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MISCELLANY.

The bee excursive seeks the flow'ry field,
And sucks the sweets that garden glories yield;
Returning home, into his hive he pours
The juice of aromatic herbs and flow'rs;
So we the bloom and quintessence extract
Of hill and dale and every fertile tract;
With the best flow'rs of speech adorn each page,
Store up honey for a future age.—*Ramb. M.*

FROM THE NEW-YORK COURIER.

THE TIMES.

We heard some men complain of the of newspapers, in consequence of the peace which prevails. These people they depended upon human blood for food. They sleep profoundly over a newspaper, unless there is war a trumpet in every line, to rouse and awake. Politics are perfectly so and poetry vastly lulling—wit can only grin horribly a ghastly smile.—we are unfortunately at peace ourselves, apart has left the stage, they seem to at the play is over, and cry out, "fate e curtain. I can see no more." For I cannot see that the world is in that dull tranquility, which they seem to though Napoleon has finished his part of edy. We have daily accounts of restless discontent in France. She seems rade in that equivocal state of quiescence sometimes prelusive to a political tem she has probably felt but one shock of an ake, whose fires are unextinguished, and volcanic energies are regenerating and ig to shake the world by another convul- Although the great Corsican Dragon is and has drawn after him a third part of s of France, yet his demoniac and inous spirit is still fostered in that country, y soon produce another explosion, or other tempest; and although Napoleon more

de on the whirlwind and direct the storm" destructiveness of its undisciplined fury be less fatal to France, or less interest- ankind. We will inform our readers of battle which is imported from France. illed powers, who have done their very amuse us for several seasons past, seem a state of fearful tranquility, and it is hat we have seen their "last night's per-." But I can assure the public, for mfort, that I do not believe the confede- of the august allies can be of very long t. The conflicting opinions and inte- the pride, the jealousy, the ambition and inacy of Kings make the most solemn t, the most sacred treaty as "flax that nder at the touch of fire." After the ice of nearly six thousand years of per- ar, we have but little reason to expect sal peace long, at any time, and much e present.

is also in an unsettled and turbulent She is full of conspirators. One rebellie- seen suppressed, but another seems to ng; the fermentation is visible. The le Ferdinand is in perpetual fear and

Spanish dominions in South America are te of actual rebellion, from Mexico to 1orn. The standard of rebellion has been ally planted on the plains of Buenos t, Chili, Peru, and other parts of that ex- region. The wretched slaves of those ces have had a tantalizing taste of liberty, annot rest until they are satiated; they had a glimpse of the golden fleece, and will nter Dragons to obtain it. The similarity en their situation and our own, during our utionary struggle, renders their present ef- peculiarly interesting to Americans, and d to every man who is desirous to see the sion of the empire of liberty and the gene- alioration of the condition of his fellow res. It must, however, be confessed, even se who are most anxious for the triumph ublicanism in Spanish America, that it is ul whether the Spaniards are fit for popu- ernment; whether their liberty would egenerate into licentiousness; their repub- anarchy, and thereby prove a curse to

It is admitted, that virtue, religion and al and scientific knowledge, constitute the ure foundation of a republic; that they esential to its stability and perpetuity; but paniards are notorious for qualifications dic- rarily opposite to these, and the temple of erty must be reared upon a foundation ose of vice the most deformed; superati- the most extravagant, and ignorance the pid. The political condition and the Spain become still more interesting to hen we reflect upon the difference which etween our government and hers. It is pinion of some of our wisest statesmen, here will be a war between Spain and the d St tea. Mr. Clay, who ought to be ac- ted with the political relations of the two ries, was so certain of the fact, that he in- upon having a standing army of twenty and men. Indeed the frequent captures of essels, the repeated insults and injuries we eceived from them, and their late extra- it demands upon us, render Mr. Clay's on highly plausible. Why then do we talk erlaining peace? While we hear daily of rection in Old Spain; of battles, revoluti-

ons and counter revolutions in South America, of insurrection and slaughter in Barbadoes; of the capture of our own vessels and the murder of our citizens by the Spaniards, why do we say the times are dull and uninteresting; that the storm of war is laid forever; that our swords shall be beat into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning hooks? To come nearer home, were we not told authentically a few days ago, that a considerable body of hostile savages were actually marching against one of our forts? and have we not reason to suspect that the Spaniards or somebody else have promised, and will render their assistance? Then cheer up, ye lovers of war, ye cannibals who delight in banquet of human carnage. "I smell the blood of a Spanish man." But let us grant for a moment that the world is at peace, and will continue so.—Yet is peace so very unfavorable to human happiness, and are there no subjects for our contemplation, equally as interesting, and far more profitable than those which relate to foreign wars? Do not the people who are their own rulers; whose prosperity depends upon their own wisdom and political knowledge, do they not feel anxious to watch over those who administer their government, and who control their destinies? Will they not scrutinize their measures and ascertain, if possible, the true policy of our country.

