

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE,

By the *last Arrivals.*

THE trial of WARREN HASTINGS, Esq. has re-commenced in Westminster-Hall.

The Dissenters, so called, are about petitioning Parliament for a repeal of the Test Laws—and are forming "Provincial Meetings," to act more unitedly. It is shrewdly suspected, that other grievances will be discovered, when they once begin their operations. Conventions, Committees of Correspondence, &c. are searching expedients. The Hon. CHARLES FOX, appears the advocate of the pretensions of this formidable body.

Intelligence of the Emperor's death was received at Carlton-House the 14th Feb. The King of Prussia, it is said, looks up to this exalted station. One of the Electors, the Duke of Bavaria, being dead, there are only eight to determine the succession. A treaty is said to be formed between the King of Prussia, and the Grand Siegnior.

The King of France in Feb. last, went to the National Assembly, and addressed them in a most masterly speech—in which he deplors the troubles of the kingdom—and in the most unequivocal manner sanctions the proceedings of the assembly, and the great principles of the Constitution, so far as it is completed.

General D'ALTON is removed from his command, and is to be tried for suffering the revolt in the low countries.

An alliance between Prussia and Poland has been announced to the Court of Vienna.

The Patriots have gained the advantage in several actions with the Imperialists.

A deputation from the National Assembly, with the President at their head, had waited on the King and Queen, and were received with great expressions of affection and confidence.

The Turks are preparing to prosecute the war with vigor. The Sultan is to march out with the prophetic standard.

The conferences for a peace at Jassy are broken off.

SPEECH of M. de la FAYETTE.

The following is a translation of the Speech of M. de la Fayette, to a certain illustrious character.

MY LORD,

"Public report accuses you of aspiring to the throne * You no longer fear the King—perhaps because you see that he is almost destitute of power. You may possibly imagine, after the scene of Monday (the 9th of October,) when the soldiers, deaf to the voice of their commanders, united with an hireling mob, in order to force me to head them to Versailles, that I am no longer an object to be dreaded. I however forwarn you, that you will find in me your greatest adversary. No person has struggled with greater courage than I have against arbitrary power; no person has bestowed more applause than I have on the wise attempts of the National Assembly to efface it, even to its last vestige—but as much as I have exerted myself in the destruction of despotism, so much will I still exert myself for the preservation to the king of the lawful power which he has received from the hands of the nation, the security of which is necessary to him for the maintenance of the laws and public tranquility. You deceive yourself if you believe that a state of actual anarchy will be favorable to your views. I defy you to derive any advantage, either by usurping the public force, or by dividing and rendering it useless. The moment that you declare yourself to a mob at hand, all the citizens and soldiers will flock to my standard, because the natives of France will have for their chief a King, and not an Usurper.

"Without pretending to predict the catastrophe of this event, I dare to inform you, that the situation of affairs is such, that it can only terminate three ways—either I shall lose my head, or you will lose yours, or you must quit the kingdom."

The ——— of ———, astonished, only spoke these words, "How would you have me act?" M. la Fayette said, "Sir, I will tell you. If you remain, you know my forces and my sentiments. I am your enemy, because you are the enemy of the State. You have thought, and you may perhaps still think it in your power to put me to death.—You will then be the King of the mob for three days, and on the fourth your death will revenge mine. I therefore think you would act with most prudence in quitting the kingdom."

NOTE.

* The ——— of ———, was about to interrupt him, but M. de la Fayette imposed silence.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF MAN.

THIS has been celebrated a few days since, by a denomination of religionists, who as a new holiday, were the first who pretended to a discovery of the anniversary of the Creation. They rest the merits of both upon an improvement in chronology, have a service adapted to each day, and significantly wear mourning upon the latter.

(From a London Paper.)

HINT TO ELECTORS.

WHEN ancient Rome flourished, it was customary, upon the election of any public officers, for the persons presenting themselves to be chosen by the people, to be clad in a white robe or garment, denoting the purity of their morals, whence from the Latin word *Candidus* (white) we derive the word *Candidate*. Would it not be better if this matter was a little more attended to? And though the *Candidate* does not wear the white robe externally, yet for the Electors to hold it indispensably necessary that he should have the inward purity alluded to?

(From the *Concord Herald*.)

OF JAMES II.

JAMES the 2d. when he was Duke of York, made a visit to MILTON. In the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against his father, CHARLES the 1st.?" Our immortal Bard made the following reply—"If your Highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here, are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the King, your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than me; for I have only lost my eyes; but he has lost his head."

MONTEGO-BAY, (Jamaica,) Dec. 19.

Of the immense quantities of French Cotton which our neighbours find a vent for in this colony, the reader may form some estimate, when acquainted, that there is now landing at Mr. Lindo's wharf, at Kingston, a cargo, which completes the number of 96, consigned to that gentleman within the present year. Averaging these, as we may safely do, at 2000l. each, the produce of that cotton only, will be 192,000l.

NEWBERN, March 11.

Yesterday, the Custom-House of the United States in this town was opened, John Daves, Esq. having received from the President of the United States a commission of collector of this district, and having been qualified according to law.

By a gentleman from Hispaniola, we are informed that the inhabitants of Cape-Francois have declared themselves independent from the King and National Assembly of France—raised an armed force under the name of "The Patriots of Cape-Francois"—established a House of Legislature and appointed a Governor. The first operation of the new administration has been to declare their port open to the vessels of every nation and to permit the importation of all sorts of commodities.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 6.

The Circuit Court of the United States was yesterday opened in this city by the hon. JOHN JAY, Esq; Chief Justice of the United States—the hon. WILLIAM CUSHING, Esq; associate justice, and the Hon. JAMES DUANE, Esq; Judge of the Federal Court for the district of New-York.

