

SONNET TO ENVY.

AH! cruel ENVY! thy malignant darts,  
Forg'd in the deep recesses of the  
mind,  
Dipp'd in the gall and pride of callous  
hearts,  
Pierce thro' the soul, and leave their  
stings behind.

Ah! cruel ENVY! from thy fallen look,  
Flees modest Merit to her humble  
shade,  
There seeks a covert from thy hard re-  
buke,  
And on the lap of Friendship hangs  
her head.

But ah! nor Friendship's generous arms  
can screen,  
Nor peaceful shades seclude thy ruth-  
less form,  
But still pursued by thy insatiate spleen,  
She sinks beneath the overwhelming  
form.

Parent of black design! yet will I not  
complain,  
Tho' I may feel thy wrath, if I escape  
thy reign.

LAW is like a thornbush, dangerous  
to be handled; like a bunch of fish-  
hooks, full of tatches; and like bad  
weather, most people choose to keep  
clear of it.

SPEECH OF A CREEK INDIAN,  
AGAINST THE IMMEDIATE USE  
OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

Delivered in a National Assembly of the  
Creeks upon the breaking out of a war.

IN this solemn and important council,  
rising up before the wisdom and ex-  
perience of so many venerable sachems,  
and having the eyes of so many heroic  
chieftains upon me, I feel myself struck  
with that awful diffidence, which I be-  
lieve would be felt by any one of my  
years, who had not relinquished all the  
modesty of this nature.

Nothing, O Creeks! could enable  
me to bear the fixt attention of this  
illustrious assembly, or give to my youth  
the power of an unembarrassed utterance,  
but the animating conviction, that there  
is not one heart among us, that does  
not glow for the dignity, the glory, and  
the happiness of his country. And in  
those principles, how inferior soever my  
abilities may otherwise be, I cannot,  
without violating my own consci-  
ences, yield to any one the superiority.

After some observations upon the  
state of the nation, the speaker in the  
most artful manner introduces his sub-  
ject; and with the greatest tenderness  
for the age and names of the sachems  
before whom he speaks, takes occasion  
to touch upon the many violations of  
civil order, the irrational perversion of  
character, and all the other fatal conse-  
quences of immoderate use of spirituous  
liquors. His words at the conclusion  
of this are worthy of notice.

'Tis true (says he) these [violations  
of civil order, &c.] are past—may they  
never be repeated. But tremble, O  
Creeks! when I thunder in your ears  
this denunciation: that if the cup of  
perdition continues to rule among us  
with sway so intemperate, ye will cease  
to be a nation! Ye will have neither  
heads to direct, nor hands to protect  
you. While this diabolical juice un-  
dermines all the powers of your bodies  
and souls, with inoffensive zeal the  
warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the  
bow, or launch the spear in the day of  
battle to no purpose. In the day of  
Council, when national safety stands  
suspended on the lips of the hoary sa-  
chem, he will shake his head with un-  
collected spirits, and drivel the babblings  
of a second childhood. Think not, O  
Creeks, that I presume to fright you  
with an imaginary picture. Is it not  
evident (alas, it is too fatally so!) that  
we find our military ardour abating; our  
numbers decreasing; our ripened man-  
hood a premature victim of disease, to  
sickness, to death, and our venerable sa-  
chems, a solitary scanty number.

Part of what follows a few pages af-  
ter this, it would be almost a criminal  
omission not to quote, the sentiments  
are so elevated, and at the same time so  
natural.

And now, O Creeks! if the cries of  
your country, if the pulse of glory, if  
all that forms the hero and exalts the  
man, has not swelled your breasts with  
a true indignation against the immod-  
erate use of this liquor; if the motives

are insufficient to produce such resolu-  
tions as may prove effectual, there are  
yet other ties of humanity, tender, dear,  
and persuading. Think on what we owe  
to our children, and to the gentler sex.