Are they not concerned for the prosperity of our commerce, our navy, our manufactures, our arts and sciences? or are their minds so absorbed by the fate of Bonaparte, that all their domestic concerns are forgotten, or disregarded as uninteresting and unimportant? But admit for a moment, not only that the world is at peace, which is not a fact; but also that our domestic politics are destitute of interest and unworthy of our attention, which is equally untrue; yet is nothing left us, by which to render the press entertaining? Is not "the world of science all before us"? Can we find no entertainment in the ingenious speculations and profound researches of the philosopher; or the useful and wonderful inventions of the mechanic? Are we indifferent to the enchantments of literature, and dead to all the luxuries of intellect? Has the wit lost his power and the poet his inspiration? Cannot the bard, who like Prometheus steals his fire from heaven to animate our torpid minds; Can he not animate them?—Can he no longer charm us with his battles without bloodshed;—his splendid feasts without expense;—his horrors without danger; his shipwrecks, his conflagrations, his tempests and his earthquakes without loss or injury?—Is it no pleasure to make incursions with him into the land of visions and of dreams?—"To rove with him through the meanders of enchantment; to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and recline by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens?" Or can our cannibal palates relish nothing but blood; our ears nothing but the cries of human agony; our tumultuous spirits nothing but tales of moral depravity; political disorganization and military horror? I hope the people of the United States have not become so much denaturalized and infatuated. But again, the present era is eminently interesting in a religious point of view. All christendom have united for the purpose of extending the empire of Christ to the ends of the earth. An enterprise so vast and so infinitely important in its aim was never before undertaken. A crusade is on foot, a Christian warfare is commenced, more interesting and important than those which deluged with blood the plains of Austerlitz, Borodino and Waterloo. The advantages which are to result are infinite, the laurels which are to be won are immortal. And is no one anxious to watch the progress and hasten the result of this grand enterprise? View every quarter of the globe, & consider each quarter in every point of view, and you must acknowledge that the world was never in a more interesting situation. Then how can the press be uninteresting, when like a concave mirror it reflects in miniature, all the intellectual and corporeal transactions of mankind? Though Bonaparte is lost, "all is not lost." The arts and sciences were not crushed beneath the ruins of his fall. The interests of Christianity, did not suffer; nor were the Muses slain; and who can be so dull as to slumber in the groves of Academus; to grow weary in the paradise of the poet, or to bear with indifference the sound of that trumpet which calls the nations of the earth to the battle "of the great day of the Lord?"

THE PARIS SPECTATOR.

A person who had only one day to spend in Paris, might, without quitting the *Palais Royal* form a tolerably exact idea of the resources, advantages and inconveniences of this immense capital.—The garden—the galleries—the coffee-houses—the gaming-houses enclosed within the precincts of the *Palais*, present, at every hour of the day, pictures whose chief merit consists in their variety. Towards nine in the morning, in fine weather, politicians assemble near the *Rotunda*, and for the moderate contribution of one sou are made acquainted with the news that are to form the subject of the day's conversation.

At ten o'clock the coffee-house de *Chartres* begins to be filled with men of business who come to breakfast *a la fourchette*, and to wait there till the hour when the office opens. From noon till three o'clock at the *Leublin* coffee-house, those who are called the frequenters of the *Palais Royal* assemble, to repair afterwards to the different receptacles of business and pleasure of which this place is composed.—At four o'clock the garden walks can scarcely contain the crowd of merchants—trading agents—and courtiers—who, too much squeezed in the *Virginia* passage, can here more freely regulate the *Amsterdam banco*, the rate of the public funds, and the price of colonial produce. At five o'clock the seats in the same alleys are partly occupied by those poor devils who are on the

watch for the passing of some friend, or some dupe, on whose purse they found their hopes of a dinner. At seven o'clock those who have been fortunate at play, and foreigners who have dined at *Maude's* or at the *Freres-Provencaux*, come to complete their repast under the *Rotunda* of the *Caveau* with ices, liquours, or Roman punch. In the evening the promenade of the garden, if the weather be fine—or the arcades, in case it rains—are reserved for the restless idlers; who have spent the morning in vain exertions to procure admissions to the theatres gratis, or for the young country fellows, who are quite surprised at the sudden impression they make on the fair damsels who people this retreat;—for the inhabitants of the *Marais* or the *Plays-latin* who come on a party of pleasure to eat ices in the *Cafe de Poi*. Finally from midnight till two o'clock, *Lionese* coffee-house, and that of the *Empire*, are the resort of a crowd of persons, the majority of whom would hesitate to give an account of the way in which they had spent the day.