The late mutiny on board the brig Morning-Star, Capt. Kermit, being cognizable before this Court, notice was taken of the same; and a grand jury and petit jury ordered to be summoned for attendance on Monday next, to which day the Court stands adjourned.

Capt. Taylor, of the brig Atalanta, from Virginia to Lisbon, which arrived at this port on Sunday last, was unfortunately lost overboard 12 days after said vessel sailed from the Capes on the outward voyage.

A particular account of British encroachments on the Eastern frontiers of the State of Massachusetts has appeared in the Boston papers—The British Sheriff from St. Andrews, a settlement on the Eastern side of St. Croix River, has served a precept on a Mr. Tuttle an inhabitant of Moose Island, near the Western Shore.

PHILADELPHIA, April 1.

This day was landed, from the ship Amsterdam Packet, a large quantity of dollars. The balance of trade, formerly so much against us, appears now to be in our favor. Instead of European vessels entering our ports loaded, and returning with the specie of our country, we now find them coming to us for lading, and bringing specie to pay for it.

From the *Federal Gazette*.

MR. BROWN,

On reading in your paper of Thursday an account of the 5 hundred guineas wager, between Col. Tarlton and the Duke of Queensbury, I felt no small satisfaction in drawing a parallel between our illustrious citizens and the great men in England. While many of these squander their time and money in cock-fights, jockey-feats, riding on the backs of each other, and building dog-kennels for 10,000 pounds, our American worthies are planning constitutions for the new world.

May heaven preserve us from that corruption, which must necessarily spring from too great inequality in the conditions of men, from gaudy brainless lords, from droves of hungry beggars, from pampered prelates, India nabobs, and swarms of genteel prostitutes.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL,

DAUGHTER OF THE

RIGHT HON. LORD WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

(By General CONWAY.)

SINCE 'tis the will of all disposing Heaven,
To seize the boon its kinder hand had given;
Whether on earth thy friendly spirit rove,
'Midst the once happy partners of thy love;
(Scenes where thy virtues reign'd, thy talents shone,
And fond affection made each heart thy own)
Or, bounding swift, has wing'd its airy flight
To the pure regions of eternal light;
Look down, fair Saint, and Oh, with pity see,
Where sad remembrance lifts each thought to thee
Accept the heaving sigh, the trickling tear,
The last best offerings of a heart sincere.
What though no costly hecatombs should bleed,
Nor lengthen'd train in fable pomp succeed;
Yet shall the sweetest flowers thy grave adorn,
Wash'd by the kindest tears of dewy morn.
There shall each friend thy heav'nly virtues made,
With pious dirge invoke thy gentle shade;
Like fragrant incense the soft breath shall rise,
And smooth thy passage to thy kindred skies.

Severely kind, Oh, why did adverse fate
Grant such vast bounties with so scant a date!
Give such sweet fragrance to this short liv'd flower,
The virtues of an age, to last an hour!
It gave her wit might grace a Muse's tongue,
The charm of numbers, and the power of song:
Th' angelic touch to strike the trembling string,
And tune such notes as its own seraphs sing.
But Oh! o'er bounteous, with that sacred art
It gave each nicer movement to the heart;
And her soft breast, with strong sensation fir'd,
Felt the keen impulse which those arts inspir'd.
Too great a portion of celestial flame
Strain'd the frail texture of her weaker frame;
The subtle fire too pow'ful forc'd its way
Thro' the soft yielding mould of mortal clay;
As the clear air in chrysal prison pent,
Oft bursts its fair but brittle tenement;
While in the dust the glittering fragments lie,
The purer ether gains its native sky.

Ere the stern sisters cut the vital thread,
I saw, and kiss'd her on the fatal bed,
Just as her gentle spirit took its flight,
And her faint eyelids clos'd in endless night:
No strong convulsions shook her parting breath,
No tremors mark'd the cold approach of death:
Her heart still heav'd, with vital spirit warm,
And each soft feature wore its wonted charm.

Ah me! in this perplexing maze of fate,
This doubtful, erring, varying restless state;
Tho' guilt with swelling sail elate shall steer,
With pomp and pleasure crown'd, its full career;
Tho' worth like thine no pitying power shall save
From sickness, pain, and an untimely grave;
Yet stay, rash mortal, nor presume to scan
By thy imperfect rule th' Almighty's plan.
Oh censure not his sovereign, high behest,
But prostrate own, Whatever is, is best.
Judgment's the part of Heaven; submission, thine;
We may lament, but we must not repine.
Each has his lot, (for so does Heaven ordain)
His stated share of happiness and pain;
And mortals best its just commands fulfil,
When they enjoy the good, and patient bear the ill.

PREACHING — AN EXTRACT.

THE French are certainly our masters in pulpit eloquence; and I think the observations of the Bishop of Cambray, with respect to the structure of sermons, are to be preferred to those of the celebrated Blair. The former objects against the practice of formally laying down a number of heads, with their attendant subdivisions; the latter is an advocate for it, and compares the heads in a sermon to the mile posts on a journey; "these," says he, "give as much ease to the hearer as those to the traveller." This must suppose the whole discourse painful and laborious to the hearers, and that therefore, they rejoice at the little resting places. Can this be compatible with true eloquence, which never fatigues the hearer, and therefore requires no resting place for him to blow, pant, or get his breath at? Sermons thus fabricated and laid down, according to Mr. Blair's plan, with seven heads and ten horns, will never cease to be stiff, cold, tedious, and phlegmatic. It is much better for the preacher to reserve than apprise the audience of the heads of his discourse; for, when once they are furnished with them, they begin to anticipate what is to be said upon the subject, and then take a nap to themselves; but, where we are not at once presented with a chart or draught of the sermon, the pleasure of novelty, which is constantly breaking in upon us, commands attention.

(From the *Georgia Gazette*.)