With regard to your children, besides  
affecting their health, enervating all  
their powers, and endangering the very  
existence of our nation, by the unbound-  
ed use of these pernicious draughts;  
think how it must affect their tender-  
ness, to see the man that gave them be-  
ing thus sunk into the most brutal state,  
in danger of being suffocated by his own  
intemperance, and standing in need of  
their infant arm to support his stagger-  
ing steps, or raise his feeble head while  
he vomits forth the foul debauch—

O Warriors! O Countrymen!

How despicable must such a practice  
render us, even in the eyes of our own  
children! Will it not gradually deprive  
us of all authority in the families which  
we ought to govern and protect! What  
a waste of time does it create, which  
might otherwise be spent round the  
blazing hearth, in the most tender of-  
fices. It perverts the great designs of  
nature, and murders all those precious  
moments, in which the warrior should  
recount to his wondering offspring his  
own great actions and those of his an-  
cestors. By these means the tender  
bosoms has often caught the patriot  
flame, and an illustrious succession of  
sachems and warriors was formed among  
us from generation to generation, before  
our glory was eclipsed by the introduc-  
tion of this destructive liquid.

O Creeks! you will remember the  
great Garangula, who is now gone to  
our fathers, and from whose loins I im-  
mediately sprung. You know how of-  
ten he has led forth our warriors to  
conquest, while his name sounded like  
thunder, and flashed terror on our foes.  
You will then pardon the necessary van-  
ity, if I presume to remind you how  
piously he adhered to the original sim-  
plicity of life. Often has he said, that  
if he did not fly from this cup of per-  
dition, his name would never be found-  
ed from hill to hill by the tongue of  
posterity; and I can affirm, that if he  
had wasted his time in such practices,  
my bosom would never have been fired  
to glory by the repeated story of our  
family virtue and achievements; nor  
should I have dared, on this occasion,  
fondly to emulate them, by raising my  
unpractised voice in the cause of my  
country, before such a venerable assem-  
bly of chiefs and warriors.

BEAUTIES OF SUMMER.

That Summer was the most beautiful  
of all the seasons, I have always thought.  
The bright genial days, the transient  
meritorious nights, the lustre of the ris-  
ing sun, the purity of the morning dew,  
the gaiety and fragrance of flowers, the  
music of birds, the verdure of the woods  
and fields, the serenity of the heavens,  
and the universal smile of the creation,  
are all objects which excite those gentle  
placid emotions, by which beauty is  
known and distinguished. General af-  
firmations, however, make only a feeble  
impression on the mind: in order to do  
justice to the subject, it will be proper  
to give a detailed description of some  
of those productions and phenomena,  
which in summer are so irresistibly and  
universally captivating.

May being one of the summer months,  
what first offers itself to our notice is a  
meadow of May flowers, and a very dis-  
tinguished object it is of rural pulchri-  
tude. Think of a level tract of land, in  
the vicinity of a flourishing town, or  
by the side of a meandering river, ex-  
tended sometimes as far as you can see,  
entirely overlaid with a golden carpet,  
with plants whose flowers are as yellow  
as gold, and the very imagination of it  
will be delightful. Yet this is a sight,  
which nature actually furnishes every  
year for the entertainment of mankind;  
it is a sight also, which costs them no-  
thing; they have only to go where it  
is, and they shall see it without money  
and without price; they shall see a mead-  
ow of May flowers so flourishing with  
life, so majestic in beauty, that Solomon  
in all his glory was not arrayed like one  
of them.

Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,  
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil:  
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride  
Our mean attire, and impotence of pride.  
P. 102.

Frozen, as the frigid zone, must be  
the heart of that man, who can survey  
the smiling scenery without emotions or

expressions of rational enthusiasm.—  
Strongly surely is the evidence which it  
exhibits of the goodness of the Deity,  
and of the exuberant, infinite, diversifi-  
ed goodness. Yet if we were to be-  
lieve Des Cartes and Locke in that  
matter, the glories of the visible creation  
are all delusions, being only ideas in the  
mind. Was there no other argument  
to prove them realities, they must be  
such from the perfections of the Cre-  
ator, who is no deceiver. Whatever  
qualities are perceived in bodies, have  
therefore an existence independent of  
the mind which perceives them. But  
to return from the thorny regions of  
controversy, into the flowery paths of  
taste and imagination.

