

7. Avignon, and the county Venaisin.
8. Principality of Montbeliam, and bishoprick of Porentrui.
9. Savoy, Nice and Monaco.
10. Austrian Flanders and Brabant, and generally, whatever belongs to the emperor, on this side the Rhine.
11. Maëtricht, Venlo and Dutch Flanders.
12. the bishoprick of Liege.

On the subject of all or any of these the directory refuses to make, or even to receive any proposal, and insists that the negotiation shall be preceded by an admission of this claim on our part.

So that, after agreeing as a preliminary before negotiation, to restore to France all we have conquered from her, and to leave her in possession of all she has conquered from Austria and Sardinia, and all that has been ceded to her by Spain or Holland, besides other smaller acquisitions, we may then expect to learn from her, what other conditions she may choose to require or grant as the terms of peace.

#### BERMUDA, May 14.

Tuesday morning arrived his majesty's sloop of war Spencer, captain Evans, from a cruise: she fell in with the French national corvette Le Vulcan, commanded by citizen Briemand, of Guadaloupe (but last from Charleston) of 12 guns and near an hundred men, and after an engagement of three glasses took her. The corvette had upwards of twenty men killed and wounded. The Spencer had one killed and one wounded. Great praise is due to the few officers and crew of the Spencer, there being only forty hands on board in the whole.

Just as this paper was going to press arrived the schooner —, Wainwright, from Barbadoes, by which we learn that a large armament sailed from that island before she left it, supposed against Guadaloupe; and that another armament sailed from that place, supposed to be gone to Demerara.

#### NEWBURYPORT, May 26.

Capt. Charles Goodrich who arrived here on Tuesday last, 24 days from Martinique, informs, that on the 27th April, an English fleet arrived at St. Lucia from Barbadoes, with between 7 and 8000 troops, who immediately attacked the place which was continued with great obstinacy till he failed, (the 1st May.) The loss of men on both sides was said to be great. The French had lost several small redoubts and retreated to the principal fort, where they were determined to hold out to the last. Several American vessels were in the harbour, who left it, and most of their property.

If the English met with success at the above place they were immediately to attack Guadaloupe.

Schooner Amy, Joseph Woodman, master, of this port, was at St. Lucia at the time it was attacked and was obliged to leave the place with 70,000 livres, which is supposed to be lost.

#### S A L E M, May 31.

Extract of a letter from captain Asa Batchelder, of this port, dated Barbadoes, April 27.

"Accounts were received here yesterday, by the arrival of a sloop of war, that a French fleet consisting of 7 sail of the line, and 8 or 10 frigates, had captured all the Cork fleet, which was convoyed by a 74 and the above sloop of war. Another ship which escaped arrived this day, and confirms the above. They were 25 in number, and captured in lat. 23. W. As the 74 had not arrived, it is conjectured she must have been taken.

#### ANNAPOLIS, June 9.

For the MARYLAND GAZETTE.  
The INQUISITOR, No. V.

*Comme en cueillant un guirlande  
L'homme est autant plus travaillé,  
Que le parterre est émaillé  
D'une diversité plus grande:  
Tant de fleurs de tant de côtés  
Faisant paroître en leurs beautés  
L'artifice de la nature,  
Il tient suspendu son desir,  
Et ne sçait en cette peinture  
Ni que laisser, ni que choisir.*

*As when a flow'ry wreath we cull,  
More and more our labour grows  
As the garden is more full  
With the variegated rows:  
When in flowers on all sides rising,  
With a thousand buds surprising,  
Nature's artifice is seen,  
Midst the scene we pondering stand,  
And hold a while our eager hand,  
Doubtful which we first should glean.*

A DESIRE of novelty is one of the reigning characteristics of man; and is visible even at the most early age that we can suppose reason to exist. We see the child pleased with his rattle until something else engages his attention; and then it is instantly discarded to make room for this new delight. As his years advance, he becomes employed in new pursuits; things hitherto unknown solicit him to apply himself to new scenes of action, and new scenes of action are continually unfolding to his view; he quits his most darling amusements, and follows wherever these untrodden paths may lead. The different appearances of nature to the young mind, when it first begins to observe them, are far more exquisitely pleasing than when rendered familiar by time; the walks of science then wear a gayer aspect, that bids the impatient

youth explore their direction; the fatigue of study is lessened by these charms, and by the prospect of brighter distant scenes. Amid such a variety of inducements, all equally engaging, the mind often hesitates which course it should pursue, and delays going either to the right hand or the left, lest by taking one course it should miss the blooms of the other.

