

FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

ODE TO TIME.

THOU wast ere Worlds began to be,
 And shalt continue to eternity.
 Tho' oft the Painter's pencil, oft the Bard,
 On canvas, or on Fancy's airy scene,
 Hath shewn thee laughable, with grizzly beard,
 Stiff-starting from a peaked chio;
 A few white hairs thin-scattered round thy head,
 Thine eyes turn'd grey with age;
 Thy nose quite shrivel'd, like a pointed hook,
 Thy visage bearing all a wrinkled wizard look:
 Bent down and crooked was thy form,
 And tottering on thy weak, lank legs,
 Like some flun reed amid the shaking storm:
 Thy blood poor, miserable dregs
 Of life, crept thro' each wind-puff'd vein,
 Which seem'd as tho' 'twould burst with ev'ry strain:
 Thy long and dangling arms a scythe sustain,
 To lop off men as they cut down their grain:
 Most laughable indeed! thus to deform
 A God in power first, as first in form!

But look ye Painters! hear ye Bards this truth!
 His face shall ever bloom unfading Youth.
 Bright golden locks adorn his head,
 Majestic beauty seems his form;
 Where'er he steps, his awful tread
 Sounds like the thunder of the storm.

Imperial Rome! once Mistress of the World!
 Who rear'd her palaces, her towers on high,
 Bade her tall obelisks shoot to the sky!
 In ruin lies, by his strong arm of power hurl'd;
 Tall fanes, proud palaces and arches thrown
 By his slight touch come headlong down;
 The dreadful weight the mountains shakes around,
 And hills and vales the horrid roars rebound.
 Some broken arch, or nodding tower,
 Falls prone to earth each passing hour;
 And oft the wary traveller hears the sound
 Of some lofty column broke,
 By Time's rudely flustering stroke,
 When down it comes loud-crashing on the ground.

Behold yon figure starting on the sight!
 His awful brow around,
 With palm and laurel bound;
 His forceful eye, with genius bright,
 Seems now in Fancy's view to roll,
 And speak the bloody *Caesar's* warlike soul!
 But *Caesar!* thou art gone!
 And Time shall bid thy statue follow soon.
 The spacious Forum where great *TULLY's* voice,
 A clear and swelling torrent pour'd along,
 'Till the tumultuous faction check'd their murmuring noise,
 And mute—with dumb attention hark—as to the song
 Of *ORPHEUS*, did fierce *CERBERUS* of old,
 When he with *music's tongue* his tender story told;
 Touched by Time's destructive, potent wand,
 Lies in ruins mouldering on the land.

From Rome the Muse now turns her eagle-eye,
 To where the sun burns in the western sky—
 Where *Niagara* loud and strong,
 Her deep, majestic current rolls along:
 From many a noble stream and lake supplied
 The rushing tide,
 With rapid force, most dreadful roars;
 While echo swells the solemn sound upon its solitary shores:
 But lo! the boiling flood check'd by a rocky mound,
 It madly foams, and whirling round,
 In one stupendous sheet,
 From the dizzy awful height,
 Fierce rushing, flashing, falls headlong thundering to the ground.
 The trembling groves and caves around
 For many a league the dreadful shout re-found—
 And while the bellowing flood, 'midst craggy rocks below
 Boils into foam; above the heaven-depicted bow
 In rapture holds the wondering traveller's eye;
 And all his senses whirl with heavenly ecstasy.
 But hold, my Muse! repress thy airy flight;
 Nor give thy rapid soul to sweet delight;
 For e'en those haughty rocks, that rear on high
 Their shaggy heads, and rend the vaulted sky
 With their loud-roaring sounds sublime,
 Shall bow beneath the shattering hand of Time:
 And ere thrice ten times the God of Day,
 Hath drove his flaming, annual car,
 Adown the rocky West;
 My slender frame of clay,
 With Time and fierce Discafe at war,
 May moulder into dust:
 These grief-strung nerves of mine may cease to move
 In sad vibrations to the voice of Love;
 With many a hapless Bard whose tender breast,
 Now knows no more the goading thrust
 Of penury, or pride his nerves of feeling tear.
 But hold! ah hold thy lifted hand!
 Nor lowly bow,
 Beneath thy awful blow
 The Father of Columbia's favor'd land:
 Oh spare! the glorious Patriot spare!
 Nor give the stroke of fate
 Until his equal shall appear,
 To fill with equal dignity the lofty Chair of State.