When the ornaments of the equatic  
meads are decayed, or have been obrun-  
cated by the hands of a thousand Pro-  
serpines, they are succeeded by king-  
cups and others which grow up with  
the vegetation of the greenward, and  
continue in it, till the unrelenting mow-  
er comes with his sharp scythe, and cuts  
all down. But I recall that epithet,  
because his action is the work of neces-  
sity, and pleasure must give way to uti-  
lity.—Every one however, will perceive  
the agreeable effect, which such a rota-  
tion of fine objects must have on the  
surface of our meadows, while they are  
suffered to stand. In fact, flowers are  
at this period the principal ornaments  
of the earth every where.—They em-  
bellish equally the hills and the valleys,  
the fields and the gardens: We can  
scarcely turn ourselves round, but we  
meet with a profusion and diversity of  
them. Nor are they grateful to the eye  
only, the sense of smelling being equally  
indebted to them; their balmy odours  
are inhaled in every breeze, and at ev-  
ery step. But the large share which  
these lovely parts of the creation have  
in forming the decorations and the de-  
lights of summer is so well known, that  
to dwell any longer upon them would  
be superfluous.

Let us then proceed to a phenom-  
enon, which in summer is likewise ex-  
tremely common, yet extremely delecta-  
ble. What I mean is, the appearance  
of green corn moved by the wind. Gentle  
motion is one of the principles  
of beauty, especially when seen in a wa-  
ving line. When therefore an exten-  
sive field of corn, about the time it be-  
gins to fructify or eject its ears, it brush-  
es by the rising gale, it assumes an aspect  
exactly resembling the waves of the sea  
when moderately excited; the rustling  
impulse spreads over the whole surface  
of the grain, which by its regular undu-  
lations gratifies the imagination exceed-  
ingly. Frequently too, as the gale shifts,  
will the fluctuation take different direc-  
tions, by which variety the felicity of  
the fancy is again promoted. To this  
being added the shadows of the clouds  
flying over the luxuriant surges in a per-  
petual diversity of amusive forms, with  
the progressive illumination in the rear  
of the fleeting images, the scene still rises  
in picturesque beauty, or rather is as  
charming as possible. It is charming,  
however, only while the wind acts with-  
out much animosity; for if it blows vi-  
olently, or descends in gusts upon the  
green blades, the agitation approaches  
to the nature of the sublime, and ex-  
cites amazement.

Among the beautiful exhibition of  
summer, it were an unpardonable trans-  
gression of taste to overlook the rainbow.  
It is indeed the concomitant and the  
ornament of the seasons: But in sum-  
mer it is peculiarly admirable. Why  
is it so easily explained, the reflections  
of the rays being now strongest, and  
consequently the colours most vivid and  
most determinate. Here then are three  
several ingredients of beauty united in  
one object, splendid colour, variety of  
colour, and curvature, of which the ag-  
gregate effect of it is the lively satisfac-  
tion which all feel upon viewing the  
inimitable production. "Look upon  
the rainbow," says the son of Sirach,  
with his usual accuracy, piety, and figu-  
rative diction, "look upon the rainbow,  
and praise Him that made it, very beau-  
tiful it is in the brightness thereof: It  
compasseth the heaven about with a glo-  
rious circle, and the hands of the Most  
High have bended it."