After having cast a glance upon the *Palais-Royal* and its frequenters, I shall draw a sketch of the garden of the *Thulleries*.—This promenade, the finest & most crowded in Paris, has, like all others, its particular visitors, who succeed each other at different hours. About seven o'clock in the morning, when the gates are opened, it is not uncommon to observe young men who have quarrelled at some public place, enter two by two, to meet their adversaries at *Godau's* coffee-house, a proceeding which most commonly ends in a mutual explanation. At ten o'clock, some actors come to study their parts in the shade of the side walks. Towards mid-day a swarm of these damsels whose only business is to improve their complexions, disperse themselves in the principal walks, where they seat themselves negligently, with a book in their hands, waiting for the arrival of those new comers, whose conquest they meditate. At four o'clock, young men in their riding dresses, and belles in negliges returning from the *Bois de Boulogne*, come to wait for the hour when it is time to repair to the toilette. At six o'clock the picture changes;—the walks and grass plots are covered with nursery maids and children;—and while the little brats are shouting innocently on the turf, their young gover-nantes are listening to the gallant proposals, or amorous advances of the lovers in livery who accompany them. At seven o'clock, all the politicians of the *Faubourg Saint Germain*—the tenants of *Lille-street*—and old pensioners, assemble on the *Petite-Provence*, where they converse—clearing their brains with immense pinches of snuff—about the progress of the Louvre—the length of the bridge of *Jena*—the height of the *Seine*—the variations of *Chevalier's* thermometer—perfectly aware that at nine o'clock their places will be given up to little milliners, who have just then quitted their work rooms to re-join some lawyer's clerks escaped from their desks.—Ten o'clock strikes, and the beat of drum gives the happy lovers signal to retreat.—Here I have only presented groups;—but what a nice varied picture might be made out of one single day in the Garden of the *Thulleries*—it would furnish a subject for another *Le Sage!*

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.
We commenced by ascending Ladder-hill, a precipice which at first sight seems designed by nature as a barrier that would forever defy the human race to scale; yet human industry has by incredible exertions in blowing up the rocks forged a zigzag path to its summits.

So when proud Rome, the Afric warrior brav'd,
And high on Alps his crimson banner wav'd,
Though rocks on rocks their beeting brows oppose,
With piny forests and unfathom'd snows;
Where girt with clouds the rifled mountain yawns,
And chills with lengthen'd shades the gelid lawns;
Onward he march'd to Latium's velvet ground,
With fires and acids burnt the rocky bound,
While o'er her weeping vales destruction hur'd,
And shook the rising empire of the world.

About midway we stopped to take a view of the town, which, even from this height, looks like one in miniature, the streets resembling the little houses which we see in toy-shops; the whole assuming such a mimic appearance, that a person would be almost tempted to think he could cover a considerable part of it with his hands.—Looking upwards, what a contrast appears! who, without emotions of terror, can behold such gigantic projections of rocks hanging over him, in so loose and disjointed a state, that the excited imagination paints them in the very act of precipitating themselves headlong down the horrid steep. Accidents of this kind sometimes happen after rain, by the wild goats climbing along the edges of the precipices, and loosening small pieces of rock, which rolling down, displace others still larger, till at length whole torrents of them come thundering down into the valleys, to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants.

As from the mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne,
Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends,
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At every shock the echoing vale resounds,
Still gathering force, it smokes; and urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, & thunders down impetuous to the plain.

On this account no person was allowed to keep tame goats on the north side of the island, and a premium is given for shooting wild ones. On Ladder-hill are mounted twenty-two or twenty-four pieces of cannon; some ranged along the brow of the cliff that overhangs the town, and others along that which overlooks the roads. Six or seven of these are mounted on depressing carriages, so as to fire right down into the town and roads, thereby completely commanding those places; the rest are mounted on common carriages, and serve the purpose of a saluting battery. Over these precipices few of us would venture to look,
Tost the brain turn, and the deficient sight,
Tumble down headlong—

From hence we proceeded for High Knoll, over a tract that seemed the very emblem of sterility; every step we ascended, presenting new views of rocks and mountains, congregated on each side in the widest order, and without exhibiting an atom of vegetation! Such is the prospect when within a few paces of the summit of High Knoll, and which is finely contrasted with the glassy surface of an immense expanse of ocean, which the great height of the place enables the eye to survey.