Over some indeed the passion of curiosity has but little power; — beings there are who can pass through life almost without a desire of knowing one single thing more than is placed in their way by necessity, or pointed out to them by interest. These are to be found, but, I believe, no where but among those cyphers which serve only to complete the number of mankind. When I have observed that such were they who are dead to the charms of novelty, I have often been induced to think, that the visible superiority of some men over others might be owing to the unequal distribution of this sense. An imagination, open to every impression from new appearances, will be better fitted to retain them, than one on which they have a less strong effect. A keen perception of things, and a desire, of being able to attain them, will, when assisted by exertion, finally enable a man to perform what had never been in his power had he despaired of its possibility. But this perhaps may be mistaking an effect for a cause, and when I assign curiosity as the cause of genius, the reverse may be the case. Certain, however, it is, that they who have been favoured with superior endowments, are far from being insensible to the allurements of novelty. Unless they had had a strong desire of decrying unknown scenes implanted in their earliest years, none would have been eminent, for none would have seriously applied to any study until instigated by the cold impulses of tardy reason.

But, like all things else, this passion ought to be confined within proper limits; for an unceasing desire of change often renders the life of many nothing but a scene of uniform inconsistency. They attempt every thing that is presented to their view, and for a while pursue it with eager attention, but soon relinquish it for something else, so that by trying every thing they accomplish nothing. To profit by our acquaintance with many subjects, it is necessary that when we have once entered upon any study we should not be satisfied with a superficial knowledge of it, nor desert it for another with too much precipitation. The bee and the butterfly both visit every flower in the garden with assiduous wing, and the same sweets are laid open to both alike, yet while the one from every leaf is gaining some addition to her gathered store of nectar, the other departs as he came without having made one single acquisition.

This instability often makes men become ridiculous by their whimsical changes of occupation. Some are so impatient of confinement to one thing for any length of time, that rather than continue without change in their pursuit they take up with the first object that they may happen to find. Sometimes the least trifle will avert their attention from what had just before strongly interested them; they admire this new appearance, they strenuously follow it for a while, and then leave it, to repeat the same conduct on another subject. The last time that I saw *Tigellius*, I found him learning to play on the violin; at a former visit he was engaged in verifying *Hervey's Meditations*, which he relinquished before he had finished three pages, and applied himself to forming a new system of itenography; the completion of this was frustrated by the militia law, which made him a soldier for a short while; he then began to learn the French language, and was next busied in composing an English Dictionary of new words, which, though not used by any writer, yet might (in his opinion,) be employed with great propriety and elegance; after this he became enamoured of the charms of music, and having first essayed on the flute, he left it for the instrument that I have mentioned before. Notwithstanding all this, *Tigellius* is not naturally devoid of good sense, although his unaccountable fickleness has made many pronounce him a fool, but though his intentions are always sincere, his want of resolution is so great, that he is liable to be driven out of his course by every casual wind.

By long and diligent application this levity may be corrected, but the other extreme, apathy, will I am afraid admit of no cure: The sense of novelty is a gift of nature, and to attain it when wanting is not in the power of art. I shall then take leave of this subject, by subjoining the following

#### ODE TO CURIOSITY:

Hither Nymph with eager eye!

Hither Curiosity!

Hither haste, and bring along

Wild fancy, resolution strong,

And labour to his purpose true

Until all things he subdue.

And let at distance meet behind

Reflection sage with Wisdom join'd,

Thy vagrant footsteps still attend

And with pleasure knowledge blend.

