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& WASHINGTON ADVERTISER

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NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

LITERARY.

Further extracts from Gibbons life—written by himself.

—BAYLE—

"Bayle was the son of a Calvinist in a remote province of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees. For the benefit of education, the protestants were tempted to risque their children in the Catholic Universities; and in the twenty-second year of his age, young Bayle was seduced by the arts and arguments of the jesuits of Thoulouse. He remained about seventeen months (19th March, 1669—19th August, 1670) in their hands, a voluntary captive; and a letter to his parents, which the new convert composed or subscribed, (15th April, 1670) is darkly tinged with the spirit of popery. But nature had designed him to think as he pleased, and to speak as he thought; his piety was offended by the excessive worship of creatures; and the study of physics convinced him of the impossibility of transubstantiation, which is abundantly refuted by the evidences of our senses. His return to the communion of a falling sect was a bold and disinterested step, that exposed him to the rigor of the laws; and a speedy flight to Geneva protected him from the resentment of his spiritual tyrants, unconscious as they were of the full value of the prize, which they had lost. Had Bayle adhered to the Catholic Church, had he embraced the ecclesiastical profession, the genius and favor of such a proselyte might have aspired to wealth and honors in his native country: but the hypocrite would have found less happiness in the comforts of a benefice, or the dignity of a mitre, than he enjoyed at Rotterdam in a private state of exile, indigence, and freedom. Without a country, or a patron, or a prejudice, he claimed the liberty and subsisted by the labors of his pen: the inequality of his voluminous works is explained and excused by his alternately writing for himself, for the booksellers, and for posterity; and if a severe critic could reduce him to a single folio, that relic, like the books of the Sybil, would become still more valuable. A calm and lofty spectator of the religious tempest, the philosopher of Rotterdam condemned with equal firmness the persecution of Lewis the Fourteenth, and the republican maxims of the Calvinists; their vain prophecies, and the intolerant bigotry which sometimes vexed his solitary retreat. In reviewing the controversies of the times, he turned against each other the arguments of the disputants; successively wielding the arms of the Catholics and Protestants, he proves that neither the way of authority, nor the way of examination can afford the multitude any test of religious truth; and dexterously concludes that custom and education must be the sole grounds of popular belief. The ancient paradox of Plutarch, that atheism is less pernicious than superstition, acquires a ten-fold vigor, when it is adorned with the colors of his wit, and pointed with the acuteness of his logic. His critical dictionary is a vast repository of facts and opinions; and he balances the *false* religions in his sceptical scales, till the opposite quantities (if I may use the language of Algebra) annihilate each other. The wonderful power which he so boldly exercised, of assembling doubts and objections, had tempted him jocosely to assume the title of *the cloud-compelling Jove*; and in a conversation with the ingenious Abbe (afterwards Cardinal) de Polignac, he freely disclosed his universal Pyrrhonism. "I "am most truly (said Bayle) a protestant; for I protest indifferently "against all systems and all sects."

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"In the prayers of the church our personal concerns are judiciously reduced to the three-fold distinction of *mind, body and estate*. The sentiments of the mind excite and exercise our social sympathy. The review of my moral and literary character is the most interesting to myself and to the public; and I may expatiate, without reproach, on my private studies; since they have produced the public writings, which can alone entitle me to the esteem and friendship of my readers. The experience of the world inculcates a discreet reserve on the subject of our person and estate, and we soon learn that a free disclosure of our riches or poverty would provoke the malice of envy, or encourage the insolence of contempt."

His Early Love.

"I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understood by this passion the union of desire, friendship and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village, he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity. I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connexion. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him: his daughter retired to Geneva, where by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behavior. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister, and perhaps the legislator, of the French monarchy."

—Excellent advice to students—

As I am now entering on a more ample field of society and study, I can only hope to avoid a vain and prolix garrulity, by overlooking the vulgar crowd of my acquaintance, and confining myself to such intimate friends among books and men, as are best entitled to my notice by their own merit and reputation, or by the deep impression which they have left on my mind. Yet I will embrace this occasion of recommending to the young student a practice, which about this time I myself adopted. After glancing my eye over the design and order of a new book, I suspended the perusal till I had finished the task of self examination, till I had revolved, in a solitary walk, all that I knew or believed, or had thought on the subject of the whole work, or of some particular chapter: I was then qualified to discern how much the author added to my original stock; and I was sometimes satisfied by the agreement, I was sometimes armed by the opposition, of our ideas."