We now ascended to the tower on the top of the Knoll, which we no sooner reached, than all this rude scenery vanished like a magical illusion! leaving the eye to range over a series of beautiful little valleys, groves, and lawns, verdant as the spring, and affording luxuriant pasture to the flocks and herds that strayed among them. Throughout this prospect were interspersed small plantations, gardens, and had some little country houses, the whole surrounded by a lofty irregular ridge of hills and precipices, that formed a grand outline, and striking contrast to the picturesque scenes they enclosed. Here our attention was chained for some time; till at length, on descending the south side of the Knoll, which is rather steep, we arrived at the governor's country residence, called Plantation House. It is situated on the side of a pleasant little valley, with small plantations and gardens adjoining; and commands a very fine prospect of the sea. In my opinion, however, the situation does no great credit to the person who first pitched upon it; as it is much inferior to many places which we afterwards saw.—Its proximity to the town was probably the cause of its being preferred.

Our road now took a winding direction, along the declivities of winding little hills, whose green sides sloping down to the principal valley to the left, formed a number of little glens and dells, from whose beauty one would be almost tempted to pronounce them the favourite haunts of fairies. We could not help stopping at every turn of the road, to admire this interesting landscape, whose prominent features were perpetually varying, from the different points of view in which they were seen.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, we came to Sandy-Bay Ridge, over which we were to pass in our way to the bay of the same name. When near its summit we halted for a few minutes, in order to take a farewell look at the northern prospect, not expecting to see any thing like it on the island again;

So with long gaze admiring eyes behold
The varied landscape all its lights unfold;
Huge rocks opposing o'er the steam project
Their naked bosoms, and the beams reflect;
Green sloping lawns construct the sidelong scene,
And guide the sparkling rill that glides between;
Dim hills behind, in pomp aerial rise,
Lift their blue tops, and melt into the skies.

What then must have been our surprise, when, on mounting the ridge, a scene burst upon our view, as much superior to the one we had so reluctantly left, as that one was to a dreary health? But I shall not attempt to give a description of it. Had Dr. Johnson, when writing his *Prince of Abyssinia*, been seated on Sandy-Bay Ridge, he might have described from nature a valley more beautifully romantic than even his own fertile imagination has been able to form for young *Rasselas*.

Nature must certainly have been in one of her good-humored and most whimsical creative moods when she formed this bay, and indeed St. Helena altogether; where she has strewed the sublime and beautiful with a band liberal even to profusion, though in a very small space. Indeed it might not, perhaps, be too poetical an idea to suppose, that nature, after finishing her great work, had retired to this solitude in the ocean, to construct at leisure a favorite scene, that would exhibit in miniature an assemblage of all the various features which she had scattered promiscuously over the rest of the globe.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

I present such readers as take delight in this sort of subject with an interesting letter which I received by a late arrival, from a correspondent in London whom I have not the honor of knowing, but who, if this number of the *Evening Post* should ever chance to meet his eye, will be pleased to accept my best acknowledgments.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. EVENING POST.

London, 21st Feb. 1816.
"SIR—If the following account of the discovery of America, by the ancient British, at a very early period should appear sufficiently interesting, the insertion of a few paragraphs in your truly useful, valuable and respectable paper, will greatly oblige many of your friends on this side of the water, who will be happy to give publicity in any of their papers, to such remarks as you may be pleased to express."

"It appears from the various quotations from various publications, which have been selected by the best British antiquaries, both ancient and modern, that Prince Madoc Ap Owen Guyneth, a Welch Prince, discovered America, in the year 1170—three hundred and twenty-two years before the first voyage made by Columbus; and the same Prince planted a colony on the west side of the Mississippi, the descendants of whom are said to subsist in or near the same place by above a hundred creditable authors, who have particularly expressed it; and the fact is recognised in ancient Welch poetry, which existed long before the first voyage was performed by Columbus. The last writers on this subject are Dr. Williams, Rector of Sydenham, who has issued two publications, and the Rev. George Burder, A. M. late of Coventry, who has issued one—all of which are replete with interesting intelligence on this point.—These three books have been perused by Richard Mackey, chief mate of the *Maria*, capt. Miller, bound to New-York.
"For further proof, please to look into James Howell's Letters, vol. 3, p. 71, concerning the