But far superior to all other dis-  
plays of amenity or magnificence with  
which we are acquainted, is the particular beau-  
ty at this portion of the year of the ris-  
ing or setting sun.—The apparent cir-  
cuit over the earth of the glorious lumina-  
ry is now larger and more oblique,  
consequently itself longer visible and  
more conspicuous, than in the other

quarter. Whether we take its as-  
sion or adjournment for the ground of  
our regard, we shall find ample cause for  
admiration and panegyric. At present,  
let us assume the recess of the sun, not  
because it is the most pleasing of the  
two, but because it is the most familiar;  
many who have been spectators of its  
exit having seen it mount as a bride-  
groom into the sky seldom or never, to  
their praise be it spoken. First, the  
village windows are illuminated by its  
opposite rays, the refractions of which  
glittering through the tops of the trees,  
like the golden suns of Mezerania, elec-  
trify the fancy, and prepare it for the  
subsequent entertainment. Next the  
descending orb is seen slowly sliding  
round towards the North in moderated  
Majesty, and with softened splendor,  
till it arrive at the point of immersion,  
where it seems to dilate itself and hover  
for a few minutes like a golden globe,  
gradually sinking behind the hills or be-  
yond the waves, glowing in its resplend-  
ent beams. Nor yet, though the body  
of the radiant sphere be hid, are its rays  
invisible; for they still strike with mo-  
mentary coruscation on the ball of the  
spire, or gild the superior points of the  
mountain. In the mean time, the fleecy  
clouds of the horizon are tinged with  
crimson, or bordered with gold, and  
both by the variety of their figures, and  
the vivacity of their colours, contribute  
eminently to the rich beauty of the  
scene. Lastly, the birds renew their  
notes, and by the powers of melody as-  
sist the enjoyments of the sight, which  
are again heightened by the sight of  
fragrant odours, and the descent of am-  
broial dews. This is a general picture  
of the setting sun; for so infinitely va-  
rious are the circumstances (that perhaps  
the spectacle has not been in any two  
instances precisely the same, since the  
creation of the world. Sometimes,  
though rarely, there are no clouds at all  
to be seen, but the whole celestial space  
exhibits one uniform appearance of a  
azure brightness. Hervey would have  
said, that such is the purity of the bles-  
sed in heaven. The best men upon  
earth may have their blemishes, as a  
summer evening may have some clouds,  
and be a serene evening still; but in  
Heaven the spirits of just men are made  
perfect, and the meanest member there  
is an angel of light.

FROM BELL'S MESSENGER.

RELIGION OF BONAPARTE.

THE boasted superiority of the hu-  
man race over the brute creation is not  
so easily ascertained as vulgar conceit is  
apt to imagine. When we consider the  
chief advantages and enjoyments of animal  
life, it cannot be said that mankind  
are the favourites of Nature. An ele-  
phant generally out-lives two centuries,  
while a human being is reckoned in a  
state of decrepitude at the age of sixty.  
Our epicures cannot but envy the keen  
appetite and happy digestion of ostridges  
and crows, besides the convenience of  
finding victuals ready dressed at all  
times, and in every ditch. Shall we  
dispute the superiority of a lion in en-  
ergy and strength and formidable activity?  
Let the ferocious vigour of this majestic  
beast have full scope, all the united in-  
habitants of the city of London, with-  
out the help of offensive weapons,  
would not be able to make any stand or  
resistance. It is curious to observe how  
Nature has been partial to some of the  
wild beasts, in the structure of their  
muscles and ligaments, particularly to  
lions and tygers. It appears, from dis-  
section, that the legs of these animals,  
especially of the latter, are covered with  
muscles and ligaments, twenty times,  
upon a moderate calculation, more elastic  
and powerful than those of the stoutest  
individual. If this muscular prerogative  
had been granted to human legs,  
the exertions of dancers would prove  
infinitely more wonderful than they are;  
there would not be much occasion for  
carriages, or riding on horseback, and,  
as every one might then use efficacious  
exercise without inconvenience, many  
diseases would be prevented, and chiefly  
the rheumatism and the gout. While  
we circumscribe our ideas within the  
compass of sublunary objects, the exist-  
ence of brutes has clearly more advan-  
tages than that of men. The optics of  
a lynx are unquestionably more conven-  
ient and useful than those troublesome  
spectacles with which every old woman  
is obliged to incumber her nose; and if  
we should admit the opinion of those  
who assign a portion of reason to the