

long-tems, et on le mena dans une Chartreuse à deux milles de Florence; mais ce ne fut point encore le terme de ses courtes et de ses malheurs.

Le Directoire exécutif informa de la plupart de ces événemens le corps législatif, par un long message où il ne se contenta pas de rappeler les griefs de la France contre la cour de Rome mais qu'il remplit de déclamations contre le siège pontifical de Rome et contre un grand nombre de Papes. Toute l'histoire avoit été mise à contribution pour former ce morceau d'éloquence, dont plusieurs membres entendirent la lecture avec les transports de la plus vive admiration.

L'an 1802, le 15 Février, le corps de Pie VI est reporté à Rome par Monseigneur Spina, Archevêque de Corinthe.

Après avoir été chassé de Rome, l'infortuné Pie VI, traîné de prison en prison, arriva enfin à Valence, où il succomba sous le poids de ses infirmités et de ses malheurs.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO MARY.

Al! MARY, why, where beauty reigns,
Through nature's realms, on hills or plains,
Is all so weak, so frail?
Soon fades each flower of happier hue,
Though fed with morning's purest dew,
And kiss'd by every gale.

I mark'd a rose ('twas early morn)
Full blooming by an aged thorn,
At noon its charms had fled;
Thus, MARY, in thy cheek must fade
That tint inimitable, made
Of mingling white and red.

I heard, 'twas on the ides of June,
The lark; he trill'd his merriest tune;
But ah! too soon 'twas o'er;

And must thy lips, whose music soft,
Hath charm'd to ecstasy so oft,
One day delight no more?

I pluck'd a lilly fair as light,
The flower was nature's purest white;
It scarce surviv'd an hour!
Alas! dear girl, that neck of snow,
Down which these graceful ringlet's flow,
Is mortal like the flower!

I mark'd the varied lustre, seen
In dew drops on the summer green
At morn; but short its date,
Yes, and that heavenly eye of thine,
Though sparkling, mild; though bright, be-
nign,
Must share the dew drop's fate!

Yet are not all thy charms like flowers,
Thy nervous mind's ethereal powers,
Shall brave the frosts of time;
So wisely cultured here below,
Those noble powers shall live to glow
In some far happier clime.

Portraits de J. J. Rousseau et de Voltaire.
Par M. De la Harpe.

Un jour surtout, dont le nom, les talens, l'éloquence,
Faisant aimer l'erreur, ont sonné sa puissance,
Préparent de loin des maux inattendus,
Dont ils auroient tremé, s'ils les avoient eus.
Oui, je le crois, témoins de leur aïeux ouvrage,
Ils auroient des François désavoué la rage.
Vaine et tardive excuse aux fautes de l'orgueil!
Qui prend le gouvernail, doit connoître l'écueil.
La faiblesse réclame un ardon légitime;
Mais de tout grand pouvoir l'abus est un grand cri-
me.

Par les dons de l'esprit placés aux premiers rangs,
Ils ont parlé d'en haut aux peuples ignorans;
Leur voix montoit aux cieux pour y porter la guerre;
Leur parole hardie a parcouru la terre.
Tous deux ont entrepris d'ôter au genre humain
Le joug sacré qu'un Dieu n'imposa pas en vain;
Et des coups que ce Dieu frap'e pour le confondre,
Au monde leur disciple ils auront à répondre.

* Mr. de la Harpe the author of these verses, died lately at Paris. He was in his early years, the friend and disciple of Voltaire and is often mentioned in the works of the latter, in terms of the highest eulogium. He was indeed, the most promising Poet amongst the Philoſophers, and they took particular pains to attach him to themselves; and when it is considered that they had acquired such a complete ascendancy over the French Press that it was in their power to blast in the bud, the most promising Literary Talents employed in opposition to their party, Mr. de la Harpe may perhaps find some indulgence. He has made the most ample amends in his power; as soon as he perceived, in the Revolution, the horrid consequences which resulted from his principles when applied to practice, he abandoned them and became one of the warmest and most effectual opposers both of the Revolution and the party which he had embraced.