I know thee by thy glancing eyes

From the deep centre to the skies,

By the wings that grace thy head,

Thy pinions from thy heels out-spread,

By thy robe loose to the wind,

And by that step that marks thy mind:

Led by thee I oft have stray'd

What time the day's last glimm'ring fade,

To view the wonders of the sky,

And mark'd the *Plerids* shine on high;

Observ'd the *Beas*' nocturnal round

Circling through the blue profound,

Or seen the star of *Hesper* bright

Gild the growing gloom of night.

Of, when morn her charms displays,  
I rise to view the orient blaze  
Or following thy footsteps, tread  
Jocund o'er the flowery mead,  
And now through gloomy woods we go,  
Where the tall trees lofty bough,  
Shooting proudly to the skies,  
An impervious shade supplies,  
Now across the far spread plain  
Quick my anxious steps I strain;  
Now upon the rising ground,  
I view the landscape stretch'd around;  
Now where rolling torrents sweep,  
Swiftly we cross the craggy steep,  
Where danger sits with rugged brow  
Frowning o'er the depths below.  
Nought my hasty steps restrains,  
Swift I speed across the plains,  
Swift I speed, nor make a stay  
While thou, Nymph, dost lead the way.

Led to many a distant land  
By thee, the traveller quits the strand,  
Quits his country and his friends,  
And the parting barque ascends.  
Now where icy mounts appear  
See the bold adventurer's steer;  
Where while the gelid north winds sweep,  
And raise to storms the swelling deep,  
Lo, frozen by their stern commands,  
In a fall the billow stands!  
Southward then they spread the sail;  
For thee too slowly blows the gale;  
Thou sweepst now the boiling wave  
Which does *Afric's* windings lave;  
And now, (long past the burning line)  
The *Cresters* in the zenith shine.

Goddess of descent divine,  
What barrier can thy steps confine?  
Though the lofty Alps oppose  
Rough rocks crown'd with constant snows,  
The Alps themselves thy course invite,  
Pregnant still with new delight.  
Up the steep ascent we climb,  
Till on the mountain top sublime  
We view the prospect stretching wide,  
Long plains and hills in gloomy pride.  
Where yon cave's broad mouth extends,  
And the darkening road descends,  
I see thee point my downward way—  
Goddess, I thy will obey.  
Now see the distant light recede,  
Dinner still at every tread!  
Far we leave the cheerful day  
To view what scenes these deeps display;  
Where dull silence holds her reign,  
Encompass'd by her solemn train,  
Where never since the world began  
Echoed yet the steps of man.  
Now no light the cavern knows,  
Save what a feeble torch bestows,  
By which pendant over head  
I view the high arch'd rocks outspread.  
Now in the narrow way we bend,  
Now aloft the roofs ascend;  
Varying colours there I view  
Glimmering in the drops of dew,  
As the flambeau's glimm'ring light  
Gleams along the walls of night.  
Thus led by thee, O Nymph, I go,  
Through these gloomy vaults below;  
For where thou biddest man to stray  
Few dangers fright him from his way.  
E'en where fierce *Pegasus* roars  
And the red fiery tempest pours,  
Thou didst inspire the sage to tread  
While death hung dreadful o'er his head.

Nor less in secret dost thou love  
Study's calm delights to prove;  
Often dost thou scan the page  
Where shine the deeds of every age,  
Or songs of bards in days of yore,  
Or studious sages' modern lore.  
Oft, O Nymph, incline my will,  
When the slow rolling night is still,  
Th' inspiring volume to peruse  
And wise maxims thence deduce,  
Marking the precepts in my mind  
Of the greatest of mankind.  
Come, but banish far from thee  
Rashness and Inconstancy;  
Let not these thy steps betray,  
But sober prudence guard thy way.  
Thus, still improving, let me go  
Till nought more remains to know,  
And kindly on my labours past  
Approving Wisdom smile at last.

*In many subterraneous caves the water issues through the top and hangs there in drops; which, when a light is carried into the cavern, exhibit all the colours of the rainbow.*  
Pliny.

THE meeting of the SOCIETY of the CINCINNATI stand adjourned to meet at the Fountain Inn, at Baltimore, on the fourth day of July next; the members of said society are requested to give their attendance.

By order,  
ROBERT DENNY, Sec.  
Annapolis, June 3, 1796.

An APPRENTICE  
44 Wanted at this Office.