—Enthusiasm on visiting Rome.—

"My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm, & the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation."

—First idea of writing the Decline and Fall—

"It was at Rome, on the 15th of October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the City first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire: and, though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."

—Entry into House of Commons—character of Lord North, Burke, Fox, &c.—brilliant success of his first volume.—

"No sooner was I settled in my house and library, than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my history. At the outset all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size, and they might still be compressed, without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends, some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

"By the friendship of Mr. (now lord) Elliot who had married my first cousin I was returned at the general election for the borough of Leskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not, perhaps, the interests, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice.

"Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

"Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defence of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the characters, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield, with equal dexterity, the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the Treasury bench between his Attorney and Solicitor General, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes*; and the minister might indulge in a short slumber, whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne. From the adverse side of the House an ardent and powerful opposition was supported, by the lively declamation of Barre, the legal acuteness of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked, and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of a historian.

"The volume of my history, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed, upon easy terms, with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance, and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame, nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the school boy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself, that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an enquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of christianity.

"I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and a third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table; and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane* critic. The favor of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favorite is productive of those warm sensibilities, which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candor of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labor of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians."

(To be Continued.)

The following is the answer of the late President of the U. S. to the address of the last Legislature of Georgia.

THE address which the Legislature of Georgia, the immediate organ of the will of their constituents, has been pleased to present to me, is received with that high satisfaction, which the approbation of so respectable a state is calculated to inspire.

During the unexampled contest which has so long afflicted Europe, which has prostrated all the laws which have hitherto been deemed sacred among nations, and have so long constituted the rule of their intercourse, we had vainly hoped that our distance from the scene of carnage, and the invariable justice with which we have conducted ourselves towards all parties, would shield us from its baleful effects; but that commerce indispensably necessary, for the exchange of the produce of this great agricultural country for the things which we want, increased by a temporary succession to the commerce of other nations, as being ourselves the only neutrals, has brought us into contact with the lawless belligerents in every sea, and threatens to involve us in the vortex of their contests.

The privations, from the want of a vent for our produce, have been the unavoidable result of the edicts of the belligerent powers. Should the measure adopted in consequence of them, and which meets your approbation, still save the lives and property of our brethren from the insults and rapacity of these powers, it will be a fortunate addition to the other benefits derived from it. On the other hand, should our embarrassments eventuate in war, I am satisfied that the state of Georgia will zealously emulate her sister states in supporting the government of their choice and maintaining the rights and interests of the nation: our soil—our industry—and our numbers—with the bravery which will be engaged in the cause—can never leave us without resources to maintain such a contest.

To no events which can concern the future welfare of my country, can I ever become an indifferent spectator. Her prosperity will be my joy—her calamities my affliction.

Thankful for the indulgence with which my conduct has been viewed by the Legislature of Georgia, and for the kind expressions of their good will, I supplicate the favor of Heaven towards them and our beloved country.

TH: JEFFERSON.

February 3, 1809.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN VIRGINIA.

A *Copper Mine* has been discovered on a spur of the Blue Ridge, about two miles from its base, and about 9 or 10 miles from Stannardsville in the county of Orange. It is nearly the same distance from the south branch of the Rappahannock river.

This mine is situated on the lands of a Mr. Zachariah Taylor, of that county—a person not in the most affluent circumstances, to whom this discovery may prove a valuable acquisition. On making this discovery known to the government of the U. States, the late secretary at War, gen. Dearborn, requested an intelligent gentleman of Orange to examine the premises and make a report upon the situation of the mine, and the richness and abundance of the ore. This report has just been transmitted to the department of war, accompanied by various specimens of the earth, the ore, and the virgin copper itself. It has not been decided what steps will be taken by the government of the U. S. in consequence of this report.

It is discovered, that this mine is of considerable dimensions. From the point where it commences, it runs about three fourths of a mile north, and then forms almost a right angle, whence it runs about three fourths of a mile further—being in all about one mile and a half long. It is from 25 [illegible] 60 or 70 yards wide, and though it [illegible] been dug down to the depth of 10 feet, the earth at that point is as much impregnated with the metal as at its surface.