BIRTH A.

ROME, April 1.

HIS Holiness has written a very affectionate letter to the Emperor Leopold, inviting his Majesty here with the King and Queen of the two Sicilies.

The Holy Father has had some rich presents made for their Sicilian Majesties, among which are two Chaplets, of *Lapis Lazuli*, a gold chain, and two double Cameos, set round with brilliants, of the value of five thousand Roman crowns.

Mesdames of France are expected here about the 22d instant.

PARIS, March 16.

Yesterday a statement of the land and other taxes was produced by the central committee of liquidation to the National Assembly; by which it appears that those on real property amount to 204,000,000 livres, and those of moveables to 67,000,000 livres annually. Several members objected to the enormity of the taxes on real prop-

erty; while others contended that they were very moderate, and far less in proportion than those of the same denomination in England; which, it was affirmed, amounted on the authority of Mr. Arthur Young, to 310,000,000 livres, though England in population and extent of country is only equal to one-third of France. The question was adjourned.

APRIL 23.

On Thursday M. de la Fayette went to the National Assembly, and expressed his desire to resign; at the same time declaring that M. Charon, Commander of the 6th regiment, was both capable and willing to accept the office of Capt. General of the National Guards.

A State Coach is arrived and put into his Majesty's coach house; from whence it is conjectured that the King will go during the holidays to his parish church, with all the splendor and pomp of royalty.

LONDON, April 23.

MESDAMES.

WHILE these august Personages are still on this side the Alps, it may gratify our readers by giving some short account of them.

Marie-Adelaide de France, called Madame by way of distinction, was born on the 23d March, 1732:

And Victoire-Louise-Marie-Therese de France, born May 12, 1735.

The lineage of these ladies is uncommonly illustrious: they are the daughters of Louis XV. the great grand-daughters of Louis XIV. the aunts of Louis XVI. and, like all these monarchs, claim their descent through Louis XIII. and Henry IV. up to St. Louis, the founder of the House of Bourbon.

In their most tender years, Mesdames imbibed an early and a violent attachment in favour of Religion. The debauchery of a court, proverbially licentious, could never warm their minds from the practice, or tincture their moral character with the prevailing vices of the times.

They have been known, on their knees, to conjure Louis, as a father and a sovereign, to dismiss his mistresses, to listen to and relieve the distresses of his subjects, and in his own person, to give an example to the world worthy of a Monarch who claimed the titles of the "*Molt Christian King*," and the "*Eldest Son of the Church*." His favourite daughter, Louise-Marie de France, was, if possible, still more pressing in her solicitations; but finding all her attempts, her prayers, her entreaties, and her tears, ineffectual, she at the age of 24 took the veil, and becoming a Carmelite, in that character, as more nearly connected with heaven, she continued with unexampled piety to exhort her father to repentance and amendment. She is now no more!

Her sisters, no less fond of a solitary and reclusive life, would have followed her example, and adopted a monastic life; but the policy of the French government prevented it.

On the death of Louis XV. the present king presented them with *Belle Vue*, a royal residence formerly belonging to the celebrated Madame Pompadour; in this palace they lived with great privacy till the Revolution, at which period they were obliged to attend his Majesty, the Queen, and the Dauphin, to the capital.

This great event, which conferred freedom on 25 millions of men, however it might hurt their pride, could not but be pleasing to their sensibility; for they are naturally humane, tender, and beneficent!

It was the decrees enacted in regard to religion that struck them to the heart: they thought that in enjoining toleration, the National Assembly were about to extirpate Catholicity; they imagined that in the popular election of Bishops, the power of the Sovereign Pontiff was annihilated, and the general interests of christianity undermined!

Impressed with these ideas, they resolved to leave their native country, and approaching nearer to the centre of Christian Union, leave that kingdom forever which had so long been governed by their ancestors. In a private audience which they demanded of his Majesty, they cast themselves at his feet, and implored his consent for, and protection during their journey.

