plinth are seated four nautical figures, emblematical of the four great battles fought; these figures do not convey any idea of captivity, more than is absolutely necessary to shew defeat; the body of the sub-plinth is enriched with the heads of the four ships in which these brilliant exploits were achieved; at once perpetuating the glory of the British Navy, and the ships by which its glory was confirmed. The heads of the men of war are to be *fac similes* of the respective ships, as in action, conveying to posterity the identity of the individual vessels which contributed to fix his fame on an immutable base. The whole is erected on a mural base, guarded by four lions couchant, emblematical of the indigenous and naval valour of Great-Britain, forming the grand bulwark of the whole, and intimating, that courage is the surest guide to naval glory. On the projecting sides of the mural base, in raised-bronze letters, appears a description of every battle, and of every ship engaged, together with that of its opponents, and on the front the sum total of the vessels taken and destroyed, by which each Captain's name becomes enrolled with that of his ship, and is handed down to future ages, together with his beloved and lamentable chief. This monument, the grateful effusion of liberality to British valour and departed excellence, rises from an encircled quadrangle, containing 1500 feet of water, to be supplied by the pipes already fixed, and which can easily be brought to feed the reservoir, appearing to issue from four heads placed in the intermediate spaces of the mural space, representing the four great and principal rivers of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, as contributing to commerce, and promoting that naval exertion, the cultivation of which has so firmly cemented the maritime interest of this proud and happy Island. The circle is encompassed by a correct imitation of boarding nets, illuminated by ships' lanterns; the whole forming an enriched Naval Pillar, of an order almost new, strictly conforming to the rules of Corinthian architecture, in all its dimensions, and possessing the peculiar recommendation of being indebted to no foreign adventitious ornament for its support; no *Heathen Mythology* is here introduced, nor foreign attribute; as it has been my principal ambition to erect such a nautical monument, with *British materials*, as shall at once tell the history of that hero, whom Britons still lament, and convey to posterity, the plain unvarnished tale of *British courage, fortitude, and glory.*"

#### EXTRACT FROM THE CAPITULATION OF DANTZICK.

After a long resistance, fifty-one days of open trenches, imperious circumstances having rendered it necessary to treat for the surrender of the fortress of Dantzick, to the troops of His Majesty the Emperor of the French King of Italy, and to those of his allies, the following Capitulation has been agreed on between his Excellency the General of Cavalry, Count de Kalkreuth, and the General of Division Drouet.

ART. I. The garrison shall march out on the 27th inst. at 9 in the morning, with arms and baggage, colors flying, drums beating, marches lighted, two 6 pounders of the light artillery, with their caissons, drawn by six horses each.

II. The remainder of the artillery horses shall be delivered up to the French Army.

III. The arms of all kinds, which may exceed the complement of the petty officers and soldiers, who march out of the fortress, shall be delivered up to the officers of artillery, appointed for that purpose.

IV. The garrison shall be conducted to the advanced posts of the army of H. M. the King of Prussia, at Pillau, passing by the Nehrom, and in five days march; the halting places shall be fixed on.

V. The garrison engages not to serve against the French army or its allies, for the space of a year, reckoning from the day of the Capitulation. Gen. Count Kalkreuth, H. H. Prince Scherbatof, and the officers engage, on their