

feel the stimulus of his passions. Love is the first; but the savage having no laws to moderate its effects, both sexes yield themselves without reserve, and live together as long as they find in it their happiness; but when that ceases, they peaceably separate.

In civilized society, as well as among savages, love is the first passion: but how much anxiety does it occasion to the man living in the former! Uncertain of the sensation which he experiences, is agitated without knowing the reason. He loves, without knowing the object of his affection; a vague desire troubles him, envenoms his pleasures, and interrupts his repose. When he has discovered the object of his choice, how much trouble must he take to inform her of it! Should he please her, how much opposition must he expect! If he obtains her, he, in a few months, discovers that her temper is opposite to his own; he is deceived; love is converted into hatred and contempt: he would wish to avoid the cause; nature tells him that he may, that he ought; but the laws of society, stronger than nature, command him to bear his chains, and not lessen their weight, until death separates them.

The only passion which opposes the happiness of the Indian, and which he cannot always gratify, is revenge. Continually engaged in war with the neighbouring nations, each tribe, each individual, has his particular motives of hatred, which descends from father to son.

But, in other respects, what a happy state of existence! During winter, he remains in the bosom of idleness, in his cabin with his wife and children; and in summer under a tree, or on the banks of a river. If he has any wants, they are supplied by his bow. If attacked by any mortal disease, he bears it with patience, and quits life without regret for the past or fear for the future. If he falls by the hands of his enemies, he rejoices that he is about to enjoy an happiness unknown on earth. When old, he is exempt from infirmities. Having nothing to leave behind him, no one is looking for his death. By how many contrary passions are men in civilized society actuated! they are as numerous as their diseases. Look at the ambitious man, to whom every thing has succeeded beyond his wishes: the universe resounds with his exploits; not a people but their repose has been troubled by him; not a country but he has inundated with blood: the earth is not sufficient to gratify him, he desires another world, in which he could spread terror and death. The miser perishes over heaps of gold, gained at the expence of his health and repose; if he were in the possession of the mines of Mexico, he would be tired of losing them, and yet desire more. The envious or jealous man cannot for a moment enjoy tranquillity of mind. The intemperate man, well eat by day, is

DU LAC.]