Louis XVI. a Prince of the most benevolent disposition heard their request, and after many delays, occasioned by the struggle between public justice and natural affection, at length yielded his consent. Rome, so often the asylum of fugitive princes, and which is now about to receive part of the house of Bourbon, in the same manner as it formerly entertained the House of Stuart, will be extremely solicitous to give them a reception worthy of their high rank. They themselves rejoiced in being relieved from the authority of the Departments and Municipalities, which have impeded their journey, will think themselves fortunate in having departed before the decree has passed for restraining the family of the ruling Dynasty; and after receiving the holy benediction of Pope Pius VI. on their arrival, will no doubt be happy to celebrate with a

Te Deum Laudamus in St. Peter's, an event that looks more like an *escape* than a *retreat*.

Their prospects are no doubt Heavenwards—were they directed towards earth, nothing on the banks of the Tiber could be found more beautiful or romantic than their retreat on the banks of the Seine. Of that enchanting spot we may say something hereafter.

MIRABEAU'S WILL.

The dispositions found in his Will were as follows.

M. Dufailant, his nephew, is named his universal Legatee.

He bequeathed each of the Miss Dufailants 2800 livres per annum, "to make them amends," said he, "for the loss they have sustained as Canonesses;"—to each of the other sisters he has left 600 livres.

He bequeathed 24,000 livres to an infant that was dear to him; and the like sum to his Secretary, the same person who stabbed himself the day before his master's death.

To all his servants, without distinction, he bequeathed as many year's wages as they have respectively lived with him.

All his papers relative to legislation and politics, he has left to M. Cabanis, his physician and friend.

His writings on the Revolution, and all his minutes of intended motions and speeches, he has left to M. de la Marck. And he begs M. Faucherot, his colleague, to take from his library any books he likes, to the amount of 48000 livres.

PORTSMOUTH, (N. H.) June 23.

Last Saturday the General Court of this State finished their session at Concord, and adjourned to meet on the last day of November next, in this town.

The President and Treasurer of this State are directed by the General-Court to subscribe one hundred and fifty shares in the Bank of the United States.

By a late statement made by the Treasurer, there appears to be in the state treasury about six thousand pounds in silver and gold, of the funded debt forty-seven thousand pounds.

The revision of the State laws were compleated at the late session, and an act past suspending their operation until February next.

An act has passed the legislature for calling a convention on the first Wednesday of September next, to meet at Concord, for the revision of the constitution of this state.

Thursday the 17th day of November next is appointed to be observed as a day of public thanksgiving and praise throughout this state.

BALTIMORE, June 28.

From a Correspondent.

The following letter is from a person of high rank, in Europe, concerning the new method of finding the Longitude. The accounts from that part of the world, on this occasion, generally breathe a spirit of liberality unknown in any other age. It is hoped that some things therein contained may be useful to the public, and excite such of the American navigators, and others who have it in their power, to lend a hand to bring this scheme to the test:

"SIR,

"Hamburg, April 2, 1791.

"SINCE my last, having applied to my friend, the King's principal Astronomer, Mr. Bernouilly, at Berlin, for a more exact note of the memoirs of the Swedish Royal Academy at Stockholm, relative to your object, particularly Mr. Wilke, I received the enclosed answer, by which means I soon got sight of them. They are many, very instructive, and peculiarly interesting, for *establishing* your theory, being the result of many thousand observations, carefully made by several members and sea-captains, both in regard to the magnetic needle's declinations and inclinations, at various times and places, both regular and irregular; accounting, very minutely, for the effects of electricity, thunder, lightning, tempests, and hurricanes, still more for those of the frequent aurora borealis, visible and invisible, happening in the day time as well as night, and much stronger towards the poles than towards the equator, to a far greater extent.

"To collect all these, and to translate them into English, with the necessary maps and figures, would take up at least six month's application; but would furnish you with a rich supply of new and useful materials for your work in hand."

"The German edition, made by professor Kæstner, at Leipzig, containing the philosophical transactions of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, with many copper-plates, and two copious alphabetical indexes, consists of about fifty volumes, in Octavo, and costs, at Leipzig, a dollar each volume in sheets. Perhaps the philosophical society is already furnished with a com-

* The Magnetic Almanac.